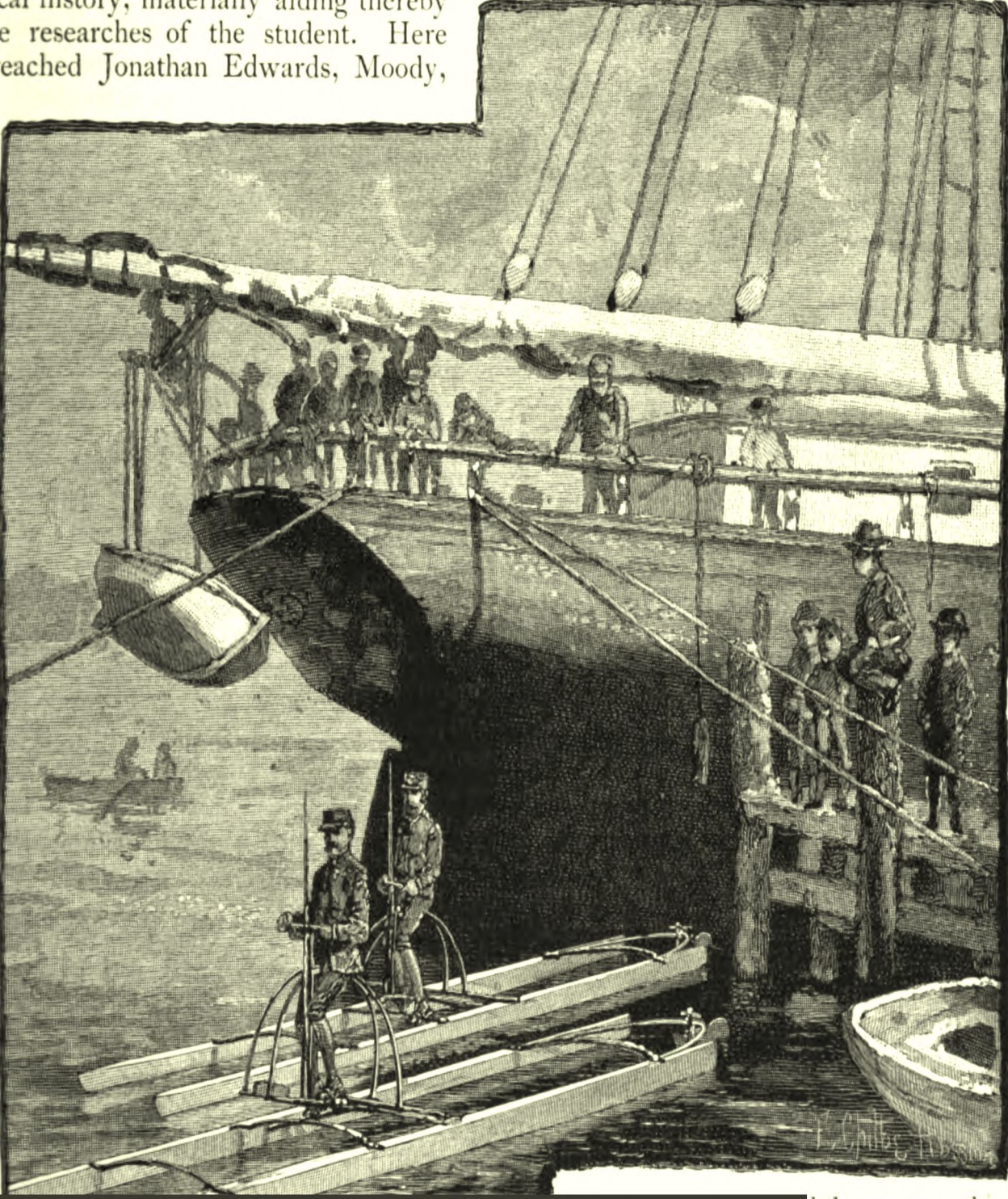
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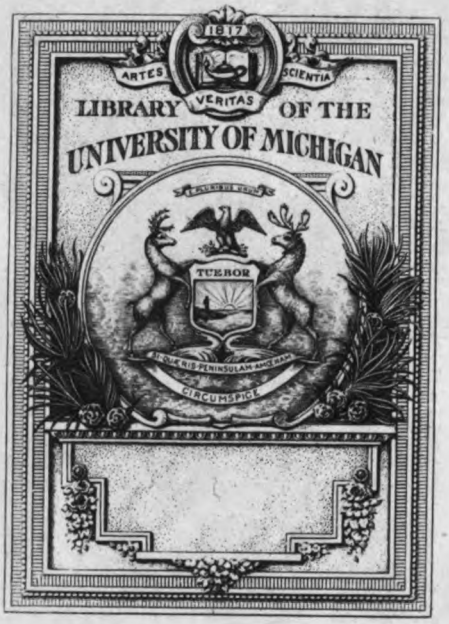
cal history, materially aiding thereby
e researches of the student. Here
eached Jonathan Edwards, Moody,



The Wheelman

d the savage earth,
glorious birth;
tides extending still,
climbed the highest hi
earliest verdure sprir
e gifts she brings;
the peaceful shade,
careless freedom play
The spires that redden in the rising sun —
All these will tell you what their hands have dor

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THE WHEELMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

OF

CYCLING LITERATURE AND NEWS

VOL. II

April—September, 1883

BOSTON
THE WHEELMAN COMPANY
608 WASHINGTON STREET
1883

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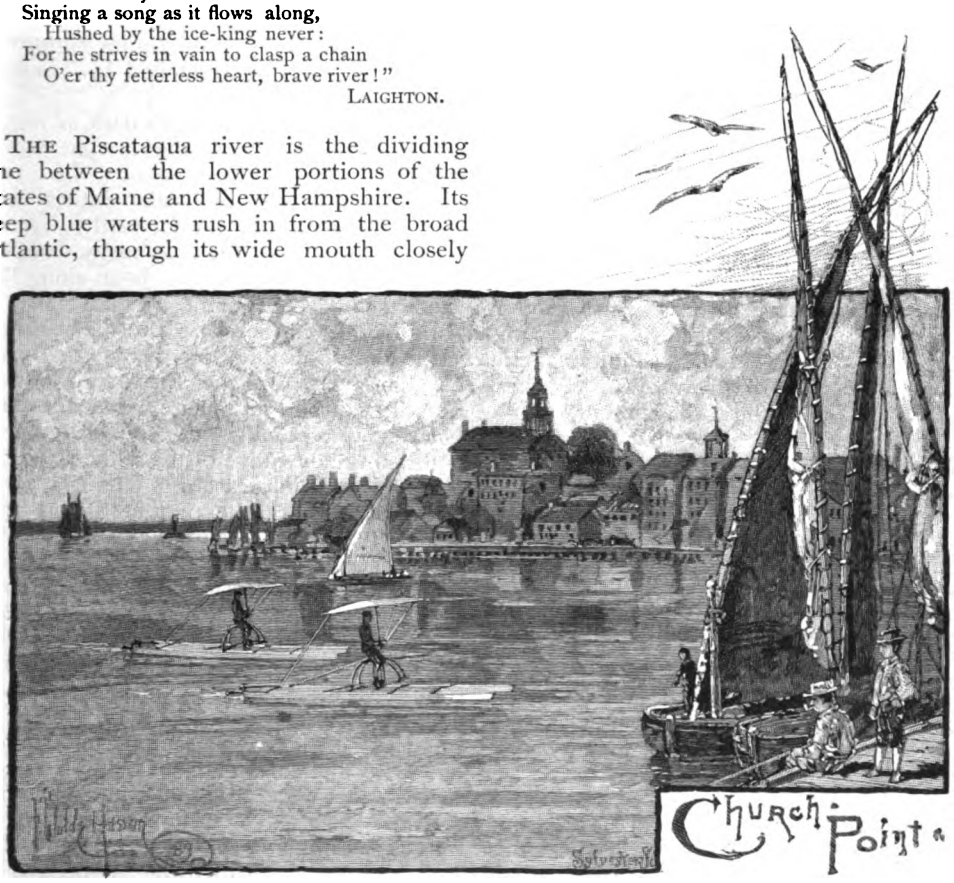
PEDALLING ON THE PISCATAQUA.

PART FIRST.

"Like an azure vein from the heart of the main,
Pulsing with joy forever,
By verdurous isles, with dimpled smiles,
Floweth my native river.
Singing a song as it flows along,
Hushed by the ice-king never:
For he strives in vain to clasp a chain
O'er thy fetterless heart, brave river!"

LAIGHTON.

THE Piscataqua river is the dividing line between the lower portions of the States of Maine and New Hampshire. Its deep blue waters rush in from the broad Atlantic, through its wide mouth closely dotted with islands, passes by the "old city by the sea," and twice, daily, overflows the wide expanse of Great Bay, and fills its tributary rivers to the inland towns of Dover, Berwick, and Exeter, twenty-five miles from its mouth. The area of the basin which it drains in New Hampshire alone is eight hundred and twenty-five square miles. The source of one of its tributaries, East pond, though but thirty-nine miles from the mouth of the river, is four hundred and ninety-nine feet above the sea; while the source of the Cocheco branch is six hundred feet.



All the water from this large area, to-

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gether with what flows in from the sea at each tide, is forced, by the formation and situation of het islands in front of the city, into a space less than an eighth of a mile wide, and just below the wharves the main current is narrowed between the perpendicular sides of two large islands to a width of six hundred and fifty feet, and a depth of seventy feet, and only this great depth and the rapid movement allows this vast bulk of water to rush through. The United States coast-survey charts show that the channel of the river for two and a half miles above its mouth averages a depth of ten fathoms, and nowhere is it less than forty feet. The current is so strong and so constantly in motion that the river for three miles above its mouth is always open, the coldest winters never preventing the daily navigation of vessels to the wharves of the city. The currents afford a constant study to all boatmen. At a three-quarters ebb-tide it is impossible to row a boat around several points in the river, and woe be to the stranger who at that run of the tide attempts to pull up to the city. He would reach the wharf about as soon were he to exercise his patience and await for a few hours the change to the flood-tide, and thereby save a prodigious expenditure of muscle. Only boatmen of experience, familiar with the eccentric currents, succeed in the attempt; and they, in order to accomplish the task under such conditions, are compelled to cross the river several times, to take advantage of the eddies flowing up on the opposite side. The first crossing is at the tritely named "Pull-and-be-d——d Point," and the next in the Narrows. To avoid "Church Point," where the water drops several inches in a short distance, the river is crossed twice, and the oarsman, after a severe pull of half a mile, is finally rewarded with the gain of a few hundred feet.

A boatman that can handle a craft on the Piscataqua needs no further recommendation. The writer, when a slim-built schoolboy, camped out one season near the Pool, at the mouth of the Saco river, in Maine. Having missed the steamer on one of its daily trips to Biddeford, and being desirous of meeting visiting friends, he was anxious to make a speedy trip up the river. Calling at the boat-house he asked if he could hire a small boat to row up to the city.

"Where were you brought up?" asked the bluff boatman.

"In a city, sir, forty miles from here."

"I thought so," growled the old sea-dog; "that's about as much as you city chaps know. Do you see that tide out there?"

"To be sure I do, sir; but I can row against it to Saco."

"Yes, you'll pull a few strokes and then drift out to sea. No, sir-e-e, you can't have any of my boats."

The tearful eyes and disappointed looks touched the heart of an old coaster who had been listening to the conversation.

"My boy, what city are you from?" he asked.

"Portsmouth, sir."

"Do you ever go out on that 'dratted' river there?"

"Yes, sir, I have rowed on it ever since I can remember."

"Can you pull 'round 'Pull-and-be-d——d Point' when it is just b'iling?"

"No, sir; I always cross and take the eddy on the other side."

"Yes, yes, very good, quite right," he mumbled, while he scratched his head for another question.

"But suppose it was pitch dark or foggy, and you couldn't cross over, what would you do?"

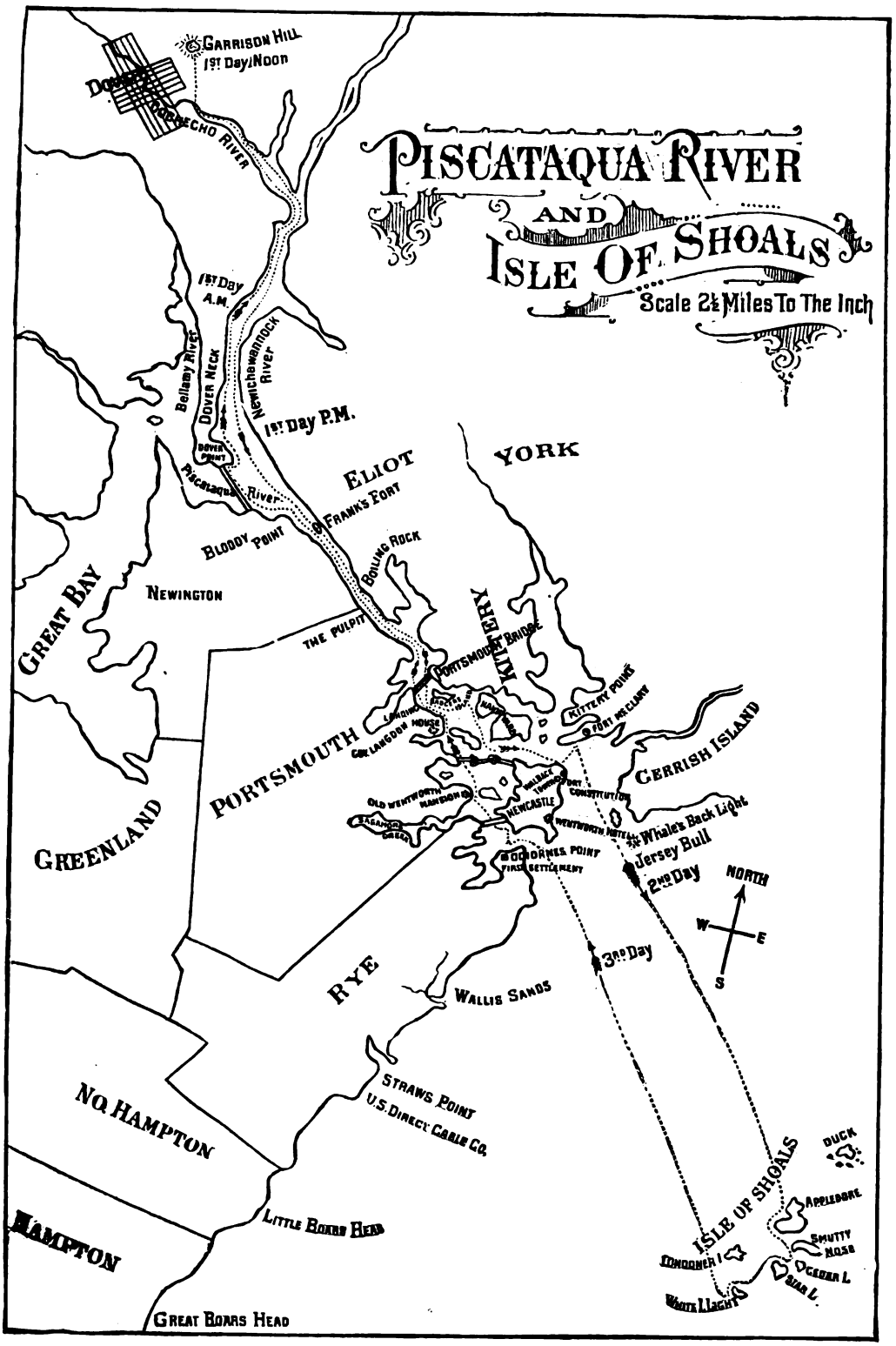
"I should land, and take a turn with the 'painter' around the forward row-lock, which would sheer the boat away from the bank, and then pull the boat along the shore and by the point."

"Here," said the coaster to the boatman, "I'll be 'sponsible for the boat. If the boy can work up the Piscataqua against tide, he can pull anywhere under the sun."

By scraping along the banks of the river, and taking advantage of the eddies, the city was reached in season. There was no more hesitancy on the part of the boatman to letting the "city chap" have his boats the rest of the season.

The first explorer to land on the shores of the Piscataqua of which we have any authentic record was Martin Pring, who, in 1603, came up the harbor with a ship of fifty tons, and a crew of thirty men, and a bark of twenty-six tons and thirteen men, including a pilot, who had been on a voyage along the coast the year before. These little vessels were fitted out under the patronage of the mayor and merchants of the opulent English city of Bristol. The larger vessel was called the "Speedwell," probably the same craft, it being the same size and name, that seventeen years after received on board the Plymouth Pilgrims; but, proving unseaworthy, her passengers were transferred to the renowned "Mayflower."

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Pring landed and searched for sassafras, then esteemed in pharmacy a sovereign remedy.

Eleven years later that remarkable adventurer — Captain John Smith — sailed for these shores, seeking a mine of gold or copper, and, failing in that, to fish and trade. He visited and described the Isles of Shoals, with which he was so pleased as to bestow upon them the compliment of his name, calling them Smith's Isles, — a name which, in justice to the memory of this persevering navigator, they should surely have been allowed to retain. He drew the first map of our coast, and presented the quaint drawing, together with a history of his voyage, to Prince Charles, requesting that the region be given a name, — a petition granted subsequently by the royal designation of the territory as New England.

Imagination may readily picture the ambitious Smith, exulting in these new discoveries, cautiously ascending the deep-flowing river to a spot which he described as "a safe harbour with a rocky shore."

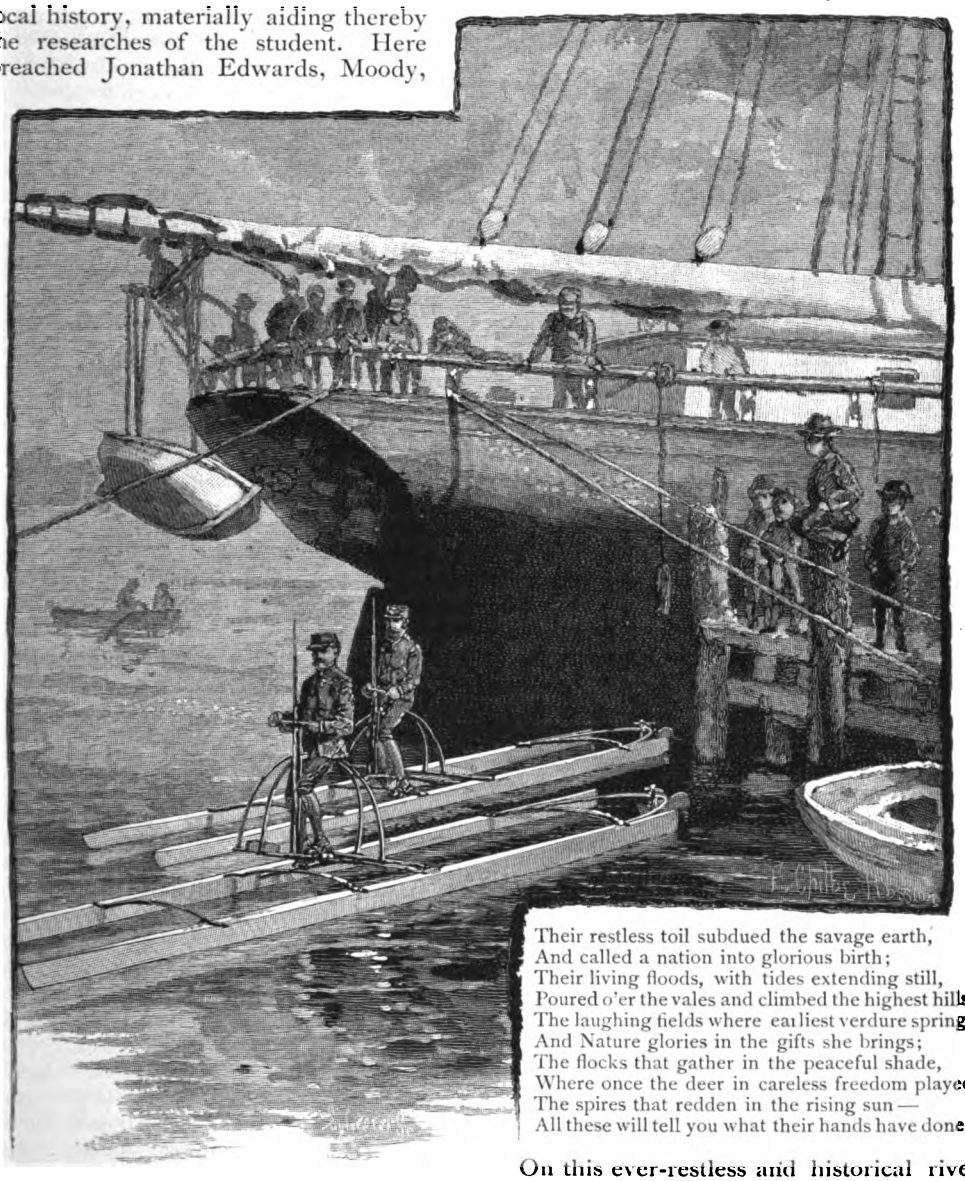
To his keen perception might then have arisen visions of the future, unrolling, as in a panorama, the slow history of succeeding centuries. For nine years the green forests shadowing the landscape would remain intact in all their pristine beauty, and the blue river run its course to the sea, unfettered by the art or enterprise of man, before the erection of the first frame-house, near the entrance of the harbor. Looking forward yet further, the eye of the observer would witness a numerous band of emigrants, in 1631, settling along this shore, under the auspices of the Laconia Company; while the following year the first visit of a European to our now familiar White Mountains was to be recorded. In 1653 the settlement was named Portsmouth; and its fifty or sixty families are so successful in their planting as to be enabled to send corn to the struggling settlers at Plymouth. And later the fierce tempest of the witchcraft delusion rages with fanatical fury among the communities of New England. On the banks of the river he sees erected the residence of the first Royal Governor sent into New England, and witnesses the triumphant return of Sir William Pepperell from the conquest of Louisburg. Then succeed the infant days of the Republic; when the surprise and capture by New Hampshire yeomen, under command of the citizen-patriot, John Sullivan, of Durham, of the royal castle of Fort William and Mary, the bulwark of British authority in New Hampshire, whose guns commanded Portsmouth harbor, furnish an early instance of the sturdy prowess of the embryo nation, months before the shot-guns of the embattled farmers, raised in the defence of the dearest rights of freedom, roused the country upon Lexington Common. He sees lying on the stocks, upon the banks of the Piscataqua, the hull of the "America," the first line-of-battle ship the country produces, the harbinger of a prolific crop of sailing-craft, numbering in all nearly five hundred vessels, during the first half of the present century. In 1812 the owners of privateers against British commerce grew wealthy. Then succeeded the unwonted spectacle of water-craft, without sails, steaming up its rapid current; and the same giant motive power transporting swiftly carriages without horses over iron-bound highway, erected high above its waters, and the passage of invisible messages, conveying the thoughts and conversation of man, with the speed of lightning, through space upon suspended wires. He witnesses the stormy and fateful days of the anti-slavery contest; and anon beholds a majestic uprising of the nation, the loyal sons of the Republic marching southward, and the shackles stricken from the limbs of four millions of bondmen; the rapid creation of an efficient and powerful navy, with the launch — among numerous other vessels upon the Piscataqua's waters — of the "Kearsarge," destined to become historic in the country's annals. He witnesses marked instances of tried patriotism and unselfish devotion to the country's weal, illustrated in New Hampshire by the prompt action of its war governors in critical emergencies: Langdon, of the Revolutionary period; and Goodwin, in the crisis of the Civil War.

Here he sees its generals: Whipple, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Sullivan, the winner of many battles. Here he listens to the arguments of Ichabod Bartlett, the Randolph of the North; of Jeremiah Mason, the giant lawyer, and the profound eloquence of Daniel Webster, who dwelt here in his younger years. Here he sees the first brick house erected in the colonial day, built of material brought from Holland, and protected with rods by the pioneer lightning-rod agent, Benjamin Franklin, and so faithfully that the storms of a century have not disturbed them. He notes the building here of the first almshouse erected in the world. Here the poets, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, James

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T. Fields, B. P. Shillaber, Albert Laighton, Celia Thaxter, and numerous others, first lived and sung. Here Brewster, the journalist and antiquary, gathered and collated valuable contributions towards our local history, materially aiding thereby the researches of the student. Here preached Jonathan Edwards, Moody,

" History numbers here
Many names and scenes to long remembrance dear,
And summer verdure clothes the lowly breast
Of the small hillocks where our fathers rest.
Theirs was the dauntless heart, the hand, the voice,
That bade the desert blossom and rejoice;



Their restless toil subdued the savage earth,
And called a nation into glorious birth;
Their living floods, with tides extending still,
Poured o'er the vales and climbed the highest hills;
The laughing fields where earliest verdure springs,
And Nature glories in the gifts she brings;
The flocks that gather in the peaceful shade,
Where once the deer in careless freedom played,
The spires that redden in the rising sun —
All these will tell you what their hands have done."

THE DEPARTURE.

Buckminster, Starr King, and Peabody. He sees, in recent years, the summer influx of strangers to recruit and gather health on its waters and near its shores. But the scenes are too numerous, and the panorama passes too fast to trace them, for

On this ever-restless and historical river the writer and president of the Rockingham Bicycle Club proposes to take the readers of THE WHEELMAN and linger with them awhile at a few of the many interesting points that enticingly welcome all lovers of nature and history to a more intimate acquaintance. A three days' vacation from active business cares came to us unex-

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pectedly in the autumn of 1882. Being barred, by reason of the unusually bad condition of the road from the full enjoyment of our customary pleasure conveyance, — the road bicycle, — which, of late years, had claimed the hours formerly spent on the Piscataqua, a return to our "first love" was proposed in the form of an exploring trip on a pair of newly invented water-craft, the propulsion of which would bring into play the same muscles which had, in such a satisfactory manner, conveyed us on our horses of steel over many thousands of miles of roads. Our confidence that these novel boats would safely bear us against the treacherous tides of the river and across the long stretch of uneasy ocean to the Isles of Shoals had previously been won by our successful trips off the New England coast in October gales and March snow-squalls, and upon the heaving waves of Lake Michigan.

A hasty inquiry regarding the tide was answered the night previous by the boatman that a strong flood tide would occur at about 8 o'clock in the morning, and with enthusiastic anticipation of an experience of novel pleasure, we donned our knicker-bockers, prepared our lunch, and bicycled to the wharf, only to find that the current was rushing downward to the sea, instead of upward to the inland city of Dover, where dinner awaited us. The boatman had, as he said, made "a wrong mistake," and, with the prejudice of his class against innovations and rival boats, he suggested that if we had so much confidence in the crafts, we had better show it by going up stream against the rushing tide. Being perfectly familiar with the eddies and tides of the upper Piscataqua we answered his innuendo in the affirmative, and, cheered by the assembled crowd of friends, lowered our propellers, and started on the pioneer three days' trip of fifty odd miles. Directly opposite our starting-place was Badger's Island, formerly owned by Governor John Langdon, and called in colonial and revolutionary times by his name. When the revolutionary war began and the Continental Congress was looking for some place to build a navy of its own, Langdon, then Colonial Agent, proffered the use of his island. It was accepted, and occupied by the government until 1800, — a period of twenty-five years, — when the purchase of the site of the present navy-yard, a short distance to the east, was made. In March, 1775, the frigate "Raleigh" was begun, and in just sixty days she was launched and was soon engaged in attacking four English vessels of war, acting as convoy to a fleet of sixty merchantmen. It was one of the earliest engagements of the youthful navy which gave promise of that brilliant bravery which surprised the world as it gained one success after another upon the seas, and over the ships of the greatest naval power in the world. Langdon next superintended the building of the "Ranger," which sailed, under command of John Paul Jones, and bore to Europe, for the first time, the newly adopted ensign of the Stars and Stripes, and with her he attacked and captured the "Drake," a British vessel of greater power. On his return he, with Langdon, superintended the building of the "America," of seventy-four guns, the heaviest ship that had been constructed on the continent for which she was named. For three years Jones watched over her, until her completion, when, to his great disappointment, she was presented by Congress to France, to replace the "Magnifique," one of the vessels accidentally lost by that friendly power in Boston harbor. The "America" was captured from the French by the British in 1794, and, under the name of the "Impetueux," was long regarded as one of the most valuable and beautiful men-of-war in the British navy, and yet Major Hackett, of Portsmouth, the master-builder, who drew her plans, had never seen a ship-of-the-line.

Governor Langdon was always a devoted friend to his country. With General Sullivan he seized the powder at Fort William and Mary, — the first aggression against the Crown. He was a man of action, as well as words, and his well-known speech to the New Hampshire Assembly is worth quoting. This was his manner of cutting short useless debate: "Gentlemen, you may talk as much as you please; but I know the enemy is upon our frontiers, and I am going to take my pistols and mount my horse, and go and fight in the ranks of my fellow-citizens." And he did it. Again, when Speaker of the Provincial Legislature, in 1776, and the news of the fall of Ticonderoga reached the Legislature, he, seeing the public credit exhausted, and his compatriots discouraged, rose and said: "I have a thousand dollars in hard money; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which will be sold for the most they will bring. They are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defending our firesides and our homes I may be remunerated; if we do not, then the property

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will be of no value to me. Our friend Stark, who so nobly maintained the honor of our State at Bunker Hill, may safely be entrusted with the honor of the enterprise, and we will check the progress of Burgoyne." It is well known that from this noble offer sprang the gallant little army of Stark, that covered itself with glory at Bennington.

He filled innumerable high offices; was elected governor five times, was chosen Senator from New Hampshire to the first Congress, and was elected President of the Senate for the occasion, and, there being neither President nor Vice-President installed, he thus became the first acting President of the United States, and, as such, informed Washington of his election. His house on Pleasant street, Portsmouth, is the finest specimen of colonial architecture to be found anywhere. Washington regarded it as the handsomest house in Portsmouth. Beneath its roof Langdon entertained many illustrious visitors, among them Lafayette and Louis Philippe. In after years, when on the throne of France, Louis inquired of a Portsmouth lady presented at his Court very particularly regarding the "pleasant mansion of Governor Langdon," as he termed it.

The first English ship built on this island previous to the Revolution, was the "Falkland, 54," which was completed in 1690. The ground is now known as Badger's island, for Master William Badger, who, during his active life, built one hundred vessels, reserving the hundredth to bear his own name. Of all this large number he never saw one launched! As soon as the final preparations were completed to allow the vessel to glide into the river, and he had directed his workmen to knock away the last of the shores, he would turn his back to the vessel, walk up the broad granite steps to his large house, a few hundred feet distant, enter, and then look out through the window, only, however, when satisfied that his ship had safely left her ways. Then the workmen assembled in the spacious dining-room, and were substantially refreshed, while his friends and relatives, in large numbers, were royally entertained in the parlors. It was the custom in those days, at every launch, to roll in a barrel of rum for the men, and a generous supply of wine for the gentler sex. So at funerals, in early times, it was the practice to send for "five gallons of rum, ten pounds of sugar, and half a pound of allspice, to make spiced rum" for the mourners! The original bills are in existence of "eight quarts of rum and two of brandy, for the Clergy and Council," at ordinations. At Londonderry, at the close of the last century, the evil was so great that, at the installation of a clergyman, a hogshead of rum was drunk!



GOV. LANGDON'S MANSION.

For a distance of half a mile above the place of our departure no advantage could be taken of the favoring eddies on account of the long wharves extending out into the current; and we had to make rapid revolutions with our feet to gain any headway against the tide. We ran close to the wharves and by numerous coal-laden vessels, — the principal reminders of the commerce of other days. Indeed, were it not for the coal trade and fishing business, but few entries would be made into the upper harbor, — a strong contrast with the business of former years. Even at the beginning of the present century these wharves were lined with vessels in trade with the West Indies, Russia, South America, Sweden, and other countries. For the West Indies the vessels were loaded with fish, lumber, beef, and a deck-load of horses, sheep, pigs, chickens, etc., and would appear, when loaded, like a farm-yard with hay piled up almost to the lower yards. The return cargoes were rum, molasses, sugar, and coffee. To India "Billy" Gray loaded his ships with spars and naval stores. On these wharves and in these warehouses have been piled innumerable bags of coffee and sugar, and thousands of hogsheads of rum and molasses.

But this commerce was suddenly changed

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by the war of 1812. In its place privateering rapidly made, and, in some instances, unmade, the fortunes of the owners. The first to fit out was the schooner "Nancy," which soon returned from the mouth of the St. Lawrence with a valuable prize, which she had attacked like a small spider entrapping a bumble-bee, and speedily captured. This success crazed the town, and all available swift-sailing crafts were fitted out, and various were their adventures.

One of them was the "Harlequin," a very promising craft, numbering in her crew several ship-masters. She was aiming for great returns. They had been out but a short time when a noble ship hove in sight, out of a fog then prevailing.

The armed "Harlequin" bore down upon her, and when, at near approach, the disguised port-holes of the innocent-looking ship were thrown open, they played the "Harlequin" no longer. The *prize* which *took them* proved to be the "Bulwark," armed with seventy-four guns.

But generally the privateers were successful, bringing into Portsmouth British vessels laden with valuable goods, often to the value of a quarter of a million dollars. A share in a lucky privateer was a fortune; and, after the sales of cargo and division of profits were made, the shares commanded a premium. The little brig "Ranger," for instance, I find valued at $25,000. The sailors, when paid off, had so much money that they knew not what to do with it.

One of them, one day, near Market square, put his arm around the neck of a cow and put a five-dollar bill in her mouth for a "cud." These privately armed vessels carried almost invariably a "Long Tom," or large brass swivel; and, in addition, from two to eighteen guns, with from fifty to one hundred and fifty men, and boldly attacked British vessels of superior strength. They were commissioned by the United States "to take, burn, sink, and destroy the enemy whereever found, either on the high seas or in British ports." New York had twenty-six scouring the seas at one time in the early part of the war, and Baltimore eighteen, while the various seaport towns in New England had their share.

Before the writer are the time-stained papers that once belonged to the "husband" of several of the privateers that hailed from Portsmouth, and among them are the printed receipts for the numerous assessments on the unlucky "Harlequin," the certificates of shares in the successful "Ranger," and the auctioneer's printed catalogue of prize goods captured by the privately armed vessels sailing out of Portsmouth. This auctioneer built, with a part of his commissions, one of the largest brick houses in the city. The writer has often listened to the participants in the excitements of those days, as they related anecdotes and incidents of the then stirring and prosperous times. One of them referred to the remarkably fortunate "Fox." One of her owners had received, as his share of the goods captured by her on one of her cruises, many hundred yards of English calico. He knew not what to do with it. Finally, the opulent merchant invited, all his lady relatives, rich and poor, — and there were many of each kind, — to a social gathering at his house. After the hospitalities of the bountiful tables had been dispensed he caused to be rolled into the rooms roll after roll of captured calico and told the ladies to help themselves. How the scissors did fly as they cut off pattern after pattern, and what huge bundles were taken away! The first "calico party" was a perfect success. For many years the table cutlery and various household goods that were in use in a number of Portsmouth families were the former property of the Governor-General of Canada. On his appointment to the position he tried in vain to ship his valuable goods on board one of the vessels about to be convoyed from England to Canada, but they were all full. At last, at an enormous price, he chartered a small vessel for the purpose; but, on account of her slow sailing qualities, she could not obtain permission to enter the convoyed fleet. She sailed, trusting to luck; and Yankee luck, in the form of the "Fox," appeared, and all the Canadian Governor's goods were auctioned off at Portsmouth, furnishing thenceforth Yankee instead of British homes. Some men grew rich by the war, — they piled thousands upon thousands, — but now, ere half a century has passed away, scarcely any mark of the affluence which they attained is visible in their families. Their mansions have generally passed into other hands, while their descendants are, many of them, afar from prosperity. If Solomon's proverbs upon fleeting riches had not been written earlier they might reasonably have been based on the results of privateering acquisitions.

After half a mile of pedalling we passed under the long pile bridge, which, in 1822, took the place of the old ferry that ran

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between Portsmouth and Kittery. It is a third of a mile long, and requires a large yearly outlay to keep it in place. The water is sixty feet deep at low tide, and the red oak timbers that are bought for piles have to average fifty feet in length, so that when two are spliced together the pile measures not less than eighty-four feet in length. For years after the first bridge was built the piles were driven with a stone-hammer to what was considered the solid rock-bed of the river. A pile-driver, with an iron hammer weighing two thousand one hundred and fifty pounds dropping from a height of thirty feet, being substituted, the supposed rock was pierced, and found to be a hard pan into which the piles are now driven as long as any gain is made. If the water were drawn off the majority of the people would hesitate before crossing a wooden bridge perched upon long piles over seventy-five feet above the bed of the river. In the spring months huge cakes of ice float out from the inlets above, and are swept down by the powerful tide against the bridge. Schooners, losing their anchorage, have been forced by the tide against its unyielding sides and sunk, with only the tops of the main-masts remaining above the water to mark their resting-places.

The bridge brings into use a species of craft peculiar to this river, and rarely seen anywhere else on the continent. These *gondolas* (locally pronounced gun'lo) are large, flat-bottomed boats, rigged with a lateen-sail, so that, having a short mast with an exceedingly long yard, they spread a great amount of canvas, and yet the yard, being easily swung to a horizontal position, allows the vessel to pass freely under the bridge. They are provided with a lee-board, instead of a centre-board. For many years they performed the freighting business up and down the river, between the distant towns, while packets, similarly rigged, carried the lighter freight and passengers. With a favorable wind the heavy triangular sails forced these picturesque boats through the water at great speed.

"Portsmouth Bridge is left behind;
Now we're past the 'Pulpit' pressing;
Lift your hat, and bend your head,
To the Parson, for his blessing."
Kennard.

The view from the rocky elevation, rising abruptly from the edge of the river, called the "Pulpit," is one of the most attractive on the river. It was at this point that General Sullivan, the famous lawyer and patriot of revolutionary fame, was outwitted by one of the crew of a gondola. One day after the Revolution, when the general's commission had given place to that of President of New Hampshire, His Excellency, being a resident of Durham, saw a boat bound to Portsmouth. He asked for a passage, which was readily granted, one of the boatmen proposing the condition that the President should observe the usual custom of paying his respects to the "Pulpit," which the superstitious boatmen regarded as dooming to misfortune the



DOVER POINT.

voyagers who essayed to pass it without paying tribute of respect by removing their hats.

The General said he never did nor never should pay respect to the devil's pulpit, and therefore they needn't ask it of him. There was danger of bad luck to the boatmen. They however sailed and rowed on down the river. At length, one of the boatmen raised his own hat and, casting his eyes up to the three-cornered hat with waving tri-colored plume, which decorated the head of His Excellency, in apparent wonder, said, "Sir, the birds seem to have flown over your hat." The hand of the General was speedily raised, and the hat carefully brought down for inspection. "I see nothing," said he. "We've passed the 'Pulpit,' sir," was the laconic reply. The superstitious boatmen were in good cheer;

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they had brought the President down, and good luck rested on the voyage of that day.

It was an amusing sight to watch the movements of the dwellers on the banks of the river when we appeared in sight. They had always been accustomed to seeing a boat propelled by an oarsman sitting with his face toward the stern of his boat, and frequently and uncomfortably turning his head to watch his course. Here was a new craft with the whole position reversed, and propelled by the stronger muscles of the legs, instead of the arms. The novelty caused them to blankly stare the first moment, and then, that others might share their wonderment, they would run at full speed for the nearest house, and then on to the next; so that we were greeted by a full audience and a score of conundrums whenever we reached a wharf or a projecting point. "Here comes the devil on two sticks," excitedly shouted one sailor-farmer, when he saw the leading catamaran. One of the first boats that the inventor constructed had very shallow floats, whose tops were level with the water, and several parties who saw him on his boat at a distance declared for days that they had seen a man walking on the river.

It being low tide we landed on the Newington shore, to quench our thirst from the spring which bubbled up through the sand over which the salt water flows at every high-tide. Years ago, B. P. Shillaber, the genial Mrs. Partington, sung of this "Spring on the Shore": —

"Upgushing through the pebbly strand,
Here flows a fairy crystal stream;
Its waters, sparkling o'er the sand,
Like threads of liquid silver seem.

"The cattle from the grassy lea
Come gratefully its wealth to drink;
And birds of land and birds of sea
Meet peacefully beside its brink.

"But see the rapid river rise!
Fast, fast, it gains upon the shore, —
A moment, and the spot we prize
The angry billow closes o'er.

"But gushing still, though hid from view,
The little rill yet pours its tide
As constantly, as pure and true,
As when by sunlight glorified.

"And this the lesson it may teach, —
That thus Truth's crystal streamlets rise,
And trickle on over Time's dark beach,
To bless the heart and glad the eyes;

"And that, though Error's tide o'erflow
The gentle stream, and hide its power,
Its silvery wave again will glow,
And Truth's fair spirit rule the hour."

We cross the river again to the Eliot side to visit Frank's Fort, a curious island located out on the edge of the current, with steep sides rising like the sharp roof of an old house, — one side mossy green, with its covering of short grass, and the other newly shingled by every storm, with a fresh covering of yellow sand that rolls from its top into the river. It is a famous spot for small picnic parties.

In order to land at Dover Point we cross the wide river again, and pass closely to Bloody Point. The ownership of this part of Newington was for years in dispute. The two patents, the Dover (or Squamscott) and the Portsmouth (or Piscataqua), conflicted. Captain Wiggin, the agent for the upper plantation, and Captain Neal, the agent for the lower, disputed about its possession, and drew their swords. "But," says Rev. William Hubbard, in his "History of New England," "both litigants had so much wit in their anger as to waive the battle, each accounting himself to have done very manfully in what was threatened. So, as in respect, — not of what did, but what might have fallen out, — the place to this day retains the formidable name of 'Bloody Point.'"

From this sanguinary ground we took a course parallel with the long wooden bridge of the Portsmouth & Dover Railroad to the Dover-Point House, which is finely situated at the extreme end of a narrow ridge of land extending for several miles between the two rivers that flow from Dover into the Piscataqua at this point. A beautiful view of these streams was obtained from the plateau on which the house is situated. Southward was the broad and rapid Piscataqua, which flows from Great Bay; westward the Bellamy river and the fertile meadow lands beyond; while eastward was the Newichawannock, which here separates Maine from New Hampshire.

The proprietor of the hotel, who is a lineal descendant of Captain Wiggin, who was so prominent a character and landowner at this very spot two hundred and fifty years ago, gave us a warm welcome, having watched our progress against the strong current. Scarcely two hours had elapsed since we left the doubting boatman six miles below, and, though it had been hard, steady work against the head tide, we had succeeded, making the run quicker and more comfortably than he could have with the best of his boats. The actual location of the first settlement in New Hampshire is

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in dispute. It is claimed by Dover historians that Hilton settled at this point in 1623; while, on the other hand, veracious authority at Portsmouth contends that the first settlement was made at Odiorne's Point, below that city. A short distance from our landing was the site of the first meeting-house. The establishment of public worship, and a regular ministry in 1633, gives this old parish the priority in the parishes of New Hampshire. The old earth-mounds which were around the church, and into which were driven the posts forming the stockade to protect the people from Indian attacks while at worship, are still to be seen, and are the most enduring monuments the first settlers could have erected. John Underhill, after his banishment from Boston, came to this church and settlement in 1638. Whittier describes the event in the following verses: —

"A score of years had come and gone
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth stone,
When Captain Underhill, bearing scars
From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,
Left three-hilled Boston and wandered down,
East by north, to Cocheco town.

"He cheered his heart as he rode along
With screed of Scripture and holy song,
Or thought how he rode, with his lances free,
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-Zee,
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden road,
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

"He saw the church with the block-house nigh,
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,
And, tacking to windward, low and crank,
The little shallop from Strawberry Bank;
And he rõse in his stirrups and looked abroad
Over land and water, and praised the Lord."

The current of the remaining miles from the Point to the city was only moderate. The wind having been very light when we started we had removed the sails which were attached to the boats, and we now had reason to regret having done so; for, at this point, the wind increased and would have very materially contributed toward our progress. The stream gradually narrows, and near the city was so contracted that the United States government has spent large sums of money in widening and deepening the channel so as to enable loaded schooners to reach the city. Many brickyards are located on the shores of the river, and the adjacent neat houses are evidences that the products of the clay banks have been exchanged for the comfort, as well as the profit, of the community. After the Boston fire the sudden rise in the price of bricks made the clay banks the most profitable part of the farms.



GARRISON HILL.

Anticipating that a crowd of curious people would collect about our boats if left at a city wharf, we pulled them upon the banks of the river below the city, and prevented any one from using them by removing the steering-bars. We then ascended Garrison Hill, about a mile from our landing, to take a bird's-eye view of the waters to be ploughed through during the remainder of the trip. The hill rises above the city nearly three hundred feet, and the name given to the elevation is from the garrisons built there during the French and Indian wars, by which Dover, as a frontier town, necessarily suffered severely. We called at the old house, at the foot of the hill, which was built in 1680, and was fortunately spared by the savages the destruction that befell other homes at this time. An observatory, similar in construction to the one at Coney Island, was built upon the summit the previous season.

The highest balcony afforded a view of rare beauty, characteristic of New Hampshire; the distant ring of the horizon was

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rugged and broken by a continuous chain of hills, save in the south, where the distant ocean showed its line of blue. In the east was the ever beautiful Agamenticus, the "Sentinel of the Sea"; north-east was "Boneg Beag," in North Berwick; and in the far north the eye rested upon the stately peaks of the White Mountain Range. By the aid of a glass we saw the Summit House, on Mount Washington — a distance of ninety miles. Turning westward, the eyes meet the lofty Lafayette of the Franconia Range. Below and nearer, the graceful pyramid of Kearsarge, in North Conway, was seen in bold relief. Chocorua's lofty peak was also conspicuous. Westward were Blue Job and Strafford Ridge; while the Saddle Back and Nottingham Hills completed the mountain circle. Due south was old Ocean, lying in a line of sunny haze and flecked with snowy sails. Conspicuous above the southern sky-line was the palatial Wentworth, at Newcastle; beyond, the Isles of Shoals, even the surf dashing heavily upon their rock-bound shores being plainly visible. The spires of Portsmouth, the light-houses on the coast, and the navy-yard, were all in view. Occasional water views enhanced the beauty of the nearer landscape afforded by the Piscataqua, Exeter, and Cocheco rivers and the Great Bay at Greenland, while the view of the western meadows and woodlands, clad in Nature's eternal robes of peace and harmonious beauty, was unsurpassed.

We found on our return to the landing, after spending several hours in the city, that the precautions we had taken to prevent the curious from trying to use our boats had been effectual; but out secret arrival had been noticed and reported, and a mixed company had assembled and was rapidly growing larger. In answer to repeated and polite requests we pedalled our boats nearer the city, and gave an exhibition to an audience that was equalled in size and wonderment only by the one that the writer, near the same place, entertained in April, 1879, with the sight of the pioneer road bicycle. Five feats on the old "Columbia," one of which was a header, served to astonish the crowd more than an exhibition by a Smith or a Wilmot would to-day. The quickness with which we could stop our boats, when under full headway, by simply reversing our propellers by back pedalling elicited the most liberal applause.

The exhibition delayed our departure beyond the appointed hour, and the sun was setting when we pointed our bows homeward. For three miles the river was without a ripple, and its polished surface reflected every cloud above and every tree and shrub on its banks, at some places it being difficult to distinguish the dividing line between the water and the land, so perfect was the reflection.

Below the "races," at Dover Point, we met the sweep of the tide from Great Bay. Here deep darkness closed around us, and we kept the middle of the river, only guided by the noise of the current against the projecting points. Frank's Fort was passed with a rush, and then came the roar of Boiling Rock, a huge boulder off the Eliot shore, whose top can only be seen on the lowest run of the spring-tides. How the furious tide rushed us along into the inky darkness! A few minutes more and our first day's trip of twenty-eight miles would be accomplished. A mile above Portsmouth Bridge we distinctly heard the rush of waters against its piles, and we steered shoreward, to find the dividing line between the tide and eddy, in order to pass under the bridge through its widest opening on the western shore, away from the force of the tide. Many a boat has missed the opening in the centre of the bridge and been capsized by the resistless current forcing it against the piles. Many a stranger has found out, when too late, that the current runs diagonally through the openings, it being deflected across the river by the peculiar formation of its banks. He is also deceived by the bridge itself, it having one end farther up river than the other.

The bridge being a double one, and very wide, unless the opening be entered on the favorable side, the boat is dashed against or between the piles before the passage is completed. It is rarely possible to release a boat caught in this way, and a capsize and a wrecked boat is the result, and the occupants are not unfrequently drowned. The first passage by a river-boy under the bridge at full strength of the tide is the great event of his river experience. A successful trip is good evidence that he has pluck, skill, and steady nerves, especially if he passes through one of the narrow openings. Long acquaintance with the danger attending the "shooting the bridge" had made us conservative, especially on such an unusually dark night, and, though we had many times pedalled through while on the catamarans, we now steered them toward the western side as best we could, guided only

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by the roar of the bridge. Although rushing rapidly towards the bridge, we were yet gradually nearing the shore, when the president ran into a floating mass of eel-grass, and, becoming entangled, he drifted helplessly and swiftly toward the dreaded bridge. What must the captain do? Make for the shore and save one boat, or follow and try to save his companion from the inevitable wreck? The latter course was chosen. He had seen "Drunken Jerry," when hardly able to hold a paddle, float through the treacherous opening; and why should not as good luck attend the temperate president, who, if not thrown off by the collision, might cling to its air-tight compartments? It now looked as though the question was to be answered as to how many of these compartments were actually necessary to hold the rider and machinery above the water in case a part of them were broken. But now another difficulty arose. The whirlpools began to revolve the boat, and if the long craft reached the opening "broadside on" it could not pass through. Revolving these questions quickly in his mind, the captain saw a slight chance for a rescue, or at least an opportunity to keep the president's boat "bows on." Throwing to the president his long painter, he directed him to tie the end of it around one of the stern cross-bars, which was quickly done, and, by back-pedalling his own boat, the rope tightened and the mass of eel-grass was torn away by the tide from the now stationary boat. Now came the final struggle. Could the captain back-pedal both boats against the rushing tide? The president aided with his paddle, not having had time to resume his seat. A brief struggle showed that the dark outlines of the bridge did not recede. The rapid pedalling could not be maintained much longer. The president shouted, "You can't do it, Cap. Look out for yourself; I'm going to try to slip through." Before a protest could reach him he had cut the rope and disappeared in the darkness.

C. A. Hazlett.

A MIDWINTER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

It was a January storm; all day long the snow had been falling in great fleecy flakes, silently, swiftly, and steadily covering roads, trees, and houses in a garment of ghostly white, and night had closed in, dark, sombre, and starless, and the mercury had fallen, and the wind had risen and came howling fierce, eager, and biting, direct from the great Manitoba storm-centre, in the far North-west.

I was weary with my day's work, and, divesting myself of overshoes, overcoat and undercoat, was soon snugly ensconced in my favorite corner, and feeling luxuriously lazy in my loose dressing-gown and slippers. The wind roared dismally without, but every fresh blast but urged the fire inside to a merrier glow. I lit my lamp, filled my pipe, and, elevating my slippered feet upon a foot-rest, proceeded to toast my toes and to fill my mind with wisdom from a heavy volume taken from my library-shelf for that purpose. I had read but a page or two when, somehow, I seemed to lose track of the argument, the anatomical details got strangely mixed, and, finally, I nodded and nearly dropped my book. I gave up the struggle, set my book aside, turned down my lamp, and sat looking into the coals through the blue veil of incense rising from the brown bowl of my meerschaum.

It was a pleasant scene, — the dimly-lit room, the familiar volumes ranged on shelves beside me, my microscope under its bell-glass, and in the corner my bicycle,— all strangely transformed by the magic of the firelight.

My dear old wheel, that had carried me so many miles with speed and safety, seemed to wink and nod confidentially at me as the flickering flames were reflected from its nickelled head and gold-striped forks. It seemed to have a reproachful look about it, and I felt guilty; for I had been planning to sell it, that I might come out with a brand-new mount of the very latest pattern in the spring.

After a few moments I was astonished to see it move from its corner and approach me, and, touching me on the shoulder with its handle-bar, whisper in clear, bell-like tones, "Mount, mount! I have much to show you."

I was loath to leave my pleasant fireside;

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but, impelled by some unknown yet irresistible force, I placed my foot upon the step and slid into the saddle.

In an instant the firelight faded away, the wind ceased to howl, and I found myself in the midst of a beautiful park, on the summit of a little hill, from which fine macadamized roads led north, south, east, and west. Beside me stood two figures, — one a chubby little fellow in a blue bicycle suit; the other a tall, slim chap in citizen's dress. Each led a bicycle, — the little man a lovely little machine of English make, resplendent with the glory of full nickel, and brand-new; the other a clumsy roadster, two sizes too large for him. "See," said the little man, "it is easy enough — 'this way,'" and, putting a foot upon the step of his machine, slid into the saddle and circled round as gracefully and, apparently, as easily as the swallows which were chasing the gnats in the evening air. Dismounting, he laid his machine down and straddled the big one, while the long man struggled awkwardly into the saddle. "Now, then, hold her steady, and press your feet upon the pedals as they go down; the grade is in your favor. *Facile descensus*, you know"; and he started the awkward pair down the gentle slope.

I was smiling to myself at the figure they cut as they wobbled uncertainly from side to side, and the long man gripped the handles as if he wanted to pull them off, and kicked viciously at the pedals. "Funny, isn't it?" said the bell-like voice; "but don't you recognize the parties?" and I suddenly became aware that I was looking at myself, taking my first road ride with the kind assistance of Dr. A——.

In a moment the scene had faded, and I stood in my own door-way. The summer sun shone brightly, and a soft breeze brought perfume from the garden and dust from the street. The expressman drove up and unloaded a queer-looking crate, and drove off, while I could hardly spare time to draw the nails properly, so eager was I to get at my new wheel. "Ah! I was young *then*," sighed the bell-like voice, "and you thought me passing fair." So I did; and surely there was reason. Light and graceful in outline, yet strong and rigid, the new wheel stood before me: its head, pedals, cranks, and spring bright with nickel, all other parts black as night, save where graceful stripes of gold-leaf relieved the sombreness of forks and backbone.

I was crazy to try my new steed, and was soon upon the road, revelling for the first time in the delights of ball-bearings, long handle-bar, etc., etc.

Again the scene faded, and I found myself on a well-known highway, in company with a fellow-disciple of Æsculapius. The harvest moon shone bright above us, rendering our path as bright as day, but clothing the distances in a vague veil, that half revealed, half concealed, and wholly enhanced, their beauties. On our left the hills rose majestically toward the cloudless heavens, and on our right the blue waters of Lake Erie melted into the sky so imperceptibly that no man could say where the horizon lay, or draw the dividing line between

> "The steadfast heavens above us
> And the molten heavens below."

We rode swiftly on without speaking, till the silence, broken only by the distant chorus of the frogs, the chirping of the crickets, and the thousand-and-one voices of the night that seem merely silence made audible, became oppressive. I turned to speak to my companion; but, at the first word, the scene faded, and I was again in my study; the knee-breeches and long stockings were gone, the moon was hid, the winter wind howled dolefully, and my slippered feet toasted cheerfully in the glow that radiated from the sea-coal fire.

"I have shown you the past," said the bell voice. "Are you still resolved to part with me? Ah, I see you are! Well, then, mount, mount, for I must show you the future." I was again in the saddle, and it was again a summer night, but not moonlight. A hearty old fellow, with a flowing beard just tinged with gray, shot past me upon a glittering wheel. He had a companion with him, mounted like himself, and they were chatting merrily.

I seemed to keep alongside of them without special effort, though their speed was more than twenty miles per hour. "Do you remember," said the older man, whom I now saw to be myself, — "do you remember, doctor, the first time we rode this way together? We had to take advantage of the full moon for night-riding then, for *this* was not invented"; and he touched a knob on the top of his handle-bar, and instantly the whole machine glowed with the peculiar luminosity of the incandescent electric light. "Ten miles an hour was good speed in those days, before the invention of the automatic multiplying gear; and, in-

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deed, it was good speed, considering that our wheels weighed from thirty-five to fifty pounds; but that was before the days of aluminum and ten-pound roadsters. Well, well, we were youngsters then, and I sometimes think we enjoyed the rude appliances of those early days better than our improved machines of to-day."

I was anxious to inquire of my other self more of the details of construction of his luminous ten-pound bicycle and its automatic multiplying gear; but the moment I spoke the spell was broken, and the scene changed again. I seemed to be in the same place, and yet it was not the same. The country road was a country road no longer. The low farm-houses and plethoric red barns had given place to elegant residences, with well-kept lawns; the old highway was covered with asphalt, and before me were two old gray-bearded men, mounted on tricycles, which they simply guided, while tiny electric engines furnished the motive power.

"Ah, doctor," said one of the poor old chaps, "there are great changes since we first pushed our wheels over this road, and great improvements; but, after all, I'd give all these self-moving tricycles, electric engines, and self-luminous wheels for one hour of the youthful spirit, strength, and vim with which we pushed our heavy old Columbias through the dust that summer evening thirty years ago. Machinery can never replace youth and health; and, on the whole, we have lost more than we gained in taking away the necessity for personal effort in 'cycling."

"Do you hear that?" said the bell voice; "that's what you are coming to if you don't realize in time that success in 'cycling depends far more upon the rider than the wheel."

"But," said I, "don't you see that your line of argument would put a stop to all improvement? Let me tell you —" but here the thread of my discourse was broken by another voice saying, "And let *me* tell you it's time you were in bed instead of snoozing here in your chair and talking in your sleep, as you have been doing for the past half hour."

Ah, me! it was a rude awakening to the realities of existence; but I *do* wish I had found out about how that bicycle was made self-luminous, and what were the details of the automatic multiplying gear that made twenty miles per hour a moderate road gait.

Geo. E. Blackham.

TWO STABLE REMARKS.

He bridled up — in horsey tones
Whipped out this bit-ter shaft:
"He who on cycle tires his boites
Is cranky, weak, and daft."

"A trace of choler, sir, you show," —
Thus spoke the man of steel;
"Your sulky life is full of whoa,
My cranky one of wheel."

S. Conant Foster

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Jealousy.

By Charles Richards Dodge.

I

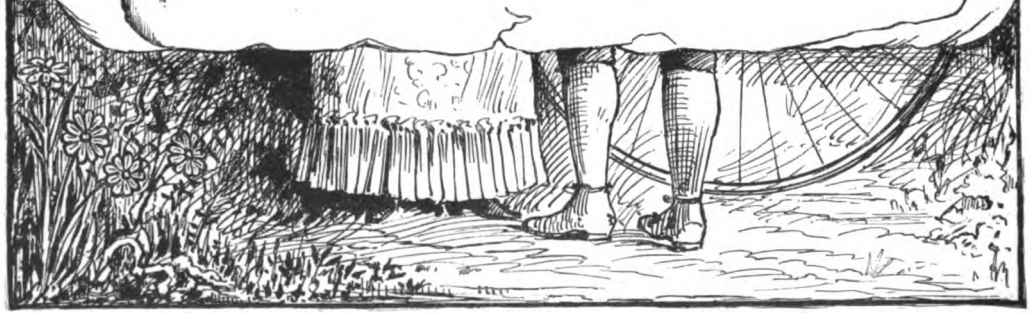
Daisy, Love, Golden hair, no kiss to-night
E're I ride away in the pale moonlight?
No kiss to tell me you Love me still—
What have I done that you treat me so ill?

II

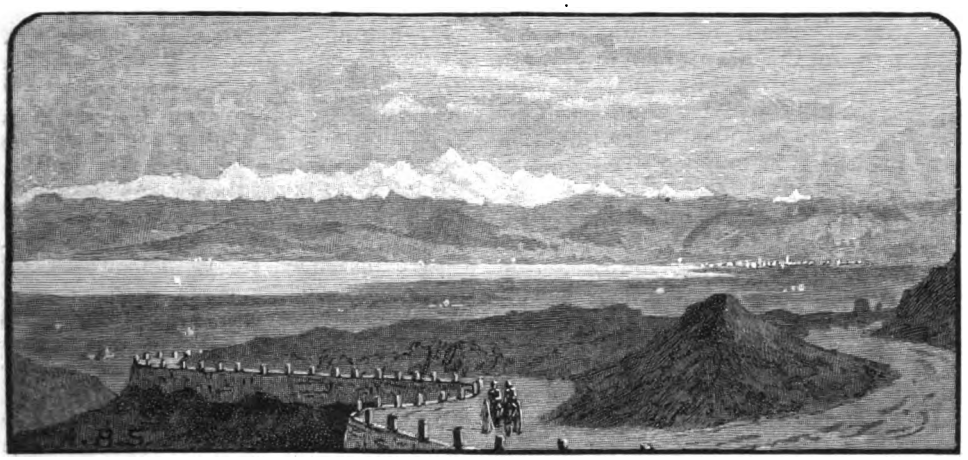
I "Love another?" That cannot be true—
Daisy! I never have Loved aught but you!
Youre, Jealous! of whom pray? tell me the rest
E're I grow fainter—I?—"Love the wheel best?"

III

Daisy, Love, raise your eyes—look into mine;
Brighter than nickel plate dearest, they shine—
Let the wheel go if it wont stand alone—
There! just one more, darling, Daisy, my own.



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VALLEY OF LAKE GENEVA.

FROM PARIS TO GENEVA.

A TRICYCLE RIDE.

In the third week of July, last year, the writer, a member of the West Kensington Tricycle Club, London, England, had a very interesting run on the Continent of Europe, from Paris to Geneva, a distance of three hundred and twenty-five miles. As this was the first occasion on which a "Sociable," ridden by Englishmen, was seen on the journey, and the route was altogether out of the ordinary run of travellers, a summary of the ride may not be uninteresting to American wheelmen. The tricycle used weighed one hundred and thirty pounds, and was of the lever pattern, known in the English market as the "Coventry Perfection Sociable." It had a fall-and-rachet action in the hubs of the wheels, and was fitted with steel-band brakes, leather lined. The steering-wheel was in front, and the diameter of driving-wheels forty-six inches.

Mr. Walter Percy, then in his seventeenth year, who was acquainted with the patois of the several departments through which we ran, was my companion. Our personal luggage was contained in three bags, strapped to the back of the machine, and consisted of changes of "Jerseys," stockings, etc., a Steward aneroid barometer, for taking heights, and a small set of tools, with screws and nuts, in case of accident, the whole weighing thirty pounds. The united weight of the riders was three hundred and eight pounds, but the machine was capable of carrying five hundred and sixty pounds.

As the ride was not against time, but simply for observation and health, no attempt was made to ride at high speed.

The machine was taken across the English Channel by steamer to Boulogne, thence by rail to Paris, and the start was made thence on Monday morning, July 17th.

Each day the running made was as follows: Monday, Paris to Montereau, forty-seven miles; Tuesday, to La Roche, forty-seven miles; Wednesday, to Tanlay, thirty-one miles; Thursday, to St. Verrey, fifty-five miles; Friday, to Dijon, twenty-five miles; Saturday, Champagnole, sixty-five miles; Sunday, to Geneva, fifty-five miles, — total, three hundred and twenty-five miles.

This run cost, including the Channel voyage both ways, the railway from Boulogne to Paris and back, expenses at the auberges and hotels, and the railway from Geneva to Paris, $34 only.

The departments traversed were the Seine, — a tolerably level country, abounding in chateaus, the country homes of residents in the capital, the Seine-et-Oise, — in which the ground rose by waving slopes to a high level, and the landscape was exceedingly varied: the Seine-et-Marne, — a great plain, or basin, given up to peaceful agriculture; the Yonne, whose features are innumerable valleys of small area, encompassed by pretty hills; the Cote-d'Or, the Golden Slope of France, where the valleys swell to noble dimensions, and the high hills cherish the richest vines; and the

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Jura, which is wholly mountainous, seven ranges crossing the department from north by east, to west by south, and rising from two thousand to three thousand feet in the west, to four thousand and five thousand feet in the east, overlooking the plains of Geneva.

During the week occupied by the run no rain fell, the weather was exceptionally pleasant, and in striking contrast to the latter part of the summer, and the whole of the autumn, which was unusually wet.

France is traversed by broad roads in every direction, kept by the State for military purposes, and called "Grande Routes Nationale"; and their surface is delightfully



MELUN.

easy for wheel-riding, there being an entire absence of ruts or stones, so that there are no roads in Great Britain to compare with them. The distances were carefully marked on upright stones at every kilometer; at every cross-road was a sign-post, which had the names of neighboring towns or villages enamelled on its arms; and at the beginning and termination of every village an enamelled plate bore the name of the place and the distance from three or four other villages.

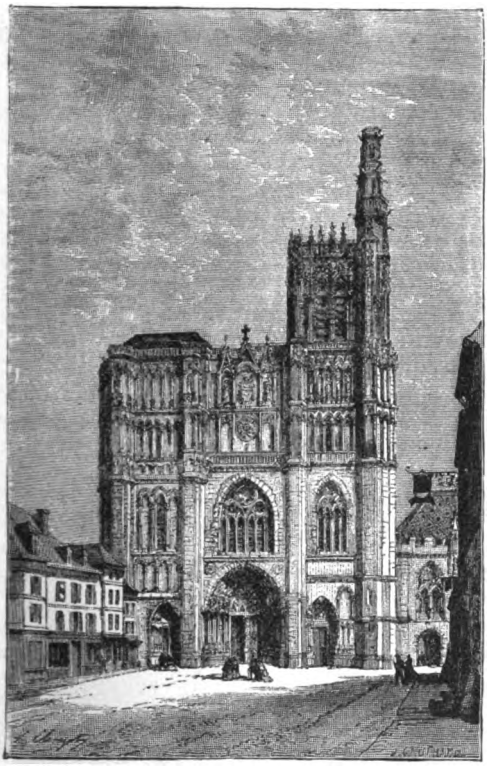
Every morning we arose between 3 and 4, and ran until 9 or 10, then, on account of the excessive heat, we rested until between 3 and 4 in the afternoon, and ran until 8 or 10 in the evening. The first meal — *café-au-lait* — was taken about 6 A.M., and a heartier breakfast at 10, — coffee, with sardines and eggs. Lunch was had at 1, — soup, fish, roast meat, and fruit; dinner — often inferior to the lunch — was taken at 8, if the ride was finished; or supper substituted at 10, when the ride was late. As the ride was almost wholly through the country, sometimes difficulty was experienced in finding an auberge where a meal could be supplied. But everywhere the cooking was exquisite, and the charges ridiculously small. Thus, at La Roche, 1s. 8d. each was charged for a dinner of four courses, including two small bottles of wine; and nowhere was more than 6d. or 8d. charged for a liter of the best wine of the department; while occasionally a landlord, on being asked for his bill, shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, and replied, "Gentlemen, the honor you have done me in descending at my house is sufficient pay."

Monday, July 17. — The most disagreeable portion of the journey was that through Paris, from the Nord Railway station, which we left at 4.30 A.M., by way of the Boulevard de Magenta, the Plas Bastile, Pont d'Austerlitz, by the Seine, to Charenton, about eleven miles; the roads being paved with huge granite stones of unequal height, with ruts round each stone, in which the wheels were jolted terribly, and nearly the

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whole distance was walked, the machines being pushed in front.

A similar pavement, though not nearly so bad, occupied the road through many of



CATHEDRAL OF SENS.

the villages, but walking was not necessary.

After passing Charenton we ran through Melun, Le Chatelet, Valence, to the heights of Surville; far down in the valley, to our right, was Montereau. There, nestling about the junction of the Seine and Yonne, whose streams are spanned by two stone bridges, was the town famous as the scene of an interesting episode in the later days of Napoleon. The houses appeared to be strangely huddled together about the bridge and the river, while rising conspicuously from their midst were the walls of the ancient church, in whose choir is suspended the sword of that Duke of Burgundy murdered nearly five centuries ago by the Dauphin of France.

As we commenced descending the heights of Surville we rested quietly on our pedals, our hands on our brakes, and had leisure and opportunity for gazing upon the lovely panorama stretched below: on our right, the river hastening through the plain to the town; the united stream — the Seine — emerging, a beautiful line of blue, winding through a champaign, checkered with wheat, barley, and clover fields, the lark overhead singing joyously. As we gradually descended, our attention was attracted to a great commotion amongst the cottages on the hill-sides. The strange vehicle had caught the eye of a lad, and we heard a shout which brought people to their windows and doors. Soon there followed an exodus at racing speed down the hill-sides in every direction. We saw little children dragged through hedge-sides and gaps in wooden palings, and every one started for the entrance to the town, where they knew we should have to pass. Here an immense crowd was assembled, whose excitement had drawn the towns-people to their windows; no one knew what to call the vehicle which was running of itself, and as we slowly passed through the people my companion, Walter, was constantly employed, with cap and voice, acknowledging and replying to the courteous salutations and kindly greetings of old and young.

We loitered on the bridges, and marked where the Yonne was swallowed up in the Seine, and examined the equestrian statue of Napoleon, then ran to the "Grand Monarque," where we rested for the night.

Tuesday, July 18. — Left Montereau at 4.30 A.M., and by a gradual ascent came to Cannes (not the famous place of that name). We had then mounted the crest of hills running parallel with the Surville heights, and from this commanding position gazed across two immense plains, — the

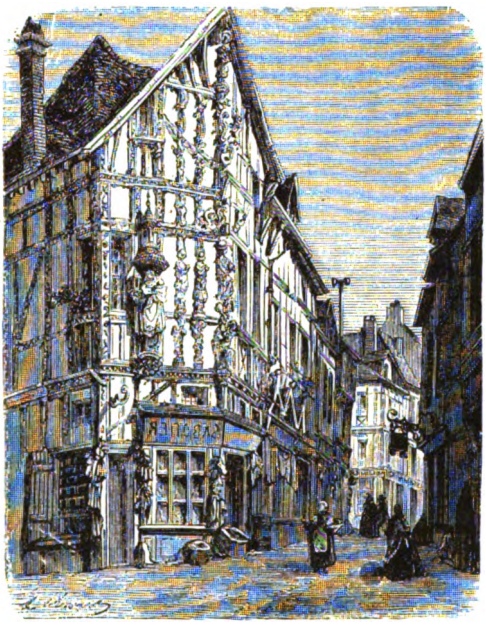


JOIGNY.

one on the left watered by the winding Yonne, a broad blue line running through a quilt of divers colors; the one on the right, threaded by a railway, lying on

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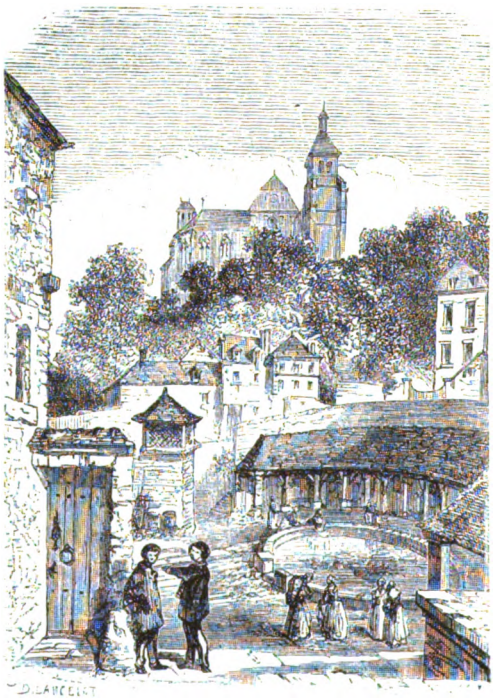
another quilt of varying hues; and each plain enclosed in the far distance by wooded heights. The range on our left was so high that the sun had not yet tipped them, which



OLD HOUSE IN JOIGNY

accounted for the coolness that lingered in the air. On our left an opening in a stone wall disclosed a chateau half hidden amongst trees; and further on there was another chateau upon the right, set on the hill-side, with a broad avenue of trees stretching for several miles before it. Cannes was the last village in the department of the Seine-et-Marne; and, after traversing the summit of the hills, we descended into the department of L'Yonne, and ran through Villeneuve-la-Guyard, where the carters were singing country songs as they slowly rode to the fields; and then to Champigny, to Sens, celebrated for its cathedral and old-fashioned wooden houses, to Villeneuve-sur-Yonne with its fortified gateway, to Armean, and to Villevallier From this place we continued to ascend until we had almost reached the level of the hills on the left; from whence we had a commanding view of the valley, in whose bosom was the Yonne, and of the opposite range of hills, which were not so distant as to prevent us distinguishing the shape and character of every field of grain. There were many villages and towns within sight on the right bank; and every cluster of houses was formed in a natural hollow of the hills. There appeared to have been falls of earth and rocks, leaving a hollow in the hill-side, and here nestled the houses and the churches, free from the injurious influences of cutting winds, very paradises for the world-weary, and the searcher after rest and health. Joigny was the next large town of importance, celebrated for its old houses, and for the possession of a crucifixion by Albert Durer. Between seven and eight we stopped for the night at La Roche, overlooking the Yonne.

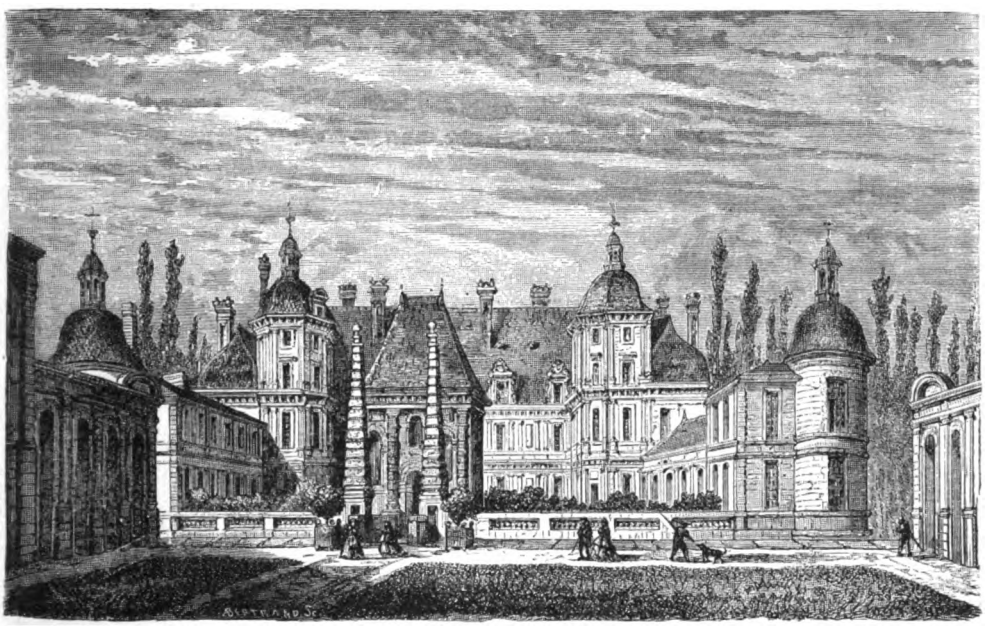
Wednesday, July 19. — Rode off at 4.30 A.M., by a gradually ascending road, to Brienan and Avrolles, then down a hill and up another to St. Florentine; then up and down once more to Cremigny. It was evident, from the hilly character of the road, that we were approaching the borders of Yonne; there were no longer the straight, level roads which we had enjoyed, but an endless succession of hills, from whose crests and in whose valleys we commanded an ever-varying change of landscape, — pictures of quiet, sweet, pastoral life. Through Percey, we ran to Flogny, where we loitered until 4.30 P.M., when the machine is remounted and the running resumed through Avenon, by Tonnerre, through Tronchay, Cheney, Dannemoine to Tanlay, and entered under a magnificent



MOAT AT TONNERRE.

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avenue of trees, which formerly was the approach to a noble chateau, grand even now, though its court-yards are deserted, and the frescoes on its chambers fading into indistinctness. This chateau belonged at one time to the brother of Admiral Coligny, a victim of the St. Bartholomew massacre; and here, in these chambers, about these court-yards, under these glorious trees, the Admiral, with the Prince of Condé and other noble French Protestants, took counsel together on the religious questions of their day. We put up for the night, at 8 o'clock, in the Hotel du Centre, and were lulled to sleep by the chiming of bells in a neighboring church steeple.



CHATEAU OF TANLAY.

Thursday, *July* 20.— Left Tanlay at 3 A.M., and rode through Ancy, Fuloy, Nuits-sur-Ravieres, to Aisy, the last village in the Yonne. Crossing the river we were in the Department of the Golden Slope, and ran through Buffon, to St. Remy and Montbard, the favorite residence of Buffon, the great naturalist. In the plain chateau, which still remains, Buffon labored, and in the garden, arranged in terraces along the slopes of a hill, he experimented, discovered, and taught. Orange-trees now bear fruit where Buffon in former days planted and watered the rarest herbs and flowers he could procure. A tower in the grounds commands a lovely panorama. Buffon was buried in the parish church, but at the revolution his grave was desecrated and his bones scattered; but his townsmen afterwards vindicated his memory by erecting a statue to him.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon before we left Montbard, and riding along an ever-ascending roadway passed through Marmagne, Fainles-Montbard, to Les Laumes. Then we crossed a line of railway on our left, and ran on over a winding road, the hills and valleys ever changing in height, in width, and in depth for a distance of four-and-twenty miles. The sun was setting, and the shadows of the hills on our right were rapidly advancing over the valleys, and creeping up the sides of the hills along which we were running. Laborers were returning from their fields; the time for rest was coming fast; all nature was tranquil: there was stillness and silence in the heights, in the vineyards of the garden slopes, in the valleys: not even one solitary lark — our most constant soloist — broke the peace of departing day.

On we ran through Sissyvous, Flavigny, and Thenissey, to St. Verrey, where, at 8.30 P.M., we descended for the night.

Friday, *July* 21.— We were in our seats and off, up the ever-ascending roadway, at 4.30 A.M. Before us, several miles distant, was the Head of the Golden Slope, upwards of three thousand feet

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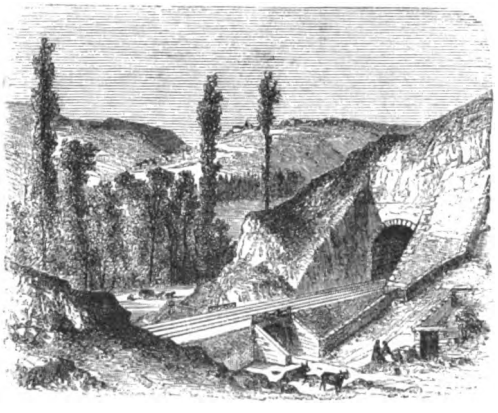
above the level of the sea. On our right was a very wide valley; then the slopes of another range of hills, bright and beautiful in the early sunlight, the summit clean-cut against the sky, so that we could easily distinguish church from house, and pick out the windows of the chateaus, in whose chambers the golden wine, the envy of princes, was consumed. The hill-sides looked like a mercer's arm, when he stretches across it a dozen various-colored ribbons for a lady's choice, so distinct were the colors of the patches, the vineyards, the wheat, the oats, and the clover. To our left were vineyards up to the summit, and to our right, flowing right into the valley, were vineyards; but the valley itself was divided amongst wheat, clover, potatoes, and other root crops, and clumps of fruit trees stood up here and there. Cattle were slowly ascending from below to graze on the sides of the roads we were running over, and we had many a spurt to pass, before they reached the point at which we saw they would come upon our run; for the cattle were always very curious and very stupid, standing staring at us in the middle of the roadway, and looking as if they did not care much whether they would give us a toss down the hill-side or allow us to go peacefully on our way.



STATUE OF BUFFON.

It took us three hours to reach the crown of the Head; but the view on all sides amply repaid the labor. We next ran through Paquites and Pasques. Then, for nearly five hours, we were descending, resting our feet upon our pedals, and hands on our brakes, running or galloping, as we thought proper, down the slopes that wound round and about the mountain sides; now passing a descent of a thousand precipitous feet; then disappearing in a wood, to emerge in a mile or two on a clearing, from whence we could mark the thickly wooded slope of the opposite hill-sides, and note the road, like a white thread, far below, towards which we were running, and along which we knew we should have to go. Such a run was of itself ample reward for the ascent of the early morning. At length we approached the bottom of the mountain, and then we suddenly saw the valley spanned by a railway viaduct, which looked the work of fairy hands that morning; and under the viaduct we ran, through Plombieres, to Dijon. Here we loitered all day, from noon, amongst the old houses, museums, and churches, which are very well worth visiting. The Hotel de Ville was once the palace of Dukes of Burgundy; one portion, now a museum, contains the carved tombs of Phillipe le Hardi, and Duke Jean-sans-Peur, his son, the finest specimens of mediæval art in France. The Palais de Justice was formerly the place where the Parliament of Burgundy sat.

Saturday, July 22. — Left Dijon at 4 A.M. and rode over an extensive plain, of great extent, and much beauty — the sky-line resting on the Jura mountains — through Fauverney, Mt. Gentis, Longeault, Auxonne (fortified by Vauban), to Sampans, in the department of the Jura. Hence, crossing a mountain of some two thousand five hundred feet in height, from which was a splendid view, we ran down into Dole, — a quaint, old-fashioned town, built on a spur of the mountain overlooking a river and a plain stretching far beyond the reach of human eye. Here we stayed at the Hôtel de Genève until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when we ran on through Villette to Parcey. We were now running along the side of a moun-

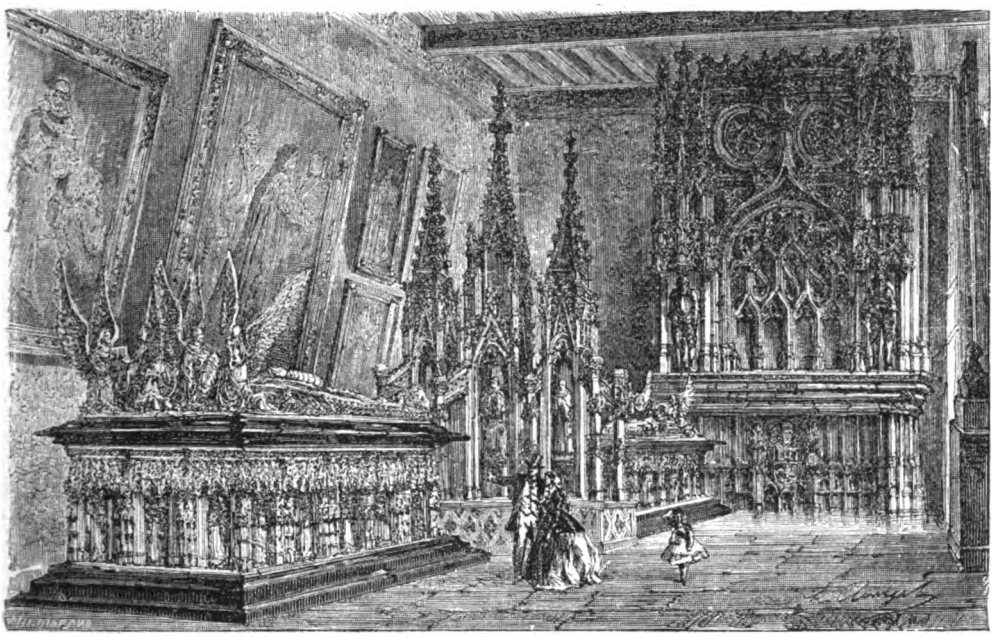


VALLEY OF THE OUCHE.

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tain, and for the first time noticed a change in the people, — faces appeared smaller and rounder; the men were more sturdy in build, but not so tall, as in the departments we had passed through. The carts were of a very rude construction, and consisted of poles bound together, with very broad wheels, and, in every instance, they were drawn by roan oxen, whose heads were bent beneath the yoke that rested on their necks. All the houses were thatched; and many were so constructed on the side of the mountain that we could have stepped from the roadside on to the roof. There were many besides which faced the roadway; and on line of blue, half-cloud, half-sky, but solid, bold, and rugged, — a veritable banner of nature's own construction.

We were now on another vast plain, and could see, many miles before us, a cluster of houses and trees, and rising from their midst a church with a tower shaped like a fuchsia-drop. This was Poligny, which stands at the foot of a range of the Jura, on the high road to Geneva. Behind Poligny were the mountains, which rose higher and higher as we approached. And when we ran into the yard of the Hôtel de la Tête d'Or we looked up, with a feeling something akin to fright, at the awful



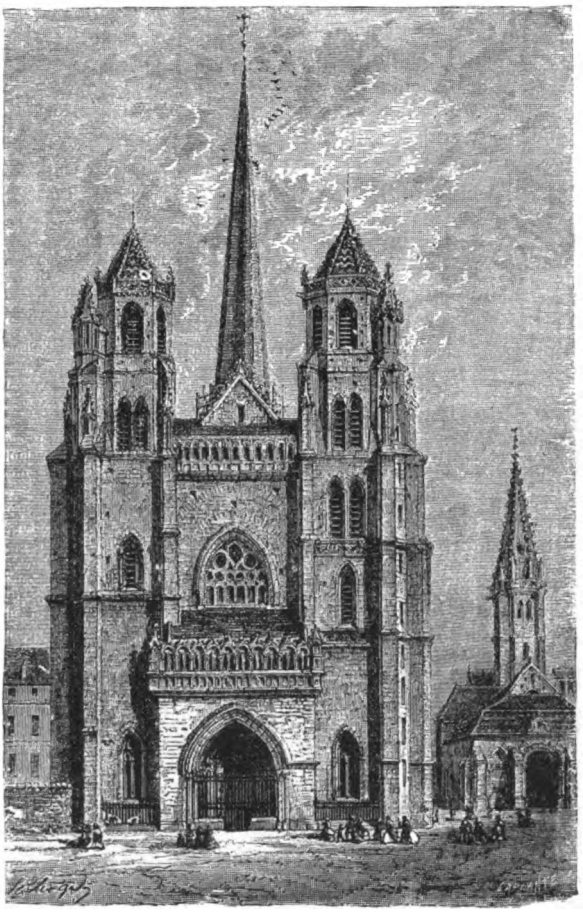
TOMBS OF THE DUKES OF BURGUNDY IN THE MUSEUM OF DIJON.

the doors of several we noticed a colored picture of Our Saviour carrying a lamb in his arms, and sheep following. Upon inquiring we found that in one house an only child had died. This was the touch of sorrow which had made all the neighbors kin.

Along more roads, under avenues of trees, we ran through the picturesque villages of Souvans, Mont-sous-Vaundrey, Aumont, Montholier, to Tourmont; everywhere thatched houses; everywhere round-faced men and women; everywhere roan-colored, bent-headed, lustrous-eyed oxen; surprise upon every countenance, the novel greeting, "I greet you, gentlemen," given by young and old; with the Jura mountains rising before us, — now no longer a hazy heights above us which we had to ascend. It was 8 P.M., the moon was shining over the plain, and we had made up our mind to sleep at Champagnole. The landlord offered to draw us up to the summit of the mountain which guarded the road to Geneva; and, fastening the machine by a cord to the step of a carriage drawn by a horse, we were pulled, in the moonlight, up a height of two thousand and fifty feet. It was then past 9 o'clock, and for two hours we pedalled, at racing speed, along a road which looked like a line of white thread drawn along a black map, — the whole country occasionally lighted up with brilliant flashes of lightning, — until we drew up at the Hôtel du Mont, in Champagnole.

Sunday, July 23. — Up and running

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CHURCHES OF ST. BENIGNE AND ST. PHILIBERT, AT DIJON.

again at 5 A.M., ascending and descending the whole day. On the summit of the first range of mountains we found the intervening valleys of great width, — the first was perhaps twelve or fourteen miles across; but after leaving Champagnole they grew to be less than half that distance from ridge to ridge; and there were some where the distance from one mountain base to the next was a mere chasm, or gorge, bridged by a small arch of stone.

Sometimes we ran along the bosom of a valley, over a gentle incline; at other times we were half-way up the side of a mountain, a wall of brown rock rising at our left hand to an immense height, and on our right a precipitous descent of a thousand feet; then again we were on the summit of a mountain chain, and our view was only of other summits on far-distant ranges. There were change and variety on every hand; the rocks assumed the most fantastic forms, rugged and bare, covered with firs from crown to base, scored with rainfalls that had worn channels down their faces smooth as glass; here retreating like the forehead of a savage, there overhanging the roadway with a threatening air.

The valleys were alike changeful. Spreading out miles in width, courtesying with gentle slope before the mountains, closing up with sudden rise, too steep for the plough of the Jura farmer; here so narrow that a goat could jump from the side of one mountain chain to the side of another totally distinct: and there so much more narrow that a slender arch, like a wedding ring of stone, united two mountain ranges; and, again looking down, we could not distinguish the bottom because of the green fir-trees which, growing on each side, commingled their branches.

All day from early morning we ran, — from soon after the sun rose until his rays had touched the Alps of Switzerland. Only occasionally that day did we feel his full glare; the mountain sides hid us from his gaze during the major portion of our ride. As we ran along the valleys we caught his heat sometimes, but the air was so deliciously fine and cool that we suffered no inconvenience.

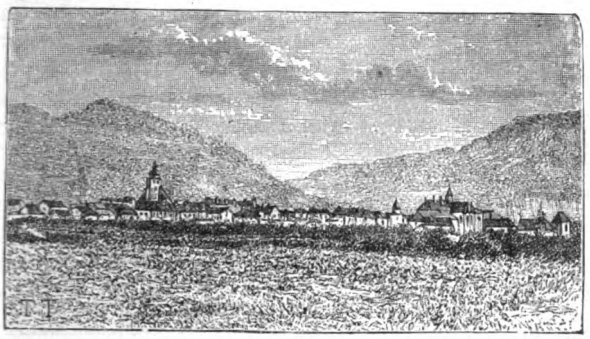
Everywhere among these mountains there were presented subjects



CHURCH NOTRE DAME AT AUXONNE.

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for thought and admiration. In the valleys only did we hear our soloist, the lark; the mountains were too high for him, the narrow valleys too cramped, the gorges too sombre for such a song; where the firs



POLIGNY.

could alone have listened he did not care to carol; but above the cornfields and the vineyards he sang his sweetest. Nor was this the only musical note we heard; for from every portion of the broad valleys, from points where we could not recognize forms, and from nooks in the mountain sides where they were hidden, uprose the clang of bells, soft and musical, now faintly jarring, like a suggestion of Wagner; next pealing like a chorus from "Elijah"; again flinging out a bar of some well-known song of home, or church, and once more dying in a lullaby of sweetness. The musicians were not at first easy to discover; there were no church-steeples in sight, and no wandering band of minstrels would have earned bread, playing to those slopes and mountains; but there was no delusion about the matter, the air was full of sounds. The mysterious music came from the bells which the cattle carried round their necks, — brazen bells, varying in size, but so chosen as to make a perfect scale amongst the members of each herd. Bull signalled to cow or heifer with a toss of his head, which was at once answered by a softer note, and so all over the valleys there rang out these musical notes. Descending one long mountain slope, we met a herd of these cattle, each carrying a bell. Foremost walked a magnificent bull, of great girth, with a glorious head; round his neck was a large bell, and behind him were ten or twelve handsome cows, each bearing a bell. There was a little girl walking in advance of the bull, — a child of some eight years. On her head was a straw hat, with an immense brim, and in her hand a thin white stick. We came in sight of each other unexpectedly, and our appearance amazed the child and angered the bull. Perhaps our bell uttered the voice which vexed the noble brute. For a few moments we were all immovable. The child stared with open mouth. The bull took up a position in the middle of the roadway, pawed the ground, tossed his head, flinging out from his bell a loud, emphatic, angry note; his tail was swung aloft, then beat his sides; and the cows behind, following the example of their leader, tossed their heads and pawed, and a jangle of discordant notes struck us with alarm. With one blow from that forehead the bull would have hurled us and our machine to destruction. His anger was visibly increasing, when Walter called to the little girl to drive the cattle on one side. The child spoke to the bull; we heard her voice, though we could not make out what she said; but the bull understood, and in an instant he trod hastily on one side, and, passing us, gave an indignant toss of his noble head, as if in derision, while every one of the herd followed in line behind him, with a toss of the head in like manner. As we ran by the child, Walter said, "Thank you, my little one"; and she, with a smile, replied in the Jura patois, "I salute you, gentlemen!" Never did church-bells sound so musically as those carried by this mountain herd—when it had passed, and we thought of the peril we had been in, and of the strange deliverance



BRIDGE OF CAMPAGNOLE.

wrought for us by the word of a little child.

Two rivers — L'Orb and La Seille — rise among the mountains of this department, the latter having seven tributaries, all of which flow out of the mountains; while

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CASCADE IN THE JURA.

five other rivers, rising in bordering departments, flow through the Jura, and receive the waters of innumerable tributaries; thus, L'Ain is fed by ten streams, La Brienne by ten, Le Doubs by six, La Lone by four, and La Saône by four. The rise and flow of these streams create an innumerable variety of scenes, as they ripple down mountain sides, through gorges, where they dash in picturesque confusion over the rocks or along valleys with a perpetual murmur.

In the Jura we ran through Cize, St. Lawrent, and Morez. This is a town on the Brienne,—a picturesque little place of about five thousand inhabitants, situated in a gorge of the mountains two thousand one hundred feet above the sea. Four miles from Morez we had ascended to a height of two thousand nine hundred and seventy feet, and we then commenced a descent, which for steepness exceeded anything we had experienced before. The perpendicular height we descended was eight hundred and seventy feet, and this was accomplished by two inclines; midway a stone bridge spanned a narrow gorge, and, having run along one mountain side to the bridge, we crossed, turned round, and descended the remainder of the distance on the side of another mountain slope into Morez. Near the bridge was a stream of water flowing through a wooden pipe, and here we bared arms and legs and allowed the water to flow over us. Not far off was a young woman, washing clothes in a pool of clear water.

"Are the English very dirty people?" said the sarcastic maid. "No," replied Walter, "not very; only sometimes they like to wash their limbs as well as their linen."

From the bridge we looked down several hundred feet to where, amongst the rocks below, there ran a little stream with noisy impetuosity.

Another sharp trot down the mountain and we were in Morez, with its one street of white stone houses, very superior in style of building to the little towns we had previously seen in the Jura. On the edge of the side paths were stand-pipes, from which water flowed incessantly, and above, rising to a height of one thousand two hundred feet, and frowning over the little town, were brown rocks, bare of vegetation, but clothed with firs upon their summits. A more pleasant retreat from the world could hardly be imagined.

After leaving here we ran through La Rousses, and then commenced the ascent of the range which separates France from Switzerland. The distance from the level road up the French side to the top was seven English miles, and as it was getting late we hired a vehicle to draw us up. The difficulty of the ascent may be judged by the fact that it took the horse two hours, from four to six, to reach the summit. We were perpetually climbing slope after slope in zig-zag fashion, every turn revealing fresh combinations of mountain and valley. All day there was a ceaseless march of the mountains, and a dance of the valleys.



WATERFALL IN A GORGE OF THE JURA.

At the summit we crossed the frontier

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into Swiss territory, the custom-officers taking no notice either of our machine or baggage. Then we came to a small auberge, where, on the wall of the public room, was a painting of the Lake of Geneva, with the Alps in the background, Mont Blanc raising its snowy head from the centre of the picture.

After the lapse of a few minutes we resumed our journey, and four or five hundred yards from the auberge we commenced descending La Faucille, which is nearly



DOLE.

four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The road was very steep, and half-way down the first slope we suddenly saw below us, at an immense distance as it seemed, the blue surface of the Lake of Geneva; while beyond, in glorious majesty, rose the Alps, the central position being occupied by Mont Blanc, its rugged top covered with snow, showing bright and cold against a background of gray sky. We had no idea when we examined the picture on the wall of the inn that we were so near the real scene it portrayed. The view was one of inexpressible beauty, and we gazed in silent admiration for many minutes. The lake was a bright blue, flecked with the great white canvas of sailing-boats; as we descended, the distance between the mountain and the lake increased, and we looked upon what seemed to be a perfectly level plain, divided into strips of cultivated fields, with white threads drawn across them in every direction; these were the high roads. To the right of the lake we could make out a cluster of something red, standing a few inches above the ground,—this was the city of Geneva, yet a dozen miles distant. Looking to right and left, the rugged edges of other mountains stood out beside us, their sides fearfully precipitous, dark with clinging firs, or sloping downwards for thousands of feet, in form like gigantic graves, sullen and mysterious in their shape and stillness.

During our descent the light faded, and darkness settled, after many a strange change, upon mountain, lake, and plain. The blue of the lake faded to gray, and then to black; the sides of the distant Alps became blue, beginning at their base; then the blue changed into purple; and still the light clung to the snowy summit of Mont Blanc, and lingered there, and we understood what was meant by after-glow on the grand old mountain; finally, before we got to the foot of La Faucille, all nature was veiled in indistinguishable gray; but the moon had risen, investing the mountains round about us with fresh enchantments.

From the foot of La Faucille the valley courtesies to the Lake of Geneva, and our machine ran almost the entire distance, with very little effort on our part. We entered Geneva at 10 P.M., and, crossing the lake by the bridge Mont Blanc, descended at the Hotel de la Balance, having completed our run from Paris in six days and a half.

John B. Marsh.

PROPINQUITY—AND A "SOCIABLE"!

We took a ride, one night, my friend and I,
When all the sky seemed with stars a-glitter,
And crisp and cold the crackle of the snow,
The keen air whispered past us with a sigh,
And swift our hearts beat with tell-tale twitter,
And whirled the hot blood raging to and fro.

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We talked, of course, and laughed, my friend and I,
With carelessness that was all assuming.
A common muff between us warmed our hands.
Once rang a note of song, a joyous cry
That quivered long on the night, presuming
To gossip with quaint echoes o'er the lands,
—The faintly dying echoes o'er the lands!

We dashed through shadow then, my friend and I;
A little hand nestled for protection
Within a big one underneath the fur!
— Forgetfulness, no doubt! — it did not try
To seek release, nor did dream correction
When into light we flew with muffled whirr.

One burst of soul, "If but — my friend and I!" —
You know the rest, you whose hearts are dying
To risk your lives on a single stake!
— "We're nearing home!" she said, with downcast eye,
Her graceful head drooped as she spoke, sighing;
I felt a pressure placed upon the brake!
— A glorious pressure, on that faithful brake!

John Preston True.

A TRIP THROUGH EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

It was afternoon on a certain hazy day of last autumn that the train on the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad pulled out of the station, at the corner of Thirteenth and Callowhill streets, on its way to Norristown, along the banks of the beautiful and far-famed "Schuylkill." Although disfigured in many places by smoky factories, it is still unsurpassably lovely, winding in and out among high hills, or gliding smoothly along through some lovely valley. The day was rather hot for the season of the year, and through the open windows of the car one could catch glimpses of highly colored foliage alternating with patches of sombre brown.

Norristown is a quiet, sleepy old town, and the people seem mainly employed in keeping themselves out of sight.

My acquaintance was rather limited; in fact, I was a total stranger. A superannuated 'bus-driver, with a conveyance strongly resembling a milk-wagon, offered to take me to "any part of the city" for ten cents. I accepted his offer, mounted the milk-wagon, and instructed him to go ahead and give me ten cents' worth of riding. As we jolted along gracefully, the sign of the *Times* office caught my eye, and I suddenly remembered that, editorially, I knew the editor. Rewarding the driver of the vehicle liberally for his trouble, I ascended the stairs and was ushered into the private office of Capt. William Rennyson, the power behind the throne of the *Times*.

The captain is a thorough business man, a genial, whole-souled gentleman, and a practical bicycler. The detachable handle-bar, which is now occupying the minds of manufacturers and dealers both in this country and in England, is his patent. It has been so frequently and so well described that I will not attempt a description of it. It is certainly a valuable improvement, and will be prized by timid or old riders. As evening drew on I left the captain and Norristown and turned my face toward West Chester.

West Chester is a very fashionable, aristocratic little town. It has but few wheelmen, all young, some of them but boys; but the wheel is fast becoming naturalized, and will, doubtless, soon find patrons among the older men. All thoughts of riding from here to Downingtown were dispelled by a slow, drizzling rain, which set in next morning, and I was again compelled to resort to the railroad. It was

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raining at Downingtown, too, when I reached it, and, after a short stay and a pleasant call on Dr. Hoopes, who uses his wheel-horse for visiting his patients, I sped on to Lancaster. A warm invitation received at Downingtown, to call at 9 East King street immediately on my arrival, was promptly responded to.

The day after my arrival was Saturday, a visit was made to the reservoir from which the city draws its water supply. The banks are raised high above the ground, and from the top a good view of Lancaster and the surrounding country may be obtained. Fifteen or twenty miles away to the north-west may be seen the lofty ridges of the Blue Mountains, wearing a very dreamy, hazy look on this autumn day.

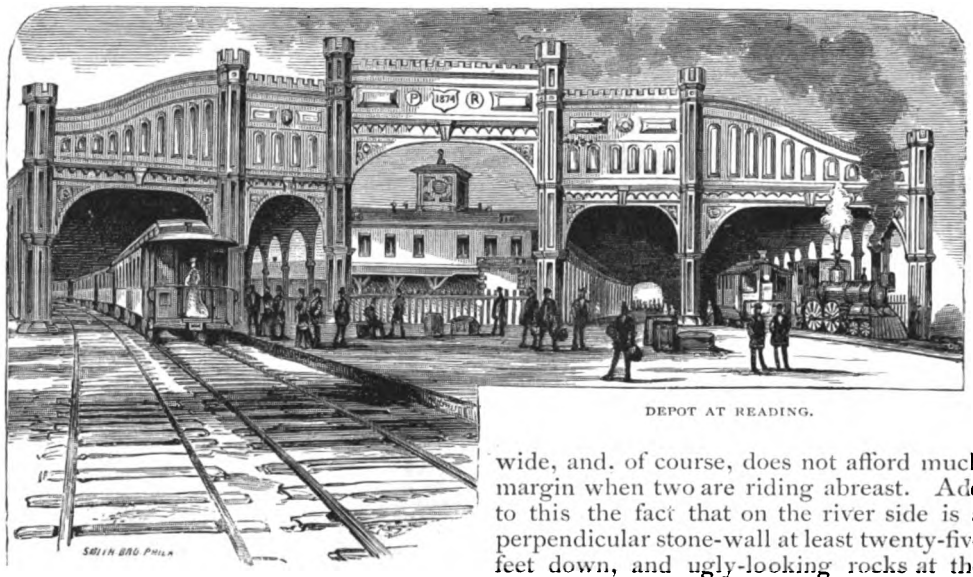


POTTSVILLE, PA.

and it rained; in fact, it rained pretty constantly during the whole trip. I had intended riding over to Columbia; but the rain deterred me, and, instead, I visited Martin Rudy's office and his riding-school. Mr. Rudy is never still for a moment, and his lips are never closed from morning till night. If the Lancasterians are not educated up to the bicycle stand-point, it will not be his fault. Sunday it — no, Sunday it didn't rain, and, after an excellent dinner and something inspiring at Mr. Rudy's

To the south-west might be traced the course of the Susquehanna, by a line of trees. Eastward the land is more level, and farm-houses and villages thickly dot the landscape. As the eye comes back from its extensive journey, it is arrested by an old house which stands alone in the eastern outskirts of the city. The yard is overgrown with weeds, the windows are without panes, the outer walls are devoid of paint, some of the clapboards are missing, and the bricks of the chimney are

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DEPOT AT READING.

scattered over the roof; the house is haunted.

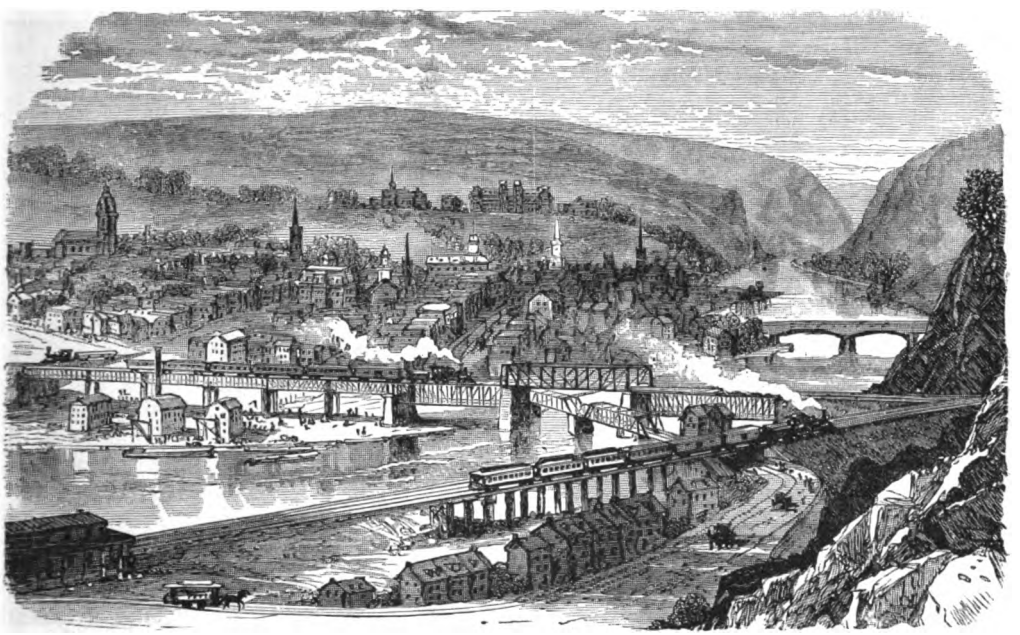
On Monday it rained again, and, as the roads were now impassable, the railroad was the only alternative. At Columbia but few wheelmen were found, among whom was Rev. Mr. Evans, who has ridden down all the prejudices against the wheel among his people, and in its place is riding up an affection for it.

The next objective point was Marietta, where a strong, active club was found. It rained here also; so, instead of riding, I did what was much more comfortable under the circumstances,— sat and listened to stories from members of the club. It seems that the roads around Marietta are not the very smoothest, so that wherever there is a good piece of road it is pressed into frequent service. About the best road they have is the towpath, on the canal, between here and Columbia. Marietta wheelmen are very human in some respects, and, given a good road and good machines, there will be racing. Now, the towpath is only about six to eight feet wide, and, of course, does not afford much margin when two are riding abreast. Add to this the fact that on the river side is a perpendicular stone-wall at least twenty-five feet down, and ugly-looking rocks at the bottom, and that consequently the river-side offers but few attractions for close riding, you can easily imagine that the amount of available space is somewhat limited. One day, two of Marietta's prominent riders, whose names must forever remain unknown, were spurting along this towpath, both determined to take the lead, when, suddenly, there was a slip, a splash, a gurgling sound,



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and the muddy waters of the canal flowed on, or rather didn't flow on, as calmly as ever; and all that was left to tell of the dark deed was the little wheel of a bicycle whirling madly above the calm mud. For an instant all was still. Then, suddenly, a hand shot up into the air; but it didn't hold Excalibur,—it was full of blue mud. Then the woe-begone face of a bicycler appeared, and soon, by the aid of his late rival, he stood once more on *terra firma*, and beside him a very sorry-looking wheel. Some day, we fear, it will be our duty to chronicle a fall from the other side of the towpath with a sadder ending.



EASTON, PA.

From Marietta I had planned to go to Harrisburg, but concluded, on account of the bad weather, to omit that part of the trip, and go directly to Reading. The depot at Reading is a peculiar institution; it was once famous as being the first Union depot of any importance. The city itself is built upon a plain, which rises and swells away from the river toward the hills beyond. It is strange there are not more riders here. The roads are good, there are plenty of young men who can afford it; but as yet only perhaps a dozen have manifested any interest. There is no club organization nor any special inclination to have one. It rained at Reading also.

Once more the railway train took possession of me, and bore me on to Allentown. The town is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Lehigh and Little Lehigh rivers. It is impossible not to be attracted by its remarkable beauty. It stands on a broad plateau, high above the surrounding waters. Its streets are lined on either side with the choicest shade-trees. It was just after Pattison's election, and the Democrats, after two decades of silence and mourning, were now celebrating, with enough of noise and joy to make up for lost time. The square in front of the hotel and the streets in all directions were filled with people. The beauty and the wealth of Lehigh Valley were there, and among the rest a bicycler from Bethlehem. Allentown has but one or two bicyclers, and, unfortunately, I could not find those lone ones. Although barren of wheelmen, it was with regret that I left Allentown, for it is a beautiful town, and is blessed with lots of pretty girls, although that, of course, is neither here nor there.

A short stop was made at Bethlehem, and Lehigh University visited. It is beautifully situated on the river-side of a steep hill. There is an active club at Lehigh, as, in fact, there is at all the large universities and colleges. From Bethlehem to Easton is a short ride along the

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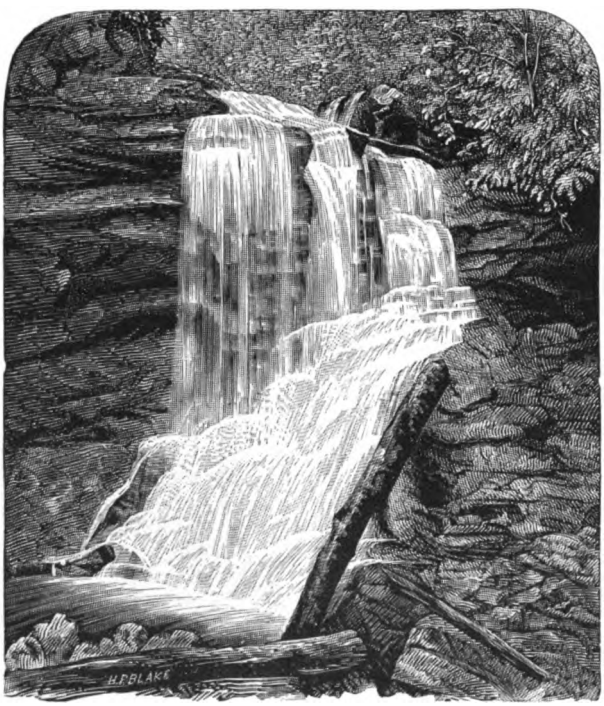
picturesque Lehigh. Easton is situated on and around a cluster of hills, and commands a pleasing view of the neighboring mountains. The heights are lined with modern villas, and the stately buildings of Lafayette College loom up conspicuously on the hills behind the town. The location of the railroads and bridges and of the town itself is as unique and beautiful as can be imagined.

Word was received here to cut short the trip, as business at home needed my presence; and a very enjoyable visit to Scranton, which I had promised myself, had to be foregone. A flying visit was made to Glen Onoko.

Below Onoko station is a high bluff, through which the Lehigh and Susquehanna division of the Central Railroad of New Jersey passes by tunnel. It is properly known as Moyer's Rock, and possesses a traditional interest. The story is told in this wise: during the early settlement of the country a noted hunter and Indian-fighter living in Mahoning Valley, four miles south, who had hitherto eluded all attempts at capture, was surrounded, taken prisoner, and disarmed, by five Indian warriors, and left on the summit of this rock for security, guarded by two of their number, while the others hunted for game. Moyer was sorely perplexed. To fight alone two armed Indians was not to be thought of; and long he pondered. Suddenly starting he listened intently, then relaxed into his former quiet. The Indians watched him unmoved. Again he started; and creeping to the very brink, throwing into his countenance all the interest he could command, he gazed intently down. The ruse succeeded; overcome by curiosity, the Indians unguardedly moved to his side, and sought to discover the interest, when, with the spring of the tiger, he seized and dashed them to the rocks below.

. . . . . .

The entire Glen is a striking freak of nature, and reveals pictures of grandeur and magnificence not often excelled. Near the top of the Glen, some nine hundred feet above the Lehigh, runs the old Warrior Path, being the war-trail used, it may be for centuries, by the Indians in passing from the Susquehanna to the Delaware. It was also traversed by General Sullivan and his brave army after the bloody Wyoming massacre in the year 1778, and subsequently by the lumberman in plying his trade, when it was known as the Raftsman's Path.



CHAMELEON FALLS, GLEN ONOKO.

From here a flying trip was made to Pottsville, one of the most pleasant inland towns of Pennsylvania.

Behind it rises Sharp Mountain, and looking over and down Centre street is the statue of Henry Clay, on a tall pedestal, which has a whole hill for its base. The roads around town are splendid for riding, but the riders are few. At Pottsville orders were received to come home at once, and thus ended one of the pleasantest trips imaginable; for there is no class of people pleasanter to meet or more gentlemanly than wheelmen. Just one word in closing. The subject of railroads is one that always interests wheelmen, for with it comes the question of transportation for the wheel. Most of the trip, as much as possible, was made over the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, whose officials are perfect gentlemen, and on which bicycles are carried free in the baggage-car.

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A SHADOW LOVE.[1]

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

Author of "Louise and I," "John Ascott's Daughter," etc.

IX.

"I pray you know me when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave."

DURING her frequent visits to the picture-galleries Grace made the acquaintance of an American girl, about her own age, who had also come to Paris to study art. She occupied a little studio in a part of the Latin quarter, where there were other studios of Americans, and upon their last meeting Grace had promised to visit her and spend the afternoon.

On the day appointed she set out about 2 o'clock, declining an escort, as she anticipated an early return; but more particularly because a man would be very much in the way of a couple of art-loving girls, upon such an occasion. Taking an omnibus a portion of the distance she reached the studio easily, and found her friend ready to receive her.

Grace was an enthusiastic follower of the Munich school of painting. Her friend worked broadly, and had accumulated innumerable sketch-books, portfolios of charcoals and water-colors, canvases in oil, photographs, and bric-à-brac, the mere contemplation of which, as they lay around the studio, gave the visitor anticipations of delight. As a matter of course the half had not been seen when the flush of sunset upon adjacent buildings warned her it was time to return.

Hastily putting on her hat and gloves, she said good-by, and started briskly down the street. She had been careful, in coming, to note prominent buildings or shops which were passed after leaving the omnibus, and for a time she had no difficulty. After a number of turns, however, and a walk of ten minutes, the streets became unfamiliar, the shops more inferior, and the houses more dilapidated and dingy. She feared she was going in the wrong direction, yet in such a quarter of the city, with night coming on, she knew it was a matter of doubtful propriety to ask the way unless she should meet a policeman, and, strangely, thus far not one had been seen.

Several rough men passed her, but she had no fear of them, for they appeared to be laborers, and were too busy with their own affairs even to notice her; then she met a working-woman, and returned her stare of curiosity by a kindly nod; next a couple of rollicking, half-grown boys approached, making open comments upon her pretty figure, — passing so near they brushed her dress. However, she kept bravely on, though her poor heart was in a terrible flutter, and refused to be still.

At length she heard other footsteps behind her, and her quick ear told her the long strides were bringing the person — friend or foe — nearer and nearer at every heart-beat, though she did not dare to look, for fear of attracting attention.

"It may be a *sergent de ville*," she whispered, hopefully, still walking at a rapid pace.

Nearer and nearer approached the footsteps, and she felt intuitively that a man was following her, and that he was hastening to overtake her. In another moment he reached her side, and spoke in her own tongue.

"Pardon my boldness; I think it is hardly safe for a lady to be out alone at this hour. Will you accept my protection?"

She turned her head quickly; it was no familiar friend, or even a *sergent de ville*, who stood beside her, but the tall, fine-looking gentleman with the iron-gray hair.

"Do not trouble yourself, sir," she said; "I am quite safe."

"Though a stranger, I wish to be a friend," he continued; "and I regret you so entirely mistake my motive."

"I have seen you before," she replied, quickening her pace. "I thank you for your kindly intentions, but as I shall soon be with friends I hardly need your protection, or, indeed, any protection."

Still he continued at her side, and made one more effort to offer his assistance.

"I admit it is usual under most circumstances for a gentleman — and I trust I am one — to be introduced to a lady before

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presuming to address her; however, there are times when these bounds may be overstepped. Believe me, chance alone has brought us together again, as upon many former occasions."

"I do not doubt your claim to being a gentleman," she answered, looking him fully in the face for the first time. "Prove it, sir, by leaving me to myself, as I do *not* need your assistance."

"I have no wish to annoy you," he answered, "and trust you will pardon me, though you may not know how far you are from your hotel, or the quarter of the city you are in."

Grace knew very well how far it might be, and that she certainly needed the protection of some kind friend; but, as Shakespeare puts it, she felt it were better to bear present ills than to fly to others of which she knew nothing. Under any other circumstances she would have gladly accepted this gentleman's proffer of assistance; she was a good reader of character, — she made it a part of her profession, — and the one glance into the eyes of this strange man had told her his nature was kindly and gentle. She almost knew it; yet, upon the other hand, the favorable impression was offset by the recollection of the many previous meetings, when he had appeared to her as suddenly as to-night.

The gentleman left her side at once, the sound of his footsteps growing fainter and fainter, till they became confused with other distant footsteps, and were no longer distinguishable. She was fairly bewildered now; none of the landmarks previously noted were observable; the street was almost deserted, and it was growing quite dark. The houses seemed the abode of working-people, and, as a last resolve, she decided to stop and ask the way.

She had hardly come to this decision when she again heard the sound of footsteps drawing nearer, and this time, glancing hastily around, saw two men rapidly approaching. They were ill-looking fellows, roughly dressed, with dark hair, untrimmed beards and mustaches, their faces shaded by slouch hats. As she observed them something told her their intentions were not friendly, and her heart gave a bound and fluttered in her bosom like a caged bird; she felt a sudden weakness coming over her, but still kept on her way.

They were soon beside her, the taller of the two giving an awkward twist to the brim of his hat, as he winked at his companion and spoke.

"Fine evening, mam'selle!"

She was almost dead with fear; she tried to scream, but her lips only uttered a despairing little cry.

"I wouldn't scream!" said the other, laying a hand upon her arm, "because it might make trouble. We're only going to help you find your way home."

"Don't you touch me," she gasped, regaining her voice. "I am *not* lost." She turned and faced her persecutors defiantly. "My friends are near; leave me, or I *will* scream."

"Scream, if you can!" said the tall one, with an oath, placing his hand over her mouth.

Then a sense of dizziness came over her; she heard a heavy thud upon the pavement, there was a clamor of voices, and she knew no more.

When the girl again opened her eyes she found herself in her own room at the hotel, with her brother bending over her, and one of the maids sitting beside her, chafing her hands. Her first impulse was to scream, as the recollection of the encounter rushed vividly upon her mind.

"Where am I?" she asked, eagerly, looking about the room in a bewildered manner.

"Safe at home," her brother whispered, pushing back a lock of hair from her temple. "We were terribly alarmed; but all is well now."

"Did *you* save me?" she asked, as the recollection of her pitiable plight came over her. "Had I fainted — before you came?"

"Go to sleep, Grace, dear; it will be better for you," he kindly urged. He motioned to the maid to withdraw. "You are too excited now to bear talking."

"But tell me," she insisted; "did *you* come to me, George?"

She attempted to rise, but her brother restrained her gently.

"No," he answered softly; "you were brought in a carriage by a stranger, who gave you as tender care as I could have given you."

"A stranger?"

She looked earnestly into her brother's eyes, as though wishing to know more, yet hesitating to ask the question which hung upon her lips. George read the look, and without a word took from the table a visiting card and placed it in his sister's hand.

"*Frederick Mayne.*"

She repeated the name slowly, holding the card in her fingers, as she read and reread it, and then looked up.

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"Was it — was it the tall gentleman with the iron-gray hair?"

"Yes," George answered, "it was he."

Then he again replaced the card upon the table.

Grace was thoughtful a moment, and when her brother returned to the bedside she merely answered, "I thought so." After that she turned her head away from him and closed her eyes.

X.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a" — *bicycle!*

"Do you want to sell your wheel, Wellford?"

Edwin Hoyt had been gazing out of the window intently for some minutes, with his hands clasped behind him, when he asked the question.

"Sell my wheel! What do you mean?"

"I've been thinking, as you've no further use for it, you might wish to get rid of it."

Manning looked up from his *London Times* with an expression of mixed curiosity and surprise.

"No further use for *my bicycle?*"

"Certainly," the American continued. "You are expecting to settle in Paris, aren't you? I have somehow taken that idea into my head." Then he looked away from his friend's face, and added: "At least, with all this running around to Professor Gantier's every other day, and having so many engagements with Dr. Mayne, whoever he may be, — for I have not so much as seen the fellow yet, — it looks very much like it."

Wellford's lip curled scornfully, and he turned to his paper again.

"You had better take a run, Hoyt, and cool your brain," he retorted, calmly. "You have a very heated imagination."

"Do you know how long it is, Wellford, since *you* have had a run?"

"I might figure it out, I suppose," the Englishman answered, indifferently.

"As a matter of fact it is just two weeks," Hoyt asserted, with some asperity. "There is a map of Europe in your satchel, with a route marked upon it in red, so as to make it conspicuous. That red line is the most conspicuous thing I have seen about the tour lately; yet you promised me among other novelties a 'jolly run' all over your little English island. I'm in earnest, Manning. I'd get rid of the bicycle if I were you, or stop this everlasting girl-chasing."

It was not a kindly speech, but Hoyt was in one of his "moods" this morning; however, Wellford allowed the remark to pass unnoticed, while he gave his full attention to the newspaper, and for a time there was silence. Then the American turned from the window, took out his touring suit, and began dressing.

"Where are you going, Ned?"

"I'm going to Versailles."

Wellford turned over a fresh page of the *Times*.

"I suppose you don't care for my company?" He spoke quite deliberately, though pleasantly.

"Why, of course, if you will go."

Again the Englishman threw down his newspaper.

"Look here, Ned Hoyt. If you wanted a run to Versailles, why couldn't you have said so in the beginning, without being so cross-grained? As to your disagreeable remarks concerning Doctor Mayne, it is no fault of mine that you have never seen him; however, if you wish to take a run, I'm with you, and just as soon as you please."

Hoyt was rather given to exaggerated statement, never allowing the trifling matter of a foot, more or less, to interfere with a point of a good snake story. In strict truth Wellford had seen the professor but twice since his first call, nor had he given more than two afternoons to the doctor. But time was slipping away, the American was growing somewhat tired of Paris, and, with no special attraction to hold him to the place, he was beginning to think of a change of scene. He had even considered the expediency of running off alone, as Wellford's arrangements for the future were growing more vague and indefinite each day. The thought of visiting England, however, with the opportunity of seeing the country and of making new friends, which might be of future advantage to him, had caused him to hesitate; so he still waited, hoping something would soon give definite shape to their plans.

After they had dressed, and a few moments had been spent in consulting a map of the environs, and in making brief memoranda, the wheelmen decided to lay out no particular route, but to ride from village to village, where there was anything of interest to be seen, without regard to time, making Versailles their final objective point.

Arriving at the Place de la Concorde, from which point the start was to be made,

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Wellford found, to his dismay, that the nut holding in place the joint-bolt of his machine was gone, and the bolt withdrawn for half its length. As this single piece of steel was all which secured the wheel, upon one side, to the fork or supporting framework of the bicycle, it was rather a serious matter. There was no machinist in the neighborhood of which they were aware, and rather than lose the entire morning in a search for one Wellford procured some wire, and bound the bolt in place as well as he could, and took the risk of its staying so.

Everything was in readiness now for the start, and, rolling their wheels into position, they prepared to mount.

They were standing at the foot of the *obelisque*. On the left, and at the opposite end of the Pont de la Concorde, across the Seine, rose the noble building of the Chamber of Deputies; at the same distance to the right was the beautiful church of the Madeleine; behind them appeared the blackened ruins of the Tuileries, and, farther beyond, the stately Louvre; while before them, looking down the broad avenue through the Champs Elysées, they beheld, not a mile away, that grand structure, dedicated by Napoleon to the glory of the French Armies, — the Arc de Triomphe.

"Ready!" exclaimed Hoyt.

He sprang lightly into the saddle, followed instantly by the Englishman, and together their wheels rolled noiselessly down the magnificent avenue.

Passing the Triumphal Arch, for three miles their course lay through the beautiful Avenue de Neuilly, flanked upon both sides by buildings of superb architecture, all of them erected during the Second Empire.

A run of another mile and they turn to the left and follow the lovely banks of the Seine. The country is more open now, and villas arise on every side from out the midst of a luxuriance of verdure. Away from the heated pavements and the city's turmoil the air has grown purer, and the perfume-laden breezes come to them, bringing a grateful sense of relief. They hear the music of birds and the hum of bees; the sunbeams flash and shimmer on the broad bosom of the Seine, a sense of dreamy quiet comes over them, and their wheels move lazily along the hard, smooth roadway, as they drink in with rapture the beauties of the surroundings.

"Wake up, Wellford! By Jove, you had nearly fallen off the machine!"

"You are entirely mistaken, my friend," he retorted, calmly; "and that remark proves that you were asleep, and have just come to your senses."

"Come on, then, and we'll have a new test of the superiority of American workmanship over your British manufacture!"

"But it is all English steel, you know," Wellford returned, quietly; "besides, *I* don't admit the superiority." Then he bent to his work.

Away they flew, in a cloud of dust, as one machine. The road was straight, and in splendid condition for racing, and the two men were in earnest. In a moment the Englishman spurted, and led his rival a full length, while pedestrians hurried to the side paths, and the dogs fled affrighted. Now the American is gaining; he sees his opportunity, and throwing himself far forward, as he gives the pedals alternately the weight of his body, closes the gap between them, and passes to the fore. Carriages turn out of their way, or stop at the roadside, while the occupants look on in wonder; for the American is two lengths ahead, and flying with the wind.

It is hot work, and the Englishman loosens the buttons of his blouse; quicker and quicker move his feet; he is gaining, his face flushed and his breath coming with effort; but he is riding for the glory of England. He gains more and more, and in another moment has forged ahead of his rival. Fences and trees and men sweep by in a maze, and the perspiration streams from their faces. Will the American gain his lost ground?

For two minutes Wellford holds his own. His companion is straining every muscle, and has won a little; then he spurts and with effort comes abreast of his rival, while striving to pass him; for a full minute it is neck and neck; they are rapidly approaching a village now, and the Englishman cries, "A draw!"

They were rolling into Suresnes, celebrated for its "*petit vin de qualité inférieure*," and its "*excellente friture*," and, slackening their speed to a lazy run, rode "hands off," while handkerchiefs were freely plied.

Riding leisurely through the village their attention was attracted by a neat cottage of simple, but tasteful, architecture. A rather pretty girl, of modest appearance, and dressed in calico, with a fresh, clean apron, stood upon the steps, and smiled as they met her glance. Upon an unpretentious

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sign, over the door-way, appeared the legend: —

AU PETIT BLEU,

FRITURE À TOUTE HEURE.

"Hoyt, I'm going to dismount."

"Heavens! Manning, is this to be another adventure?" the American exclaimed, as he took in the situation.

"No; but my throat is coated half an inch thick with dust, and, besides, I'm hungry."

Their wheels were soon leaning against the house, and the wheelmen found themselves in a pretty room, at the sides of which were a number of wooden tables.

The maiden courtesied, and, directing them to seats, stood in patient expectancy.

"*Petit vin pour deux*," said Wellford. "She's a jolly girl, Ned! — What say you, shall we try the *friture* at the same time?"

Hoyt leaned his elbows upon the table, and, resting his chin upon his hands, looked at the Englishman serenely.

"As I haven't the slightest idea whether '*friture*' is something to eat, drink, or look at, wouldn't it be a good idea to explain?"

Wellford smiled pleasantly.

"Why, a *friture* is only a little fried fish; in this particular instance it is a gudgeon."

"In that case I'm not to be *gudgeoned* out of my share," Hoyt replied, jocularly; "but where did you learn this?"

"Oh, Doctor Mayne says it is the proper thing to do. Ladies and gentlemen ride out from Paris for '*petit bleu*' and gudgeons every day."

After their race the wine and fish, with delicious French bread, were found most enjoyable. Lizette was the "pert maid" to perfection, and added not a little to the enlivenment of the occasion by her smart, but good-natured, replies to Wellford's harmless banter.

"*La carte à payer?*" he demanded, taking out his purse, when they had finished.

"*Quatorze sous*," replied Lizette, with another courtesy.

"Fourteen sous!" echoed the Englishman; "she will ruin us. *Combien le service?*"

Again the maid courtesied.

"*Votre générosité, monsieur.*"

"We'll give her the remainder of the franc," said Wellford, and again turned toward the girl. "*Combien le baiser*, Lizette?"

"*Me prenez-vous pour une oie?*" she exclaimed, stepping backward and throwing up her head defiantly, though the expression of her eyes was very much like a dare.

"Well, no, I hardly take you for a *goose*," Wellford answered, touching the tip of her dainty chin; "but you are a little *duck*, and there's a franc for you. Keep the change."

"*Merci! merci! messieurs*," she cried, with sparkling eyes, as though six sous were a fortune.

As this was a place of some historical interest, the tourists left their wheels at the door, Lizette promising to keep an eye to them, and a half hour was spent in looking around the village.

Here still pertains the beautiful custom of the "Rosiere," handed down from remote times, the ceremony of crowning once a year a young girl of the village, noted for her virtue and maidenly modesty. The ceremony takes place on the seventh of June, in the presence of the whole village, the "*maire*" or the "*curé*" officiating. Here took place the conference at the end of which Henry the Fourth, of France, abjured the Protestant faith.

Refreshed with their lunch and rest, the wheelmen again mounted. Beautiful villages lay clustered all around them. The roads were good, the day before them, and they wandered at sweet will where fancy dictated, knowing that a few miles out of the way on a bicycle was comparatively a very trifling matter.

From Suresnes to Saint Cloud the main road is kept in very good order; it is much traversed by pedestrians, for the French people are good walkers, and one is almost sure to meet rambling parties, or young couples, who, leaving the city by rail, wait over a train or two, to stroll about the country. From the road are seen the *canotiers*, or rowing parties, — young men and maidens, — their glad songs or merry peals of laughter, and the rhythmic rattle of oars in the row-locks, floating up musically from the river. Occasionally are passed the splendid equipages of wealthy people living out of the city, or the less pretentious vehicles of the *bourgeoisie*, and at times the scene reminds one more of a park-drive than a simple country road.

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It was a rare day for the wheelmen, and, for a wonder, Wellford entered into its enjoyment with all the enthusiasm of the old 'cycling days, before the *shadow* fell upon him in Rome.

Now they glide through Sèvres, celebrated for its manufacture of porcelain. Then they run off to Ruel for a view of the beautiful chateau built by Richelieu, to which the royal family and the court retired during the wars of 1648. Their wheels are allowed but a moment's rest, for near by is the Chateau de la Malmaison, the retreat of Josephine after the divorce, and where, in the church not far distant, they are shown the monument to the empress.

Or when bewildered by the sight of enchanting landscapes, of quiet villages, of stately parks and palaces, or lovely villas coming in quick succession, they find a quiet spot, and, throwing themselves upon the grass under the shade of green foliage, lie and gaze off upon the waters of the sleepy Seine, or watch the lazy clouds, floating along the summer sky.

To you, non-'cycling reader, these words recall no sunny memories of trips a-wheel. That expresses it exactly; but do you know how many volumes of poetry and prose are contained in the thought? Do you know what is meant by the society of this modern Atalanta, — this graceful, fleet-footed, splendid companion, ever ready for a romp out into the purer air and brighter sunshine of the world of Nature? Would you know?

The first faint flush of dawn is stealing in at your chamber window, as the eastern sky reddens, and the stars put out their lights. It will be sunrise soon, and already the hum of labor is beginning in the busy town. There is sentiment in a sunrise, but brick walls and chimneys, and a smoke-laden atmosphere, are *so* unpoetical. Put on a 'cycling suit; spring into the saddle; seize the bridle of this magic steed, which flies while you are mounting — take a long breath and look around you.

Presto, change! — the brick walls have vanished into thin air; lovely landscapes sweep away in every direction; the road winds in and out, and up and down, — beside green meadows, skirting dark old forests, or falling into quiet vales, with new surprises at every turn. And then the struggle to reach the hill-top, the victory, and the glorious sunrise bursting into the splendor of a new day, like a heavenly inspiration.

It is three hours until breakfast time; mount again and realize how insignificant a distance is five miles to a knight of the "handle-bar." Isn't it delicious?

There's joy in the air, and blue in the sky,
And light in the pools where the sunbeams lie.
The trout and the minnows are shy and still;
A merry bird, with whistle and trill,
Is echoing back the song of the rill
As he follows the flight of a dragon-fly.

The sound of tinkling bells comes floating down the roadway. The cows are going to pasture, and the brown-eyed sheep, with their noses thrust through the bars, are waiting to receive them. What an opportunity to revive childish recollections of

"Little boy blue, blow your horn!"

Even "Little Bo-Peep" is remembered kindly, and the sheep wag their tails and seem to say, in their own peculiar way, —

"Good-morning, Mr. Wheelman, did you ever before hear a lark sing?"

Down in the meadow the buttercups blink,
And the impudent daisies nod and wink,
Till the hill-side roses blush as red
As a maiden's cheek, when her lover hath said,
With a bashful sigh, that he fain would wed,—
The roses rather enjoy it, I think.

Poor little buttercups! The mowers are whetting their scythes in the adjoining field, and when the sun is higher, and the robber bees are busy with the clover-blossoms, their golden beauty will gladden no more the summer landscape. Weep, nodding daisies! — even your impudence will not save you, though your memory will ever be sweetly associated with the perfume of new-mown hay.

Do you think you can climb yonder hill? Push for it! — persistence is an element of success. The breezes are more spicy now; the summit is reached, and the scene changes.

There's a ship out at sea, with sails of snow,
The sunbeams glint and the soft breezes blow;
And a fisher-boy sings in merry glee,
The ocean blue is the home of the free;
For the voyage is done, and he soon will see
The maiden he left a month ago.

A burly form, pipe in mouth, and basket upon arm, swings lazily up the roadway from the water. He is just in from his trawls, and whether the trip netted "a pound a hook," or the rapacious dogfish took everything but the heads and backbones, doth not appear in his weather-

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stained face, for breakfast is waiting. How he looks in wonder now!

"Hard-a-port, ship-mate; heave to, and down your anchor! She's a trim 'un, and no mistake, from cut-water to rudder. How many knots an hour does she make, fair sailin'?"

Sing, fisher-boy; flash and shimmer, sunbeams; sail on, O tiny ship of steel, nor wreck o'ertake thee on thy homeward way!

> There's joy in the air, and blue in the sky,
> And the road is smooth where the shadows lie
> 'Neath the old beeches; and my steed
> Leaps at the spur, and quickens his speed,
> While I laugh for joy, and take no heed
> Of Time's swift flight, nor wonder why.

O 'cycling reader, do *you* know what the companionship of a pair of phantom wheels implies?

But where has this Pegasian flight left Hoyt and Manning? To proceed with the story: —

At length Versailles is reached and it is past the middle of the afternoon before the tourists have seen half of its points of interest or its treasures. At the intersection of three splendid avenues — each a mile long and several hundred feet in width — is the superb chateau built by Louis XIV., which for many years was the ordinary residence of the kings. This was transformed by Louis Philippe into an immense museum of painting and sculptures relating to national history or the glory of France. There are grounds and gardens of vast extent, adorned with many fine statues, and near the park are two palaces, The Grand and The Petit Trianon, both adorned with works of art, and from their historical associations well worth a visit by wheelmen tourists. The first was built also by the extravagant Louis XIV., and named for a village the site of which it occupies; while the last-named was erected by Louis XV., particularly for Mme. Du Barry, though it became the favorite residence of Marie Antoinette, upon the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne.

As the fountains play only upon Sunday afternoons (it is said at an expense of something like ten thousand francs for the hour's entertainment), being a week-day the wheelmen missed this beautiful sight.

Leaving Versailles by the Avenue de Paris, they resolved upon as straight a run as possible, on the return, without a dismount, and accordingly timed themselves and took the register of their cyclometers.

Making good time for the greater part of the distance, it was twenty minutes of 5 o'clock when they turned into the Avenue de Neuilly; four miles of good, hard road lay between them and the obelisque of Louis Philippe, in the Place de la Concorde, and they decided to finish their run by 5 o'clock. Starting off at a brisk pace, speed was increased to a fair twelve miles an hour, which was kept evenly for the first mile and a half. The avenue presented a much livelier appearance than in the morning, and, as they approached Paris, carriages became more numerous, forcing them, at times, to ride slowly. While speeding, after one of these slow runs, to make up for lost time, as Wellford whizzed by a passing barouche he was suddenly made conscious of the glance of a pair of lovely eyes, as the instantaneous vision of a fair and unmistakably familiar profile burst upon him.

When a bicycle, running fifteen miles an hour, passes a carriage whirling along at ten miles an hour in an opposite direction, there is apt to be a considerable space between them before the former can come to a stand-still. In the present instance Wellford "back-pedalled" till he stood upright in the saddle, and to bring his flying steed under sufficient check for the turn-about movement as early as possible, he put down his brake in addition, and with far more vigor than caution. Hoyt never knew just how it happened, for he had failed to observe "the shadow," and was twenty yards in advance when the catastrophe occurred.

It is a statement of simple fact that the single step from the sublime to the ridiculous can be accomplished on a bicycle in less time, and with more *aplomb*, than in any phase of human experience.

Fancy the grace, the dignity, the bird-like movements of the lissom 'cyclist as he poises lightly upon his airy wheel, which seems scarcely to touch the earth as it flits by like a phantom. Just three seconds, and a little carelessness, will suffice to transform this beautiful vision of ethereal splendor into an awkward, sprawling man, his mouth in the dust, his natty suit torn and bedraggled, and forty odd pounds of solid steel covering him like a gridiron, while he writhes and turns up at the corners after the manner of a half-cooked beefsteak. In such a moment, O gall, where is thy bitterness!

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As Providence is said to exert a kind care over helpless inebriates, will the suggestion seem out of place if we go to the *other extreme* and include wheelmen? — for they usually fall as *tenderly*.

When the lithe and graceful wheelman isn't wheeling,
  But is, rather, down and rolling in the dirt,
It doesn't help his pride or Christian feeling
  To blandly smile and ask him where he's hurt.

With a broken "fork," or leg, 'twould not be stated —
  With fractured ribs, or "spokes," 'twould be the same;
Or even with *both* "backbones" dislocated,
  You'll ever find a plucky wheelman game.

Wellford had crawled out from under the *débris* before his friend returned. His wheel appeared to be all right, and his suit, being gray, showed little dust after he had given it a hasty brushing. By the time Hoyt came up he was in the saddle again, and without a word of explanation had dashed after the retreating carriage, now an eighth of a mile away.

At first the American decided to wait for his companion; but, puzzled to know the meaning of the strange manœuvre, he changed his mind and spurted after him. The race of the morning was child's play beside the present encounter. Wellford was surely gaining upon the carriage, but whether Hoyt was gaining upon Wellford was quite another matter. By this time Hoyt came to a solution of the mystery, and was about slowing up in disgust, when, to his horror, he saw his comrade suddenly sway to one side with a peculiar movement, and come down with a crash in a cloud of dust. In a second he remembered the nutless bolt, and the makeshift of wire, which he knew had treacherously given way. He hurried now to the rescue of his friend, and arrived upon the scene as he was being helped to his feet by a couple of gentlemen, who had alighted from a passing carriage, thinking him killed. The loose bolt had done the business effectively; the young man was considerably bruised, and the bicycle badly wrecked.

Considering the state of both machine and man, riding home was utterly out of the question; the gentlemen insisted upon taking Wellford to his hotel in the carriage, and Hoyt having found an in-bound teamster who would transport the wheel to the city, he mounted, and finished the remainder of "the run to Versailles" alone.

XI.

"I know not why my books —
  The learning that I loved, the charm of art —
Should for a young girl's looks
  Fade from my thoughts, and vanish and depart."

Wellford was more seriously hurt than either himself or Hoyt had supposed at the time of the accident. True, no bones had been broken, but he was considerably bruised, and so lamed his friends insisted upon his staying at home, and in his room, for a few days at least. Hoyt was greatly tempted to read the young man a lecture on the folly of racing a *broken* bicycle with a span of horses, and all for a glance at a woman's face; but, under the circumstances, he had not the heart to do it.

Wellford was anything but patient under his enforced confinement, and a call from Wilson one evening, a day or two after the accident, made matters rather worse than better. Wilson was very sympathetic. As a matter of course Hoyt told the whole story, and then the "ex-clerk" used his most persuasive eloquence to obtain a view of the picture. The honor was granted quite reluctantly, but not until Wellford had satisfied himself that the American's object was other than idle curiosity.

"Bless my stars! Why, Manning, I know this girl like a book!"

Wellford started to his feet in an instant.

"Gently, gently, there!" Hoyt stepped to his friend's side. "Don't get excited, and put yourself back several days; better lie down again."

"Yes, Mr. Manning, be calm, be calm!" Wilson interposed; "as my old friend, Commissioner Dingleby, used to say" —

"Hang your old friend, Commissioner Dingleby!" Wellford exclaimed, excitedly. "Tell me what you know, and at once."

"Then remind me of Dingleby when I get through, for it's a mighty good story. Hoyt, give me a match — be calm, be calm, my boy!— you see Dingleby had a" —

The American paused to light his cigar.

Wellford's expression had suddenly changed, and his face showed he was in earnest when he said, —

"Mr. Wilson, are you trying to annoy me? Because if you are, let me tell you you are treading upon dangerous ground. The subject of this picture is no joke. Now I will hear what you have to say."

Wilson suddenly became aware of another side to the Englishman's character.

"Mr. Manning," said he, "why — dash it! — I wouldn't offend you for a position

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in the New York custom-house. I didn't mean anything — you'll pardon me, won't you? Of course you will."

He turned to the photograph again, and continued, —

"The original of this picture is a New Haven girl, and her father is a great friend of the American minister. Nice people they say, and I think quite wealthy. The picture flatters the girl, however, — that is — well, I'm more used to the full face than the profile."

"Then you *know* her?" Manning interposed. "What is her name? Where are they staying?"

"Well — no," Wilson replied, hesitatingly; "I can't say I'm *acquainted* with her, and I don't even know her name — but I can get it for you."

A look of mixed disappointment and contempt came into the Englishman's face.

"Good Lord, man! you needn't be surprised because I don't know her personally," Wilson explained; "you mustn't expect me to be on speaking terms with *every* American in Paris. But I'll tell you what I'll do. Come, now! I'll obtain an introduction to her, and introduce you before this time next week, if you'll grant *me* a favor."

"Gladly, if I have the power," Manning replied, eagerly; "name it."

"Give me an introduction to your friend, Doctor Mayne. He sat down on me in Rome when I tried to make his acquaintance myself; but now, as your friend, I shall have no trouble. Is it a bargain?"

The Englishman hesitated. This was indeed a "favor," and, under the circumstances, a greater one than he felt it were possible for him to grant. On the other hand, if Wilson *could* bring about a meeting with this beautiful woman, and not only a meeting but an introduction, what would he not be willing to do in return.

"Oh, just as you please," said the American. He knocked the ashes from his cigar very carefully with his little finger, replaced it, took a long inhalation, and began blowing smoke-rings. "I've plenty of influence 'round at the Legation, if I wish to employ it. You had better say yes."

"And plenty of cheek to carry the thing through," Hoyt added, with a smile.

"Are you *sure* you can give me this introduction, Wilson?" the Englishman asked, doubtfully.

"As sure as I am that Masters will go to the Senate next year, and *that's* a dead certainty. Sure! If you have any doubts about it, wait and see."

And so the bargain was consummated.

Edwin Hoyt was completely captivated by the doctor's cordiality and agreeable manners upon meeting him at the professor's, a few days after the incident just related. He felt the man was worth cultivating, particularly as he hailed from Boston. As it is always well to hail from a spot readily found upon a map of the world, Hoyt *hailed* from Boston, too, — that is, he *lived* thirty miles from the "Hub," frequently coming to the city to attend to business. He may have had an eye to the future, for Boston is a "growing" place, and may yet include in its "suburbs" a dozen such hamlets as Salem or Newburyport, after all her *Venetian* territory has been reclaimed, and cut up into building lots.

Wellford had met the professor upon several occasions, and was beginning to like him nearly as well as he liked the doctor. Here was a type of man entirely new to him, — an enthusiastic, thoroughly informed scientist, — and his imagination, seizing upon every impression or suggestion received during the pleasant interviews, had created an ideal far above a true estimate of the scientist as a man, even though his name was known upon two continents.

It seemed marvellous that, in one short lifetime, one could have lived in so many lands, been through so many harrowing adventures, read and written so many books, and learned the names and habits of so many hundred birds, and so many, many thousands of insects; the professor bore his honors so lightly, too, and seemed so unassuming and friendly, the boy felt it was a joy to have met such a man, even for an hour.

Doubtless Wellford's nationality influenced his feelings in the matter to a slight degree, for the average American is so eminently and unphilosophically practical that he looks upon science as a pretty, or a foolish, pastime, save in those rare cases where it opens up, at once, a mine of gold. Even then it is the man making the *application*, and not the scientific *discoverer*, who wins the applause. Perhaps the Germans are even more philosophical in this matter than either the English or Americans; at least, every hamlet in Germany has its students or collectors in natural history; while a naturalist, with a

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butterfly-net and collecting-box, might find himself an object of ridicule in half the villages of our civilized and enlightened land.

"Science" may be indirectly responsible for this *feeling* which exists in the minds of many toward everything bearing its much-abused name, through the superlative self-assumption of some of its devotees; men who fight for a pet theory as they would for their honor, holding every other man to be an "unscientific" ignoramus who dares to discredit their unproven sophistries.

Had Wellford been thrown with such an *ultra* scientist, doubtless he would never have dreamed of envying him his "learning." Professor Gantier was a different sort of man, however; he knew so thoroughly those things he claimed to know, while modestly disclaiming, amidst a world of speculation, that he really *knew* much of anything positively, the young man's faith in the old scientist was only equalled by his desire to follow humbly in his footsteps. But this is a digression.

George Thorne was pleased to hear so favorable a report, as had been given him by the Englishman, of the man who had proved both protector and friend to his sister in the hour of her peril. To Grace the knowledge brought a sense of relief, for there was a quiet satisfaction in the feeling that the man *was* a gentleman, notwithstanding he had so many times darkened her pathway by his mysterious, though dignified, presence. He had not presumed in the least upon the advantage the episode had given him to make the girl's acquaintance, quietly departing when there was no longer occasion for him to remain; nor had he since shown himself, save to make a brief inquiry of the brother as to the lady's health on the morning following.

By one of those unexplainable coincidences often occurring in real life — oftener in fiction — Grace Thorne and Doctor Mayne decided upon a visit to the Luxembourg Gallery upon the same afternoon.

Pausing only a few moments in the hall of sculptures, on the ground floor, containing many surprisingly peculiar illustrations of the modern French School, she ascended to the gallery above. Brother and sister had been separated but a few moments when George suddenly found himself face to face with Doctor Mayne. It was a chance meeting, as unexpected to one as to the other. The young man extended his hand cordially, and the usual civilities were passed between them, followed by a few words of commonplace.

"Your sister is well, I trust?" the doctor inquired, as he turned to move away.

George replied courteously, and, informing the doctor of her presence, invited him to meet her. The gentleman expressed pleasure at the invitation, and, accepting gracefully, followed his companion.

The introduction was quite informal, not to say commonplace, as are introductions usually. To Grace it only meant an opportunity to take "a good look" into the face of this strange, handsome man, as she would view any curiosity. To Doctor Mayne it meant far more, though, a man of the world, he kept his feelings well beneath the surface.

She thanked him, in her frank, straightforward way, for the recent service he had rendered her, and then adroitly turned the subject before he could venture a reply.

"You are fond of art?" she said, half inquiringly.

"Only in a general way, Miss Thorne. I never tire of viewing *good* pictures, and often wish I possessed ability to handle the pigments myself. I am too indolent for that, however; I am not a lover of hard work."

"Yet there *are* artists who make play of painting," she replied.

"And their works show it." He glanced toward the pictures carelessly, as though seeking an example, and continued: "Not but that an artist may work easily, and find enjoyment in it, after the years of drudgery are passed and he has fully mastered the *technique*, as you call it; but all painters are not artists."

"Yes, there is a deal of drudgery in it," Grace echoed, with a sigh, looking down to the floor. "I have been tempted a hundred times to throw away my palette and have done with it."

"Yet this drudgery is the crucible in which men are tried, for perseverance ever brings its reward in the world of painting as in any employment of life. *I* could never become an artist, Miss Thorne. However, I am but talking in platitudes; have you seen much of the collection yet?"

"Only a few pictures." As she spoke she turned toward a fine landscape, — a scene in Normandy, — near which they were standing. "What pure color!" she exclaimed. "You have visited the gallery before, Doctor Mayne?"

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"Oh, many times, Miss Thorne; as only the works of living artists are exhibited here, the collection is constantly changing; so, at each return, I find something new."

He changed position, and, with his Derby hat held gracefully in his left hand, stood in an attitude of hesitancy, his head bent slightly forward, as though about to take his departure.

Grace had suddenly found herself interested in the doctor's conversation, for they had met on common ground, and she was in no haste to close the interview.

"If you are not already tired of the pictures, we should enjoy viewing them with you," she said, naïvely.

"Thank you," he replied, warmly; "nothing would give me more pleasure. I have noticed that some artists find their deepest enjoyment in a *silent* contemplation of pictures; I had no wish to intrude." Then he turned to George: "As for myself, Mr. Thorne, I admit that I find a selfish pleasure in the company of artists in such a place, for it is like borrowing another pair of eyes."

"How do you like that head?" Grace asked, bringing the gentleman's remarks to an abrupt ending. She was pointing to the portrait of a young girl.

"It is strong, and well modelled"—

"But *very* sketchy," she interposed.

"So much the better if the work conveys the artist's intention, and it certainly does in this instance. I like those pictures best where something is left to the imagination"—

"But it is not every one who is able to see an *intention*, as I have learned to my sorrow," she again interposed.

"I know it," he answered, with a shake of the head; "the artist's misfortune, but not his fault, in this age of 'chromos.' One of the most suggestive things I ever saw in my life was a little thing in charcoal by the lamented Hunt. It was sketchy in the extreme; but when I first looked at it, it carried me away, away, away on the wings of thought, and left me on the border-land of the infinite. 'Twas only a church-spire against a dark background of broken clouds, with the moon and a star beyond them. At the bottom of the picture was scrawled in the master-hand: 'Beyond a spire the moon; beyond the moon a star; beyond the star, what?—Eternity.' Think of that same legend at the bottom of a highly finished architectural drawing of a design for a church-steeple!"

"Do you tell us, doctor, you have never painted?" George asked, looking at the gentleman with an expression of doubt.

Doctor Mayne laughed pleasantly.

"Why, I couldn't draw two lines parallel to each other to save my life. I love the finished pictures, though from seeing my artist friends at work I think I have gained a little insight—oh, so little—into their methods. At least I have reached that stage of development where they are not afraid to show me a sketch of half-finished work, for fear I may exclaim, 'Why, the canvas isn't covered, there'; and that, you know, is something. I should dearly love to see some of your work, Miss Thorne."

"Would you, really?" She looked up archly, then shook her head as she added: "I'm afraid not, for *my* canvases aren't covered at all. I've nothing to show, truly—except, perhaps, a few sketches of figures in my note-books."

"Oh, that would be a rare pleasure! Is this one?" He made a gesture toward the book she was holding, as if to take it.

"They are mere memoranda," she observed, indifferently, placing the book in his hand. "Of course you will regard the 'intention,' and not be too critical."

He opened the book in the middle, and, turning the leaves backward, looked at the varied sketches. They were "memoranda" truly,—figures and bits from famous pictures; some in outline, others finished in part, while a few were most carefully and accurately drawn.

At length he came to a tall, graceful figure, in a Derby hat—very sketchy, but conveying the artist's *intention* beyond any question or doubt. The doctor smiled pleasantly as he viewed it, made a nearer inspection, and then laughed outright. George, who was taller than his sister, glanced toward the sketch, and then toward Grace, significantly.

"What is it so amusing?" she asked.

The doctor laughed again, and turned the sketch so that she could see it.

"My only criticism, Miss Thorne, would be that *nothing* has been left to the imagination."

"O Doctor Mayne!" she exclaimed, with a frightened, pleading look in her eyes, "I did not know you had that—*that book!*"

The afternoon at the Luxembourg was the pleasantest Grace Thorne had spent in Paris—save one: the afternoon upon which she had visited her friend's studio in the Latin quarter, and the day she had been thrown, by a fatal chance, on this

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strange man's protection. He seemed even stranger to her now.

Dignified, courtly in manner, he was not one whom an every-day acquaintance would slap familiarly upon the shoulder; yet he knew how to be familiar, and he always commanded respect. On the present occasion he had been so friendly and so entertaining, without a suspicion of condescension, that both George and his sister felt at ease in his presence at once. A man of fine intelligence, a great reader, well versed in the best literature of the day, and, above all, a *dilettante*, *par excellence*, he was a rare man with whom to spend an afternoon anywhere. But while the pleasure of this delightful day came back to Grace, again and again, as an entertaining recollection, just upon its brightest page there always fell a shadow which sent a disagreeable sensation to the very tips of her fingers, — the memory of a tall man, in a Derby hat, looking at a clever caricature, which, as Dr. Mayne had truly remarked, left nothing to the imagination.

Frederick Mayne was not a man to go into raptures over anything, — cool-headed fellows never are, — but this chance meeting with Grace had filled him with a quiet, restful satisfaction which was a new experience. He had met her at last, as a gentleman should meet a lady; he had been introduced by her own brother, and she was all and more than his fancy had painted her. How it all had come about was not a matter of the least importance, though he more than half suspected that Professor Gantier was as much responsible for the fact that it *had* come about as any one person. The professor had always liked "Fred," as well for his generous, gentlemanly nature, as for his scholarly attainments, and he always spoke of him in terms of highest praise. It was a fortunate thing to be a friend of Professor Gantier; but to be the recipient of Professor Gantier's *friendship* was fortune, indeed.

Upon his return from the gallery the doctor went immediately to his apartments at the hotel, and to his sister's room. She thought his step sounded very elastic to-night, as he approached the half-opened door, and, what was still more noticeable, he was trying to hum an opera air, though he flatted or sharped nearly every other note.

As he entered she looked up from her book.

"Well! — what has happened?"

The first and last words were given with a decided rising inflection, and she paused for his reply.

"I have been visiting the Luxemburg this afternoon, and, while there, made the acquaintance of some very pleasant New York people."

"Dear me! — is that all?"

She studied her brother's face a moment, then resuming her book, pretended to go on with the reading.

"Yes, that is *all*, Ruth — except that the lady is an artist."

Once more the volume was laid aside, and she looked at the doctor seriously, though her eyes were dancing with humor.

"Oh — a lady! a married lady? — or" —

The doctor laughed as he threw himself languidly into a chair by one of the open windows, and gazed down into the street.

"The professor called to see you this afternoon," she continued.

"Oh, that is too bad!" he exclaimed, with disappointment; "the second time I have missed him, too. If he would only call in the evening" —

"You forget, Fred, that Professor Gantier is an old man, and that he rarely goes out in the evening alone; however, I enjoyed his call very much, while you lost nothing, surely, in the society of your new acquaintances. How many were there of these — 'New York people'?"

"Only a brother and sister. The lady is young and very — well, *passably*, good-looking" —

The doctor hesitated.

"I can't understand your new mania for making acquaintances, Fred, you have always been so very exclusive, and so distant with strangers" —

"But you know I always make exceptions of artists and naturalists," he replied, rather on the defensive. "Miss Thorne is a *very* clever artist, I assure you."

He was thinking of the caricature now.

"Miss Thorne!" Ruth repeated, with surprise. "Then you *have* secured an introduction?"

The doctor gave his sister a quick, searching glance, and, meeting her gaze, dropped his eyes to the floor.

"That is chapter two of the story," she continued. "Poor thing! How frightened she must have been to find herself in the hands of those rude men! I was proud of the part my brother took in the affair; but — O Fred! I never dreamed of a sequel."

The doctor's face changed color under the glance of his sister's eyes, while his

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own eyes assumed an expression of dove-like innocence.

"Who has been deluding you with such nonsense, sister?"

"A little bird flew upon the window-sill this afternoon, and" —

"Oh, that Professor Gantier!" exclaimed the doctor; "he's the worst gossip in Paris; but how *he* of all men should have learned of this foolish affair is beyond conjecture."

Ruth laughed at her brother's discomfiture, as she always did upon such occasions. He was so very quiet about his personal affairs, particularly affairs of this nature; but somehow Ruth always found them out, as she had in the present instance, without making the least effort to do so.

She again took up the book, and, finding the place, said, with an air of seriousness, —

"It is very easily explained. I have been told the lady's brother has a friend named Hoyt and another friend named Wilson, and perhaps two or three more, and that they are all acquaintances of the professor. It is *very* singular, Fred, is it not?"

Then she laughed again and resumed her book.

[To be continued.]

A HEADER (?)

He rode a fifty-four-inch wheel,
His form outshone Apollo;
O'er hill and dale, his steed of steel
No other steed could follow.
At break of day two shell-like ears
Would hear his bugle sounding,
And to the window, swift as light,
Two tiny feet come bounding.

And through the day her mind would dwell
Upon the handsome rider,
And deep, dark eyes look far away
Beyond the book beside her.
And he would ride a dozen miles
Out of his way, returning,
For one swift, stolen glance at her
For whom his heart was yearning.

One fateful day his bugle notes
Had to the window led her;
So swift he flew he took her breath,
And also took a header.
One dainty shriek, and o'er his form,
No introduction needing,
She knelt, and bound her kerchief 'round
His forehead, bruised and bleeding.

He said, of course, "Where am I?" soon,
With voice quite weak and sickly;
He saw who held his aching head,
And came to very quickly.
She asked him in, and he, of course,
Concluded he would tarry;
They tore my romance all to bits,
And now they're going to marry.

James Clarence Harvey.

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A WHEEL TO THE GOLD MINES OF CUMMINS CITY.

CUMMINS CITY is a thriving mining camp, situated in a most delightful spot on the Big Laramie river, in the very heart of the Wyoming Rockies, and within the great mineral belt which extends through the entire State of Colorado and a great portion of Wyoming.

Its population is three hundred,—principally miners and their families,—and as the road from Laramie to the mines is excellent for wheeling, it was decided to make them a visit and "take in" the camp.

There are but three of our club, it seems, that have the requisite amount of curiosity and stamina to venture beyond the city limits on a "bike," and we are endeavoring to prove to the remainder what a world of pleasure they are losing by their backwardness; but have thus far made no impression whatever, for they appear to be contented with wheeling around the streets of Laramie, seeing nothing new, experiencing none of that glorious exhilaration known only to the tourist on wheel, and, finally, depriving themselves of the delightful pleasures of the grandest inducement which the bicycle holds out to man—touring.

These "stay-at-homes" listen with rapt attention to the recital of our adventures; but, with all the arguments which have been brought to bear on the subject, we have been unable, as yet, to excite sufficient enthusiasm in their minds to force them out of the "even tenor of their way," or to arouse them from the lethargy into which they seem to have fallen.

A meeting of our club was called to discuss the advisability, practicability, and pleasure or adversity of a trip to Cummins, and to arrange, if possible, for a club run to the camp; but all to no avail. When the meeting adjourned matters were in the same condition as when it was called to order, and the wheel to the mines was left to the discretion of the individual members. As usual, there were but three—Greenbaum, Sinclair, and the writer—who found it in their minds to start; and, having decided to make the round trip in a day, it was arranged to leave home at 5 o'clock A.M., on the following morning, which we accordingly did.

At starting, the "sable goddess" still reigned supreme, rendering wheeling for a time rather a matter of uncertainty; but ere the "roseate hue of early dawn" appeared we had left four miles behind us, and now, having daylight to assist, our speed was quite perceptibly increased. For twenty-four miles our route lay over the Laramie plains; and, although the road is smooth and hard, the up-grade, which to a pedestrian would be almost imperceptible, necessitated a continuous action on the pedals. For fifteen miles nothing occurred to break the monotony of the view which the plain presented, but at this point we arrived at the grandest and probably most extensive deposits of sulphate of soda in this section of country. They are five in number, and contain from four to sixty acres respectively. Over each deposit is a crust of soda from four to six feet thick, underneath which the soda is held in solution, and, upon a portion of the crusts being removed, the solution, bubbling up from below, solidifies and fills the space in from six to fifteen days, and leaves no trace of any disturbance on the surface. From this it may be readily seen how unlimited and boundless must be the supply which these lakes can afford. The deposits were formerly the property of a number of our citizens; but last year they were purchased by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, which is now erecting suitable and extensive works at Laramie, for the reduction of the sulphate to carbonate and other forms of soda. We were in excellent spirits, not in the least fatigued, and, on the whole, having a joyous time. We resumed our trip, wheeling along at a fair rate of speed, and one hour later arrived at the ranche of Mr. Sodogreen, who is extensively engaged in stock-growing.

He politely invited us to "get off and stay awhile," which request was gratefully complied with; and while here the party partook of an excellent repast of delicious bread and butter, milk, eggs, and juicy steaks of elk meat, which our host had slain the day before. Since leaving home not one drop of water had passed our lips; for the Laramie plains, though in general well watered, in this particular locality are somewhat destitute of that delightful beverage, for a single ounce of which an ounce of gold was given not many years since on

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the very road over which we had just passed, so the story goes; but

> "I cannot tell how the truth may be;
> I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

Be it known, however, that our party procured a number of ounces of the liquid without the imposition of this enormous penalty; for we had arrived at the banks of the Big Laramie, the largest tributary of the North Platte river in Wyoming, and one of the most beautiful streams that the eye of man ever beheld. From Mr. Sodogreen's may be had the grandest view imaginable of the highest peaks of the Wyoming Rockies. They are situated very near the middle of that portion of the range known as the Medicine Bow Mountains, and, taken as a group, are fitly termed the "Snowy Range."

The loftiest of them all is Sawin Peak, reaching, as he does, an elevation of twelve thousand feet; the others are from fifty to six hundred feet lower, but are no less picturesque and grand than their mighty father, as he is called by the settlers in this vicinity. They are all, as may be supposed, perpetually clothed in snow; and, during a residence in Laramie of fourteen years, the writer has looked in vain for a summer of unusual warmth to come and bare these peaks for once, and expose to our eyes the matter of which they are composed. But years come and go, and the Snowy Range to-day presents to the eye the same view which met the gaze of the writer when he turned his eyes upon it fourteen years ago.

No timber grows upon these mountains, for they are above the "timber line" of this latitude, and to one making the ascent from the mountains below, which are covered with heavy pine forests, the line of demarcation is so abrupt and well defined as to excite surprise in the mind of the oldest tourist.

We were but fifteen miles distant from this "home of the snow," and with our glasses could distinctly trace the irregular yet graceful outline of the crest of the Medicine Bow.

From Sodogreen's our road runs nearly parallel with the river, and this state of affairs was certainly something for which to be thankful; for the sun was now shining out bright and clear, and, with the exercise naturally consequent upon an uphill pull, the frequent partaking of water was almost a necessity, and positively a blessing.

It is the writer's experience that the fluid required while biking is fully three times the amount necessary in taking any other exercise. Why this should be the case I do not know, but it certainly is, — at least as far as my investigation has extended.

Two miles out from Sodogreen's we bade farewell to the plains, and began to ascend the main range of the Rockies, still running along close to the river, and having the fact brought very forcibly to our minds that riding was a pastime which could be indulged in but very little longer, for the road had become rocky and the grade steep, and it was evident that "time" could be made by walking. Our road, on leaving the plains, threads its way through a cañon formed by Jelm Mountain on the east, and the Medicine Bow Mountains on the west. The altitude of the highest point of the mountains in this immediate vicinity is about nine thousand five hundred feet, and their imposing grandeur and majestic beauty are subjects so far beyond the ability of the writer to depict, that an attempt at describing them would be weak indeed.

At 10.30 we crossed the Big Laramie the second time, and, consulting our cyclometers, found that twenty-six miles had been wheeled, leaving four yet to ride. We were compelled to walk two miles after crossing the river, owing to the rocky nature of the road and the heavy grade, which was now two hundred feet to the mile. The last two miles, however, descend rapidly, the land sloping down to the river, which we crossed for the third time before reaching our destination. Mounting our wheels we rolled briskly along over the smooth, hard road, crossing every now and then beautiful, noisy, little rivulets, which came tumbling down from their birthplace in the mountains above, to be precipitated into the winding river, thence to join the "Father of Waters," and finally to be swallowed up by the turbulent Atlantic. To the east, a mile away, the summit of Jelm Mountain, in his towering majesty, looked down upon us with an awe-inspiring gaze that served to make us feel our own insignificance and diminutiveness.

Cummins City was reached at 11.45 A.M., where a delegation of citizens were awaiting us with anxiety and curiosity depicted in every countenance. They had been watching, with field-glasses, our run from the top of the hill, and if ever bikers were surrounded by a curious set of persons, it was here. Questions were put and answered in an amazingly short space of time; and, to judge

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from the tenacity with which they held on to us, we would have been there yet answering questions, had we not forced them aside and entered the hotel, where the landlord took us under his "kindly wing" and repulsed the mob that attempted to follow us.

After dinner, Dr. Thomas, who is largely interested in mines at Cummins, volunteered to take us around the camp and "show us the elephant," as he expressed it. Thanking him for his kindness, we accepted the offer, and a few minutes later were climbing up, up, up, far into the misty clouds with which the mountain was enveloped.

In turn we visited the "Gold Hill," "Lone Boy," "Betsey Jane," "Uncle Ben," "Green Monster," etc., etc., and were amply repaid for our trip, for it was our good fortune to behold some of the most beautiful gold, silver, and copper bearing quartz that the earth ever produced.

Large pieces of the ore showed "free-gold" in abundance, and, if that were an indication of good mines, certainly Cummins is destined to become the wealthiest city in the territory; but "free-gold," while it certainly is a good indication, does not necessarily prove that a mine is rich, for it is a well-known fact that the richest of all gold ores show no gold whatever. Some of the rock was beautifully studded with pyrites of iron and copper, and to the unpractised eye it resembles gold so closely as to be very often mistaken for that precious metal.

During our harangue with the doctor our friend Kirby had wandered away, and, returning shortly after, he very slily informed Charlie that he "had struck it rich," stating further that "mum" was the word; and when an opportunity presented itself he would explain all.

What this great discovery could be Charlie could not even conjecture, and he was compelled to await further developments, which an hour or so later were not wanting.

Doctor Thomas, at this juncture, being called away on business connected with some of the mines, Charlie and myself set out on a "tour of discovery" of our own, and the accident which befell us on that little ramble is altogether too good to go "unsung."

Kirby had gone with the doctor to inspect a few other claims, he said; but we did not find out his true reason for not accompanying us till we returned to the hotel. We started off, and had walked perhaps a quarter of a mile when, being attracted by an exceedingly large pile of glittering ore, we turned aside to investigate, with the hope of securing a few specimens of gold ore, which appeared to be so abundant. Upon arriving at the mound of rock we noticed close to it the opening of a large shaft, and, seeing a rope hanging therein, the idea of gliding down into the "bowels of the earth" immediately suggested itself, and, without considering the depth of the shaft, the length of the rope, where we would "bring up," and a hundred other things that might cast a gloom over this undertaking, Charlie seized the rope and began the descent. For a few moments I remained almost breathless, waiting with extreme anxiety for some sound that would tell me he had arrived at his journey's end. At last I heard the words "All right" issue from the shaft, and without further delay began to descend as Charlie had done, and reached the bottom in safety. The first thought was of matches, and, finding one in my vest-pocket, it was soon lighted, and a search for candles instituted at once; fortunately, there were a number of these very necessary articles lying around us, and, providing ourselves with one each, we set out to explore the mine.

The first thing that attracted our attention was a "level," turning off, of course at right angles to the shaft into which we had descended, and, our curiosity being aroused, we determined to follow that level to its termination or die in the attempt.

Our progress at first was rather slow, for, being unacquainted with the mine, it was impossible to say whether the level had a bottom throughout its whole extent or not, and we knew full well what an unpleasant sensation comes over one when, taking a step forward, the foot does not stop where it is expected to, but goes down — down — down perhaps many hundred feet in our case, and we determined to have no such accident befall us. The level, however, turned out all right, and after satisfying ourselves with examining the work of the miners and the ore, and having obtained some beautiful specimens of free-gold rock, we retraced our steps and ferreted our way back to the shaft to ascend the rope and look once more on the bright sky and the smiling earth, and allow our eyes to tremble once more at the sun's radiance, etc., etc.; but imagine our surprise and astonishment when, arriving at the shaft, we found the rope — was gone! Here was

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sport for some one on the outside, no doubt. What had become of that rope? Had some heartless wretch seen us descend into the mine, and then taking advantage of our absence withdrawn our means of escape, for the purpose of having a laugh at our expense? or, what was worse, had the foreman of the mine been there himself and taken the rope away to use it in another quarter, and, not knowing that we were below, would never return it? Such thoughts as these would flash across our minds from time to time, and, notwithstanding we both laughed and talked merrily, the situation was far graver than either cared to admit, for it was only too evident that if the rope had been taken away by some person who was unaware of our presence in the shaft, a sojourn of no small number of hours in this cheerful abode could very easily be imposed upon us. After the first shock passed away — as is usual in a majority of such cases — we began to devise some means of escape; but a most careful examination of the walls of the shaft only served to confirm our worst fears, for they were as smooth and bare as marble!

What was to be done? Charlie proposed that we shout lustily, and try to catch some straggling prospecter who might be roaming over the hills in search of the metal that had brought this dire calamity upon us; and, acting upon this suggestion, we summoned all our strength and — shouted — and what a shout! I don't believe either one heard the other, it was so extremely feeble; and nothing but a very strong, healthy yell could ever reach the top of that shaft, for it was at least one hundred and fifty feet deep. The question now presented itself, Why was that yell so very feeble? Could it be possible that two healthy wheelmen, like ourselves, had been seized with fear? No, no, of course not(?) It was simply the rarity of the atmosphere that made the vibrations so feeble(?) Certainly, that was it exactly, and, of course, 'twould be no use to hollow again; nevertheless, we *did* hollow again, and the atmosphere must have increased wonderfully in density in that short time, for a shout went up that shook the very ground on which we stood, and echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder.

This encouraged us greatly, and we repeated the operation again and again, hoping each time to receive an answer from some one above, but each time being deceived. Things were beginning to assume a rather too gloomy shape, for, although ten minutes had not elapsed since we missed the rope, it seemed to us that days had passed, and that if assistance did not come soon our fate was sealed. There was a delightful situation for two bikers to be in! One hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the earth, a mile from the camp, and with the awful possibility of famine staring us in the face! Silence ensued for a considerable time, when it was decided to try shouting once more as a last resort, as it had been the first. We screamed vociferously for about three minutes, and were about to give up all hope, when what should we hear but a voice from above, asking in the most unconcerned manner possible, "Say, boys, aint it about time to go home?" We recognized the voice as Kirby's, and it began to dawn on us that we had been the victims of a cruel conspiracy, or something like that. The rope was sent down with a bucket attached, and as soon as it reached the bottom of the shaft Charlie jumped in and was hauled up; the bucket was lowered again, and one more "unfortunate" was raised out of this horrible pit, which had caused us so much concern. Kirby asked us how we liked it down below, and how deep the shaft was; was it good quality of ore, etc., etc.

We endeavored to treat the whole matter very lightly, and told him that the disappearance of the rope had caused us not the slightest uneasiness in the world, for we knew who had done it, and that he would soon let the rope down, and all that; but Kirby seemed to discredit this tale, for some reason or other, and only laughed knowingly, when we finished our remarks. We supposed he had drawn the rope up, and then taken his departure, to roam over the hills, with the intention of soon returning, and rescuing us from the mine; but he had done no such thing; for, having pulled the rope up, he quietly sat down by the mouth of the shaft, and awaited developments.

Of course, being so close, he had heard a great deal of our conversation that had passed between us during our incarceration, and the rascal had been lying there, straining himself with laughter at our remarks and the first attempt to shout, which he said was "a little bit the best he had ever heard."

It was plain he knew all, and we gave up that we were "sold," with the best grace possible, under the circumstances. After this little episode it was decided

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that we had seen enough of the mines, and, accordingly, turned our steps toward the hotel, having reached which, Kirby retired immediately to his room and locked the door. This movement on his part brought up once more the subject of his "find" on the hill, and excited our curiosity anew, and Charlie and myself bolted after him, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his hasty retreat. After hammering at the door, and coaxing in a piteous (?) manner, he finally decided to let us in; not, however, till he had exacted a promise from us not to "give it away," for on secrecy, he said, depended success.

Our curiosity by this time had become wrought up to a degree almost unbearable, and we urged him to divulge this awful secret at once, that we might, if possible, enjoy the great "find" with him.

After considerable delay, and with a deliberation remarkable for a youth of his years, Kirby reached under the bed and brought forth a small bundle of what looked to be white linen, but, on further investigation, proved to be a chunk of mineral, carefully wrapped up in a flour-sack.

Seating himself on a chair, he began with a great deal of nervousness to unroll this "wad," Charlie and myself by this time being at his elbows, and watching with the greatest curiosity imaginable for the outcome of this mysterious affair.

What could he have in that rag? We racked our imagination in vain to conjecture. Slowly but surely the bundle diminished till it was reduced to about the size of an orange, when, with a frantic grab, he seized the treasure (?) and held it up before our eyes, exclaiming, in a most excited manner, "Eureka! Eureka! I have it at last!" And what do you suppose it was that this brilliant member of the Laramie Bicycle Club held between his fingers with a tenacity unequalled, and causing him almost to forget his identity? It was a beautiful cubic-shaped piece of — gold? No, pyrites of copper!

The scene that followed this exposé can better be imagined than described, and when we told Kirby that "all is not gold that glitters," he scowled on us with an exceeding great scowl, stating that he guessed he had read his "Dana" enough to know gold when he saw it, and declaring he would take it home and "leave it to the jeweller whether it's gold or not, and if he says no, I'll eat it!"

The laughter and bursts of merriment that followed this remark cut poor Kirby to the quick, and, giving us a frown that would thrill a statue, he left the room and sought the open air, there to recuperate his exhausted energies and feast a time upon the gorgeous splendor of nature, and cool his heated blood in the mountain breeze. But the gorgeousness of nature seemed to have lost its charm; the mountain breeze did not cool his blood, as it had formerly done, and the lofty mountain peaks did not impress him with their grandeur and sublimity, as they had been wont to do.

There seemed to be a "long-felt want" somewhere that could not, would not, be repressed, and he started up the mountain again in search of something with which to fill the "aching void." Whether he found the great *desideratum* or not will never be known; suffice it to say he returned in time to start home with us, and, after wheeling a few miles, he began to recover somewhat from his great depression.

At 4 o'clock P.M., bidding good-by to the natives, we wheeled off at a good rate, and rolled along in good style till we reached the Laramie, where, after crossing, we dismounted and walked to the top of the mountain, for we had decided to return by the old road, in order to have a change of view.

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

At 4.45 we reached the summit of Jelm Mountain, and, resuming our saddles, started down the east slope at a magnificent rate.

The road is good, and for eight miles we experienced once more that delightful exhilaration with which the Loveland trip had filled us.

What a pleasure it is to coast down the slope of a grand old mountain on a "bike"! So entirely different from other sports, and thrilling one as nothing else earthly can. No exertion, nothing to worry, mind and conscience clear, and the glorious anticipation of a good supper, delightful, refreshing bath, and a night's repose, that only bicycling can impart! Truly the bicycle is the "wheel of fortune."

We crossed the Laramie again at 6 o'clock, and, after refreshing ourselves with a draught of the cooling liquid, remounted and set out at a rapid rate; for the sun had set, and time was not to be lost. Sixteen miles yet remained; but the road is excellent, and the moon, which had just risen, told us that light would not be wanting, for

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the sky was cloudless, and all things pointed to a magnificent night. This was to be our first nocturnal tour, and the novelty of such an excursion was something worth realizing.

Kirby had by this time regained his composure and peace of mind, "which passeth all understanding," and, gayly singing, we wheeled along toward our home with the lightest hearts that can be imagined. About seven miles had been wheeled since leaving the river, when daylight vanished completely, and the "queen of night" shed her mellow light around us with a softness and beauty that only those who have communed with Nature can appreciate.

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven!
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray the desert circle spreads
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!"

Spanning the celestial arch from horizon to horizon could be seen the Milky Way, made dim by the glorious and more brilliant light of the moon, which was now at its full. In the east, just peeping over the mountain-tops, we saw the bright star Betelgeux, first in the most beautiful constellation of the heavens; Orion, and somewhat higher up, shining in all his splendid glory and magnificence, Taurus could be seen, Aldebaran scintillating brilliantly. In the north-west the beautiful constellation Lyra shone brightly in the sky, and to the north the Great Bear and Cassiopea glittered like diamonds.

The atmosphere in this altitude is clear almost beyond belief, and the sight which the heavens presented to our eyes on that memorable night caused me to realize more fully than ever before the truth of the words, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork"! The evening was, indeed, grand beyond description, and, although it was rather cool, the necessary exercise kept us warm, and we wheeled noiselessly along, without a care or thought as to when we would arrive at the end of our journey; for it seemed then that to wheel forever, under such favorable circumstances, was a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

At 8.50 we recrossed the river, and five minutes later were seated around a table at Johnny's, hungrily waiting for three dozen "raw" and three cups of hot coffee, which in due time arrived, and were despatched without ceremony or interruption.

We had ridden sixty miles, and all agreed that a walk of twenty miles had fatigued us far more than the sixty we had wheeled.

Our whole experience at biking goes to prove its superiority over walking in every respect, — time, comfort, pleasure, and speed; and we all feel that to be deprived of the privilege of wheeling would be to deprive us of that which is second only to liberty itself!

After finishing supper we sought our couch and "slept the sleep of the just," awaking in the morning with a buoyancy of spirits and a lightness of heart, feeling all the better for the wheel to the mines, and deciding right then and there that another tour should be arranged at the earliest possible date.

In conclusion, I would say, that Kirby has been to see the jeweller about that piece of mineral, and, although he is fully convinced that it is not gold, he positively refuses to "eat it," as he bound himself to do; and, as the contract was not in writing, I fear we shall not be able to hold him to the agreement.

W. O. Owen.

A FLYING DUTCHMAN.

CHAPTER XVII. — "DISTANCED."

"You don't understand things, Rose," said Kate, faintly, "and you misjudge me sadly. I am nervous after my neuralgia. It is foolish and childish of me to cry like that. I won't do it again, no matter what comes."

Kate sat up straight, looking very strong-minded, and meaning fully the promise she made.

Rose looked puzzled for an instant, then said "Oh!" in a gentle voice, trying to take her friend's hand, to pet it in her affectionate way.

But Kate passively refused the caress.

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Rose stood up, looking older and more dignified than ever before in her life. Kate glanced at her, saw the new light in her bonny blue eyes, and misunderstood it completely, as might have been expected.

"I believe Mr. Ehrlebach to be free, Rose, dear," she said, her love for the child taming her agony of jealousy into quiet tones. "I do not know what Mr. Jenkins may know, or may think that he knows, of his life — or the wife I think is dead. I believe that I ought — yes, I am sure" —

Kate got out her writing materials.

"What are you going to do, Miss Larkin, dear?"

"Write and ask him."

"Oh, no, don't. That would seem so odd. I will just ask him naturally next time I see him, and then I can tell you."

"Rose?"

"Yes."

"Nothing."

"Yes, there was."

"Well, I was going to ask you to be sure to tell me if I can help you in any way, and to tell you to trust me."

"Of course," said Rose, wondering what she was expected to trust, and wishing dimly that she had her mother near at hand, that she might tell her the whole story.

"And one thing more, dear."

"Yes?"

"Don't say anything to your mother; that is, have you told her" —

"What?"

Was there ever such coyness, thought Kate, rallying her forces despairingly.

"What have you written to your mother about your acquaintance with Mr. Ehrlebach?"

A mischievous ray shot through Rose's eyes, then she dropped her eyelids, drooped her shoulders forward, and heaved a tiny melodramatic sigh.

"I don't like to tell," she said, with an air.

Looking up to see if this, her planned and repeated ruse, teased her friend — the little that she wished it to do — Rose saw a quietly unconscious face. Kate was examining one of her cuffs, with no apparent interest in anything else.

"I think I shall leave off this pair," said she; "they aren't very pretty ones, anyway. I suppose I might give them to the chambermaid."

Next morning a note came from Mr. Ehrlebach by the early post. It was addressed to Miss Larkin, but began: "Dear young ladies." He apologized for going away the evening before without asking them to go out with him, as he had intended, and begged them to come at an early hour to the National Gallery. "I will beat the guides with my walking-stick, and tell Miss Rose all that I know about Turner and Sir Joshua."

Miss Larkin read the note in a low tone to Rose, at the boarding-house breakfast-table, as they sat side by side.

Jenkins, alert and curious, asked, —

"Do you have your letters sent up from the Exchange?"

"No," coldly from Kate.

"This isn't an American letter," from Rose, — flushing under the man's bold gaze.

"Oh, you have friends in London, then?"

"Nobody but Mr. Ehrlebach," Rose made answer. "He asks us to go to a picture-gallery with him."

"Mightn't I join you, — offer my services, that sort of thing?" Jenkins felt nervously for his eye-glasses, as if contemplating a stare at Kate, who was reading him coolly, as she would have studied a geometric problem, or a toad on her natural-history dissecting-table in the classroom at home.

"I don't think you need trouble, — thank you, Mr. Jenkins," said Miss Larkin.

Jenkins passed the vinegar to Rose.

"Have some," he whispered, chuckling, and looking at her with a great deal of admiration.

Rose resented the impertinence to her friend, but half passed it by in a sort of absorption of that flattering glance.

It lingered in her memory as she drove off toward the Gallery in a cab with her friend.

"You must never see that person again. He is abominable!" said Miss Larkin, — having just thanked Jenkins, after the manner of this world, for closing their cab-door and directing their cabman.

"How can I help it?" said Rose. "Besides, what is there so dreadful about him?"

"He is horrible!" said Kate, with a shudder.

"Mr. Ehrlebach," said Rose, in a pretty, confidential way, as she stood a trifle apart with him, looking at one of Gainsborough's superb portraits, later on in the morning, "I want to know one thing."

"Happy maiden," said Ehrlebach.

"One thing in particular," said Miss Madder.

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"Oh! well?"

"Are you married?"

Kate saw the slow fading of color from his face, though she was on the other side of the room. She saw the emotion with which he spoke to Rose, although she could not hear his words. She hurried off blindly into another gallery.

Ehrlebach answered Rose, —

"Yes, and no, child. My wife has been dead for years. I am quite free to love whom I please; and I am older and wiser now. Has Jenkins been talking to you?"

"A little — yes," said Miss Madder, frightened at her companion's manner, finding all this very interesting, but a little startling.

What did he mean by telling her he was free to love? Perhaps it might be that she — Just then her attention was called to a person coming across the room, and she forgot her self-questionings. It was Jenkins, bland, suasive, bowing.

"I don't want to be *de trop*, of course," said he; "but as I was at the Exchange I thought I would just drop in and see if I could find you. Going out on your 'cycle,' to-day, Max? Ought to show the ladies how well it will go in the Row. Do you ride, Miss Madder?"

"A little, in the country, at home," said Rose, shyly.

"I wish you would go out in a trike with me if Max gets out his wheel. It would be great fun. Can't I make an appointment to meet you? Must hurry off now. Compliments to Miss Larkin." He half-whispered the last sentence, leaning toward Rose in a sort of jocular familiarity.

The dainty Western maiden threw back her shoulders, and stood looking at him with a contemptuous surprise in her innocent eyes. At sound of Kate's name on the other's lips, Ehrlebach made a motion as if to seize him, and stood arrested by Rose's sudden rebellion of spirit. Kate, strolling back from the next room, catalogue in hand, in a very absorbed, student-like way, saw the little tableau, and added her part by looking directly over Jenkins's head at the splendid "Mrs. Siddons" beyond him. He turned sneakingly and walked toward the door. Then, with a last cringing attempt at self-assertion, he lifted his hat and bowed in a fine dancing-school fashion. "Good-by, all," said he. "*Au revoir*, Maxy, if I don't see you again. I have some letters from Paris this morning, which may take me over there on important business for the Manitoba & Quebec Railroad. *Au revoir! Au revoir!*"

There was a second's long silence in the quiet gallery where the three stood alone. Each seemed to breathe more freely of clearer air.

Ehrlebach spoke first.

"I think he will go," said he. "The man has just enough conscience left not to like being too near me."

Rose looked at him in an inquiry, to which he did not respond. Kate, half divining who Jenkins might be, studied her catalogue.

"I don't see why such men as that are alive," said Rose, breathing a little *pffh* of disgust through her pouting lips.

Miss Larkin's face shone out from its cloud of reserve in a brilliant smile.

"I know why," said she, quite simply. "Such creatures help us to appreciate, by contrast, true, manly men, — men who are really made 'in the image of God.'"

She looked clearly into Ehrlebach's eyes, and he thanked her with a glance and a happy little laugh that set Miss Larkin laughing, too, in foolish but delicious sympathy.

CHAPTER XVIII. — CYCLING.

"WILL you come to Windsor with me to-morrow?" asked Ehrlebach, calling upon the young ladies at their Bloomsbury lodgings one evening during the week following. These invitations were quite common now. Once or twice a day he came or wrote to them, constituting himself their guide-in-ordinary, and piloting them about London with double the enthusiasm of any man that they could have hired direct from Cook's or Gaze's. He told Rose horrible tales of the Tower, that sent her trembling out into the daylight. He never tired of prowling about galleries and unheard-of bookstores, with one or the other, or both. With Rose he kept up always the same genial, half-patronizing comradeship that had marked their acquaintance from the first. With Kate, too, their constant companionship, their semi-isolation in this great world of London, developed a frank, hearty good-fellowship of manner, that seemed most natural and simple, unconventional as it was.

"It would be perfectly lovely to go to Windsor to-morrow," said Rose. "You are the nicest man on earth. Are you going on your wheel, and leave us to run along behind, hand-in-hand, or — or" —

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"Or what?"

"Or are you going to take me in a tricycle? Mr. Jenkins put that idea into my head before he went off, and I can't get rid of the notion, try as I may."

Ehrlebach hesitated.

"But Miss Larkin?" said he.

"Oh, I will stay at home," said Kate, cheerfully.

"But, indeed, Miss Madder, it will not at all do to go through town in one of those machines. We should have all the hoodlums of the place running hooting after us."

Rose pouted.

"My heart is set on a tricycle ride, and I won't go to see the queen's castle if I can't go in style."

"It might do in the country," said Ehrlebach.

"Good! then I may ride in one? I have had an ungratified ambition to try it for a week."

"What a persistent child! I will have a 'Sociable' sent out on the train to Windsor, and after we have 'done' the castle, we shall try a ride in it along the lanes to Stoke-Pogis. It is now many years since I have been in that road, but I remember it as always beautiful and lonely."

"Loneliness is loveliness then?" said Rose. But Ehrlebach was listening to Kate.

"'The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.'

Gray is buried at Stoke-Pogis, is he not?" said she. "I shall be glad to go there and get a little more of the real feeling of that poem. I had the misfortune to parse it when I was a school-girl, and a certain memory of verbs, and prepositions, and balanced sentences hangs about it. I don't know much about Gray's life, but I fancy it must have been a very unhappy one."

The blond-haired Englishman, reading his paper apparently, on the other side of the drawing-room table, looked up. "Somebody made an awfully good pun about Gray and Stoke-Pogis, you know; but I can't possibly think of it at this moment," said he.

"Couldn't you make a better one?" asked Rose, lightly, by way of conversation.

"I don't know, I am sure. I never tried. It is some time since I have been there."

The man's absurdly sincere way of saying trifles set Rose laughing.

"Won't you come with us to-morrow?" she invited. "It would make a nicer party, and perhaps you could tell us more of 'the legends and traditions' even than our friend here. I want to learn all I can while I'm travelling. I hope you wouldn't mind being turned into a sort of guide-post for my benefit."

The Englishman looked confused as he murmured, "Delighted, I'm sure." Ehrlebach looked immensely amused. Kate's face wore a decided expression of annoyance.

Rose, sweetly oblivious of the trained emotions of her companions, chattered on.

"You ought to have a holiday, anyway, oughtn't you, Mr. Alden? Don't you feel a little in need of relaxation? What do you do all day, and every day?"

Poor Alden muttered something about "a holiday," and "a government office," and "very kind, indeed," with such an ill-disguised eagerness in his manner toward the pretty little American that Ehrlebach came to his rescue in good nature, and made the Briton happy and thankful beyond measure.

"Could you go to-morrow, then, Mr. Alden?" said he. "I think we shall start as early as nine o'clock, and Miss Larkin will like another guide, — shall you not?"

"Certainly," said Kate, with a great deal of cordiality. "Pray join our excursion, Mr. Alden."

"Thanks very much." Mr. Alden was equally charmed and surprised to find himself of the party, and resolved in his secret heart not to be outdone by Ehrlebach in providing for the pleasure of the young ladies.

After Ehrlebach had bidden them all good-night, and started hotel-ward, this staid young Englishman slipped out of the street-door, wandered down into Oxford street, and wakened a merchant there asleep in his shop-lodgings, begging him to send his best "Sociable" for a day's trial out to Windsor by an early morning train.

Therefore, next day, when the quartette had finished their roaming about the castle and park, had climbed the tower and plucked ivy-leaves from the dean's house, had stared at the handsome Highland guards, and had strolled along the queen's favorite walk, and into the Long avenue, and were lunching at the old Clarence Hotel, Alden told of his feat with a good many blushes, but with a good deal of pride.

A chorus of Oh's came from the coffee-sipping three, as varied in their intonations and their expressions as the characters of each.

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"And you really have brought a tricycle, too, without being begged to do so?" cried Rose. "I think that is awfully nice of you. I suppose you and Mr. Ehrlebach will go over to Stoke-Pogis in one, and leave Miss Larkin and me to struggle along properly in the other. I know we can't make it go."

"No, indeed," said Alden. "It was to please Miss Larkin that I ordered this one sent. You seemed, last night, to be planning that she should walk over to Stoke-Pogis, and it would tire her, I am sure. It is several miles; too far for her to walk, I assure you."

There was a space of stillness. Rose looked at Kate, who quailed not under the questioning of the blue eyes. Mr. Alden looked entreatingly at Miss Larkin, who further responded not at all to his gaze. Finally, Mr. Ehrlebach looked at Kate, who trifled with her teaspoon a little, but exhibited no visible signs of interest in the situation. Inwardly she determined to let Providence intervene as it might with whatever key it chose to unlock the riddle of the afternoon's programme.

"Yes," said Mr. Ehrlebach, presently, with a faint echo of delight in his tone, "it would not at all do for Miss Larkin to walk, and it was kind of you, Alden, to bring this other machine. I did not know you were a wheelman. But I think you will show Miss Rose more than I possibly could about the 'Sociable.' And Miss Larkin will come with me?"

"Yes, thank you," said Kate.

So the pairs set off in merry mood along the flower-filled lanes toward Stoke-Pogis. At first they kept well together, laughing heartily over their several blunders and difficulties. But Rose and Alden, animated shortly by the perfection of the roads and of their machine and by the penetrating life and freedom of the summer air and sunshine, shot on far ahead, leaving the lovers quite alone in this silent, perfumed world of hedges and singing birds and cool, overhanging archways of elm branches.

Each lived in dreamland as they rode slowly along, Ehrlebach keeping time to the motion of the wheels by a sort of chanting carol that was more like the singing of his heart than any worded song that he knew. It was a very German thing to do, to go singing to himself as he rode along. Kate never had known and never had read of a man who would be willing to express to a third person in so simple a fashion the joy and sweetness of his reverie. For it did not enter into her heart to conceive that his happiness had any other wellspring than that of his love; and though she felt an equal certainty that that love was not for her she was tenderly glad in his gladness. If she had not been a young woman of education and ideas, and a certain amount of conventionality, she would surely have joined in the refrain of his wordless song.

They came up to Alden and Rose in the garden of the farmer's cottage, near the gate of the property whereon the Gray monument stands. Their tricycle stood in the little grassy lane outside the gate.

Rose, with her hat off and her cheeks bright with exercise and fun, was hastily spreading a luncheon of milk and home-made biscuits on a table which the farmer's daughter had brought out at her request.

This maiden was gossiping glibly with a farm-servant in the door-way, the two staring at Rose ordering Alden about with the airs of a little princess.

Ehrlebach groaned in mock sympathy with Kate's horrified glance at her charge, as he helped her down from the tricycle and threw open the rustic gate.

"Say nothing to her," he said, under his breath; "she is enjoying so much."

"I know, I know," returned Kate, in the same manner; "but she must not do such wild things."

"Wild Roses are the loveliest of all," murmured Ehrlebach, with a dazzling smile into Kate's eyes that sent her into a confusion of delight and pain, and filled her voice with strange, strained intonations as she asked, —

"Are you hungry, pussy?"

"Oh, yes, — not much; some. How long you were overtaking us!

"I told Mr. Alden I thought it would be an awfully jolly lark to have a picnic here, and he said he thought so" —

"I hope you don't mind, Miss Larkin," said Alden, bowing, hat in hand. "Miss Madder was so enthusiastic at the idea of lunching in a thatched cottage, you know."

"And you didn't try to teach her propriety?"

Ehrlebach laughed.

"When she thought it would be awfully jolly," added Kate.

"Oh, he taught me to say 'awfully jolly,'" said Rose. "Quite too awfully jolly, don't you know, — a great lark, immense!" She imitated the Englishman's slightly drawling accent with such whimsical perfection that they all laughed, whether they wished or

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not, and began eating biscuits and drinking milk in harmony together.

They walked across the green meadow to the quaint old graveyard, and wandered for a half-hour about the lonely, ivy-covered church. They read Gray's affectionate inscription to his mother; then they walked along the little pathway, wandering, brook-like, through the grasses, to the monument in his honor, standing off by itself, stark and stiff, on its small hill of fame.

"I suppose it was about these same places that the man 'crazed with hopeless love' used to wander," observed Rose, reading the inscriptions, quotations from Gray's poems.

"Do you really think that it was?" said Alden.

Rose laughed inconsequently. Ehrlebach threw himself down on the grasses, stretching out to his full, splendid length, and burying his face among the hay-flowers and sweet-scented weeds.

Kate opened her parasol and held it cautiously up, quite away from the sun, serenely unconscious of her action.

"I wish somebody would sing," said Rose, toward evening, as they were all whirling stationwards in the late sunshine. She called her wish to her friends in the other machine.

"I know nothing, Raffaella," answered Ehrlebach. "Won't you sing, Mr. Alden?"

"If you please," added Kate, politely.

Alden hesitated. "I remember a song that I learned long ago in the 'North Country,'" he said.

"Oh, sing it, sing it," cried Rose, gleefully.

"It is a dialect piece, written by a Tyne-sider. I don't know that you can make out the words. It goes to the tune of 'Turn a little handle.'"

"Sing it," urged Rose.

Without further words Alden began singing in a hearty voice, in which there was a trace of the Northern accent, —

"GEORDEY'S VILLOSSIPEED.

"Wor Geordey a queerin' when he tyeks't iv his heed,
An' he's gyen an' he's bowt a villossipeed, —
A greet ugly thing wiv a pair ov odd wheels,
Why, the first time he tried it he kowpt his creels.

Korus.

"But Geordey dissent care for whativor man can de,
He thinks that he can de the syem, an' tries to let us see,
For he'll scrammill up an' tummill doon,
An' then gan rowlin roond the toon
On a pair of wheels, the lazy loon,
He might as well get on the moon,
An' tummil doon an' crack his croon,
As try to be a greet villossipeeder!

"Thor's a pair o' cruckt handles he works wiv his feet,
An' anuther greet big un to steer him a'reet,
An' a saddle that mun heh been myed for a cat,
Aw wundor he sits on't, — the lad's gettin' fat.

"He calls't his philosophy an' lots o' queer nyems;
But the lad's gan demented, or nearly the syem;
What queer things a lifetime to poor foaks reveals,
Did aw ivor imadgin wor Geordey on wheels?"

"*Minimum.*"

MY TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOUR RIDES ON "NO. 234."

THE WHEELMAN for February contained a chronological report of my travels during "Four Seasons on a Forty-Six," and the March issue gave a minute description of the manner in which this "Columbia No. 234" had stood the strain thus put upon it in being pushed upwards of six thousand miles through fifteen different States. It remains for the present article to finish the story, by making exhibition of my various rides and riding experiences, so classed together according to character as to be most significant and instructive, and also by offering such facts about my personal physique and habits of life as may be deemed helpful to a proper understanding of the record. By way of introductory peace-offering, I may venture to bring out this modest little triolet, snatched from under the snows, where it had naturally suffered a stiffening of its component parts: —

Though my rides on "Two-Thirty-Four"
Are by no means monumental,
Please again hear some more
Of my rides, just two-thirty-four;
Please don't say, "What a bore!
We care not a continental
For your rides on 'Two-Thirty-Four,' —
They're by no means monumental!"

When I finished my wheeling for 1882, on the evening of Saturday, December 30th, —with a record of forty-six miles for the day, two thousand and two miles for the year,

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and six thousand one hundred and seventy-five miles for the four years, — I found that the number of days on which I had mounted the wheel was "two hundred and thirty-four," though I never noticed the coincidence until I came to need a title for the present article. On forty of these days I rode between thirty and forty miles, on twenty-seven I rode between forty and fifty miles, on fourteen I rode between fifty and sixty miles, and five times I exceeded the latter distance, — my longest day's ride being seventy-three miles. If I exclude the record of my first season (seven hundred and forty-two miles, distributed among forty-seven days, on only four of which did my riding amount to as much as thirty miles), it will be seen that my record during the three years, 1880–82, shows five thousand four hundred and thirty-three miles on one hundred and eighty-four days, or an average ride of just twenty-nine miles. On ninety-two of these days, or exactly half of all, I have ridden thirty miles or more, as above specified; on forty of the remainder I have ridden between thirty and twenty miles; on thirty-six I have ridden between twenty and ten miles; and on the remaining sixteen days my record has been less than that, including seven days on which it was less than five miles, — the shortest record of all being a mile and a quarter.

My first definite attempt at a long ride was made on the 4th of May, 1880, when the weather chanced to be extremely hot. I wheeled twenty-two miles to Tarrytown in six hours, — ending a half-hour after mid-day, — and twenty-one miles back again in four hours and a half, ending at 7.30 o'clock; after which I tried the Boulevard until 9, in order to bring my day's record up to fifty and one-fourth miles. I did not better this until the 17th of September following, on the morning of which day, at 7 o'clock, I mounted at a farm-house, sixteen miles west of Buffalo, and rode two hours and a quarter (fifteen miles), to Silver Creek, where I stopped an hour for breakfast; then twelve miles more (two hours) to Fredonia, where I stopped two hours for dinner; at Westfield, fifteen miles further, I halted half an hour, till 5 o'clock; then rode another fifteen miles in another two hours, to North East, making from the start a trifle more than fifty-seven miles in a trifle more than twelve hours, whereof four hours had been given to rests. As my baggage was at the Reed House, in Erie, about sixteen miles further on, and as the road was said to continue smooth and level, and the moon promised occasionally to shine, I rode or walked that additional distance between 8 and 11.30 P.M., and so made a record of seventy-three miles, which has remained my "best" ever since. Had the wind been with me rather than against me during the twelve hours of daylight, I am confident I should have covered the whole distance in that time, even with a third of the interval spent in repose; and I think, under similarly favorable conditions, I could ride one hundred miles straight-away by daylight on that track, if I really exerted myself to do so. Though I had but four hours' sleep that night, I felt sufficiently fresh next day to ride forty-five miles further, to Ashtabula, between 9.30 A.M. and 8 P.M., making one hundred and eighteen miles within thirty-seven hours; and only once since then have I made a better record for two days, and that only a mile better. On the previous day I had ridden from Niagara (thirty-eight miles), so that in three days I made a straight push of one hundred and fifty-six miles through the territory of three different States.

The nearest approach since made to this was my ride of one hundred and fifty-four miles through Massachusetts, on the first three days of June, 1881, after having ridden one hundred and thirty-three miles on the last four days of May, and penetrated the borders of New Hampshire and Maine. This was the first case of my mounting the wheel for seven successive days, and the record of two hundred and eighty-seven miles (whereof one hundred and nineteen belonged to the final thirty-seven hours) still remains my best for that period. My next continuous week of riding was just a year later, and amounted to two hundred and fifty-one miles, whereof seventy-five were run off in Chicago, on the last three days of May, and the remaining one hundred and seventy-seven in a straight push among the hills of Kentucky, on the first four days of June. My third ride of a week, as described in the February issue of this magazine, was made continuously on the soil of New York, from Syracuse to Waverly, beginning September 28th, and covering two hundred and eighty miles, though, as it begun and ended at noon, there were parts of eight calendar days devoted to it. Next to these records must be ranked my six days' ride of two hundred and four miles, — up the Connecticut valley, across to Lake George, and down the Hudson valley to Hudson, — August 22–27,

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1881; and my six days' ride of two hundred and three miles "along the Potomac," October 22–27, 1881. There were no essential repetitions made in either of the last-named tours; but the railroad had to be resorted to in both cases, so that the tracks were neither of them absolutely continuous ones. Indeed, the longest uninterrupted path I have yet gone over was that connecting Syracuse with Waverly, for my wheel rolled over every foot of the distance, and all the repetitions indulged in could not have much exceeded a dozen miles. Here, too, I may be allowed the parenthetical remark that I should be glad to see the long-distance club-riding of 1883 assume the phase of rivalry in respect to length of straightaway tracks covered, or at least in respect to length of roundabout tracks, which admit of no second usage. Let the ambitious long-distance club-men cease their vain repetitions over short circuits and well-known stretches, and henceforth strive rather to show how great a stretch of actual country they can push themselves across, in a single definite direction, within the limits of a single calendar day!

The third and last time in 1880, when I rode as much as fifty miles in a day, was on the 24th of September, when I finished my tour of four hundred and ninety-five miles by wheeling across the hills of New Jersey, from Stanhope to Washington Square, fifty-three and one-fourth miles. There were seven other days in that year on which I rode upwards of forty miles; and nineteen days in 1881 whereof the same can be said. The ten of these which had a record of fifty miles or more were as follows: March 5, on the asphalt of Washington, with the right end of the handle-bar broken off, 7 A.M. to 10 P.M., sixty-six and one-half miles; April 30, Orange, Newark, and New York, 9 A.M. to 8 P.M., fifty and three-fourths miles; June 2, Boston, Cambridge, Lexington, Waltham, Framingham, and Northboro', 9 A.M. to 8 P.M., fifty-four and one-half miles; June 3, Northboro', Worcester, Ware, and West Springfield, 5.35 A.M. to 9.45 P.M., sixty-four and one-half miles; August 22, West Springfield, Greenfield, Brattleboro', and Putney, 7 A.M. to 7.10 P.M., fifty-two and one-half miles; August 26, Fort Edward, Albany, and Schodac, 5.35 A.M. to 7.55 P.M., fifty-seven and one-fourth miles; September 7, Sayville, Hicksville, Flushing, and New York, fifty-two and one-fourth miles; October 23, Frederick, Williamsport, and Lock No. 59, on Chesapeake and Ohio canal, 6.45 A.M. to 5.35 P.M., fifty-four miles; October 26, Point of Rocks and Washington, 6 A.M. to 9 P.M., fifty and three-fourths miles; December 21, Orange, Newark, and Washington Square, 10.30 A.M. to 9 P.M., sixty and one-half miles. In 1882 there were seventeen days in which my record exceeded forty miles, and the half-dozen of these in which it reached the fifty-mile limit were as follows: May 26, New York, Tarrytown, Nyack, Englewood, and Jersey City, 8 A.M. to 9 P.M., fifty-one miles; June 2, Sadieville, Georgetown, Lexington, and Harrodsburg (Ky.), 11 A.M. to 11.20 P.M., sixty-one and one-half miles; June 7, Louisville and Frankfort, 10.30 A.M. to 9 P.M., fifty-two and one-half miles; November 4, Orange, Newark, and New York, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M., fifty miles; November 7, New York to Tarrytown and back, fifty-one and one-fourth miles; November 21, New York and Bridgeport, 7.40 A.M. to 7.20 P.M., fifty-five and one-half miles.

It was at the beginning of my second season, when my forty-ninth day's ride had given me a record of seven hundred and seventy-five miles, that I first ventured to try any coasting, with my legs on the handle-bar, and I kept them *outside* my hands on such occasions for more than three months afterwards, or until August 9, 1880, when I first acquired the knack of properly placing them on the inside section of the bar. Just four months from the day last named I thought I accomplished quite a feat in wheeling without stop from Washington square to Ninety-sixth street, through Fifth avenue, the first three miles of which are paved with Belgian blocks. I have never since "rattled over the stones" for anything like as great a distance as that continuously, though I once went from the square, down Broadway to Fulton Ferry, making, perhaps, a dozen dismounts in the two miles. I can thus claim the credit of pedalling through the whole length of Manhattan island in the roadway. My first "long stay" in the saddle was at Orange, on May Day, 1880, when, except for one momentary and needless dismount for an imaginary obstacle, I kept a-going just an hour, and accomplished eight miles. On the 9th of August following I did thirteen miles on the Boulevards in an hour and a half, making one needless stop a quarter of an hour before that, when the record was ten miles and a half. Five days later, in the same region, when the roads were

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rather muddy, I rode twelve miles without stop in an hour and three-quarters, and, except for a sudden dismount, caused by the looming up of a wagon in the dark, should have done the attempted fourteen miles inside of two hours. My first really notable "stay" in the saddle, however, was made a month later, September 16, when, "mounting at the canal bridge in the outskirts of the village of Niagara, I went southward without stop for sixteen and one-half miles in two hours and a half, having the wind against me all the way, and being slightly sprinkled with rain during the third half-hour. Most of the road is of very hard clay, which was rather rough; and, beyond Tonawanda, where the bridge almost caused a dismount, there is a long, but not very steep, hill, which is the only grade of importance between Niagara and Buffalo. I met at Black Rock with rather rough stone pavements, turned an angle to the right and then to the left, crossed the canal bridge with difficulty, and was then tempted to try the sidewalk, whose curb soon caused a dismount. Had I stuck to the road for a few rods after crossing the bridge, and then turned down the first street to the left, which led to the Lincoln parkway, I might have kept on without stop for three and a half miles further, to the Buffalo City Hall, twenty miles from Niagara."

My next "long stay" was made two months later, November 22, while trying the excellent roads in the region of Orange and Newark. The average temperature of that day was 19°, which proved most favorable to riding; for when I made my first dismount, to keep an appointment for lunch with a friend, I found I was not at all tired, though I had been in the saddle two hours and twenty minutes, and covered just twenty miles. I rode twenty-five miles more the same afternoon. I did not better this twenty-mile record, or even approach it, for nearly two years. Then, on the 2d of November, 1882, over the same superb track, and with atmospheric conditions similarly favorable, I wheeled without stop for three hours and a quarter, and made a record of twenty-nine miles, to which I added sixteen more before sundown.

My first ride, without dismount, from New York to Yonkers (thirteen miles) was made May 10, 1882, in an hour and forty minutes. My stop then was caused by the steep pitch of a few rods at the foot of the hill which begins beyond the Getty House and ascends for more than a mile in the direction of Tarrytown, and those few rods have long been notorious for their power in humbling the pride of northward-bound riders from the metropolis. On the 7th of last November, however, I managed for the first time to array myself with the noble band who can boast of having overcome this chief obstacle on the hilly Tarrytown track, and then I crawled up the long grades beyond without a balk, though I was tremendously tired when I got to the point where I could coast down the other side. I had ridden twenty-two miles, with several dismounts, when I stopped for dinner at the hotel in Tarrytown; but, as the track had proved smoother than I ever knew it to be before, and as the breeze rather favored a returning rider, I decided to attempt the exploit of wheeling back to Fifty-ninth street without a stop. Somewhat to my surprise I succeeded in so doing, between 2.45 and 5.50 P. M., and then, though my ambition was accomplished, and the rain-drops were drizzling down through the darkness, it occurred to me that I had best stick to the saddle a while longer, and so "beat my record," made five days before, as already described. It was 6.38 P.M., therefore, when I finally dismounted at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, where I had started at 9.20 A.M., and the cyclometer said that this "longest straight ride of my life" measured twenty-nine miles and a quarter, though I had kept the saddle thirty-seven minutes longer than on the previous Thursday, when it gave the record as twenty-nine miles. In the four-column account of this "Tarrytown triumph," which I printed in *The Wheel* of November 15, I offered some reasons for believing that the real distance of this "longest ride" was thirty-one or thirty-two miles. Fifty-ninth street, where I turned back on my course, was six miles from where I finished, and my "straightaway" track from Tarrytown was therefore twenty-five or twenty-six miles long. I should be interested in hearing of other wheelmen who have gone a similar distance straight through the country without leaving their saddles.

My riding is, most of it, so solitary that I do not know whether the long stay in the saddle I have just described would be accounted very creditable by those who are acquainted with the track gone over, and no comments on my detailed report in *The Wheel* have appeared for my enlightenment. But as it is, of all my

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bicycling experiences, the only thing at all approaching the character of an exploit that I ever definitely set myself to accomplish, I have felt enough pride in my success to venture upon a full description of it, especially as I have no intention of ever again riding continuously for four mortal hours. I do not mean by this that I suffered any particular inconvenience from the test, for I got through an average amount of routine literary work next day, and on the day after that I refreshed myself by thirty-one miles more of wheeling. I mean, simply, that I generally prefer to take to the bicycle "for the fun of it," rather than for the sake of "seeing what I can do," and that one achievement of this sort is quite enough for my ambition. There is so much more comfort in frequent dismounts, if for no other reason than to gratify thirst, that I lack all desire for further "triumphs" of such nature that the pursuit of them brings into painful prominence before the mind the justice of the celebrated remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina.

The severest test ever given my physique by bicycling, however, was not by that four hours' steady push, on the 7th of last November, but rather by an all-day jaunt on the 7th of September, 1881, — a date memorable in atmospheric annals as "the hottest on record for seven years," all along the Atlantic slope. "In many places the thermometer marked 100° in the shade for several hours, and, as I rode in the sun, I must have been exposed to a heat of 110° to 125° from 9 A.M. to 3 or 4 P.M. Between 6.07 A.M., when I mounted at Sayville, and 7.05 P.M., when I plunged my burning head into the public fountain at Flushing, the cyclometer recorded fifty and one-half miles, and two more miles were added between the ferry and Washington Square. The ride was the only one of my experience in which the motion through the atmosphere had no cooling effect. The air itself, as it struck against one's cheeks, seemed blazing hot, as if literally it had come from a furnace. I should be afraid to estimate the amount of water and other liquids which I absorbed that day. I drank at every possible drinking-place, and I dashed cold water on my fiery face as often as the chance was offered me. At Flushing, while waiting for the homeward train, I refreshed myself with ice-cream, soda-water, melons, peaches, and other such things, which the average idiot, who disbelieves in the wisdom of obeying Nature's demands, declares to be deadly indulgences for a man who is unendurably hot." Perhaps I myself seem a rather worse idiot than the average for venturing to get my anatomy into such a heated condition; but it endured the test without any excessive discomfort, and without any subsequent ill effects. I shouldn't deliberately have chosen so hot a day for a spin through Long Island; but, as I was headed for home, I wanted to "get there," and, though the heat seemed rather extraordinary, I didn't realize until I read the next day's papers that it was "the greatest heat on record in seven years," and that I had, therefore, accomplished a somewhat dangerous and foolhardy feat in pushing fifty miles through the hottest of it.

I have not had many serious tumbles since the great original elbow-breaking act of Thursday, May 29, 1879. The only time I have been intentionally upset was in November of that year, while touring from New Haven to New York, when a bold, bad boy at Port Chester suddenly lifted up my rear wheel and sent me sprawling into the dirt, without a shadow of a warning. Perhaps it was the unexpectedness of the fall which made it absolutely painless; and I have charity enough to believe that the graceless youth designed rather to make the wheel give me a good jolting than to really spill me off. Once, on the Boulevard, when a crowd of small schoolboys were running around about me, with the customary yells and outcries, my wheel knocked one of them down and pitched me simultaneously into the dust. It chanced that he was intent in a game of "tag" with another boy, and so, being unconscious of the approaching wheel, which the rest of the crowd were watching, he suddenly jumped in front of it, with the result indicated. He assured me, though, as soon as he brushed away the tears of surprise with his dusty sleeve, that he "wasn't at all hurt"; and, as I could say the same for myself, I jogged on. I think this was the only time when my wheel ever came in collision with any living creature; though once, at Newark, some wretched brutes pursuaded a boy who was really an imbecile to stand in my path in order to be knocked down. Boys not bereft of their wits, of course, often do so stand, and then jump aside at the last practicable moment; but in the case mentioned I fortunately noticed the vacant look in the child's face, and so turned out for him. On the sidewalk at Niagara, one evening, a quick dismount

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alone saved my touching a little girl, who suddenly sprang out of a door-way, and who was a good deal scared at her narrow escape. I was riding quite slowly, however; and I have done a great deal of careful wheeling, on sidewalks thronged with pedestrians, without ever once coming to grief. I never yet used bell or whistle, as the human voice seems to me to be generally a more effective, as well as a more civil, instrument for giving warning.

On May Day, 1880, a bad tumble and bent crank suitably rewarded my vain attempts to raise my hat gracefully to a noble brakeman, who shouted at me from a passing railroad train; and within an hour afterwards, when I essayed to cross a few inches of water which seemed to have a hard bed beneath it, my wheel performed the great stand-still act, and rested firmly upon its head, leaving me resting firmly upon my feet. A similar curious stoppage occurred down in Kentucky, last June, when I was toiling slowly uphill in the dark, and encountered a loose lump of the newly laid macadam; my machine keeled over and stood quietly on its head, leaving me upright on my feet in front. That, I believe, was the only fall I had in my entire tour of three hundred and forty miles; and in my five-hundred-mile ride of 1880 I was thrown but once. This happened at Westfield, when, in attempting to make too short a turn from the hard roadway into the softer sidewalk, and not giving allowance for the swiftness with which the wind was blowing me along, I was obliged either to let my wheel slam squarely against an iron fence, or to send it sprawling sidewise into the sand. The result of accepting the latter alternative was the scraping of a few square inches of skin from my knee, elbow, and hand, but no serious disablement to myself or my vehicle. In my four hundred-mile tour of last September I made no involuntary dismounts without landing on my feet (though the wheel itself had a few falls), and I am almost sure that the same could be said of the eight hundred miles afterwards ridden over before the close of the year, though I had one side-fall in trying to mount a Harlem curbstone in the dark. On the other hand, during the first of my "six days along the Potomac" I had two headers within the space of an hour, — one in going uphill, the other in going down, — and early on the final day I sprained my ankle by stepping suddenly down on a loose stone. That accident came nearer disabling me than any other I have had; but, after a few hours of increasing pain, the soreness at last wore off. On the second day, too, by the loosening of its step, my bicycle came nearer being disabled than at any other time; for it must be remembered that spite of all the wearing out of its parts, or the accidents which have happened to them at various times, old "Number 234" has never once betrayed me by breaking down in regions remote from possible repairs, or becoming unridable at such seasons as would render its disablement a serious interference with my plans. On the same unlucky day last mentioned, however, I let it drop into the water, while trying to convey it and myself along the slippery log which spanned the "waste-way" of the canal, thereby thoroughly soaking the roll of clothing attached to the handle-bar.

On May-Day, 1882, while coasting down the hill at Bloomfield, in the early twilight, at a speed of six or seven miles an hour, a stone the size of a brick caused the front wheel to stop and the rear wheel to describe a circuit in the air, while I myself gave a great jump ahead and landed on my feet, without even a tendency to fall forwards. My theoretical belief, that a man who is forced off the saddle involuntarily is likely to suffer the least detriment if he has his legs thrown over the handles, was thus happily confirmed. Once since then I have been thrown to the ground while coasting, as a result of carelessness, in allowing my boot to catch in the spokes. The only involuntary dismounts for which the machine itself has been to blame have been caused by the sudden stoppage of the rear wheel, for lack of sufficient oil on the cones. The cones of my right pedal stuck once, in June, 1880, when my record was nine hundred and fifty miles; but I was not thrown off, and the accident has not been repeated. I never yet caused a stoppage, or even an approach to one, by too sharp an application of the brake to the front wheel; and I cannot understand why a reasonably careful rider should ever come to grief in that way. I have sometimes been run away with in descending steep hills, and have felt that my rear wheel was in the air, and have feared that my involuntary experience as a "unicycler" was about to come to a disastrous, if not fatal, termination; but as a matter of fact I have never been thrown in any such critical times, and almost all my tumbles have happened when I have been moving rather slowly over sections of road whose difficulties and dangers were quite apparent to

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me. I have never had a fall in the night-time, though I should say, at a guess, that I may have ridden from three hundred to four hundred miles in the darkness, and without a lantern. Another guess which I venture to offer with more confidence is, that though during my first one thousand miles I may have had as many as twenty or twenty-five falls, I have not by any means approached that number in the five thousand miles since traversed. The fact is, I can't afford to take the chances of further tumbling; so, in cases of doubt, I almost always stop.

As regards other perils of the road, I may say that before I had covered one hundred and fifty miles, and before my cyclometer had been three days on its axle, I was attacked, while bending over to read it, by three drunken men, who drove close by me in a carriage, and one of whom gave me a vicious cut with the whip, which my straw hat chanced to ward off, but which might easily have put out an eye, or caused other lasting disfigurement. Once or twice, too, drunken drivers have attempted to run me down from behind, though never very persistently, or with near approximation to success. On a few occasions, also, drivers have wantonly forced a dismount by refusing to yield an inch of the track in approaching, — the most exasperating instance which I recall being that of the ruffian who directed one of the four-horse coaches of a hotel at Lake George. On Staten Island, last September, I got a tumble in trying to curve too sharply around a wagon, just ahead, whose driver "slowed up" suddenly, though not maliciously. I never yet caused a runaway, and my most serious troubles with horses were in the cases of two sedate old "plugs," one in Connecticut and one in Western New York, which were driven by women, who persisted in "hauling them in," until, in the former case, a wheel was cramped off, and in the latter the vehicle was made to describe one or two complete backward revolutions, but without hurting anything. I never met but two horses that seemed thoroughly frightened at the bicycle, though it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to assume that "Number 234" has encountered as many as half a million of them. Both of these were fancy nags, — one in Ohio, the other at Ticonderoga, — whose drivers, being possessed with a vain pride in their ability to control them, ordered me to "come on," without dismounting. Had I done so there would surely have been two wrecked "trotting sulkies" and two dead or demoralized horse-jockeys "laid out" on those two occasions. After causing the first pair of mules which I faced on the Erie canal to wheel about and kick their driver down a thirty-foot embankment, I took no further chances of that sort on the towpath; and I likewise generally dismounted before the horseback riders in Kentucky, whose half-broken steeds seemed only too glad of a chance to shy at any moving object whatever.

Having had two or three India-rubber drinking-cups shaken from my pockets, I now content myself with a short piece of India-rubber tubing, which costs less, stays by me more faithfully, and furnishes an easier means of drinking from the wayside rivulets. The chief advantage in carrying a cup, indeed, is to supply the usual lack of such an article in the bedrooms of country hotels. Still another "peril of the road," which my experience may give warning of, is the smashing of the glass face of the cyclometer by the slipping of a wrench from the hands of a clumsy blacksmith. I have had an oil-can stolen from a Brooklyn bar-room, which I honored for a week with the presence of my wheel, and a monkey-wrench stolen from a similar resort in Harlem, under similar conditions. Another beer-seller of Brooklyn said he was on the point of selling my machine, because, as I failed to return on the exact day specified, he concluded that I meant to abandon it to him; and that he was only waiting for an advance on the first offer that had been made him of $50. Nobly contrasted with this seems the conduct of the honest boy who sold soda-water at Farmingdale, on Long Island, and who, when I inadvertently left on his counter a purse containing $15, harnessed his horse to pursue me and restore the property.

My response to the stereotyped question of the average spectator, "How fast can you go on that thing?" has always been: "I don't know, because I never tried." The only time when I was on a regularly measured course was Sept. 14, 1880, when I had a friend hold a watch for me while I went twice, without stop, around the half-mile trotting-track at Canandaigua, making the first half in 2m. 20s., and the second half in 2m. 15s. From this I infer that, on a good track, I might, by exerting myself, make a mile inside of four minutes; but I hardly suppose that I ever shall in fact make any such exertion, or ensure any

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such brilliant "record." Six days after the date last named, I rode from Erie to Dunkirk, forty-seven miles, under very favorable conditions of wind and weather, in seven hours and a half, including rests of two hours. I was stopped by the hill at Westfield, at 2.30 P.M., that day, after riding exactly an hour, at the middle of which I had made a minute's stop on account of a horse. The record of that hour was eleven miles and an eighth, of which six miles belonged to the last half. I think I had no swifter day on my record until Dec. 21, 1881, when I rode just fifty miles in the seven hours ending at 5 P.M., and when I estimated my actual riding time as hardly more than five hours. That track, however, was in the region of Orange, and included many repetitions, instead of extending "straight through the country." I added ten miles to it before stopping for the night, and the year. I believe that the swiftest short spin of my experience, however, was that recorded on the last day of my Kentucky tour, seven miles in twenty-six minutes, ending with a famous coast of a mile or more down an open winding road.

Almost all of my three hundred and forty miles within the limits of that State were either on an up-grade or a down-grade; and I did some hill-climbing that really surprised me, though none that I think quite as creditable as my November exploit at Yonkers. The big hill at Milton Lower Falls, which Boston riders know so well, has been ridden up by me both ways. On the 28th of October last I rode without stop from the cross-roads beyond Caldwell to the end of the smooth pavement of Bloomfield avenue, in Newark, nine miles and a half, in just an hour, — that being the first occasion on which I had succeeded in conquering the big hill at Caldwell, though I had more than once ridden all the grades leading *to* Caldwell, — and I look on that as one of my most creditable mounts. I recall three other occasions on which my prowess as a "hillian" greatly surprised me: once, in 1880, in surviving a steep, roughly macadamized slope between Newtown and Hunter's Point; once, in 1881, when I pushed up the smooth, black surface of the misnamed Sandy Hill at Fort Edward; and again, on the first day of last October, when I ascended the sharp grade at Mount Morris, and earned my right to a hearty breakfast at the Scoville House on top. I remember, to be sure, that a Fort Edward rider has kindly informed me in print that my push up Sandy Hill was "nothin' at all to brag on"; and I presume that other experienced ones may say the same of the other little knolls I have alluded to. I will not venture to contradict them. All I say is, that when I found myself on the summits in question, with "Number 234" still responding steadily to my tread, I felt in duty bound to complacently stroke its head and exultingly remark, "Bully for you, old boy!"

My weight has recently kept pretty constantly in the neighborhood of one hundred and forty pounds, which, I think, is five pounds more than I ever attained to before becoming a bicycler, — the greatest variations in my weight, as observed by me during the previous decade, being from one hundred thirty to one hundred thirty-five pounds. I am five feet five inches in height, and the inside length of my leg is thirty-three inches. While visiting a rink at Washington, in March, 1881, I found no difficulty in driving a 52-inch Special Columbia, whose pedals had been shortened up toward the axle, though I felt decidedly "scarey" when first lifted into such a lofty saddle, and the subsequent acts of mounting unassisted were rather tiresome. On two previous occasions I had propelled 48-inch and 50-inch wheels for short distances, say a sixteenth of a mile, but my first road-ride on any other machine than "Number 234" was on the afternoon of April 10, 1882, when I covered thirty-one and one-half miles, in the region around Springfield and Holyoke, on a new 48-inch Standard Columbia, which had not previously been ridden as much as fifty miles. Five months later, September 8, in the same region, I again rode thirty-one and one-half miles between 9 A.M and 6.30 P.M. (taking a rest of three hours at midday) on a 50-inch Expert Columbia, whose pedals were extended to their full limit only during the last four miles. Had I allowed these two rides a place in my log my record of miles ridden up to the close of 1882 would have been six thousand two hundred and thirty-eight.

I had no falls while riding either of these "large" machines. I climbed the hills which I had long been wont to climb with my 46-inch, and I apparently found no more difficulty than usual in climbing them. Indeed, I drove the 48-inch up the south slope of the church hill in West Springfield, which I have never been able to overcome with "Number 234." I was not definitely convinced that the effort of driving these larger wheels was either greater

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or less than the effort of driving my smaller one. When, however, I pulled off my boots on the evening of the April ride, severe "cramps" ran through the calves of my legs, and I found that, for a few minutes, it was a difficult and painful matter to "straighten them out." As I had done no wheeling whatever for a period of nearly four months, this unpleasant phenomenon did not necessarily prove that the 48-inch was "too large a size for me"; but when I tried the 50-inch (after a period of six weeks' abstinence from the saddle) the same phenomenon was repeated with increased intensity. It was with great difficulty that I removed my boots both at noon and night; even during the last hours of riding the cramp-like pains were present, and, for a week afterwards, occasional twinges would go through my legs.

I felt pretty well convinced by this experience of thirty miles that a day's ride of fifty or sixty miles on a 50-inch would be apt to inflict upon me serious suffering, if not temporary disablement, and that a week's tour of say two hundred and eighty miles would be either impossible of accomplishment, or else prove a painful and difficult task, instead of an exhilarating pleasure. I am aware that the mere strain of pulling off one's boots by pressure against the heels may sometimes slightly cramp the calves, even when the legs have been in no way strained or tired by previous exertion; and these same twinges of cramp have also come to me on certain rare occasions when pushing my 46-inch wheel towards the summits of long and wearisome hills. But, at the close of my longest and most difficult rides on "Number 234," I never yet had any feeling of cramp or muscular stiffness, save of the slightest and most transitory description; and hence the fact that both of my two short and easy rides on larger wheels brought contrary results cannot be accepted by me as devoid of significance, — even when I remember that on each occasion I chanced to be "out of practice" as a rider. The general inference which I drew from the experience was this: that whatever may be said for large wheels in racing or in riding short distances on smooth roads, a wheel small enough to prevent the cords and muscles of the legs from ever being stretched to their full tension is the one best adapted for ordinary rough-riding and long-distance touring.

Aside from this direct tendency towards physical discomfort and injury, which I think attaches to prolonged use of a wheel so high that its rider is forced habitually to "point his toes downward," instead of keeping the entire sole of his foot flat on a plane parallel to the surface of the ground, there are indirect dangers which threaten the tourist who has only a slight grip on the pedal. One of these is the danger of falls caused by the feet slipping from the pedals, — especially in wet weather, and while climbing hills. Many a time when the soles of my boots have been smeared with greasy mud on slippery days, I have worked my way up hill with the pedals of my 6-inch cranks resting on my insteps; and, in general, whenever my toe loses hold of a pedal, my heel is almost certain to regain the hold. I have ridden many miles under conditions which made the pedals so slippery that I doubt if any rider who depended upon a "toe-grip" could have kept alongside without a tremendous expenditure of energy, and without undergoing continuous tumbles. Then, again, on an all-day ride of forty or fifty miles, through a rough country, where frequent dismounts are necessary, it seems to me that the aggregate increase of effort required in continually climbing into a high saddle rather than a low one would be enough to make all the difference between relaxation and weariness,—between happiness and misery. Still further, the ease of mounting which a low step insures is an element of safety in this way: it disposes a rider, in cases of doubt about his ability to overcome an obstacle, to dismount before it, rather than to plough recklessly ahead and take his chances of a tumble. A small machine has the incidental advantage of weighing less, and taking up less room, and I have a theory that it is apt to be stronger and less liable to injury than a larger one. Mine, certainly, has stood the severest strains on its rims without "buckling" or bulging at all out of the true. Finally, a small machine seems unusual and distinctive; for, out of the several hundreds which took part in the parade at Chicago, "Number 234" was the only one that did not exceed forty-six inches in height!

I assume myself to be simply "an average man" as regards physique. I have never made any pretence at being an athlete, — much less have I ever thought of entering any kind of athletic competition. The only tests of endurance connected with my academy life, — 1862–5, — which I now recall as having warmed my pride, were these: I once shouldered a regulation army musket on a march of six miles with the

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"home guard"; I once skated a dozen miles straightaway on the snow-crust; I once walked twenty-five miles in a day; and I once split a cord of walnut wood and lugged it in my arms up four flights of stairs. During the four following years of my college career I took two or three twenty-mile walks, swam half a mile on two or three occasions, and became the most persistent patron of the boneshaker in my class during the three months' prevalence of the velocipedic furore. In October, 1874, with the assistance of a classmate, I rowed a lap-streak boat from Springfield down the Connecticut river and around the Sound to New Haven, in three days, — the distance being estimated at from one hundred twenty-five to one hundred forty miles, — and the exertion cost me nothing more than a temporary soreness and stiffness, though my companion suffered serious detriment. On the 23d of June, 1875, as the final act of a tour among the White Mountains, I went on foot from the Flume to Littleton, a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles, whereof I ran the last five or six under a blazing sun, "in order to catch the three-o'clock train," whose approaching whistle inspired me to put in a tremendous spurt on the last half-mile. That was my first and only "long-distance race" against a locomotive engine; but I won. Though born and brought up on a farm, where horses were always within my reach, I never learned to ride horseback, and never cared particularly about driving.

I used to consider myself a tolerably expert "dodger" in the game of prisoner's base, which had great vogue at the academy; and I believe I have never since engaged in any athletic pastime which could not be practised solitarily. I was a regular patron of the gymnasium, both at the academy and at college; and, during the fourteen years since then, my usual morning custom, except on days when more extensive exercise was impending, has been to swing the Indian clubs for a quarter-hour after taking a cold-water bath. The latter practice has been persisted in by me for some eighteen years as my inevitable first act after getting out of bed, and not even the mornings of my four voyages across the stormy ocean were allowed to be exceptions to the rule. A bath and change of clothes are also my first demand at the end of a day of bicycling. Food is always made a secondary consideration, then, with me, no matter how sharp my appetite. Indeed, I can abstain from food for a great many hours, whether I am engaged in driving the wheel or driving the pen, without suffering any special inconvenience; and a rule which obliged me to "take my meals at regular hours" would exasperate me to the last degree. For many years my simple and savage custom has been to "eat when I was hungry," or when food was conveniently accessible, whether once, twice, thrice, or four times a day, whether at daybreak or at midnight. That this course should be pursued without prejudice to health is, perhaps, due to my profound faith in the first Latin maxim ever given me to construe: *Fames condimentum est optimum.* "A good appetite" has, indeed, always been with me, and I have never doubted that it was "the best sauce." I have never spoiled it by making trial of tobacco or fire-water, or highly spiced dishes. I have not even tasted tea or coffee since I was a boy of fifteen. Otherwise I am omnivorous, and take with a relish, and with sure digestion, all sorts of eatables, — flesh, fish, fowl, vegetable, or fruit, — which are ever anywhere offered for human consumption, provided, of course, that they have not been doctored with pepper or other fiery sauces.

Perhaps the foregoing explains why I never feel the need of "going into training" for a tour. I am always "in training." I am always in condition to enjoy a day's ride of forty miles on a bicycle, even though I may not have mounted it for months. I sometimes have occasion to laugh on being told of people who mistake me for an invalid, on account of the lack of ruddy color in my face; for, in reality, I have been exceptionally lucky in avoiding all approach to serious illness since my early childhood. During a period of more than twenty years, ending with the last week of last summer, I never was confined to my bed by illness, I never swallowed any medicine, and I never asked advice of any physician. An attack of chills and fever (the penalty, doubtless, of my neglect of bicycling during the two months previous) then forced me for the first time to strike the flag to Fate, and enter his hospital for a week's dosing with quinine. Nevertheless, within three weeks afterwards, I started forth on my pleasant autumn tour of four hundred miles, and no reminder of my illness kept me company. Since then, however, I have noticed that the strain of holding the handle-bar for forty or fifty miles is sufficient to remind me of the weakness in my left elbow, caused by dislocating it

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on the occasion of my first mount in 1879, though in the three years which elapsed between that event and the attack of fever the existence of such weakness was never once suggested to me.

The statement of my habits and beliefs in regard to drinking while on the road has been reserved to the end, for the sake of emphasis. My practice is in direct defiance of the teachings of "that eminent London writer, Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., K.T.L.," in his "rules for health in tricycling," as reprinted from *Good Words* in THE WHEELMAN for January. My practice is in flat opposition to the solemn warnings of all the other eminent medicine-men, from A to Z, whose prolonged contemplation of the needs of the human body in its phases of disease has robbed them of the vision which enables the unsophisticated savage to clearly see its needs in a state of health. My practice is to drink freely, frequently, unstintedly! How else can a man, who sweats as copiously as I do, preserve his comfort, or rightly regulate his temperature? Fire-water always excepted, I eagerly imbibe almost every conceivable beverage that comes within reach. Water, ice-water, soda-water, mineral-water, lemonade, milk, chocolate, sarsaparilla, root-beer, lager, shandygaff, ale, porter, half-and-half, cider, and light wines, —all these "drinks" I swallow in great quantities when heated by riding, and I also delight in chopped ice, water-ices, ice-cream, melons, lemons, oranges, apples, and all sorts of juicy fruits. Solid food is of small consequence to me on a hot day's ride, but drink I must have and plenty of it. "Drink as little as possible"? Well, I *should* smile! Rather do I drink as much as possible, and thank Mother Nature betimes for the keen physical delight implied in the possession of so intense a healthy thirst simultaneously with the means of gratifying it healthily! Your little riding-rules may do well enough for babes and sucklings of the tricycle, Dr. Richardson; but don't you presume to thrust them upon a six-thousand-mile bicycler like *me!* How I wish that you, or some other abstemious Fellow (of the Royal Society, London), had tried to trundle a tricycle behind me for fifty miles through the blazing sands of Long Island on that historic "hottest day of seven years"! Perhaps then you would have adopted my theory that thirst, under such circumstances, is one of Nature's warning signals which it were dangerous to disregard. Perhaps, again, you would have preferred pertinaciously to die for your theory, even at the risk of being buried with Truth at the bottom of one of the numerous wells which I that day drank dry! I'm sorry to appear uncivil, but my rage at your repressive rules *must* be given vent, and so I finally break out into rhyme in this way: —

Just hear the roar, "Two-Thirty-Four,"
Of all these learnéd buffers,
Who say they think 'tis wrong to drink
When raging thirst one suffers!
But you and I know that's a lie,
And so I shout out gladly: —
"Drink all you can, my thirsty man,
Nor choke in saddle sadly!
Don't ever fear good lager-beer,
When there's no water handy;
Drink pints of ale, milk by the pail,
But never rum or brandy!
Drink half-and-half, or shandygaff,
Or lemonade, or cider;
Drink till your thirst is past its worst,
Then mount, a freshened rider!
Keep fairly cool (that is the rule);
Curse not, nor fume, nor worry;
(My 'fume' joke means tobacco smoke);
Nor take risks in a hurry;
Nor tear your shirt while on a spurt;
Nor clothes while in a snarl don;
Just make no fuss; just be like us—
'Two-Thirty-Four' and

Karl Kron."

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

Coasting.

I HEARTILY concur with all that Lieut. Williams says in his able and sensible article on the safety of bicycling, with one exception. I am one of the "nine-tenths of bicyclers in this country" that he admits practise and advise coasting, and fully desire that others should not be frightened by his radical and forcibly presented views from enjoying this most exhilarating and, with ordinary precautions, safe and restful mode of riding the bicycle on down grades. That I am not one of the "fresh wheelmen" he refers to, and that my experience may have due weight (for I write anonymously simply because I presume that, like the Atlantic Club, the names of the mem-

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bers of THE WHEELMAN'S Contributors' Club are not to be published), I would state that I have bicycled twice as many years as he has; have wheeled many thousands of miles more, and so carefully that never a scar told of a mishap; have covered more miles without a fall, and have coasted by him on many a hill, and never had a dismount when coasting. Yet, according to his claim, that the majority of good riders coast more the first year than the second and third, I must resign the position I thought I occupied in that majority, simply because I coasted the fourth season more than any previous one. I have seen many kinds of coasting. I have had a young pupil that coasted down a sharp hill during the first half-hour he ever mounted a bicycle, because, as he said, "I feel safer with my feet on top"; have seen those Eastern pioneer directors, Lamson and Fairfield, coast unfamiliar and rocky hills that other veterans walked down; have seen coasting — well, I might enumerate hundreds of other famous and sensible riders; have known our consul to safely coast over a good-sized dog; have seen long strings of tourists coasting by and around each other; have seen the dignified members of his own bearded club throw their sturdy legs over the handles, and, however exceptional, it is true I have yet to witness the first fall by a bicycler from a coasting attitude, and I recall many very severe accidents that a coasting position would have avoided. I freely admit that on steep and dangerous hills I have better control of the wheel with my feet on the pedals, and, of late, do not coast unknown or bad-looking hills; yet I claim that a bicycler, in coasting position, and his hand on a reliable and powerful brake, has sufficient control of his wheel, and is in a safer position in cases of collision, etc., on thousands of moderate descents, and should not be discouraged from enjoying this commendable part of the exercise. He claims that a skilled rider can keep his feet on the pedals and reach the bottom of a hill at the same time as one that is coasting can. Why, Cortis himself could not keep his feet on the pedals revolving at the rate mine often do when coasting. The last long coast I had in November was down a long, steep, yet safe hill, with a powerful wind at my back. I walked up the hill several times (I could not ride against such a wind) just for the exciting coast, and my blood tingles now at its memory; and it would take a thousand Williams, a dozen charming Mrs. Williams, and an enchanting Miss Williams, to make me "swear off" from trying it again. Many claim that, in case a hasty dismount is necessary, they can throw themselves from the coasting attitude and alight on their feet with perfect safety, and without that danger of entanglement by the handle and wheel and landing on their heads that one has with feet under the handles. Never in all my coasting having been required to make a rapid dismount, I can give no personal experience; yet I have practised the dismount at various rates of speed, and have also pressed a powerful brake suddenly and purposely when coasting, and, in all trials, have landed safely on my feet. Do not non-coasters, at times, on steep grades, loose their feet from the pedals, and would not "legs over" be a safer position in case a dismount is necessary than "legs under"?

Yes, fellow-wheelmen, Mr. Williams is altogether too radical when he states that "bicycling is absolutely safe, and coasting is never safe." On the contrary, there are plenty of smooth hills that can be coasted in safety with only ordinary precautions, and thousands of bicyclers will claim that on such hills it is the safer position. On long runs the coaster has decided advantages. It is a wonderful rest to change the position of the whole body, and especially to support the half-hundred pounds of limbs on the handle-bar. Our repairer says that not one-hundredth of the wheels brought to his shop for repairs are damaged by coasting accidents. To-day I coasted an icy hill just to reconvince myself of the perfect control an experienced coaster had over his wheel. This hill is well known to visitors; for who of them all, from the sandy East, the level prairies of the West, the mountainous North, and the sunny South, has not coasted it; and what incidents of their visits are more prominent, or more often referred to, than the rapid and safe coasts they enjoyed down its smooth surface? No, lieutenant, keep your feet on your pedals if you and yours desire, but don't sound so thrilling an alarm. Bicyclers, try these rules of an old, conservative wheelman: Don't coast on unfamiliar hills, by cross-streets where collisions may occur; or if you have promised your wife, your sister, or some other bicycler's sister, that you won't; but, if you have a good brake, a smooth, familiar hill, why, just put your feet up over the handles and enjoy the most exhilarating of all pleasures the bicycle affords.

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EDITORIAL.

The Wheelman.

VOLUME II.

THE WHEELMAN enters upon its second volume with a fair subscription list, a considerable sale of single copies in this country and in England, an able corps of contributors and correspondents, a definite literary and artistic policy, and a far-sighted, liberal, and energetic publishing company. THE WHEELMAN does not appeal for support to the fact that such a magazine will enhance the pleasures and advantages of bicycling; it bases its right to existence and support upon its merits, viewed as an entertaining and instructive literary bicycling monthly. It is the aim of the publishers to make the magazine so valuable and interesting, and of such a high character, that bicyclers, and those interested in bicycling and healthful pastimes generally, and all, in short, who enjoy good reading and fine engravings, will feel that it pays to take it.

Since THE WHEELMAN is not a venture for financial gain, but is purely designed to enhance the various interests of bicycling and tricycling; and, further, since the literature demanded for its pages is such that, for the most part, only wheelmen can furnish it, our contributors are enthusiastic and talented wheelmen, who take this way to promote their favorite sport. We may add that the assistance rendered THE WHEELMAN by these men was as essential to the success attained in Volume I., as was the capital invested in its publication; and, further, that the voluntary aid of those qualified to write for its pages is absolutely necessary to its success in the future. This aid has been promised to us. The bicyclers of the country are under deep obligations to the wheelmen who have done such good work for bicycling, by making possible the publication of such a magazine.

A company has been formed to publish THE WHEELMAN. This company has already spent several thousand dollars in the work of publication. It is prepared to spend one hundred thousand dollars, if necessary, in establishing THE WHEELMAN upon a self-supporting basis. The publishers believe that the best art obtainable in this country is none too good for THE WHEELMAN. They believe that bicycling and tricycling contain the elements of as good literature as is found in the leading magazines of the country; and they believe that this literature is worthy of the best dress that the highest skill of the printer is capable of producing; and, further, that such a magazine will get the support that is accorded to our best periodicals.

We believe that the present issue will compare favorably with our contemporaries, and that THE WHEELMAN ranks among the leading half-dozen illustrated monthly magazines. The magazine will be improved as experience suggests, and as our income enables us; and we think that THE WHEELMAN will attain to a degree of excellence in periodical literature that will be worthy of the sport it fosters.

It is expected that this edition of twenty thousand copies will reach every library and every important city in the United States and Canada. We would commend the magazine to the favorable notice of all who believe in encouraging the noblest and most healthful out-door recreation. We conclude by saying that THE WHEELMAN is not the result of ill-advised enthusiasm on behalf of bicycling, much less is it a tentative effort to see if such a journal can succeed. We believe THE WHEELMAN to be an assured success; we *know* it to be a permanent institution.

THE WHEELMAN has come to fulfil a certain mission and to secure a proper recognition and support, and we propose to see that it succeeds.

VOLUME I.

The first volume of THE WHEELMAN, neatly bound in cloth, forms a book of 480 pages. It contains as much reading-matter as six or eight average-sized books. It is, we believe, the finest collection of bicycling literature ever published. The supply is limited, and we believe that prudence alone would suggest an early order from those who failed to subscribe. We can think of no more melancholy experience than that caused by a bicycler contemplating his neatly bound volumes of THE WHEELMAN, when he has, say, forty volumes, and Volume I. *wanting*, and utterly unobtainable. Such an experience is a very possible one. To avoid it secure Volume I. *now*. We call attention to its contents in our advertising pages.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

We would call special attention to our premium list, which we believe to be as liberal as that of any journal in the country. To those who de-

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sire to avail themselves of our offer, we would say that THE WHEELMAN, although devoted to bicycling, is, in the strictest sense of the term, a literary magazine, and, as such, will command a general circulation, and will be read by many who have no interest in the bicycle. Any person of energy should be able, in almost any community, to secure enough subscribers to get a machine.

Sturmey's "English Notions are up."

I. HIS "COMMENT THEREON."—Mr. Henry Sturmey assures us his "English notions are up." If we had not suspected it before, it would be a revelation. To begin with, we exercised a right and a privilege, — the right to review a published book, and the privilege of complimenting its author, — under the title "An American Edition," in the January issue of THE WHEELMAN. We wrote in friendly spirit and courteous phrase, and, as we believe, truthfully. Duty required us to write truthfully. But, because our review was not without criticism, and our compliment was not without qualification, Mr. Sturmey becomes excited, and asks two pages and a half of our space (which we willingly accorded him in our last issue), for "refuting" our statements and exhibiting his rage. He might well have remembered the adage, "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," and preserved serenity of temper, as one of the prime virtues of an author or a critic. What? Cannot the great Sturmey, who has written so much (and usually with such scant praise) of others and of other publications than his own; who has posed as an editor, and criticised many, — yes, and us, too, — with the corroded pen of censure and injustice, — can he not bear criticism of the fairest, correction of the gentlest, without rushing to a "self-defence," in eighteen specifications, with italics and capitals and epithets? *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

We did not undertake to criticise the greater part of his book which relates to English matters, partly because we should be (as he now admits himself to be as to American matters), "very heavily handicapped by being so many thousand miles away," and partly because we have the becoming deference of believing that others may know as much as we about matters equally or better within their range of observation. We accorded him the credit of writing correctly of English makers and machines, and affairs, which, as he nicely phrases it, "I flatter myself that I know a little about." But the fact is, he wrote and published inaccurately of American matters; is vexed because we caught him at it and pointed it out, and now verifies our inference of bias, not to say malice, by the tenor of his "rather lengthy remarks"; for he not only shakes his fist in our face, but proceeds to insult us and our friends together. In proof of this we only ask our readers to read again our editorial and then Mr. Sturmey's letter, and, having done so, to judge for themselves. Indeed, we must ask Mr. Sturmey himself to read our "An American Edition" review again more calmly, for he will find in it answers to quite a number of the questions which he raises with so much profusion of emphasis.

We disclaim entirely any reference to him "as an Englishman, as if that were detrimental to my character." In the words of one of his countrymen, —

> "He is an Englishman,
> For he himself has said it,
> And it's greatly to his credit
> That he is an Englishman."

But even an Englishman may be mistaken, especially when "very heavily handicapped by being so many thousand miles away." We must also disclaim any "attack upon" two of his American advertisers, and decline to be drawn into any controversy with or about them. We have nothing but good to say of them, and have intimated no ill; and it will not help Mr. Sturmey's case to "assert an attack upon them." By the way, if, as he says, "mere assertion . . . is not proof," why does he adopt that method? Why does he depart from it only to ask us questions, if he knows already? Allow us to extend his phrase by adding that mere interrogation "is not proof" — never mind the italics and capitals; good English does not often need them. Schoolgirls and writers of poor style sometimes use them, but good prose can be emphatic enough without them.

We had been in Chicago, as well as elsewhere, and knew whereof we spoke when we alluded to two manufacturing concerns there dealing in thousands of bicycles a year, which he not only omitted, but wrote them out of existence; we know that one of them sold over one thousand bicycles in 1882, and the other over three thousand, — machines equal in number and in construction and quality to many described in Mr. Sturmey's book. But though "mere assertion to the contrary is not proof," he says: "I venture to assert that I am right, and you are wrong." Like an Englishman, he asserts; like

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an American, we calculate. We pointed out some facts, called attention to some needs, and made some suggestions, all of them readily admitting of verification by our American readers or already known to them. He denies, and demands proof; asserts the contrary, and defies us to disprove it. When he or any one else gives us the falsehood, we stand on the truthfulness of what we have said, and let the burden of proof to the contrary rest upon him who disputes us, where it belongs. But he has written with temper and without carefulness. In one paragraph he denies "that there are any makers in France, America, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, or Australia," excepting "one or two in Germany" and "a single one" in Australia; and in the next paragraph admits "three makers" in France, and is so lost in wonder what use it would be to describe their machines, because, forsooth, "a French-speaking population (to whom only it would be interesting) would not be able to understand a word of it," that he forgets the rest. He recovers from his real or assumed ignorance, however, sufficiently to ask us, triumphantly, if we can name them. Well, when we attempt to write "a complete cyclopædia on the subject," we will name them; we may not "compare" them "with even the Standard Columbia," but we will describe them impartially. We will let our readers have impartial descriptions of machines made in England, France, America, etc., with unprejudiced information as to the makers, and let them buy what machines they prefer or can get, without trying to manipulate the "shaping of the trade," so as to lead every one to "go in for an English wheel" particularly.

"My English notions are up," he says; and so they are when he writes of American machines, inventions, specialties, or of the business or other relations of bicycling here on this side the Atlantic. He showed it in his book, and now he shows it in his letter, — for instance, in what he insists upon saying in regard to "the great body of American bicyclists," whom he refers to as "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." This, he says, he has "on the authority of dozens of American gentlemen-riders," whom he elsewhere refers to as having talked or corresponded with. Now, that will cause smile enough, without our comment, amongst our readers, and especially amongst the members of clubs mounted almost entirely on American machines, and the old riders who, having ridden other makes, prefer these, and those who, on the road or the path, have made the "bests on record" on this side the Atlantic. As to the "dozens of American gentlemen-riders," we are aware of one or two dozen (out of a thousand dozen) who have been in England and called on Mr. Sturmey, or who have written him, and we have no doubt we should guess rightly eleven times in twelve if we named them, who hold opinions similar to those he betrays, and who, no doubt, have given him the idea that many others here agree with him. These are importers and their agents, and those who, having English mounts and relations with those who favor them, or who have personal reasons for disfavoring our American makes, are Anglophilists or Sturmeyites in all their notions. Whatever "English notions are up," theirs are a little upper. They show their patriotism by pulling down their own countrymen to exalt those of another, and their wisdom by blind discipleship. They cannot say that plum-pudding is good without denying that beef is wholesome. Our playful reference to the price of the "American Edition," for the amusement of some of these, is really taken as a serious charge by our correspondent, whose "English notions are up." We wouldn't expect his "American agents" to "work for nothing"; and we don't expect Mr. Sturmey to, either. He has explained in a preface that it is "those manufacturers who, by their support, have enabled me again to place the price at one shilling"; and when he offers his advice to "intending purchasers" of machines, either through his paper or by private letter, and advertises to do it, we don't expect that he does that "for nothing," or doubt that the "support" of "those manufacturers" has "enabled him" to do it.

Perhaps we have been led too far already into this reply to an inconsiderate letter, and space forbids our answering in detail the questions he demands that we shall "plainly answer." Some of them, as we have said, were answered in our editorial, which we invite him to read again, and the sources of information, as to most of the other points, are open to all who will take the trouble to find out.

But there are three larger matters of error in the letter under notice which have found some currency with others, and the truth concerning which is of general interest. To a little consideration of these we will devote what space remains for it, and to it we invite the candid attention of our esteemed English and American readers alike.

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II. "THE POPE COMPANY and THE WHEELMAN" are coupled together all through the letter above referred to, — a confusion which might be pardoned in one so "heavily handicapped" by distance, were less pretensions to infallibility assumed. No American needs to be told that The Pope Manufacturing Company and The Wheelman Company are two different and distinct concerns, doing business in different places and in different fields of work, managed by different persons, and with different objects in view. The Wheelman Company has nothing to do with owning or controlling patents, or making or selling machines; but it does own and control a magazine, and is devoted to the business of editing and publishing it, as a business venture, and as a work of honest journalism. The eighty pages of this magazine are devoted to literature, science, and art, and are conducted with especial reference to the pleasure and benefit of wheelmen everywhere, and the benefits which may justly accrue to the editors and publishers from excellence in its chosen field. Its advertising columns are open at regular rates to any responsible parties for legitimate advertising; and copies of the magazine are for sale, as merchandise, to anybody who will pay for them. The Pope Manufacturing Company buys some of our advertising space, and some of our copies, on the same terms as others; and that is the extent of the connection of the two companies.

Now, when Mr. Sturmey opens out with a reference to "the company who monopolize the wire-pulling of THE WHEELMAN," and couples us otherwise with "The Pope Company," he insults both us and them. Whatever English journals may have in that line, we have no wire-pulling amongst our appliances. We can receive, transmit, and direct currents of thought without wires of the kind implied in the slur, and the "pulling" we leave to others, — English makers, and the snapper-up of their circulars, perhaps. But it is not our object, as he says it is of his books, "to guide the intending purchaser in his choice" of machines. We do not offer our reader, as he does his (on page 268 of his "American Edition"), "to assist him somewhat in his selection" of a bicycle, either "through the columns of" our journal, or, "if he prefers," to "advise him by post," and then ape an impartiality we do not possess. It is not the "shaping of the trade" which leads us to give a "view of the trade and wheel," nor does the patronage of "those manufacturers" induce us to solicit opportunities for giving "impartial advice" to "go in for English machines," to the disparagement of all the rest. We accept consistent aid from all who will favor us, and we "speak straight, and fear no man," in the elegant phrase of our correspondent, "and will do so here." Whether Mr. Sturmey has paid "unappreciated deference to The Pope Company," or "the corporation behind THE WHEELMAN" (as he chooses to put it) "refused" anything, as he alleges, we do not know; but, as we have given currency to misrepresentation of them by admitting his letter to our columns, we will do them the simple justice of a slight correction.

III. "POPE MONOPOLY"! How like a nightmare that haunts our distant friend! It flows from his pen as freely as if he had been controversial contributor to a certain American publication during a piqued and mistaken period in its conducting. Very possibly the term has reached his eyes or ears through some of his "dozens of American gentlemen riders," he thus being misled, either as to the prevailing sentiment here (which he would seek to please by slurring "the monopoly"), or else as to the facts concerning which, though "handicapped," etc., "I venture to assert that I am right, and you are wrong."

In his "American Edition" (which we might have described as nineteen-twentieths English, and the other twentieth anti-American, but didn't) he says our "manufacture is still held in check by monopoly, — there being still but one firm in the States who actually make" — (about as accurate as his saying that "France progresses but slowly"), and then, on a later page, repeats the statement, and that this has led to the "shutting up of all competition in actual manufacture, and the granting of only a few licenses to import," and that it has had the effect to "check the inventive spirit," and so on, "so that our cousins over the water have but little to call their own," and suggests the "wonder that no English firm has not attempted to break the monopoly"; he proceeds, too, to "speak mainly from hearsay," in several disparaging ways, of the machines made by this "monopoly"; assures us that "English-made machines are spoken of by all the leading riders as their favorite mounts," and refers to the importers as "either lucky or wily enough to obtain" licenses. Now he exclaims that he is attacking only "the principle of monopoly," and that "the monopolists are necessarily referred to"; that royalties are paid, "and if this is not monopoly, what is"?

If Mr. Sturmey will look in a good dictionary he will find his question answered; it is "the

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sole power of dealing with a country or market, obtained either by engrossing (cornering) the articles in market by purchase, or by a license from government; sole permission and power to deal; exclusive command or possession." For example, Mr. Sturmey's "American agents" have a monopoly, — a sole power of dealing with this country in his books and newspaper; they have sole permission, exclusive command, of the American market, as we understand, by purchase. Before this monopoly was obtained any person or firm in the country could deal in these articles, obtaining them direct from the producers. This is an illustration, in a small way, of "what is" monopoly. The immediate effect of it was, we believe, the putting up of the price of the books a few cents a copy. Mr. Sturmey does not "attack the principle of monopoly," in this instance, nor, we may add, do we.

Or, if he will look into the law and history of monopolies, he will find his answer. In defining them and distinguishing them from patents for invention, a learned jurist has written: "In those grants of the Crown, the subject-matter of the exclusive privilege was quite as often a commodity of which the public were and long had been in possession," and by them "the public were robbed of something already belonging to them, viz., the right to make or deal in a particular commodity, — for the benefit of the favored grantee of the Crown." Now, Mr. Sturmey would know, were he correctly informed upon American affairs, that The Pope Manufacturing Company neither has nor exercises any of the essential requisites of a monopoly. It has not "the sole power of dealing with a country or market by purchase, or by a license from government," or "sole permission and power to deal," or "exclusive command or possession"; nor has "the public" been "robbed of something already belonging to them, viz., the right to make or deal in a particular commodity, — for the benefit of" that company. When it had begun to make and deal in velocipedes, there were two other American dealers in imported ones, and now there are a half-dozen or more direct importers, and many other dealers in them; there were then four or five other makers of little ones, and now there are nine or ten other makers of larger ones, and more of smaller ones, and some four hundred dealers. To parody our esteemed questioner, if that is monopoly, what isn't? These are "the monopolists" which "are necessarily referred to." They "don't work for nothing," any more than "my American agents" do; but they appear to have built up a large business, so far as we can learn, by good business methods, and, in doing so, they have helped others as well as themselves. They have, moreover, succeeded by fair dealing. We never knew of anybody lifting himself far up by trying to pull others down.

By the way, it makes us smile to read Mr. Sturmey's last thrust at them, thus: "I may add, too, that in intrusting its management to them [his American agents], 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." That is truly touching. The Pope Manufacturing Co. bought quite a number of copies of Sturmey's "Handbook," three or four years ago, and paid for them. They might have put them on their shelves, and then disposed of them for waste-paper. Instead of that, they took off the paper-covers and advertising fly-leaves, had them well bound, and sold a few copies and put the rest where they would do good by gratuitous distribution. They did not injure the book, but put it in better dress than it ever had at home; they helped more than any one else to make Mr. Sturmey and his book and his English machines known in this country; they did not withhold anything from the American public, for the title-page and the body of the book contained all the names, descriptions, and addresses there ever were about it; and when they had the words, "Issued by the Pope Manufacturing Co." lettered on the covers, they only marked the book with a fact. But now let us see what we and Mr. Sturmey "can be certain" of. The book before us shows precisely the things he complains of; here it is, for American circulation, with English advertisements detached (see the words "See advertisement," frequently inserted in the descriptions in the body of the book, when no corresponding advertisements appear, and also the omission of pages 257–266, etc.), the book put in different covers (paper ones this time) and sold as issued by (bearing the imprint of) an American concern. Dear! dear! And in this, as well as in attacking "the principle of monopoly," we suppose, "I am only calling a spade a spade."

IV. American Patents. As to American patents, "my English notions are up against the way they are handled. Besides, some — not all — of our English patents will stand," he says in his letter. In his "American Edition" he says, "This company holds patents upon almost every part of the modern bicycle, of more or less sound-

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ness," under which they "exact a royalty of $10," etc.; and, as "our cousins over the water have but little to call their own," it has been suggested to "break the monopoly by fighting the patent, as most authorities in England seem pretty much of one mind on the subject," etc. We have heard similar talk from a few ill-advised youth and one or two ill-informed men in this country; and we have also seen worse slurs in one of our contemporary weekly publications on the same subject. Now we will say a few words on these patents and "the way they are handled."

In the first place, a patent for an invention isn't a monopoly, and the handling of it isn't necessarily so, any more than is a copyright or the handling of it. By them the public is not "robbed of" anything it had possession of before. New ideas worked out into written words or machines are property, and are not rightly to be appropriated by others than the inventor or author except by his consent, by purchase. A patent for an invention is evidence of a contract between the government and the patentee and his assigns, in which the patentee discloses his invention to the public and shows how to put it into practical use, in consideration that, for a limited term, he shall control its use and derive, if he can, his reward for making it through profits or royalties; after that the public has it entirely; but during that term it is his and protected to him. This is the law both in England and in America. But there is one difference between the patents of the two countries which makes an American patent evidence of something more than the filing of a drawing and a description and the payment of a fee, namely, evidence that the patented invention is new and original, and that the claim to it is valid. This difference arises from the fact that patents are here the subject of judicial investigation before they are granted. Competent expert examiners consider every application for a patent, compare the specified invention with others, consult not only previous American but also foreign patents and publications, and either allow or reject it as its claim is found to be sound or not. Of course patents are afterwards found to be invalid sometimes by the courts; but the number of such is comparatively small; and so, though almost every valuable patent is assailed by somebody, American patents are held, in and out of court, to be valid until they are clearly proved not to be. Many claims are rejected in the Patent Office, few in the courts. The patents in the hands of American inventors, or of their assignees (for instance, a careful business firm or corporation), are as much *prima facie* sound and entitled to respect as the title-deeds of real estate in the hands of American householders or their mortgagees, the savings-banks or loan and trust companies; because they were obtained with equal or greater solemnity and carefulness, and because they have equally been the subject of repeated examination by experts. Mr. Sturmey's fling that "besides, some — not all — of our English patents will stand," may be a plain and fair statement at home; but for its intended application here it is an ignorant, or else a foolish, innuendo. The Pope Manufacturing Company own, by assignment from inventors, quite a number of patents relating to velocipedes and improvements on them, some of which have been put in suit, and none of which have been proved invalid; and some of the inventions have proved so valuable as to be deemed essential in any good bicycle or tricycle. We do not slander our neighbor's title to his book or to his house or shop or merchandise; nor will we any quicker or less carefully slander his title to his machine or his patented improvement.

We do not think that Mr. Sturmey would slander American patent titles were he not "so many thousand miles away," and of so strong a tendency to "assert that I am right and you are wrong," unless, indeed, he should do it from his pessimistic view of everything relating to "the trade and wheel" in "the States." As a specimen of this, he alleges that we are "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." Well, it was making rather "a square stir" in 1881, perhaps; but, prior to the earlier date, it was well enough known for clubs to be formed here before the Pickwick was, for a paper to be published and a considerable book about it, prior to anything of the sort in England, and for many of the best inventions to be made, and for both French and English bicycles to be exhibited and ridden here, and for all the English patents to be examined here, and for valuable American inventions to be patented in England, — prior to 1878.

As to "the way they are handled," against which our valued correspondent's "notions are up," let us see: Some of these patents The Pope Manufacturing Company bought because they had used (before notice) the inventions covered, and part because they wanted to use them, and part because the owners wanted to sell them; it has invested capital in them, and made business

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ventures and business agreements with others on the strength of them. Under one or two of them a prior owner collected twenty-five dollars a machine, and claims were made against this company, and pressed by suit against another, for ten dollars; under others different sums were claimed and collected; these sums, amounting in all, as pressed since 1877, to nearly thirty dollars a machine. This company purchased these patents, made an aggregate royalty of ten dollars, or, in other words, have reduced the royalties more than fifty per cent., protected others from the annoyance of many owners and claims, relieved them of purchasing patents for sums beyond their means for the purpose, licensed those in the trade in 1878, and others from time to time, and given earlier licensees the benefit of subsequently acquired patents. The company has cleared a road for itself, and allowed and encouraged others to use it, while it has obstructed no road that was open before, or that has been opened since without trespass on its property; and whatever it has done or acquired has been in the open market, where others have had the same opportunities. If it requires others to pay royalty for using its property, we shall neither censure nor defend it, for good law and good morals alike sustain it.

We object to ours being described as a monopoly-ridden country, as to bicycles or anything else. We object to the indiscriminate disparagement of American patents, machines, makers, dealers, and riders, and of their knowledge about bicycles. Even when his "English notions are up" and he is "calling a spade a spade," he should first be sure it is a spade and not something else he is talking about. He might even learn to treat American editors with some respect, and give them credit for knowing something about matters in their own country. He could receive their suggestions, when offered, in a friendly way.

Mr. Sturmey is a very clever school-master, we believe; but we have seen nowhere any indication that he is a practical mechanic, or an expert in theoretical or applied mechanics, or in patents or patented inventions; and his knowledge of American matters is, moreover, by his own confession, derived "mainly from hearsay"; so that if he has not the wisdom to write cautiously of American manufacture and trade and patents, and "the way they are handled," his readers here will probably make due allowance, as we do, when he disparages them, especially when his "English notions are up." The large majority of them will probably continue to be satisfied, as we are, with the patents and "the way they are handled," while this handling continues to "hold the manufacture in check" by increasing the number of manufactories, the building up of a large industry in this country, the improvement of American machines, and the furnishing of them at lower prices, — while it continues to "hold the trade in America in check" by increasing the number of dealers, extending the demand for their goods, and promoting the importation of a larger variety of the best foreign makes, without increasing the cost of machines to the riders, or impairing the profits of the dealers, and without dissipating the trade into irresponsible and unreliable hands, — while it continues to "check the inventive spirit" by purchasing and paying for inventions, and creating or extending a market for them and a field for their use, and thus making them profitable to inventors and their assignees alike, as well as stimulating an increase in the number of them, — while it produces machines, "which, being entirely of American manufacture, have, of course, some little differences," and of which one new style of roadster became enough "their favorite mounts" to be sold in greater number during its first year than all the different makes of English ones, though the latter were, with one exception, of lower price, — and while, though "our cousins over the water have but little to call their own" (as he says), it gives us more specialties and accessories than even Mr. Sturmey can keep the run of, and extends the market for his excellent book with "a trade to shape."

When he asks us "what would have been the use of . . . an American edition if there had been no trade to shape," we promptly give it up. We are at a total loss to know, — appalled at the question, dazed. Nor can we see any more clearly of what use to the American public this particular "American edition" is anyway, except to illustrate the enterprise of "my American agents" and the "English notions" of the editor. "The additional American matter" is meagre, partial, and unreliable, and the scant information it may furnish to some is better accessible otherwise. What remains in it of the English edition, about ninety-five per cent. of it, is of value as an English book; and we again commend it to our readers, as we did before, as probably good authority on English wheels, — though we have less confidence of that since reading Mr. Sturmey's letter, — with a pinch of salt for the "additional American matter," and the "up" ness of his "English notions." We

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wrote more tenderly before; but our "character for fairness and straight writing" having been impugned in so "up" a way, we have felt compelled to elucidate more plainly, but in friendly spirit, our own position and his "notions."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Jottings at the Stanley Show.

THE Albert Hall, London, is a circular building, constructed after the style of a Roman amphitheatre; but we guess that if the shade of one of the early theatre-goers — Julius Cæsar, for instance — had taken a look in at the modern colosseum while the Stanley Show was on, he would have been mightily astonished at the sight that met his classical gaze. Imagination can scarcely picture what he would have thought of the grand show of nickel-plated, skeleton-spoked wheels, the bells, the bugles, the ball-bearings, and the "busses," — as they call the chariot of the present day.

No matter what Julius Cæsar's impressions may have been, the 'cycling Londoners were greatly pleased with the fine exhibition of inventive genius which had once more been prepared for them. All the wheely millionnaires made a firm resolve to write checks for the newest, best, and lightest machine that money could buy, and all the impecunious youths did great things in mental arithmetic, calculating how many prospective months' salary it would take to buy a shining steed; the careful young man, with the "fever" just on him, went home laden with a huge pile of hand-bills, price-lists, circulars, and testimonials, which he would carefully read and digest, and then find himself no wiser than before; for, of course, the machines described are all the "best, the lightest, and the cheapest in the market."

The show must really be pronounced the best thing of the kind we have had, and it is expected that the Stanley Club will find it a big financial success. The number of exhibits was very great, Coventry having, of course, the largest number of representatives. One very significant fact was, that the tricycles outnumbered the two-wheelers, and it looks very much as if the bicycle will have very shortly to give way to the broad-gauge machine; some of the biggest makers, who have hitherto devoted all their attention to the bicycle, now push that delightful but dangerous machine into the background, and devote all their energies to its safer *confrère;* and what a number of tricycular monstrosities, with crackjaw names, were there! What with the patent gearings, brakes, seats, wheels, and tyres, one got rather dizzy by the time he had threaded his way round about the "great gasometer."

Of course the press was fully represented, — Mr. Sturmey, with his mustaches, his specs, and his note-book, was "all there," making copy for the "pushing penn'orth." Lacy Hillier — looking a little more responsible now he is a steady-going old editor — took copious notes for the *Tricyclist*. Reporters and penny-a-liners *galore* went round the stalls, and wrung information and particulars from the manufacturers, and had quite a gay old time of it rushing up and down the elevator.

A very representative gathering of English wheelmen was brought together. The B.U. legislators, obscure clubmen, long-distance tourists, butterfly-riders, racing amateurs and racing professionals, town riders, country riders, "mashers" and old fogies, — all went round and criticised and gossiped to their hearts' content. Our abominable climate will explain the absence of men in uniform, although the hall is surrounded by some miles of wood pavement.

A good many old manufacturers have passed away out of the trade, but their places were filled by new men with new machines. Several makers of good low-priced machines were absent. The large Coventry firms, on the other hand, appeared to be still going ahead; in fact, some have been enlarging their work. As the large people have always charged a high figure, it looks as if machines are not going to be reduced in price, as was once hoped; but men are beginning to see that the expensive article is really the best, if only for its durability.

With regard to machines for the American market, one or two firms show such a specialty; but the only difference appears to be that they are slightly heavier than the English make. It would be a good thing if we could, next year, have the opportunity of inspecting the kind of article made on the other side of the pond. Perhaps we shall one of these days have to *compete* with American manufacturers, — who knows? Lightness seems to be the fashion here now; but when some one combines that quality with more

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durability, we fancy he will meet with some good business.

Some fine things in racing tricycles were exhibited, and it is expected that some great deeds will be done on the path in this new branch of the sport. It is doubtful whether we shall do much on the road this year, unless the elements become a little more propitious. As it is now, the most likely 'cycle for future use appears to be the *water* velocipede.

WHEEL NEWS.

Reception of the Citizens.

BICYCLING would have accomplished a worthy mission in this world even if nothing more had been achieved than the bringing together of the Citizens' Bicycle Club, of New York; for a more genial and courteous company of gentlemen have seldom united for mental, physical, and moral improvement.

A marked illustration of what they can do for the happiness of others occurred on Saturday evening, February 3d, at the opening of their new club-rooms, at No. 2 East 60th street.

The programme, which had been somewhat hastily arranged for the entertainment of the guests, consisted of solos, duets, quartets, recitations, and legerdemain, and was so thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end that the highly-delighted audience kept the ball rolling with *encores* until nearly midnight. An excellently brewed punch, with its numerous accessories, wound up the affair most creditably.

The new club-rooms are decidedly luxurious; elegantly furnished, yet with an air of cosey comfort, which makes them delightful as a place of resort for members and privileged friends. The parlor is divided by rich *portières*, behind which some thirty or forty bicycles are half concealed. Behind these a smaller apartment, tastily furnished, is fitted up with the private lockers of the members.

The handsome "Upright," the pictures, the papering, the carpets, are all in keeping with the general tone of the place, and the cordial welcome of the members will make No. 2 East 60th street a never-ending source of sociable and friendly intercourse.

Captain Beckwith, though he looms up so alarmingly, is really of the "earth earthy," and the warm grasp of his hand, as he sends down a welcoming smile from his six feet four of altitude, convinces beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is glad to see you. Oliver, with Puck-like sprightliness, is here, there, and everywhere at once, and wherever there is need of an impetus of any kind, he is sure to "bob up serenely" and supply it.

A long life and a merry one to the "Citizens."

The Chicago Races.

AT the bicycle tournament, held in the Exposition Building, on Thursday afternoon and evening, February 22d, many exciting and interesting contests were witnessed. R. W. Crawford won the ¼-mile dash, beating G. L. Harvey, in 45½ seconds. J. R. W. Sargent won the 3-mile handicap, over six starters, in 10 minutes and 32 seconds. Charles H. Jenkins, of Louisville, Ky., was the victor in the ½-mile dash, against two competitors, in 1.32¼ seconds. The principal event of the afternoon was the 5-mile contest between Jenkins and Crawford, which was won by the former in 17 minutes and 41¼ seconds. The 1-mile race, the first event of the day, was won by S. Sturgis, in two straight heats, over Valentine and Franke. The evening was begun with a 2-mile heat race, in which there were three entries. A 2-mile handicap had four starters. Mehring won by 12 yards in 7.04. A professional race for a silk hat, between T. W. Eck and T. B. Botevyle, came next, and was won by the former; time, 3.36. In the 2-mile race Jenkins took the lead, and won the heat by 10 lengths, and the race. The 10-mile dash, the great event of the tournament, and the closing one, was called, and Crawford and Jenkins again met. It was so close at the finish that even the judges were undecided what to announce. After much talk a vote was taken by the judges, and a dead heat was the verdict. This being settled, Mayor Harrison stepped forward and presented each winner with a gold medal, all of different design, and of fine workmanship. The judges were: Horace Beddo, Louisville; H. C. Crawford, Jr., and J. O. Blake, Chicago; time-keepers, John M. Shaw, T. B. Botevyle; handicappers, F. E. Yates, W. R. Crawford; referee, F. E. Yates. — *Indicator*.

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THE races held at the Institute Fair Building, on the afternoon of February 22d, were even better attended than usual, owing, probably, to the fact that it was a holiday, and not too cold. The five-mile professional race, between Young and Wilson, for a purse of $50, had attracted a good many, but failed to prove interesting, Young taking the lead at the start, and gaining steadily, came in a lap ahead, in 6.31. The walking-match was decidedly uninteresting, as was the race for the championship of the Bay State Club. Considerable interest was aroused in the second heat of the one-mile amateur race. When about half-way around on the last lap, Sabin spurted ahead of Burnham at least twenty feet, Burnham responded with strenuous efforts, and passed the stand only a few inches in advance. Morris won the two-mile amateur race for those who had never won a prize; Neilson, who came in first, being protested, on account of being a professional. The most interesting event of the day was Prince's ride against time. For the first few laps he fairly flew around the track; but slowed up a little before the end of the first mile, which he made in 2.59. The second mile was somewhat slower, 3.12½. Total for two miles was 6.11½, thus beating both the professional and amateur records; best professional record being 6.26, made by Lewis T. Frye; best amateur record, 6.14, made by Frank Moore.

THE following letter explains itself: —

PORTSMOUTH, N.H., Feb. 24, 1883.

To the Members of the League of N.H. Wheelmen: —

GENTLEMEN, — Owing to a new business engagement that will occupy the time I have devoted to the interest of our State Division, I am under the necessity of withdrawing my name as a candidate for reëlection to the office of Chief Consul. I would recommend, as my successor, Capt. C. H. Wilkins, of the Manchester Bicycle Club and Secretary of the N.H. League, whom I, and a large number of Leaguemen with whom I have corresponded, believe is best fitted to hold the New Hampshire Division in the front rank. The blank ballots will be sent you the first week in March. With my best wishes for the success of the L.A.W., which it has been my pleasure to serve as Director and Chief Consul since its formation in 1880, and for the progress and success of which I shall continue to contribute in every way as my time allows,

I remain fraternally yours,

C. A. HAZLETT,
Chief Consul L.A.W. for N.H.

THE fifth annual dinner of the Boston Bicycle Club was partaken of at Young's Hotel, Saturday evening, February 3d, by about one hundred members and friends. About 7 o'clock the company sat down to the tables. After a very fine banquet was disposed of, President Pratt made a brief but pleasing address, expressing the goodwill of the club towards its guests, and congratulating the club upon its success.

Mayor Palmer made a very enthusiastic speech, comparing bicycling to the games of ancient Greece. Witty and taking speeches were made by Mr. A. G. Carpenter, of Providence; John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston; Dr. F. A. Harris, and Vice-President Parsons. Mr. Fred S. Pratt gave sensible advice. About midnight the members and guests withdrew. The supper was, in all respects, a pleasing entertainment and a splendid success.

THE Columbia tricycle, soon to be put on the market, has two 50-in. driving-wheels and one 18-in. front steerer; ⅛ and ⅜ tires; 60 and 18 double-bolted spokes; double-driving compensating gear, with crank-shaft and chain; adjustable handles, adjustable ball-pedals, and adjustable ball-bearings to crank-shaft, main axle, and small wheel, making improved adjustable ball-bearings all around, with one hundred and ten steel balls. Width over all, thirty-eight inches; width of track, thirty-one inches; width of tread between centres of pedals, 3½ inches. Cradle spring on an L seat-rod, for adjustment, vertically and horizontally. Long-distance saddle. New powerful friction-disc brake that will stop it easily on any incline, at any speed. It is geared down to 46½ inches. Finish: black enamel, with fine gold striping and nickeled tips.

THE fourth annual banquet of the Massachusetts Club was held at the Hotel Vendome, Tuesday evening, February 13. The new president, Mr. H. W. Williams, occupied the chair during the first part of the banquet, but, being compelled by business engagements to withdraw, he called upon ex-President Parsons to conduct the festivities.

There was a large number of prominent wheelmen among the invited guests, many of whom responded to calls for speeches with appropriate remarks. A double quartet, led by C. W. Reed, club bugler, furnished excellent singing, which added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

THE Capital Bicycle Club celebrated Washington's birthday by a very pleasant run in the

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morning about the city, in which over thirty members participated. Platoons of eight and sixteen wheels were successfully formed, the lines being sustained admirably. The evening was devoted to an "old-time" celebration at the club headquarters, every member contributing something in the eating line; while the *spirit* of "ye olden time" was fully kept alive by an abundance of sweet cider.

THE following is the riding record of the Massachusetts Club for 1882. Records of sixty-seven members have been kept. Longest distance covered by any single member, 6,000 miles, by Mr. E. R. Drew; shortest distance, 40 miles, but by whom is not said. Total distance covered by the sixty-seven members, 64,550 miles. Average for each member, 963. Five made 3,000 miles or more each, aggregating 21,705; twenty-five made 1,000 miles or more each, aggregating 46,743 miles.

THE third annual dinner of the Buckeye Club, of Columbus, O., took place at the residence of President W. H. Miller, and passed off in a most pleasant manner. We acknowledge the receipt of one of the souvenirs presented to the guests of the evening.

T. K. LONGSTRETH, first vice-president of the L.A.W., an active member of the Philadelphia Club, an accomplished wheelman, died in Philadelphia, on Saturday, March 3.

MR. WILLIAM E. GILMAN retired from the editorship of the *World* with the issue of February 23. He is succeeded by Mr. J. S. Dean, who has often contributed to its editorial columns heretofore.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Short History of French Literature.[1]

AN excellent preface gives us a clear view of the plan of this book and a hint of the points in which it differs from other histories of French literature in our language.

English readers will hardly consent to accept and be guided by Frenchmen's opinions of their own writers. Our colder foreign judgment and purer Anglo-Saxon taste would be exposed to many a rude shock were we to take them at their own estimate, and hope to find our own ideals of beauty and excellence realized in them. But it is now a long time since any English student, having made a careful and intelligent survey of that territory which is more or less strange to the majority of us, has brought us back a well-proportioned map of its general historical outline and a truthful and minute description of its literary features. Our histories of French literature are made up in greater part of material that is hereditary and criticism that is traditional. But in this respect Mr. Saintsbury's book differs essentially from the others. He has an accurate acquaintance with the works he describes. With wonderful industry he has read, appreciated, and estimated with charming good taste and vigor an almost inestimable amount of literature. His work, although comprised in a single volume of less than six hundred pages, for completeness and copiousness compares very favorably with more bulky histories. We miss no desired fact or expression of opinion from it, but often wish the literary comment could have been more extended. Such dissertation would, however, be contrary to the plan and out of proportion with the scope of this work. As it stands, we have an accurate, comprehensive history of French literature, and a series of reliable, original judgments on matters commonly far too carelessly considered.

The book will be found a useful one for many purposes. Students wishing to follow up the subject will find in it excellent working outline and a full list of authorities, especially in the department of mediæval literature. Those who come to it for direction in the reading of leisure hours will find its indications trustworthy, and the book itself a charming one to read. Indeed, its fresh and animated style is as pleasing as its store of information is valuable.

[1] A Short History of French Literature. By George Saintsbury. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

Morris' Kant.[1]

THE revival of pure philosophy has no better index than the recent issues from the press devoted to Kant. Across the water, Prof. Watson has written on Kant and his critics. As the title indicates, this work treats of those portions of Kant's philosophy which have been more particularly assailed by English writers. Mr. Morris has written from a somewhat different stand-point. His is a "critical exposition." He disregards, as far as special mention is concerned, all that has been written *pro* and *con* about Kant, and, taking up the text of the philosopher, discusses the Critique of Pure Reason in a most lucid manner. Clearness in manner of treatment is characteristic of this work. This lucidity is secured both by the choice of words and the arrangements of sentences. The series of works, of which this is the initial number, takes up German philosophy from Kant to Hegel. Each vol-

[1] Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. A critical exposition. By George S. Morris, Ph. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1882.

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ume discusses some one masterpiece belonging to the history of German philosophy. Kant's position is transitional. He is somewhat fettered by the modes of thought of his contemporaries and predecessors. He, at the same time, developes principles that have become an integral part of modern philosophy. On account of the transitional character of the form of Kant's philosophy his writings are difficult to read, and have caused much discussion and difference of opinion.

Prof. Morris has succeeded in writing a veritable key to Kant. The very expressions of the Critique of Pure Reason are translated, as it were, into modern philosophical language, and made clear to the general reader. Whether viewed as an interpretation, or exposition, or summary of Kant, this book is satisfactory.

Canoe and Camera.[1]

ONE of the neatest and most interesting books we have read for a long time is "Canoe and Camera," by Thomas Sedgwick Steele. In this little volume the author describes a canoe tour through the wilds of Northern Maine, especially that portion but little known, the east branch of the Penobscot.

He was accompanied by a friend, whom he dubbed "The Quartermaster," a photographer, and three guides. Most of the fine illustrations were made from photographs taken on the spot, and hence are true to life.

Mr. Steele is one of nature's noblemen. He is so thoroughly in love with his subject, and so enthusiastic, that he who does not become interested must be cold and unappreciative of the charms of canoeing indeed.

Sometimes the way was beset with dangers in the shape of rapids or waterfalls, and, again, they were compelled to resort to a "carry." But all this the true sportsman accepts as a foreseen evil, or, rather, a factor in the sport, indispensable to its enjoyment.

The book is accompanied by two maps, one of them 20 X 30 inches, prepared expressly for this work by the author, which show many important points not described in any previous maps of these regions. The larger map is encased in a pocket attached to the inside back cover, and can be used separately.

Those who cannot make the trip can enjoy it through the means of this finely-illustrated little volume, and those who contemplate making the trip will do well to read it before starting.

Leading Men of Japan.[2]

JAPAN affords a fine field for the historian and biographer. The recent revolution which resulted in the overthrow of the duarchy, the Mikado and shot-gun, and wrought great internal changes in the social and political relations of the empire, is but little understood by the general reader. Mr. Lanman enters this field as a biographer. Writing at this distance from Japan, the biographies are necessarily short, and, in some respects, unsatisfactory. The latter part of the book describes the empire of Japan, the outlying islands, and other matters of interest, and gives a general bibliography of the subject. Mr. Lanman's work is, we believe, the first of its kind. It brings Japan nearer to us to become acquainted with the men who are directing her national policy and her social customs. There are fifty-eight notices, ranging from a half page to twenty-page notices. The book contains four hundred and twenty-one pages, is well printed, and elegantly bound.

Paddle and Portage.[1]

NO more delightful vacation tour can be imagined than a trip of four hundred miles in a birch canoe through the very heart of Maine to New Brunswick. To learn of the pleasures (and discomforts) of such a tour one has but to read this little book and look over its many striking illustrations. The narrative opens up to the reader a region hitherto unknown to sportsmen, but rich in scenery, game, and fish. Mr. Steele writes in a natural, charming manner, and with the enthusiasm of a lover of out-door sports.

James' Siege of London, Etc.[2]

"THE Siege of London" now first appears in America, simultaneously with its publication in London, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, where it gives to the deeply interested Englishmen a sociological Battle of Dorking. The story begins at the Comédie Française, where meet the four chief characters, — the bored American, who has exhausted the resources of the two hemispheres; the ingenious and youthful New Yorker, recently arrived abroad, and still full of interest and appreciation; the reserved and imperturbable young English baronet; and the fascinating and much-widowed New Mexican lady, Mrs. Headway, of dubious antecedents and laudable ambitions. The story in which these characters move is full of the unfailing brilliancy and clever insight which have made Henry James famous as the most skilful analyst of Anglo-American society.

"The Pension Beaurepas," which follows "The Siege of London," in this volume, is another close study of America in Europe. The last story in the book, "The Point of View," is a continuation and sequel of "The Pension Beaurepas," and details, with exquisite cleverness and brightness, the adventures and impressions of several American men and

[1] Canoe and Camera. A two-hundred-mile tour through the Maine forests. By T. Sedgwick Steele. With sixty illustrations, and a New Map of the canoe tours of the State. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1882.

[2] Leading Men of Japan. By Charles Lanman. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1883.

[1] Paddle and Portage, from Moosehead Lake to the Aroostook River, Maine. By Thomas Sedgwick Steele, author of "Canoe and Camera," "Maps of Maine," etc. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1882.

[2] The Siege of London, etc. By Henry James, Jr. 1 vol. 12mo. $1.50. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

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women who have lived abroad long enough to become denationalized, and then return to the Republic, to find it "very hard, very cold, very vacant"; and also the impressions of several foreigners who visit America on the same steamer.

Times of Gustaf Adolf.[1]

THIS historical romance forms the "First Cycle" of a series called by the collective title of "The Surgeon's Stories," all of which relate to Swedish history. The author is Zachris Topelius, Professor of History in the University of Åbo, Finland, and is one of the foremost writers in Swedish and Finnish literature. "The Surgeon's Stories," since the publication of the "First Cycle," in 1855, have been extensively read through Sweden and Finland. They have been circulated in Denmark and Germany, and now for the first time appear in America. The series form a continuous thread of history, from the reign of the great Gustavus Adolphus, through that of Gustavus III., upon which thread are strung a number of romances.

In the "Times of Gustaf Adolf" the historical pictures are vividly brought out. Opening with a stirring description of the battle of Breitenfeld, in Leipzig, the career of the great Swede is followed in its victorious course till his death at Lützen. Though this work can hardly be called a brilliant historical romance, still it is faithful in its historical descriptions and interesting in plot.

Frontier Army Sketches.[2]

"FRONTIER Army Sketches" is the title of a little volume by James W. Steele. One would not judge from the title that the subject was one on which very much that was interesting could be written. And yet you have but to open the book at the introductory chapter, on Jinks, to be attracted to it at once. There is something fascinating in Mr. Steele's style. It is hardly that of Bret Harte, as some one has said. It is not so dramatic, perhaps not so powerful; indeed, we fancy there is little similarity, except that of subject-matter. It is plainer and simpler, without any attempt at elaboration. Mr. Steele has told, in an unaffected, straightforward way, incidents of frontier army life as he remembered them years before. Perhaps the very simplicity of the style adds beauty and grandeur to the tales. Certain it is that some of them cause one to feel a-tugging at the heart-strings, and linger in the chambers of memory long after they have been read. Many of them contain in epitome the story of a lifetime of suffering, and waiting, and reward.

With most of the characters we are already acquainted through the writings of Bret Harte and others. But there is one new character. Not new, because never before heard of, but because heard of now for the first time in a true light. Jinks is certainly a study, and he has some points in his character which we civilians might do well to study and imitate.

The study of Jinks' character is an interesting one. He is different from other men, his isolated condition, his position, and his duties tend to make him so. And yet he is like other men, the inherited customs, associations, and grooves of thought of centuries cannot be overturned nor cast aside in one short lifetime.

Barrington's Fate.[1]

LEWIS BARRINGTON, whose patronymic gives the title to the last volume of the No-Name series, announces his own fate in the first line of the novel: "If ever I marry that shall be the woman!" Of course this vow is kept, and his endeavors to bring about his object, so frankly stated, form a pleasant little novel. The woman referred to is Miss Katharine Carey. The first half of the story is related in a very charming manner. Miss Carey is a bright young girl, who, though engaged to Roger Hackblock, has not fairly reached an age of self-consciousness, and is very well suited with this arrangement, made by the families. Her awakening to the knowledge of herself, her own capabilities, tastes, and emotions, is the key-note to the first part of the book. She sees that Barrington is a man with whom she can sympathize, and she had never thought of this before. This sympathy causes her to see that the happiness which the gratification of her tastes would bring would be entirely shut off if her engagement terminates in marriage.

Thus far the novel was in a smooth, pleasant manner which is delightful. But, in order to extricate the characters from this dilemma, and bring about "Barrington's Fate," the writer adopts some extreme measures, including the discovery of Miss Carey and Barrington in meeting at midnight, and the breaking of the engagement with Hackblock, which results in the failure of Mr. Carey from business relations between him and the Hackblocks, and his suicide. To atone for her share in this, Miss Carey secludes herself, and refuses to see Barrington.

After various turnings of the plot they are brought together, where the story leaves them. Many of the incidental characters are well drawn, — the clever but extravagant artist, Davenport, and his wife Nancy, Mrs. Wentworth and her sons.

The novel is full of incidents that keep up the interest, and is very entertaining, both from its clever character portraitures and the simple vividness with which it is related.

[1] Times of Gustaf Adolf. By Z. Topelius. Translated from the original Swedish. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 1883.

[2] Frontier Army Sketches. By James W. Steele. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 1883.

[1] No-Name Series. Barrington's Fate. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1883.

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THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. II. MAY, 1883. No. 2.

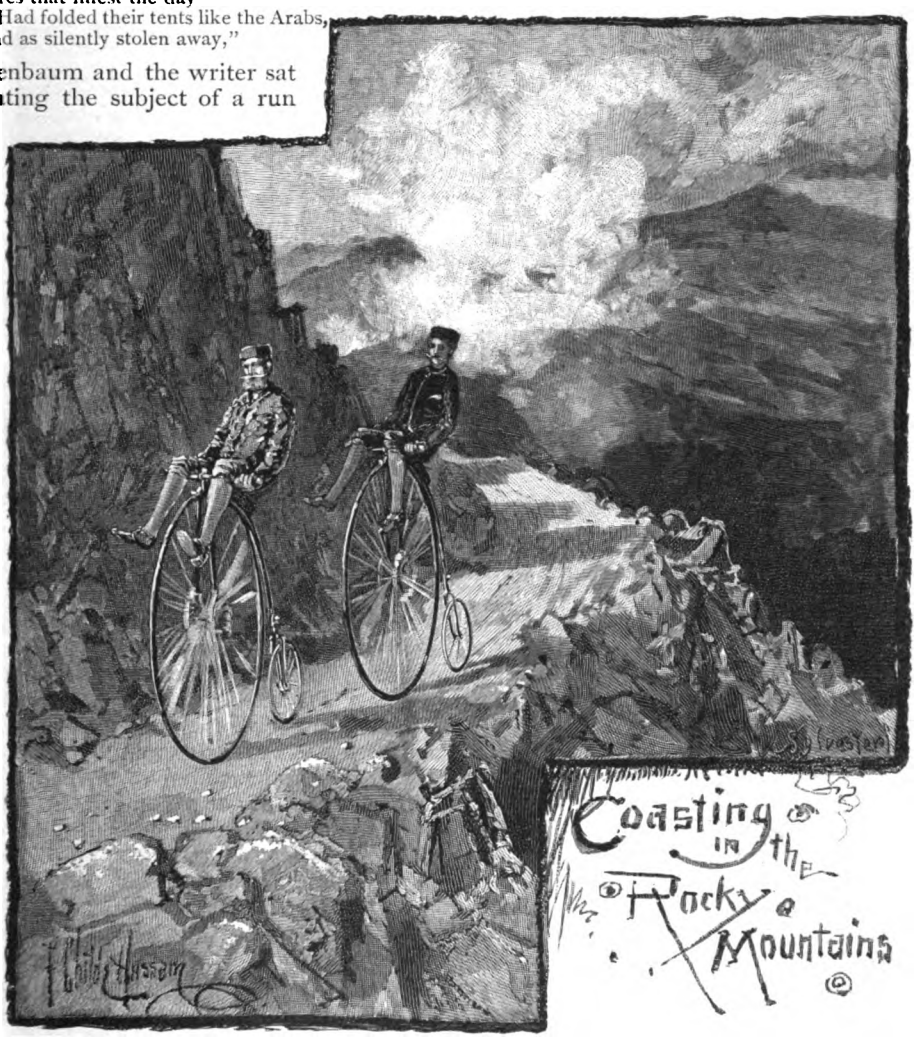
A SUMMER RAMBLE AMONG THE BLACK HILLS.

ONE pleasant evening in the latter part of the heated month of August, after the

"Cares that infest the day
Had folded their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently stolen away,"

Greenbaum and the writer sat debating the subject of a run to Sherman, and a ramble among the hills whose name heads this article, and, after an hour's conversation, it was finally decided to undertake the trip, weather permitting, on the following day.

Sherman, named for that great hero of the late rebellion, is on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, where the Union Pacific Railway crosses the range at an elevation



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of eight thousand one hundred feet above sea level.

It had been urged against this trip that the *whole* distance from Laramie to Sherman is up-grade, and that it resembled, in many respects, the boy who walks *up* hill to get a ride *down;* but this suggestion was met by one more potent, that the return would be, with one or two exceptions, all *down* grade, and that coasting for many miles could be indulged in.

Accordingly we set about making arrangements, and, at 4 o'clock on the following morning, we left the village and soon reached Fort Sanders, — three miles out.

A more delightful morning one might wait years to see! Although it was August the air was cool and refreshing, and Nature herself seemed to have put forth her best efforts to make the day one to be long remembered; and so it will be.

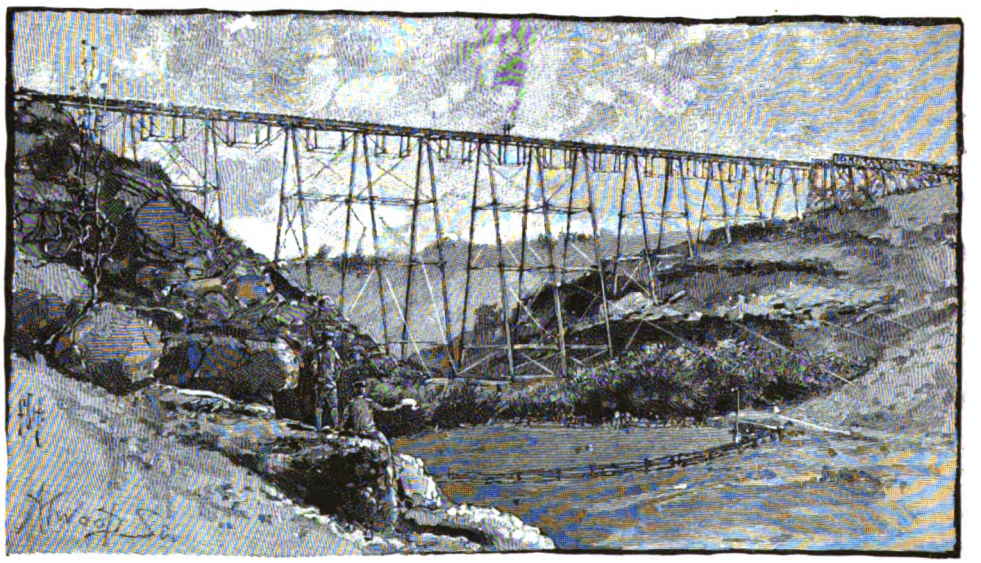
There being no wind we were able to ride up the mountains for the first twelve miles without any great fatigue; but after this distance had been wheeled, dismounting and mounting at very short intervals became the order of the day, and, far from annoying us, it only served to make the trip more pleasant.

In a number of instances slopes so steep were descended that our momentum would carry us up the hill beyond without any pedalling whatever, and again descending, we would be borne up the next slope by an irresistible impetus, and so on, for at least three miles in one case, and if ever tourists were favored with delightful wheeling we, on this occasion, were.

Ascending and descending slope after slope in rapid succession, now pedalling to reach a summit, now applying the brake to prevent a catastrophe which could only too easily befall; and then, the land becoming more rolling, being carried over swell after swell and undulations of land, rising and falling smoothly and gently, as the mighty ship is rocked by the waves of old ocean.

Twenty-two miles out we reached Dale Creek, our road crossing it just below the point where the Union Pacific Railway bridge spans the cañon. Dale Creek cañon, in this particular locality, presents to the tourist a scene of which he can never tire, and for fourteen years it has been the resort of numerous excursionists and picnic parties. From the point of intersection of the road and creek may be had a magnificent view of the cañon for a quarter of a mile in either direction. All around us could be seen most graceful outlines and rugged forms, bold, perpendicular cliffs, pyramids, cones, and pinnacles! Far above, from apparently bare, smooth walls of granite, gnarled and stunted pines and cedars jutted out without any visible signs of support, or of any earth from which to obtain their nourishment.

Pile upon pile of huge boulders, thrown together in hopeless confusion, lay all around us, and just above the bridge,



DALE CREEK BRIDGE.

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peeping over the tops of the willows, could be discerned a beautiful little cottage, snugly ensconced in, and partially obscured by, a beautiful grove of willows and aspens. Here was every combination that nature could give, and every contrast that the heart could desire. In the midst of all our enjoyment, and, as if to destroy the poetry which filled our minds, we noticed, far above us, very near the top of one wall of the cañon, a glaring specimen of *man's* handiwork. Boldly it looked out upon the grandeur and beauty of the surrounding scene, mocking and defiant, as though placed there by some mighty monarch never to be disturbed, and to retain its position till it should be effaced by the remorseless hand of Time himself. Can the reader guess what it might be?

Nothing more nor less than one very significant word —

"SOZODONT."

Just above it, seemingly with the intent to outdo the other, appeared the unintelligible enigma :—

"S. T. 1860. X. ;"

and just to its right —

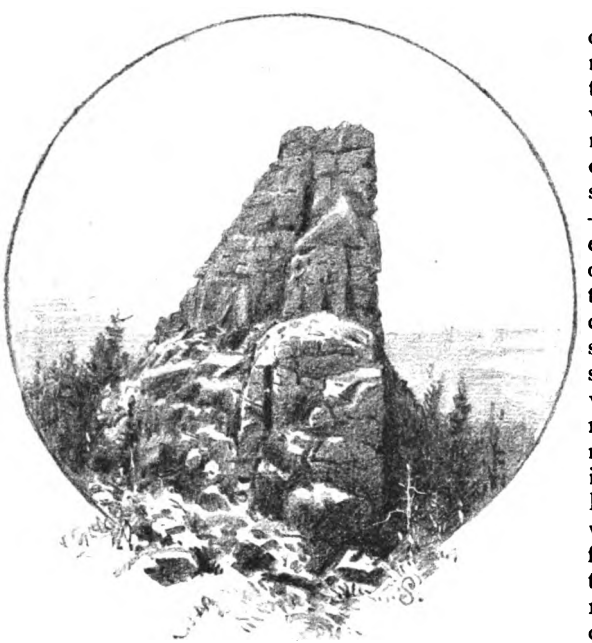
"*Gargling Oil.*"

It required some time to recover from the overwhelming shock which our systems had sustained from viewing these hieroglyphics, of so recent date, keeping company with the moss and lichens of centuries past. The thought which now suggested itself was: How in the world did the vile wretch who had perpetrated this gross outrage ever succeed in climbing, if climb he did, to that dizzy height? This self-imposed problem went unsolved; and, stacking our wheels, we moved off toward the bridge to view one of the most excellent examples of engineering skill on the entire line of the U. P. Railway. The bridge is four hundred and sixty-two feet in length, one hundred and thirty feet above the creek, and is, to all appearances, frail and delicate; but appearances in this case, as in many others, are deceitful, for it is as strong as the hand of man could make it.

All along the creek, and for perhaps thirty feet on either side, lay a beautiful strip of meadow-land, thickly dotted with flowers of the most gorgeous hues, and comprising every variety from the dainty lily to the lowly dandelion.

It was certainly a superb sight, and brought to our minds Longfellow's fitting words : —

"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers so blue and golden
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

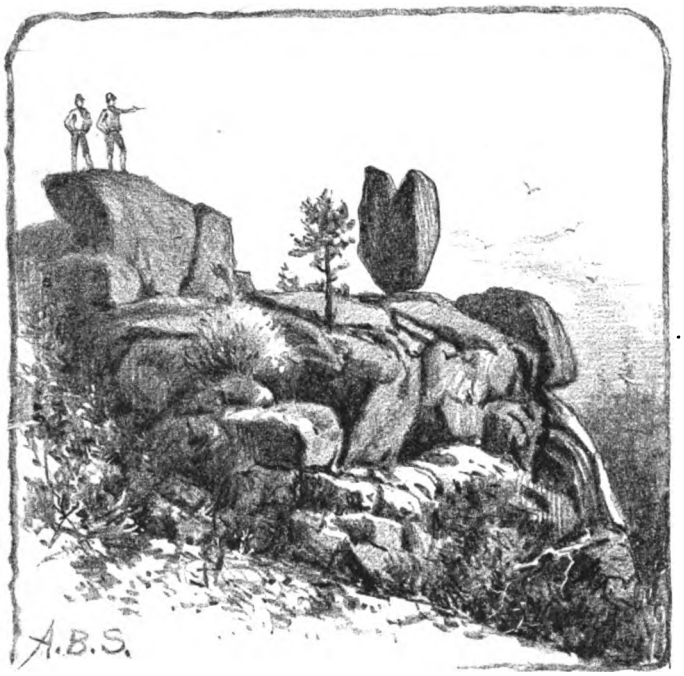


CASTLE ROCK.

After a sojourn of about forty minutes we returned to our wheels and commenced the ascent of the steep west slope of the cañon, —not riding, however, for that was out of the question, — and we contented ourselves by toiling slowly up the hill, whose summit we reached in fifteen minutes after leaving the creek. From this point we experienced, for half a mile, the most thrilling ride, I believe, in our whole history of wheeling.

The hill we were about to descend was exactly one-half mile long, and the creek which courses at its foot is six hundred and sixty feet below the summit, giving to the slope an angle of *about* fourteen degrees. To one who has never given his attention to the subject of slopes and grades this will not appear to be a very steep hill, but to such a one I would say: select a street eighty feet wide; on the opposite side, on the face of some building, mark a point that shall be twenty feet from the ground; now imagine a line drawn from your feet to this point on the wall, and the eye will at once show the mind just what a fourteen-degree slope actually signifies. In nearly every instance, I fancy, will any

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SADDLE ROCK.

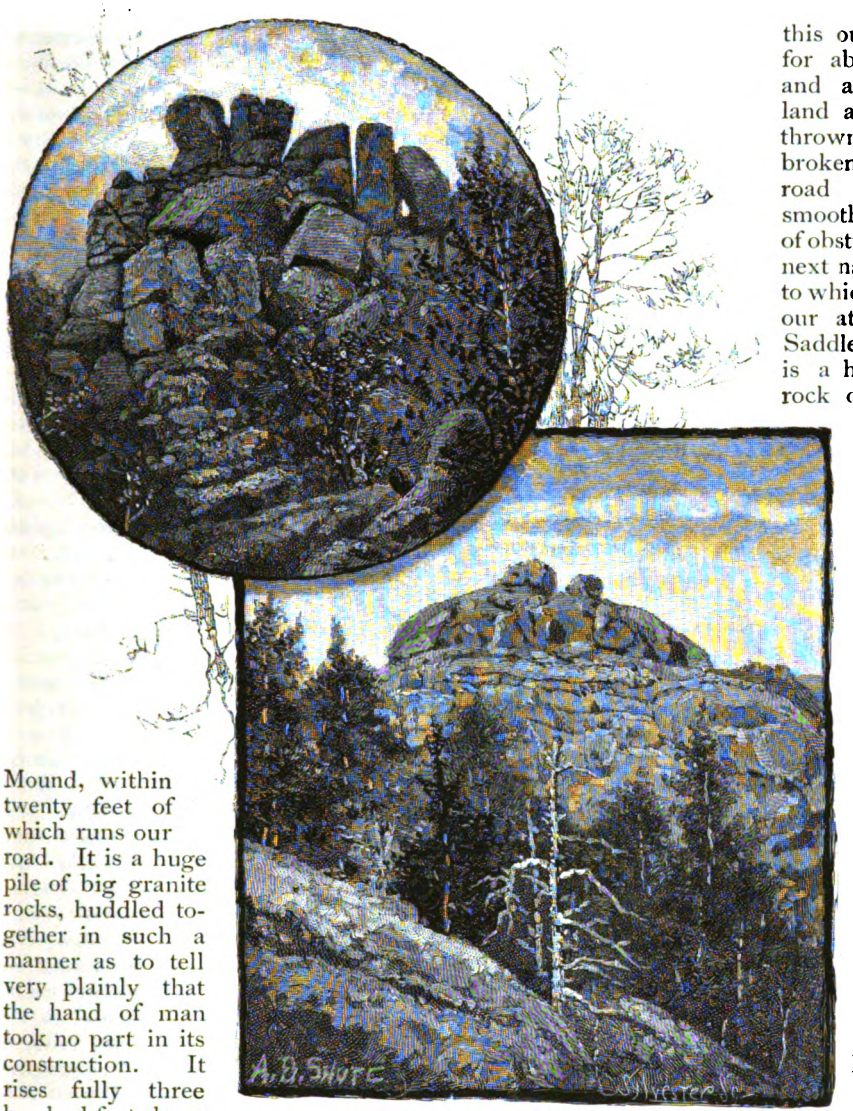
one who tries this be surprised. To explain still further: a fourteen-degree slope is a rise of one foot in (approximately) every four feet of horizontal measurement, from which one may easily see that it is a hill of no mean proportions. Such a slope, then, is the one we had to deal with. We have undoubtedly, as have also many others, coasted slopes of considerably greater fall for a very short distance; but I don't just now call to mind an instance of descending a more abrupt slope for so great a distance and with so little obstruction as we encountered on the descent in question. Before leaving the summit we took the very needful precaution of examining our brakes; but ere we reached the foot of the hill we made the discovery that such precaution might just as well have been dispensed with.

Everything being satisfactory we mounted, and, with every muscle called to "attention," moved off slowly down the mountain. For fifty feet we applied the brakes steadily and strongly, being undetermined as to holding our wheels in check, or permitting them to run without hindrance. This method of descent soon became too tame, and with a word from Greenbaum we relieved our wheels from pressure of the brake, and shot forward like the rush of a mighty torrent. It did not require any great length of time to ascertain the fact that we were at the mercy of the slope, for, do what we would, our speed could not be checked, and as for applying the brake 'twere the merest nonsense. Swifter than the wind, and as noiseless as the bird that cleaves the azure, we rushed down the slope, not knowing where our terminus would be, trusting only to fortune, and wishing for, yet dreading, the outcome of this perilous journey down the mountain.

Thanks to that kind old mountain-road, not a pebble, not a twig, not a cut nor sag, not the slightest obstruction in the world, appeared to mar the pleasure of this exciting ride; and to this, no doubt, we owe our success, for we reached the foot of the slope in safety. I cannot believe that it required in excess of a minute to reach the creek at the foot of the hill; but even if *more* time than that were consumed, we were satisfied, for I am certain that a higher rate of speed is not conducive to health and comfort, nor would it fill one with those pleasurable emotions which the tourist so often feels, and which is the sunshine of the bicycler's life.

At the brook we dismounted and refreshed ourselves with a drink of the cool, sparkling liquid, so abundant in the mountains, and in the distribution of which Nature, in this locality, seems to have devoted her personal attention. In each and every gulch courses one of these noisy little brooks, crossing the road at astonishingly regular intervals, and offering to the tourist opportunities unequalled for quenching his thirst or removing from hands and face the natural accumulations incident to the trip. From the brook the road is a series of ascents and descents, the former being somewhat more frequent and less desirable; yet, when everything is considered, it seems that the road presenting the greatest variety of topography is the one from which the greatest amount of pleasure may be derived. A few minutes after leaving the creek we passed Harvard

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HARVARD MOUND AND PILOT KNOB.

Mound, within twenty feet of which runs our road. It is a huge pile of big granite rocks, huddled together in such a manner as to tell very plainly that the hand of man took no part in its construction. It rises fully three hundred feet above the ground on which it stands, forming a prominent landmark in the vicinity in which it is situated. A mile more brought us to Castle Rock, at the very foot of which, in a maze of rocks and fallen trees, lay our road. It resembles, in some respects, an unfinished tower, and viewed from a point a mile south, the keenest eye could not see otherwise. Its height, by triangulation, is four hundred and thirteen feet; and, although it is apparently inaccessible, on close examination may be found an easy means of ascent. To our right we saw Eagle Bluff, the south face of which presents a wall, jagged and broken and irregular in outline. Near the foot of this our road runs for about a mile, and although the land all around is thrown up and broken, where the road runs, it is smooth and devoid of obstruction. The next natural object to which we turned our attention was Saddle Rock. It is a huge granite rock one hundred and twenty feet high by forty feet square, and rests on a very small point — almost a pivot. In its top is a well-defined notch, about twenty-five feet deep; and, when viewed from a distance, it resembles very closely the object for which it is named. Just beyond SaddleRock is Pilot Knob, which is visible for miles from any direction. Through the deep cañon at its foot winds the road, and through this gorge runs a mountain brook, along the bank of which we wheeled for over half a mile.

At 9 o'clock, after a hard pull up a steep grade for nearly a mile, we arrived at Sherman, — the summit of the Rockies. Here we ate a hearty breakfast, and after resting ourselves for an hour and a half set out on foot to explore. From Sherman the slope, both east and west, is abrupt and well defined, falling in the former case ninety, and in the latter forty feet to the mile — that is. railway grade.

By road the fall is far more abrupt, descending in one instance four hundred

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and seventy feet to the mile. From Sherman the eye encompasses an extent of land of perhaps sixty miles' radius, and the view on a clear summer day is magnificent indeed. To the north-west, hemmed in by the Medicine Bow Mountains, and to all appearances as level and even as a lawn, the Laramie Plains, dotted here and there by beautiful, clear blue lakes, and crossed by numberless streams, stretched out before us.

Looking north or south the eye met nothing but the Black Hills, which in those directions extend for hundreds of miles. Turning to the east, however, the eye is relieved by a second plain, more extensive, even, than the first, extending, as it does, as far south as Denver. The road could be seen temptingly descending the east slope, always going down, down to the plain, and the sudden thought of continuing the trip occurred simultaneously to both; but having made no preparation for an extended tour it was decided to postpone such a trip for an indefinite period.



THE AMES MONUMENT.

The next object of our curiosity was the Monument, built by the Pacific Railway Company. Here, on the very summit of the Rocky Mountains, in close proximity to the "iron band" which joins the East with the West and makes them one; lonely and conspicuous in its isolation, and so situated that the eye of all who pass must behold; rising far above surrounding objects and rearing its lofty head skyward; bleak and cheerless, and exposed to the fury of the elements, — stands the Ames monument. This noble pile, involving in its construction an outlay of some forty thousand dollars, is sixty feet square at the base and sixty feet high, and has been erected in memory of a man to whose indomitable perseverance and energy is due the construction of the great highway which spans our continent. Cut in a slab of sandstone exhumed from the soil of his native State, and looking eastward, is a huge face, — the very image of Oakes Ames.

While viewing this countenance the subject of Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face" suggested itself to our minds, and we examined the face more closely to discover, if possible, the "grand, sweet expression that was the glow of a vast, warm heart that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more"; and "the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy" that illuminated the "Great Stone Face"; but if these characteristics were there, our vision was not sufficiently acute to detect them. Perhaps prejudices, to which all minds are a prey, prevented their being seen; and let us hope that such was the case, and that the grave charges which were brought against Mr. Ames were false and unfounded. If the charges were true, let us abide by the old maxim which says: "If you can say nothing good of a man, be silent." On the west side of the monument is a medallion of Oliver Ames, and on the north side this inscription: —

IN MEMORY OF OAKES AMES AND OLIVER AMES.

Leaving the monument we turned our attention to an examination of the works

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of Nature, and having satisfied ourselves with roaming over the hills in every accessible nook and corner we returned to the station, and, consulting our watches, found that 4 o'clock had arrived. After partaking plenteously of bread and milk, and enjoying the rest of an hour, we mounted our wheels, and, bidding adieu to our Sherman friends, started for home, to descend the slope whose ascent we had made not many hours before. The ride home required very little exertion; and the only walk we had was up the hill whose perilous descent we had made immediately after leaving Dale Creek cañon. I am certain we could have ridden up this hill had it been necessary so to do; but it was deemed better to walk, for that method of ascent would not fatigue, as riding would; and, besides, what was to be gained by climbing this hill per wheel? Once more we descended into Dale Creek cañon, and once more left it behind.

The descent now commenced in earnest. The road was the best, and the grade being steep, no pedalling was required; and, giving ourselves up to the law of gravitation, we were hurried noiselessly and rapidly down the west slope.

For fifteen miles we were borne along swift as the wind and silent as the speeding of sunbeams, with not a care for the future nor a thought of the past. All was centred in the present; and, realizing such a happy present, who could wish for an uncertain future? Who would brood over a sorrowful past? Of the entire distance from Date Creek to Red Buttes, — fifteen miles, — twelve of them were coasted!

The remainder of the distance at times required pedalling, but not severe, exhaustive work, by any means; but gentle, easy exertion, which exhilarates rather than fatigues.

We arrived at Fort Saunders in time to leave there at the precise moment at which a freight train was pulling out for Laramie; and, as we were feeling unusually fresh, we started off at a splendid gait, determined to reach town in advance of the train. The engineer hailed us, and we responded. Here was an excellent opportunity to try our mettle, and, with a grand effort, we set out to win. It was an unsually long and heavy train, and ere it could get under way we had left it somewhat behind. Our road was still descending and smooth as a cinder-path. Added to this a slight wind had arisen, and, coming from the south, it was no small help. Everything was in our favor, and we used these circumstances to the best advantage. We had gained a decided advantage in the start, and we determined to preserve it, or perish in the attempt. Anon we could hear the puffing of the engine as she bore down upon us; but three miles is not a very great run, and we could afford to put forth our best efforts the whole distance. Before the train could close the gap which we had made in the commencement the depot had been reached, and the race won by the bicycle.

The return trip had been made without a stop, in an hour and forty-five minutes, — distance, twenty-seven miles; and, far from being fatigued, we were refreshed by the easy ride home.

The day's run, though short, was pleasing and instructive; and were I requested to point out a road for a day's trip for some brother wheelman, I would, without hesitation, indicate this one.

Should one be so fortunate as to have a fair wind from the south on the return trip, the *entire* distance from Dale Creek cañon to Laramie could be coasted.

Wm. O. Owen, Laramie Bi. Club.

Our airy feet with well-known flight,
Swift on the twinklings of the wire,
Run up the hills that heave in sight,
And leave the walking world to tire.

Cleave to the earth, ye booted ones,
Contented kick your native dust!
While old bicyclers and their sons
Light-footed tread the wheel they trust.

Lyra Bicyclica.

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THE CITIZENS' TRIP TO BOSTON.

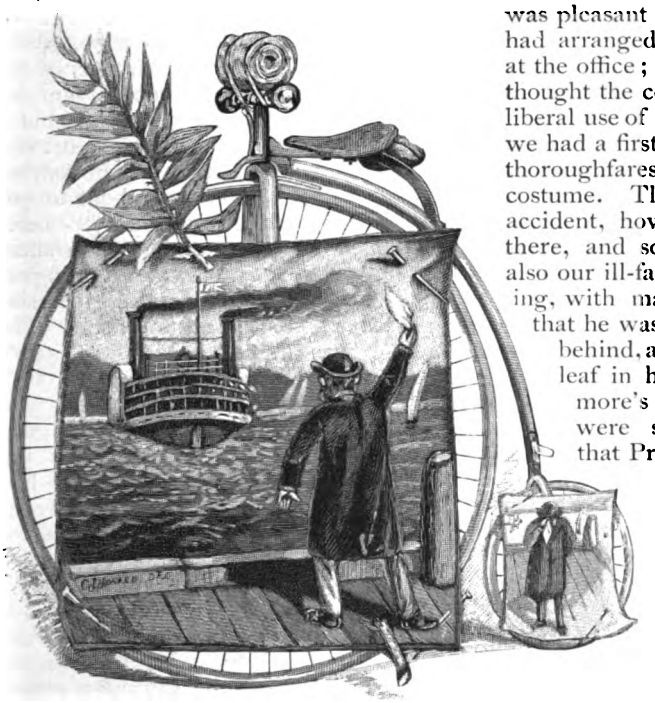
"I SAY, doctor, it looks as though we would take a large delegation to Boston, next week, doesn't it?" was one of the many remarks that might have been heard about club-quarters, in East 59th street, during the early days of October, 1882. The trip had been planned months before as one of the delightful possibilities of the future; and it is no wonder it had been one of the chief topics of conversation ever



EN ROUTE TO THE FERRY.

afterward, when one considers that, in New York City, the metropolis of the Union, and supposed to be the head-centre of modern civilization, a bicycler is treated as anything but a gentleman. Add to this that our roads are few in number, and rarely in good condition, interspersed as they are with hills so steep as to almost break the heart of any but veteran wheelmen, and one cannot be surprised that the contemplation of a three days' run about the bicycling paradise of America would be dear to the heart of a citizen, unalloyed as it would be with the stones of our conventional street Arab, or the cut from the whip of a Fifth-avenue "swell." Our trip had been laid down for October 10th, and ever since the first of the month the bustle and preparation of this great undertaking had occupied every spare moment. The care and solicitude of the newly-fledged members in the grooming of their nickled steeds were the occasion of many a covert smile on the part of the recently elected L.A.W. B.T.C. member of the Ixion Club. But the experienced suggestions of the aforesaid Ixion were thankfully received, nevertheless, and Monday evening every wheel was ready for departure on the following day. The dawn of Tuesday's morn was not encouraging. Great piles of dull, grayish clouds cast their shadows of despair upon the hearts of the ten early risers, who had jumped out of bed at the ring of the milkman's bell, that they might catch a last hasty moment before business hours to pack

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NOT BOOKED FOR BOSTON.

their valises or bestow one more parting glance upon the beloved wheel ere it was surrendered to the proverbially careless charge of the truckman. Upon the already overloaded shoulders of the room committee we had placed the responsibility of the transportation of wheels from the quarters to the boat; and the doctor, with his characteristic wink, and Nell, with his accustomed alacrity, were on hand. The truckman was not allowed even to touch the wheels. Each one was mounted by the doctor, and blanketed and tied into position by Nell. The stereotyped smile of the corpulent proprietor of East 59th street lightened up the sombre recesses of Tommie Cotter's, on the corner, as he watched the truck slowly wending its jolting way towards 6th avenue with Nell on the front seat, directing the truckman, and the doctor clinging behind, with his elongated embrace about his favorite sixty-incher. During the day speculations upon the weather were in order. Would it really rain? We consulted the *Herald*, which predicted that it would; whereupon our spirits immediately arose, as this fact assured us that it was quite possible it would not; and, sure enough, about 11 o'clock, the clouds parted, and the effect of the genial rays of the sun upon our woe-begone countenances was pleasant to behold. Most of the boys had arranged to don their knickerbockers at the office; but the doctor and the writer thought the conveniences of the club, and a liberal use of the "elevated," preferable; so we had a first experience in travelling the thoroughfares of New York in bicycling costume. The boat was reached without accident, however. Charlie was already there, and so was the parson, and, alas! also our ill-fated friend, Eccenter, bemoaning, with many a frantic gesture, the fact that he was again to be the only one left behind, and must needs turn over a new leaf in his book of resolutions. Gilmore's band was on board, and we were somewhat surprised to learn that President Arthur was to accompany us. But there was one disappointment in store for us. We had anticipated the pleasure of displaying our symmetrical calves and the elephantine simplicity of our understandings in the luxurious cabins of the "Bristol" or "Providence"; but the ways of the latter are past finding out, and we were forced to content ourselves with the inconveniences of the "Old Colony." Charlie, after considerable trouble, had hardly managed to get the keys to the state-rooms, when the boat slowly pulled out amid stream, and rushing aft, ten strong, we watched the sickly, disappointed smile of poor Eccenter, not booked for Boston, as he spasmodically waved his red bandanna, until the boat, winding around the Battery, hid him from our pitying gaze. Soon gliding under the East River bridge, we realized that the long-talked of trip had actually begun, and then we noticed that the parson had come on board in bicycle undress. Yes, the parson had so far reflected upon the dignity of the Citizens' Club as to appear in the company of the remaining nine citizens in ordinary costume. Naturally indignant, we upbraided him for his seemingly fickle nature. His apology was sufficient. He had just buried one of his churchmen, and, fearing he would be late, he had barely time to gather his effects and catch the "L." We hurried him off to his state-room that he might make the necessary changes.

It was nearly a half hour afterward, as the shades of evening were enclosing our floating shelter in their dusky embrace, that we congregated on the aft deck, when

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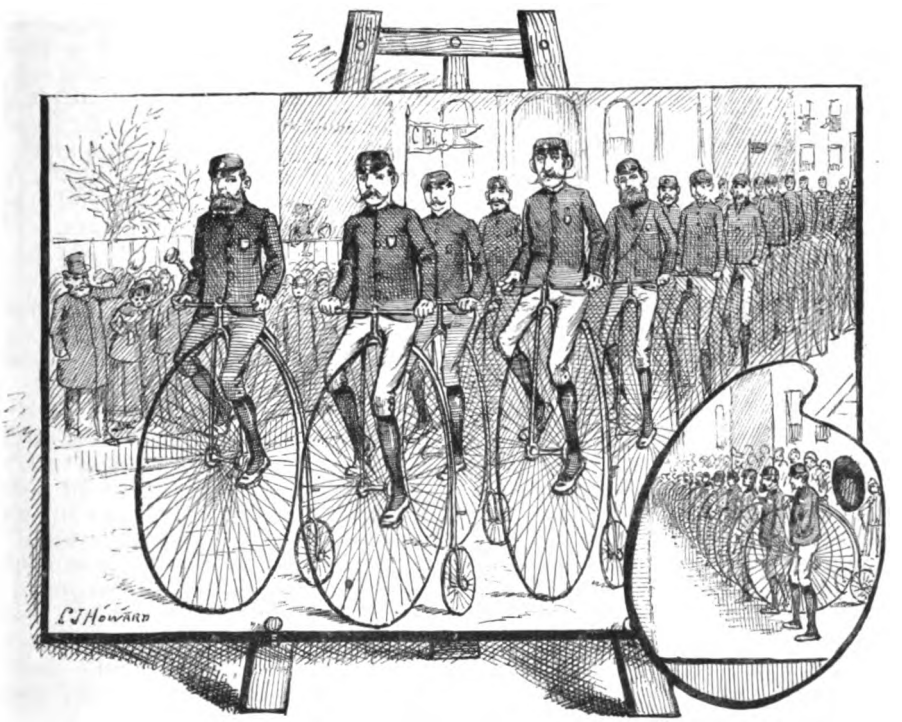
Charlie suggested dinner. Why was it Charlie, you ask, who suggested dinner? It can only be said that this thought always occurs first to Charlie. He has a peculiar knack in this direction, and when he is out the inner man is never neglected. His suggestion in this instance, however, was very apropos, and nothing loath we started for that portion of the hold which, in the "Old Colony," is inaptly designated the dining-saloon. Arrived at the entrance we came to a sudden halt. We were to await our turn. Charlie buttonholed the head-waiter, and by the persuasive eloquence of some New York coin convinced the sable *chargé d'affaires* that he had a vacant table large enough to seat ten hungry bicyclers. So we filed in, Charlie at the head. The parson and the superintendent hitched their shoulders uneasily as the passengers gazed on their fine, manly proportions. The saloon was handsomely festooned and decorated; flowers on every side. Louis, of Stamford, wondered if it were all in our honor; answered by dry Billy's "Well, I guess." On the left a portion of the saloon was cut off by two large banners, so draped as to form a parallelogram, and in this patriotic box-stall, amid much clatter of dishes, Mr. Arthur and his friends were disporting in truly presidential fashion. But Charlie, whose mind never wanders far from the subject in hand, especially when it is of a culinary nature, drew our attention from the surroundings to the *menu*. He and Nell ordered *consommé* soup. The rest of us placed our hopes on mock-turtle. The *consommé* came first, and consummate it was. Charlie tried it; his expression was marvellous. Nell made an attempt, and his contorted features defied recognition. Disorder reigned for a short time, somewhat dispelled by the appearance of the mock-turtle. Here our good judgment was manifest, for though giving one but a faint idea of the real article, it at least was sufficiently opaque to hide the bottom of the dish. The parson was about to put his knife into a really fine porter-house, when he called our attention, by a silent gesture, to the doctor, who was getting off his peculiar wink to a — Shall I describe it? Let the picture speak for itself. The attraction was mutual. As the doctor's taste in such matters was generally very good a riot was imminent, but quickly and generously quieted at the doctor's expense by cigars. And while Charlie was taking a few lingering sips of coffee, and the bugler a professional chat with Arthur Bent, the cornetist, the boys made a hasty exit to the aft deck for fresh air. Charlie and the bugler soon joined us. We were trying to get a little satisfaction out of "Old Colony" cigars. It was of no avail, and we were dropping them one by one over the side of the vessel, when the parson quietly pulled out a Canada brierwood and a pouch of Lone Jack. It produced a panic. Who was to have the pipe after the parson finished? The question of turns being amicably settled, Charlie started a dismal refrain, which dealt with the misfortunes of Patrick's leather breeches, whereupon we were all imbued with the spirit of song, and simultaneously broke into "Over the Garden Wall." That completed we whetted our vocal organs with a little of "Patience" and "Olivette," and were nicely started on the "Carmina Colligensia," when a bald-headed retainer shuffled out of the saloon, and, tapping the parson on the arm, sententiously remarked, "Gentlemen, the cap-



"THE PICTURE."

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tain requested me to ask you not to sing." We collapsed. The unusual excitement of the day had weakened our frames of clay, and with one accord we turned in, and ere long were wrapped in slumber, dreaming of the pleasures in store. The next morning, "in the wee sma' hours," we were awakened by the ominous howl of an "Old Colony" attendant: "Fall River; first train leaves at 5.20," emphasized by numerous kicks and rappings on our state-room door. This act would have ordinarily occasioned disastrous consequences; but this particular morning our dreamy imaginations were easily changed to an eye-opening reality.



THE START.

A few minutes afterward we met in front of the gang-plank, impatiently waiting to get rid of our tickets. A sorry-looking lot we were, for it was cold; in fact, it was *very* cold. The parson was dancing an irregular jig to keep warm. Charlie was trying to impress the exceeding emptiness of his stomach upon the others, and all, save the lieutenant, who always views the various phases of humanity with philosophical demeanor, were making characteristic demonstrations, expressive of their discomfort. After making our way over the gang-plank, each rushed toward the bow of the steamboat, where the machines were located; and here we went through another distasteful ordeal. We could not get the machines until the forty or fifty stevedores in charge of unloading the cargo should be very good and ready, and we feared lest we should miss the train, and disappoint our brethren in Boston. We got them, however, and a race occurred for choice of position in the baggage-car. Charlie came in last, having stopped at that little hash-house at the depot, and hastily washed down a hard-boiled egg and some stale-bread, with a compounded conundrum of grounds and water called coffee. When the train pulled out we noticed, not without regret, that the hilarity of the night previous had proved too much for the President, and we should be deprived of the pleasure of his company again until the parade in Boston. The two hours on the Old Colony Railroad developed no occurrence worthy of mention, unless, perhaps, a universal desire that the train might move faster. Some of the fellows amused themselves in building air-castles, others managed to snooze a little, and the remainder, including your scribe, passed the time with a fragrant Havana. After we arrived at the Old Colony depot

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it was the work of but a few moments to unload the bicycles, which was hardly done when about a score of fine, manly wheelmen, dressed in a quiet blue knickerbocker costume, filed into the depot, and nearly took our breath away. We had expected a committee of perhaps three to look after us, and when a regiment (for so they seemed) of bicyclers crowded around us, grasped our hands, were so glad to see us, took our wheels and general charge of everything, we were indeed overcome. What enthusiasm! 7 o'clock in the

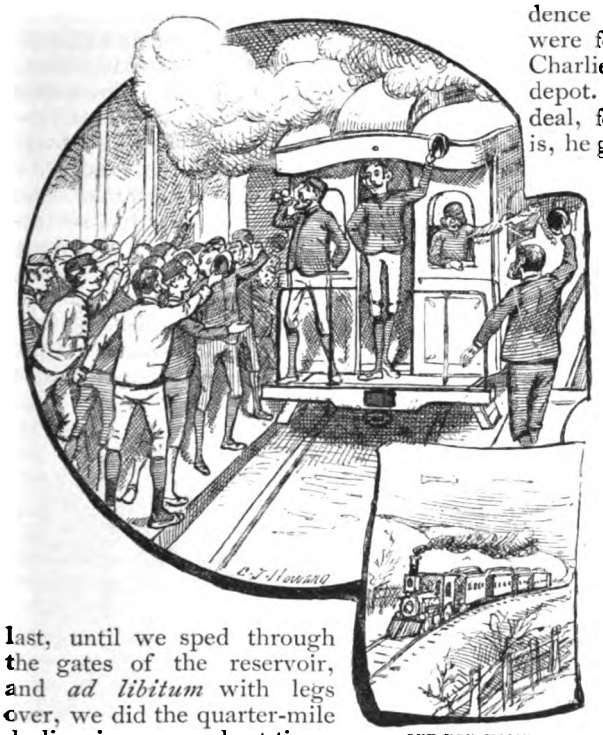


THE DOCTOR'S HEADER.

morning, a very early hour, at least for New Yorkers, and twenty men, many of whom had come from the outlying suburbs, gone to the club-house to change their clothes, and arrived in time to receive us! — a delegation of which any club might be proud; and the Massachusetts, by their hearty reception, made an impression in the hearts of the Citizens not soon to be effaced. By the time we had received the congratulations of our newly found friends, the excited faculties of your scribe became sufficiently composed to take some sensible notice of his surroundings. He found himself walking beside the genial Secretary of the Pope Manufacturing Company. He was engaged in some sort or other of irrational talk of which yes and no cut the principal figure. Directly in front was the doctor, beside the famous sixty-inch man of the M. Bi. C., who had mistaken the doctor for the parson, and, with commendable decorum and respect, was beginning the conversation in this wise: "Well, most reverend sir, how did you enjoy the trip?" and other remarks of a similar nature. The doctor, to use the slang phrase, was quietly taking it all in with an involuntary twitching of the left eyelid. Behind was a long line of Citizens, each under the gentlemanly escort of a Massachusetts man, and the wheels brought up the van. At the club-house we stopped only long enough to leave our graceful vehicles in the care of the janitor, and bid good-by to those gentlemen whose business would not allow them to get away for the day. Then the committee took us to the League head-quarters, — the New Marlboro' Hotel, — where we were to put up during our stay. This pleasant little hotel is conveniently located on Washington street. Here the committee left us to make our ablutions and gratify Charlie, who was already pining for breakfast. Soon after breakfast the committee came for us for our first day's run. At the club-house we found ten of the Massachusetts men all ready to mount. Thanks to the assistance of the janitors of the home club, and the many helping hands of the boys themselves, we did not delay the start very long, and were soon away at a seven-mile gait toward the noted Chestnut-Hill reservoir, in the vicinity of which we were to make our first day's run. We did not ride in strict disciplinary order, the lieutenant of the Massachusetts in command ruling otherwise, and very properly, too, as we afterwards discovered, for, striking in a few moments the beautiful roads which have rendered Boston the metropolis of bicycling, we were so enraptured with the enchanting scenery, and the ease with which we were gliding over the smooth macadam, that anything like uniformity would have been out of the question. But why dilate upon what has been so ably described by the pen of Charles E. Pratt?

What need to rhapsodize upon what is already historical in bicycling literature? Suffice it to say that these wonderful roads, with their magnificent overhanging shade-trees, revealing surprises at every turn, with their wealth of pretty little cottages, and now and then a residence of large proportion, had the same effect upon us as they would have upon you were you accustomed to the straight and narrow, as well as confined, limits, that we were. Fair-faced girls, with rosy cheeks and sunny curls, shyly observing the gliding parade from within a blind, or a half-closed door, were almost unnoticed, so engrossed were we with cultivated nature. One fine stretch was succeeded by another better than the

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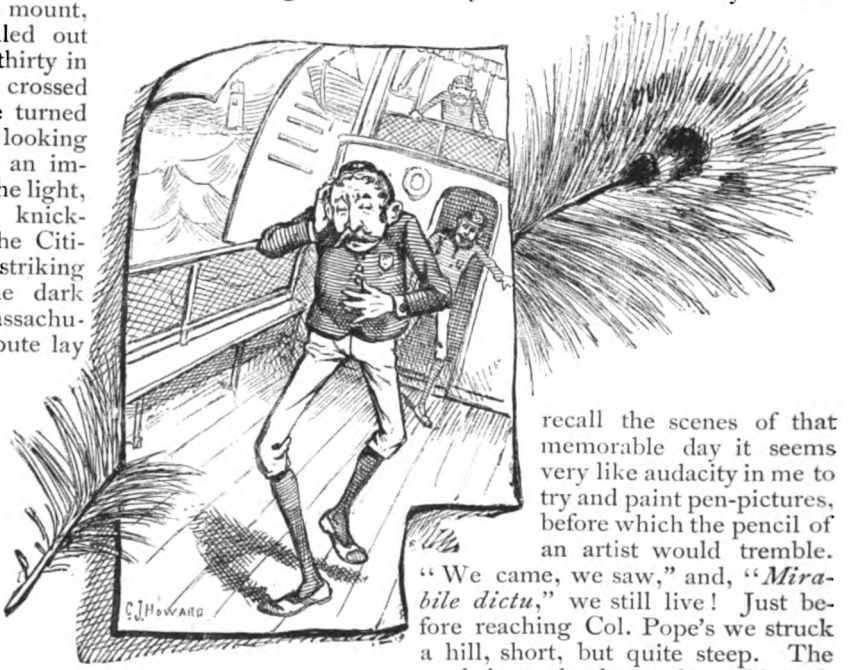
OFF FOR HOME.

last, until we sped through the gates of the reservoir, and *ad libitum* with legs over, we did the quarter-mile decline in a very short time. Pedalling another quarter mile the reservoir itself came into view, and at the spring, at the command of the lieutenant, we took our first dismount. We were introduced to Day, of the Hartfords, by Secretary Pope. Day produced some cigarette-papers and mild Virginia, and consequently we were at once good friends and happy. A few of the younger riders clambered up the hill to some spot where they could better view the fascinating prospect. Others took an impromptu one-and-a-quarter-mile dash around the reservoir. And still others, including the parson and the doctor, slowly rode about with expanded chest, as if actually endeavoring to inhale the beauties on every side. We amused ourselves here a long while. The fellows divided into squads of three and four, enjoyed the novelty of *roaming* on a bicycle. How we did enjoy ourselves! "The hours flew on apace" until we were recalled by Bugler Dyer, and again under command, we wheeled by a roundabout route to club-quarters, in Boston, the cyclometers showing about twenty-three miles. We were all of us influenced more or less by the splendid wheeling, and it was long ere we regained our accustomed flow of spirits. We had little to say. By the time, however, we reached the Providence café, where we were to dine, we were forced into a laugh by the sallies of Charlie. This café is in the Providence depot. The Boston boys go there a great deal, for the proprietor is civilized; that is, he gives 20 per cent. reduction to wheelmen. Quite a number of the Massachusetts fellows, getting away early from business, joined us here, so there were no vacant seats at the long table. The proprietor of the café showed praiseworthy discrimination in his selection of waitresses. There was one in particular, a pretty, plump, black-eyed creature, who captured us all. Secretary Pope, evidently *well posted*, said she almost always waited on the wheelmen. I looked at the doctor, his eyes were pensively on his plate. The experience on the "Old Colony" had taken effect. If ever a dinner tasted good that did. It was unnecessary to speak our appreciation. The results were significant. At the appearance of cigars and coffee the tongues of the talkative ones started, and the minutest details of the day's run, comical and serious, were given over. It was nearly dusk when we separated from our Boston friends, and, in charge of Lieutenant Williams, went to the New Marlboro'. Our artist and lawyer, having made but few road runs, were pretty well tired out, and immediately turned in. Some others were tired, too, I reckon; but they didn't say so. That evening we visited the Boston Club-house. We were received by "London W." and ex-Editor Harrison, who showed us this luxurious club-house, described in the March number of THE WHEELMAN. We admired its conveniences and sampled the excellent qualities of its cabinet, and having spent a pleasant half-hour returned to the hotel with a good deal of an idea of what a club-house should be. At the hotel the generous hospitality of the landlord, Charlie Moon, was the occasion of another surprise. He stood behind the desk, his good-natured eyes twinkling with humor, his fleshy sides shaking with merriment, as he asked us how we had enjoyed the day, and almost immediately afterwards invited us into the interior and opened a few bottles of Mum's extra dry. Many of us had had "quite some" experience in hotels. But none could volunteer a reminiscence like this. We all patronize the New Marlboro'

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now whenever we are in Boston. Large airy double rooms were at our disposal, and we retired four in a room. Very tired, we had no trouble in soothing our excited faculties into the slumber of the righteous.

Thursday morning found us all at the Massachusetts Club quarters, equipped, and ready to start at 9.30. Capt. Shillaber formed us in a long line facing the street, as follows: Capt. Shillaber and Lieut. Williams, Vice-President Parsons and the doctor, bugler Dyer, of the Massachusetts, and our own bugler, etc. The effect of this manœuvre was very pretty, as, when riding in twos, the Massachusetts were on one side and the Citizens on the other. Bugler Dyer blew the mount, and we pedalled out in single file, thirty in line. Having crossed the bridge we turned a corner, and, looking back, it was an imposing sight, the light, mouse-colored knickerbockers of the Citizens forming a striking contrast to the dark blue of the Massachusetts. The route lay in a northwesterly direction to Cambridge, and we here dismounted in the grounds of Harvard. The New York bugler blew a long call, at which students popped out of the windows of all the neighboring buildings. We visited Memorial Hall and refreshed ourselves with water at the hands of the head-waiter; fee, five cents per glass. Then we strolled about in a general way, picking up all points of interest. At the *reveille* we came together again, and, mounting, we wheeled through Cambridge, North Cambridge, and Arlington, and thence south-west, through Waltham, and from there, in an easterly course, we rode without deviation to the residence of Col. Pope, in Newton, where we had been invited to lunch. All along the route had been marked by varied scenery that would defy any attempt at description. Now we would glide into a shady dell, through the dense foliage of which the sun never penetrated, and, suddenly turning a corner, we would find ourselves on a wide thoroughfare, lined with aged elms and costly residences, where dwelt the magnates of Boston. Lovely representatives of the fair sex graced the spacious piazzas. Mirthful children romped with childish glee and enthusiasm, surveying the phantom procession in wonder and admiration. Tennis courts and croquet sets dotted the English-cut lawns. Everything which tends to make peace and happiness, aided by wealth and a willing nature, was before us. An endless panorama of rare beauty and wonderful variety! As I recall the scenes of that memorable day it seems very like audacity in me to try and paint pen-pictures, before which the pencil of an artist would tremble. "We came, we saw," and, "*Mirabile dictu*," we still live! Just before reaching Col. Pope's we struck a hill, short, but quite steep. The road chanced to be sandy, and it took some strength to mount it. We were nearly at the top when the doctor took one of his original headers, — original, because of the several hundred croppers we have had the fun of witnessing we never saw one that could approach the doctor's for individuality. This particular one was unusually comical. The doctor, being a dentist, is not at all weak in the arms, and when he gets a fair chance at a light machine on a hill something has got to give. It was laughable to see him stretched out like an '82 comet, the head pointing towards the dust, with one arm frantically grasping the handle-bar, broken short at the head, and one shoe, pulled off by the spokes, waving in the air like a thing of life, at a



THE DOCTOR HEAVES TO AND RETURNS.

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distance of several feet. We picked him up and laughingly apologized for the shout that had gone the whole length of the line. Fortunately no bones were broken. Dispatching a committee to the depot with the disabled machine, we walked up the long hill to the colonel's house. He was on the porch waiting for us, and looking anything but the terrible monopolist we had often heard him described. We stacked the machines on the lawn, and went into the house and partook of the colonel's hospitality with an appetite sharpened by the long ride. The table was tastefully decorated with fruits, though perhaps the huge piles of chopped ham sandwiches and large pitchers of foaming Alderney milk, had the more wholesome beauty in our eyes. Fun ran rampant. A cute little French maid, with a white cap jauntily reposing on her shining black hair, served the coffee. After lunch Mr. Drew took a photograph of us grouped on the colonel's porch, with his amateur apparatus. This photo was a failure, owing to the fact that the colonel's Pat couldn't resist the temptation of drawing the slide of the plate, "jusht to say phwat it lucked loike." It's a great thing to be one of the executive officers of a club. Now the colonel took the parson and the doctor into one of the inner sanctuaries and introduced them to his charming lady, forgetting the rest of us.

We left the colonel's about 1 o'clock. Secretary Pope loaned the doctor a fifty-six-inch Expert, so that he was able to continue with us. Captain Shillaber placed the two two hundred and twenty pounders — the colonel and the parson — together, which was the only change in the line. We took a westerly course to the Woodlawn Hotel, in Auburndale. The only dismount of any importance was made at the well-known Echo bridge. We all clambered down the hill. The veteran bugler of the M. Bi. C. gave a blast. It was repeated an incredible number of times. Mr. Joy laughed. The effect was ludicrous in the extreme. We arrived at the hotel at 2.30, and at 3 dinner was ready. That was a glorious dinner. They know how to do things at the Woodlawn. The parson opened ceremonies with a blessing. Thirty people make a pretty good showing round a table. Joy convulsed us all. We were about an hour at the table. After dinner we went into the parlor for a sing. Joy entertained us with some of his humorous songs. Our bugler "'owled thro' the Rye" in a vigorous manner, astonishing to the guests of the house as well as the fellows. Mr. Drew got us together on the lawn for another photograph, but it was not a success, the sky being cloudy. As it looked very much like rain we mounted without more ado, and wheeled, by nearly a straight course, through Newton and over the Milldam, into Boston; the cyclometers showing forty miles. As we were approaching the Milldam, which is very narrow in some places, we noticed a large truck, heavily laden. The truckman, instead of forcing us all to dismount, drew out to the very edge of the road, and allowed us to pass, saluting us the while with a pleasant word. The fellows said that was a common occurrence. However, if that truckman lived in New York we should build him a monument. We spent a pleasant social evening at club-quarters. Wilmot produced a banjo, which Joy handled like an expert. With songs and choruses the evening "passed quickly by." Friday morning quite a number of us took a hurried run out to Corey Hill. As all the younger riders were making calls in Boston we did not linger on the way. The view from Corey Hill takes in nearly all of Boston. Even the harbor is in plain sight on a clear day. Bunker Hill monument looms up, a dark object against the sky. It is said, in a legendary way, that Corey Hill was once climbed by a tricycle. Davy Smith, of Andover, taking the information as authentic, saw no reason why he shouldn't accomplish the same feat on a bicycle. Looking down the hill it doesn't seem so steep as it really is, so Davy went to the foot and tried. We regret to record a failure. We wandered about in a happy, thoughtless fashion, stopping at one farm-house for milk, and another for cider, — a pleasing combination. Our guide — Secretary Pope — entertained us with anecdotes and stories of historical places until it was time to meet the fellows in Boston, and we took a quick spin into town, having made about twenty-five miles. In the afternoon we had a pleasant visit at the ware-rooms of the Pope Manufacturing Co.; then we separated to meet again at the club-house in time to take the train for New York. A number of us had a few social obligations to meet. About 5 P.M. we congregated at the club-house. The janitor had all the wheels ready for transportation. The same regiment of boys in blue were there to accompany us to the train, with many additional faces. Sorrowfully we left the club-house, the starting-point of those three happy days, and walked slowly

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along beside the machines to the train which was to bear us away from this land of joy. Charlie purchased the tickets. In the depot the boys gave us a cheer that fairly made the windows rattle. We answered it with the club-call, adding the well-known Seventh Regiment cry, "Who are the Massachusetts Club? First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of the Cit-i-zens. Tut-a-rum, — tut-tut-a-rum-tum, tum-tum-tum," beating the tattoo with our feet. Then to a good-by call by our bugler, mingled with the farewells of our well-wishing friends, the train slowly pulled out of the depot, and our trip, like all the fleeting joys of this world, had become a thing of the past. The fellows had spent themselves in 'cycling toil, and were not remarkably lively.

The evening was spent in recalling incidents of the run. We had gone below deck to smoke, when Charlie rushed down and informed us the doctor was sick. We then noticed that the boat, then off Point Judith, was pitching in a lively manner. We hurried up the gangway in time to see the doctor, the picture of despair, his hand on his stomach in silent agony, making for the aft deck.

The doctor's make-up gave him considerable capacity for this sort of ailment. In fact, he informed us afterwards that he was sick all the way down. We suggested that he retire. He hadn't strength to make any objections. As it was towards 11 o'clock we followed suit, and hearing nothing from the doctor went immediately to sleep. We were awakened about 4 o'clock by a horrible noise of escaping steam and the cries of the affrighted passengers. It was only Nell blowing his calliope, — an instrument of torture, ingeniously made out of two pieces of gas-pipe by a plumber. It was lucky for Nell that the captain didn't find him out. We awoke next morning at the foot of Canal street much refreshed. All traces of the doctor's sickness had disappeared. Charlie was hungry, Nell impatient to get to business; the parson bright and smiling, in citizen's dress. After we had breakfasted in a restaurant near by we separated, but it was not until we saw the great amount of work accumulated during our absence we could fully realize that we were home again.

Edwin Oliver.



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A TRIO OF SONNETS.

AFTER THE PORTUGUESE AND ITALIAN.

I. *In a Riding Rink.*

STAY not, with lingering foot, O learner, here,
Seek the expansion of the country ride;
Firm be thy step, thy heart will banish fear
In brighter scenes this *posty* path denied,
Far from the shade of tall and brick abodes,
Where stand the suburb mansions of delight.
Stay not, but on superior turnbike roads
Find the best basis of bicycling height.
And there to cheer thy firstly toilsome way,
See many a coaster glitter down the hill!
Pure gales refreshing softly round thee play,
Warm sunshine smiles; beware of headers still.
Once skilful there, free of beginner's strife,
Health is a certainty, and ride is life.

II. *Of Some Roads.*

SELECTMEN! why, where'er our rubbers tread,
Obstruct the road with rocks and ruts like these?
Ah, you — for we have reasonable dread
To toil and pant where we should skim with ease —
Deserve the frown severe, the language rude,
From gentle wheelmen that come out your way!
Our semi-flyers must travel unsubdued,
Like carrier-pigeons, not like birds of prey.
Are we to contest new, in toils untried?
No, we have common hindrance defied,
And drawn fresh energy from every flight;
But the rough jolts of bumping on the wheel —
With such incessant shock vibrating steel
Shaky and brittle grows, if no less bright.

III. *A Senior's Intent.*

BICYCLE ride! more lively than serene,
Whether in urban streets or rural ways,
Where health led me with so mercurial mien,
Winging my feet these five years' fleeting days;
I must forbear your heights! and though my heart
Declines the chances of your harms before,
'Tis but ambition for a greater part —
Still strengthening limbs will manage one wheel more!
Let Tricycle through many a future day
To distant towns this mortal form convey,
Journeying inland or skirting ocean's wave;
Yet my song musical, to memory true,
On thought's light pedals oft shall fly with you,
And still, Bicycle, in your praises rave.

J. G. D.

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THE POLITICAL POWER OF THE L.A.W.

No doubt most members of the L.A.W. are generally unconscious that the organization possesses any political power, since the League was not organized for the purpose of exercising any political power, and has never exercised any such power directly and consciously. But that it does possess political power, and wields a considerable political influence unconsciously, and that it may, whenever it is provoked to do so, exercise, purposely and directly, a very considerable and wide-felt political power, is apparent to every trained political observer. That it will exercise such power, and ought to do so, under certain circumstances, for the protection of its rights and interests, when assailed, is also true. For one, I believe that the organization is more valuable because of the political power it possesses, and may wield, when necessary, than for any other of its qualities. That it does exercise such power unconsciously, and may make such power felt strongly whenever it shall have just cause for exerting it, the recent flurry in Ohio clearly illustrates.

Some time last summer or last fall Mr. Green, now a member of the Ohio Legislature from Shelby County, claims to have seen two or more instances in which horses were frightened by bicyclers. According to his account bicyclers in his county are few in number, and the offenders were either boys, or careless young men, as he evidently considered, of little or no account politically. Mr. Green does not complain that these boys or young men violated any law. In fact, though not in words, he concedes that they did not violate any law; that they exercised only their lawful rights upon the highway. This, because if they had violated any law there was no need of proposing any new law to cover the case. Mr. Green did not take the trouble, he confesses, to ascertain what are all the legal rights of bicycle-riders on the highway, else he would not have proposed a bill so plainly contrary to fundamental legal principles, as decided by the Courts; but he did evidently know that the bicyclers he complained of were exercising only their lawful rights, for, if their acts were already unlawful, it would be nonsense to propose a bill to make them unlawful.

The idea struck Mr. Green that it would be a popular thing with his constituents, especially with those who drive horses, to use his influence in the Legislature to pass a bill to deprive these bicycle-riders of their lawful rights upon the highways. He considered them only a few boys, or wild young fellows, of no political account, whose rights it would be safe to extinguish, and that so doing would win popularity and votes for himself. Then would that class of horse-owners, who imagine that the public highways were constructed and are maintained for their especial benefit, and that all others are permitted to use them only upon sufferance, rise up and call him blessed, and vote for him next time. This is not, perhaps, exactly the language in which Mr. Green thought it out, but this is the real substance of his ideas. And probably other legislators entertained these same ideas.

But the Ohio State branch of the L.A.W. was aroused. It made known the case to the L.A.W., and that great organization was aroused. All the clubs in the State were aroused. Some of them obtained an expression through the public press. Others made known their opinions to members of the Legislature. The L.A.W. spoke through its organs. The members of the Order demanded a hearing before the legislative committee to whom Mr. Green's bill was referred. The legislative committee, having discovered that it had something greater to deal with than a few boys, or wild young men, of no political account, accorded a hearing to the representatives of the L.A.W. That hearing was accorded, and the L.A.W. representatives were listened to with respectful consideration, largely, because they represented a powerful organization, possessing control of money, brains, business, and social influence, votes, and representing an unknown but evidently considerable political power. A few boys, of no political account, would have been accorded no such respectful hearing, notwithstanding the fact that the rights of a few boys, or of one boy, was of just as much moral importance as the rights of any number of citizens. But everybody knows that it makes a vast deal of difference, practically, how many votes a pleader before a Legislature can control if wronged.

When the hearing was had, of all Presi-

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dent Miller's address, the one statement, which we may be sure made the profoundest impression on the committee, was his showing that the bill attacked a League comprising three thousand or more members; that these members are men and voters, not boys, — men of business and political and social influence, — gentlemen, including lawyers, editors, business men, clergymen, doctors, — men possessed of both brains and money, who know their rights, and are thoroughly and very widely organized to maintain them, and who most earnestly intend to maintain them. President Miller might, perhaps, have safely spared all his legal arguments, and all other arguments, and have put it truthfully exactly as it formed itself in the minds of the shrewd politicians of the committee: "We are three thousand strong, fully organized, besides, a still greater unattached following; we have brains, money, knowledge, and pluck; this party, and the men who, passing such bill, shall certainly lose the next election, if we can possibly compass their political destruction, and we shall work to that end with the energy of men who have an outrage to avenge, and with the skill of our best brains, and with the money, and influence, and thoroughly organized endeavor of a great League, of a State League, and of clubs in almost every county."

That was exactly the meaning of it all, reduced to its final terms; and that is the way we may be sure the politicians in the Legislature understand it. And that understanding was what so suddenly and so radically altered Mr. Green's notions and bearing. He was probably one of the most surprised politicians who ever sat in the Ohio Legislature. He was going to immortalize himself by suppressing the impudence of a few boys, of no account politically, when, lo! he found himself face to face with a political power of unknown dimensions, but certainly pretty strong, and, very likely, strong enough, if provoked, to turn the political scale, in a State so nicely balanced as Ohio, — certainly strong enough to resent his provocation by doing a great deal of mischief to his party, and, perhaps, to himself. This wasn't at all the entertainment he had invited himself and his fellow-legislators to, and, no doubt, the language of the committee to Mr. Green, no matter in what words it may be phrased, means, at the bottom, something like this: "This will never do, Brother Green. The party cannot afford to make enemies of this great organization of active and earnest men. Political suicide lies that way. We have got to find some safe way out of this scrape. Of course we will let you down as easily as we can; but we have got to get out of it somehow, and don't you forget it."

Perhaps Mr. Green has never heard the Hindoo fable which runs substantially as follows: —

THE ARROGANT PILGRIM AND THE IMPERTINENT MONKEY.

An arrogant pilgrim, on his way to a certain famous shrine, sat down by the wayside to eat his noontide meal. While eating, he espied an impertinent monkey asleep in the jungle-grass, close beside the path, a few paces ahead. "The ineffable impudence of these creatures," said the arrogant pilgrim to himself, "to dare profane the highway which is made sacred by the feet of devout pilgrims, using its space to sun the lazy carcass of a monkey!" Therewith the arrogant pilgrim flung a stick at the slumbering monkey so spitefully that the creature awoke, arose, and gaped upon him. Holy bowels of Vishnu! — the monkey was a tiger!

COMMENT: — The pilgrim who claimeth the whole road for his own maketh a dangerous journey.

MORAL: — Be sure of your monkey before you shy your stick.

If there were no bicycle-riders in Ohio but the two or three in Mr. Green's district, there would be danger of his bill becoming a law. If it were a law, and such a law would stand the ordeal of the courts, bicycle-riding would be impossible upon the highways of Ohio. Mr. Green, and probably others of the Legislature, cannot easily perceive the truth that the public highways are maintained for the use of the whole public, and not merely for the use of those who own horses. Bicyclers dismount and put themselves to much trouble to avoid frightening horses; but they do this because they are gentlemen, and from courtesy only. They are under no legal and no moral obligation to do so. Every man who drives a horse runs his own risk, if he goes upon the highway with a skittish, half-broken, badly-trained animal. In the ultimate view of both the law and common-sense, man has the primary right upon the highway, and all animals of burden must yield, if there is occasion for yielding, to man. The pedestrian first, the man on any vehicle propelled by himself

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next, beasts afterward. This is the fundamental principle, which is as ancient as the body of the law. B has as much right to drive an elephant, a camel, or an ass, or ox, as A has to drive a horse. If A's horse is frightened by B's elephant, camel, ass, or ox, B is under no obligation to stop, or to give A's horse any more than half the road. If A drives a horse which is so untrained that it gets frightened at any of B's lawful acts, A runs his own risk, and must not only bear any damage which he suffers himself because of the whims of his horse, but he is also liable for any damage which his unruly horse may do. For instance, A's horse is frightened by the passing of a railway train, and runs into and breaks C's carriage. It has been again and again adjudged that A not only must bear his own loss, but must also pay for the damage his horse has done to C's carriage. Again; D has a right to carry an umbrella on the highway, no matter how much A's horse objects; and E may push a handcart, and F draw a baby-carriage, and G march a brass band, playing, down the road, and H haul a clattering threshing-machine; and so on to the end of the alphabet, and A and his horse must take care of themselves as best they can. Now, of all the various objects which horses sometimes shy at, a bicycle is the quietest, the least alarming, the least obstructive and dangerous, and horses become accustomed to it soonest and easiest. Indeed, the great majority of horses do not shy at it even the first time they see it.

But, while these are the abstract rights of the case, it is plain that these rights, or any rights, are secure, largely because of the political power of bicycle-riders. Their rights will be accorded, first, because of their numbers, record, and, most strongly, because their numbers are organized. Mr. Green's bill could not be stopped by two or three boys, or even men, in his own county only; perhaps not by only a few scattered and unorganized riders in several counties. But when a body which extends over the whole State, and over the whole nation, — a body organized which commands money, influence, a press, many social and political connections, and business interests, and brains, so that if you touch even two or three boys in one obscure corner, you arouse a thoroughly organized body all over the State, and all over the nation, — why, it is altogether different. Thus, the practical benefit of organization appears; and members can easily see the advantage of maintaining the club, the State branch, and the National League. Organization gives us a tremendous power and a wide influence. Any number of units, acting each as a unit, would be but little respected; but a great combination, ready to be used as one body, commands consideration. Hence, I say that the latent political power of the L.A.W. is its most valuable quality, and is alone worth much more than its cost. State legislatures, city councils, village boards, and township officers, are very much less likely to meddle with our rights when they know that they have to deal with that which can make trouble all over a whole State, if wronged, and can wield political influences it is better for their party or faction not to provoke.

At the great League meeting in Boston, in 1881, — there being, at that time, some trouble with certain city governments, — the writer hereof recommended that, laying aside all differences of party politics, the wheelmen, in such cities, should combine, and use their earnest organized efforts to defeat and kill off politically any alderman, mayor, or other official who should attempt to deny their just rights; and he remarked that just one lesson of that sort would be enough in any city, even if the effort should prove unsuccessful at first. That advice I believe to be sound policy. I most sincerely hope that neither the League nor any club or State branch will ever have need to make use of their political power; but, if it should become necessary, I am earnestly in favor of making such an example as will serve unmistakable notice upon parties and politicians that war upon our rights will be resented by us with political war upon the party, the faction, and especially the men who outrage any of our number, to the utmost extent of our numbers, our money, our earnest, active work at the polls, and all our influence through our organized force.

Let us, by all means, keep the L.A.W. and all its branches and clubs entirely aloof from politics in the ordinary sense; but let us, whenever our just rights are assailed through politics or politicians, be ever ready as an organization to wield our political power, strongly and efficiently in self-defence. The fact that we possess political power is our shield; the fact that we are ready to use it when attacked will double the strength of our shield. We trespass upon the rights of no man; let us make it plainly understood that no man will be permitted to trespass upon our rights with impunity.

President Bates.

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A SHADOW LOVE.

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

Author of "Louise and I," "John Ascott's Daughter," etc.

XII.

"I have found her!
At last, after long wanderings, dull delays,
I have found her;
And all my life is turned to joy and praise."

It was 8 o'clock, and Doctor Mayne stood, hat in hand, in the door-way.

"I am going out, Ruth, for a little while; have you any plans for the evening, or any commissions?"

"Please remember me to the professor," she replied, with a knowing look. "Why don't you ask me to accompany you, Frederick?"

She stood leaning against the corner of the mantle, while she surveyed her handsome brother, and awaited his reply.

"Then you are *sure* I am going to the professor's?"

She would have answered, but at the moment an attendant appeared, announcing that two gentlemen were below who wished to see Doctor Mayne. While the doctor was glancing at the cards Ruth crossed the room and stepped to his side.

"Some of your new acquaintances?"

He placed the cards in his sister's hand, and turned towards the attendant, when she continued, —

"Your engagement, then, is with these gentlemen. When will you return, Fred?"

"I have no engagement, sister. I was only going out for a short walk. Shall I see my friends in the reception-room or ask them here?"

"Here, certainly, if they are calling," she insisted. "I thought you were going out with them."

The doctor turned toward the door-way again, saying, as he moved away, "I shall be happy to have you meet them, Ruth"; after which the attendant was directed to show the gentlemen to the room, and the doctor prepared to receive them.

"Perhaps I *will* come in by and by."

She held the cards idly a moment, and then, dropping them into a *Haliotis* shell, which answered the purpose of a card-receiver, left the table and withdrew to her own apartment.

Edwin Hoyt might be classed with those far-seeing ones who always make hay when the sun shines. Knowing not how soon he might take flight from Paris, he determined to lose no time in furthering his acquaintance with Doctor Mayne, and decided to call upon the earliest opportunity. As a matter of preference his friend Manning would have chosen another evening than the present; but the engagement having been made several days previous there was no alternative.

He was in a state of complete dejection to-night, for during the morning hours he had been treated to another glimpse of that mysterious face, no longer a shadow, which haunted him now continually. Of late there had seemed almost a fatality in the manner in which it had flashed upon his vision like a meteor, only to be lost again in an instant; and, though hope was yet strong, sometimes he imagined it faintly darkened by just the shadow of despair.

As yet Wilson had been unable to bring about the introduction, though he assured Wellford that only the sudden departure from the city of Mr. So-and-so — a very particular friend upon whose influence he had relied — had been responsible for the delay. He still regarded it as a "sure thing," however, and counselled patience.

"Welcome, gentlemen," said the doctor, receiving his visitors cordially, and conducting them to seats. "This is unexpected pleasure."

It proved so to Wellford, certainly, for the doctor was particularly entertaining to-night, and the spirits of the Englishman regained their usual buoyancy. He never tired of the doctor's reminiscences of Professor Gantier, for the old scientist's name was sure to be introduced sooner or later, and upon such occasions the younger naturalist sometimes touched upon his own life and travels.

"The professor has such a remarkable memory," the doctor went on, in the

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course of their conversation. "I think he remembers everything which comes under his observation. It is amusing, though, that he should recollect so perfectly the incident regarding the Yorkshire Englishman in Havana. I was about your age, Mr. Manning, and had seen little of the world, but the professor was very good to me that night. In fact, he kept me awake for over two hours with his droll stories, or narratives of wild adventure, and then frightened me out of my wits with an Indian war-whoop, at daylight, to see if my nerves were strong.

"That is the only time I ever made an acquaintance at midnight; it proved a very fortunate circumstance for me, however, and in the end gave me a love for the sciences and for the study of comparative anatomy, which have been sources of pleasure to me ever since."

Wellford said something about the doctor's "practice," very innocently, of course.

"My practice?" the doctor repeated, pleasantly. "Oh, no; I only made medicine a branch of other studies. I never practised in my life. True I gained the requisite knowledge, and a diploma; but, as far as the requirements of 'the family physician' are concerned, I fear, now, one is as dusty as the other. It is two years since my last visit to Paris, and I find the professor has changed somewhat even in that time. He used to be an indefatigable worker — up at five o'clock in the morning making drawings of various animal forms for illustration, examining specimens, or searching through authorities. Then, after breakfast, the real work of the day commenced. He used to set himself a given task, and he accomplished it, too. Then he did his reading at night, often sitting or reclining, with a newspaper, a scientific periodical, a new work upon some familiar specialty, or even a novel, in his hand, until his eyes grew heavy. *That* marked the 'time for blowing out the candle.' He is taking things more leisurely now; and, amusing as it appears to me, has actually given himself over, in a measure, to the frivolities of social life."

"Is he really such a woman-hater?" Manning interposed.

"He's a veritable humbug in that particular," the doctor responded with emphasis. "No one more easily flatters him than a woman; and his pretty compliments and little gallantries to the fair sex in general have become proverbial. He is never happier than when surrounded by a group of admiring listeners, — ladies particularly, — though I fear, in his zeal to give a telling point to his stories, he sometimes colors them a little, and occasionally 'puts a foot into it'; but never with wrong intentions. He called this afternoon, unfortunately during my absence, so I missed seeing him" —

The door-way at the opposite side of the room was quietly opened and Miss Mayne appeared. Wellford was so occupied with the doctor he did not see her enter; but when he raised his eyes, a moment later, the vision which met his gaze quite took his breath away. He wondered if he was dreaming, and almost doubted his senses. He felt hot and cold by turns, and the floor seemed to be slipping from beneath him. Then came the introduction.

"Mr. Hoyt, Mr. Manning, my sister."

Hoyt stepped forward, and, taking the proffered hand, pressed it cordially, while his greeting was pleasant and commonplace. Then Wellford, with cheeks of a deep crimson, touched the fingers of the fair girl and simply bowed.

Seating themselves, the doctor drew his chair beside that of Wellford, while Hoyt led Miss Mayne to the sofa, and conversation was resumed.

Wellford had no thought of being rude, — he was born with the instincts of a gentleman, — but there was only one spot in the room upon which his eyes were able to rest comfortably. How fair she was! What marvellous eyes! and as the Englishman gazed upon that familiar profile, and noted the sweet, thoughtful expression upon the girl's face, as she listened to the words of his friend, he felt a thrill of rapture. Truly, the artist of Rome had been no flatterer!

"Don't you think Paris a charming city?" the doctor resumed, introducing a new topic.

"Charming!" Wellford replied, absently.

Ruth was entertaining Mr. Hoyt with an account of her first visit to the Louvre, — the very day upon which he had followed her through a dozen galleries. There was a brief pause, and the doctor began again.

"There are so many advantages here for the *student* in any specialty. Have you ever travelled in Germany?"

"Yes, sir — oh, no, sir. I have never before been out of Great Britain."

Oh that Dr. Mayne would cease this commonplace!

However, the gentleman tried a new

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subject, determined to be entertaining, if possible.

"I take it you are not using your wheels much of late," he ventured; "but don't you find it a very tiresome mode of travel?"

"*Very* tiresome." Wellford replied with decided emphasis. He was only thinking of the present conversation; but he became aware of his blunder almost immediately, and endeavored to extricate himself as gracefully as possible. "At least, it seems tiresome on such a tour as this," he continued, "because one is so impatient to find himself in the midst of new excitements, when a city has been fairly *done*. As a mode of travel, however, especially upon the fine roads of Europe, there is nothing to equal it."

The doctor smiled blandly as he thought how easily a wheelman's heart was touched. His next remark, however, was unfortunate, as far as the conversation was concerned.

"But it has always seemed to me a selfish enjoyment, as wheelmen cannot share these delightful experiences with their wives or sisters."

For the time being Manning had taken his eyes from the face of Ruth Mayne; but he now looked toward her.

At that moment she was giving Hoyt the details of some trivial incident of her visit to the gallery, her face all animation and her eyes dancing with expression. The selfishness of bicycle riding, as far as relating to the company of the fair sex, never before struck him so forcibly. As he pondered it now in his mind, one hour in the delightful companionship of such a flesh-and-blood reality, seemed infinitely preferable to a month of "runs" with the winged steed; and the friendship and esteem of such a delightful creature, of more value, tenfold, than all the bicycles in the world.

Until the present moment, doubtless, Wellford had been in perfect sympathy with that enthusiastic wheelman who named *his* "shadow love" *pericardium*, because "next the heart." Such sentiment toward inanimate steel is as pretty as it is real, though there is sure to come a time when the enthusiast will appreciate the vast difference existing 'twixt the glitter of nickel-plate and the flashing of a pair of lovely eyes. Wellford appreciated it now fully, for the first time.

"Yes," he replied, after an unusually long pause, glancing down to the floor, "I suppose, viewing it from that standpoint, it is a selfish amusement; however, a wheelman may step down from his high perch, if he chooses; he can meet his wife or his sister half-way on the tricycle."

There was a sudden pause in the conversation between Hoyt and Miss Mayne. Wellford looked up quickly as the girl turned toward him, and their eyes met.

"Were you speaking of the bicycle, Mr. Manning?" she questioned. "Mr. Hoyt tells me you are an expert wheelman."

"I was speaking of the social advantages of the tricycle over its two-wheeled congener," he responded, "as affording us the companionship of our lady friends on the road."

"Oh, but a gentleman looks so much more airy and graceful upon the bicycle!" she exclaimed. "To me the wheel is a constant source of admiration and envy. Other objects as commonplace as *wheels* may be idealized and invested with poetic thought; but the bicycle is, *itself*, a poem wrought in steel."

Such words were sufficient to send a thrill of pleasure to the heart of any wheelman; coming from the lips of Ruth Mayne their effect upon Wellford Manning was electrical.

"And do *you* champion its cause?" he exclaimed, excitedly, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm.

"I fear I should prove but a weak champion of any cause," she answered. "though I have always been an ardent lover of the beautiful. As grace is one of the first attributes of beauty, a bicycle certainly comes into that category."

"To me it has always seemed to symbolize silent force," Hoyt interposed. "Pardon me, I have interrupted you!"

"Not at all," she replied, continuing: "I have somewhere seen, used in that connection, doubtless, the picture of a winged wheel rolling through space. At first the figure seemed purely fanciful; but a few evenings since, as I was passing an asphalt street, at dusk, a number of these phantoms came flitting by in company, and, somehow, I was reminded of an old poem where the silent flight of spirits is described. The suggestion was so strong I closed my eyes, and almost heard the rush of wings through the night air."

"Charming!" the doctor exclaimed, glancing at his sister approvingly. "Gentlemen, these thoughts are new to me; I have never before dreamed of being a wheelman, but the enthusiasm is positively catching."

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The conversation, now general, continued so but a little while, for the doctor and Mr. Hoyt, becoming interested in some special topic, took seats together, leaving Wellford to join Miss Mayne upon the sofa. It seemed like a dream to be sitting face to face with the materialized form of his darling picture. He knew every line of *that* face better than he knew the features of many of his friends, and as he gazed and gazed, noting how delicately moulded were the features before him, and how fair she was, in those first fleeting moments of rapture he felt he must be in the presence of the most beautiful woman on earth.

Such is the power of love!

Ruth Mayne was not beautiful. For though her features were regular and finely cut, and her complexion soft and clear; though her hair was dark and wavy, and her eyes a deep, melting brown, the charm of her face — that which made men pay her homage — was the ever-changing expression, which came and went as sunshine and shadow play over a landscape. There *are* faces, even cold and severe in repose, — repellant it may be, — which, when illumined by that inner light of the soul, grow radiantly beautiful. People possessing such faces have "speaking eyes," more dangerous, far, than the lips, with all their power of articulate speech.

No word was said; yet when her eyes
Met mine in innocent surprise,
They seemed to look me through and through,
And, spellbound, what else could I do
But gaze again into her eyes?

Ah, who would know where danger lies,
Or learn from folly to be wise!
With one soft glance the truth I knew —
No word was said.

One sidelong glance. Soft, tell-tale sighs
Are sweet. Far sweeter the replies
Of shy, brown orbs, or black, or blue,
When hearts are growing fondly true.
I read my answer in her eyes —
No word was said.

It was not strange when Wellford found himself so near this fair girl, to whom he was paying such devout homage, that, for a moment, he was silent as a great bashful boy.

"Your features seem *so* familiar," he said, with more fondness in his tone than he would have cared to show under the circumstances. He knew it was a foolish speech, and wondered why he had said it; but it was necessary to say something, and this certainly was the subject nearest his heart.

"Yes?" she half interrogated. "Yet it is not surprising, for your friend tells me we were all in Rome at the same time. It may amuse you, Mr. Manning," she went on, "but I am sure I have seen you before, for I rarely forget a face, if impressed upon my mind by never so slight a circumstance. You wear a costume in touring, do you not?"

Wellford answered in the affirmative, and she continued, —

"It is a blouse of soft gray stuff, with plaiting from the waist to the shoulders, and the knee-breeches and stockings are the same color. The buttons are silver, and the hat is a helmet?"

Wellford's face beamed with delight.

"Yes; you are right in every particular," he said. "I am all eagerness to know the circumstance which made you remember it so well."

"Oh, I did not intend to tell that," she said, with a smile. Then she hesitated, and played with her rings a moment before looking up again. "I always notice such things," she began, "because one sees so much selfishness abroad. It was near the Piazza Navona in Rome. I chanced to be passing in a carriage at the time, and you were walking with a gentleman. Something in a street beyond had attracted the people, and in the excitement, as they hurried by, a blind old beggar-woman was rudely jostled, and her little handful of coins scattered over the pavement. Your companion took no notice of the incident whatever; but you paused, and, picking up every coin, handed them to the old woman, while the gentleman waited for you a little distance away. I admired you for it, and almost wished you were a countryman."

Wellford colored slightly, and, to hide his embarrassment, exclaimed with animation, —

"O Miss Mayne, that last thought is a reflection on every true-hearted Englishman abroad. Human nature is human nature the world over."

"Do you think so?" she pursued, in reply to his first remark. "Then I am sorry I gave it expression; but national pride is strong when one is under an alien flag, and, besides, I am a *true* American."

"And love your country," the Englishman interposed.

"Yes. The more I travel in foreign lands the more I am impressed with the grandeur and the simplicity of my own country, its people and its institutions. I

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could never consent to live abroad after the manner of many Americans now residing in Europe, or even to travel abroad for any great length of time."

"But you should see something of English homes and English people, Miss Mayne," Wellford replied, warmly. "I fear you draw your conclusions from the life one sees in Paris, for the French do not know the meaning of home as we understand it; at least, there is no equivalent to the word in the language. In an English home there is something which always bespeaks contentment and good cheer; it is a refuge from the great, selfish world, which cares nothing for you beyond what it can make out of you. To my mind," he continued, "a pride of family comes nearer to the heart than pride of country, though Englishmen are not wanting in national pride, I assure you. We cling to old traditions as we cling to our firesides; and one reason why the average Englishman away from home finds so little with which he is in sympathy is because he sees so little that is thoroughly English. However, we are cousins, Miss Mayne, after all."

"But we have *homes* in America," Ruth urged.

"Yes, you have a few such homes, no doubt, though the country is newer and the people more cosmopolitan and less conservative."

"Yet I can hardly agree with you, Mr. Manning," she replied, with dignity. "You are referring to the homes of the cultured and wealthy classes. Your middle classes I think have the home-feeling of which you have just been speaking to a far less degree, while with the laboring people, I should judge, from what I have read, it is wanting entirely, men, women, and children oftentimes finding relaxation from their lives of toil and drudgery in the drinking-houses.

"When you visit America, particularly New England, you will be struck with the almost universal regard for this home-feeling among the poorer classes. The houses may be small, they may be mean, but the hearthstone is there, and you may even be surprised to find upon the mantel little evidences of taste or objects of adornment; and upon the walls the best pictures are hung that their scanty means will allow, and the floor of the 'best room' is often carpeted. The women are neatly dressed, and upon the Sabbath, or on holidays, you would find it difficult, amid the crowd, to separate them from their more favored neighbors."

"Have you no degraded classes in your cities?" Wellford interrogated.

"Yes, and they live huddled together in the tenement-houses, or in hovels, just as they lived in Europe before the tide of emigration brought them to our shores. But even they, or their children, in time desire better things, and in America, you know, every man has an equal chance."

Whether from the power of her beauty or her eloquence, Wellford did not make reply. He was thoughtful a moment, and then expressed his thoughts in words.

"I should dearly love to visit America, Miss Mayne."

"You *must* do so, by all means," she urged warmly, looking straight into his face.

He met her gaze, and dropped his eyes bashfully to the floor.

"I have formed very favorable impressions of your country already," he said, "from what your brother has told me from time to time."

"Yet Fred is such a cosmopolite."

During this brief half hour spent in the society of Ruth Mayne, Wellford unconsciously experienced an entire change of feeling toward her, delightful yet disappointing. In that first delicious moment, when the realization of the bright, haunting vision was suddenly revealed to him, he felt the same boyish rapture with which he had viewed the picture, but intensified fourfold. He had felt as well acquainted with her as with some familiar friend, and longed to tell her so. But it was not the face of Ruth Mayne into which he gazed; it was still the face of the loved ideal.

And now he had grown more timid, for the ideal was slowly fading as Ruth Mayne, the reality, looked into his eyes, answered him thought for thought, and stood before him in her own personal identity — *a stranger*.

He realized it fully; it pained him; yet he was glad that it was so, for he felt now that his love had been but a boyish sentiment, — a soulless love, born of a mere passing fancy. He was already beginning to experience a different feeling; there was much of respect in it, there was a deeper sentiment, as a wish, yet unexpressed, that he might seem worthy to become *her friend*. With the ideal such a thought had never once entered his head.

To say he was still madly in love with her would be a doubtful statement, for the

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reaction had set in, and his mind was in an exceedingly vague and chaotic state. However, thus far it was clear: he felt that she was a woman of superior intellect; that she was extremely fascinating in conversation, and that her face was a very sweet and thoughtful one; further than this he knew nothing.

For a considerable distance, on their way back to the hotel, the Englishman walked in silence, and his companion, noting his serious mood, as he passed along with head bent down, paid him friendly respect by leaving him to his reflections. At length Wellford spoke.

"He will be a proud man, Hoyt, who wins the love of Ruth Mayne."

XIII.

"I will look but a moment
In those young eyes, and hear that sweet young voice
Refine our common English, and to-morrow
She will forget the stranger."

THE doctor was beginning now to feel quite well acquainted with Miss Thorne, and to show a marked interest in her art studies.

"Why don't you take a studio?" he said one day, "and secure instruction, if only for a few months?"

She could easily have obtained admission into the art schools; but the doctor hinted, delicately, that the schools of Paris were not as pleasant for ladies as those in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, as the code of morals in the French city did not always require *men* to be gentlemen.

He knew how ambitious she was, and, having seen some of her work, which, by its *manly* strength, had quite surprised him, he further hinted that she might *paint at* a picture for the *Salon*.

"O Doctor Mayne!" she exclaimed, "I could not attempt *that* and be rejected."

"Never fear the rejection," the doctor urged with enthusiasm. "You will have gained something in the attempt, and a little gain is no lost ground, surely; besides, you have been accepted at home, you know."

"Oh — yes," she answered, doubtfully, "'accepted'; but that has nothing to do with the *Salon*."

"N-o?" the doctor articulated.

It was somewhat in the nature of a question, so Grace made answer to it.

"No; for one of the best things in the Academy Exhibition, a few years ago, and 'skied' over a door-way, was a *Salon* picture of the previous year, which had been hung 'on the line.' Another 'line' picture in the Academy, the same year, had also been in the *Salon*, but 'skied' to the very ceiling. *I* might not even find myself within the building; and that, you know, would be much worse than the dark corner of the 'corridor.' Paris is not New York, Dr. Mayne."

The acquaintance was very pleasant, of course, though Grace was puzzled with so much disinterested kindness, for the doctor had certainly been very kind to her as well as to her brother. He was a rare companion with whom to visit the many galleries in Paris which were open to the public, and quite as enjoyable a companion as a brother-artist would have been, —more so, in fact, for he was a fine critic, having an acquaintance not simply with one school of art, but with all; then, he had read so much, and seen so many celebrated pictures, or works of famous artists, viewing a collection with him was as profitable as it was a delightful occupation. And how much pleasure they both derived from it; though the doctor always tried to make Grace feel that he was the recipient of favor, and that she was each day placing him under renewed obligation. No doubt he really thought so, for the reader knows that Dr. Mayne hated shams of every description.

However, Grace continued these delightful art-studies, thanking fortune for beaming so kindly upon her; but it never occurred to her that the doctor *could* be more than a very good friend, — for he had passed the sentimental age in man, and his hair was a beautiful iron-gray.

In the week which followed the meeting with Ruth Mayne, Wellford walked as one in a dream. In his mad pursuit of her during the two months following his leaving Rome, he had never once stopped to think what his actions might be should he at last find her. To say there was something disappointing in the realization of his dream, now that he had found her, hardly expresses his feelings in the matter; and yet it had thrown him into a state of more intense longing and deeper unrest, if possible, than before.

His adventures had acted as an exciting stimulant; and, coming in quick succession, there had been no intervening moments of calm, when he might have viewed himself and his actions in the light of cool reason. Now that he had found her — and

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found at the same time that she possessed a heart and a mind — he felt there was a wide gulf between them, which he might never be able to bridge over. In other words, he had blindly pursued a pleasing face, in which he felt a sort of proprietorship, and had *found* a lovely type of woman, who was as much a stranger to him as though he had never known of her existence.

He deemed it exceedingly fortunate that he could call himself her brother's friend, for the acquaintance opened the way at once for more frequent meetings than would have been possible under any other circumstances. He thought it a little strange that the doctor had only once or twice casually mentioned a sister, and that they had not met earlier; yet when he came to think it over quietly, it was not so strange, after all; for, with the exception of a single call at the hotel, his appointments with the doctor had taken him to places where a meeting was most unlikely.

The doctor was flattered by Wellford's pleasant attentions to his sister when they were thrown together, little knowing the true state of the case. As for Ruth, regarding him as "Fred's friend," she had exerted herself to entertain him, chiefly out of a kindly consideration for her brother. There was no lack of opportunities to meet her therefore, — often for a few moments, sometimes for an afternoon or evening, and whether the meetings were for hours or only moments Wellford found them occasions of rare delight. But, oh, the intervening hours and days in that first week! The young man *was* in love; there was no gainsaying the fact; and the utter hopelessness of the case, as he now viewed it, filled him with unutterable misery. Absent from her he passionately clung to the loved ideal; in her presence he worshipped the fair reality reverently, distantly, and studied how he might win her esteem, if only to be called a simple friend.

Mature for her years, she appeared older than Wellford, though, in reality, she was several months younger. But it was not so much her appearance as her manners which gave the impression, for she had none of that childishness which clings to some women far beyond their teens, and which other women try to affect with such innocence.

The thought that so companionable a girl might have a lover, or half a score of them for that matter, had not yet presented itself to Wellford's imagination. Had he been at all solicitous upon the subject, and come to the doctor for information, which, as a sensible fellow, he would have no idea of doing, the doctor might have stated, not only that his sister had had numerous lovers, but that one and all had experienced similar feelings to those with which he was being agitated at the present time. Not one had dared to propose, for the time never came when it seemed there was the least possibility of acceptance. Neither had she treated them unkindly, she was too much of a lady for that; but, while making herself very agreeable, managed to hold them off at arm's length, in such a kindly manner, nothing remained but to accept the inevitable with Christian resignation.

There is a painful satisfaction in loving a girl with a positive nature, — one who knows her own mind, and is above coquetry, — for, as a general rule, a man is able to tell very early how his suit is progressing. Of course, this remark does not hold good when there are other considerations than *mere* love. Girls who marry for money or position never show their true feelings until the knot is tied, and then the *victim* finds a "painful satisfaction" in loving such a girl far transcending his wildest dream of matrimonial felicity. Ruth Mayne was too noble a girl to trifle with a man's affections. When she married it would be for love alone, and the man must be worthy of her love; but such a suitor had never presented himself.

As to her feelings toward Wellford Manning it would be difficult to state them, though, from the little she had read of his character, in their chance meetings, her opinion was favorable. She knew he was frank, and that his nature was kindly and generous; the sentiment of love, however, had not, as yet, disturbed her, for she viewed him only in the light of her brother's friend. It was her nature to be reserved with strangers, — a family characteristic; but as she became better acquainted with the young Englishman, and he with her, she grew less reserved and more friendly, and that feeling of *hauteur*, which, at first, had impressed him so overpoweringly, seemed to lose its force. Then she began to show pleasure in his visits. Wellford had not failed to observe it, and to assure himself that, at least, he could count on her friendship. A woman of sterling good sense in matters of everyday life, there was a depth of sentiment in her nature which pervaded her whole ex-

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istence, and gave a delicacy to her very speech; she was dainty in her tastes, in manners, and appearance; her very grace and dignity borrowing a charm from this rare quality.

"I am so glad you have come, Mr. Manning," she said one evening, as Wellford seated himself in her cosy parlor. "I have just finished reading 'Deutsche Liebe,' — a story of German love, by Max Müller, — and should have lost myself in revery, and dreamed over it in the dark for the remainder of the evening. Do you read German?"

Taking from the table a small morocco-covered volume she passed it to her companion. Wellford answered negatively, though he carefully opened the book and glanced at the title-page.

"Oh, I am sorry; I was going to ask you to take it," she exclaimed; "for it is one of the sweetest, tenderest stories I have ever read. But perhaps you would not like it," she added. "I fear you would not, unless you appreciate sentiment; for it is one of those rare books most deeply enjoyed in the companionship of one's own thoughts."

"Do you think, then, I am so *very* matter-of-fact, Miss Mayne?" He glanced up quickly, and began idly turning the leaves of the book.

"*Are* you given to sentiment, Mr. Manning? One would hardly think so from your face."

"I scarcely know how to answer you," he replied, now gazing intently at the letters upon one of the printed pages. "In the busy world a *dreamer* finds so little sympathy the word is almost taken as a synonyme for 'idler,' and few would wish to acknowledge it."

"But may not one carry sentiment into every-day life?" she pursued, for evidently they were speaking of different things.

He closed the book gently, and replaced it upon the table.

"*I* should never be able to do so," he responded, earnestly. "I admit it is a peculiarity of my nature to dislike the world's occupations, and confess it would be hard to associate feelings of sentiment with things disagreeable. Even now I am dreading my return home, six months hence, because it will plunge me into the midst of active life, from which, I suppose, there can be no escape. Sentiment hardly flourishes in a woollen mill, Miss Mayne, and there all my boyish hopes and aspirations must end, — for so my father has decreed." He looked down to the floor as he continued: "Yes, I am foolishly sentimental, living half the time in an ideal world of my own creation, which sadly distorts this practically real old world, in the other half of my life, I can assure you."

"Why, Mr. Manning, I am disappointed in you!" Ruth answered, derogatorily. "However, I fear we view the subject from different stand-points. By sentiment I do not mean that over-indulgence of the sensibilities for a mere mind excitement — as foolish as it is unsatisfying; nor do I mean that less reproachable vice of the imagination, an undue yielding to one's ideality, called romance or dreaming, if you will; but I would rather use the word in the broader sense of thought, prompted by the highest passions or feelings of which our natures are capable. The dull clod who feebly spells out the words of a poem, in a piece of paper which served to wrap up his dinner, knows nothing of the beautiful sentiment hidden in the lines. To the man with deeply refined sensibilities, the humblest flower of the field, or the pebble by the wayside, teem with thoughts.

"That is what I meant by sentiment when I spoke of 'Deutsche Liebe'; for its language is so simple, and it teems with such beautiful thoughts, a lover of pure sentiment can but find in it a rich treat. If you are a dreamer, as you call yourself, I think you would appreciate it. I *wish* you read German, Mr. Manning."

"I wish so many things, Miss Mayne."

There was a tone of sadness in his voice, and he seemed to gaze away beyond the walls of the room into illimitable space. Both were silent for a moment, and then the girl continued,—

"You have mentioned disliking the world's occupations; from its connection with the remark concerning the woollen mill I take it you mean business pursuits. You would not be an *idler?*"

"Thanks to your brother and Professor Gantier, I can reply to your question fairly. Three months ago, had I answered the query, and been honest, I should have replied 'Yes,' if allowed to follow inclination. I only knew then of the great business world where men grind each other or are ground. Since then I have had vague glimpses into a new world, — a fairy-land, it seems to me, — where toil is but pleasure, and where the humblest laborer finds greatest joy, because there is so much more for him to learn. Yes, I think I might be able to read the thoughts written in the

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flowers and pebbles, find sentiment in a raindrop, or bursting bud, in spring-time, or trace God's finger in everything which lives and breathes."

He sighed deeply; there was another brief pause, and then he went on, —

"No, no! That were something my father would never listen to. He would think me insane, for he holds the world's prejudice against everything called 'scientific'; and so the woollen mill must be the centre of my universe."

"Would he force you into it against inclination?" Ruth questioned.

"No-o," Wellford replied, doubtfully; "he would not *force* me into it; he would simply give me my choice of a share in his business and fortune, with a prestige of several generations behind it, or a private's commission in the great army of bread-winners, with full permission to wear any laurels I might bring away from the world's battle-field."

"Then it is only a question of money?" she said, thoughtfully.

"Only a question of pounds and pence," the young man replied, in the same tone. "And yet it *would* be more than this," he added, as if correcting himself, "for I think it would grieve my father deeply if I disappointed him in this dream of his later years. The name 'Manning' is as much a part of the mill as the clattering machinery beneath the dust-grimed timbers of its broad roofs, and has been so for three-quarters of a century; he expects me to perpetuate the name in that connection when he is gone."

"It is a strange world," Ruth sighed, dreamily. "We are to feel that everything is ordered for the best, yet at times it is all very perplexing."

Those were delicious hours to Wellford Manning, for, aside from the mere social pleasure of this bright girl's companionship, he felt her influence for good as he had never felt the influence of a woman before. She had awakened in him new thoughts and new aspirations; she seemed to understand him better than he understood himself, and she spoke her mind so fearlessly when he tried to defend his faults or boyish weaknesses, that he was drawn toward her as to an elder sister.

Sometimes he found her brimming over with good-humor, and the doctor and himself laughed over her witty remarks or mirth-provoking sallies till the elder gentleman was ashamed of being so frivolous. Sometimes it was a discussion of some leading topic of the day; then it was music or the opera, or, again, they talked of books and favorite authors, and Fred — good soul! — begged them, from the depths of his easy-chair, not to disturb his enjoyment of the last *Review*.

But Fred — good soul! — was *sometimes* in another part of the city, and then they were forced to entertain each other alone.

"You will be surprised, Mr. Manning, but with all my patriotism and love of things American my favorite poets are English."

Wellford had only run in a moment "to see the doctor"; but, finding him absent, had remained, as a matter of course.

"It is not surprising," he said, "for I think one of them belongs to the whole world. Shall I name Shakespeare?"

"Yes, Shakespeare and Lewis Morris."

"And one of my favorites is your own Longfellow," Wellford returned, gracefully; "I know little of Lewis Morris."

"Then you have never read the 'Epic of Hades'?" she half interrogated. "Read it, and you will wonder how the old threadbare stories of heathen mythology can be made so fresh and beautiful."

"When there is so much to read, what a little span of time seems one poor human life!" Wellford responded, thoughtfully. "I have read so little, comparatively, Miss Mayne, that I am actually ashamed to discuss books."

Ruth smiled pleasantly as she answered, "Yes, I used to feel so to; but, after thinking the matter over seriously, I came to the conclusion that it was better to read a few good books understandingly, and with profit to myself, — in such time as could be spared for reading, — than to go through many superficially. Some have a happy faculty of being able to read rapidly, while others are content to convert their brains into imperfect encyclopædias of titles and authors. As I cannot read *all* of the poets I have tried to make myself familiar with the styles of our best poetic writers, and my favorites are those with whom I have found myself in most thorough sympathy."

"There is so much poetry and sentiment in your nature, Miss Mayne, I am tempted to ask if you do not, yourself, write poetry?"

Ruth laughed merrily.

"Yes," she answered, "I *once* wrote a 'poem,' at boarding-school, upon compulsion, and convinced my teacher most signally that I was *not* born a poet; at least, she never made the request a second time."

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"Go on, please," said Wellford, interestedly, as Ruth came to a pause; "perhaps you can recite it?"

"Oh, no, I *would not!*" she exclaimed; "for it is too ridiculous."

"What was the subject?"

"Why, Spring, of course." Her eyes were fairly dancing now. "Mrs. Wentworth gave out the subject to the entire school, and informed us that we were to finish the poems before leaving our desks in the school-room, and then to read them aloud. I protested, for I knew I couldn't do it if my life depended upon the effort."

"But you did do it?" Wellford suggested.

"Yes; I wrote upon the page, under each other, a number of words suggestive of Spring, which rhymed well, and then filled in the lines with the best sense I could make in the two hours allotted to the task. The girls laughed until they cried when I read it, for I was frightened into an *awful* seriousness, while Mrs. Wentworth, with all the strength of her will, was endeavoring to keep the muscles of her face straight; but even she broke down at the last, — however, she let me write in prose ever after, so it was compensated for notwithstanding."

Wellford urged her to recite the poem; and, after repeated refusals, she at length consented to write it out for him to read at his leisure.

This was the poem: —

SPRING.

The birds are beginning to *sing;*
The woods are full of *flowers;*
There is music in every *thing,*
And occasionally some *showers.*

No clouds are seen up in the *sky,*
All nature is in *love;*
And that is the reason *why*
My soul soars up *above.*

How beautiful is this *earth!*
And heaven and nature *sing;*
Rejoicing, perhaps, in the *birth*
Of another beautiful *Spring.*

So the days slipped by unnumbered, and the gay Paris of a few short weeks before was a heavenly Paris now, where the sun was always shining, and the birds sang, and the trees rustled musically, while all was blithe, and bright, and joyous.

What had become of Hoyt and Wilson and the Thornes in the days when Wellford Manning was weaving memories?

Hoyt had become tired of Paris and "the environs," and was taking a two or three weeks' tour, by himself, through Normandy and the provinces; but was now expected back very soon. Wilson was in London, having run over to meet some influential gentlemen, well known in American "court circles," who were abroad on semi-official business.

The Thornes were still in Paris, however, and had Ruth Mayne given the subject a thought she might readily have accounted for the fact of being left so much of late to the tender mercies of one Wellford Manning. George Thorne was not altogether displeased with the interest the doctor had suddenly shown in his sister's art-studies, for he had seen more old china collections and rare porcelain in the last two weeks than he had ever dreamed Paris possessed.

[To be continued.]

RINGS.

SUNSET on Mount Tom! How the very sound and sight of the name bring back to me pleasant dreams and recollections of many a joyous summer afternoon, when, with a crowd of genial spirits, we have, after a long jaunt, stepped down from our wheels to stretch ourselves at full length in ease on the pleasant greensward of its rolling ridge, crested with one single, solitary pine! Now I am alone, and it somewhat surprises me; but the glorious day, and air, and sky are there, and I gradually grow to believe that the boys are all there too; that, around me on every side, they are grouped, while swift with the thoughts fly jest and repartee, and up through the crystal air rise a dozen miniature curls of smoke from as many glowing tiny furnaces of cigar and cigarette. 'Tis only the dense cloud that rises from my own mouth, though, which seems to multiply itself; there is no breeze, and the smoke, puffed from time to time, as I draw on the cigar, winds up in a sinuous curl, with here and there a ring at early intervals, each of which as it rises — small at first — along the spiral coil, gradually widens, till the small bit of sky seen at the first through each, grows

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larger and larger, until its edges touch lightly and so tenderly without a shock on the shores of the horizon. Each brings its tale, and as it grows, the shadows seem to live again in images of the past, until consistency is gained and faces seen once more. Forgotten is the vast expanse of blue above me; it is now a realm in very truth, filled with thoughts and faces; forgotten is the mighty tide flowing along forever at my very feet. I scarcely hear the creaking of the windlass, or the sudden flapping of the idle sails, as, slowly drifting with the moving tide, the ships glide by, — inert things without the life borne to them by the wind. I hear the rapid puffing of the saucy steam-tugs dragging the slow line of their tows along; but, mellowed by the day and time, it comes and beats upon my sense only as a sharp staccato to the needed harmony. The mighty steamers, with their loads of living freight, come thundering by, their powerful engines churning, with rapid revolving screws, the waters to a foam, leaving a long white wake behind, that widens out in ridged waves to either shore; the green, leafy background of the giant Palisades, the golden shimmer of the tremulous air, all play their parts to form the picture for which a ring is frame. It rises, and the first dream comes. Night rules; only in part, however, for overhead the harvest moon sails through the sky and pales the numerous stars that throng expectant in her wake; surroundings all are strange, and in bewilderment I glance around, till, at a leap, memory regains her throne and recollection comes. Why! 'tis "Bryn Mawr"; but, even with the thought, there rises on the air a silvery blast (I know full well the tone), and "Boots and Saddles!" rings; again the horn is wound, the sweetness dies in echoes, as into place we spring. Familiar faces smile beside me, and drop in single file as through the gate we pass, a dozen strong. No lamps are lighted; the moon shines clear, and throws its silvery glamour over hill and dale. We breast a hill, and for a while tend westward; then, with a sharp turn to the left, glide slowly by a group of shadowy houses girt with trees, and see where, with its winding turns, the road runs down through dusky hollows, and in gradual easy grade. We glance into each other's faces with a smile, which broadens to a laugh, to startle the still air; then over bar our legs we throw; the coast begins; easy at first, it slowly quickens. The trees, which seemed at first to walk, now break into a run, which soon becomes a race. We dash along, passing from light to shadow, as the moon, hid by the leafy canopy, sighs for a while, to smile again upon us when an open space shows us to view. We strike a sudden hollow; but the momentum gained carries us safely through. Then on again we fly; the grade slopes more and more, and speed increases. Suddenly, in front, a yawning chasm of darkness seems to open before our headlong path. A distant rumble strikes upon our ears, and with a shrill whistle echoing through the woods, we have time, as we dash for a moment beneath a trestle-work, to see a long passenger-train thunder over our heads. We turn a curve with a speed almost equalling that of the train, now lost to sight, and on, on, with ever-increasing speed. The night-wind sings through my hair, and comes like a breath of life. A toll-house looms up flush with the road; a moment, and we are beside it, and the next are far away, and still increasing our speed. But the end is near. Another dip, another dizzy flight, and, with a long rush and scramble, we come down on the cobbles of a stone-paved street, and the ring breaks, and once more I see the Hudson winding along beneath me, its surface vexed with the plying craft, while over me another ring is mounting. I see a long, low hall with many an old-time picture hung, an oaken floor, polished and shining as any mirror; at either end carved folding-doors of rich dark Indian wood make exit easy, each of them flanked by narrow windows, through whose stained-glass the daylight filters, and lends a shadowy though charming seeming to the place; the walls on either side frequent with doors, and midway rises, clinging to the wall, a staircase with wide, easy steps, which half way of its height is lighted by sunshine, which streams in at an oriole window set with stained-glass as at the doors, and with a blood-red flood of light pours down to where, erect upon the balustrade's spreading base, it falls upon the face and figure of a warrior cast in bronze, his seat a steed of bronze, that, fiercely rearing, strikes the senseless air with vicious hoofs; aloft the warrior's brand is raised, portending swift disaster, the fierce exultation depicted on his face, made vivid by the blood-red ray descending, kills, ere the blow suspended falls, the foeman prostrate 'neath his charger's hoofs; my tread upon the polished floor rings sharp and with peculiar sound; one foot uplift, I start to mount the stair,

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when, sudden on my ear, mellowed by distance and the intervening wall, a stream of music breaks, — a sweet voice thrills my heart, and, borne upon the liquid melody, a grand piano sounds. It comes —

Slow sinks the crescent down through the azure,
Along the ascent that the day-star has climbed;
Fitful the smoke is curled off the wide chimney tops,
Wayward and well won by each wooing wind.
Come is the evening, and now the horizon,
Dense with the shadows the sunset has thrown,
Beckons the night, which comes laden with perfume,
From east of the sun, west of the moon.

Soft floats the moonlight in at the window;
It clings round my heart like a silvery chain;
Rising and falling, with quick cadence thrilling,
But tender and low as a whispering bell.
'Tis a dream of the summer, from far it has wandered,
On wings fledged of thought and of memory borne,
From a land o'er the ocean of men long forgotten,
And east of the sun, west of the moon.

The keys are still, but still the melody my every sense pervades; rapt in an ecstacy, I turn expectant to an adjacent door; — it opens; on the threshold stands a fairy form; a glad voice rings, tremulous with eager joy; sweet, wilful eyes look into mine; around my neck, dear, loving arms are thrown. Heaven is gained, eternity is spent in one long kiss on perfect pouting lips, that, murmuring in my ear, tell me that I am loved; and then — The charm is snapped, the thread of smoke is broken; again the Hudson winds below me; again I see the blue haze floating on the leafy fringe that tops the distant Palisades, while upward o'er my head another ring is rising.

The memory comes, how well, to my mind of the familiar legend of the Riverside! How the thought of many a wild night's foray in the quest of the famed phantom rider stirs anew my pulses to a fever-heat, as, when down the long slopes and rapid up the hills, I pedalled in hot chase after a phantom form flying forever before me! Once more I hear the story as first told by a belated rider, when, breathless with haste, and stirred from his wonted composure, he startled us all at headquarters with his strange tale of the wonder, which came incoherent at first, and all doubted to us who scouted the idea, — absurd we called it, — and deemed it a vision born of the night and the shadows. Fed by the fear which we saw painted so plainly on features which never till then, in our recollection, had shown any feeling so plainly, we doubted; but, as his story grew, it assumed proportions real and substantial. We sprang to our feet, and quickly drew from the racks our machines, lighted lamps, and stole away in the darkness. How we passed the park and reached the scene where, so he said, he met the phantom wheel, I scarcely need to tell; let it suffice to say that the first night's search was unsuccessful. Home we came disgusted, while surmise and doubt held sway in all our minds, though still determined to probe the matter to the end. The following night was but a repetition of the first, and for many a night the same, until, at last, one brought new developments. I see that evening still. We are all sitting or lying on the stone wall running along the outside of the drive, close to the entrance. There is no moon; but through the clear, transparent air the stars in myriads are shining down upon us; our lamps are out, and quiet is all around, save when the breeze, which comes in fitful breaths, lifts and shakes the branches and the leaves above us. We talk in whispers, and watch well the two ends of the road. All of a sudden our captain, who is lying at full length along the wall, and watching with keen eyes that never tire the long slope leading towards the entrance, where, on the inside, a steep cliff stands as sentinel, calls our attention: "Look, boys!" he whispers. "See! there's some one coming up the drive." Then we see rounding the corner close to the base of the cliff, mounting with rapid speed the easy grade, the head and shoulders of a man, or seems one; quickly in view rises the body, and then we see the head of a machine, and soon upon the level square before us comes the form entire. A wheel of giant girth, surmounted by a rider fit to ride it, gleams for a moment in the weird twilight before our astonished gaze, and, even as we gaze, without a sound and noiseless as a breath of air, it passes and is gone. With hasty spring we vault on our machines and hurry after. Down the hill we speed; no thought is now of fall or header. On we fly, and soon string out. There ride but two or three to make the chase a stern one; I am the third. In front of me are riding two whose figures long have flown around the racing-path and whose names are known to fame. Young and untried, my blood, at last, is up. One look up towards the stars, and then up through my veins I feel a mighty sense of power come surging; my limbs seem made of iron. Pushing the pedals with terrific power I draw up to the next man;

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pass him; another rush, and level with the first I come, who, as he sees me at his side, turns half in wonder, half in glad surprise. I do not stop to wonder; there is yet another, and I leave my friend behind; and now, exulting all alone, I speed, and see where, far in front, rides, dim and shadowy, the phantom form. Fast my wheel whirls; the grade is level, and I feel that I am gaining. Soon the form grows more distinct, and, as I pass the first mile-post, is in full view. It gives me fresh power; faster and faster whirls my wheel; unwittingly I pass the hollows, mount the hills; each moment drawing nearer and nearer to the fleeting goal in front; the rest are far behind. I see the reaching shadow of the convent's wall; into it dashes the phantom wheel, and close behind I follow. We reach the bridge; but no faint rumble reaches my ear until I pass myself. I now can plainly see the rapid movements of my flying foe, and still am drawing nearer. We strike a rising grade; it might as well be level. My limbs seem each endowed with giant power, and, leaning over the bar, I double my previous speed, and, close in front, now whirls the little wheel, whose track I've followed; victory seems in my very grasp; up to my brain comes an exulting rush of joy. The phantom flies close to my handle-bar; another mighty push, and close beside I range; with outstretched arm I reach to grasp the other's bar, and turn my head to gaze, and see what seems a fairy form, clad in quaint garments, ancient in make, and fitting close, to give free play to limbs that seem perfection's self; a face looks into mine, hid partly by a half mask, which but serves to beautify a dimpled chin; a head of golden hair crowns all, and loosened by a sudden gust of wind, in many a heavy golden wave it flows down to a tapering waist, and drifts its soft, perfumed tracery athwart my breast; mad with delight I seize and press it to my lips; delirious with intoxicating joy a perfumed breath makes music seem to riot in my veins, melodious words fall on my enraptured ear and break in seeming song: —

By light and shade and this mystic power
That first drew breath in a fairy bower,
Mortal bold! — with your steed of steel
You ride by the spirit of the Wheel.

No more does the Sprite or Woodland Fay
Make joyous the night with his roundelay;
The race has flown, to the sunset-land,
Alone I scour, by the breezes fanned.

I thread the forests reaching far
That stretch towards the world 'neath the Northern star;
I skim the waters in swift career,
For me is no thought of dread or fear.

Winged with speed on my courser borne
I fly with the thought that bears me on; —
Free as the air near Nature's heart
My pathway turns from the world apart.

Fair Fortune smiles on those that ride
In a headlong chase to gain my side;
Welcome to them is the day and hour
That bring foretaste of the fairy power.

This is the hour, and now the time,
Worthy the men of this Western clime;
A hand outstretched, and the prize is near,
An effort to make for fortune dear.

The end is here, and the mead is won,
In joyful conclusion to chase begun;
Ride boldly on with your hand in mine,
And show the world . . .

But the song sinks down and seems to die in broken fragments; the last ring has faded, melted into thin air, and my cigar is out; but still the melody rings as of old far down in my soul; it echoes there as it did on the clear air of the night, and by me rides wherever I turn my wheel, the lissome, fairy form. Beside me through the forests and wide-reaching plains seems always to fly the fairy wheel, and ever as I face the kindly gaze that beams upon me from my sweet Fay's twin lamps of light, and feel on mine the soft and thrilling touch of tender hands, my pulses bound anew, and through a world of joy and music on I ride, — and on, forever on.

Chic.

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WINTER WHEELING.

"Only in spring the treacherous fruit is green;
Only in winter on our heads the icicle [keen;
Drops, when quick thaws have warmed the air too
False is the autumn waters' treacherous sheen;
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Bicycle!"

PINNING my faith to the truth of this apostrophe, which was uttered two or three years ago by the polychromatic *Puck*, I bravely began my first experiment at winter touring on the 21st of last November. It proved an entirely successful experiment, for, in the course of four days, I had pushed myself pleasantly across one hundred and fifty miles of the frozen soil of New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts; and, so far as the roads and the weather were concerned, I might easily have doubled the distance in three days more, by keeping right on to Boston, and so along the coast of New Hampshire, until I had penetrated the borders of Maine. Could similar conditions again be assured to me, I would agree to wheel myself from the Brooklyn navy-yard, in New York, to the Kittery navy-yard, in Maine, within the space of six calendar days; though the accomplishment of such a feat in warmer weather would be quite beyond my disposition, if not beyond my ability. In other words, there are certain distinctive advantages connected with winter wheeling along a frost-bound and even a snow-covered track.

About a fortnight before the start, I had devoted a day to exploring the region of Westchester, Throg's Neck, Fort Schuyler, and Pelham bridge, which latter point is about half a mile below the Bartow railroad station, where my first tour from New Haven to New York had ended in the rain and darkness, on the 11th of November, 1879. All the roads of this region proved ridable, and some of them supplied stretches of very smooth and pleasant riding. After following the boulevard just three miles from Harlem bridge, a turn is made to the right into Westchester avenue, which is followed a similar distance to the bridge in the village of that name; thence the road leads up a good-sized hill, towards the south-east, and within less than a mile crosses the Pelham boulevard. This is not macadamized, but its side paths are continuously ridable, and are to be followed first to the east, thence to the north, and then somewhat circuitously towards the north-east, until Pelham bridge is reached, three miles and a half from Westchester. There are quite a number of steep grades and rough and soft stretches in the track thus described, and I made many dismounts in my first exploration of it; but when I started on my tour I covered the entire nine miles and a half in an hour and a quarter, reaching Pelham bridge at 9 o'clock. Fifteen minutes before this, when I was a mile and a half from the bridge, I was brought to my first stop, by making wrong choice of a path around a ditch, when a right choice would easily have led me around it; so that, practically, I did the whole distance without dismount. I certainly couldn't have done it thus without the previous exploration, which enabled me to properly pick my path; and I doubt if I could have done it thus without the aid of the frost. This latter, indeed, made some parts of the road so rough that I was surprised at the swiftness with which I had succeeded in getting over it; but, on the other hand, it stiffened up many soft and sandy spots which in summer-time would almost inevitably have commanded a halt. Considering all the circumstances of the case, I regard this first hour's stay in the saddle as among the most creditable ones on my record; and during no other hour of this particular tour did I encounter as many good pieces of road, or ride as many miles, or fail to make several dismounts.

Beside the bridge at Pelham stands a good-looking road-house and restaurant, where the traveller may refresh himself, though I did not patronize it upon that particular morning; and beyond this is a stretch of two miles and a half of very rough and stony road, — probably the roughest of my entire tour. Its disgraceful condition is the result of a dispute among the local tax-payers; I have since been told, though, that there is a chance that macadam may be applied within a year or two. The road for a distance of three miles beyond this bad spot had been treated to a fresh coat of macadam, which extended a mile beyond the town-hall of New Rochelle, where I stopped at 10 o'clock. Some parts of this three miles had been hammered into smoothness, and all of it was ridable; and even in accomplishing the two previous miles I took no long walks,

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though the stones and frozen ruts continually threatened a dismount, and it was plain that a very little moisture would suffice to create a depth of mud prohibitory for bicycling. At a point just beyond the macadam of New Rochelle, I began a mount which, to my great surprise, lasted nearly half an hour, for the three miles covered included a good deal of rocky roadway and several rough inclines, which I did not expect to climb. My stop was caused on the smooth dirt sidewalk, just below the village of Mamaroneck, by the uneasiness of a milkman's horse, who whisked one or two empty cans out upon the ground, in suddenly whirling about, but was quickly caught and quieted. I was riding very slowly when the beast pricked up his ears, and I gave a warning cry to his owner, who stood behind the wagon, but who failed to comprehend me in season to seize him by the head, as he should have done. Three miles and a half farther on, at the church corner in Rye Neck, I was stopped again, by making a wrong choice of path, on a smooth road, the time being 11 o'clock. So far as natural obstacles were concerned, however, I might well have gone without dismount from New Rochelle to the hill at Rye, where the flagpole stands, — about seven and a half miles. Port Chester, two miles farther, was reached in just four hours from the start at Harlem bridge, twenty-three miles away.

After a brief halt for lunch at a restaurant I mounted almost on the stroke of noon, and rode a mile in ten minutes, to the bridge spanning the little stream separating New York from Connecticut. I walked up the long and crooked hill, down which my wheel ran away with me three years before, and at the top I encountered the first snow and ice of the journey. This did not give much trouble, however, nor did other little patches of the same which were met with at points farther on; and though the frosty air of the early morning had now moderated enough to cause considerable surface-mud, which spattered my jacket, the track did not grow slippery or heavy, and the relaxation of the frost hardly went beyond the point of smoothing off the sharp edges of the ruts and ridges. From the upper slope of the hill south of Greenwich to the lower slope of the hill south of Mianus (at 1 o'clock, five miles from Port Chester), I rode without a dismount. Stamford, three miles on, was reached in three-quarters of an hour; and the bridge over the brook beyond Darien, — five miles farther, — in another hour. Here followed the sandiest places of the day, including several stretches which the frost had not stiffened sufficiently to be ridable, and it was 3.30 o'clock when I reached the bridge at Norwalk, — a little less than four miles. Soon after crossing this I take the wrong road, to the left, and go more than two miles before discovering my mistake, when, instead of retracing my track, I resort to cross-roads, and so reach Westport, with a record of five miles from Norwalk, though the distance by the direct road is only three. Dusk was settling down as I finished a good long drink at the town-pump, at about 4.45 o'clock, and I had no later chance to look at the cyclometer until 7.10, when I reached the Sterling House, in Bridgeport, — just eleven miles on. I rode nearly all this distance, spite of the darkness, making many dismounts, but having no falls. At Fairfield, however, where I should have stopped for the night if I had seen any hotel, I managed to go astray, and so added a *détour* of half or three-quarters of a mile to my record before I got back on to the main track again. The four miles between this village and Bridgeport I remembered as being smooth and level on the occasion of my previous tour; and I should not otherwise have persisted in that final piece of night-riding.

My ride did not stop at the first hotel, however, for, as I found it too crowded to supply me with a suitable room, I proceeded a quarter-mile farther on, to the Atlantic House, near the railroad station, and was there satisfactorily taken care of for the night. It was then 7.30 o'clock, when I reached the finish, — a little less than twelve hours from the time of starting, and the distance covered was fifty-five and one-half miles. (My McDonnell cyclometer, whose "shortage" I had found on previous rides to vary from one-tenth to one-fourth the true distance, fairly outdid itself on this occasion by registering only thirty miles!) On only half-a-dozen occasions have I ridden farther in a single day, and I don't know that I ever rode farther in twelve hours. Considering the rough and hilly character of much of the road, I look upon this day's ride as one of the most creditable I ever accomplished. There was a good breeze at my back during the day and "a ring round the moon" at night, though the light of that orb was not brilliant. In 1879 I was engaged from 2 to 6 P.M., of November 10, and from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., of the 11th, in covering the forty-three

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miles from Bridgeport to the railroad station, near Pelham bridge. The *Bicycling World*, of April 17, 1880, printed my report of this trip; and the same journal, of Nov. 12, 1880, gave an account of James Revell's ride, from New York to Boston, showing that "on November 3d he rode from Fifty-ninth street to Westport, — a distance of fifty-one and a half miles, — over very sandy roads, starting at 7 A.M.," and probably finishing about nightfall. He reported reaching Stamford at 2 o'clock, which was the time I passed through there; and, though he started three-quarters of an hour earlier than I did, his starting-point was four miles below the Harlem boulevard, where I started.

On the following forenoon I rode from Bridgeport to New Haven, — nineteen miles, — being still favored with a slight breeze at my back, as well as with bright sunshine and crisp, cold air. Leaving the Atlantic House at 7.38 A.M., a half-hour's ride brought me to the flagpole in Stratford, — four and a half miles, — but it was almost an hour later when I reached the green in Milford, only three and a half miles beyond, though I think I did but little walking. Near Stratford bridge, however, where the high-tide had flooded the road, I was forced to walk two or three rods, in five or six inches of water, carrying my wheel high above my head. For two miles beyond Milford, or to the little brook, where stands the plank saying, "Seven miles to New Haven," the riding continued fairly good. Then followed a straight stretch of five miles, through a sandy, deserted, and altogether uninteresting country, — perhaps the meanest section of the entire tour. I was an hour in getting over it; and I presume that in the summer-time nearly the whole distance would have to be done on foot. Summit avenue, on the hill which overlooks New Haven from the south, was reached in three hours from the start, the distance being fifteen and a half miles. There I tarried long, admiring the dear, delightful scenes of the glad days gone by, and, at last, crossed the Congress-avenue bridge, and speeded straight down the macadam to Church street, and so on to the green and city hall. Soon after this, having finished the nineteenth mile, I stabled my steed at the house of the friend with whom, by previous appointment, I spent the afternoon and night. I may say here that the "shore road" from West Haven to Milford, which I made trial of in 1879, was so sandy and hilly for five miles as to be no more ridable than the direct road, but was superior to the latter in that it allowed the traveller to view, pretty continuously, the waters of the Sound.

The next day, November 23d, I rode forty-three and a quarter miles to Hartford, between 8.35 A.M. and 5.25 P.M. My course was along Congress avenue, Church street, and the sidewalk of Whitney avenue to the hill at Lake Whitney, — three miles, in twenty-four minutes; thence, without stop for almost four miles more, to the "sixth-mile" plank beyond Centreville, at 9.35 o'clock. An ideally smooth track of red clay extended thence on a level to the "eighth-mile" plank, followed by forty rods or so of black sidewalk to the foot of Mount Carmel, and then another stretch of clay, along which I rode until I passed the "tenth-mile" plank, and reached the top of the hill, where a sandy rut caused the third dismount of the day at 10.20. During twenty minutes' halt at this point I strapped my jacket on to the handle-bar, and did not assume it again until I finished the ride after dark, though riders in other sorts of vehicles acted as if they were cold, in spite of their heavy overcoats and lap-robes; and the snow was in sight all day long. I did not dismount again for three miles, or until I had ascended the long hill and reached the store at Cheshire Academy, at 11.10 o'clock. This was fourteen and a half miles from the start, and I think that, by good luck, I might have made it all without a stop. Had I been going in the opposite direction it would have been easier still to do this, for I think none of the inclines toward the south were nearly as difficult as those which I managed to surmount. Nothing but praise can be given to this valley road between New Haven and Cheshire, — with an attractive mountain ridge at a respectable distance on either side of it, — and a ride along it in the leafy month of June must be very charming.

Just beyond the Academy I turned left, — instead of taking the direct right-hand road, along which I had the misfortune to travel last July, — and then, a half-mile beyond, turned right and rode due north for about a mile, during which I passed the junction of the road where I mistakenly turned off in the summer. Beyond here I toiled along a straight, sandy road for nearly three miles, much of it afoot, till I passed the "eighteenth"-mile plank, and the factory beyond it. Mounting then, I rode pretty continuously for a half-hour, through Plantsville to Southington, where,

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at 1 o'clock, I stopped forty minutes for lunch, — the distance being nearly three miles. (In my July journey I had not been able to ride more than a quarter part of the five-mile sandy stretch between Plantsville and Cheshire.) From Southington I rode to Plainville and to the cross-roads on its outer edge — six miles and a half — in fifty-five minutes; whence a straight push of thirty-five minutes over the hills brought me to New Britain, — four and a half miles. Here I stopped nearly half an hour, and in another half-hour I found myself four miles farther on, at a plank which said, "Six miles to Hartford." Still another half-hour was needed to get me through two miles of Newington mud, and then, at 4.45 o'clock, at Elmwood, I struck the main road, with which two previous rides had made me familiar, but which I had unwittingly strayed from after leaving New Britain. Dusk was now settling down, but in the course of the next forty minutes I covered five miles, going through New Britain avenue, Washington street, and Capitol avenue, to the office of the Weed Sewing Machine Company, where my day's ride of forty-three miles ended.

The most creditable part of it was the four miles of hills between Plainville and New Britain, every rod of which I rode, spite of snow and ice, and mud and ruts, — my single dismount being the result of a wrong choice after I had slowly scaled the most difficult grade of all. The snow-covered north-westerly slopes of the lofty peaks near Meriden, which are called the Hanging Hills, came fairly into view soon after I left Cheshire, and gave me my first genuine conviction that I was really indulging in a winter's tour, even though November did still rule the calendar, and even though the white flannel shirt of midsummer still served of itself to retain enough caloric for the warming of my manly breast. On a ride southward, from New Britain to Meriden, — about a dozen miles, — June 10, 1880, I found good clay roads, several long hills, which had to be walked, and a superb down-grade track of three miles, alongside the Hanging Hills. This is a more direct route between Hartford and New Haven than the route I have described by way of Cheshire; but, as it seems to require a troublesome passage across the five or six miles of sandy plain below Wallingford, I do not suppose it is really as pleasant as the Cheshire route. Some wheelmen at Plainville, who rode to New Haven and back on a certain Sunday of last summer, told me that they had found a good, level road to the north as far as Farmington (whence one may ride eastward to Hartford), and that they presumed it continued ridable beyond there to Southwick and Westfield, whence there is a fair road eastward to Springfield.

The fourth and final day of my tour saw thirty-one miles accomplished during the six hours ending at 5 P.M. The sun shone brightly, and again I rode in my shirt-sleeves, with a stiff south wind at my back. The air grew colder as the afternoon advanced, and there were two or three brief snow-squalls. Starting from Farmington avenue I rode three-quarters of an hour without stop, over some very stiff clay, and accomplished six miles. Just beyond here was the store in Windsor, whence I rode without stop to Hayden's, — three miles in twenty-five minutes. With a little better luck I might have avoided any dismount between Hartford and Hayden's, though I could hardly expect to do as well as that in the summer-time. The next three-mile stretch — the worst of the day — brought me to Windsor Locks, where I stopped three-quarters of an hour for lunch, and then gave an equal amount of time to wheeling myself up to the end of the canal tow-path, — four and a half miles. An equal distance beyond there stands Porter's distillery, in the fork of the road, whereof the main one on the left leads through Agawam. Mounting here I took the sandy river-road on the right, and managed, in spite of several serious balks, to stay in the saddle for three-quarters of an hour, when I stopped at the post-office in Springfield, — four and a half miles on. Four miles more of perfectly smooth riding brought my day's journey to a close; and the six miles of smooth and level track leading to Holyoke was then ahead of me. It appears, therefore, that, inasmuch as I survived the sandy river-road, I might readily have ridden without stop from Porter's distillery to the Holyoke House, a distance of almost fifteen miles, — though I am sure I could never do this when the sand was not stiffened by frost. Descriptions of the roads between Springfield and Hartford and Meriden, as I found them in summer-time, may be seen in the *Bicycling World* of May 29 and Nov. 19, 1880, Aug. 25 and Oct. 7, 1881, p. 259.

A cutting north-west wind prevailed the next afternoon, when I made a circuit of twenty miles in the space of three hours;

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and the day itself (November 25th) was notable as being the last of a series of eight successive sunshiny ones wherewith this usually cloudy month made partial compensation for the unusually bad weather of October. On the following afternoon, however, the effect of "the ring around the moon," whose appearance on the first night of my tour had made me fear my sport would be shortened by a storm, became apparent in the shape of a fall of snow, some five or six inches deep. Having allowed a day for this to get trodden down, I started out on the morning of the 28th, which was very cold, and soon satisfied myself that bicycling on the snow was a perfectly practicable pastime. I spent some six hours in the saddle that day, and accomplished more than thirty-four miles, without any sort of mishap. The next morning, however, I had a still more novel experience, for, to quote from a previous WHEELMAN article, "I was warned at 6 o'clock that a new snow-storm had just begun, and that if I intended to work off the last twenty-three miles needed to complete the record of six thousand, I had best make a prompt beginning. I finished my task in Springfield at 10.30 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 one or two dangerous slips, never fell." My first ten miles were accomplished within an hour and a half, when I made my second dismount and first regular stop at a point six miles below the start; and my last seven miles were made in an hour and ten minutes, by taking a half-dozen continuous circuits around a certain number of city blocks.

I mounted not again into the saddle for the space of a month, or till Christmas, when I had the first of six successive and successful daily rides in the same region, amounting in all to one hundred and seventy-five miles, divided as follows: eight, eighteen and one-half, thirty-five and one-half, thirty-six, thirty-one, and forty-six. I also rode twenty-five miles on the 2d of January, and fourteen miles on the 3d. Spite of ice, snow, slush, mud, water, and frozen ruts, neither I nor my wheel had any falls, nor yet was I forced to make an unusually large number of sudden dismounts. In these eight days I explored fully sixty miles of roadway, and, if my riding an old track in a new direction be classed as "new," my repetitions comprised less than half of the two hundred and fourteen miles traversed. In my summer trials of these same paths I had never been able to cover anything like as long distances without dismounts, or to ride at as swift an average pace, though the watchfulness required was perceptibly greater than in summer riding. One course was through West Springfield to the old bridge; thence west to the bridge over the Agawam; thence north and east to the north bridge over the Connecticut; thence south through Springfield to the south bridge over the same river, — ten miles of level track, having some very smooth sections and some quite rough ones, but the whole of it readily ridable without dismount. Starting from the south bridge, at a little before noon on the 28th December, I rode without stop for an hour and a quarter up the long State-street hill and across the wide sand-plain to Indian Orchard, a distance of eight miles. I jogged on a mile and a half farther, to a point beyond Jenksville, before turning about. Then, mounting at the top of the hill in Indian Orchard, I rode three miles in half an hour down a long hill and up several short ones covered deep with snow, until finally stopped by a specially rough stretch of ice. As I had been forced to walk nearly all of this three miles in summer, my sticking so long in the saddle was a great surprise to me. I was similarly surprised the next afternoon when I rode in an hour over the seven-mile track separating the post-offices of Westfield and West Springfield, and made only two dismounts. The second, and only necessary one of these, was at the big hill in Tatham, — four and a half miles from the start, — though in my summer trials of those four miles I was forced to do much walking and dismounting. On that same evening I put in an hour's wheeling in the darkness, and I repeated the experiment the next night, — my inspiration on this latter occasion being the desire to bring up my year's record to two thousand and two miles. The second day of the New Year I celebrated by a pilgrimage to the summit of Mount Tom (which is, of all peaks and crags of this planet, the particular one which I have the strongest personal affection for), though I took my wheel no farther than the half-way house, which stands at the highest point of the mountain roadway. This, too, with

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all its snow and ice, was much more ridable than in summer. My summer reports of these roads in the region around Springfield may be found in the *Bicycling World*, May 15, May 29, June 12, 1880 (pp. 219, 234, 256); Aug. 26, Oct. 7, 1881 (pp. 189, 260).

During the twelve days which ended with January 4, 1883, the weather was continuously favorable for bicycling; and my belief is that, during that period, a tourist might have wheeled himself more comfortably over more miles, on almost any section of the main track "between the Kittery navy-yard, in Maine, and the Brooklyn navy-yard, in New York," than he could do in an equal number of hours at a time of year when the ground was not frozen. The sun shone every day, and the air was clear and cold, but with a varying degree of intensity. On most of the days there was warmth enough to cause two or three hours of thawing, so that I usually encountered stretches of surface-mud, slush, and water in my afternoon rides; while in the early forenoon, until traffic had worn off the rough edges of the mud, slush, and water, which had been frozen during the night, the wheeling was dryer, but more difficult. If the temperature of those twelve days had uniformly remained just low enough to prevent thawing, the roads of the whole State of Massachusetts would have been in almost ideal trim for the touring bicycler. Of course, a dozen pleasant days in succession are less likely to be found in the winter than in the spring or autumn, and they are very unlikely to favor a region which is at the same time both frost-bound and free from a great depth of snow. Still, touring at any possible season is liable to be stopped by bad weather. We must all take our chances when we plan any sport for out-of-doors. And the peculiar delights which attach to spinning silently across wide sweeps of territory, when Mother Earth is arrayed in her robes of white, are assuredly great enough to make the chances of a winter bicycle tour well-worth the taking.

A heavy snow-storm raged for twelve hours, or more, on the 5th of January; but on the 9th I again mounted "Number 234," and pushed through from West Springfield to Hartford in five and half hours, — the distance being thirty-two miles, seventeen of which belonged to a track never previously explored by me. Leaving my beloved wheel at the manufactory, for its winter overhauling, I ran to the railroad station just in time to jump on the express-train for New York; and I felt properly proud of my success in making such a "close connection."

A bitter blast blew sharply against my back on that final day of my winter wheeling, and the snow was deeper than that which I had encountered on previous days. Had I been proceeding northward in the teeth of such a wind I should have required nearer ten hours than five for covering the same distance. The exercise kept me comfortably warm, spite of the frozen-up appearance presented by other travellers; and the rubber-overshoes, which enveloped my boots, served the additional purpose of tightening my grip on the pedals. As another great snow-storm raged on the following day, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had made the best possible choice of time for taking the trip. I came all the way down on the east side of the river, starting at 8.40 A.M., and doing the first ten miles to Enfield in two hours and a quarter. Below here I had always before taken the towpath, on the west side, and, usually indeed, have kept to the west side for the whole journey. The next nine miles, ending at East Windsor Hill post-office, comprised the poorest riding of all, and required the climbing of one long hill and the ploughing through of much deep snow. Thence the riding was almost continuous, and was increasingly good until Hartford was reached; and I presume the track might prove a ridable one even in summer.

Such was my first experience of winter wheeling; and the record shows that, in the sixteen days described, I covered nearly four hundred miles of frozen ground, including two hundred and twenty-five distinct miles of roadway, without mishap. The case is, perhaps, unusual enough to deserve thus detailing minutely, and the minute details I have given must certainly satisfy the most sceptical that the man on the bicycle resembles death on the pale horse in at least this respect: he has all seasons for his own.

Karl Kron.

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WELCOME TO MAY.

Sing the coming of the May!
Merry May.
Now the lark at morn is singing,
And the robin's note is ringing
Through the day.
In the fields the cobwebs glisten,
And the "May-bug" stops to listen,
As the crystal dew-drops fall
Down to earth, from spikelet tall,
At the break of day.

Sing the coming of the May!
Blithesome May.
Waking Nature bows to duty;
Field and woodland bursts to beauty
Day by day.
Now the purple buds are swelling—
In a million hopes foretelling
Tender leaflet, floweret fair,—
Golden fruitage, rich, and rare,
For a coming day.

Sing the coming of the May!
Cheery May.
Now the brooklet, laughing, leaping,
Turns to mirth sad April's weeping
All the day.
In the meadows kine are lowing;
On the uplands grain is growing,
Leaflets opening one by one,
Reaching upward to the sun,
From the common clay.

Sing the coming of the day!
Beauteous May.
Let the voices of creation
Join in praise and adoration,
God of day.
When the heart of nature, thrilling
At the touch of love, is filling
Earth with joy, and life, and light—
Rise in strength of manly might;
Mount and haste away!

Charles Richards Dodge.

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NIGHT THOUGHTS.

"And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

WHAT language could we have chosen that would so fitly open this article as these appropriate lines from Moore, to whom we feel truly grateful? But for what varied reasons do we steal these hours from the night, now and then? Often for toil; sometimes for pleasure; sometimes for the duties of social life; but this time another reason must be offered.

March has truly been a severe month in New Hampshire, and we, like many others, are suffering with colds in the head, colds on the lungs, — colds everywhere; and so persistently do they follow us, that we almost despair, at times, of ever again being free. Perhaps one may drop out of the ranks of American wheelmen; a gentle ripple on the surface might, for a moment, mark the spot where he went down; but soon all is as before, and he is forgotten, except, perhaps, by those the nearest.

This particular night had witnessed a liberal appliance of all the home remedies, with a grand conclusion, consisting of hot lemonade for the entire party, while, through all our ill-fortune, the best of good nature appeared to prevail, and all were happy. We retire early, and soothing sleep soon folds us in her sweet embrace; pleasant dreams flit across the camera of our mind, and how tinged with beauty is all we experience in dreamland! What a Paradise in which to travel! 'Tis a trip that money cannot purchase, since a contented mind does not, in every case, accompany great wealth. Soon, alas! too soon, this charming vision is dispelled, only to be replaced, however, by sweet reverie; and, strange though it may seem, recollections of the past come before us.

"The thoughts of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction."

Personally we live in the future; every thought is of the future; every aspiration reaches out in that direction, and the past we drop; yet this night is an exception to the generally prevailing rule, and for a wheelman so to state, at this time of change in all our governments, both State and National, in the League of American Wheelmen, is someway unaccountable.

Why should we not meditate anxiously upon the result of our State elections? Because all has now been done that will be to guide our voters aright; the ballot is in the hands of all, and we calmly await the issue, which we have faith to believe will result for the best interests of the League.

Soon will occur the annual meeting of the League, and where shall that take place? But *this* question will *very* soon be settled. We are anxious, too, that this be done aright, for we have our positive convictions in the matter; but even *this* does not occupy our mind and attention at this quiet hour, for our thoughts tend to subjects of a nature more social than that which naturally arises from the consideration of these abstract questions.

The old clock in the hall strikes one, — and for how many generations before us it has performed the same duty! — and even now it looks as bright and cheerful, for, as "it eats up time," its own youth seems never to depart! What a lesson for us all to heed! Why did not Ponce de Leon learn it here, rather than perish in his wild search? But this reminds us of the questions of the Sphinx, and we know full well that all your articles, dear WHEELMAN, should be fresh and new; so pardon us. We love this dear old clock; its sweet voice calls back our thoughts when they would wander far, and visions of the past arise of days when men did knickerbockers wear — there, we can go no farther. Knickerbockers! That means bicycle, surely, and now our mind comes back to the thoughts of the night, and we did not feel alone, for, as Sidney says, "they are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts." And were ours not noble? Indeed they were.

Then, again, as if our memory required refreshing, we hear read from the sacred desk: "As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel"; and how we hoped the preacher, when announcing his text for the morning discourse, would choose those words! What a chapter of headers it would bring up before us! But we have that chapter all to ourselves, and think it over by night, smiling, as if living over

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again those experiences of the past, so enjoyable.

But even this is not the engrossing subject of our thought on this particular night, but our time is mostly devoted to that bicycle yclept the "Marine"; and here our companion as we write asks who is "clipped"? Terrible diversion! reminding us of our announcement in the family that, upon a certain day, we expected two "Marines." Well, this was surely for us a new feature of hospitality. We had often heard of bicycles, and taken them home with us; but to entertain marines! Oh, no!

Happening in the old provincial city of Portsmouth during the summer of 1880, as the guest of one of America's argonauts on the wheel, the latchets of whose shoes the writer, as a wheelman, feels hardly worthy to unloose, we were first introduced to the "Marine," and stepped aboard of the natty little "Telzah," for a run up the river; and, of course, we took in all the weedy sections, and often, awhile, run up beside the "Aquarium," all tied up, wondering how we went as easily as we did, — but another experience is yet to be enjoyed at Portsmouth, which will come later in our narrative. How we wished to be the captain and sole proprietor of such a craft; and how we interviewed our worthy director upon the possibilities of our ever securing one, until, after several months, two were launched upon the "Nashua," and our little fleet attracted much attention and comment. Every boat upon the river must race us, which, in our early attempts, we did not object to, as there was but one shell that was too much for us, and that was a full racer.

At first these vessels carried but one person, and he must be captain, mate, pilot, engineer, steward, handy man for repairing, as well as passenger and explorer; but this elicited so many remarks of an unfavorable nature every time we passed under *our* "Girard-Avenue bridge" that we speedily found a remedy, and so arranged a comfortable and commodious seat for *one* passenger aside from the number already specified; this met the public approval, and the Marines were much better spoken of than formerly. During the summer of 1882 most of the pleasure-parties of a nautical character witnessed our yacht flag among them, and right glad were we to join them; no happier moments have ever fallen to our lots than those in connection with the Marines.

The scenery along the banks of the Nashua is quite varied, and well worthy the pencil of an artist. After safely leaving our moorings we head up stream through the most thickly settled portion of our manufacturing city, which is passed after about one mile's ride, when a beautiful little island is reached, whose entire area will not exceed two acres, while upon one side the banks arise precipitously to the height of a hundred feet, adorned with birches, pines, and maples, which, in the fall, after the early frosts, is the very picture of beauty. Off the shore of Elephant Island, where the water is quiet, white lilies are often found. Another mile brings us to Marie Spring, where cool, sparkling water may be found at any time; there we make our lemonade, and does it not refresh us? How pleasant it is to think of the many visits we have made to this spot, and now we flee from the past for a moment in the happy anticipation of many more to come, for we do enjoy water-bicycling! Still farther up stream, and the heights are displaced by low and alluvial meadow land, full of singing-birds, which makes nature all about us happy. So the scene constantly changes, and little of man's handiwork greets the eye on all this trip; but charming nature is laid out to our admiring gaze as she was originally created in this "Switzerland of America," which we know would please you, dear WHEELMAN.

At about one-half mile from Mine Falls navigation ceases, and should you care to travel this distance — four and one-half miles from our moorings — nice picnic-grounds await your arrival. There never was created a spot more tempting for the consumption of watermelons and glassed jellies; and are you in the least surprised that, as these thoughts pass through our mind by night, we long for the pleasant summer days?

Quite a chapter of surprises might be written from our exploring experiences; first of all we would mention our astonishment on one occasion, after landing on Adams Island, safely mooring our boats, to find it too small for our accommodations, when we had anticipated a little Garden of Eden. Another surprise to us is, that we do not oftener enjoy the delights of lunching under the Falls, on the flinty rocks, with such a fine landscape all about us. Sometimes, however, *others* were surprised; and here we vividly recall our fear, as, solitary and alone, we had sailed about two miles up stream one sunny July after-

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noon, when suddenly we came upon what we chose to term a party of nymphs disporting themselves in the cooling waves. We sounded the bell to reverse engine, and backed out as quietly as possible; but the fair naiads were already alarmed, and vanished where only their master, Neptune, could tell. Boating parties *have* been surprised in quiet, shady nooks!

Our visitors, too, find fun when they can but stop with us long enough, and the noble consul, L.A.W., of Leominster, Mass., alarmed us all by his boldness. Leaving the moorings he aimed straight for a dangerous point, until our repeated calls warned him. We feared for him as well as the League. Our Marbleheaders thought her a "natty little craft," as she lay quietly under cover, this being the "Portsmouth"; the "Nashua" at that time being condemned by our local government inspector, no charter could be secured, so that she was in the stocks awaiting repairs; both are now stauncher than ever.

Our second marine ride at Portsmouth was upon the occasion of the formation of the L.N.H.W., and there we took to the tide with a perseverance that called forth the remarks of local writers. We surely thought we were going pretty rapidly against the current out, and then against it back it seemed like the Gulf Stream.

The old clock strikes two, and we drop away to sweet sleep.

W. V. Gilman.

THE CHOICE OF A TRICYCLE.

EXTRACTS FROM A PAPER IN "GOOD WORDS," BY B. W. RICHARDSON, OF LONDON.

I PROCEED even now with some degree of hesitation; for so many improvements in the construction of the tricycle are being daily made that it seems impossible ever to be on a level with the skill of the inventor. . . . So it becomes hazardous to advise, and it is with the distinct understanding that any advice I may give is provisional in character that I shall undertake to advise at all. I shall, in the effort of to-day, keep to general principles, and I certainly shall not show the bad taste of referring to or recommending any one particular machine.

There are two classes of tricycles now in the market: the one is called the single, the other the double driver. The single-driver has usually its steering-wheel behind, and has one driving-wheel only. That is to say, the motion given by the rider acts merely on one wheel. The single wheel that is driven moves the other, which is a dummy, with it. In the double-driver both wheels act under the motion supplied by the driver. . . . Both wheels drive, but, in turning, one wheel compensates the other, so that one becomes a pivot while the other drives until the requisite turn is made, and then, the straight line being again obtained, the two wheels progress equally, or practically equally, together. In the double-driver the steering-wheel is, as a rule, placed in front.

In so far as steadiness of action is concerned, in so far as equality of work is concerned, in so far as saving of labor is concerned, and in so far as good and steady steering is concerned, there cannot, I think, be two opinions as to the merits of the two kinds of tricycle. The double-driver has advantages on every point.

The first word of advice I would offer, therefore, to every rider who is hesitating on this question of selection of a tricycle, is, buy a double-driver.

I have said that with the double-driving machine the steering-wheel is usually placed in front, and, generally, the front-steering plan is as decidedly best as the double-driving plan is. But there are other matters to be thought of besides these. With the back-steering wheel the rider is never quite sure how he is steering; he cannot direct himself with precision over obstacles which are in the way; in plain words, he cannot see his guiding, and he cannot be satisfactorily sure. Again, in going down-hill with a back-steering wheel, the tendency of the back wheel is to rise or kick up, which is very unpleasant, and which once well-nigh gave me a serious accident.

When, however, the wheel is in front of the driver, he is master at all times of the situation as fully as he can hope to be. He sees every little obstacle that lies in his way, and, with a few days' practice, he learns to steer away from every obstacle with a precision which becomes an auto-

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matic performance; while in going down-hill the weight of his body, through his feet, which usually are resting upon the front wheel, presses on that wheel, and makes the governance of the machine infinitely more perfect than if the machine were on a kind of balance, as it is when the steering is at the back.

For these reasons I have no hesitation in recommending the tricycle rider, be it a lady or a gentlemen, to get a front steerer.

To this rule the only exceptions are those machines in which the driving-wheels are the steering-wheels, or in which two side-wheels are the steering-wheels. Such tricycles are in their way excellent, though differing from the ordinary front-steerers.

There are different kinds of brakes on different machines, but the two in ordinary use are the spoon-brake and band-brake.

The spoon-brake is most common on single-driving tricycles, the band-brake on double-drivers. The spoon-brake is one in which two pieces of curved metal are placed over the wheels, one spoon over each wheel. The rider, having these "spoons" under his command by a lever, can bring them to press with more or less of firmness over the wheels, and so can control the speed at will. In most instances the force exerted by the hand, through the lever, in checking speed, has to be maintained by the rider all the time; but recently the Zephyr tricycle-makers have introduced a very ingenious catch, which takes off the strain from the hand, and enables the rider to keep the machine at any pace which he may choose. It is not to be assumed that this catch takes the actual place of the hand, and that when it is set the hand may be off guard. It may not. It should still be on the lever, ready to act at a moment's notice; but the catch is valuable in that it saves a great deal of what, in a long descent, is a hard labor for the rider to keep up by his own continued effort. Moreover, it is useful in saving the muscles of the hand and arm from cramp, an affection which is actually disabling when it occurs, which is of rather frequent occurrence with some riders, and which may happen in the most unexpected manner to any rider who is a little out of health. Hence the catch is a safety. It can be adapted to a band-brake as well as to a spoon-brake.

The band-brake is different from the spoon, in that it acts by means of a steel band, which works round a drum connected with the axle of one of the driving-wheels. We are, I believe, indebted to the late Mr. Starley for this improvement also. The brake is governed by a lever, and the long and powerful lever which Mr. Starley fitted is very efficient. He put it, I often feel when I am working it, a little out of convenient reach; but it is so safe and so delicately manageable when it is once in the hand, that this objection is overbalanced by the advantages it offers. The lever tightens the band on the drum, and the speed is checked as easily as that of a well-trained horse by the rein. When in proper trim the band-brake is so firm and powerful, it is absolutely reliable, and it keeps in excellent order for a long time. . . .

I, therefore, as a third instruction to the would-be tricycle-rider, say, select a machine possessing the band-brake.

. . It is obvious, at once, to all that the revolution of the driving-wheels — the steering-wheel in front or back of the machine having no part in the driving at all — must be determined by the action of the feet on the treadles. But the revolution differs according to the gearing. If the machine be so constructed that one revolution of the treadles causes one revolution of the driving-wheels, the gearing is said to be "level." If one revolution of the treadles causes the driving wheel or wheels to turn more than once, the machine is said to be "geared up." If the arrangement is such that more than one revolution of the treadles is required to give the driving wheel or wheels one revolution; if, for instance, it is required to make six revolutions of the treadle in order to obtain five revolutions of the driver or drivers, then the machine is said to be "geared down."

By these modifications in the process of gearing, small wheels can be made to do the speed of large ones, if the worker puts more force into his work. Thus, a thirty-inch wheel on a machine which I had made was geared up to fifty-six, while a fifty-two inch wheel in another machine which I had ridden was geared down to forty-four. The advantages and disadvantages of the different machines are special. The machine which is geared up gains in speed on level ground, but does not climb with ease. The machine which is geared down loses speed, comparatively, on level ground, but climbs well. The geared-up machine calls, comparatively, for a slow or stronger stroke on the treadles; the machine that is geared down requires, comparatively, a quick and lighter stroke.

At one time I thought that a tricycle

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with a moderately small wheel, geared up, say, from forty to fifty-two, would be best for persons who had passed their youth, and who wished to work with leisured rapidity of the limbs but with full force. I thought also that riders who were very heavy in bodily weight would find advantage in a geared-up machine. But after trying all round, and studying carefully the effects of roads of different kinds in this country, I have come to the conclusion that, taking it all in all, a machine having wheels of moderate size and geared level, is, for every practical purpose apart from racing and such-like competitive objects, the best.

I submit, then, as a fourth recommendation, that the intending rider shall select a machine with a forty-six-inch wheel if it be for a gentleman, and a forty-four if it be for a lady; and that the gearing is level.

Some tricycles are furnished with a seat, others with a saddle. At first the seat was in general use; but now the saddle is taking the first place, and many excellent improvements are being made in it. The saddle with the double spring, called the Arab, is excellent, and the suspension saddle, which moulds itself to the sitter, is also very good. The advantages of the saddle over the seat are many. It enables the rider to sit well "over his work"; that is to say, he so sits that his feet come down directly, or nearly directly, over the treadles, by which means he can bring all his weight as well as his muscular power to bear on his work, — a matter of great moment, since the motion so obtained resembles closely the act of walking, the perfection of action on the tricycle. The saddle, moreover, leaves the lower limbs free for action, and, best of all, it prevents the body from slipping forward, — a result on the seat which to young riders is of itself almost sufficient to check good-will for the exercise.

For different riders the shape of the saddle may vary to a certain extent. I like a rather long and narrow saddle. Others find one rather broad at the base most convenient. Some prefer to have a light support at the back of the saddle, just to catch the back of the rider, and this has its value; but, up to the present time, the support thus supplied has always been placed too low by a distance of at least three inches.

. . The saddle should be so planned as to be freely adjustable; movable, that is to say, so as to suit the rider to the treadles of the machine. Each rider will find for himself what is the most convenient height of the saddle, and, as no two riders find the same distance comfortable, the focus, if I may use a word in comparison, must be found in every case. When it is found it should be kept carefully marked, for good riding depends upon it. . . .

A fifth recommendation, then, is: That the tricycles should be furnished with a saddle; that the saddle should be mounted on a thoroughly good and easy spring; and that it should be readily and safely adjustable.

. . On each side of the tricycle are the handles by which the rider steadies himself and steers. In almost every form of machine the steering-handle is on the right side; the fixed handle on the left, or brake-side, being what we call the steadying-handle, and, in fact, a fixture. By this plan the right hand of the rider is at all times occupied. It never leaves the steering-handle, and, on the whole, this is the safest; for although it prevents the use of the right hand for the purpose of saluting a friend or other purpose, from which there is some inconvenience, still the practised hand is the safest steerer and the firmest to have constantly in use.

The structure and size of the handles are points to be remembered. For structure buffalo horn is preferable, I think, to anything else. For size, care should be taken that it is full size, for a small handle causes the hand to get cramped. The handles should be so large that the tips of the fingers do but just meet the palm of the hand when grasped firmly. The handles, like the saddle, should be adjustable, and I am of opinion that the range of adjustment should be very much greater than is now allowed. The idea hitherto has been that the handles should be placed as low as possible, in order to enable the rider to pull by them with all his power, when he is climbing a hill or overcoming some other similar difficulty. This is a mistake in which an occasional advantage is provided for, to the loss of other advantages which are always in demand. To ride comfortably the hands should be permitted to rest on the handles, and to bear at times slightly upon them; to mount the saddle readily, the handles should be high enough to give a good purchase; for both of which intentions it is necessary to have the handles well raised. . . .

The sixth instruction, then, runs as follows: Have the handles of the tricycle of good size; of horn for the material of them; adjustable, with a free range of adjustment; and ranged so as to allow the

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hands to rest on them, and at pleasure support some part of the weight of the body from the saddle.

The pieces of the tricycle on which the feet rest when working are usually called the pedals. The strongest pedals are those which form part of the frame, for by them the rider can get on and off, and need not fear about straining them. The most convenient are those which simply stand out from an independent crank at a right angle. The last are, perhaps, most desirable; but when they are selected, a step, independent of them, is wanted by which to mount into the saddle, so that in mounting the weight of the body may not injure them at their connection with the bar on which they rotate.

The pedals should be adjustable, for by having them so, they not only can be changed to suit different riders of the machine, but the same rider can change them with effect, to meet the requirements of different parts of the country. He can lengthen them for hill travelling, shorten them for level roads. The best surface of pedal, for the foot, is grooved vulcanized caoutchouc. The toothed iron pedal, called the rat-trap, is not bad, but for all travelling, and all varieties of shoe and boot, the caoutchouc is better.

There are two kinds of motion connected with the pedal movement, the lever and the rotary. With the lever the rider produces motion by downward pressure; and the motions of his feet are up-and-down motions. With the rotary motion the feet turn a crank so that the motion is rotary. The rotary motion is now all the fashion, and I do not wonder at it, for there is everything to be said in favor of it. I have, however, I confess, seen some excellent work done with the lever. I have the pleasure of the friendship of a medical *confrère*, who sometimes rides out with me, and who works a lever machine with admirable skill and effect. I should not like to be obliged to race him, for he would certainly beat me either at a long or a short distance.

Respecting the pedal, then, I recommend that it be adjustable and surfaced with rough caoutchouc. I also recommend the rotary-action.

In all the front-steering tricycles — or in nearly all — there is in front of the wheel a bar on which the feet can rest in going down hill. This is of great service, for by means of the rest the body is sitting as in a chair, and spins along without work in a manner that is most delightful. More attention than has yet been given is called for respecting the foot-rest. In the first machine I had that was supplied with it, it was a rod of iron, not half an inch in diameter, on which the feet balanced but did not rest, and which gave pain to the feet even when the boots were fitted with thick soles. I have had this replaced by a flat bar, roughened on the surface, and set at a slight angle, and this is much better. I am, however, not yet satisfied. There is great vibration through the feet from a bar that will not yield in the least degree, and that vibration is not merely unpleasant, but is tiring to the limbs. It is also painful to have to keep the feet always at one angle. What we require here, as an improvement, is a rest with a spring or pad to prevent vibration, and furnished with means for a little rotation, so that the feet may slightly change their position at will. I do not put this suggestion in the form of a recommendation to the purchaser of a tricycle, because he may not be able to find a machine in which it has been adopted, but I throw it out as a proposition to the makers, and as deserving of their attention.

In the first machines the axles of all the wheels were simply on plain bearings. Now an old piece of mechanism has been readopted to reduce the friction between the axle and the bearing surface. In a case between the axle and its surrounding metal there is interposed a series of small steel balls, on which the wheel revolves. I notice that objections of a theoretical kind — into the merits of which this is not the place or time for me to enter — have been made to ball-bearings. But I venture at once to say that, practically, they are of the greatest service, and that there is no comparison in riding a machine furnished with ball-bearings and one that is not furnished with them; and the next recommendation I would offer is: —

In purchasing a tricycle have every wheel and the pedals fitted with ball-bearings.

. . There are one or two more points, however, to which I would call their attention, and I will take them in order: —

1. Try to get lightness combined with strength. The weight of a safe tricycle for a man even of fifteen stone need not, I am sure, exceed seventy-five pounds weight. If it is over eighty, it is over-weight, and is forcing its rider to drive several extra pounds to no purpose.

2. Have the machine constructed so that

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it shall give sufficient width between the handles to enable you to sit with perfect comfort and without any friction of the limbs against the handles.

3. Have the bright parts of the machine, such as the cranks and hubs, nickel-plated; the rest of the machine enamelled — black, or according to taste.

4. Have the best workmanship you can get, and by all means do not let the cost of an extra guinea or two lead you to purchase an inferior machine.

5. Take care to have two good lamps. Have them fixed so that you can see along the road for a good distance; have them of a kind that they can easily be kept clean and trimmed; and have them so fixed on the machine that they can be quickly lighted.

6. Have a stop bell, as well as a gong or alarum, attached to the machine on the left-hand side, and convenient to the hand.

7. Have a light but strong fourth wheel at the back of the machine, not to touch the ground, but to give support if the machine should tilt backwards. . . .

9. Provide yourself with a good pouch for holding all necessary tools that may be wanted for the adjustment of the machine during travelling.

10. Be sure to carry a good supply of machine oil, and insist that the openings of the lubricators close with a spring, not with a screw. See on all occasions that the little openings from the lubricators into the sockets of the wheel are free. . . .

12. If a sociable or double tricycle be under purchase give preference to a double driver, and in all respects follow rules above stated on the single tricycle.

In conclusion, use all your influence to persuade the manufacturers of tricycles of every kind to put india-rubber into all parts of the machine, where it can be introduced, for the purpose of lessening vibration.

THE BICYCLE COEFFICIENT OF SAFETY. II.

UNDER this heading we naturally find involved all of the elements of mechanics appertaining to strength of material, wherein the present finely developed outlines of our wheel stand out so charmingly constructed and blended in form as to meet with approval the educated eye of the most critical connoisseur, who strides its saddle out of pure love for the pleasure it gives him in realizing that he is master of one of the *noblest* and *most refined* of athletic sports.

Thus far the coefficient of safety, as discussed, has been confined to the degrees of safety arising from *rake*, the *mechanical force* developed by different velocities, and the *loss of weight-force* as an element of propulsion. Combined with these we find closely allied, *the limit of safety in curve or circle riding*, *the tensile strength* of the hollow perch, forks, and steering-head; also the *longitudinal vibration* arising from a suddenly diminished velocity subject to any cause.

Taking the three latter conditions in the order in which named, we have, first, limit of circle, or curve-riding. The conditions are as follows: Having weight of wheel and rider given, with what velocities can he safely turn a given curve? Also, does the radius of curvature virtually limit the rate of speed?

By velocity, a certain mechanical force is developed, as shown in table "A," Vol. I, No. 5, page 358, of THE WHEELMAN.

As the velocity of the wheel in turning a curve develops a certain amount of centrifugal force, it thereby decreases the action of the force of gravity; and, in order to overcome the tendency to pursue a straight line which is tangent to any point of the curve described, the wheel and rider are controlled by friction and his incline towards the centre of the curve, making a given angle with the plane on which he moves. The angle of incline is measured by the arc to the normal.

His *coefficient of friction* also governs his velocity, and, *consequently*, *the coefficient of safety*.

The friction remains constant to a certain angle of incline of wheel and rider, or until the centrifugal force exceeds it, when the coefficient of safety becomes zero, and wheel and rider are precipitated to earth.

From the law governing *central forces* we know that in equal circles the forces are inversely as the squares of the times of revolution; i.e., *the centrifugal force of a wheel and rider making ten revolutions per minute in a circle of twenty feet in diameter is four times as great as the*

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centrifugal force of the same body making five revolutions per minute in the same circle.

Let us demonstrate this and see what results we obtain for the bicycler: —

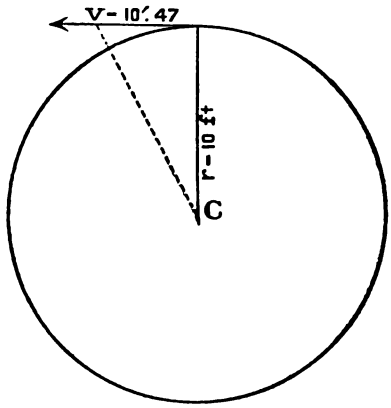


FIG. 1.

The formula for centrifugal force is—

$$P = \frac{V^2 \times W}{r \times 32.166}$$

In Figure 1 *we have* V = *velocity in feet per second;* W = *weight of wheel and rider* = 200 *lbs.;* r = *radius of curve* = 10 *feet.* In ten revolutions per minute the wheel passes over a space represented by $2\pi r \times 10' = 628.32$ feet of space, or a velocity of 10.47 feet per second. Hence, by substitution in the formula, we have —

$$P = \frac{(10.47)^2 \times 200}{10 \times 32.166} = \text{Log. } P =$$

$$\frac{2 \text{ log. } 10.47 + \text{log. } 200}{\text{log. } 10 + \text{log. } 32.166} = \frac{2.03990 + 2.30103}{1.00000 + 1.50740} =$$

$$\frac{4.34093}{2.50704} = 1.83353, \text{ or } P = 68.16 \text{ lbs.},$$

which is the centrifugal force for ten revolutions per minute in a circle twenty feet in diameter. Now, by the law governing central forces, with but five revolutions per minute in the same circle, the centrifugal force of wheel and rider should only be *one-fourth* of 68.16, or 170.4 lbs.

Substituting in the formula, we have —

$$P = \frac{(5.236)^2 \times 200}{10 \times 32.166}, \text{ or Log. } P =$$

$$\frac{2 \text{ log. } 5.236 + \text{log. } 200}{\text{log. } 10 + \text{log. } 32.166} = \frac{1.43800 + 2.30103}{1.00000 + 1.50740} =$$

1.23163, or $P = 17.046$ pounds, Q.E.D.

As the friction of the rubber tire governs the initial velocity in curvilineal motion, it becomes necessary to determine what value it has for different weights of wheel and rider.

From a series of experiments which I made at the Laboratory of Engineering with the rubber now used for bicycle tires, I determined its coefficient of friction upon different substances to approximate closely, as follows: —

Coefficients of the Friction of Motion.

Substances.	Coefficients.	Remarks.
Rubber on Wood .	.52	Surfaces dry with temperature 60° Fahr.
Rubber on Metal .	.68	Surfaces dry with temperature 60° Fahr.
Rubber on Smooth Flagging . . .	.78	Surfaces dry with temperature 60° Fahr.
Rubber on Asphaltum	.82	Surfaces dry with temperature 60° Fahr.

As in the previous article, the weight of wheel will be taken at forty-five pounds average. Hence, column one, of Table "D," gives weight of riders *only*, as the weight of wheel is constant. Opposite the different weights of riders, tabulated for every ten pounds between one hundred and thirty and two hundred and twenty pounds, will be found the amount of friction expressed in pounds which he produces upon the different surfaces enumerated at the head of columns. With the above coefficients of friction I have computed table "D," as follows: —

Table D. Friction of Wheel and Rider on Surfaces.

Weight of Rider.	Friction in Pounds.			
	On Wood.	On Metal.	On Smooth Flagging.	On Asphaltum Pavement.
130 lbs.	91.0	119.0	136.5	143.5
140 "	96.2	125.8	144.3	151.7
150 "	101.4	132.6	152.1	159.9
160 "	106.6	139.4	159.9	168.1
170 "	111.8	146.2	167.7	176.3
180 "	117.0	153.0	175.5	184.5
190 "	122.2	159.8	183.3	192.7
200 "	127.4	166.6	191.1	200.9
210 "	132.6	173.4	198.9	209.1
220 "	137.8	180.2	206.7	217.3

To determine the amount of friction for any intermediate weight of rider, as on

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asphaltum, for instance, take, for example, one hundred and fifty-five pounds; its ratio is one-half of the difference between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and sixty pounds, or five pounds in column one. In column five, opposite one hundred and fifty and one hundred and sixty pounds, respectively, is the friction 168.1 and 159.9; one-half their difference is 4.1 pounds, which, added to 519.9, gives 164.0 pounds friction, as required. In the same manner, the friction can be determined for any other intermediate weight of rider.

Having now determined the friction due to different weights of riders, it only remains necessary to find the velocity which will produce the *corresponding centrifugal force in pounds*, *then* we have the *limit of velocity* in curve-riding.

In turning curves the rider indulges in velocity, as a rule, only where the road-bed is composed of such substance as wood or asphaltum, or other equally homogeneous material. Hence, we will confine the analysis to these two substances, for determining the limit of velocity on curves having a radii of ten, twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty feet respectively.

The formula for determining the limit of velocity in curvilineal motion is —

$$v = \sqrt{\frac{P \times r \times 32.166}{W}}$$

in which P = centrifugal force limited by friction of weight W., r = radius of curve, W = weight of wheel and rider = 175 pounds. From table "D," for one hundred and thirty pounds' weight of rider, the corresponding friction on wood, in column two, is 91.0 pounds = P. Corresponding friction on asphaltum, in column five, is 143.5 pounds = P also. Substituting the value of P = 91.0 pounds, in the above formula, gives the limit of velocity, z, on wood pavement, for a radius of curve = 10 feet,

$$z = \sqrt{\frac{91.0 \times 10 \times 32.166}{1.75}} \text{ solving, } Log\ z = \sqrt{\frac{\log. 910. + \log. 32.166}{\log. 175}} = \sqrt{\frac{4.46644}{2.24304}} =$$

$\sqrt{2.22340} = 1.11170$, or $z = 12.93$ feet.

See diagram 1.

For P = 143.5 pounds with radius of curve = 10 feet, the limit of velocity v, on asphaltum pavement, is —

$$v = \sqrt{\frac{143.5 \times 10 \times 32.166}{175}} \text{ solving, } Log.\ v = \frac{\log. 1435. + \log. 32.166}{\log. 175} = \frac{4.66425}{2.24304} =$$

$2.42121 = 1.21060$, or $v = 16.24$ feet.

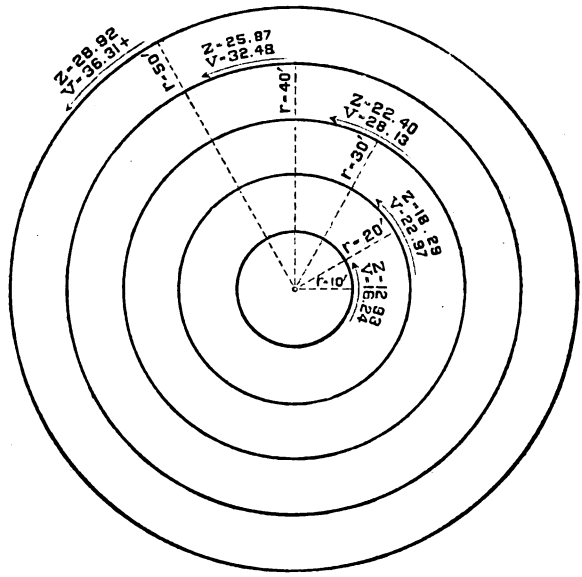


DIAGRAM 1.

See diagram 1.

Diagram 1, of Curvilinear Motion.

scale $\frac{3}{10}$ inch = radius of 10 feet.

v = limit of velocity in feet per second on asphaltum.

z = limit of velocity in feet per second on wood.

In the same manner the velocities, v and z, of the other curves are determined by substituting in the formulæ their respective values for r. As the friction increases in the same proportion to the weight of rider, the limit of velocity is constant for all weights, w, within their respective radii of curvature. Hence, all riders may safely attain the maximum velocity of the same curve.

Any bicycler can practically test these velocities, by laying out the different curves with a line and piece of chalk; then ride on a single curve, having an observer to note the exact time in passing and returning to the same point of the curve. Then divide the number of feet in the circumference by the interval of time, which will give the velocity required.

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By consulting the diagram of curvilinear motion, it will be seen that a maximum velocity can be safely attained on asphaltum, with *any curve* having a radius of more than fifty feet, also the velocity decreases with the curve of less radius.

From careful measurements of a large number of the most important wheels in use, I find the maximum arc through which the steering-head revolves to be 64°, or 32° on each side of the vertical plane of the perch; see Diagram 2, in which S is the vertical centre of front wheel; SB vertical plane of perch and front wheel when in line, the latter always tangent, at its centre, S, to its curve, SMH; T, the centre of the trail wheel turning its shortest curve, to which it is *always* tangent; ST, the horizontal distance between the centres of the front and trail wheel = 35″.45 for the fifty-six-inch wheel. Since the front wheel is always tangent to its curve described, as at SB, and the distance between the centres of the front and trail wheel, ST, is also tangent to its curve at T, the radii of these two curves projected will meet in some point, as O, which will be the common centre of the two curves.

By construction, SBT is a right angle; by definition, OSB and OTS, are right angle at S and T, respectively. Angle BST = 32° by measurement, hence OST = 90° − 32° = 58°. But the triangle, OTS, is right tangle at T, whence TOS = 90° − 58° = 32°, and the two triangles, OTS and SBT, are similar. Therefore, the angle formed by the radii of the respective curves of the two wheels when describing their shortest curves is 32°, and, consequently, is a measure by its *sine* of the horizontal distance, ST, between the two wheels, as ST is perpendicular to the radius, OT, of its curve, and represents the vertical plane of the perch and trail wheel passing through their centres.

To determine the length of the radius, OS, of the smallest curve described by the front wheel, solve the right-angle triangle, OTS, as follows: —

$$\text{sine SOT} = \frac{TS}{OS} = \frac{35''.45}{OS} \quad \text{whence OS} = \frac{35''.45}{\text{sine } 32^\circ}.$$

$$\text{Log. OS} = \frac{\log.\ 35''.45}{\log.\ \text{sine } 32^\circ} = \frac{1.54962}{9.72421} = 1.82541 =$$

66″.9 = 1′ 6″.9 = OS.

To determine the radius, OT, in the triangle, OTS: —

$$\text{Tan. SOT} = \frac{35''.45}{OT} \quad \text{whence OT} = \frac{35''.45}{\text{tan. } 32^\circ}.$$

$$\text{Log. OT} = \frac{\log.\ 35''.45}{\log.\ \text{tan. } 32^\circ} = \frac{1.54962}{9.79579} = 1.75383 =$$

56″.74 = 4′ 8″.74 = OT = radius of smallest possible curve described by the trail-wheel.

From this analysis of practical data, the wheelman will observe that it is imprudent to attempt a curve of less than twelve feet in diameter, and then his speed must be limited to *ten feet per second*, — a fraction more than twice as fast as a brisk walk.

Furthermore, this analysis proves that the trail-wheel, although rigidly connected to the hollow perch, has its pivot for motion of translation, *not at its centre*, but at the steering-head, identical with that of the front wheel, while each are describing independent curves at the same instant of time with their radii, which are tangent to the centre of their respective wheels, *not in coincidence*, but separated by an angle, not only dependent upon the radii of the curves described, but which is also a measure of the diagonal motion of the trail-wheel, in attempting to follow *its curve*, to which it is rigidly held in position by the hollow perch, and at the same time revolve

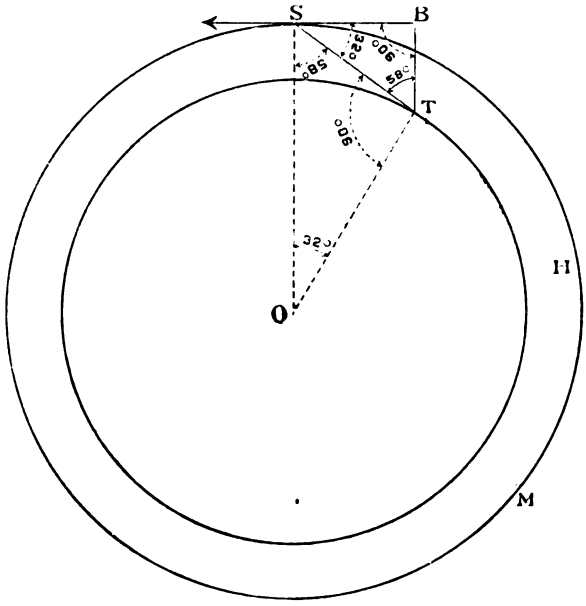


DIAGRAM 2.

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in the vertical plane of the latter with an average velocity 4.6 greater than the front wheel.

These two motions, which are being performed at one and the same instant of time by the trail-wheel, give rise to an increased strain upon it, which accounts for its *jumping tendency* and *whir* sounds, which may always be observed when standing close to the sharp curve of a passing bicycle.

Tensile strain. — The *tensile strain* of the wheel is that force which is exerted to

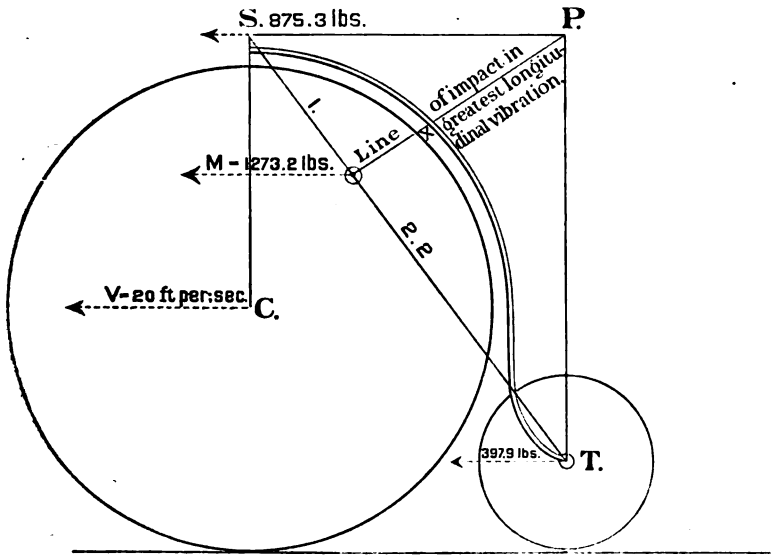


DIAGRAM 3.

produce separation of the fibres, of which it is composed; the resistance of the fibres to separation is proportional to their number, or to the area of the transverse section of which any of its parts may be constructed.

Let us first consider, under this head, the backbone, or hollow perch, of the wheel, and determine the disposition of the extra weight it has to carry, relative to tensile strain. In order to favor this analysis, I have compiled the following authentic table of tensile strain, for the different weight of all riders, ranging between one hundred and twenty and two hundred and twenty pounds, and for all sizes of wheels between the forty and sixty-two inch: —

Formulæ.

$T = \frac{W \times m}{L}$ = pressure upon bearings of trail-wheel,

and $T = \frac{W \times n}{L}$ = pressure upon steering-head,

and W = weight of riders.

n = horizontal distance of W, from bearings of trail-wheel.

m = horizontal distance of W from steering-head.

L = horizontal distance between ends of support of the hollow perch.

Example for fifty-four inch wheel.

W = 150 pounds; m = 10 inches; n = 22.15 inches; L = 32.15 inches.

Then $T = \frac{150 \times 10}{32.15} = 46.66$, or 46.7 pounds = pressure on bearings of trail-wheel. (See Table "E.")

$T = \frac{150 \times 22.15}{32.15} = 103.3$ pounds = pressure on steering-head.

From the results given in table "E," it will be seen that the maximum strain upon the bearings of the trail-wheel is greatest for the forty-inch wheel, = 50.1 lbs., and a minimum for the sixty-two-inch wheel = 30.2 lbs.; an *average decrease* for each increasing size of wheel of 1.6 lbs., or .38 *per cent. in favor of the trail-wheel* of the sixty-two-inch over that of the forty-inch. The maximum tensile strain upon the steering-head and front wheel is greatest for the sixty-two-inch wheel = 164.8 lbs., and a minimun for the forty-inch wheel = 128.3 lbs., an *average increase* for each increasing size of wheel of 3.0 lbs.; or a percentage of 28 *per cent. loss* for the sixty-two-inch wheel. Having now determined the proportion of tensile strain upon each end of the perch, arising only from the weight of the rider, *without motion*, let us see what effect would be produced by suddenly suspending differently developed velocities.

Take, for example, weight of rider one hundred and sixty pounds for the fifty-four-inch wheel; the tensile strain at steering-head end of perch is one hundred and ten lbs.; at the bearings of the trail-wheel, fifty lbs.; see table "E." *The proportion of strain at each end is as* 1 *to* 3.2. From table "A," Vol. 1, No. 5, page 358, the mechanical force developed for a velocity of ten feet per second is 318.3 lbs.; at a velocity of twenty feet per second, 1,273.2 lbs.; at a velocity of thirty feet per second, 2,864.7 lbs. Using the above proportion of 1 to 3.2 for this size wheel, we have, for a velocity of

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TABLE E.—*Tensile Strain on Perch of Wheel, for different Weights of Riders, not due to Motion.*

WEIGHT OF RIDER IN POUNDS.	SIZE OF WHEEL.																							
	40 IN.		42 IN.		44 IN.		46 IN.		48 IN.		50 IN.		52 IN.		54 IN.		56 IN.		58 IN.		60 IN.		62 IN.	
	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.	Front Wheel.	Trail Wheel.
120.	69.9	50.1	72.0	48.0	73.9	46.1	75.7	44.3	77.3	42.7	78.9	41.1	80.7	39.3	82.8	37.2	86.1	33.9	88.0	32.0	89.0	31.0	89.8	30.2
130.	75.8	54.2	78.0	52.0	80.0	50.0	82.0	48.0	83.8	46.2	85.5	44.5	87.4	42.6	89.6	40.4	93.3	36.7	95.4	34.6	96.4	33.6	97.3	32.7
140.	81.7	58.4	84.0	56.0	86.1	53.9	88.3	51.7	90.3	49.7	92.1	47.9	94.1	45.9	96.4	43.6	100.5	39.5	102.8	37.2	103.8	36.2	104.8	35.2
150.	87.5	62.5	90.0	60.0	92.3	57.7	94.6	55.4	96.7	53.3	98.7	51.3	100.8	49.2	103.3	46.7	107.7	42.3	110.2	39.8	111.2	38.8	112.3	37.7
160.	93.4	66.6	96.0	64.0	98.5	61.5	100.9	59.1	103.2	56.8	105.3	54.7	107.5	52.5	110.0	50.0	114.9	45.1	117.6	42.4	118.6	41.4	119.8	40.2
170.	99.2	70.8	102.0	68.0	104.7	65.3	107.2	62.8	109.7	60.3	112.0	58.0	114.2	55.8	116.8	53.2	122.1	47.9	124.0	45.0	126.0	44.0	127.3	42.7
180.	105.1	74.9	108.0	72.0	110.8	69.2	113.5	66.5	116.1	63.9	118.6	61.4	120.9	59.1	123.6	56.4	129.3	50.7	132.4	47.6	133.4	46.6	134.8	45.2
190.	111.0	79.0	114.0	76.0	117.0	73.8	119.8	70.2	122.5	67.5	125.2	64.8	127.6	62.4	130.4	59.6	136.5	53.5	139.8	50.2	140.8	49.2	142.3	47.7
200.	116.8	83.2	120.0	80.0	123.1	76.9	126.1	73.9	129.0	71.0	131.8	68.2	134.3	65.7	137.2	62.8	143.7	56.3	147.2	52.8	148.2	51.8	149.8	50.2
210.	122.4	87.6	126.0	84.0	129.3	80.7	132.4	77.6	135.5	74.5	138.4	71.6	141.0	69.0	144.0	66.0	150.9	59.1	154.6	55.4	155.6	54.4	157.3	52.7
220.	128.3	91.7	132.0	88.0	135.4	84.6	138.7	81.3	141.9	78.1	145.0	75.0	147.7	72.3	150.8	69.2	158.1	61.9	162.0	58.0	163.0	57.0	164.8	55.2

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							Lbs.
10 ft.	per sec.	tensile strain on steering-head				=	218.8
20 "	"	"	"	"	"	=	875 3
30 "	"	"	"	"	"	=	1,969.5
10 "	"	"	" rear fork-bearings			=	99.5
20 "	"	"	"	"	"	=	397.9
30 "	"	"	"	"	"	=	895.2

In the same manner it may be determined for any other weight of rider and wheel. This tensile strain, as determined, includes the weight of wheel. These results may be graphically shown, as in Diagram 3, in which CS represents the front forks; S, steering-head; SP, horizontal distance between the bearings; and T, rear fork-bearings.

For a velocity of twenty feet per second the tensile strain is distributed, as in the diagram, with the *centre of momentum* at the point where line of impact falls on ST; which also locates the line of impact in longitudinal vibration of the perch upon the wheel at *x*, as the resultant of a suddenly checked velocity, caused by the front wheel meeting an obstacle. This condition does not necessarily involve "headers," but the point of impact, at its centre, may frequently be observed upon different wheels, after a ride over a stretch of rough road, at a fair speed. By using both the Hodgkinson and Fairbairn formulæ, I find the ratio of the *transverse strength* of the hollow cylindrical and elliptical perches to resist tensile strain to be as 1.12 to 1, respectively.

In the elliptical form of perch the transverse strength in the line of the two diameters is to each other as 1. to 0,613; see Figure 2, which shows the largest section of this perch full size, in which TT = 1".54 =transverse axis, and CC = 1".2 = conjugate axis. If the transverse diameter, TT, will resist a force of 7,060 lbs. tensile strain, the conjugate diameter will resist a tensile strain of 4327.8 lbs., while the cylindrical perch resists in *all directions* a tensile strain of 7,884 lbs.

Hence, the case in which the perch impinges upon the front wheel, while riding, does not reasonably appear to be the result of undue strain upon the former,

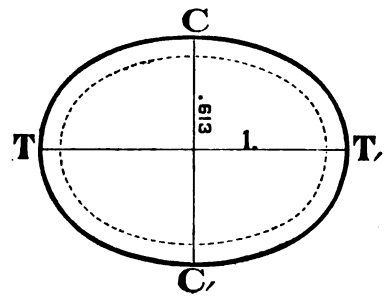


FIG. 2.

but undoubtedly is due to looseness of the spindle in the steering-head and bearings of the front forks.

Conditions, however, may be involved in which the power developed by the leverage of several forces, in case of accident under high velocities, produces ruptures of the hollow perch, which at first sight would seem almost incredible were it not possible for the thoughtful to apply the crucible test of mechanical analysis to our silent beauty of steel.

By an interchange of views upon this subject, as masters of the wheel, we become its intelligent advocate, and are led thereby to lay aside many prejudices which were without foundation, while uniting ourselves more closely in a bond of brotherhood, which will strengthen our cause, and give a greater impetus to the indulgence in this manly pastime, which now ranks as the prince of all health-giving sports.

F. J. Drake, President L.I.W.

A FLYING DUTCHMAN.

CHAPTER XIX. — TOURING.

"It seems to me that we are losing sight of the fact that we are artists," said Miss Madder to Mr. Ehrlebach one evening about a week later, during one of his calls.

"We, with a capital 'W,'" laughed Miss Larkin, mimicking Rose's conscious air.

"Well, Mr. Ehrlebach is, anyway, and he ought to be doing some grave artistic studying."

"I am," said Ehrlebach.

"What?" queried Miss Madder, in a tone of scorn.

"I am studying the 'portrait of a lady.' I am going to paint it when my spirit is so full of my inspiration that I shall do something wonderful."

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"You talk enigmas, mynherr."

"Do I, Miss Larkin?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Larkin, with great astuteness.

"You certainly do," said Rose. "At all events I feel lazy, and as if I weren't improving my opportunities. You have been awfully good, instructing my taste in all the galleries; but I feel as though I ought to put some of my new notions into practice."

"What are you going to do?"

"Follow my master."

"Rose!" cried Kate, reprovingly.

"What is it?"

"Who?"

"Turner, of course. Did you think I was going to take anybody else for a pattern?"

"Oh!" said Miss Larkin; then, very soon, —

"When are we going to Germany, Rose?"

"I don't know; when are we?"

"Let us go to-morrow."

"What a sudden young lady you are, Miss Larkin!" quoth Mr. Ehrlebach. "May I go, too?"

"I wish you could," interrupted Rose, thinking with a misgiving of that midnight misery of her friend, and seeing with quick womanliness an apparent path out of all intricacies; "but I think we shall have to tell you good-by when we quit London. We can't afford to engage you as courier, and that is the only way it would do to take you along."

"True, Madame Le Brun. Your wisdom is beyond your years. When shall you be in Heidelberg, Miss Larkin?"

"If we start to-morrow," mused Kate, "we shall spend a day in Cologne, a day in Bonn" —

"Then our long foot-journey from Bonn to Bingen will take a fortnight at least," interposed Rose.

"Oh, I have given that up," said Miss Larkin.

"Well, I do think European plans of travel are the most elastic things I ever heard of," cried Rose. "Mr. Ehrlebach, when are you going to Scotland?"

"Next summer, if I live," returned the German, placidly.

"There is one comfort, anyway, Miss Larkin, if we hurry up, couldn't we get to Carlsruhe by the time of the royal wedding? I should like to see a few princesses and kingly folks. I wish you would come and explain them to us as you do pictures. Won't you, Mr. Ehrlebach?"

"Rose!" cried Kate again.

"Well, I do wish it; and I don't see why I shouldn't say so. It would be lovely; and if Mr. Ehrlebach should happen to come to Carlsruhe at that time, why, nobody would be to blame for the coincidence."

"I should like it so much. I was going to ask you to let me see you in Heidelberg, and I might be of service to you in Carlsruhe."

So saying Mr. Ehrlebach took his hat and departed from the Bloomsbury boarding-house.

"I am glad Madame Morena is safe in New York," said Miss Larkin.

"Yes, I saw on the bulletin to-day that her ship is in," said Rose, wondering at Miss Larkin's irrelevance.

Presently, —

"Miss Larkin, shall you be glad to see Mr. Ehrlebach in Germany?"

Kate was silent for a moment.

"For your sake I shall be, my dear."

"But for your own?"

"You are a very sentimental, imaginative girl, Rose."

And Rose as usual consoled herself by writing a long letter to her mother.

Mr. Alden behaved very singularly when Rose told him that she and Miss Larkin were going shortly to Germany. Their landlady was in the drawing-room when Rose made the announcement, and Mr. Alden said nothing in words, but bestowed upon Miss Madder a look which he intended to appear as one of adoring entreaty.

"What a very sheepish air Mr. Alden has at times," observed Miss Madder, in private to her companion. And she went away from London without a shadow more of regret than that for the young man, who for nearly six months thereafter treasured zealously a little, blue Irish silk glove, and the memory of a sunny, tricycling expedition.

Miss Larkin and Rose found the Carlsruhe hotels crowded to overflowing when, a day or two before the marriage of the Princess Victoria, they arrived in that grand Duchy capital. They drove wearily about from inn to inn, only to receive the same reply, "No rooms left."

"We'd better go back to Heidelberg, and give up the wedding *fête*," said Kate.

"Yes, but I want to see Mr. Ehrlebach, and he will be here to-morrow," objected Rose.

"He will be in Heidelberg, too."

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thought Miss Larkin in the inmost seclusion of her mind. But she said nothing, faithfully refraining from questioning Rose upon her superior knowledge of Mr. Ehrlebach's dates.

Rose pulled a letter from her pocket, with a sudden illumination of countenance.

"Mr. Ehrlebach is our good angel," she cried. "See here! I didn't think about it, glancing through his letter in such a hurry."

"You didn't tell me one of your letters was from Mr. Ehrlebach," suggested Miss Larkin.

"I couldn't in the post-office, and here is one from Hugh, too, and one from mamma. Did she write to you?"

"Yes; what does Mr. Ehrlebach say?"

"'I hope that you will see my friend, Frau Hirschman, in Carlsruhe. She lives in the Schloss-Platz, and might have a room where you would be more comfortable than at a hotel—'"

"Go to the Schloss-Platz, driver," cried Kate, in German, interrupting Rose.

Frau Hirschman proved to be a sweet little Englishwoman, the widow of a German officer, and her heart warmed at once to the Americans.

"I shall be very glad to have you here. I have wished to let one of my rooms during the *fête*, and I can use the money easily," she said, pointing to the bevy of bright-eyed little lads and lasses crowding about her.

"Mr. Ehrlebach was a travelling acquaintance, you tell me, and recommended you to come to me? He stayed here several weeks at one time, some years ago, and has written me now and then since."

"He is coming to the *fête*," said Rose. Frau Hirschman looked a little bit surprised. Rose began blushing, and Kate, for the first time in weeks, wished, with a decided feeling of vexation, that Rose had never heard of the German artist. Frau Hirschman asked no questions, however, being an Englishwoman, and proceeded to make her guests comfortable with hospitable haste.

"At all events, Mr. Ehrlebach will know where to find her," thought Kate, in bitter reflection, as she sat idly by her window while Rose dozed on the little sofa in the corner, resting. "I never saw a man more wrapped up in a fancy, and it would be useless to try to escape him. If I didn't believe in him so heartily I would take Rose home to-morrow. And she is so unconscious! Pshaw! I think a woman always knows long before he says it if a man cares for her. Rose's eyes will open pretty soon, I doubt not. A woman always knows."

With this mental elaboration of a theory Miss Larkin lifted her window in haste and leaned out of it with the eagerness of a school-girl.

For a bicycle had just rolled into the Schloss-Platz, and its rider was nodding his head with great demonstration toward this window ot the second-floor front.

CHAPTER XX. — IXION.

FRAU HIRSCHMAN and the children hurried down to meet Mr. Ehrlebach. The elder ones remembered him, and clung about him like flowers on a trellis, while the little ones devoted themselves to an interested and curious inspection of his wheel. Kate closed the window softly and stole out of the room, leaving Rose still sleeping upon the sofa. Half-way down the stair Miss Larkin was attacked with a lucid interval, and returned to her room. She sat down and waited.

Frau Hirschman came up presently with Tot and the baby, and knocked at the door. Rose sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Mr. Ehrlebach has just come," said the little lady. Rose flew downstairs like a small whirlwind and embraced the bicycle, which had been drawn into the lower hall-way, while she cried aloud,—

"Where are you, mynherr?"

Mr. Ehrlebach appeared on the drawing-room landing above, with Dolly and Vane on either hand. Frau Hirschman and Kate came decorously down the upper stairway together, and everybody shook hands happily, while Rose related their woes in hotel-searching and expressed her delight at seeing the traveller in hearty terms.

"I wish I had a place for you," said Frau Hirschman; "the children were always so fond of you."

"And I of them," said Ehrlebach, patting the blond heads about him; "they were a comfort to me when I had no other in the world. How much Fritz is getting to look like his father!"

Kate lifted her heart in sympathy toward Ehrlebach as she heard that sentence, "No other comfort in the world." She remembered all that she knew of his sorrowful history, and she felt as if she had not loved him at all before, so warmly did her heart enfold him now.

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"I think I must camp out in the park," said Ehrlebach, "if the hotels are so full."

"I suppose the park is lovely?" asked Rose.

"Lovely," assented Ehrlebach.

"Mr. Ehrlebach," suggested Frau Hirschman after a little, as they all drank tea in the drawing-room together, — "shouldn't you like to stay with the Baron von Bauk?"

"Is August here?" cried Ehrlebach.

"Yes, he has come from Berlin with the emperor. He is in the royal artillery now."

"Hurrah! And his aunt?"

"That is where I wish you might stay. I think you might have a room there, if I ask the old lady. I will go over and see her."

"Oh, mayn't I go with you?" begged Rose. "I should so much like to see a real live baroness."

"Frau Friedland is not a baroness," said the little English lady.

"But her nephew is a baron. I should like to see a baron," said Rose, with decision.

"May I go, too, mamma?" asked Fritz.

"And I?" said Dolly.

"And I?" from Vane.

"Und ich auch," said Tot and the baby in chorus.

Ehrlebach picked up these smaller people, taking one on each knee.

"I shall keep you with me, and show you the big wheel," he said; "let the rest go with mamma."

And he very rudely stayed with Miss Larkin, while the rest of the party went off on an expedition in his interest.

"I hadn't life or love when I stayed last in this house," he said, speaking rapidly to Kate, as they stood with the children beside the bicycle. "Nor had I this good friend to take me out of myself and my heart aches. I had just lost my wife."

"Yes," said Kate, after a time. He seemed waiting for her to speak, but her "yes" meant absolutely nothing.

"It was a very sad history," he went on. "That person whom we saw in London had betrayed me cruelly."

"Yes," said Kate again.

"But Lena is now dead to my heart. The memory of my boyhood's madness is buried in her grave at Heidelberg. Will you go up there with me for a day, sometime, very soon?"

"Yes," said Miss Larkin.

Tot pulled the bicycle over upon himself with a crash, and the attention of the two was devoted to him until the return of the others.

"Frau Friedland will make a place for you there," said Frau Hirschman. "The baron is to dine with her this evening, and she begs you to surprise him."

"We saw him as we were coming back," said Rose, "marching through the street, looking so gorgeous in his uniform. He took off his hat so magnificently when he met us, and bowed to Frau Hirschman like a king."

"Kings don't bow very low," suggested Ehrlebach.

"I haven't had much experience with kings yet," laughed Rose. "That is yet to follow."

And follow it did during the merry week ensuing, for the town was full of royalty, assembled to do honor to the nuptials of the emperor's granddaughter and the heir to the Swedish throne.

"It's a regular town meeting of princes and princesses," wrote Rose to her mother; "and we are keeping up our part of the sensation, for the German baron follows us about, and writes every day to Frau Hirschman or Miss Larkin, begging to be introduced to me. It's awfully romantic; but I am in a hurry to get away from here, for Mr. Ehrlebach says, if I allow him to be introduced, I might as well accept him outright for a husband. Did you ever hear of such silly people as these continentals? Baroness Rose or Rosalinda would sound fine; but I know the gorgeous creature drinks beer, eats sauer-kraut, and smokes a long pipe. I don't want an introduction, should you? Mr. Ehrlebach rides all over town on his bicycle, and everybody stares, and the other day one of the emperor's officers rode out from the guard around his carriage and asked him to ride up and down very slowly for the amusement of the emperor. Wasn't that fun? The emperor doesn't look his age at all. He has a good, very distinguished face, and wears a sort of gray scarf up around his neck when he rides out, as if he were afraid of taking cold. Nobody sees the empress, for she is always ill. The princess looks very nice, in an ordinary sort of way, and young Oscar, of Sweden, is a horrid-looking boy. I pity her for having to marry such a looking person; but it is all for the good of Europe, so I suppose it is all right. There are processions, and plays, and all sorts of fun, every day all this week. They were married Tuesday, and the train of the bride's dress was over seven yards long, and she carried the same

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fan that her mother carried at her wedding twenty-five years ago. The Grand-duchess of Baden is daughter of the emperor, so this poor little princess — queen apparent — is very royal indeed. We are having lots of good times, and are going to Heidelberg to-morrow."

It was in the court of the grand old mediæval castle at Heidelberg that Ehrlebach resumed the conversation interrupted by Tot and the tumbling bicycle.

Rose was sketching at a distance, and Ehrlebach began abruptly: —

"I want you to come with me to Lena's grave, Miss Larkin. I think I ought to tell you there how happy I am in the new love which has come to me. It seems years ago since that time of misery and passion. Shall we then speak more of it?"

"What is the use?" said Kate, her heart breaking with love and pain.

"Please come here, Mr. Ehrlebach," called Rose.

Kate looked up with such an expression of relief that Ehrlebach left her abruptly and went over to Rose.

CHAPTER XXII. — THE LAST LAP.

KATE went out on the castle terrace and stood looking down on the swift-flowing river.

Above her reached the lofty towers of the grand old castle, as full of life now as in their days of feudal pride, — full of the life that is in human memories, and in their oft-repeated histories of wars and jealousies, of cruel hatreds and tender human loves. The peace of the centuries seemed to come into Kate's heart. After strife calms must always come. She felt the greenness of the tree-clad hills across the river, the exultant rush of the waters away toward the freedom of the plain. She heard the far-off song of a forester echoing down from the heights above.

While this peace was in her heart, Ehrlebach came through the arched doorway and stood beside her.

Kate smiled upon him with a strange gentleness. In this mood of her spirit his presence brought only benefaction, joy, content. All the pettiness and self-seeking of her passion died as she looked upon him, remembering the suffering of which he had told her. That knowledge baptized her love with the waters of purification. She did not think of the trembling dependence with which her life, for a few whirling weeks, had been hanging upon his. She forgot Rose. She remembered nothing but her deep hope for his peace. Had she formulated any thought of herself it must have been the intangible gladness that she felt in knowing that, henceforth, life held no happiness for her except that which she would have in knowledge of his happiness.

Ehrlebach took her hand.

Kate gave him the other one, readily.

"I am so glad for you," she said. "I was thinking of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes. You said a little while ago that you are very happy in the new love which has come to you. I was thinking how true and deep your love must be. You were young when you wrapped your life about Lena with such passion. I know your love must be something beautiful and disinterested, because your friendship is so kind and just."

Ehrlebach looked bewildered, standing holding her hands closely.

"Friendship?" he repeated, querying.

"Yes" — Kate spoke a trifle more rapidly, something in Ehrlebach's eyes moving upon her spirit though she did not understand him or herself in the least, — "yes, I value your friendship very much. I am glad you have proven it in so many ways. Mine for you is deep and sincere."

Ehrlebach's great, gray eyes searched Kate's.

"Why, then, shall we say friendship?" His voice came brokenly, between his heart-beats.

Kate began trembling, and tried to take away her hands.

"Oh, my love, is it not that I have waited long enough to tell you!" he cried, holding them fast. "Have you not seen it from the first? I have feared to say it, but it is true; I love you! Yes, I love you. You must hear me say it. I have lived all my life for this moment. Oh, I know youth has gone, but I love you as boys can't love. And you"—

Kate persisted in pulling her hands away from him. In all of her frightened surprise she did not forget that queer bit of self-fear that lurks in the nature of every strong-hearted woman. Fully as she had given her heart to Ehrlebach, Kate could not have confessed it in those first startled seconds. It was more than an instinct of coquetry. It was the fine instinct of a maiden heart shielding itself in darkness and terror before a brilliant dawning.

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"Mr. Ehrlebach, are you mad?"

"No, but I think soon that I shall be if you do not speak to me. Look at me. No, no," taking hold of her arm, "do not look away! Listen then! I have said that I love you. You have for nothing led me on?"

"Led you on!" cried Kate, forgetting herself in her absolute surprise.

"Yes, as I have said, I tell you I love you, and you will not look at me. And so for — how long? weeks, months, years, I think, I have waited for a look which your manner has always promised me. You have made me live in heaven and hell ever since I have known you. Now you give me your hands and talk of friendship. Friendship! Ach, Gott! Women are all alike! You don't know what it is to love."

Ehrlebach threw off the hand Kate put upon his, and walked in great grief and anger toward the octagon tower. He paused for a moment at the little barricade, debating savagely with himself, for an instant, whether to leap that, or to turn and throw himself over the castle-parapet. Presently he looked back at Kate. She stood watching him with lips parted and heart beating fast. At sight of his eyes Kate, the strong-minded, ran toward her lover in a woefully weak-minded manner. She put her hand on his arm. Her black eyes filled with tears. Her lips began quivering.

"I do know how to love. I love you," she said, humbly and tenderly. "I thought you were in love with Rose, and I have felt as though it would kill me."

Ehrlebach looked down into her heart for a long moment. Kate met his gaze very bravely.

"You are true, true," he said at length, "and I am glad. You do love me."

He took her in his arms, and they kissed. The pledge of their two lives was in the kiss, the troth of a future together.

Rose came unseen around the corner of the octagon tower and stood for an instant speechless and with dilating pupils. Then she turned and fled precipitately.

"If I ev-er heard of such a thing! This *is* the most sur-prising world! What will mamma say? And Hugh!"

A long half-hour later Ehrlebach and Kate came to find Miss Madder. She was seated on one of the museum steps, busy with her note-book.

"Sketching, Tintoretta?" asked Ehrlebach.

"No, writing, — writing to my mother."

"Dutiful girl! Are you describing the castle?"

"No, the fairy prince and princess who lived in it. They went upon the blue, blue sea. It was wonderfully romantic. In a few short weeks they took up their abode over there in Elizabeth's tower, and were happy ever after. You may read what I have written, Miss Larkin."

Rose jumped up suddenly and embraced each of the lovers in a tumult of delight.

"You read it, Raffaella," said Ehrlebach, laughing very much, and giving Rose back the ragged little pages of her letter.

Rose read very fast: —

DARLING MAMMY: — I am so glad of it, aren't you? for I began to feel like a "type" in one of those stories of Mr. James'. But I'm not, am I? — for I am glad enough to cry to find that Mr. Ehrlebach and Miss Larkin are in love with each other. It takes such a load off of my mind! I can't explain it. I felt someway as though I ought to like him more, and I don't know how or why. Seriously, dearest mother, I am glad that I am not going to make a silly "Daisy Miller" of myself. I do believe I felt as though I ought to fall in love over here, because most girls do that go to Europe, — in story-books, at least.

But I don't, and I never will. Ask Hugh what he thinks of his proper sister falling in love and kissing people in romantic castles? I shall bring her home at once. I don't feel equal to the task of chaperoning her any longer. Unless Mr. Ehrlebach takes her over to that funny little Dutch church and gets married on the spot. I suppose he will. That would be very artistic of him. I am going to get him to make a portrait of her all in black. Wouldn't she be fine? She is really getting pretty lately. I am going to give her some "charms," if I can find any, — a palette, and a bicycle. She will tell you when she writes. I can't think, or at least I think faster than I can write. I am so surprised I couldn't help seeing

---

"Is that all?" Ehrlebach asked, in an amused voice, as Rose stopped reading, with a dash of scarlet in her cheeks.

"Yes."

"Bravo! and are you ready to go up the Kaiserstuhl, now, Angelica?"

"Quite. *Auf wiedersehen.*" Rose sprang away from them and ran across the old moat-bridge.

"I'll walk on alone," she called, merrily. "Don't hurry to overtake me."

The two followed her slowly across the moss-freighted bridge, across the ivy-filled garden, out into the vine-hung pathway, then, arm-in-arm, they began their walk up the mountain together.

Minimum.

[THE END.]

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THE TRUE STORY OF CAPTAIN HARDRIDER'S FIVE-MILE RUN.

THE much disputed and still unsettled question whether Captain Hardrider, of our club, really ran five miles over a not first-rate road, last August, kept the tongues of the club wagging actively for some weeks, and is still occasionally brought up as a topic of debate. The public took some interest in it at the time; but the public never knew the reason why the captain made the run, nor the circumstances attending it, nor why the club so frequently alludes to it as "Captain Hardrider's dog chase." As sufficient time has elapsed so that no evil consequence can follow a full revelation, I write the story in order to preserve it as part of the records of our club, giving the account mainly in the captain's own words.

It was a blazing hot day; and the club, returning from a ride out into the country, stopped to cool off at a German garden and bier-halle, in the edge of the city, some of the members lounging on the seats in the shade of the porch, and some entering the hall, through whose open doors and windows a grateful breeze was blowing. As the club men entered, a bow-legged, heavy, ill-looking yellow cur dog sneaked out, looking askance at them. Catching sight of their wheels outside, the cur tucked his tail between his legs, and, with an apprehensive yelp, fled across the street, and sought refuge under a house.

"I say, Hans," said Mr. High to the German bar-tender, "what is the matter with that dog? He seems considerably discouraged about something."

"I dinks somebody haf scart dot dog most ouet of his wits some time last week," replied Hans. "Dot dog was shust as good as anybody's dog before dot. But von day last week Mr. Schutzen goes ouet into der gountry mit dot dog to buy himself some hay; und that dog he comes home by himself all duckered ouet; and he lie himself down in der hoss-trough to make himself gool off; und den he goes himself under der houes, und he vasn't gome ouet till der next day. Und now dot dog don't stupoy on der pigs not any more; und der hens drive him right ouet mit der garden mit his tail down. Dot dog be no good any more. He be all blayed out by somedings."

"Ah! I see — takes a pessimistic view of things," said Mr. High.

"Naw; I dinks der pessem is all right; but it seems me dot somebody haf scart him to death most a good ways probably; dot's how I dinks about dot dog."

Here the president observed a peculiar grin upon the face of Captain Hardrider, the club captain; and, remembering that Captain Hardrider often goes out on this road with his wheel, he guessed that the captain knew something about the dog.

"Out with it, captain," said the president.

"Yes, tell us the story, cap," chorused the club.

Thus urged, the captain narrated as follows: —

"Last week Sunday I spent the day at a friend's, ten miles out. Monday morning I started for the city about 4 o'clock, so as to take the cool of the morning for the ride, and get home in season for breakfast, though I had a cup of coffee and a lunch before I started. When I was about five miles out beyond here, I dismounted for something, and was standing with my wheel beside the fence when I saw that yellow cur trotting along the road toward me. He didn't see me till he was close upon me; when he just gathered himself into a wad and shot himself. After running a few yards, he got over his start, and stopped to look at me. I picked up a pebble and tossed it toward him, when he ran a few yards farther off, and stopped again. This was so funny a performance that I put half-a-dozen pebbles in my pocket, mounted my wheel, and rode after him, just to give him a start. He ran on rather lazily, looking back over his shoulder with one ear cocked and a sort of leer in his eye, as much as to say: 'Now I wonder if that fellow thinks I am going to show up a two-minute gait just to astonish any upstart who comes rolling along on top of a hogshead hoop. Guess not, this hot weather.' This sort of stirred me up; and I put on a spurt after him. He ran just so far ahead, now and then falling into a trot, and grinning over his shoulder derisively. This stirred me up some more. I began to feel the wheel getting mad under me, and I let her out, tossing a pebble ahead

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by way of a hint. Then he would scoot for a few rods, and slack up while the wheel devoured a section of space. In this way we ran perhaps a quarter of a mile, when I tossed another pebble, and let out a yell calculated to make that cur scatter himself.

"Seeing by this that I was in earnest, the dog apparently made up his mind that he would show me how easy it was for him to quit my company. He straightened out his tail, laid back his ears, collected his short, crooked legs in a bundle, and uncoiled himself. In a minute he was twenty rods ahead, a spurt of drifting dust in the road; in two minutes he was thirty rods ahead; in three minutes forty rods, and beginning to get dim in the dust-cloud. But the wind was blowing briskly behind me, the road was fair, I felt fresh, and I made the pedals play at racing speed.

"After going a couple of miles I noticed that the dust-cloud didn't seem to be quite so far ahead as it was. The dog probably thought he had by that time convinced me of the folly of trying to catch him. Gradually I gained more and more. He was only thirty rods ahead; then twenty; then ten; then five. I let out another yell and another pebble, by way of encouraging the cur. He responded with a yelp and a spurt which made his short legs scatter all around him like a shower of bologna sausages, and the dust rose like smoke from the chimney of a locomotive. Again he went ahead—ten rods, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five — but he couldn't quite make it thirty. Then, after a mile or so, I began to gain again slowly — twenty rods — fifteen — ten — five. I could now see that the scamp was growing distressed. His tongue was out; he looked tired all over; the eye which he flung back over his shoulder didn't leer derisively any longer. I wondered why he didn't turn out and leap the fence at the roadside; then I guessed that he was a city cur, strayed out into the country, and he was probably making for home.

"After a little I gained on him again, and this time almost run upon him before he would put on a spurt. But I gave another wild yell, and pretended to throw my hat at him, when he yelped and distributed himself along the highway; but only for a few rods before I began to catch him again. And now his tongue was hanging out so that it nearly tripped him up by getting tangled around his fore legs; and I could no longer scare him into a spurt. He barely kept ahead of the wheel, which several times actually touched his tail. In fact, for the last mile before we reached the city, I could have reached out and dropped a pebble upon him if I had had any pebbles left. When we reached here he ran into the yard and buried himself in the water of the horse-trough, while I dismounted and looked at my watch. I had made that five miles, over not the best road for racing, in eighteen minutes forty-three seconds, as nearly as I could time myself."

Some of the club said they believed the time, while others doubted. Out of this grew the discussion whether the captain had really made that time over that road.

Before we left Mr. Lowe cautioned Hans against repeating our conversation.

"Yaw," replied Hans, with some indignation, "mebby you dinks I look like one of dose newspapers dot go all around mit eferybody's doorstep, tolding der beeples vat I knows; but I guess I vasn't. Dot dog bes nodings to me. I shust says dot if I vas der dog, und I gouldn't ouetrun any of dose wheel dings mit one foot died up mit der hoss blanket, den I goes under der houes und choke mineself ter death mit der bung-starter. Does is vat I dinks."

President Bates.

SONGS OF ST. LOUIS WHEELMEN.

THE recent letter of Mr. Hibbard, in the December WHEELMAN, giving the songs of the Milwaukee 'cyclers, is a step in the right direction. Nearly every sport has its songs; why not bicycling? I send those we have, hoping it may cause the "poets of the wheel" to bend their energies in this direction.

The first, of course, is the "B-i bi," which differs from that sung by the Milwaukee boys only in the words. The first verse is a clear case of plagiarism, at which I hope A. S. H. will not take offence, as the words in question could not be improved on: —

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I.

'Tis a glorious wheel
Whose praise we sing
On the B. I. B. I. B I. B. I. Bi.
Naught in life to us
Can such pleasure bring
As the B. I. C. Y. C. L. E.

II.

Institution grand
Rolling through the land,
On the B. I. B. I. B. I. B. I. Bi.
Over hill and dale,
As the eagles sail,
On the B. I. C. Y. C. L. E.

III.

Sickness ne'er you'll feel
On the flying wheel
Of the B. I. B. I. B. I. B. I. Bi.
Distance equals naught,
Everybody ought
Ride the B. I. C. Y. C. L. E.

IV.

In the future bright,
Not a horse in sight,
On the B. I B. I. B. I. B. I. Bi.
On suspension wheels,
O'er the asphalt steals
Then the B. I. C. Y. C. L. E.

V.

Then big wheels shall run
Over every State,
On the B. I. B. I. B. I. B. I. Bi.
From the rising sun
To the Golden Gate,
On the B. I. C. Y. C. L. E.

Neptune is the local guardian of the pump on the Boulevard, and, whenever asked if any of the boys had been there, invariably replied that they had just gone down the "Bollywar." The air of this is the same as "It was my last cigar": —

ON THE BOLLYWAR.

I.

The sun was sinking in the west,
The Lindell road was hard,
I strode the steed I loved the best,
And sought the Boulevard.
Beneath my wheel the smooth, white road
Flew as I cut the air;
At Neptune's pump I off did jump,
But found no 'cyclers there.

II.

Said I unto old Neptune then,
As near to him I drew,
"Have any bad bicycling men
Been here harassing you?"
He waved his trident all around,
He shook his hoary head,
He laid his buckets on the ground,
And thus to me he said: —

III.

"O rider of the wheel of wire,
More swift than Pullman car,
The parties for whom you inquire
Went down the 'Bollywar.'
You'll find them soon without a doubt,
If after them you rove,
For Humphreys said, 'We're going out
To Bartold's little grove.'"

IV.

I sprang upon my trusty bike,
Once more I cut the air,
But nary rider did I strike,
For no one had been there.
Next time I want to find the boys
My soul will not lose hope,
I'll go and raise an awful noise
With my little cal-li-ope.

Our next is

"OLD DOG TRAY."

I.

As you go riding down
To old Manchester town,
A wandering canine
You'll find on the way;
He loves the flying wheel,
He loves the 'cyclers' veal,
A daisy dog is old dog Tray.

Chorus.

Old dog Tray, ever faithful,
Clubs cannot drive him away,
He loves the flying wheel,
He loves the 'cyclers' veal,
A daisy dog is old dog Tray.

II.

He rises from the shade
When you pedal up the grade,
And makes for your wheel
With a loud-sounding bay;
He ne'er does things by halves,
He loves bicyclers' calves,
A darling dog is old dog Tray.

Chorus.

III.

One day this dog did drop
On a 'cycler with a pop,
Who proceeded with calmness
This canine to slay;
And now I am inclined
To think you'll never find
A deader dog than old dog Tray.

Chorus.

To the air of "Marching through Georgia" we sing the following: —

I.

We sing the song of progress,
Of the future that will come,
When beneath a million 'cycling men,
The whirling wheels will hum,
When the roads are all asphaltum,
And the horse you'll only see
Exhibited in Barnum's
As a curiosity.

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Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we are the E. B. C.,
Hurrah! Hurrah! six trusty men are we,
Long may the wheel of shining steel
Roll on so silently
Over the highways of Missouri.

II.

When other men are wrapped in sleep
Out on the road we go,
And leave behind us every thought
Of pain, or care, or woe;
And, with our calliope whistles,
We'll make the welkin ring,
While riding on the bicycle,
Of vehicles the king.

Chorus.

III.

The young man of the period
In the middle parts his hair,
And wears his standing collar
With a quite *distingué* air;
However pretty he may look,
'Tis plain he ne'er will be
Quite man enough to ride upon
The 'cycle of the free.

Chorus.

LITORIA.

I.

WHEN first we came to ride the bike,
Swedelewedumbum,
We often on our heads did strike,
Swedelewedumbum;
But now you bet we put her through
To Kirkwood and Manchester too.
So hurry for our jolly crew,
Swedelewedumbum.

Chorus.

Litoria, Litoria, swedelewe chu hi rasa.
Litoria, Litoria, swedelewedumbum.

II.

Bad men are we and not afraid,
Swedelewedumbum,
To climb the hill and "slide" the grade,
Swedelewedumbum;
From early morn to set of sun
Beneath our feet the big wheels run,
This mode of travel "takes the bun,"
Swedelewedumbum.

Chorus.

III.

When from this world of pain and woe,
Swedelewedumbum,
Each E. B. C. clubman must go,
Swedelewedumbum.
He'll put on his high-water pants,
Kiss his sisters, cousins, and his aunts,
And of reaching Heaven take his chance,
Swedelewedumbum.

Chorus.

Our "Over the garden wall" is somewhat different from the Milwaukee version, running as follows: —

I.

WHY ride the men of the M. B. C.,
Under the garden wall?
Because there is plenty of shade, you see,
Under the garden wall.
One rider's wheel struck a little stone,
And into the air went his backbone,
And the bike lay down, but the man was thrown
Over the garden wall.

Chorus.

Over the garden wall
We never take headers at all,
But you can bet I'll never forget
The time my wheel a cobblestone met
And landed me where the grass was wet,
Over the garden wall.

II.

They picked me up from the hard, cold ground,
Over the garden wall;
And the full extent of my damages found
Over the garden wall.
As slowly from the earth I rose,
They brushed a bushel of dirt from my clothes,
And placed a cork in my weeping nose,
Over the garden wall.

Chorus.

Over the handle-bar
I went like a shooting star;
My pants were rent, my handle bent,
As over the fence like a streak I went;
Where I lit on my head there was quite a dent.
Over the garden wall.

III.

Now, all you 'cyclers had better keep,
'Way from the garden wall;
Or you'll get a header t'will make you weep,
And a hearse we will have to call.
When you see a place with cherries inside
Round by the gate you had better ride,
And not go in on the plan I tried,
Over the garden wall.

Chorus.

Over the garden wall
Is the quickest way of all;
But you can bet t'will make you sweat,
When once you let your little wheel get
The bulge on you where the grass is wet,
Over the garden wall.

On the anniversary of the formation of the club, a reception was given the wheelmen by Mr. Garvey, the then President of the older organization, and the following was rendered by the club quartette, in honor of the youngest League member in America (Air — "The Derby Ram" —):

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I.

ONE year ago, to-day, boys,
Six trusty men were we;
Who met in Meyers' Swimming-school,
And formed the M. B. C.

Chorus.

And formed the M. B. C.,
And formed the M. B. C.,
We met in Meyers' Swimming-school,
And formed the M. B. C.

II.

We have struggled hard with fate, boys,
Through thick and thin rode we;
And we're here to celebrate, boys,
Our anniversary.

Chorus.

III.

Hurrah for the President, boys!
Hurrah for Mrs. G.!
And last of all, though not very tall,
For Lytton Forbes Garvey.

Chorus.

IV.

This youngster, as you see, boys,
Is a likely looking lad;
When he can ride we hope he'll stride
A 'cycle, like his dad.

Chorus.

V.

In the future bright, o'er the asphalt white,
The merry Missouri men
Will roll along one hundred strong,
In front of "Ranch No. Ten."

Chorus.

VI.

Hurrah for the wheel of steel, boys!
And now a three-times-three
For the men who met in the swimming-school,
And formed the M. B. C.

Chorus.

And formed the M. B. C.,
So now a three times three,
For the solid men of '81,
Who formed the M. B. C.

To the air of the "Long Tail Blue" we sing the following choice selection: —

I.

THE captain said, "We will go to-day
To the Fair Grounds' track by a winding way;"
So he climbed on his "56 Expert"
And led us a dance o'er the roads of dirt.
Hurrah for the E. B. C.!
Hurrah for the Mis-sou-ri!
We'll go, you bet, if it takes all day,
To the Fair Grounds' track by the winding way.

II.

When I am mayor of this great town,
Asphaltum pavements shall be put down;
And the man who rides a horse shall go
To the pen-i-ten-ti-ary for a year or so.
Hurrah for the E. B. C.!
Hurrah for the Mis-sou-ri!
Where will the Park Commissioners then be gone?
In the lunatic asylum with the strait-jacket on.

To the beautiful college air of "Now I lay me down to sleep" (see "Carmina Princetonia") the local poet tried to construct some words, which I give below: —

I.

WHEN the sun has sunk to rest,
On the steed I love the best,
Westward then I take my flight,
'Round me fall the shades of night.
Then the moonbeams' silver ray
Serves to guide me on my way.
Towns and villages fly past,
As I wheel my courser fast;
Turn my nickelled wheel of wings,
While thy praise thy rider sings.

II.

O'er the roadway, white as snow,
Silently I onward go;
While the world is wrapped in sleep,
Swift I climb each gradient steep:
Over hill and over dale,
Lightly as the eagles sail,
Underneath my flying feet
Whirls my trusty wheel so fleet
Distance matters naught to me,
Wheeling on my 'cycle free.

III.

When my days on earth are done
I will take the last long run
Towards the regions of the blessed
On the steed I love the best.
'Mid celestial radiance bright
Ne'er will fall the shades of night;
All my comrades I will meet
As I ride the golden street,
And forever we will be
Wheeling through eternity.

I have taken these songs from both of the clubs here, and let them stand on their merits (if they have any). St. Louis claims nothing but originality in the way of songs. We have some ten or fifteen more; but they are of a character so purely local that they would be uninteresting to any one not understanding the events which called them into existence. Let us now hear from some other "counties," in the way of songs.

"*Eurota.*"

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A SUMMER DAY ON PINE LAKE.

THE ideal recreation engages the mind as well as the body,— is mental as well as muscular. More specifically, it combines lively expectancy with intense activity. More particularly still, it combines these elements, expectancy and activity, in no definite proportion. A certain shock of surprise is necessary, that the pulse of pleasure beat high. The ideal recreation meets one other requirement; — it *results* in something, a clear brain, a strong back, a light step, a big fish.

What other recreation better meets these requirements than fishing for black bass? Surely no other involves a livelier expectancy. As your lightly weighted bait, thrown far out upon the water, slowly sinks into dark depths whence you have pulled many a noble fish before, imagination pictures a whole school of the finny denizens playing about the tempting morsel, while the smaller restrain their appetites only from fear of the big fellow who may take a notion, not merely to the bait, but also to the youngster that dares anticipate him. Then imagination raises expectation to the highest pitch. But the instant the fish is struck, activity must be intense indeed, to keep pace with the plunges, and surges, and runs, and turns, and leaps, and all the other devices the black bass knows so well for breaking the slender silk thread or the pliant rod that restrains his liberty.

Such was my recreation on one of the last days of last August. Two days before the one of which I write, I had been upon the "happy fishing ground" of Pine Lake, and had returned to Charlevoix with some large bass. At the store where I had hired my skiff a young man caught sight of my fish, and excitedly asked me if he couldn't take me, in his sail-boat, to the place where I had caught them. The subtle flattery worked, and I agreed to go with him Saturday, at 9 A.M.

Saturday morning, then, at the appointed hour, we were ready.

Everything seemed combining for a day of unmixed pleasure.

"Beautiful for situation," the pride of Northern Michigan, is Charlevoix, on the neck of land between its gem harbor, Round Lake, and the great lake, which here opens fifty or sixty miles due north. A channel of a few rods in length connects Round Lake with Pine Lake, which extends about fifteen miles into the interior. Pine Lake sends off, about five miles from Charlevoix, a branch, called South Arm, nearly as long as the main lake.

A prettier sheet of water than Pine Lake would be hard to find.

Furthermore, I will be frank enough to say, that the respect for my powers as a fisherman, implied in the invitation, conduced to a certain complacency, which, with vain mortals, is a favorable background for enjoyment.

I might mention other particulars, such as the facts, that the trip wouldn't cost me a cent; that I was proof against sea-sickness; that I should flourish an eight-ounce split-bamboo rod; that there was plenty of lunch in my basket, plenty of bait in my bottle. That last item, the bait, deserves further notice. Said bait consisted of grasshoppers; and if any one would be in a frame of mind to sympathize with the old hen in her surprise and disappointment when she misses the 'hopper she was so sure was hers, let him try to gather in enough of the lively insects in question for a fishing-trip. Then, too, he will understand the peace of mind with which I thought of that bottle of bait.

But I must confess to an unpleasant distrust of the shallow craft in which we were to sail. Of such man-traps I have an inbred horror. My horror, however, was not intense enough to deter me from embarking.

Our course was south of east, and the distance straightaway was about six miles, — five miles to Ironton, a furnace village, situated on what is called "the Neck" of the lake, and then a mile through the Neck to the South Arm, our fishing-ground.

At first the wind blew from the southwest, and so hard that we began to think we should reach our destination in little more than an hour. As the breeze freshened, and the boat keeled over more and more, I felt it my duty, as I was on the windward, to sit as hard as I could. My vigorous exertion to that end soon became unnecessary, however, for the breeze died away, and began blowing fitful and weak from the east. It must be a long tack,

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indeed, that would take us into Ironton.

In the meantime I had told the captain of another fishing-ground, much nearer and more accessible with the wind then blowing.

I made no suggestion, but was pleased when he proposed to give up the more distant ground and try the nearer. Accordingly the boat was put about, and we soon reached the place I had in mind. There pickerel-weed and other aquatic plants grow rank just outside rushes that fringe the beach for a quarter of a mile or more. At my word the anchor was dropped, and we began to rig our rods. Useless pains! The anchor, mostly of wood, wouldn't hold. We were soon among the rushes. There was but one thing to do, — up with the anchor, up with the helm, and run along the shore through the rushes, until we could strike out into the lake again. We then gave our former anchorage another trial. This time the anchor held. But we had let out so much anchor-line that we were too near the rushes and in shallow water. So I seized the line, and tried to pull the boat out into deeper water; but, instead of starting the boat, I started the anchor, and again we began drifting shoreward. At this, the captain gave orders to — eat dinner. All fell to with alacrity, but, as we contentedly munched our lunch, we kept an eye on the drift of the boat. Still, we did not notice when the wind veered, until the sail filled, and the boat, picking up her anchor, headed for Ironton.

"Let her go," said the captain; "she'll get there, if we let her alone." But we didn't let her alone. The anchor was dangling at the end of fifty feet of line, and it seemed best to haul it up. As soon as this was done, and the captain had taken his seat at the helm, it began to blow again from the east.

My advice was to put about for Charlevoix, and reach our fishing-ground by the afternoon steamer. The advice was taken, and at about 1 P.M. we were safe in port. We had not come within four miles of our destination, and I was more than ever of opinion that when I don't care where I go, or whether I go anywhere, I'll take a sail-boat.

I said that my advice to return to Charlevoix, and take the afternoon steamer for the fishing-ground, was accepted. This was true only in part. The captain, disgusted with his boat, lost all zeal for black bass. As for me, however, I was determined that my hoppers, secured with such pains, should not be wasted.

Accordingly I hired a skiff, and, as usual on such trips, hitched to the stern of the steamer.

Then I told the captain of the steamer what I had done, and was assured it was "all right." But even captains are sometimes mistaken, and this was one of the sometimes. I was deeply absorbed in rigging my tackle, when I heard some one say, "Just look at that boat!" The remark was not addressed to me, but, for all that, I looked, and saw that the steamer, in backing off from the dock, had crowded my boat under the water and filled it.

A friendly fellow-passenger helped me draw it alongside, and held it there, while I stood upon the beam, which, running around the steamer, near the water's edge, serves as a bumper, and bailed out the boat with my minnow bucket. All this time the steamer was moving across Round Lake, and I discovered that we were approaching a dock upon the same side where my boat was drawn up. There seemed but one way to save it from being crushed: I let it slip back to the stern. Then I resumed my bailing in perfect security, as I supposed. It seems, however, that the steamer did not run up alongside the dock, but only touched it with her bow, took on a passenger, and backed off.

Of course my skiff was caught again, and filled instantly. For some reason, my friend had dropped the chain. To save the boat from the steamer's screw I stooped down, and, while clinging to the steamer with one hand, seized the boat with the other. I felt the hand with which I held the steamer slipping, but I was determined not to let go of the boat, and presume I should have been just stupidly obstinate enough to go down with it had not another fellow-passenger run to my help. At my request he seized the arm with which I clung to the steamer. With my other hand I got hold of the boat-chain, and lifted the skiff's prow so high that most of the water soon ran out at the stern.

When the steamer finally (about 3.30 P.M.) left me at my fishing-ground the skiff was so nearly free from water that a few minutes' diligent bailing emptied it quite, and I was ready for work.

The bass were ready, too, it seemed, as I soon struck a three-pounder, and this one, with others still larger, kept me busy till the steamer returned. I'll attempt a description of the capture of but one, — a four-

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pounder, not because he was the largest, but because he was the most active.

I was anchored in thirty-five feet of water, as deep as my anchor-rope would command. Outside, the bottom dropped off very suddenly to a great depth. I was fishing in this deep water with, perhaps, twenty yards of line.

Inside there was a mass of pickerel-weed and other aquatic plants. The fish in question seized the bait with a rush, and it hardly needed the sharp snap I gave to set the hook in. His first move was characteristic. Instantly he struck for the surface, and, dorsal fin erect and bristling, leaped into the air with a spring that said, "Whoop! here I am; catch me if you can." I never saw another such leap by a black bass. He put all his fresh strength into it, and, I am sure, went four feet into the air. From this first sample of his vigor and spirit I was prepared for a grand rush. I was not disappointed. My habit is to keep a taut line on my fish, so that one rarely makes a run of thirty yards; but this one carried out full fifty yards, fighting for every inch, and, at the end, rose rapidly, making another grand leap. This run was made sternward of the boat, but still in deep water. Then he returned instantly over the same course, and with such speed that I had to ply my multiplying-reel with desperate energy to take up the line.

When just opposite me he turned and darted under the boat toward the weeds. Of course I "gave him the butt," and my first thought was not to let him have an inch of line; but his fierce tugs convinced me that the chances were good that my rod would shut up like a jack-knife, so I let the line slip slowly under my finger. Unfortunately for my chances, I was standing at the bow when he made his rush under the boat, so that I could not pass my line under that end without fouling the anchor-rope. For a few minutes the line sawed and hissed ominously on the keel; but I soon passed to the stern, and got out of the predicament. But, meanwhile, the bass had buried himself deep among the weeds, and seemed inclined to stay there. However, he was not of the kind that sulks. A strong pull started him again, and once more he rose in his wrath. This time the thirty yards of line were hung, as it were, with a washing of weeds. Another rush under the boat carried him into deep water.

And now began some tactics on his part that have more than once proved successful in my experience with black bass. Swimming near the surface, he kept turning on the hook this way and that, rolling, too, first to one side, then to the other. No other device causes me so much anxiety. But this fish was too securely hooked to escape even by these tactics. Twice after this he darted under the boat, but was too nearly tired out to reach the weeds. A third rush was so feeble that I drew him to the surface, and, holding a landing-net in his course, gently lifted him in out of the wet.

This was but one of many tussles with big fish that afternoon. While I was engaged in one of them a native came paddling by, but stopped and looked on, full of sympathy and surprise. When I finally "scooped up" my fish he broke out: "Well, I'd rather fish than eat any day, and I've been fooling 'round this point for years, but I never caught no such fish as that."

When, at 6 P.M., the steamer returned, I had secured all the fish and all the sport I wanted. The surprise of my fellow-passengers that I had caught such fish in Pine Lake — that I had caught them with such bait and such tackle — contributed to restore that complacency which, it seemed to me, was more appropriate at the close, than at the opening, of a day of such vicissitudes.

But the climax was not reached until, on entering with my bass, the store at Charlevoix, where I had hired my skiff, I met the captain of the sail-boat. After examining and admiring my fish, "Say," said he, "don't you want to go again Monday?"

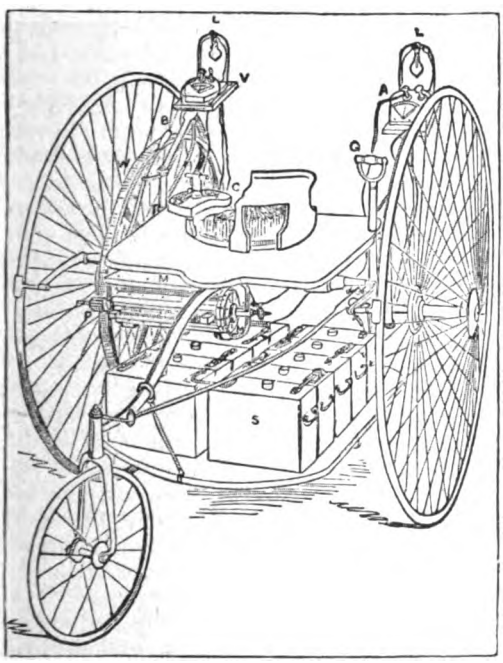
T. R. Willard.

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Ayrton and Perry's Electric Tricycle.

THE following clipping from a foreign paper will, no doubt, interest wheelmen: —

The most interesting illustration of electrical locomotion in Prof. Ayrton's lecture on that subject at the St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, on February 8th, was the electric tricycle, the invention of Profs. Ayrton & Perry, and which was ridden by Mr. Ayrton up and down the centre of the hall amidst the cheers of the audience, which seemed delighted with so practical an illustration of the subject presented to their consideration. We believe this is the first time this tricycle has been exhibited in Glasgow,



but it has been familiar in the London streets for some little time, where it has proved its practicability to the extent of its reservoir of power. The transformed machine is one built by the Howe Machine Company, in Glasgow, being selected probably on account of the strength, tension, and rigidity of the wheels, which have to bear a much greater weight than a tricycle is usually required to sustain. The machine has the treadles, chains, and gear-wheels removed, and is rearranged to receive the new motive apparatus.

S is a secondary battery slung on the framework of the tricycle. The professors have used various kinds of cells in these batteries, in order to test their capacities compared with their weight. *M* is the motor, of half a horse-power weighing about forty-five pounds. It is placed underneath the seat, and rotates a spindle which is geared by the pinion (*P*), with the large toothed wheel; this toothed wheel is keyed to the axle of the forty-four-inch driving-wheel of the tricycle. The spindle of the motor with its pinion rotates about twenty times as fast as the driving-wheel, so that it makes nearly four thousand revolutions per minute when the tricycle is going at the rate of eight miles per hour.

C is the commutator, by means of which the speed can be varied, as it regulates the number of accumulators in circuit with the electro-motor. The commutator also allows the power to be increased or decreased gradually, so that there is no jar given to the machine by the sudden influx of power.

A is an ammeter, which measures the current, and *V* is a volometer, which shows the electro-motive force in the motor. By means of these two apparatus the amount of force expended for any moment can be calculated by the rider, who will regulate his speed according to the ground he has to traverse, before he can recharge his battery.

LL are two incandescent electric lamps to light the road and to illuminate the volometer and the ammeter when necessary. The current used in these lamps is derived from two of the accumulators in the battery, and can also be used by the motor. The accumulators used for an average speed of six miles per hour upon a level road weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds, and stores an electric energy equal to about two horse-power per hour, or one horse-power for two hours, and so on.

Mr. Russell, the chairman, drew a comical picture of the future wayfarer and the future wayside inn. He likened the tricycle to the horse and the battery to the stomach of that animal. He said the traveller, instead of giving his horse a feed of oats, would give his machine a feed of electricity. He said the oats might be wasted or the horse not exert his full strength for the fodder given him, but in

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the electric tricycle no more electricity would be expended than was just actually necessary for the power or speed required; there would be no waste. Instead of calling for the hostler at the inn the traveller would make for the dynamic machine, and, rolling up his sleeves, would grind out enough electricity for a sixpence as would recoup his steed for another stage in his journey.

We understand Profs. Ayrton and Perry have in hand several improvements upon the tricycle exhibited, lessening the size and weight of the motor and battery. They will probably refit the pedals to the machine, so that foot-power can be used in conjunction with the electric energy, thus giving exercise to the rider without fatiguing him, and economizing the electromotive force.

A Bit of Experience.

WHAT in the world has the *Youth's Companion* to do with it? Simply this: my little sister took that paper for years; and, as she was not particular about where she left it, it usually was laid upon the sitting-room sofa, or library-table, wrong side up, and a little inch-cut of a bicycle caught my eye; also the advertisement beneath of a firm in Boston who would furnish a bicycle to your size for a certain price. Now, week after week, this little cut stared me in the face, and set me thinking. My business was just a mile from my house. Why not get one of these "things," and ride to and from my business? You see in those days (the summer of 1879) one needed some good excuse for using a bicycle! So it needed but little consideration to settle my mind; send for a catalogue; find that my "in-seam" was thirty-four inches; that my size was a fifty-two inch; order one sent me, and receive it shortly per American Express! So far all went smoothly. The next step, however, was the tug. In 1868 I had been the happy owner of a veritable "boneshaker," made by Calvin Witty, of New York, which was gorgeously painted, and weighed one hundred and seventy lbs.! So you see my "boneshaking" experience served me now. John was called to help me "get on the thing." Ye gods! I could sit on the saddle! I could ride right off! I was elated, but not long. A street crossing took occasion to plant itself right in front of me. I can't remember my front wheel going over it. I was the only thing that crossed upon that occasion. The old proverb, "Pride goeth before a fall," is wrong. It should read "after a fall." Did you ever know one to acknowledge being hurt? Well, I came down regulation fashion, hands first. But, oh, no, I was "not hurt in the least." Got off and on in the same fashion for several times more, till that joyous call to a healthy man, the dinner-bell, called me off. My hands shook as if with the ague. But, suffice it to say, I conquered before nightfall, and, as the next day was Sunday, I laid by for repairs and renewed vitality. When Monday came I rode to my business, — rode, mind you, on that thing! And how the natives stopped, and stared, and called out to the other members of their families to come and see me! How the gamins followed! How some friends wanted me to stop and show "it" to them! But no, no, I wouldn't have tried to dismount upon that occasion for a "sister's love," and when I reached my destination, and ran alongside of that maple-tree (may the seasons favor it! I had planted it myself), I felt that I had a solid friend, and the dismount was made after the fashion of a cherry-thief from a lower limb. The daily trips grew safer and pleasanter, — the snuff-colored dog on the corner; the public school-boys; the frozen ruts, and, later, the snow and ice, lost their dread to me; even the night-riding with a lantern was enjoyed, and in that winter of 1879 and 1880, during which time I missed only three days' riding, the only drawback was the disapproval of the good wife and excellent mother-in-law. Bless you, no, 'twas not to my riding; but it was to having the wall-paper in the front hall scratched by the handle-bar! This was before the time of acme stands. But after a few affectionate remarks about the wall-paper, and the smell of the lamp just extinguished, we called quits, and that drawback was removed.

The horse and buggy were neglected, save to give the ladies a drive upon a Sunday, and that "Fifty-two" was called upon for many services, — to go to the polls to vote; to call the doctor when a little bicycler joined the family circle (he now rides a Petite Tricycle); to act as marshal at a torchlight parade; to run to a fire; and last, but not least, to give health and pleasure to its owner. During that year it was used, in going to and coming from business, seven hundred and eighty-three miles, besides some three thousand miles ridden for pleasure! "Was I at the Newport Meet?" Why, of course, and a royal time we had at the Aquidneck House. "A

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member of the "L.A.W."? Certainly. "And did you join any club?" Yes, yes, and some of the pleasantest acquaintances of my life have been made through my club and bicycling associations; and now, dear WHEELMAN, that you have given me your ear, and an opportunity to blow my own trumpet, I will "wind up" this little experience by telling that I have ridden since over fifteen thousand miles; done considerable coasting, and consider it safe; ridden over your Boston roads, and with your jovial Boston riders; have never raced (save once with a coal-cart—and beat it), and, finally, have never been hurt nor inconvenienced by my riding, and trust that for years to come I may receive the same benefits and exhilaration from my wheel as during the past four seasons.

Speed with the Bicycle.

AN active, graceful young man, dressed in a pea-jacket and knee-breeches of light-brown corduroy, red stockings and ties, mounted a bicycle in front of the Everett House, yesterday afternoon, and started to make a trip about Union square. A blue-coated police officer promptly nabbed him. The young gentleman as promptly produced a permit granted by President Wenman, of the Park Commissioners, giving him the privilege of exhibiting his machine on the walks of the square. The officer graciously allowed the young man to pass over the plaza to reach the walks of the square proper. No sooner had he gone there than a gray-coated police officer in turn captured him. The traveller again exhibited his permit. The officer, a fat, comfortable person, took the permit and began slowly to spell it out. The young man offered to read it to him, but he would not accept the service, and pocketed the document. Whether his failure to make out the contents of the permit was a reflection upon President Wenman's or his own education was not explained to the throng. The young man demanded the return of his permit, which was for a month, but Officer 71 refused to give it up until he had gone to the commissioners' office and learned its contents. The young man also went to the commissioners' office, and after the officer had been enlightened each went his respective way.

The young man, Mr. Pitman, an amateur bicycle rider, of Boston, had journeyed to this city to introduce here the bicycles manufactured and imported by the Pope Manufacturing Company. In Boston the use of the bicycle has become popular. Two clubs have been established, and there are good riders at Harvard University.

It is said that sixty thousand bicycles were made and sold in England in the last year. Also that on one of them a mile has been made in two minutes and fifty-six seconds, and that fifty miles have been made in three hours six minutes and forty-five seconds, and one hundred and six miles in seven hours fifty-eight minutes and fifty-four seconds. The best time made by amateurs is one mile in three minutes ten seconds, fifty miles in three hours twenty minutes and thirty-seven seconds, and two hundred and five miles, over a turnpike road, in twenty-two hours.

The modern volocipede is a great improvement over that of seven or eight years ago. The seat is placed almost directly over the centre of the front wheel, thus allowing the use of a much larger wheel. Speed is gained, and the machine is propelled much more easily, and by a motion of the legs like walking. A notable improvement is a tire of the best of rubber, and in the shape of a cord an inch in diameter, fitting into the grooved steel tire. By this addition the motion of the machine is made more endurable. The machine is propelled up ascents with greater ease. The objection has been made against the use of bicycles in this country that the average American road is too rough and hilly. New England gentlemen deny this, saying that they ride where they please, ascending ordinary hills with ease.

Mr. Pitman displayed to advantage a rapid machine, and will do so again to-day on the grounds of the New York Athletic Club at Mott Haven. He will also display it at other places in this city and in Brooklyn. With the machine he rides he has made a mile in three minutes forty-seven seconds, and five miles in twenty-one minutes eight seconds. He has ridden out to Fitchburg, forty-six miles from Boston, over a country road in five hours, and has ridden thirty miles at a stretch without dismounting. — *New York Sun*, *October*, 1878.

Bicycling and Hernia.

A RECENT article in the *Bicycling World* of Feb. 2 hints at a *possible* danger of inguinal hernia from riding *too large* a wheel. I do not believe in trying to ride too large a wheel; but, in view of the fact—which I

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am fully persuaded is the fact — that about as many people are deterred from riding the bicycle by an entirely unreasonable fear of bringing on rupture, as from any other cause, I feel it a sort of duty that I owe to the public to state my own case.

I have had inguinal hernia ever since I can remember — I am now past forty. When the "great uprising of the people" took place, in '61, *I* uprose and enlisted; but was thrice rejected because of this infirmity. When patriotism died out I was one of the first victims of the draft; but my hernia saved me.

When I took the bicycle fever I felt that my physician would prohibit my riding from this cause; but in four years' riding, during which I have covered nearly ten thousand miles upon my fifty-six-inch wheel, I have never experienced the *least difficulty* from my rupture in connection with my bicycling, although I cannot *walk* five miles without trouble from it.

I have frequently ridden sixty miles in a day, have joined in long and hard runs, and have usually "kept up with the procession."

If any reader of this is hesitating to become a bicycler because of a fear of injury in this direction, I trust that my example will lead him to no longer deny himself a great pleasure. No doubt the old velocipede, with its unnatural movement of the legs, may have promoted hernia; but I think that bicycling is *good for it*.

My Wheel.

I SUPPOSE the advice given by one of the brethren in this department in the March number, to "Try other Machines," is excellent; but if every rider loved his wheel as I do, there would be little "changing of machines for a few miles' run." I suppose it is foolish as well as selfish, but I just hate to see any other man astride of *my* wheel. I can't quite realize that it is a mere "machine," but I always feel that it is possessed of some kind of conscious individuality, and that there is a bond of sympathy between us that no stranger can possibly feel. And I don't like to ride any other man's wheel. I miss the sense of mutual understanding and good fellowship that is one of the chief charms of riding my own wheel.

Anglo-mania.

I BEGIN to fear that the epidemic of Anglo-mania is spreading. There are many things, doubtless, that we might adopt from John Bull with benefit, but the sufferers from this epidemic appear to be capable of "catching" bad things only. Ill-fitting, badly cut, ugly-colored garments are bad enough; but English slang is worse. Let us adopt the bicycle and tricycle, and every improvement thereon; but let us leave the "*bike*" and "*trike*" to "*gents*" who are responsible for such abominable abbreviations.

EDITORIAL.

Utility of the Bicycle for the Public Service.

THE recent action of the Minister of Public Works in Belgium, in regard to bicycles, speaks volumes for his enterprise and far-sightedness. He has addressed a circular letter to the bicycle-makers of the country, requesting them to submit to him all varieties of the instrument, in order that a fair trial may be made of the bicycle as a means of locomotion for the postmen and bearers of telegrams. It is very probable that this action will result in the adoption of the bicycle in many branches of the public service in Belgium. The feasibility of the scheme has been demonstrated by actual trial in this country. It has been found that a mail-carrier can do his work in one-third of the time required by the ordinary method; or, to state it in another way, a mail-carrier can, by using a bicycle, do three times as much work as he can without the bicycle. Or, to put it in a more tangible way, mail can be distributed by carriers mounted on bicycles at one-third of the present expense. Incidentally, it may be said that if cities of fifteen thousand inhabitants can be allowed free delivery of mail, by using bicycles the same privileges can well be accorded to cities and towns of five thousand inhabitants. In the more crowded streets of our large cities, where there is a vast amount of street traffic, the use of the bicycle for mail-carriers and messenger-boys is impracticable; but in such circumstances the distances to be travelled are short. In cities of one hundred thousand inhabitants or less, or in the outskirts of large cities, the bicycle is a thoroughly practical vehicle for all branches of the public service, and for messenger-boys, etc.

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Apropos of the competitive trial, to be held under the Belgian government, we understand that several gentlemen in this country have under consideration an international bicycle contest in riding and racing, to be held in the vicinity of Boston.

IN inviting brief contributions for our "Contributors' Department," we did not anticipate that any word of caution against personalities would be necessary. Perhaps it may be said that none is now, so considerate have our contributors to these columns been; yet one of our most valued friends has felt hurt at personal references in a recent issue, though they were, as we know, written with the friendliest intention. Regretting this, and realizing how differently things seem in cold print from what they do in warm conversation, we will aim at still more careful editing. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous" editor, and many are the besetments of the writer for the public press. For both, have charity.

We are in receipt of a note from the enterprising Overman Wheel Company in which is intimated a feeling that we were "somewhat unjust to Mr. Sturmey's American agents" in our reference, on page 72, last issue, to the contents, covers, and imprint of the "American edition" of his "Handbook"; the fear being expressed that our readers would infer that the American agents issued the book otherwise than as "authorized by Mr. Sturmey." We trust and believe they will draw no such inference. We neither thought nor meant to intimate anything of the sort; but, on the contrary, and what appears on the face of the book itself, that the book was entirely made in England, and the things he complains of as done before by others are now done, or "authorized" by himself. In our attempt to be just to Mr. Sturmey we admitted an article of his, which justice to ourselves and others required us to answer. There the "controversy," if it seem to be one, must end. We wish Mr. Sturmey continued success with his book, and the Overman Wheel Company, many profitable returns of their enterprise. If our critical suggestions induce the one to greater carefulness in editing, bring to the other increased rates of the book, and aid our readers to a better understanding of the allowances to be made in using that interesting manual for reference, we have only done what we intended.

WHEEL NEWS.

The Trip Through Maine.

The programme of this pleasant tour is, in a general way, about as follows: —

Monday, June 18th, will be spent sight-seeing in Portland. Start at 6 P.M. for Eastport *via* International Line.

Tuesday, June 19th. Reach Eastport at 10 A.M. Take wheels for Calais — 26 miles. Dine at Robbinston half-way. Reach Calais about 5 P.M. Take a run over to St. Stephens. Spend the night at Calais.

Wednesday, June 20th. Start for Machias. Dine at Dennysville — salmon dinner. Splendid scenery on route. Receive a public reception at Machias, — grand supper, speeches, toasts, etc. Spend night at Machias.

Thursday, June 21st. Start for Campobello *via* Lubec — 28 miles. Splendid road. Spend the afternoon on the island.

Friday, June 22d. A party will be made up to go to Grand Menan.

The following persons will probably compose the party: Charles E. Pratt, E. K. Hill, Theodore Rothe, C. W. Fourdrinier, W. W. McIntire, F. J. Philbrick, Rev. S. H. Day, Mr. Pattee, Wm. V. Gilman, D. E. Devoe, A. S. Parsons, J. S. Dean, S. S. McClure, "Karl Kron," Henry W. Williams, George Chinn, C. H. Lawson, A. S. Pierce, E. H. Greene, F. W. Woodman, J. H. Lamson, F. A. Elwell, George Pope, C. A. Hazlett.

Hon. G. W. Drisko, editor of the Machias *Union*, will aid the tourists in all ways possible.

AT the last meeting of the Springfield Club it was voted to hold a three-days tournament, sometime in September, at Hampden park, where they met with such signal success last fall. The intention is to have a Camp consisting of three large tents, wherein will be provided accommodations for thousands of visiting wheelmen. Among the prizes to be offered are a $1,000 gold and silver cup, and a $500 gold and silver cup. They also intend issuing a paper monthly from now until the meet occurs, and one number after it, giving a full account of the tournament;

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this will be sent free to every bicycler in the country. Several thousand wheelmen have signified their intentions to be present. Altogether this promises to be the most stupendous affair of this kind ever undertaken either in this country or in England.

On account of the refusal of the Garfield Memorial Association to assume the liabilities connected with the races to have come off last fall, but which were postponed till this spring, the Capital Club, of Washington, will be unable to hold the races set for the last of May.

The Ovid (Mich.) Club have sent out an announcement of a 'cycling journal soon to be published by its members, with President C. S. Reeves as editor. The subscription price will be 24 cents, to cover postage.

The Albany Club expect to make a trip to Boston during the coming season.

Mr. V. C. Place, the racing man, is at present in New Mexico.

The door of the wheel-room of the Massachusetts Club is to be widened sufficiently to admit tricycles.

March 21st the Boston Club entertained their lady friends at their club-house.

The party to leave Portland, June 18th, on the run "down East" will, from present indications, be made up about as follows: Karl Kron, Chas. E. Pratt, E. K. Hill, of Worcester; S. S. McClure, Mr. Rothe, of Boston Club; A. S. Parsons, F. A. Elwell, C. H. Lamson, A. W. Pierce, Captain Portland Club; Rev. S. H. Day, Wm. V. Gilman, President Williams and Secretary Pope of Massachusetts Club.

The useful phrase, "as smooth as a bicycle," has been coined by the *Dry Goods Bulletin*, of New York, in describing a new steam-engine.

The Harvard Bicycle Club hold their annual race meeting at Beacon Park, May 23d.

Mr. E. W. Pope recently made a flying trip through the West.

The "Uniform Soirée Dansante" of the Capital Club, Washington, which took place March 26th, was enjoyed by many wheelmen. Representatives of the Ixion Club, New York; Baltimore Club; Rutland Club, Vt.; Boston Club, were present. The dance programmes, in the shape of a wheel, were very tasty and appropriate.

The Valley City Wheel Club was formed on March 1st, at Sidney, O. President, W. P. Harmony; Secretary, W. A. McCune; Captain, D. R. Orbion.

The Trumbull Bicycle Club, of Warren, O., elected officers as follows: President, A. F. Harris; Captain, W. D. Packard; Lieutenant, Thos. P. Robbins; Secretary and Treasurer, Carl Rice; Bugler, Chas. Harris. Niles is represented in the club by E. A. Wilson and T. P. Robbins.

The Albany Bicycle Club held their annual election of officers, March 1st, with the following result:—

President, D. W. Shanks; Vice-President, R. S. Oliver; Captain, A. H. Scattergood; Sub-Captain, J. S. Burch, Jr.; Secretary, H. Gallier, Jr.; Treasurer, F. B. Holdridge; Standard Bearer, E. W. Vine; Bugler, H. Gallier, Jr.; Surgeon, G. F. Brooks, M. D.; Club Committee, President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. The outgoing Treasurer's report shows the Club to be in excellent condition financially, and a good degree of enthusiasm among the members.

The color of the new suits for the ensuing year was readopted from last year, as blue, and will be as follows: Cap, with visor and club monogram, nickelled on the front; single-breasted coat, with cadet collar and braided front; knee-breeches, trimmed with black braid; blue stockings and canvas shoes.

At the annual meeting of the Springfield, Mass., Club, held March 6th, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—

President, Henry E. Ducker; Secretary and Treasurer, Andrew L. Fennessy; Assistant Secretary, Arthur B. Wassung; Captain, Wilbur N. Winans; First Lieutenant, Chas. E. Whipple; Second Lieutenant, W. D. Gillette; Bugler, A. R. H. Foss.

The club committee chosen were: Henry E. Ducker, Andrew L. Fennessy, Wilbur N. Winans, Chas. E. Whipple.

The West Chester Bi. Club is officered as follows: President, J. Comly Hall; Captain and Vice-President, B. Oscar Green; Secretary and Treasurer, William S. McCoy; Bugler, J. C. Hall.

Efforts are being made by the wheelmen of Helena, Montana, to form a club, and, in an organized manner, push the cause of 'cycling in that territory.

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THE second annual concert, exhibition, and ball of the Springfield Bicycle Club, which was held at the City Hall, February 22d, was the greatest social event of the season. Long before six o'clock the crowd waiting for the doors to be opened numbered over a thousand, and by eight o'clock the hall was filled to overflowing, many being obliged to stand, and a great number were turned away from the doors. The platform, which was reserved for invited guests, was occupied by Mayor Phillips, ex-Mayors Wight, Spooner, and Powers, and the whole Board of Aldermen, together with the City Council and a number of prominent business men of the city.

The decorations in the hall surpassed anything ever seen in this city before, and, with the electric light, and the abundance of flowers and shrubs, transformed the hall into an ideal fairy palace.

Promptly at 8 o'clock Little's band, composed of thirty-eight members, began their concert, and the club wheeled into the hall in their new uniforms, making the handsomest spectacle ever witnessed here. They drew forth round after round of applause, which did not seem to abate at all during the evening, so enthusiastic were the audience. After the riding of Prof. Wilmot, which was very creditable, came the exhibition on the Star machine by Master Burt Pressey, whose father is the inventor of the "Star." Mr. Pressey performed some very remarkable feats, and did everything nearly except to stand on his head while the machine was moving, and if he visits this city again we will not be surprised to see him do that. At 9 o'clock, sharp, Geo. M. Hendee, amateur champion of America, and Springfield's favorite, entered the hall, and the applause that greeted him was fairly deafening, and made the old hall tremble; and if the statue of our illustrious George Washington, as it calmly viewed the proceedings above the heads of the aldermen, could for that moment have been endowed with life, he would have said truly, "The wheel is mightier than the horse." Mr. Hendee wore his new suit, and was completely covered with emblems of his triumph. His first feat was to stand perfectly still on his machine with both hands folded across the breast and the little wheel of his machine elevated from the floor. Next he rode around with his hands off the handles, and with the small wheel sailing along gracefully in the air.

Next came his feat of riding on the large wheel with everything removed except the forks and handle-bar; this certainly was his crowning success, and as Mr. Hendee vaulted on to the pedals and rode around, the audience was wild with delight, and called him out again and again. No other man in the world has been able to do this but Hendee, and he received many compliments from out-of-town 'cyclists, who had regarded it as absolutely impossible.

Next came riding by Prof. Wilmot and Master George Nast, and then followed the famous club-drill by the home club, which was the best ever given, and, without any exception, the finest ever witnessed in this city. They were applauded very warmly.

The exhibition closed with some very remarkable riding by Messrs. Wilmot and Aldrive, of Boston, and at 10 o'clock, prompt, the floor was clear for dancing; the grand march taking place at just 10.15, led by President Henry E. Ducker and Mrs. E. D. Hendee, of New Haven.

The programmes were an especial feature, being of an original design by President H. E. Ducker, in the shape of a book with heavy covers, with a fac-simile of the club's badge beautifully embossed on the front cover, while on the back was a wheel made to represent the cycle of time, with the club's motto, "Rota terras circumvolat," underneath. These programmes were much sought after, and bids were frequently made for them in the anterooms after the exhibition by out-of-town 'cyclists for their friends. Among the clubs present were the following: — Worcester Æolus, of Worcester; Meriden Wheel Club, of Meriden; Ixions, of New York; New Haven Club, of New Haven; Connecticut Club, of Hartford; Greenfield Club, of Greenfield; Holyoke Club, of Holyoke; Chicopee Falls Club, of Chicopee Falls; Palmer Club, of Palmer; and the Massachusetts, of Boston, — numbering in all about two hundred.

Among the prominent guests were Will R. Pittman and Ben. G. Sanford, of New York; Col. A. A. Pope, of Boston; Dr. T. M. Rust, of Meriden; Fred T. Pratt, of Worcester (the chief consul of Massachusetts); Dr. J. L. Jewett, of New Haven, and S. A. Marsden.

THE Boston Ramblers have secured club-rooms in Hotel Glendon, corner of Columbus avenue and Cazenove street. The rooms, three in number, are being fitted with all necessary conveniences, in a suitable manner. This young club, now having a membership of about thirty, is rapidly stepping to the front. Among the members are a number of first-class road riders, and some who promise well in the racing path. We have no doubt the club will surpass the splendid record made last year.

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THE Pennsylvania Bicycle Club has removed to new quarters at 1232 North 41st street, West Philadelphia. The members have, at their new location, larger and more comfortable rooms, more in keeping with the present condition and rapidly improving aspect of the club. Throughout the riding season they will have two depots of the Pennsylvania Railroad within easy distance, each within five minutes of the rooms. Two lines of street cars run past the door, to the centre and farther side of the city, and the new grounds of the West Philadelphia Amateur Athletic Association are a few squares from the door, about two or three minutes straight-away ride. On the Athletic Association's grounds it is almost decided that a bicycle track will be a leading feature.

DR. A. G. COLEMAN, of Canandaigua, N.Y., is enjoying himself with his wheel in California. When last heard from he was in Los Angeles, being entertained by the wheelmen of that city, with whom he took many pleasant runs through the surrounding country.

A CLUB has been formed at Northampton, Mass., with a membership of fifteen.

THE League of Ohio Wheelmen have decided to become a division of the L.A.W., following the example of Massachusetts.

THE Laramie City (Wyoming) Club held its semi-annual meeting on the 26th February, and elected officers as follows: President, M. C. Barrow; Vice-President, George A. Garrett; Secretary and Treasurer, C. S. Greenbaum; Captain, W. O. Owen; sub-Captain, W. N. Knabe; junior sub-Captain, Bert. Wagner; Quartermaster, Harlan T. Marsh. The club now has eighteen members.

MARCH 4th, Captain Loudon, of the San Francisco Club, led a club-run, participated in by eighteen members, through the suburbs to Redwood City.

WILMOT and Alden, the double fancy riders, have been giving a series of successful exhibitions in the skating-rinks of New England during the past month.

THE tricycle is coming to the front in an appropriate manner. Captain Everett, of Boston, led the first run of the club on a Coventry Rotary, and President Williams, of the Massachusetts, takes his daily run into the city upon a three-wheeler.

OWING to mismanagement of the late twenty-mile race and the dissatisfaction resulting therefrom, Prince has issued a challange, agreeing to run the same four man twenty miles, giving the first man nine seconds' start. Prince will either put up $400, to which each of the others shall add $100, or run for a purse of $300.

A. D. CLAFLIN, captain of the Massachusetts Club, has gone South for his health.

ONCE more the courts have reiterated that Central Park shall be closed to wheelmen, supporting the ordinance to that effect.

WE can give but a condensed account of the business done at the meeting of the board of officers of the L.A.W., held at Worcester, Mass., March 27th. Treasurer Gilman reported $1,094.05 on hand. $50 were voted to J. Fred Adams, to assist in defraying expenses of suit. N. M. Beckwith was appointed Chief Consul for New York. One hundred stencils to be provided, at $1 each. L. T. Frye honorably discharged. Sign-boards, with Lamson stencil, adopted, same as used by Massachusetts Division. Voted, that L.A.W. meet be held in New York City, Monday, May 28th, and Chief Consul Beckwith appointed chief marshal.

WITH the issue of April 4th *The Wheel* began its fourth volume, and, apparently, grows stronger with age, and certainly grows better.

CINCINNATI claims a wheel-band of eight pieces.

THE Milwaukee Club will start on their "fourth annual tour" about July 1st. It has been the custom of the club, for the past three years, to take a run of about three or four days through the neighboring counties. These have been much enjoyed by the participants, who have sometimes numbered over sixty.

THE following railroads have issued instructions to carry bicycles free, at owners' risks, in baggage-cars, when accompanied by owners, and upon presentation of first-class tickets: Baltimore & Ohio; Grand Trunk; Chicago and Grand Trunk; Wabash, St. Louis, & Pacific; Illinois Central; Chicago, Alton, & St. Louis; Wheeling & Lake Erie; Cleveland & Marietta; Ohio & Central; New York, Chicago, & St. Louis; Lake Erie & Western; Detroit, Grand Haven, & Milwaukee.

MR. J. FRED. ADAMS, of Haverhill, Mass., has successfully opposed a suit for damages brought against him by a milkman, whose horse took fright at Mr. Adams' wheel.

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A "Washington 'Cyclist Club" has been formed, with eleven members, averaging thirty-five years of age. Their machines are of various descriptions, including "Extraordinary," of course, Star, and several tricycles.

THE new uniform of the Pennsylvania is thus described by a member: —

Black cheviot suit; the coat having cadet collar; black stockings and black shoes; black cap, with visor and knotted silver cord in front; white shirt with black cord, and the letters "Pa." in black on outside of pocket.

THE Springfield Bicycle Club are already making extensive preparations for a grand three days' meet next summer, on Hampden park, where all entries will be made in classes, and will include both professional and amateur races.

THE Fostoria Bicycle Touring Club, just organized at Fostoria, O., will, this summer, make a run to Grand Haven, Mich., by way of Detroit.

THE Chicago Bicycle Club, at its last regular monthly meeting, voted to take an extensive tour through Canada, to start June 30th. The proposed plan is to take a train from Chicago to Ann Arbor, Mich.; then ride on wheels to Detroit; thence to follow the line of the Canada Southern to St. Thomas, Ont.; then to London, up to Goderidge; then to the Niagara Falls; then to Buffalo, and back to Cleveland, and from there they take the boat to Detroit; thence home by rail. The trip will last twelve days. The boys go in tourist costume, carrying all personal baggage on the bicycle. The shortest day's run will be thirty-five miles, and the largest one hundred miles. There will be from fifteen to twenty-five from Chicago, and these will be joined by riders from Detroit, Cleveland, etc. This will be the biggest tour, with the largest number of wheelmen participating, ever taken in this country.

DURING the season of 1883 Mr. Forepaugh will give prizes to local amateur bicycle-riders in every town and city he visits, commencing at Philadelphia, April 16th, the contests to take place on the Hippodrome track.

THE John Wilkinson Company have changed their place of business in Chicago, and now are at 68 and 70 Wabash avenue. The company have just sent out a beautiful folded card, containing a partial list of their sporting goods, adorned with a steel engraving by Lowell, from a drawing by Reed.

A NUMBER of the members of the Elmira (N.Y.) Bicycle Club expect to make a trip to New York and Philadelphia this spring.

MR. G. R. BIDWELL, manager of the Brooklyn Bicycle Company, was in the city April 2d, and made us a pleasant call. Mr. Bidwell is one of the founders of the new Brooklyn Club, called the Touring Wheelmen. This is a very unique organization, having eight members, with the membership limited to twelve. There are no initiation fees, dues, or regular business meetings. Each bicycler, on joining the club, binds himself to devote one day in each month to an all-day run, and one evening to a moonlight run. To be eligible to membership a wheelman must be an amateur and ride a machine the front wheel of which is not over fifty-six inches or under fifty-two inches in diameter. The object of the club is to promote touring and club drill. The uniform is a very handsome one: coat same as worn at Annapolis Naval Academy; knee-breeches; shirt, a dark blue Jersey; helmet; low shoes of black leather.

PRESIDENT MILLER stopped several days in Boston after the L.A.W. officers' meeting.

THE C.T.C. excursion is expected to sail for England about the middle of July.

English Notes.

THE "Facile" twenty-four hours' road race will take place June 22d; the start to be made at midnight; the route, from London to Birmingham and back. Mr. G. P. Coleman, official timekeeper B.U., will take the time.

THE fifty-mile professional championship race came off on the Ayleston course, Saturday, March 24th. With the exception of Keen all the best riders were entered. The result has not reached us as yet.

IN Cambridge, England, is a club called "The Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association Bicycle Club," composed by wheelmen who are also members of the Y.M.C.A. Newcastle also has a Y.M.C.A. Club.

THE Bicycle Touring Club is now the 'Cyclists' Touring Club. The familiar term B.T.C. must give way to C.T.C. Mr. E. R. Shipton, editor of the *B.T.C. Gazette*, remains editor and secretary, with a salary of £250.

THE discussion as to whether the "Otto" shall be classed as a tricycle is still going on.

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THE B.U. "One Mile Bicycle" and the "Ten Mile Tricycle" championship races will be held on the Crystal Palace track, July 14th, and the "Fifty Mile Bicycle" race will come off in the same course July 20th.

THERE seems to be a very general grumble of complaint at the fact that Mr. E. R. Shipton is to receive £250 for his services as editor and secretary to the C.T.C.

IN the list of tolls at Bowner's Ferry, in Windermere, an entry reads thus: "Asses and Bicycles, 6d."

REV. WALTER BRONLOW, of Patcham, East Sussex, was lately fined 2s. 6d. for riding a tricycle upon a public foot-path.

THE '*Cyclist* says that the tracks at Ashton Lower Grounds, Alexandra Palace, Belgrave Road, Leicester, Cambridge, The Crystal Palace, Exeter, and Stamford Bridge are measured a foot from the inner edge, while those at Surbiton and Coventry are measured at a distance of eighteen inches. These are the leading paths.

THE Scottish bicycle meet will be held this year in Edinburgh, Saturday, June 16th.

WE have received the little pamphlet of "Rules" of the East of Scotland Bicycle Club and the neat card of the runs for 1883, which foot up nine hundred and eleven miles, and range from March 17th to October 25th. George McDougal is captain, and Francis W. Gibb is Hon. Secretary.

German Notes.

A NEW 'cycling monthly, called *Der Velocipedist*, has been started in Germany. It is edited by Richard Gutberter, München, and is the organ of the German and German-Austrian Associations.

T. H. S. WALKER, editor of *Das Velociped*, attended the Stanley show in London, and published in his paper a short account of the exhibition.

WHEEL sport is rapidly growing in our country; almost every town of some importance boasts of a club, and in the hot-bed of 'cycling in Germany, Munich, the riders may be reckoned by hundreds.

Even several ladies have gone in for the three-wheeler, and I know one personally (a little five-feet figure) who did her eighty-six kilometers — 53.75 miles — in a day, on a plain-bearing heavy machine, after about a month's riding practice.

During all the winter, and even now, a hot struggle has been raging between our two 'cycling institutions, the "Deutscher Velocipedisten Bund" and the Norddeutscher ditto. "What? Two bodies and no members!" you exclaim, dear reader. It's a fact, not an agreeable one; but a fact it is, nevertheless. When, on Whitsuntide, '82, the Munichers called a general gathering of wheelmen to Munich, in order to form a German Bicycle Union, all riders' hearts were filled with hope and joy, that at least we should have one uniform organization in our sport. Delegates were sent from the clubs; there was a grand display of speeches, and a still grander consumption of the famous Munich beer, and the result was: the D.V.B. When the child was born, and delegates considered things calmly, they soon discovered the factum that the Munichers held all trumps in their hands, the whole committee consisting of local men, and that the North Germans would never have one word to say in the whole affair. This and the general organization of the D.V.B. agreed so little with the taste of the Northern riders, that, on October 22d, a meeting was arranged at Hannover by the Hannover and Bielefeld Bi. Clubs, to discuss the formation of a more suitable institution. Thus was the birth of the "Norddeutscher Velocipedisten Bund," which is based upon the principles of the B.T.C. and the B.U. in England, and has for its chief object, promoting touring and amateur racing in every possible manner. Of course the D.V.B. makes tremendous efforts to get the clubs north of the Main, and the N.V.C. does likewise. The future only will show which organization is the better one, and this will, perhaps, be decided by the events of the coming season already. Meanwhile, riders are preparing themselves and their steeds for the jolly spring rides, and many a fellow who used to ride in long "Inexpressibles" has come to the final conclusion: "There's nothing like Knickers," and tries hard to explain to his continental tailor the construction of those useful envelopes of his under limbs. For there has been a lamentable aversion against a proper riding costume among our German wheelmen, as it "would look so childish," and offend the critical eyes of the German Philisters, who are the highest possible authorities in the eyes of

ELBERFELD. $C_2 H_5 OH$.

Das Velociped for March 1st contains a list of riders who have made more than one hundred

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kilometers a day during the season of 1882. The table gives dates, name, club of rider, machine ridden, and remarks on the condition of roads and state of weather. The longest distance covered was two hundred and forty kilometers, or about one hundred and fifty miles; made by three riders, Fr. Eyfried, Max Ottenstein, and A. and J. Beiss Varth, of Nürnberg Club.

French Notes.

THE first race-meeting of the year took place at Pau, the last of March, in connection with the horse-race at that city. Two thousand francs were offered in prizes.

THERE were also races at Biarritz, sixty miles from Pau, April 1st.

THE championship races are to take place at Agen.

JAMES CRAIG, one of the fastest amateurs, has removed from Paris to Scotland.

DE CIVRY, professional champion of France, is now in England.

THE tricycle is fast coming into use in France, and at both Pau and Biarritz tricycle races were among the chief features.

CHAS. TERRONT is to visit England this season.

THE "Unicyclist," Scurri, gave some exhibitions at Troyes last month.

THE *Velocipédie Illustrée*, for March 1st, contains an excellently-drawn cartoon of E. Forestier, editor of that paper, and also of *La Revue Velocipédique*.

Other Foreign Notes.

"OLLAPOD," of Melbourne, Australia, claims to have seen a Chinaman riding a fifty-inch wheel.

CORTIS has advertised for sale his "Invincible," upon which he made those wonderful records.

THERE will be a race-meeting at Milan, Italy, this spring.

THE roads at the Cape of Good Hope are very poor, there being no long-distance stretches; still Cape Town has many wheelmen.

THE walls of the Dunedin (New Zealand) Bicycle Club rooms are adorned with illustrations from THE WHEELMAN.

THE natives in Calcutta ride barefoot; no use for rat-trap pedals in such a case.

THE wheelmen in New Zealand are very active. The *Otago Witness* (Dunedin) contains in each issue description of runs by the various clubs.

BOOK NOTICES.

Schelling's Transcendental Idealism.[1]

SCHELLING'S philosophy has a twofold interest to the student. It is the record, or rather the revelation, of a rarely gifted mind. His philosophy presents three several stages: First, the period when his philosophy is in harmony with Fichte's earlier philosophy, in which he refused to admit the reality of any Supreme Being; secondly, the stage in which man and nature are regarded as two coördinate manifestations of a single activity, that is revealed in equal fulness and perfection; and, finally, when he attempts to prove the personality of God, and preserve the freedom and moral responsibility of man. Again, it is interesting as being the historic and logical transition from Kant through Fichte to Hegel.

A large share of the work, over sixty pages, is devoted to the illustrious predecessors of Schelling, Kant, and Fichte. The relation of the philosophy to Hegel, and the superiority of Hegel, are assumed throughout the entire work. Still the course of thought in Schelling receives a full and critical exposition. As a fair, clear, and logical exposition of the part of German philosophy which it is proposed to discuss in the volume, the work of Prof. Watson may well follow the little volume by Prof. Morris, on Kant. This latter book — the first in the series — has recently been adopted as a text-book at Yale. We look with interest for the other works in the same series. Among the names of those to appear in this series, we notice President Porter, of Yale College, W. T. Harris, of Concord, and Prof. Robert Adamson.

[1] Schelling's Transcendental Idealism. By Professor John Watson, LL.D., Queen's University. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

Jowett's Thucydides.[1]

PROFESSOR JOWETT has given us a worthy companion to his translation of Plato's works. He has chosen a worthy subject for his vast attainments and splendid scholarship. If Herodotus were the founder of Greek history, — it may almost be said of all history, —

[1] Thucydides. Translated. With introduction, marginal analysis, notes, and indices. By B. Jowett, M.A. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1883.

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Thucydides was the first of philosophical historians. Herodotus was content with the relation of events. Thucydides sought to trace events back to their causes. He was in the prime of life when the Peloponessian war began, which is the subject of his immortal work. He was a participant in this war. The plan, method, and style of the work are striking. He seeks beneath the surface for causes; he is judicial and impartial; sometimes obscure in style, he is always accurate in fact. Professor Jowett's translation preserves the calm dignity, force, and lofty tone of the original. It is a monument to his genius, industry, and love of classical learning. The fidelity, force, and beauty of the translation are apparent not only to the critical student, but to the well-informed reader who may not know a Greek letter. It is a matter of congratulation that Thucydides should be presented in such a clear and beautiful translation, and that the publishers should have so ably supplemented the work of the translator.

The preface is by Andrew D. Peabody, of Cambridge, Mass.

McMaster's "History of the American People."

THE general scope and plan of this work, the first volume of which has just been published, is given simply and clearly in the opening sentences of the book: "The subject of my narrative is the history of the people of the United States of America from the close of the war for independence down to the opening of the war between the States. In the course of this narrative much, indeed, must be written of wars, conspiracies, and rebellions; of presidents, of congresses, of embassies, of treaties, of the ambition of political leaders in the senate-house, and of the rise of great parties in the nation. Yet the history of people shall be my chief theme. At every stage of the splendid progress which separates the America of Washington from the America in which we live, it shall be my purpose to describe the dress, the occupants, the amusements, the literary canons of the times; to note the changes of manners and morals; to trace the growth of the humane spirit which abolished punishment for debt, and which has, in our own time, destroyed slavery and lessened the miseries of dumb brutes; to describe the rise and progress of that long series of mechanical inventions and discoveries which is now the admiration of the world; to tell how, by a wise system of free education and a free press, knowledge was disseminated, and the arts and sciences advanced; how the ingenuity of the people became fruitful of wonders far more astonishing than any the alchemists had ever dreamed."

It will be seen that the work is similar to John Richard Green's "History of the English People," but deals with a shorter period of time, and gives more details. Mr. McMaster has rescued many facts from oblivion, and has with untiring energy succeeded in collecting all that is essential to show the habits, customs, thoughts, and prejudices of the people, as well as the political life of the nation. Mr. McMaster is a thorough, painstaking historian, and he has given us a brilliant historical work, one which will be an authoritative history of the American people. This volume is written in a clear, strong, earnest style, which infuses life into the descriptions, while it accurately presents the facts.

The Works of Goethe.[1]

MR. S. E. CASINO has published a "People's edition of the works of Goethe," in five handsome volumes. The works are handsomely and substantially bound, printed from clear, strong type, on medium weight paper. The edition is not complete, yet it contains everything that will be demanded by any but those who are studying Goethe critically. All the different kinds of Goethe's writings are represented, and the best of each kind. There is no particular arrangement of the works in the five volumes. One contains Wilhelm Meister, Carlyle's translation.

The two volumes are in one book of over eight hundred pages. Not the least interesting portion of the volume is the translator's preface. A second volume contains "Faust," prefacing which are thirteen pages of historical introduction, and six pages of critical notes by Dr. Hedge. The translation used is Miss Swanwick's metrical version, and also a prose translation of Part I., by A. Hayward. The latter part of this book contains three minor dramas: "Egmont," translated by Miss Swanwick; "The Wayward Lover," by Edgar Bowring, and "Clavigo," translated now for the first time.

A third volume contains the "Autobiography," translated by John Oxenford. This makes a volume of six hundred and sixty-eight pages. The fourth volume, which contains really two volumes, one of which is copyrighted by the associate editor, Professor Noa, contains in the first part "Sorrows of Werter," "Elective Affinities," and "A Tale," translated probably by Professor Noa; and in the second part, "Letters from Switzerland," and "Travels in Italy," translated by Rev. A. J. W. Morrison. A fifth volume contains the poems of Goethe, and the dramas "Iphigenia in Tauris" and "Torquato Tasso," translated by Miss Swanwick, and Scott's translation of "Götz von Berlichingen," and Bowring's translation of "The Fellow Culprits."

Among the translators of the poems we find the names of G. H. Lewes, Professor Leopold Noa, Thomas Carlyle, and H. W. Longfellow.

Besides containing some portions of Goethe's writings that have never before been translated, and giving new translations of other portions, the fine

[1] The works of Goethe, People's Edition. Five volumes. Edited by Dr. Hedge and Professor Noa. S. E. Casino. Boston, 1883.

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volumes before us possess the merit of rare typographical excellence and beauty. The scholarship and rare taste of Dr. Hedge and Professor Noa have been ably supplemented by the publisher.

Nobody.[1]

THIS is a thoroughly old-fashioned, old-style novel. It makes a book of seven hundred pages, and it may be added that each page is full of interest. With the exception of the author's treatment of the principal character in the book, the novel is unartistic, and in some places crude. It is the very opposite of the modern novel. Yet it is intensely interesting, full of the most graphic descriptions, rare touches of feeling, sparkling and witty dialogue. "Nobody" is a young girl whose early life is spent in the southern part of Connecticut; she is a girl of fine delicacy of character, full of that intense enjoyment of life that is the dowry of a nature at once exalted, and pure and strong. The secret of her happiness seems to be a positive, absolute, and immovable trust in God. She is "Nobody" in fashionable New York society. Yet she is not entirely destitute of lovers. Tom Caruthers, a good-hearted, polished, wealthy young man falls in love, but fails to win her. Phillip Dillwyn, who is a travelled, cultured, refined man of the world, also seeks her love. He wins her heart, but not her hand, for the simple reason that "he is not a Christian." This impediment does not exist, and has not existed for some time, and the twain are happily married. Not the least interesting portion of the narrative is that devoted to the home life of the heroine and her two sisters and the aged grandmother. As a work of art, or as a fair exponent of the scepticism of the age, the book must be pronounced a failure. As a vigorous, healthy, interesting embodiment of pure living, high thinking, delicacy of feeling, true Christianity, the book is among the very best of modern novels.

Shandon Bells.[2]

THERE is a strong, manly tone running through this last novel by Mr. Black. The principal character is a man with a natural human heart, and a powerful, cultured brain. He feels deeply, and thinks strongly. The story of this young journalist's career, from the sub-editorship of a small paper to a respected position as a man of letters, is portrayed with the genuineness of a real history of one in whom the writer was deeply interested, and with whom he could sympathize. In the descriptions of thoughts, emotions, and memories, Mr. Black writes with charming truthfulness. The bits of scenery woven into the story impart to it a pleasing freshness. There are several strong characters, — William Fitzgerald, the journalist, whom we have mentioned, John Ross, a clear, strong picture of a Scotch painter, and Miss Chetwynd.

[1] Nobody. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." Robert Carter and Brothers, New York.

[2] Shandon Bells. A novel. By William Black. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

As a whole, it is a combination of the writer's superior qualities: the power of arousing sympathy, exciting admiration, touching the feelings, suggesting good, wholesome thoughts, and quickening moral motives. It is a novel full of healthy earnestness and sincerity.

James Monroe.[1]

THERE is a small portion of Virginia that, during the first epoch of our national history, produced more statesmen of ability and note than any other whole State, — Washington, the Lees, including Robert E., Randolph, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Peyton Randolph, Monroe, and others, — almost as many as all New England possessed at the same time. Of these, four held the office of President of the United States, each one for two successive terms, and two were elected by the largest majorities ever given to any candidate.

Monroe is very fortunate in his biographer. There is probably no one who would have taken more trouble to get at the important facts of his life, and not only the important facts, but the real characteristics also, which are not always so evident nor attainable. As is the case with the preceding volumes of the series, the biography is also necessarily a review of the political history of the time, involving, consequently, a vast amount of labor and research through old piles of public documents, and public and private correspondence.

This work is very tedious, more tedious than can be imagined until tried; yet President Gilman has done all this, and the result is he has produced a biography of Monroe that will be the standard for all future biographers and historians. It is a little singular that, although Monroe was engaged in the most important political transactions, gave his name to a fundamental doctrine, and was twice elected President (the second time with but a single dissenting electoral vote), yet no adequate biography of him has ever been written until the present work.

Mr. Gilman has given in a forcible, succinct manner the history of Monroe's life. It is accompanied by a bibliography of the Monroe doctrine, and a very full index, of great value to the student.

Dumas' Art Annual.[2]

THE want of such a book as this has hitherto left a vacant space in the library of every lover of art. The "Annual" is an illustrated art record, combining the catalogues of the art exhibitions of the world in 1882. In it are illustrations from the exhibits of the Royal Academy, London; Grosvenor Gallery, London;

[1] American Statesmen. James Monroe, in his relations to the public service during half a century, 1776 to 1826. By Daniel C. Gilman, President of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1883.

[2] Dumas' Art Annual. An Illustrated Record of the Exhibitions of the World. 1882. New York: J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway.

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Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh; Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts; American Water Color Society, New York; Society of American Artists, New York; National Academy of Design; Antwerp Exhibition; Art Union of Neuchatel; Paris Salon; Decorative Art Exhibition, Paris; Vienna International Exhibition of Arts; National Exhibition of Moscow; Exhibitions of Courbet and Baudry, and many others. It will be seen that the book contains representative illustrations from all the best and most prominent art exhibits of the past year. The "Annual" contains two hundred and fifty drawings, most of which give good representations of the pictures. The enterprise of the publisher in bringing this valuable book before an American audience cannot be too highly commended. The time has surely arrived for the publication of such an illustrated universal art catalogue. The book is the result of the need for such a work, and will be gladly welcomed by artists and those interested in art. No doubt a second issue of the "Annual" will contain many improvements; still, as an experiment, the present one is very satisfactory.

Besides the two hundred and fifty drawings of pictures and articles exhibited, there are critical notices of the various exhibitions, by those qualified to write of them. Also some general articles upon "The Sales of the Year," "Art in Russia," etc., etc. We should not omit a mention of the excellent index to artists represented.

Dean Bradley's Recollections of Dean Stanley.[1]

THIS little volume, of one hundred and forty-two pages, contains all that the average reader will have time to learn of Dean Stanley. It is not a critical estimate of the man, but a loving exposition of the loved friend. The book is composed of three lectures, which Dean Bradley delivered by invitation, last November, before the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh. Stanley's life is divided into seven periods, and the principal events of each period, together with the development of his mind, are described by one who knew Stanley intimately for nearly forty years. These lectures are a loving tribute to one of the most active and sympathetic minds of the last half century. After reading it, one feels compelled to familiarize himself with the printed works of a mind so full of human sympathy, and so intensely active. Notwithstanding the limited scope of the work, — limited when one considers how full such a life must have been, — a consistent and quite complete portrait of Dean Stanley is presented. One sees the shy, noble-minded boy, under the anxious guidance and love of a mother whom he always reverenced; the enthusiastic pupil and ardent admirer and friend of Dr. Arnold; the studious and able scholar at Balliol, Oxford; the inspiring and conscientious tutor at University College; the delightful associations of Canterbury; and the useful and well-filled years as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford; and, finally, the radiant and sunny home at Westminster, where the "gracious and graceful" Lady Stanley so adorned the Abbey. Throughout all we see the dean carrying on controversies and performing prodigious amounts of literary labor, and, at the same time, being the greatest conciliator among the different factions. Aside from the personal interest in Stanley, the lectures are of especial interest as throwing strong side-lights upon the inner lives of those able and gifted minds which have toiled and loved and accomplished so much for the educational, religious, social, and political interests of England during the present century. It may be truthfully said that few men in modern times commanded more general and universal respect than Dean Stanley. The characteristics of the man that rendered this possible are graphically and lovingly set forth by his friend and co-laborer, Dean Bradley.

[1] Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. By George Granville Bradley. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

"Dust."[1]

"DUST" deals with London society at the opening of the present century. The task is a difficult one, for the author must have a due regard for facts; and it is doubly difficult to Julian Hawthorne, for by it he is brought into direct comparison with one of the most successful of historical novel-writers, his own father, Nathaniel Hawthorne. In fact, in reading "Dust" one is continually reminded of Nathaniel Hawthorne. There is the same keen, observant eye that takes in everything within its horizon, and stores it up in the memory, from whose apparently unlimited supply Hawthorne was wont to entertain and instruct us. The son does not possess the powerful mind, — pure imagination of the father; very few have ever possessed it. And yet the author of "Dust" has a fair share of imagination. The Marquise Desmoines reminds one somewhat of Matilde in the Marble Faun. The mystery that surrounds her is well depicted.

"Dust" gives us an insight into the state of society in London sixty years ago, and, in the matter of morals, we must say it was no improvement on the society of to-day.

We are not prepared to say that Julian Hawthorne is as great a novelist as his father, but he certainly shows many of his admirable traits, and his present novel is a great improvement on any of his previous productions; and had he been as happy in his selection of a subject as he was conscientious and painstaking in working it up, it would have at once placed him in the front rank of the novelists of to-day.

[1] *Our Continent Library*. Dust: A novel by Julian Hawthorne, author of "Bressant," "Sebastian Strome," "Idolatry," "Garth," etc. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. 1883.

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June 83. 2-3 vol. 2, no. 3

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Boston, Mass., Ap. 27, '83.

The following is a statement of the several issues of The Wheelman for the past few months as printed by us.

Vol 2 No 1 April 20.000 copies.
Vol 2 " 2 May 10.000 "
Vol 2 " 3 June 10.000 "

Total for past three months (40.000) forty thousand copies; an average of 13.333.

We printed three (3) editions of the first number, October 1882, and two (2) editions of the second number, November 1882.

According to the arrangements with the Publishers the regular issue of The Wheelman will never be less than 10.000 copies monthly.

Rockwell & Churchill

Suffolk ss. Boston, Ap. 27, 1883. Then personally appeared Gardner A. Churchill, a member of said firm, and made oath that the foregoing statement by them subscribed, is true - Before me -
Joseph R. Churchill, Justice of the Peace.

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A WORD TO ADVERTISERS.

THE WHEELMAN has a mailing list of over 8,000 names. The balance of the edition is sent as sample copies or bound in volumes.

It circulates principally among bicyclers. It is on file in over one thousand libraries. It is believed that its subscribers and readers are people among whom it pays to advertise. The fact that a man owns a bicycle implies: First, That he *has money* wherewith to buy what he wants. Secondly, That he *will* buy what he wants. His tastes demand the necessities and some of the luxuries of life. His means enable him to gratify his tastes. Hence we claim that THE WHEELMAN is one of the choicest advertising mediums in the country. It circulates among those who have purchasing power. Our mailing lists are open for inspection to all regular advertisers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Per insertion.
Inch,	$4.00
Quarter-page (4 inches),	15.00
Half-page (8 inches),	30.00
Page, (16 inches),	60.00

	Per insertion.
Choice of position.	
Inch,	$5.00
Page,	75.00
Outside page of back cover,	100.00

Pages facing reading matter, page following title page, and third page of cover, are regarded as choice positions.

Such has been the demand for THE WHEELMAN that

Three Editions of the First Number and Two Editions of the Second Number

were called for. THE WHEELMAN has actual subscribers in every State of the Union, in Canada, England, France, Germany, New Zealand, Australia, Azores, Cape of Good Hope, Africa, Mexico, Brazil, United States of Colombia.

PREMIUM LIST.

We offer the following list of premiums, convinced that it will prove advantageous to hundreds of active young men who are trying to solve the problem—

"How can I get a Bicycle."

This list is free to all. Several hundred persons in different parts of the country are trying to secure the prizes offered. These machines cannot be purchased for a cent less than catalogue price. Our offer is equivalent to paying one dollar for each subscriber. THE WHEELMAN will interest many who do not ride. We allow a cash commission of 50 cents for each subscriber where the requisite number is not obtained, provided there are at least 10 names sent us. Send in names as received. Remittances by draft or P. O. Order. Terms, $2.00 a year. Send 3-cent stamp for circulars, &c.

THE WHEELMAN,
608 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For 180 subscribers we will give a Columbia Tricycle.

For 140 subscribers we will give a Full Nickeled Expert (any size).

For 100 subscribers we will give a Standard Columbia Bicycle (any size).

For 80 subscribers we will give a St. Nicholas Bicycle (48 or 50 inch).

For 65 subscribers we will give a Mustang Bicycle.

For 60 subscribers we will give a St. Nicholas Bicycle (44 or 46 inch).

For 50 subscribers we will give a Western Toy Co. Bicycle (42 inch).

For 35 subscribers we will give a Western Toy Co. Bicycle (36 to 40 inch).

For 20 subscribers we will give a Ritchie Cyclometer (nickel plated).

For 10 subscribers we will give a Pope Cyclometer (plain).

For 6 subscribers we will give a Columbia Hub Lamp (nickel plated).

For 5 subscribers we will give a Columbia Hub Lamp (plain).

For 4 subscribers we will give a small Hub Lamp (plain).

For 4 subscribers we will give a Suspension Saddle.

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THE WHEELMAN.

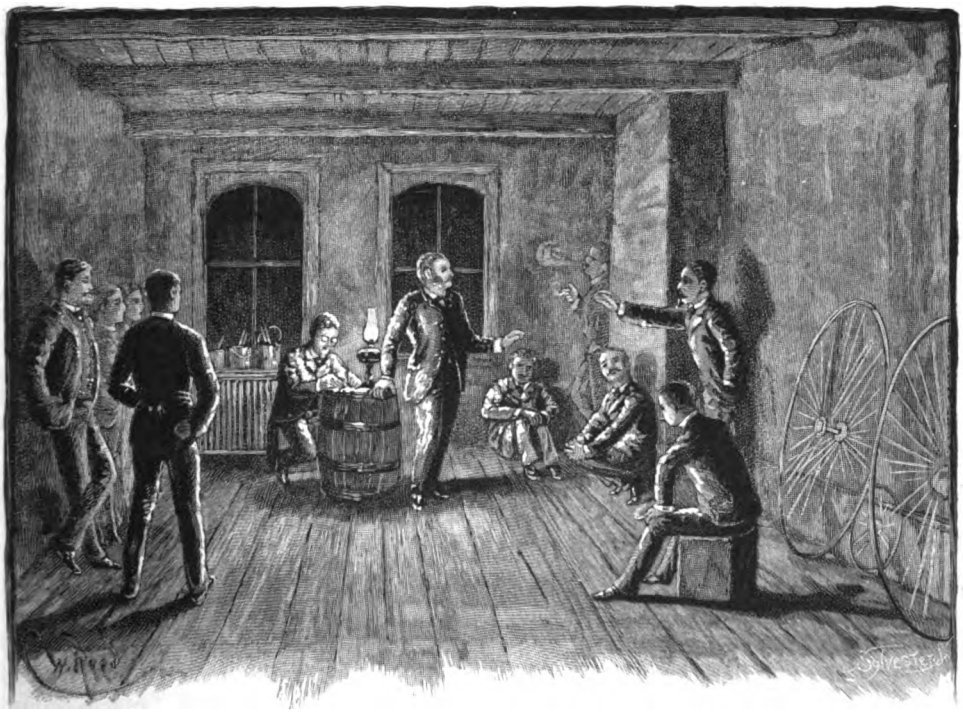
VOL. II. JUNE, 1883. No. 3.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB.

"All who joy would win
Must share it; happiness was born a twin."

THE fortunate man who rode the first bicycle must have felt a thrill of joy at the new sensation which even we who ride can hardly realize; but, to offset this, he must have had a lonely time of it until the second bicycle must indeed "share it" with some other riders, and "the more the merrier," up to some number not yet fully settled upon.

"Our First Bicycle Club" was fitly described in THE WHEELMAN for March, and the title of this article might well be



THE FIRST MEETING.

one was made. Adam could scarcely have experienced a greater joy when he beheld what had been produced from his missing rib, than did this first wheelman when a companion appeared at his side; and we may be pretty sure that the two very soon began to talk up the formation of a club. They "who joy would win" upon a "Our Largest Bicycle Club." Boston was the home of the first two clubs of bicyclers in America,—the Boston, and the Suffolk (now defunct). Then the club spirit jumped across the continent to San Francisco, then back to Bangor, Me., to Montreal, to Washington, and at this point, just one year from the formation of the

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first one, Boston was ready for its third, the seventh bicycle club on the western continent.

In those early days of bicycling there were no club-rooms, — much less club-houses, — and for companionship and "bicycle talk" the wheelmen were drawn by that irresistible fascination for wheels which every new rider feels, to the rooms of the dealers. None but men of good wind and courage were likely to take up bicycling in those days, for the dealers delighted in upper chambers, and the seeker after wheel-knowledge, whether he conferred with "Cunningham," or with "Pope," was obliged to climb three weary flights of stairs. Nevertheless, up the long flights to the Pearl-street or Summer-street room, which was office, sales-room, store-room, and riding-school in one, climbed, upon the slightest excuse, or without an excuse, the infatuated 'cyclers, making it also wheelmen's head-quarters.

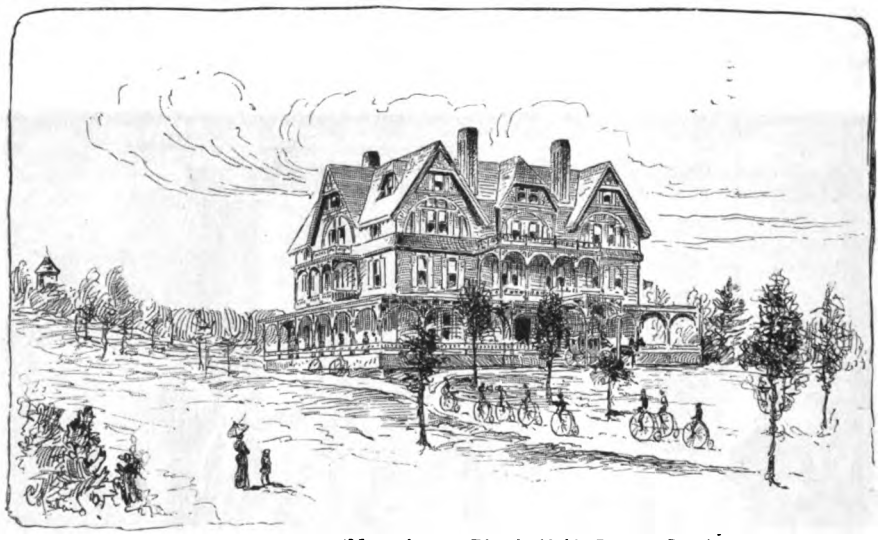
At these tempting places of resort the veterans of a year watched, with an air of superiority and patronizing pity, the efforts of learners to split the posts, which, for some unexplained reason, always infest a riding-school, or to ride through the walls, or to turn somersaults with a wheel held firmly between their legs. Here they boasted of their experiences, proffered advice to beginners, managing to give them a most exaggerated idea of the difficulty of learning and the dangers of riding the new steed. Clubs and club-rooms have largely changed all this, and the expert and the novice do not meet as of old.

Upon the long counter at the Pope Manufacturing Co.'s rooms, on the 10th day of January, 1879, was laid a paper headed as follows: —

"We, the undersigned, hereby agree to organize ourselves into a bicycle club, to be called *The Massachusetts Bicycle Club*."

The city and the county had furnished names to the two previously formed clubs, and the name of the State was thought none too large for the new club.

To this paper the following names were, during the next few weeks, appended in the order as numbered: —



WOODLAND PARK. (Massachusetts Bicycle Club's Country-Seat.)

*1. Albert A. Pope.
*2. Edward W. Pope.
3. William G. Fish.
*4. Arthur W. Pope.
*5. Frank W. Freeborn.
6. George G. Hall.
*7. H. E. Parkhurst.
8. C. H. Corken.
*9. William H. Ames.
*10. Augustus F. Webster.
11. H. Winslow Warren.
*12. Winfield S. Slocum.
13. William F. Brownell.
14. Joseph P. Livermore.
*15. Albert S. Parsons.

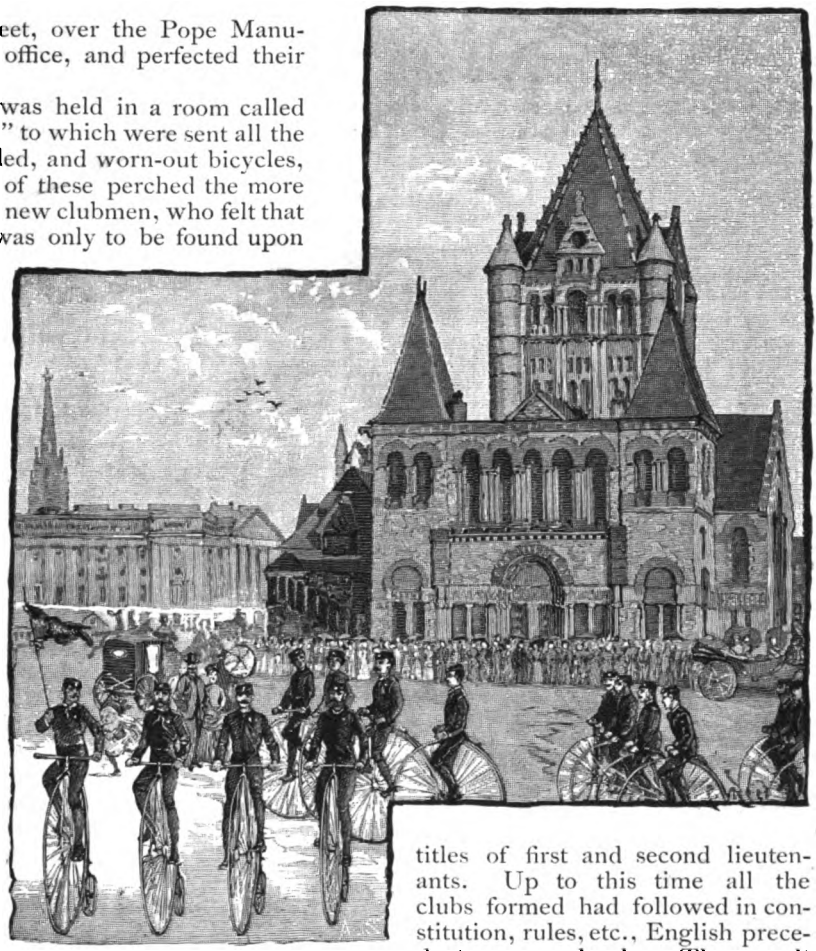
Of these Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 15, met on Saturday, March 8, 1879, at 4 o'clock P.M., in the loft of No.

* Present members.

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87 Summer street, over the Pope Manufacturing Co.'s office, and perfected their organization.

The meeting was held in a room called "The Hospital," to which were sent all the damaged, disabled, and worn-out bicycles, and upon some of these perched the more infatuated of the new clubmen, who felt that true happiness was only to be found upon the pig-skin. The chairman was very properly honored with the only chair in the room. The secretary sat upon a box, a barrel serving as desk, and the meeting was called to order by Mr. E. W. Pope. In spite of these primitive arrangements and humble surroundings, the meeting was conducted with great dignity, every one present seeming to feel his responsibility to the future of bicycling in the action taken. All but two of these were middle-aged men. Col. Albert A. Pope was chosen temporary chairman, and Mr. H. E. Parkhurst, temporary secretary. A committee was appointed to nominate officers, and reported a list, as follows, which was unanimously elected: President, Albert A. Pope; Secretary and Treasurer, H. E. Parkhurst; Captain, Ed. W. Pope; Senior Sub-Captain, Joseph P. Livermore; Junior Sub-Captain, Dr. C. H. Corken; Club Committee, the President and Treasurer, and Frank W. Freeborn, William H. Ames, and Winfield S. Slocum.



A MEET IN TRINITY SQUARE.

To the modern American bicycler it may be necessary to explain that these ridiculous titles for the subordinate field officers were then used by all clubs as being the ones applied to these officers in the English clubs, and the Massachusetts was the first club to drop them and take the regular military titles of first and second lieutenants. Up to this time all the clubs formed had followed in constitution, rules, etc., English precedents very closely. The result was that quite a sizable book was necessary to contain their rules, and many of the clubs are still encumbered with voluminous rules which are a full manual of parliamentary practice, while their constitutions contain almost as many articles, and are as high-sounding in their declaration of aims and objects as the Declaration of Independence.

The Massachusetts Club made a new departure in this particular. Its founders recognized the fact that everything connected with a bicycle should be reduced to the simplest and lightest form consistent with strength and safety. It seemed to them that a bicycle club should aim at the same condensation, that it should trim away all superfluous weight from its rules as from its wheels. To this end the authors of the rules labored, determined to reduce these to the smallest possible compass, while still covering every vital point. The outcome was a code of only ten plain rules,

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which have been found lacking in but a very few important particulars, but which the club has been able to print, together with the members' names and addresses, upon a small folded card



ENTRANCE TO CLUB-ROOM.

easily carried in the pocket. No "Constitution" was thought needful, although, as originally adopted, the rules were prefaced with this brief preamble: "This club is organized for the general promotion of bicycling." These rules,[1] with slight modifications to suit other places, have been adopted by very many of the clubs of the country. The admission fee was at first $2.00, and the assessment $1.00 per quarter, and the offices of secretary and treasurer were filled by the same person.

Of the fifteen original members nine — Messrs. A. A. Pope, E. W. Pope, A. W. Pope, F. W. Freeborn, H. E. Parkhurst, W. H. Ames, A. F. Webster, W. S. Slocum, and A. S. Parsons — are still active and interested members. They have never wavered in their loyalty to their club. Whether at club-meetings or club-meets, they have been among the most regular in attendance; and they feel great pride in the success of the club they started. The historian is sadly obliged to state that however much the secretary then elected may have since honored the club in other ways; that glorious as is his record as a road-rider and racing-man; that valuable as his influence and example have been in many directions, as secretary this esteemed member was not a remarkable success, and the record-book of the club is lamentably deficient as to its doings for the first year of its existence. But the club was launched, and was gradually gaining strength and power. Its growth was slow, but steady and healthful. The aim has been to keep it select; the quality, rather than the quantity, of the admissions being first considered. The captain, under whose eye almost every learner of the new art passed, was ever watchful, and those who seemed to him particularly desirable and congenial companions for the members were quietly informed of the formation of the new club, but no one was pressed to join. The club held itself in dignified reserve, and its members were as particular as are the Masonic bodies not to urge others to join, and were equally cautious in their scrutiny of candidates. The character of every applicant for membership has been as carefully investigated as it would be were he seeking to join any secret society, and many of its members, having bought and mastered their wheels, timidly asked to be proposed, and have awaited the result with ill-disguised anxiety, rejoicing at the escape from the three black balls which would be fatal to their wishes. Cambridge has, next to Boston, furnished the largest number of recruits, and on many a run the little party starting out from "Trinity," (the original place of meeting), or from the club-room, has been nearly doubled by "the Cambridge contingent," waiting, half-way in, upon the Mill-dam.



THE CLUB SEAL.

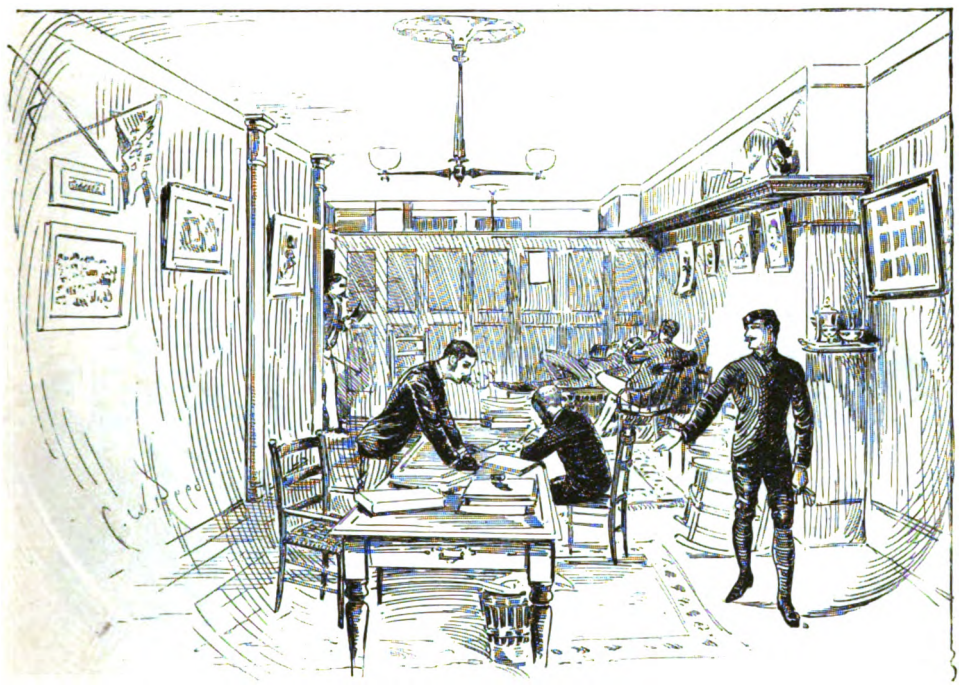
Like all bicycle clubs, the first few meetings were fully occupied with long and wordy discussions upon the *uniform* question. In spite of these, or, perhaps, *because of them*, the first uniform of this

[1] For "Rules and Regulations" of the Massachusetts Club, see "Notes and Queries" department.

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club — thought to be very tasty and striking then — would, if worn upon the road now, render the wearer the laughing-stock of all observers.

First and foremost was the enormous gray helmet, which distinguished the Massachusetts Club during its first years, and which *ex*tinguished some of its younger members! "Sugar scoops," the street gamins called them; but nothing so comfortable has ever yet been put upon a bicycler's head, and to this day some of the Massachusetts men don the venerable helmets when touring by themselves, regardless of



RECEPTION AND READING ROOM.

the oft-repeated demand to "shoot the hat!" Gray shirts, such as are common to street-laborers, coat and breeches of a dismal dirt-color, upon which the most abject "header" made no impression or change of color, with gray stockings. To add to the picturesqueness of the outfit, a broad blue belt held up the breeches, and, to match that, large blue-checked neckties were worn. Let it not be thought that these different blues and grays were of the same shade. Far from it! "Variety was the spice of life!"

The sad awakening which came at the Newport meet — when, almost for the first time, it dawned upon the club that however *good* they might be they were certainly not *handsome* — will never be forgotten by them. In the interests of economy, the coats and breeches had meantime been dyed a seal-brown color for the second season's use. This, though an improvement, was not up to the growing taste in such matters, and in the spring of 1881 the club appeared in their present uniform color of dark-blue, "from top to toe."

From the date of its birth the Massachusetts Club has been a *a riding club*. No club in America has, it is safe to say, at all equalled its road-riding record. Touring has been its chief end and aim, and among its members have been and are to-day some of the hardest road-riders in the country. Next to the question as to the character of any candidate for admission, persistently asked, and favorable answers required, "Is he a gentleman that you would be glad to invite to your house, to have at your table, to meet with your family?" has been the question, "Is he a good rider — does he *use* his wheel?" And weak muscles were *almost* as fatal to a candidate as weak morals.

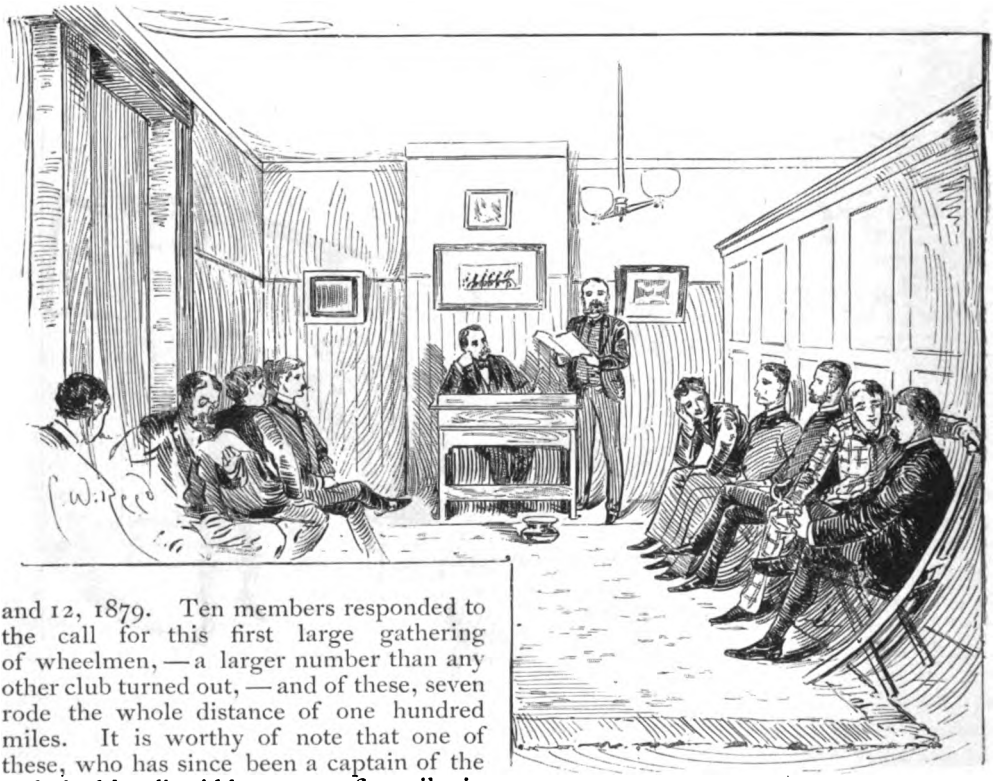
Two members of the club, Messrs. E. W. Pope and W. S. Slocum, with C. E. Pratt,

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Esq., of the Boston Club, took the first bicycle excursion made in America, spending three days upon the road, August 13, 14, and 15, 1879. The route was to Portland, Me. It was the first appearance of the new vehicles upon the highways of this section, and they attracted great curiosity, were warmly welcomed by many of the residents along the road, and were greatly delayed in their progress because of this interest.

The club is proud of its record in the "Wheel Around the Hub," September 11 and 12, 1879. Ten members responded to the call for this first large gathering of wheelmen, — a larger number than any other club turned out, — and of these, seven rode the whole distance of one hundred miles. It is worthy of note that one of these, who has since been a captain of the club, had hardly ridden twenty-five miles in all up to this time. But, with wonderful pluck and unexpected powers of endurance, he followed the party up to the ninetieth mile. Of those "honorably mentioned" in Mr. Pratt's vivid sketch of this run (published in the first number of THE WHEELMAN), "Squire Winsome," "Ned," "Colonel Bounce," and "Champagne" were members of the Massachusetts Club, and the famous "Masher" was a sort of member by *brevet*, and only escaped being a member by "mashing" and marrying a fair lady and "going West" to seek a fortune. As in this first gathering of wheelmen, so in all since, the Massachusetts Club has been well represented, and few clubs have had as large a percentage of their membership "in at the finish" as this.

The success of this run raised a great *furore* for two days' runs, and another was demanded and arranged for October 24 and 25, 1879, the route being due west to Northboro', and return the following day *via* Stow and Sudbury. The Massachusetts Club was active in this run, which, in spite of a heavy head-wind and a snow-squall, was successful, and was rendered



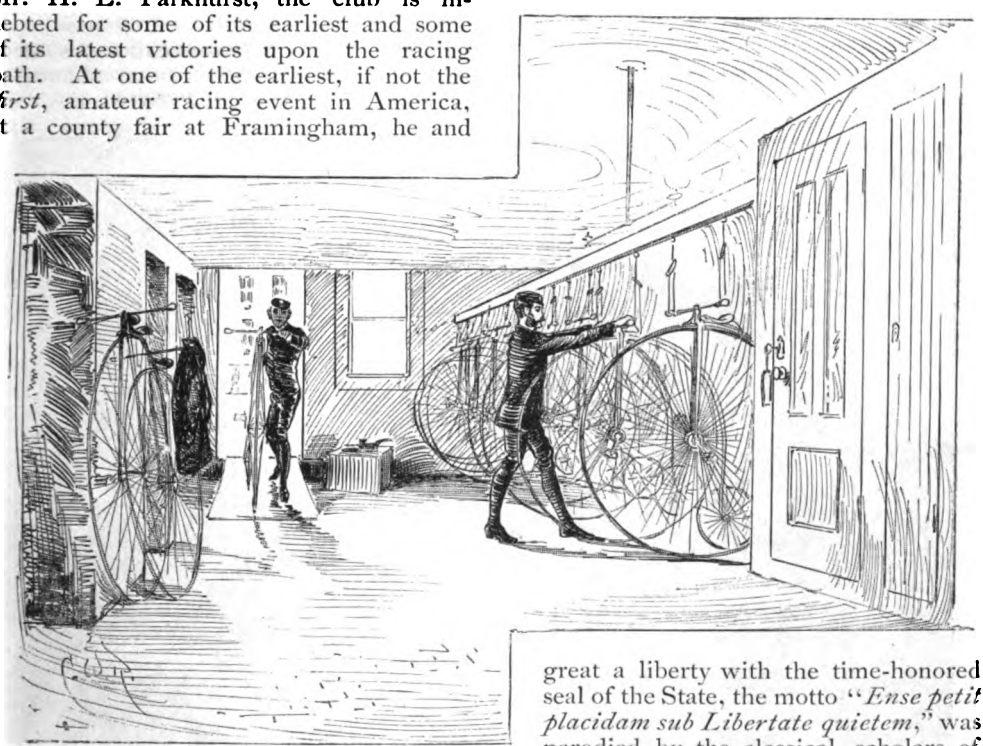
THE MEETING-ROOM.

notable by the presence of "The Anglo-Franco Bicycle Team," — Harry Etherington, William Cann, and Charles Terront, — then just arrived in America, who were looked up to by the riders of that day as to a superior race of beings.

The ambition to ride as large wheels as possible was even greater in the early days of bicycling than now, and the first secretary of the club, being short, was obliged to roll along upon a 48-inch. In vain he tried to stretch to a 50, but, being a man of expedients, he resolved to attempt an answer to that Bible question, "Which of

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you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" A pair of shoes was manufactured to make a 50-inch of a 48-inch man! The result was disappointing, and they were abandoned. But nature has again proved superior to art, and his thousands of miles of riding has stretched his legs beyond the desired length, and he now rides a 52-inch. To this gentleman, Mr. H. E. Parkhurst, the club is indebted for some of its earliest and some of its latest victories upon the racing path. At one of the earliest, if not the *first*, amateur racing event in America, at a county fair at Framingham, he and



THE WHEEL-ROOM.

other members of the Massachusetts Club carried off nearly all the prizes. He won the two-mile race there, and rode so fast that the gallant colonel, wishing to give all a fair chance, ran down the track and begged him to hold up, or he would distance everybody.

Harry Pope won the one mile, and Capt. E. W. Pope the third place in the two-mile race, in which Dr. Corken also made good time, — for *those* times!

It is doubtful if any of the racing of the present time causes as much amusement or interest as did this early event.

Early in its history a club badge was decided upon, — a simple shield with the monogram of the club engraved upon it. These were discarded, with the gray helmets and shirts, as the taste of the club improved, and the present distinctive badge, a representation of the seal of the State, was placed upon the caps. A modification of this seal had already been adopted as the seal of the club after much study and discussion. The Indian who had so long held his bow was given a bicycle in exchange, — not without protest from some who felt that it was taking too great a liberty with the time-honored seal of the State, the motto "*Ense petit placidam sub Libertate quietem*," was parodied by the classical scholars of the club, to "*Rota Rapit volucrem sub æthere felicitatem.*"

The demand for a wheel-room became more and more urgent. It was seen that the possession of one would bring many into the club who, riding into town, were obliged to depend upon the cold mercy of public stables, or trundle their wheels through the streets to their, or their friends', places of business. In vain for months the committee searched the streets in the neighborhood of the Common to find some suitable place at a moderate rent. The Boston Club were willing and anxious to join with the Massachusetts in hiring such a room, could one be found. At last the committee ran upon a cobbler at 140 Eliot street, who had a much larger store than he needed or could afford. At first he was opposed to sub-renting for a "stable"; but the persuasiveness of the

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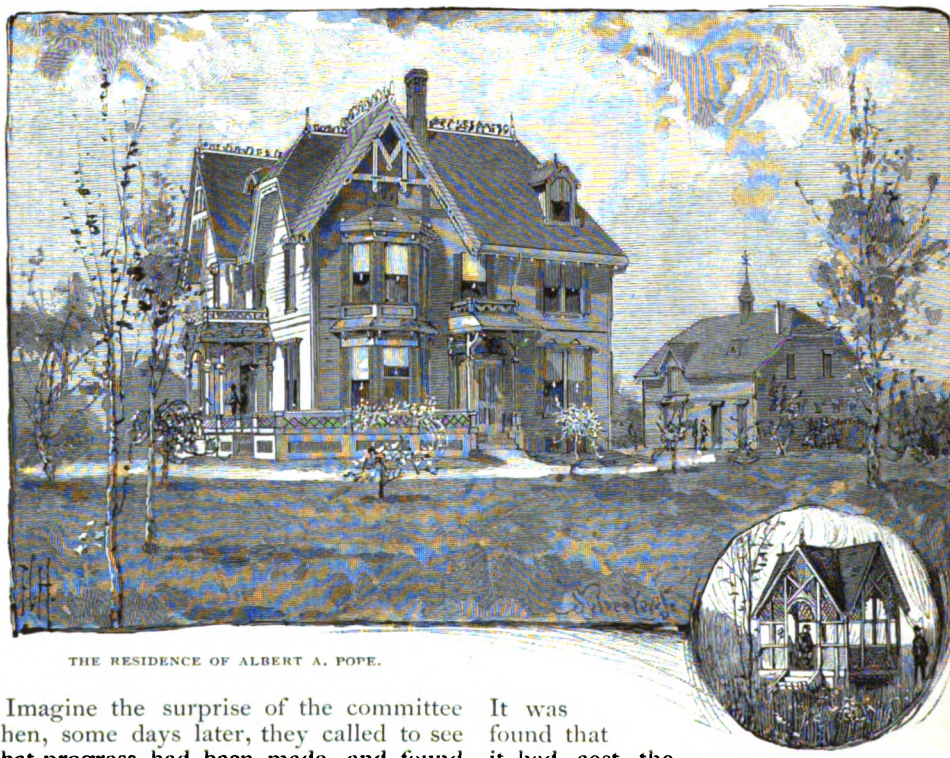
committee at length induced him to consider a plan for partitioning off a part of it for the purpose. There was a wide double door, and it seemed quite the thing. At the meeting of February 3, 1880, it was voted "that the Committee on Head-quarters be authorized to hire a room for stabling bicycles, at an expense not exceeding $10 per month, and that it shall be hired by the month, in order that it may not interfere with any arrangements we might wish to make with the Boston Club."

The room was hired at $5 per month, the club paying for the partition.

Imagine the surprise of the committee when, some days later, they called to see what progress had been made, and found the double door and double store made into two by a partition down the middle, with a little box, as it were, divided from the cobbler's half, access to which was obtained by a door through which a twenty-eight-inch handle-bar would no more have gone than a camel through the eye of a needle. But handle-bars over twenty-four inches long were then unknown, and it was just possible to get a bicycle in. In spite of this provoking and mortifying change in the rooms it was thought best to use them for a time. But they were not popular. A finely painted sign, "*Massachusetts Bicycle Club Wheel-room*," which the captain, with his usual forethought, had procured, was never put up. And a discreet reticence as to the wheel-room was observed. The card of rules, however, printed before the metamorphosis, bore the address, —

> Head-quarters, No. 87 Summer st., Boston.
> Wheel-room, No. 140 Eliot st., Boston.
> Janitor's residence, No. 51 Eliot st., Boston.

Janitor being a polite interpretation of cobbler. After a few months it occurred to the captain to count the names upon the wheel-room register, and reckon the cost.



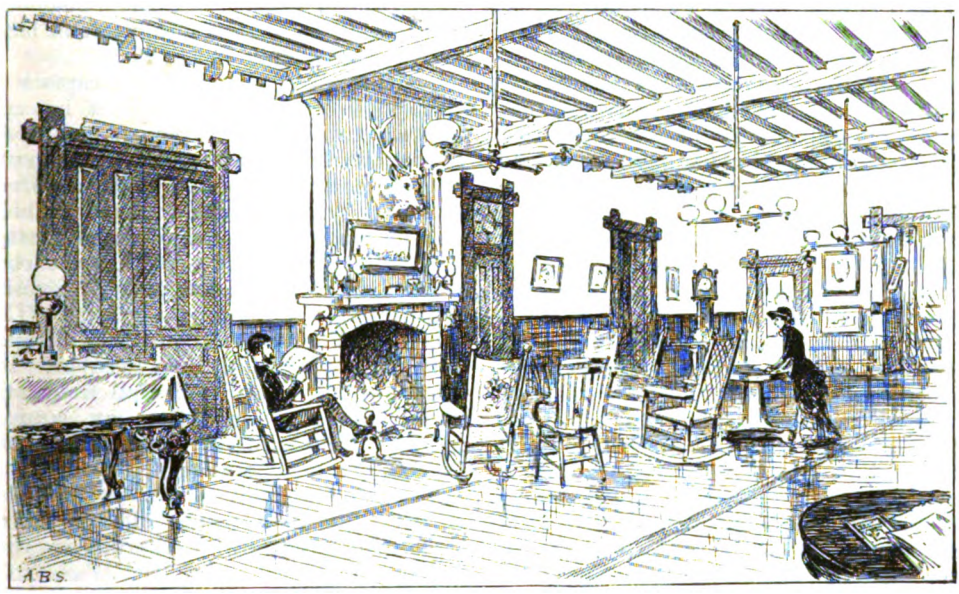
THE RESIDENCE OF ALBERT A. POPE.

It was found that it had cost the club just 75 cents for each time a wheel had been left there, and notice was at once given of the termination of the lease.

It was upon the occupation, jointly with the Boston Club, of the rooms at No. 40 Providence street, facing upon Park square, that the club really emerged from its embryotic state and became a full-fledged club, in which its members could take a pride and feel a permanent interest. Here was adopted the uniform of blue serge, which has been so perfectly satisfactory that no change has been, or is likely to be, attempted, except that the low standing collar has given place to a turn-down one.

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These rooms were formally opened by a "house-warming" on the evening of November 20, 1880, at which representatives of most of the neighboring clubs were present, and the members of both clubs in full force. A collation, informal speeches, and a very social time was enjoyed. The event of the evening was the presentation to Charles E. Pratt, Esq., president of the Boston Club and of the League of American Wheelmen, of a very handsome silver pitcher, purchased by the 25-cent subscriptions of those at the meet in Newport the previous May (at which the League was formed through the efforts of Mr. Pratt), who wished to show their appreciation of his great services in the cause of bicycling, especially as being the father of the League of American Wheelmen.



RECEPTION-ROOM OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE.

The gift was a perfect surprise, but a fitting response was made.

These rooms were admirably suited to the purposes of club head-quarters, the situation being the best possible, and the five rooms furnishing parlor, meeting-room, mess-room, kitchen, and locker-room, with bath-room. Here, again, the bicycle was "not wanted," and only by the most persuasive and careful treatment was the landlord — a butcher, who occupied the basement of the building — cajoled into leasing the rooms for the purpose. A remark dropped by one of the committee, that a wheel could be easily taken into the hall, quite upset the sensitive man of the smock-frock, who declared that if a bicycle was ever taken up those steps every tenant in his block would leave at once. It was necessary to put a clause into the lease that no wheel should ever be put into the rooms before the trade could be made, and a back basement was used for wheel-room, where rust pervaded the air and fed upon the wheels.

The two clubs dwelt pleasantly together here for one year, and the members have many pleasant memories of the cosey "Bossachusetts Rooms," as they came to be regularly called. Again, in the fall of 1881, the search for rooms began, and the Massachusetts men, after a deal of looking about and another long argument with a landlord afraid of the wheels, and another clause in the lease forbidding their going in at the front door, or even being left in the area, the present pleasant and accessible rooms at No. 194 Columbus avenue (under Hotel Lafayette) were leased, the Crescent Bicycle Club being taken in as tenants. It should be stated that *all* these landlords soon got over this prejudice against wheels and cancelled these clauses. The entrance and interior of these rooms are shown in the illustrations. Entering the light and pleasant reception and reading room, well furnished with all kinds of

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bicycle literature, one passes through to the meeting-room, or downstairs to the light, dry, and spacious wheel-room, access to which is also found for wheels from the rear. Here are lockers and every requisite. The rooms are all finished in hard-wood, and are very satisfactory. The Crescent Club gave them up at the end of a year, and the Massachusetts men are now "monarchs of all they survey." The advent of tricycles has caused a demand for wider doors, and one is to be provided to admit them.

Having followed the household history of the club to the present day, a return to its out-door life may be made.

The first great meet of wheelmen, called by the New York clubs, at Newport, R.I., May 29 and 30, 1880, aroused great interest, and the clubs were all anxious to excel each other in drill and appearance there. Appeals to the men to meet and drill were pressing, but were not responded to as generally as was desired. Of the thirty-three members on the roll, not more than a third could be brought into line for practice, and often less. The records give this suggestive entry, April 30, 1880: "In the afternoon the club met at Chestnut-Hill reservoir for a drill. Present — President A. S. Parsons and Harry Pope. The secretary was not present, but is informed that the president imposed upon Mr. Pope a long and severe drill." Eleven members took part in the parade of wheelmen at Newport, only the Providence and Brockton clubs having more men in line. The Massachusetts Club was third from the right of the line. At the meeting which formed the League, its delegates, President Parsons and ex-President A. A. Pope, took an active part, and its president was elected corresponding secretary of the national organization.

On the 5th of June the club, at a meeting called for the purpose, voted to join the League in a body, and it has kept its membership up, and has taken a most active interest in the League ever since. At the League meet in Boston, May 30, 1881, the club, again third in line, turned out thirty-eight men in its full uniform of blue, more men than any other club could boast. At the Chicago meet six members followed the crimson pennant of the club.

It would be impossible in the limits of a magazine article to speak of many of the all-day, or two-day, runs made by the club. It planned, on September 14, 15, and 16, 1880, a three-days' run to Hampton Beach and return; but, owing to a storm, it extended only to Newburyport. Commander C. K. Munroe, of the League; Directors Gullen, of New York; Hazlett, of New Hampshire; Clark and White, of Maryland; and Fairfield of Maine, joined in the run, which, but for the storm, might have surpassed even the "Wheel Around the Hub" in interest.

Frequent visits to Worcester, Salem, Brockton, and Gloucester, and the hospitalities of the clubs of these places, are pleasantly remembered.

The club inaugurated "breakfast runs," leaving head-quarters at 5 or 6 o'clock and riding to some suburban hotel for breakfast, returning to town in time for business. Many of these early morning runs have proved exceedingly enjoyable.

By Rule 16 of the club, the captain is required to call an all-day run in each month from April to November, inclusive. These runs bring out from ten to twenty or thirty members, and extend over from forty to sixty miles of the good roads which are almost unknown outside Eastern Massachusetts. The hotels to which the club usually wheel for dinner are its favorite and accredited out-of-town resort, "The Woodland Park," at Auburndale, delightfully situated, "just a convenient distance out," at which the club frequently meet also for breakfast or supper, and the Massachusetts House, at Lexington, another popular objective point; and about its ample fireplace members of the club often gather after a spring or fall run, settling their dinners with "wheel talk."

Bailey's Hotel, at South Natick, and the Essex House, at Salem, are also familiar resting-places.

The hospitality of ex-President A. A. Pope has been frequently enjoyed at his beautiful home at Newton, by moonlight, daylight, and the early dawn.

A run to Gloucester, under command of Mr. Henry W. Williams, October 26, 1881, returning the 27th, was greatly enjoyed, and Messrs. Pratt and Lincoln, of the Worcester Club; Mr. Gilman, of the Nashua Club; and Messrs. Hazlett and Philbrick, of the Portsmouth, N.H., Club, accompanied the party. The Hawthorne Club, of Salem, escorted the party through that city, and Consul Webber and other wheelmen of Gloucester were zealous in their attentions. On the return, Mr. W. R. Griffiths, who had but just begun to ride, joined the party on his 60-inch wheel, and won the admira-

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tion of all by accomplishing the sixty miles alongside the hardy riders of the club.

Probably no event in the history of the club has been so enjoyable and will be longer remembered than the visit of the Citizens' Bicycle Club of New York, October 11, 12, and 13, 1882. A delightful and congenial party of gentlemen, thoroughly appreciating roads, scenery, and every effort made to entertain them, the three days of their stay in the vicinity was a continual felicity. Members of the Massachusetts Club endeavored to keep them moving over fine roads, and on the 12th a formal run in their honor was given, with a complimentary dinner at "The Woodland Park."

A pleasant reminder of the visit may be seen at the right of the illustration of the reading-room of the club which appears in this article, it being an elegant silver pitcher, salver, and bowl, presented to the Massachusetts Club by their friends of the Citizens' Club, in grateful recognition of their attentions during this visit.

On the 28th of September, 1882, Lieutenants Henry W. Williams, William R. Griffiths, and Messrs. A. J. Philbrick and W. D. Wilmot, representing the Massachusetts Club, started out at 4.52 A.M., intending to surpass the best long-distance road-riding record in this country. They were accompanied by the captain and president of the club for the first hour or two, and were met by a delegation of the club on the return. They covered one hundred and eighteen miles, in spite of a strong east wind and rain in the afternoon. This was at that time considered a great achievement, and the gentlemen were presented by the club with gold medals, as testimonials of its appreciation.

Among those of the club who have distinguished themselves in club and other races are, besides the above-mentioned, Adams D. Claflin, the present captain, Ralph H. Ahl, who proved a phenomenally fast rider, lowering the records for short distances very considerably; Harry D. Corey, William H. Ames, Harry M. Pope, David B. Smith, Jeffries Wyman, and W. R. Griffiths.

All of these have developed as fast riders *in the club*. No man has ever been admitted simply because he was a fast man.

But little attention has been paid to fancy riding, but Mr. William D. Wilmot, probably the most remarkable fancy rider in the country, save, perhaps, Rex Smith, "graduated" from the Massachusetts Club into the professional ranks, and Mr. A. L. Atkins is a very graceful and expert rider. At the first meet of tricyclers in America, April 25, 1883, ten of the twenty present were members of this club.

The steady growth of the club has been noteworthy. It has had no "ups and downs." Beginning with fifteen, in 1879, it had, in 1880, twenty-nine members; in 1881, thirty-eight; in 1882, fifty-nine; and it now has seventy active *bicycling* members and one honorary member, it having honored itself by electing Charles E. Pratt, Esq., as such, October 4, 1880. Among the most highly valued club "properties" are a fine ballot-box and a speaker's gavel, presented to the club by him. The club is also proud of an elegant bugle, the gift of one of its lady friends, past whose fine suburban residence the club has often wound its way.

There has been no death in the club, no quarrel, no jealousies, no cliques, no close elections. The nearest approach to hard feeling was at the annual meeting in 1881, when there was a struggle upon the question of head-gear. "Helmet or cap?" The vote was 11 to 11, and the president's vote gave the club the blue helmet. But a year later, a stormy night, — which kept the old men at home, — and the added power and eloquence of the 60-inch man, gave the cap men the victory, and the present blue cap (with a visor) was adopted.

The club has been slow to change its uniform or its officers, as will be seen by the list below. Changes are made only when the incumbent declines reëlection.

The officers of the club have been: —

PRESIDENT.

In 1879, Col. Albert A. Pope.
In 1880, '81, and '82, Albert S. Parsons.
In 1883, Henry W. Williams.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

(Office formed in 1883.)

Charles P. Shillaber.

CAPTAIN.

In 1879, '80, and '81, Edward W. Pope.
In 1882, Charles P. Shillaber.
In 1883, Adams D. Claflin.

SECRETARY.

In 1879, H. E. Parkhurst.
In 1880, W. S. Slocum.
In 1881, '82, and '83, George Pope.

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TREASURER.

In 1879, H. E. Parkhurst.
In 1880, '81, and '82, Charles F. Joy.
In 1883, Daniel E. Devoe.

Lieutenants have been, H. E. Parkhurst, C. P. Shillaber, W. S. Slocum, H. W. Williams, W. R. Griffiths, Gilbert E. Chandler, and Darwin J. Smith; Buglers, W. H. Ames, J. T. Dyer, G. W. Metcalf, and Charles W. Reed.

The Club Committee has been formed of the presidents, secretaries, and captains, and the following, who have not held any of these offices: F. W. Freeborn, W. H. Ames, W. S. Slocum, J. T. Dyer, Louis Harrison, Dr. H. A. Baker, and George E. Alden.

The following gentlemen have served on the House Committee: Dr. H. A. Baker, William V. Burt, C. P. Shillaber, George Pope, J. E. Alden, Arthur L. Atkins, D. E. Devoe, George H. Waters, Henry S. Harris.

The road riding of the club has been mentioned. Unfortunately, there were no records kept by the members in 1879; but since that time it has been carefully attended to, and the following may be considered as reliable: —

The members rode in	Miles.
1880	19,475
1881	31,200
1882	64,550
Estimating 1879 safely at . .	10,000
We have a total riding record of	125,225

The average of those who reported for 1882 was nine hundred and sixty-three miles; one rode over six thousand miles, five rode over three thousand miles, and twenty-five members rode over one thousand miles each. These figures show a healthy interest in bicycling, and when it is remembered that the club is composed largely of active business or professional men (the average age being over thirty years), who use the wheel in the leisure moments they can snatch from their duties for exercise and recreation, the reputation of the club for energy and perseverance is secure.

The annual dinners of the club must be passed with a mere mention. In 1880 less than a dozen sat down at the Hotel Brunswick; in 1881, about thirty were present, the dinner being served in the club-rooms at No. 40 Providence street; in 1882, at Hotel Vendome, forty-one members and guests were present; and at the same place, in 1883, about sixty persons were present. It has been the custom of the club to invite only wheelmen as guests as a rule, and there has been no lack of oratorical, musical, and poetical talent as entertainment.

Mention should be made of a most successful and enjoyable entertainment given in Horticultural Hall, January 20, 1883, for the benefit of the club. Members and their friends volunteered, and the large audience was hearty in its demonstrations of approbation.

The Massachusetts Club has from the beginning been governed, both in principles and policy, by a consideration for the good of bicycling, — being careful not to offend the prejudices of the community in any particular. As early as March, 1881, it put itself on record, by a vote, as opposed to sidewalk riding. It has always strictly prohibited the having, or using, of any intoxicating liquors in its club-rooms, or of betting on races, and has never appeared as a club upon Sunday. Allowing the fullest liberty to its members individually, as a club it has thrown its influence and example strongly against these things.

The fact that such a body of gentlemen, well known in their respective professions or lines of business, many of them occupying official positions of trust and responsibility, have taken up an amusement like this, have felt sufficient interest in it to be active members of a club formed "for the general promotion of bicycling," and have attended its meetings regularly and interestedly, speaks well for the recreation itself, and does much to keep it a clean, healthful, and gentlemanly sport.

It is the influences of such clubs that have thus far kept 'cycling upon so high a plane, — that will keep it, let us hope, for years to come the highest and noblest recreation in which only members of the male sex indulge; and when, in the future, the early days of bicycling are reviewed, we may be sure that the Massachusetts Bicycle Club will be remembered with respect, admiration, and gratitude.

Albert S. Parsons.

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A BICYCLAR ROMANCE IN FOUR MEETS

of the CYCLE of the SEASONS

by Charles Richards Dodge

SPRING

SHE: Oh mercy! mercy! - Are you hadly hurt. I hope no bone are broken - Take my hand It was a cruel fall!

HE: You're very good To help me up. Tis nothing. THATS A WAY WE HAVE OF STOPPING. SOMETIMES — Twas your fault — No, no! I dont mean that, exactly, Miss. I thank you! Oh, don mind my dwty clothes

SHE: Im truly sorry, Sir

HE: Twas not your fault I should have seen the wretched rut, instead Of looking - well to speak the truth - at you I think Im all right now. What lovely Flowers Anemonies?

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SHE They are fine specimens
I always seek them when the bright DAYS come
They are so pure and spotless and so shy
And peep so timidly from out the GRASS
They always seem to brighten gladden LIFE

HE As pure and spotless as a young maid's thoughts.
Please, may I have ONE as a souvenir.
They're early aren't they?

SHE LOOKING KNOWINGLY AT A COMPANION..... Yes it seems to ME
That everything is forward, sir, this spring

HE A GOODLY MIT I WOULD I KNEW HER NAME
TAKING THE FLOWER AND LOOKING INTO HER FACE
So fair and saintly! thanks.



SHE Im truly glad
You were not hurt. Come NELLIE let us go
Tis growing late. Good AFTERNOON
..... Good Bye.

HE Why I'm going that way too. [redacted]
Im tired of riding If My company.
Will not annoy YOU, and YOU dont object
I'll walk along. There! let me take the flowers.

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SHE Heavens! how you frightened me! Those
Cideby sos ilently one never knows (awful wheels
They're coming 'till they're gone.

HE Excuse me Miff—
I would a have spoken, Rad I thought 'twas you
LIE NUMBER ONE. doing here
ME What are you
A pathway through a Wortleberry field
I! seems to Me. is NOT the place to ride
A trickey steed like yours
Oh as to that
I frequently chooses wch a winding way
To test my nerve & skill.
LIE NUMBER TWO.
Besides I'm fond of berries.
Or shall I pick some SHE Help Yourself

HE Thanks! If you please.
How sweet you are—I mean they are. How strange
That we should meet again so far from home.

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SHE 'Tis rather strange I often come out here
When Mr May can spare an afternoon.
FREDRAY
You know of course He's just down there
Beyond the clump of Alders Mr May?

HE We're not acquainted AND DON'T WISH TO BE

SHE Next week the Golden Rod will be in bloom
And then We're coming
Golden Rod yours said?

HE I HATE all yellow flowers. A Daisy now
A wild red Rose — or an ANEMONE.

SHE But faded memories of May and June,
DEAD emblems of the past. Fred often laughs
And says all kinds of flowers are sweet to him
But sweetest Rose in season

Aint he nice
To waste so much time on a silly Girl?
Self sacrificing truly — and the World
So full of selfishness! I THINK I'LL LEAVE
POOR FOOL I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN AS MUCH BEFORE
PICKS UP HIS OWN HEEL WHICH HAS BEEN LYING AGAINST THE BUSHES

HE What going so soon? I'll speak to Mr May

SHE No thanks! some other time I shall be late —
I've lingered now too long, and had no thought
Of stopping 'ere we met so suddenly.
The Golden Rod will be in bloom next week
Oh, pardon I forgot GOOD BYE
MOUNTING THE WHEEL

TURNING HER FACE TO HIDE A SMILE GOOD BYE

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HE Good Afternoon! If pony wont take fright,
I'll ride with you a mile —



SHE Good Afternoon!
Oh no! He's used to wheelmen Mr French
My friend Miss Nellie Clark you've met before

HE BOWING POLITELY. Oh yes six months or so ago.

SHE Take care!
We're coming to some dreadful ruts

TURNS OUT THE PHAETON GIVING HIM HALF THE ROAD.

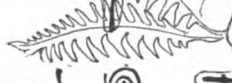


The Woods
Are lovely now! I think I never knew
The AUTUMN leaves so richly tinted See!
Is not that maple gorgeous? Mr French
We're only going about a mile beyond
The old Mill. We should like your company
If you have leisure



HE Thanky- is I've a use for
Don't mind the Wheel so long. I will accept

SHE Fred says the Ferns are splendid at the Mill
I think you've met Fred May —



HE Yes-no-That is

SHE Oh I remember! Poor Fred had to stay
In Town this afternoon.

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HE "THANK HEAVEN!" I SAY

Indeed how you must miss Him! If you will
Play Instead Mr. for just one afternoon,
I wade about in all the Cat Tail swamps
And climb Trees for Leaves; I'll gather ferns
And if there's one poor Summer flower alive
I'll try to be Imagination

SHE You're too late.

The season's last for summer flowers and now
But brown and withered leaves strew all the fields

HE I WONDER IF SHE MEANT ALL THAT FOR ME.
I WON'T CATCH ON." I think to love dead leaves
Were better than no love at all — perhaps.
To love a dead ANEMONE

SHE Look Out!

There's rocks ahead, you surely will be thrown
We turn off yonder just below the Bridge
The Road is narrow — on such DANGEROUS GROUND
Perhaps 'twere better I should take the lead



HE Miss Grayson, may I have the next I tried
An hour ago to speak.

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SHE Oh certainly
I think your Wheelmen's Hop quite a success.
What is the next Dance please

HE  Again Quadrille

SHE Oh dear! I thought it was a Waltz.

HE The Waltz
comes after that Mr Grayson. if you wish
We'll promenade and wait for it

SHE Oh, no!
But, as you please - where can we promenade?

(☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆)

I love Conservatories - or the Flowers -
And this is such a fine one - Here are seats.
But Mr French, are all the Wheelmen's Hops
Held at the members' Rooms?

HE certainly
The Wheel is an aristocrat. How nice
It seems to know you now so well How strange
That introduction! Twas a dreadful fall

SHE You didn't seem to mind it much

HE Well no
But then I've never gotten over it,
And doubtless never will.

SHE Why Mr. French!
You've never mentioned such a thing before -
It's terrible! How are you injured? - or -

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HE My heart's affected Ah no one can tell
What Harry suffered in the last six months
SHE Oh I'm so sorry and 'twas my fault too
HE That is if I had not come in your way —
I never should a have known how nice you are
I met your cousin Mr May last week.
So he's a blood relation, and to think
You never told me.
SHE Well whose fault was it?
I tried to introduce you — goodness knows —
That day we met by chance THEY'S VAL WAY.
Out in the berry field you ran off.
But tell me truly, does the Doctor say

You NEVER will be well? Was it the shock
Which brought on this — affection of the heart
It was an awful fall.
HE SIGHING A dreadful fall
Ah me! All wreckmen fall so once they say
And Fannie dear SHE Please don't you hint my hand
IF HE KEEPS ON HE'LL TAKE A "HEADER" SOON
BUT I WON'T KEEP HIM — NO — I'LL DIE FIRST THERE!
HE Don't go why how you tremble — I believe
Your heart became affected girl the day
I fell so dreadfully — IN-LOVE-WITH YOU
What blushing? You confess it KISSING HER
There it's done.

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A SHADOW LOVE.[1]

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

Author of "Louise and I," "John Ascott's Daughter," etc.

XIV.

"What fates impose, that men must needs abide.
It boots not to resist both wind and tide."

How swiftly one day followed another! How silently the shadows of night fell upon each closing day, as the curtain drops upon an act of the drama! Then the dreary "wait," the echo of music, and the softer echo of some tender words of the play stealing over the senses like the faint fragrance of a delicious perfume, while the soul sinks in revery, — and the scene is changing. And then the clarion-voiced trumpet speaks; the lights flash forth again; and the curtain rises on another act, even as the morning shadows are rolled backward, revealing the brightness of a new day.

So they sped by. Hoyt had returned from his run through the provinces, full of enthusiasm, and as brown as a berry, while the oil had gummed in the bearings of Wellford's bicycle.

"Manning, don't you want to take a little run 'round the Bois de Bologne this afternoon? I think it might revive pleasant recollections of old 'cycling days. You saw Miss Mayne only yesterday, you know."

"I don't see what Miss Mayne has to do with it," the Englishman responded; "but if you can wait long enough for me to write a short note home, and post it, I will join you." Then, after a pause, he added, "I haven't heard from home for nearly ten days, and am feeling somewhat anxious, I assure you."

"No news is good news," Hoyt repeated lightly. "Let us start with the idea of making an afternoon of it, and, if we wish to take a longer run after getting out of the city, we can do so."

Wellford expressed himself indifferently concerning the proposition, and set about his letter. It was soon finished, and dressing, he announced himself ready for the start.

"Take along your map of the environs, Wellford, for we might have occasion to" —

There was a knock at the door. Hoyt answered it, and an envelope was placed in his hand.

"Oh, it's for you, Manning," he said, glancing hastily at the superscription; "the perfume is heliotrope."

Wellford opened the note, and, after reading, passed it to his companion.

"I'm real sorry, Ned, on your account; but, of course" —

"Yes, of course" — broke in his friend. He returned the dainty sheet and continued: "Oh, it's all right, old fellow, I have become hardened to these things, — calloused as it were; but, really, I don't blame you. No, I don't; not in the least. I only wish I might spend a couple of hours at the professor's in the same delightful company. Good-by. I am going out for a run *alone*. There, not a word! I'm used to it. I'm used to it — good-by!"

It was one of Ruth's "bright days," and her costume was the perfect complement of the mood. As Wellford entered the parlor at the hotel, when he called for her, the vision which suddenly appeared to him was one which lived in recollection and came to him again and again in other days as a sweet, yet sad memory.

Her dress was plain and simple, — of some creamy, soft stuff which gave her an appearance of airy lightness. A bit of old lace, caught in fluffy folds, with just a touch of color to relieve it, was held in position at the throat by a spray of forget-me-not in pearls, upon black onyx. Her hat was of creamy silk to match the dress; two long white ostrich plumes sweeping away from another fluffy mass of old lace, a few folds of delicate pink ribbon entwined with it, forming a dainty contrast. From the chatelaine at her side depended a feather fan, and in her hand she carried a pink-lined lace parasol.

"Where is the doctor?"

Not that Wellford was particularly anxious to see him, for he asked the question chiefly for politeness.

"In some of the galleries, I suppose," Ruth answered, with a smile. "I used to

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regard Fred as merely an art amateur; but he is developing such a taste for art I shall not be surprised soon to hear that he is painting."

She was drawing on her gloves. An obstinate button refused to obey her fingers, and Wellford's assistance was invoked.

"Thank you! There — never mind the other one! Professor Gantier sends word that he has just received for examination a case of rare South American hummingbirds, and I knew you would like to see them. Fred says it is a remarkably fine collection."

They passed through the corridors and into the street, and were soon lost in the gay throng of pedestrians filling the sidewalks. Wellford's heart thrilled with pleasure, and his cheeks flushed with manly pride, as he glanced rapidly from the features of the fair girl beside him to the faces of the people about him, then back to Ruth again. Surely no other woman in Paris could be half so lovely — and he felt that all eyes were upon her.

Arriving at the professor's, they found the kindly old man in rare humor, and for a half hour or more listened to his entertaining anecdotes and drollery; nor did he forget the pretty shell-plates, or the fruit and wine.

Then the trays of birds were brought forth, — lying in rows like little corpses, all on their backs, with legs folded upon their breasts, and smelling offensively strong of camphor. The scientist explained that cabinet collections for study, or duplicates in series, were always kept in this way, a little dampening at any time rendering a skin fit for mounting by the taxidermist when desired. It seemed so wonderful to the young man that they all had names, and that the professor knew them; that oftentimes a single glance at the varied plumage or other characteristics enabled him to point out the individuals of a given species, and to separate the sexes. The professor permitted him to take them in his hands while he talked of their habits in a pleasant, instructive way, and the Englishman listened with keen enjoyment.

"I wish I could become a naturalist," he said, with a sigh, replacing beside its mates a dazzling gold and ruby specimen he had been examining.

"Do you really mean it, Mr. Manning?" the professor questioned.

"Yes; I would devote my life to it joyfully."

"You have only to begin," the old Frenchman answered. "Read upon general subjects for a year, and choose your specialty, — if you have not already a preference, — and find out what has been done in it; then try to *add* something to the world's store of knowledge by close application and patient endeavor. Don't begin for the mere pleasure of making a collection, or of amusing yourself for a few hours a day, as you would with a book of anecdotes, for that is not being a naturalist. Neither is the learning of a hundred or a thousand Latin names *science*, any more than the committing to memory of a hundred or a thousand abstract words from the dictionary is gaining useful knowledge, though both in themselves are not only useful but necessary."

"If only the fates were not against it," he said, dreamily, looking away from the professor's face. Then he took from the tray another specimen, contemplating it in silence, as it lay softly in his hand.

What was it that brought an expression of serious thought to the face of Ruth, as her eyes for the moment seemed to rest upon the tray of birds, but in truth gazed upon vacancy? She was looking into a dingy office in a great, noisy woollen-mill, and she saw a fair-haired English boy leaning upon a desk covered with ponderous books and dreary papers, while with head upon his hand he gazed dreamily through an open window; and in the distance, beyond the gloom of dust and dirt, and the clatter and clash of swift-revolving machinery, she saw the sunshine and green fields, the blue cloudless sky, and she faintly heard the murmur of a brook, and the notes of sweet-singing birds.

Wellford replaced the specimen. He glanced up quickly; their eyes met, and in that brief moment he knew, as he had never known before, the true depth of womanly sympathy.

How would he be able to escape the destiny which fate seemed now pointing out to him? Would it be right to disappoint his father's hopes, almost at the moment of realization? and had he the courage to step into the world alone and face that fearful tyrant, the demon of "bread and butter"? The forces were three against one: to enter the field of science involved the questions of duty toward his father, his own courage to meet the world, and strength to fight its battles, and opposing them was simple inclination. Truly, they were fearful odds.

The doctor returned to the hotel in the

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afternoon with his head full of a project to visit Fontainebleau sometime during the ensuing week. He was fortunate in meeting Wellford, who had just come from the professor's with Ruth, and the scheme was unfolded in all its details. The party was to include the Thornes, Hoyt and Manning, his sister and himself; and it was thought desirable to make an early start, and spend the entire day. Consulting a time-table of the Lyons railway, it was ascertained that the journey would occupy about two hours, and that it would be necessary to take a very early breakfast to gain time for sight-seeing. Then the day was to be considered. Ruth urged Tuesday, as Monday was too soon, and Grace had an engagement for Wednesday; but, as the palace was open every day in the week except Tuesday, Thursday was finally decided upon.

Hoyt was most favorably inclined to the project, and was pleased to accept the doctor's invitation without a second consideration, though he must have known that it had been given chiefly on Wellford's account.

The Englishman looked forward to the day with anticipations of delight. The occasion of his visit with Ruth to the professor's was the first time he had appeared with her in public, and the thought now of being her companion and escort for a whole day at Fontainebleau brought him much happiness. Whatever his feelings may have been previous to the visit, he was sure now of her friendship and sympathy, and he knew, too, that she found a pleasure in his society, — nor were such feelings on his part evidence of self-conceit.

The remark has been made, perhaps frequently, that men are quite apt to regard politeness and cordiality on the part of a lady acquaintance as evidence of growing affection, thereby laying themselves open to the serious charge of over-conceitedness. Unless a woman's evidence is very strong that a gentleman friend thinks her in love with him, — and she only judges so by his politeness and attentiveness, — she makes herself liable to the same charge of conceit.

A man is far more apt to feel that a woman does not love him than the reverse, until perfect mutuality of feeling has been established between them; and that man must be lacking indeed who imagines himself admired by every woman who does not treat him with cold politeness, if not rigorous prudery. The suggestion may be pardoned that the charge of conceit comes oftener from the prudes than the warm-hearted, outspoken ones who affect only their own true, lovable natures in their intercourse with gentlemen acquaintances.

Ruth Mayne affected nothing. Whether as her own friend, or as "Fred's friend," she admired Wellford for his manliness and principle, — qualities easily read in his face by any observing person, — and found pleasure in his society. That the young man was able to discern as much may be taken simply as evidence that he was not altogether blind.

In a day or two Wellford received his long-expected letter from home. It was from his sister; and he hurried to his room that he might read it quietly by himself, for his sister's letters were among the pleasantest which came to him.

When Hoyt returned, half an hour later, he found his friend reclining upon the bed, the open letter beside him, while upon his face was depicted an expression of unmistakable anguish.

"Wellford, my dear boy! What on earth has happened?" he exclaimed, excitedly.

Wellford lay with his hands clasped over his eyes a full minute without speaking, and then looked at his companion.

"I must go home," he said with effort.

He bit his lip and turned toward the window.

"Go home!" the American repeated in astonishment, — "to England?"

"Yes, I think it is my duty," he faltered. "They do not insist upon it; but father is sick, and it seems necessary." Then he arose, and, picking up the letter, which had fallen upon the floor, passed it to his friend. "You may read the last page, Hoyt, if you wish, and that will explain it all to you."

The page was as follows: —

all for the best.

We cannot tell how long papa will be sick, or if he will ever be strong again; but we think it would relieve his mind if you were at home, and could give some attention to his interests at the mill, which he imagines sadly neglected.

Of course that would bring your year of travel to a sudden and disappointing termination, though, as I have urged, it may prove for the best in the end. However, do that which you think is your duty in the matter, — to yourself as well as to others, — for papa's fears are more imaginary than real, and it is only that he worries *so much* that we have thought best to ask you to return at all.

With love from everybody, and hoping we may see you early next week, I will close.

Your loving sister,

GERTRUDE.

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P.S. — We thought best not to tell papa of our determination to write you to return, for we knew he would oppose it; but I assure you, Wellford, nothing would more speedily ensure his recovery. — G.

Hoyt placed the letter upon the table and sat down upon the foot of the bed.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"What *is* there to do?" Wellford demanded in return, now looking squarely into the face of his companion.

"I admit it's too hard a one for me to answer," he replied, lightly. "Do your duty, I suppose, if you know what it is."

"My *duty* is to go to my father."

"That settles it then!" the American rejoined, with indifference. He whistled a few bars from a popular opera, and continued: "If I were you, Manning, I should consider the matter calmly for a day or two before deciding positively, for the women folks may be more frightened than hurt. It seems your father hasn't *sent* for you, as I understand the postscript; but I won't bias you." He whistled again, and in a moment added, "That plays the mischief with the Fontainebleau business, don't it?"

It was a carelessly spoken remark, meaning little, yet suggesting much, and it called to the mind of the young Englishman a train of thought which filled his heart with bitter sorrow.

He had been thinking only of his father and the mill, and the matter of duty. He was thinking now of the weary *weeks* he had chased a phantom hope, and of the blissful *days* he had basked in the sunshine of a perfect realization. He was thinking now how he had dreamed of love, and had waked to find that love a reality; and as he felt the rude hand of a direful fate upon his shoulder, and saw that the finger of duty was pointing away, away, from this dream of happiness, he felt a spirit of rebellion rising within him.

Could he leave Ruth Mayne now? — perhaps forever. The friendship was too new to withstand the blight of separation, yet too dear to be so early consigned to dark oblivion. And where now was this simple admiration, this respect, this feeling of influence, as of an elder sister? The thin disguise had been stripped away in an instant, and he knew his true sentiments as he had never realized them before, and the thought of separation filled him with dismay.

"Write them a letter, Wellford; ask them to be more explicit about your father's illness. A week's delay can make no great difference with the family surely; but to you a week will make it seem far less like being torn away"—

Was Edwin Hoyt reading his mind? And why had he turned to the window without finishing the sentence?

He paced the floor in nervous excitement for some minutes, trying to reconcile his conflicting emotions; then, folding the letter carefully, he placed it in his pocket, and, without a word to his companion, left the room.

XV.

"Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone,
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul;
Can I cease to love thee? no!"

It was 9 o'clock in the morning, and Hoyt was just returning from the station where he had parted from his friend, who by this time, doubtless, was as far as Chantilly on his way to London.

He sought his room, and for a time busied himself in sorting and putting together the loose odds and ends of maps, guide-books, and memoranda which Wellford had left behind him in his flight. Then he sat upon the window-sill, and, leaning his head against the open sash, looked down into the street while he whistled monotonously. He was just beginning to realize how much the light-hearted Englishman had contributed to his enjoyment, and, as he turned and glanced around the room, a feeling of loneliness came over him which was anything but agreeable. So he put on his hat again and went into the street.

How filled with wavering indecision were the last days of Wellford's stay in Paris! The struggle 'twixt duty and inclination had been a bitter one; and, when finally the decision was made, he had torn himself away, almost in an hour, fearing that in a moment of weakness he might fail to carry out his resolution.

He had called upon Professor Gantier, and had spoken of the matter as far as was possible, — for it did not seem that the professor could have a suspicion of his love for Ruth Mayne, — and his friend, in all friendliness, had advised him to follow the path which duty so clearly pointed out to him. Even then he wavered, for *the* opposing element in the conflict — his love for Ruth — he felt the professor had not considered at all.

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Then the old Frenchman placed his hand kindly upon the boy's shoulder as he told him that neither the English channel nor the Atlantic ocean were wide enough to keep two hearts long separated that were beating for each other. Then Wellford gave a quick, surprised glance into the professor's face, and the scientist smiled, and said that, in such cases, what the whole world very well knew was usually an unrevealed secret to those most interested.

It was very pleasant to find a confidant at such a time; and, without pausing to consider whether he was doing right or wrong, Wellford told his friend the whole story of the picture, and how he had sought the original in every town from Rome to Paris.

"Cheer up, cheer up, boy!" said the old man. "The case is not so desperate as it seems to you. How do you know you won't be back again in less than a fortnight? Your father isn't dying, and you may be able to look after his interests and your own at the same time by running over to see us occasionally. Go home, by all means, Manning; find how your people are; stay with them a week or two, and then run off for a little business trip on your own account."

"Yes, professor; that is all very well as long as my friends remain in Paris," Wellford answered, doubtfully. "The doctor spoke of travelling in Germany during the latter part of the summer, you know?"

"My dear fellow, that needn't trouble you in the least. Fred Mayne has no idea of leaving Paris for the present, I assure you; for he is too deeply interested in *art*. Besides, I'll agree to keep you posted regarding his movements; for, when there is any match-making going on, I'm the busiest old lady you ever saw.

"Seriously, Wellford, I don't want to lose sight of you on my own account, for I like you, and have been thinking recently of laying out a course of study for you, as you seem so desirous of knowing something of the great universe of science. At the same time you have a good friend in Fred Mayne, — a better friend than you know; and while he holds you in such esteem I cannot think *he* will long lose sight of you. The doctor was just about your age when I first met him in Cuba, twenty years ago. He was travelling, as you are, without a definite aim beyond present enjoyment. I saw what kind of stuff there was in him, and, simply as a matter of duty, directed him toward the path which he is now following. Do not think I am taking one particle of credit to myself for his manhood, — he would have made a *man* of himself in any walk of life; but there are turning-points in the life of every man, and when the time comes a spider's web, a breath of wind almost, may sway him in a right or a wrong direction. I think you are coming to one of those turning-points, Wellford; and if I can help you make the man of yourself that Frederick Mayne has made of himself, I shall find an humble satisfaction in the endeavor."

Wellford was deeply touched by the kind words of the old scientist, and, with the resolve to speedily return to Paris, he said good-by, and hurriedly took leave of his friend.

The parting with Ruth had been a trial, for the knowledge of his deep love for her had only come to him when he knew he must leave her. How he had yearned to tell her of that love! But no; they were only friends, and the friendship was so new it would be presumption even to express to her the wish that they might meet again and know each other better. A devoted lover, yet hardly more than an acquaintance, he felt that he must see her again, even though it should be for the last time.

When he entered the room, and the girl came forward to receive him, it thrilled him with pleasure to notice how her face lighted up and its whole expression changed. She bade him a kindly welcome, but he knew he was welcome before she spoke; for there is no mistaking cordiality when it is genuine and springs from kindly impulses.

Ruth began talking at once of the proposed excursion to Fontainebleau, and of their plans for the day's enjoyment. Then noting the serious expression upon his face, with sudden surprise, she asked him if he had heard unpleasant news.

"I am going away," he said, with as much calmness as he could command.

"Going away!" she repeated, in astonishment.

He seated himself upon the sofa, while she dropped into a chair near to where she was standing.

"Yes; my father had a strange ill turn in the office over two weeks ago, and was carried home insensible. He is better now; but my sister thinks I ought to give up my vacation and return to look after the mill interests."

"I am *so* sorry!" she exclaimed, in

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tones of unfeigned regret. "You say he is better? Does my brother know you are going away?"

"I had hoped to meet him here to-night," Wellford replied. "I leave in the early morning train."

"But you are not going *to-morrow?*" she interrogated, with deeper surprise.

"Yes; to-morrow. They do not insist upon my return, and father does not even know that they have written me to come; but I feel it is my duty."

"Yes; it is your duty, of course," she repeated, "though we — my brother will regret it exceedingly." She paused a moment and then added: "And Professor Gantier will miss you too, for he always speaks so kindly of you. I think the doctor will return shortly; but I trust — of course you will wait for him — he did not say where he was going, but I know he would be very sorry to miss seeing you."

If she urged him to stay with her lips, her eyes implored it. He was quick to note the expression, and his heart gave a quick, glad throb; then the thought of parting came over him as the storm-cloud darkens a sun-lit summer landscape, and his face grew serious again.

He recalled now the professor's words, that "neither the English channel nor the Atlantic ocean were broad enough to keep two hearts long separated that were beating for each other." And, while he wondered how the old Frenchman had come to say such a thing, he felt that somehow the man had gained a truer knowledge of the girl's sentiments than he himself had been able to divine.

There was a feeling of surprise connected with the discovery, and coupled with that a vague fear that he might be mistaken; for he knew that, beyond worshipping her very shadow, he had never thought to win the love of such a woman. Was he not mistaken, after all? Had not the professor been mistaken? For, surely, she had never shown such kindly interest in him before. Yes, it must be true, he reasoned; and then came a thought which almost caused him to waver in his resolution to do his duty, — the thought that she had never really *loved* him until the present moment.

"Mr. Manning, I want to give you a little book Fred has just procured for you; but he never dreamed it would be a parting gift."

She arose, and taking from the table a small volume in dark-green binding and gilt edges, placed it in his hand. "It is called 'Memories,'" she said; "but is only an English translation of 'Deutsche Liebe.' Now that you are going away you can take it with you to read on the journey. It will doubtless recall to you our conversation on the subject of sentiment; and some day, when we meet again, you can tell me how you like the story."

"When we meet again," he repeated mentally. He turned the leaves of the volume absently, a dozen pages at a time, until the end was reached, and then closed it gently. "I assure you, Miss Mayne, it is my wish to remain in Paris," he said, with feeling. "I am giving up my vacation very regretfully, for no one knows how great a sacrifice it is to me." Then he began turning the leaves again. "Your brother is very kind to have taken so much trouble on my account; and I am sorry I was not able to read the book in German. I wish now, more than ever, to remain, if only for the pleasure of hearing you read it to me in English." Thinking he had said too much, he added: "My sister Gertrude reads to me a great deal when I am at home."

"But this is a story to be enjoyed *alone*," Ruth replied, "and to think upon when the last page is finished, — I was going to say, tearfully. You will return to Paris, I presume, when your father is better," she ventured. "I hope so, surely; for Professor Gantier has been thinking of taking you through the Natural History Museum in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and perhaps to some of the private collections. Those of the Museum of Zoölogy are unusually full and complete, that of Ornithology being considered the finest in the world. Then he wishes you to visit the laboratories, and to meet some of the workers who are spending their lives in the pursuit of knowledge, as you now think you would enjoy spending yours. You *will* return, Mr. Manning, won't you?"

"The professor is very good, and I hope I fully appreciate the kindly interest he has shown in me," Wellford replied, with feeling. Then he said, with a touch of sadness, "But my dream has ended; there is nothing left me now but the mill, — fate has willed it so, — and I ought to accept the inevitable without question. I shall return if possible, for there is much that makes Paris dear to me; though, doubtless, fate will dictate in this also, for at present the skies seem very dark."

"You told me once that Longfellow

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was your favorite poet. Do you not remember the lines, —

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all, —
Into each life some rain must fall, —
Some days must be dark and dreary."

"But, oh, it is so hard to wish to do one thing, and to be compelled to do another," he answered, "when there is no good reason for it."

Both were silent a moment, and then Ruth replied, —

"Yes, life is made up in part of disappointments. Nothing, surely, is gained by repining, save an increase of misery; and it is a part of my philosophy to try to look upon the bright side of everything, and imagine that what *shall be* has been wisely ordered for the best. Does Mr. Hoyt go with you to England? I think you said once you would return together."

"That was our plan," Wellford explained; "but he has decided to remain in France for the present, as he feels a delicacy in going home with me, under the circumstances, though I think it would make no difference."

"I wonder he did not speak of your going away when he was here last evening," the girl observed; "but perhaps he did not know it then."

"Last evening?" Wellford repeated, with surprise.

"Why — it *was* last evening, was it not?" Then she laughed, for it seemed ridiculous that there should be any doubt concerning so recent an occurrence.

"Yes, it *must* have been last night," Wellford assured her, recovering from his surprise, and assuming to know all about it; "for I spent a part of the evening at the professor's."

Although a trifling occurrence, he thought it strange that Hoyt should call upon the Maynes and not mention the fact, notwithstanding he had twice before called upon them alone. And now he remembered asking his friend where he was going, and of receiving an evasive reply. Was the American scheming to advance private interests in some way with Doctor Mayne?

An hour passed ere the doctor returned, — a happy hour, but all too brief, — the recollection of which, when far away, returned to Wellford as a tender dream, —

"touched a little.
By sad memories; * * made glad
A little by past joys," —

but brightening life, like faint winter sunshine, as its shadows gathered around him, —

"Mute, uncomplaining, yet most pitiful."

After the doctor's return there was another brief conversation, a few kind words, a few sincere regrets, and then the parting.

Would they ever meet again?

XVI.

"Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow."

On the morning of the Fontainebleau excursion Wellford's absence was sadly regretted by all save one. Even Hoyt *missed* his friend, and at times had been quite lonely without him; but he felt that the society of Ruth Mayne was a fourfold compensation for all the loss such absence may have occasioned.

Hoyt could make himself very agreeable in company when he chose. He appeared well and talked well, — almost too well at times, — and was perfectly familiar with those nice points of etiquette which mark one used to good society. He had met Frederick Mayne several times since their first introduction; and, by suave manners and gentlemanly deportment, was endeavoring to ingratiate himself with the doctor as a matter of policy. On the present occasion he knew no surer way to commend himself to the doctor's good graces than by a delicate attention to his sister; for he had been quick to discern that the doctor was very proud of his sister, and appreciated fully any little kindnesses shown to her. He had not calculated upon the presence of George Thorne, but in the early hours of the day, while the party remained together, even a casual observer could not have failed to note the feeling of rivalry between the two men. After viewing the palace, and making the round of its many apartments, lunch was proposed, and in the afternoon the party separated.

During the morning hours George made the discovery that the town was somewhat noted for earthenware and porcelain manufacture; and, at this stage of affairs, being rather more interested in ceramics than in the society of Ruth Mayne, — especially as she was provided with an escort, — he absented himself immediately after lunch.

Grace and the doctor desired to return

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to the palace to examine more leisurely its art treasures. Hoyt, however, was more drawn toward Miss Mayne than to art, so urged a visit to the vineyards in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau, as the grapes of the locality are something famous. She readily assented; and, securing a carriage, they were soon beyond the limits of the town.

There is much about the palace, or chateau, to interest an art lover; now a series of palaces, commenced in the latter part of the tenth century, it has been embellished by a long succession of kings. When it was renovated by Francis I., in the 16th century, Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, and other famous painters were employed upon it; a little later, the *Salle des Fêtes*, added by the same monarch, was splendidly decorated by Henry II., for Diana of Poitiers, whom he had created Duchess of Valentinois; and during the latter part of the 16th century Henry IV. constructed the immense *Galerie de Diane*. Louis Philippe also spent vast sums upon it in magnificent restorations, and other monarchs, from Henry IV. to Napoleon, made additions from time to time. Among its art treasures is the gallery of Francis I., containing fourteen pictures by del Rosso and Primaticcio.

To-day, for the first time, while they viewed these old relics of a bygone age, Grace became aware that the doctor's attentions were rather more marked than was usual in a mere passing acquaintance. If Doctor Mayne had only seemed to her such an acquaintance she certainly did wrong in encouraging his attentions, though it was in a degree pardonable, for the doctor had met her upon the common ground of art, and enlisted her friendship as one of its devotees. But the veil had suddenly fallen, and she almost feared — while hoping that it was not true — that the doctor stood before her a lover.

Yet where had she ever met a kinder soul or a more kindred spirit? It had been a pleasure to feel that she possessed the friendship of such a man, and could avail herself of his fine discrimination in art matters, or gain useful knowledge from his wide observation. It had been a very delightful experience, and now it was the old story of love, *love*, LOVE! She was disappointed, vexed, chagrined, and considered the expediency of putting an end to it at once. Then, taking a more practical view of the case, she reasoned to herself that if a man could be so silly as to fall in love because a woman had given him her friendship, the consequences should fall upon his own head. So she hardened her heart, prayed that he might come to the point as early as possible, and receive his dismissal, and, resolving to give herself up to such enjoyment of his society as she might get out of it, in an art sense, resigned herself to fate.

The impression had not come upon her suddenly. She had been thinking about it for a week past, — nay, she had been all but sure that it was so, — and the experiences of the morning had only confirmed her in the belief.

This afternoon, as they found themselves in a lovely portion of the park[1] adjoining the chateau, and listened to the falling waters of a fountain near them while they rested upon a rustic seat, the girl was thinking intently.

After a brief silence the doctor reopened the conversation.

"You are in one of your thoughtful moods," he said, kindly.

"Yes," she replied, dreamily, gazing away into the distance, "I was wondering if I shall ever become famous."

The doctor laughed pleasantly.

"Miss Thorne, do you really wish to become famous?"

She turned her head, and looked calmly at her companion, as though studying him.

"Do not imagine me vain and susceptible to flattery from my remark," she answered, with slight feelings of pride. "I am not so."

Still she gazed into his face, while thinking whether it would not be best to explain her meaning.

"It is not that I desire the world's empty applause," she continued; "for the world will never know, or care to know, what toil and sacrifice my laurels may have cost me. There will be sufficient reward in the self-consciousness of *having* fairly won them."

"Ambition to succeed for the sake of success is always praiseworthy," the doctor suggested, thoughtfully. "I can almost imagine your feelings of pride at having your first picture accepted, for that was the beginning of success."

"Pride! Doctor Mayne?" she repeated.

"Pride would have been natural, surely."

[1] The forest of Fontainebleau contains 40,000 acres, and in portions the scenery is truly magnificent. There are beautiful fountains, waterfalls, and lakes, and many adornments of art, such as statues, temples, etc.

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She smiled coldly, but went on, —

"I have never told you of the bitter disappointments which for two years preceded my acceptance. I shall never forget the submitting of my first picture, or the mortification I experienced at having it sent home again. And when I entered the gallery afterward, and saw, hanging in honored places, other pictures no better than mine, — for so kindly disposed artist friends assured me, — and saw things *I* would not have owned, admitted and hung, it cut me to the quick, and I vowed I would make them hang my picture, if it took a lifetime. Even *then* I dreamed of becoming famous, that I might be even with these wise gentlemen, and labored and struggled on until, at last, I *was* accepted.

"It gave me pleasure, of course, to see my pictures hung, but it was not the triumph I had anticipated; for, seeing them with the works of old artists, I began to realize how long and steep was the way before me. One, a landscape, was placed 'upon the line,' and another even attracted the notice of one of the critics, who praised it in a line and a half of newspaper type, but it was not *enough!* I wanted to be known, and to feel that my pictures had a value, — that they were so good people would be willing to buy them; and then a new ambition seized me. I vowed to devote my life to art, — to work until I was recognized by the *world* and proudly acknowledged.

"You may smile, doctor, at a girl's ambition; but I have taken the vow, and *nothing* now will ever change me from my purpose. Consecrated to art, art shall fill my earthly existence, and after that, — well, a little fame in life goes a great way after death."

The doctor was serious and thoughtful. He had been looking into the earnest face of the girl during the recital; and as she turned away he glanced to the grass beneath his feet, and seemed to be in reverie.

"It is a worthy ambition," he said, at length; "but having reached the highest pinnacle of success, which, grant it, you will reach, may there not come the same disappointment, though in tenfold degree, as that experienced when at last you saw your pictures hung? You remember, doubtless, that Alexander wept when there were no more worlds to conquer. Then there is the uncertainty of success, you know, which may crown a life-long effort of toil and sacrifice with the bitterest of regrets. Have you fully considered the possibilities of failure? — for we are none of us but mortal, and a woman often meets with the unkindest of opposition simply because she is a woman."

"Yes, doctor," Grace answered, calmly, "I have considered all. Have you forgotten the words of an English poet upon this theme?

> "'Godlike 'tis
> To fail upon the icy ledge and fall
> Where other footsteps dare not.'

"I do not fear the dangers of the icy ledge. If I succeed, the success is *mine*. If I fail, none there will be to share my disappointment, and the consciousness of honest and unremitting effort will, I think, sustain me in my hour of failure."

"Would you wish to be *alone* in the hour of your disappointment?" the doctor asked earnestly. "At such a time the kindly sympathy of a true friend should come as a precious boon to soften the suffering."

"Doctor Mayne, do you believe in disinterested friendship?"

She was looking straight into his eyes now, calmly, unflinchingly.

"I have sometimes dreamed there might be such a thing," he answered, evasively. "What do you mean by disinterested friendship?"

He now returned her gaze with a depth of earnestness as though he would read her inmost soul, and as the quick reply flew to her lips she unconsciously evaded the glance of his piercing black eyes.

"A friendship which asks *nothing in return*," she said, in a low, calm voice.

"Which asks nothing in return? Would such a friendship be worthy of possession? *Is* such a friendship an earthly possibility, Miss Thorne?" he questioned, almost pleadingly. "Are you, yourself, capable of such a friendship? Think of it! No, no, you do not mean that! You mean an unselfish friendship, a kindly interest in the welfare of one worthy the name of *friend*, influenced by no sordid motives, — in short, a friendship which does not ask, but demands in return a like friendship. This is what you mean, is it not?"

"I hardly know what I mean," she answered excitedly. "I only know I have had many friends in this brief existence that I thought were dear to me and — *lost them*. It is the experience of life," she said, with a sigh. "There is no such thing as pure, lasting friendship, for if our friends do not soon tire of us, we" —

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She paused, looking down to the grass a moment, and then, with a change of manner, said, "Your sister and Mr. Hoyt have doubtless returned from their ride. Let us join them."

"At your pleasure, Miss Thorne," the doctor responded courteously, rising to go.

Then he hesitated, and stooped to pick up her glove, which had fallen at his feet. As she was taking it from his hand, he held it lightly a moment, as if to detain her, and as she glanced up quickly he repeated her unfinished sentence.

"'If our friends do not soon tire of us, we' — may I hear the remainder of the thought?"

"*We tire of them!*"

He released her glove, an expression of pain stealing over his features, and, after a momentary silence, spoke of the weather, while they turned their steps toward the busy town.

Hoyt enjoyed his afternoon with Miss Mayne greatly. It was true she was diffident, and somewhat distant, as they had met but a few times since the first introduction with Wellford. But, notwithstanding, she had been very agreeable, and the American felt, even before their return, that the newness of the acquaintance was wearing off very naturally.

The genial Englishman came in for a fair share of the conversation, Hoyt speaking far more warmly in his praise than might have been the case had not his fair companion "set the fashion." Hoyt was puzzled to know the precise nature of her regard for his old touring friend, for there were so many echoes of "my brother," and "the professor" in her sentiments that he hardly knew what to think. It was plain, however, that the girl regarded him very kindly, whether a tenderer sentiment had invaded her bosom or not.

It may seem strange that Hoyt should be puzzling his brain in the least over such a matter; but, in the light of recent occurrences, it was a very natural direction of thought. He knew that the Maynes moved in the highest social circles at home; that they were people of wealth and influence, and that the mere matter of their friendship was considerable to any man. Then he was possessed of the usual vanity of all good-looking men between twenty-one and thirty, who, without pausing to reason on the subject, feel it in their power to make any woman like them.

At the present time "like" was a sufficiently strong word to use in his own case, though there was a vague suggestion in his mind that prouder girls than Ruth Mayne had been brought to "love" even less favored mortals than himself. However, he hardly allowed himself to think so far into the future, though ready for any contingency. In the present case a contingency worth several thousand a year might or might not be worth facing, — time would answer the riddle.

In the meanwhile what was his best course? If the girl really regarded Wellford as a *very* good friend, a far different policy would need to be pursued in his relations with her than would be the case were her feelings otherwise. He did not wish to arouse her prejudice at the outset, neither did he propose to allow the Englishman to stand in the way of his own possible advancement or ambitious schemes. Between the two horns of the dilemma, therefore, he felt it would be necessary to call to his aid the utmost diplomacy, and await developments.

[To be continued.]

HOW WE WENT TO MONACO.

"COLONEL, wake up! Hurry, and dress yourself! We'll have a cup of coffee, hunt up a couple of bicycles, and ride to Monaco for breakfast."

The place was Nice; the time, December, 1882, and the speaker the elder of two Americans who had arrived at the "Hotel Beau-Rivage" the night before. They had been travelling for some weeks American fashion, — that is, trying to see the whole world in the course of a three months' vacation. Fatigued when they retired, their sleep had been long, so that when the speaker — and writer of this — had at last been awakened by the grinding of the pebbles on the beach, and had pushed open the blinds, the sun was shining brightly upon the waves as they rolled lazily against the shore.

It was a glorious sight that met the eye as it looked from the window that morning. Directly underneath was the well-known

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"Promenade des Anglais," a road that had apparently been laid with stone and mortar by skilful masons; while just across it, and beyond the semi-tropical foliage that lined its path, was the white, pebbly beach, and the ever blue water of that fitful "summer sea," the Mediterranean. But it was not the white sands, the sparkling waves, nor the villa-crowned hills, which came down to the shore on either side, that most strongly fixed the admiring gaze of the American. At home he was a "rider of the wheel" for pleasure and for health, doing his best to gain both in the face of long winters and rough roads. For hours the previous day, in travelling over the railway from Marseilles to Nice, he had leaned out through the car window, and watched

> "With a pain that was almost a pleasure,
> And a pleasure that was almost a pain,"

this same glistening white road as it wound its way along. Sometimes it ran through groves of olive trees; sometimes under walls yellow with the bending boughs laden with ripening oranges; and again it showed itself, clean-cut, half-way up the side of some steep, rocky headland which ran out into the sea, but always so smooth and perfect that the bicyclist was almost wild with desire to test it with the wheel. Therefore, when, just at nightfall, they arrived at their hotel, one of the first questions had been, —

"Is there any place in Nice where we can hire, borrow, or beg a couple of bicycles for a few hours' ride?"

The answer was fairly satisfactory. The porter — most of your readers are aware that all first-class hotels in Europe are "run" by porters — said he thought there was a place in the city where they kept wheels to let, and hence the call which fell upon the "colonel's" ear the first thing next morning, —

"Hurry up, old fellow! It's a glorious day for a ride, and we must get to Monaco in time for breakfast."

"But I never was on a bicycle in my life, and you expect me to ride the animal ten miles the first thing, do you?"

There was some force in the objection, to be sure; but the sanguine wheelman suggested that possibly they could find a tricycle, and any one could ride *that*. The result was, that after dressing, and drinking a cup of coffee, the tourists set out, under the guidance of a small boy, to find the dealer in bicycles.

I think I have never met a boy, with the exception of that particular one, who didn't know the exact location and full history of every bicycle in the town which happened to be favored by his residence; but this young "Nicer" *was* an exception, and so it was with considerable difficulty that we at last found the place. It was at the end of a crooked alley, leading off from a crooked street in the business portion of the city, and not easily discovered by any stranger.

The first difficulty was with the language. The lives of our tourists had been too much occupied in the struggle for bread and butter to admit of either of them having learned more than a dozen words of any other language than their own. So the first inquiries were met, on the part of the dealer in bicycles, by graceful shrugs and waves of the hand. But, at length, an English-speaking Frenchman came to the rescue, and the only wheel in the place that could be hired was "trotted out." It might well have been called an "Extraordinary." Like the gun "without lock, stock, or barrel," it was only the shadow of its former self, and was barely held together by wires, ropes, and glue. Sadly and longingly the bicyclist gazed upon it for the sake of what it might have been; but it was of no use. Two life insurance policies, which positively forbade the assumption of extra risks, and a "wake" family at home, were insurmountable barriers. Had they anything else with less than four wheels? Yes, they had two tricycles, and out they came. Not quite as many strings and wires as adorned their two-wheeled relative, but just as destitute of ball-bearings, adjustable gearing, and those other petty details that make up the modern tricycle. However, the ride we *must* have; and so, after a vast amount of oiling, dusting, and tightening of bolts, the start was made.

Now we were on common ground. Neither of us had ever mounted a three-wheeler before, and neither had the slightest knowledge as to whether they were steered by a rudder or paddle. It may therefore be imagined that, when we emerged from the alley into the crowded thoroughfare, the situation was somewhat interesting. If the intention had been to exhibit to the pleasure-seekers at Nice the architecture of an American "worm fence" the display would certainly have been a success. From one side of the street to the other we went repeatedly,

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one instant nearly running over some one, and the next barely escaping a like fate ourselves. The fact that we understood French swearing as little as the other branches of that versatile language doubtless saved us considerable annoyance. At length, however, we learned how to guide our machines, and, with rapidly rising spirits, paddled our way out of the busiest streets, and down to the matchless avenue which runs by the side of the sea, and has a world-wide reputation as the "Corniche Road." Then we turned to the left, towards Monaco and Monte Carlo. Our readers need not be informed as to the peculiar attractions that hover around those places. Possibly there is not a spot on the face of the earth where there is more to lure the senses and please the eye. To the wonderful natural beauty of Monte Carlo art has added everything which money can supply. It is the old story of "the spider and the fly," and the gilding of the web will be found by the poor victim who falls into it not to detract anything from its strength. The marble pavements of its gorgeous Casino have often been reddened by the blood of the miserable suicide; and, with all its charms, the thinking man cannot but feel that the crust of earth that separates it from Satan's kingdom must be very thin indeed.

But it was not for the purpose of moving the goddess of fortune that we proposed to visit the place. It was only to see with our own eyes a spot of whose beauties we had so often heard.

Well, for a time all went nicely, albeit we were obliged to make frequent stops to wipe the moisture from our brows and rest our limbs. I am satisfied that an army baggage-wagon could have been propelled over these roads with less "steam" than was required to run these superannuated tricycles. In addition to their other accomplishments, some creaking joint would occasionally give forth a scream that was certain to draw the attention of every passer-by. But we were having a tricycle ride on the Corniche road, and that was glory and pleasure enough for one day.

The magnificent drive followed the sea closely, its every turn revealing new vistas of beauty. Those who have visited Nice will remember that its harbor is formed by a deep indentation running far back into the land, around which the steep hills, covered as they are by pretty villas glistening in the bright sunlight, form an immense amphitheatre. Around this horseshoe the road winds, and so did we — or tried to. Coming to a point where two roads met, apparently equally good, but one going *up* grade, and the other *down*, we chose the latter, in deference to our shortening wind and failing limbs, hoping that it might prove to be the right one. It did not, for we soon found ourselves out upon a quay, among a lot of sailors, who were chattering in every tongue except the solitary one with which we were familiar. After an ineffectual attempt to inquire the way, knowing that the road must lie to the left, we turned in that direction.

Thereupon commenced our troubles. Every street we found seemed to be in the process of extensive repairs, and was full of broken limestone not yet ground into smoothness. Summoning to our aid all the French we could command, together with such abilities in the line of pantomime as nature had blessed us with, we hailed every few moments some passing Gaul with the question, "*Chemin a Monaco?*" Now, we suppose these words to mean "Is this the road to Monaco?" Whether that was or was not their translation, we have never yet become quite certain. However that may have been, the answer was always the same, — "*Oui, Messieurs*," and so on we went, every moment expecting to find the runaway road. It did not appear, and on we paddled until we entered what seemed a labyrinth of narrow streets or lanes, on either side of each of which arose a high wall of solid masonry. The air was filled with the perfume of the orange-blossoms, and everywhere the golden fruit was hanging from the trees. The song of birds mingled with the glad cries of the men and women working in their gardens, and the whole face of nature seemed to spread out a spell of enchantment such as should lure the senses of visitors from the frozen North.

But what we were seeking after was the road to Monaco, and therefore did not stay to admire the beauties with which we were surrounded. Every man, woman, or child we met was saluted with the same interrogatory, — the only one we could frame, — "*Chemin a Monaco?*" and from each and every one came the same reply, "*Oui, Messieurs.*" In justice to the Franco-Italian race, let me say that our pronunciation of these words was probably many shades removed from the correct one, even if their signification was what we supposed.

At length, after what seemed to be miles

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of this free-lance exploration, and just as we thought we could distinguish the coveted road just ahead of us, we suddenly emerged from the narrow, walled lane, passed through a stone gateway, and landed in the midst of a garden, in which were working men, women, and children in the picturesque costumes of that sunny clime. Ancient as our vehicles appeared, they were evidently entirely new and strange to our surprised hosts, who gazed at us in amazement, and seemed much in doubt as to whether we had descended from above or arisen from below. The "colonel" was much disgusted, and began to regard me in the same light in which the children of Israel, while in the wildernes, regarded Moses. We both certainly "longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt," for we were becoming very hungry.

However, we must make the best of an awkward quandary, and so, with hats politely removed, and all the bowings and scrapings that a few days' residence in Paris had taught us, we advanced towards the astonished group, and repeated our stereotyped question, "*Chemin a Monaco?*"

In a chorus, came the old answer, "*Oui, Messieurs.*"

That settled the matter in our minds: these French people were terrible liars, for it was perfectly apparent that this was not the road to Monaco, or anywhere else. It was necessary that we ascertain the truth, if possible, and we hurled at the amazed natives every word and sentence we could remember in any and every continental language, even finishing up with "*Spreigle sie Dietsch*" and "*Nix cum arouse.*" But it was of no use, and so, with a groan, we turned away, passed through the stone gateway again, and wearily pushed our machines up another narrow lane that branched off towards the east.

This exploration was soon completed, for the high stone walls gradually approached each other, like the sides of an "eel-rack," until we came to a place too narrow to admit our wheels. Investigation soon revealed the fact that the tops of the wall on either side were ornamented with pieces of broken bottles and other glassware in a manner calculated to make the nerves of ordinary mortals crawl, and prevent a very full view of the surroundings.

A consultation, hurried by the ominous howling of several dogs, and our now craving appetite, resulted in the retreat being sounded. Then came philosophy to the rescue, —

What had ever induced persons such as we, whose lives had been *sans reproche*, to think for a moment of visiting such a maelstrom of vice as Monte Carlo, anyway? No; we would never be induced to do anything away from home that we should be ashamed of while among our friends.

And so, weary, hot, and hungry, but supported by the consciousness of temptation resisted, we paddled our way back again, through the same narrow lanes, and under the same hanging foliage, until we reached the heart of Nice. But here a new difficulty arose. We had neglected to take the address of the party from whom our tricycles were hired, and, indeed, should have been in hardly better shape had we done so. There was nothing for it, tired as we were, but to ride up one street and down another, seeking for the mouth of the blind alley from which we had started on our pilgrimage. We asked no questions; we had had all the "*Oui, Messieurs*" we wanted; and, besides, free American citizens should be above asking questions. So on and on we went, with limbs almost ready to break off, fondly hoping every moment that the owner of our steeds might chance to see us and seize upon us, as having felonious designs upon his property. But no such good fortune came to us until, just as we had decided to abandon our machines in the street, and hire some coachman to drive us to our hotel, we found the wished-for haven, and were at peace. Our breakfast that day was taken after the most indolent pleasure-seeker in Nice had forgotten his; but was none the less relished by reason of our tricycle ride on the "*Chemin a Monaco.*"

Edward B. Sturges.

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AT THE BANQUET.[1]

Hurrah! hurrah! for the merry wheel,
With tire of rubber and spokes of steel;
We seem to *fly* on the airy steed
With eagle's flight in silent speed;
We coast the mountain, tour the vale,
List to the river's babbling tale,
Chase the mists of dawn, — the hour we love, —
Wheeling below till the sun wheels above;
Or under moon and starlight we ride,
Our Captain before, with Jim, our guide,
Jackson and George, Fred and Harry beside,
What matter a header now and then?—
Accidents happen to the best of men.
A coast may end o'er a granite wall;
The "Thank-ye-ma'am" may cause a fall;
But when o'er the handle-bar we fly,
Steady the nerve, and quick the eye,
Whatever the obstacle we meet,
And whether alighting on head or feet,
We're ever ready to mount again,
And our only care is the old machine;
For, finding the handles still unbent,
The tire held firm by good cement,
The bearings true, whether ball or cone,
The spokes unbroken and whole backbone, —
We thank our stars for that stout backbone, —
The stars beheld as we struck our own;
And we sing and laugh, as on we go,
At the clouds above or earth below;
With comrades true and a perfect day,
None happy as we and none so gay, —
So much for cycling sentiment;
We turn with hearty compliment
To welcome back our President
From Orient to the Occident.
While sailing o'er old Ocean's brim
Our wishes ever followed him.
Fancy the fleetest ship outran;
She rides a Cyclo-catamaran
Which spreads imagination's sail,
And speeds before to Innisfail,
Where coasting many a merry mile,
With Sturges still, through Erin's Isles,
By mountains green and ruins lone;
We see him kiss the blarney stone,
Hear his verdict, "No such roads
From hither to the Antipodes."

Thence o'er the channel broad and deep,
We sail as swift as thought in sleep;
At Scotia's mountains take a peep,
Find Albion in her mists asleep,

[1] Read at a banquet given to Mr. E. B. Sturges, President of the Scranton Bicycle Club, upon his return from Europe.

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And hasten to the Continent
In thought still with our President.
Now on his spokes the sunbeams glance,
On level roads of sunny France,
And now t'ward Italy they seem
From snowy Alps to catch the gleam
Of light like that which, bright or dim,
Flashes o'er our horizon's brim,
Athwart the stars, some autumn night,
In fairy beams of northern light.
Now on his wheel the moonbeams shine
Along thy banks, romantic Rhine.
Cyclist, heed not the Lorelei,
But speed thee on through Germany,
And quickly take thy homeward way.

Stars wheel their course, days cycling go,
Earth turns upon its bearings slow,
As o'er the waves, 'mid fog and snow,
The west winds on thy vessel blow.

But home at last old friends are met
Around the board, the banquet's set,
Cyclist, welcome! Welcome home!
Best land of all where'er we roam.

J. Eunice O'Brien.

A PILGRIMAGE A-WHEELBACK.

THE great, glittering wheel stood leaning against the side of the house in the morning sunlight, while I, its master and owner, bade good-by to the family. I stood upon the front steps in my natty costume, kissing them all in turn — except father. Young men never kiss their fathers! Mother, with her dear, smiling face and tender eyes; sister, beautiful, every whit, to me, as some other fellow's sister, — which means that she was very beautiful indeed; the children, — three little brothers and another baby sister, — winsome and strangely bashful, with their hands behind them; and Trip — yes, I kissed Trip, dear old fellow, or rather Trip kissed me, for I bent down my head, and he lapped my cheek with his warm, moist tongue. "Good-by," I cried; "I shall drop you a postal-card at every post-office on the route. Don't worry. I shall take good care of myself, and be home again, brown and tough as a nut, by the first of September. Good-by!"

"Be careful of yourself," reiterated father, as I backed down off the steps.

"Don't get your feet wet," urged mother. (Dear one! how did she suppose I should get my feet wet on the notched-steel pedals of my lofty "Yale"? But mothers always say that.)

"Be sure and write often!" cried sister. The little ones came crowding out, with never a word, but shining faces, to watch me mount my "Shadow"; and as the great circle began to turn upon itself, and the spokes flashed, and I swept by, cap in hand, they all cried out in piping chorus, —

"Good-by, brother!"

So I was off. I turned for a last look as I drifted out of the yard, and had the white road under me like a cloud under a bird. They all stood watching me still, — a beautiful picture, such a picture as a young man loves to carry away in his heart. Then the summer leaves shut them from my view, and I was fairly started on my pilgrimage.

Whither? To the White Mountains, the Switzerland of America. I had always longed to visit this wonder-land of height and depth, of sunshine and shadow, of peak and cliff, of valley and glen. I had heard such stories of its marvellous beauty; of the strange conformations of ancient rock; the stony face on the cliff; the giant

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boulder, held between the thumb and finger of the flume; of ever-changing scenery, now witching, now sublime; of the picturesque road winding up through the narrow Notch; of the Jacob's ladder up Mount Washington, and the weather-beaten house chained to its summit above the clouds. And now, adding romance to romance, I was to make my pilgrimage thither a-wheelback, in company with my sworn friend and chum, Oscar Redmond. We were both enthusiastic wheelmen, thoroughly in love with our machines and the glorious exercise they gave us. We had no longer a boyish ambition to fly; all that we ever imagined of the joy and exhilaration of wings was more than realized in the shining, silent steeds that bore us aloft over hill and dale. It would have been a romance for us to go anywhere upon our bicycles, much more to take with them the trip we had so often fancied together.

"Hurrah!" cried Oscar, as he met me at the corner of the roads; and I answered him, "Hurrah!" The trim Yale, built like our English thorough-bred, and the slenderer, more showy Harvard machine, all ablaze with polish, swept into line together, and glided swiftly down the village street. We had our course all mapped out, thanks to the big county atlases, and, if the actual roads were at all like the printed ones, we thought we could not possibly go astray. Right across the State of Vermont, eastward, we were bound, then through the hills of Western New Hampshire, and upward to the mighty group of giants, — the Statesmen of the North. "Oh, you cannot travel up hill and down with your bicycles," they had told us at home and in the village; but we knew better. Had we not been to the top of Knob Hill without dismounting, and up the steepest grades in all the country round about? Of course we did not expect to climb the mountains with our bicycles; but, so far as the carriage-roads went, we knew we could ride on our wheels. We had heard often of carriage tours through the White Mountains, and were confident that we could take the same trip upon our bicycles. Up the road through the Crawford Notch we proposed to ride, leaving our machines at Fabyan's to ascend Mount Washington by rail, and then mounting them again and continuing our course through Franconia Notch, and out at the opposite gate of the hills.

It was a beautiful morning in the early part of August when we started. The day bade fair to be warm, but the air was so clear and fresh, and the motion of our bicycles so easy and exhilarating, that it seemed to us we could have asked for no more favorable auspices at the outset of our trip. It was like play to us, in our comfortable Knickerbockers and canvas shoes, to tread the pedals, and feel the rubber-shod rims gliding under us, and see the road flowing backward like a river. My machine was just a trifle larger than Oscar's, — two inches more diameter of wheel, — but his tread was naturally a little quicker and more nervous than mine, so that with about the same expenditure of power we kept steadily and easily together. I think that was the happiest morning I ever knew. I remember how the currents of young life rushed through my veins like wine, — how I literally moved in air. There was the fascination of expectancy, — who does not remember that of youth? — the perfectness of the day, with sunlight everywhere, the joyfulness of physical health and strength, the pleasure of congenial companionship, and the indescribably buoyant and bird-like sensation of floating through the air, and treading space as a swimmer treads water.

At noon we stopped to eat the luncheon we had brought with us under some great drooping elm trees by the roadside. Our cyclometers registered twelve miles and a fraction over since the start, which we considered very good progress, considering the leisurely way in which we had travelled. While we were reclining in the pleasant shade and discussing the good things which our haversacks gave forth, a party of lads and misses from the little school-house on the hillside above came laughingly and hesitatingly down to look at us. There were some very pretty faces among them, — the girls I mean, of course, — and as they stood off at a little distance, or bashfully pushed and chased each other, and then circled a little nearer and stopped to cast blushing and mischievous glances at us, I am afraid we answered their bright looks with some very undignified smiles and winks, considering that we were both grave and reverend seniors in one of the great universities of the land. Indeed, having finished my luncheon, I was just on the point of inviting one of the sirens to approach and look at my machine, — had risen and doffed my hat for that purpose, — when suddenly the little school-bell rang spitefully through the summer noon, and the whole troop, with one lingering merry

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glance, bounded away and went laughing and chattering up the hillside.

We had our revenge, however, for when, ten minutes later, we climbed the hill on our flashing steeds and sailed into view before the school-house, the fascination was too great to be resisted, and both teacher and scholars poured out into the road, bare-headed, with their books in their hands, to see the marvellous sight.

On we glided, across the hill-top and down upon the level beyond and up the next incline like great birds sailing wing-and-wing. In front of us the Green Mountains raised their rounding wooded slopes, and back of us was the rolling plain, with grove and hill and meadow stretching to the distant shores of Lake Champlain, that glimmered like a silver cord beneath the horizon.

It was just purple twilight when we swept into S——, the little village at the entrance of the pass through the Green Mountain range. We dismounted at the tavern-door, in the midst of a group of men and boys, who did not hesitate to voice their astonishment and admiration in the most unqualified terms. If we had alighted from the wonderful carpet of the Arabian Nights' romance we could not have been the authors of more unbounded surprise.

"Wal, I've hearn tell of them bickles," was one fellow's sage remark, "but I'll be dog-goned if I didn't think they was the same kind of a thing as these hand-cars, with a fellow grindin' a crank on top of 'em."

We looked at our cyclometers, and found that we had travelled thirty-two miles since morning. When we communicated this fact to the curious crowd, an incredulous hum went up, and there was a general expectoration of contempt.

"Why there aint a hoss in this town that could do it!" cried a slouchy individual in a pair of immense cowhide boots. "When I seed you comin' in, you was goin' jest about as fast as my boy drives the cows. Thirty-two miles — huh!"

We did not stop to explain to our captious friend how deceptive the speed of the bicycle is by reason of the ease and smoothness of its movement; but, with a good-natured laugh at his simplicity, leaned our machines against the porch and went in to see what good cheer mine host could provide. We were truly hungry, and the soda-biscuits, and baked potatoes, and fried pork, and tea, which were speedily set before us, as speedily disappeared, to the great delight of the good dame of the house, who complimented us upon our appetites by promptly producing another and still more abundant supply of the savory viands.

The sleep of that night was sweet and wholesome, in spite of our tremendous dose of nightmare-provoking saleratus; and when our host called us to breakfast, an hour after sunrise, we felt each, like Antæus, refreshed by contact with strength-giving earth. We had brought our machines into the house directly after supper the previous evening, that they might not be rusted by the night-dew, or trundled away by some village vagabond who had a taste for expensive bric-à-brac; and, before starting, we oiled the bearings, and polished the spokes and all the steel parts with a bit of oiled rag.

Early as it was we had quite a number of spectators to see us off, as we pushed our bicycles out into the road again. A murmur of applause greeted us as we placed one foot upon the step, and, propelling the machine by successive pushes with the other to gain momentum, lightly swung forward into the saddle, and caught the pedals with the ease of practice. I was right glad to see our sceptical friend of the evening before driving down the road a short distance ahead of us, with, presumably, "the best hoss in town," and I proposed to Oscar that we should give him a brush. My friend was more than willing, so we put on an easy spurt and soon came silently up with the doubter, who was jogging along at a very fair pace.

"Good morning!" I cried, cheerily, He started in surprise, and turned bodily around upon the seat. "You've got a pretty good horse there," I continued.

"Best hoss in town!"

"Well, what do you say to a little race? We don't want to leave you with the impression that a bicycle is only fit to drive cows with. Come on. You drive ahead as fast as you can, and if we don't come up alongside of you in ten minutes, why we'll give in that you know more about bicycles than we do."

The farmer was a little bit staggered by my confident tone, and the easy way in which our noiseless machines kept close behind his rattling wagon.

"Gimme a start?" he inquired.

"Yes; we'll give you a start from here to that big rock beside the road, ahead."

"And git down off and wait?"

"Yes, right here."

"Wal, I'll do it. Hop off." We dis-

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mounted, and the farmer pulled his whip from the socket and got ready for a grand display of speed. "I'll yell when I git thar!" he shouted, turning around to us and swinging his whip. We nodded, and prepared to mount on the instant. Just as the hind wheel of the farmer's wagon passed the stone, he arose to his feet and emitted a stentorian shout, —

"Go!"

And we went. In less than a minute we were bowling along over the smooth, hard-beaten clay road on the wings of the wind. Ahead of us, dimly revealed in a cloud of dust, we could see the form of the stalwart farmer bending and bowing like a wind-shaken reed as he plied the lash, anon turning his face in swift, backward glances to note our progress, and then fairly hanging upon the dashboard as he lashed and prodded and belabored his galloping steed. Oh, that was a glorious spin, in the cool of the morning! The great wheels fairly sang as they revolved beneath us. Rod by rod we gained upon our shouting rival. The wind whistled past our ears, and our shadows on the dewy grass by the roadside were like the shadows of clouds going over the meadows. Oftener and more often the set face turned to us from out the cloud of dust; and, as we drew nearer and nearer, we could hear the thick-falling whacks of the whip-stock upon the poor horse's flanks. "Let's put him out of his misery," laughed Oscar; and his voice sounded queerly, like the sound of a ringing bell swung swiftly in the hand. Then we spurted. The delicate and sensitive machines seemed to gather themselves together for a final effort, — they almost seemed to share the enthusiasm of the race. There was a slight down-grade in the road, and a long hill rose opposite. Our object was to pass the team and lead it up the ascent. No bird, I think, could have flown more swiftly than we flew down that smooth slope. Almost before we could guide our machines aside, the dust of the thundering wheels was in our faces, and then, so close that we almost grazed, we whistled by, Oscar upon the right, I upon the left. I have a distinct and ludicrous remembrance of the look of utter amazement upon the farmer's face as we passed him; of the suspended whip; of the wild and apparently non-progressive bounds of the terrified horse, — and then we came sweeping together again in the road, our cheeks glowing with exercise and excitement, and had a friendly brush to the foot of the hill, in which, to put it modestly, the raw-boned Yale racer left the well-bred Harvard steed half its length behind.

I must not stop to tell you of all our adventures by night and day as we passed the rocky borders of Vermont and swept through the hills of New Hampshire. Sometimes we slept in barns, in the fragrant hay; and once a farmer's pretty daughter surprised us there, asleep, in the morning, as she came out to hunt for eggs. I need not add that some of the eggs, with which we helped her fill her broad-brimmed straw hat, travelled onward with us a couple of hours later. We met all sorts of people, and had all sorts of conversations, from a rapid exchange of wayside greetings to a deeply philosophic talk with an atheistic country squire, that lasted from seven o'clock in the evening until two o'clock the next morning. At last we came to the entrance of the grand old White Mountains, and began to make our way slowly into the heart of their magnificent scenery. As we wound up and up through the woods, always with the cool, crystal sound of a brook upon one side or upon the other, and anon glided out into rocky clearings, above which rose the barren hills in awful majesty, our love for the grand and beautiful in nature was gratified and deepened as it never had been before. We spent three days in Crawford Notch. We dismounted, and walked twice across the famous railroad trestle spanning the dreadful chasm near the gate of the Notch. We stopped and gazed long upon the dreary track of the land-slide which buried the Willey family, leaving their house, from which they had fled in terror, all untouched. No one lives in it now. It stands there silent and deserted, the only monument of the unfortunate ones who once made its walls their happy home. One night, too, — a night I shall never forget, — we spent in a little deserted cottage, directly opposite the scarred and precipitous side of Mount Webster, the most inaccessible and terrible-looking mountain in New England. No foot, they say, has ever been set upon its frowning summit. It rises sheer and bald above the Notch, a wall of crumbling and frowning rock. All night long we could hear the great boulders loosened from its side, go crashing down the cliffs, with a rumbling and echoing sound, like the bowling of the balls that Rip Van Winkle heard in his midnight excursion among the Catskills. At Fabyan's we ascended Mount Washington upon "Jacob's Ladder," as

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the railway up the mountain is called by tourists, and, spending the night above the clouds, saw sunrise from the forehead of the monarch of New England mountains. The next day we returned to Fabyan's, mounted our wheels, and set out for Franconia Notch.

All through the lovely region we had traversed thus far we had not seen a single wheelman. In the door-yard of a mountain cottage, however, on the way to Franconia Notch, we saw a little hatless fellow, with a tremendous grin on his butter-ball of a face, mount a grindstone and attempt a parody in pantomime by treading the crank with his bare foot. The broad smile turned to an expression of painful and grieved surprise, however, when the violent rotary movement thus imparted to the grindstone threw its would-be rider head-first into a large pan of sour milk, set forth for the delectation of the chickens; and when we last looked back we could still see him blustering and wiping his tongue with the cuff of his sleeve, as though he would fain proclaim, in the words of the immortal bard, to all who had witnessed his catastrophe,— "Why do you stare? I am no chicken!"

If Crawford Notch is grand and awe-inspiring, Franconia Notch is equally remarkable for beauty and variety of scenery. As we wound swiftly through this incomparable pass, with its wooded slopes and rocky ravines, and here and there a sparkling meadow, green below as the sky is blue above, and the mountain-thrushes singing sweetly far off among the damp, cool leaves that mark the brook's course, we could not help thinking of Paul Hayne's beautiful lines: —

"The great sky, the royal heaven above,
Darkens with storms, or melts in hues of love;
While far remote,
Just where the twilight smites the woods with fire,
Wakens the multitudinous sylvan choir;
Their innocent love's desire
Poured in a rill of song from each harmonious throat."

I remember well when we first wheeled in sight of the great stern face of stone. It was in the early evening, and the grim features were touched with the last faintest gleam of sunset. Terribly real and human-like they looked, up on the cliff-side, — like the face of a woman looking out into the darkness with an infinite longing and an infinite despair. We returned again the next morning to look at it, and then it seemed less awful and real, but none the less majestic and strange. We passed underneath the great suspended rock in the Flume, holding our breaths lest it should choose that particular time to fall, and so bring to an abrupt termination the pilgrimage of two adventurous wheelmen. We saw all that was to be seen. We took our time, and often stopped two or three days in places of especial interest or beauty. But at last we came to the other gate of the highlands, and sallied forth into the prosaic lower world again. The ride home was made in four days, — two hundred and seventy-nine miles. We looked like bronze statues when we got back, and we had such terrible appetites that the family provision had to be increased just one half. "I didn't get my feet wet, mother," I said jokingly at breakfast-table the morning after my return.

"And you didn't write but once," retorted my sister, reproachfully.

"Well, so I didn't, sis," I replied, somewhat abashed. "But then, when a fellow loses his pencil in a hay-mow, and crumples up his postal cards so that you wouldn't know them from a bunch of soiled paper cuffs, he has some excuse, you know."

And they admitted he had.

Paul Pastnor.

FROM APRIL TO JUNE.

I.

We knew we were not the first married people who had had misunderstandings, though we both seemed to try to understand. It went along month after month, until my wife said she couldn't bear it any longer, and told me frankly that she couldn't live with me in this way, and must go away — somewhere. So we agreed to see what a temporary separation would do for us.

We had known and seen so many happily married people, as well as many others whom we knew were completely miserable in looking back, and more hopelessly forward, that, before starting life together, we had agreed that in the latter cases, under similar circumstances, life would be unbearable to us, and we would find a remedy some way; that life was short, at best, etc., etc. Yet here we were, less than two years married, growing farther apart every day, and less happy, scarcely realizing why.

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One thing she said, I continually aroused her combativeness as no other person had ever done, awakening a resistance in her nature that she never knew she possessed in such a degree until she married me. And, in return, I told her that she tried my patience more than any living being, and, sometimes, beyond its utmost limits.

When the good-byes were said, I remember the regretful look in her eyes as she said, "I am afraid sometimes, Albert, that you do not love me;" and, hard as it was to part from her, and in such a way, in the endeavor to conceal my emotion, I, perhaps coolly, replied, "I shouldn't wonder if there was something of the kind the matter on both sides." She made no answer to this, but said "Good-by" once more. Only two weeks since she went away, and it seems two years. There! there! I'll be a man, and not a silly, lonely boy. I guess I can manage to get along without her some way very well. I'll ride; I'll walk; I'll write, read, and smoke. Oh, there are plenty of ways to occupy one's mind, and get out of one's self—confound it!

II.

Two weeks since I left home. Home! It wasn't a home in the true sense; for it lacked nearly everything but external comforts. Still—if "the home is where the heart is," I think—I will not be so foolish. I can scarcely believe I possess a heart, or I should not be the woman I am, and here. Oh, I shall get along by myself, *all* alone!

How beautiful, how quiet it is here! The view from this window alone would charm the eye, and warm the heart of any sensitive, appreciative beholder. Nature's restfulness a night like this should calm all inward restlessness. Strange it does not mine. Ah! there are some bicyclers coming around that curve in the road. I'll watch them. Perhaps my husband is with them. But, no; I am sure he would come alone for me. How often he used to laugh at me, and say it seemed the height of my ambition to ride a bicycle. Well, I couldn't think of anything that I imagined would make me happier sometimes, when he would mount his wheel at the door, and ride off. The thought of being able to do the next thing to flying, your own will the *master* of the thing you guide, few unseen obstacles in the way, giving courage to conquer the seen, if there are any.

I remember saying to my husband once, when he left home looking very sober, and came back with his face lighted with real pleasure and the healthful glow of exercise, that it seemed to me there were more recreations and pleasures in life, at any rate more panaceas for lack of pleasures, for men than for women. He replied (though I don't believe he really meant it), "You women don't ask for them, thereby creating a supply for the need. A woman's way, if anything is the matter, is to think, and *feel*, principally the latter, instead of actively taking hold of some kind of work or diversion." I always seemed to provoke such replies from him, though there isn't a better or kinder-hearted man in the world, I know.

If a woman's only true place is in the home, and her mission to make it happy, then, indeed, my life is a failure in spite of my efforts. But what's the use of sitting here so down-hearted? I came to get rid of it. I'll take a walk.

III.

"It seems to me 'twould be better to go back the same way we came, and take the first road to the right after we get around the curve, for I am sure we ought not to have come this way," said one of three bicycle-riders to his two companions.

"All right," replied the others.

"Look at that house over yonder, George," continued the first speaker. "I wouldn't object to the daily view one would have from those upper west windows for a morning tonic and evening sedative, would you?"

"'Tis fine, that's a fact," answered the person addressed as George.

"I caught a view of a woman's face at one of the windows, as we passed before, that attracted me. Did either of you notice it?" asked the third gentleman, who had not spoken until now.

"No," they both replied.

"I believe there it is now, coming towards us. Yes, I am sure!" rather eagerly said the one who had seen the face at the window.

The three rode past her, meeting her interested half look at them with a sort of respectful response, as seemed allowable on the quiet country road under the circumstances.

"I don't think it would be a very grievous act of impropriety to ask her if she can direct us to R——, do you?" said Number Three, after they were some distance by, addressing the others.

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"You can if you want to," said One and Two, "and we'll dismount and wait here."

Turning his wheel, and quickly overtaking her, as quickly dismounting and raising his hat, he said, —

"Madame, pardon me; but would you be kind enough to tell me, as a representative of my party, the nearest, most direct way to R——?"

In a full, but sweet voice, that was an influence in itself, she replied, —

"I am not thoroughly familiar with these surroundings yet, as I have only been here a few days; but I think you take the first road to the right after passing the curve. If you wish to feel more sure about it, the people in the second house on the left will gladly tell you, and more in detail."

"Many thanks, and I trust you will excuse the interruption of your walk," said the bicycler.

"There is nothing to excuse, and I should be happy to tell you more definitely if I knew," replied she.

Gracefully lifting his hat again, he mounted his machine, rode to the house she had mentioned, and after a few moments joined his party, and told them the result of his inquiries.

"We never knew before that you were such a susceptible fellow," said one of his companions, laughingly, after he had told the result of his inquiries.

"Why didn't you go to the house first?" asked the other.

He made no reply to either, and seemed unusually indifferent to their attempted jokes.

It has always been unexplainable, and probably always will be, the instantaneous but lasting impressions that men and women sometimes make upon each other, —impressions that, under favorable conditions, throw the remainder of their lives into real and actual association, of greater or less intimacy, for the happiness or misery of all concerned; and, on the other hand, if not amounting to this, never wholly losing power to influence at different times, and in different ways, all through life.

This woman who, from a moment's conversation, had been able to cause immediate and noticeable abstraction and inattentiveness on the part of the man who was always one of the most attentive and appreciative companions, had brought such a moment to his life, though he did not at once realize it in any great degree; but he did realize that he meant to see her again, somehow.

It was not so difficult a matter, after all; for, in his inquiries and short conversation at the house to which she had directed him, he had learned that summer boarders were solicited. And following the thought came others as quickly: that vacation time was near at hand; what a place it would be for a man to *rest* in, to ride in, to fish in! etc. All the country around was attractive and picturesque; roads good; fishing good, so they told him; and besides — oh, well! let that take care of itself.

In a week more he and one of his friends were domesticated at the house.

IV.

I NEVER thought five weeks in a man's life could be so long. Can there be any way or anything that I have not thought of towards solving a problem that will turn the scale of two lives for the future years, for happiness or its reverse? I begin to know my wife since she left me, — to see and understand her better, I think, than when she was with me. I begin to see now that it was possibly the strong, intense individuality of her nature, coming in close contact with mine, that irritated and annoyed me, and aroused my impatience. I used to think often, before we were married, that her will would be hard to bend to another's; and yet, she has the noblest heart, — kind, loving, impulsive, forgiving, charitable, high, and sincere in all its motives, but yet in constant conflict with her head. I have appreciated the head; perhaps I have not studied the heart enough. This letter before me doesn't help matters much in that direction, however: —

M——, June 10, 1882.

MY HUSBAND: — Believing that every sincere letter is worthy of an answer, I answer yours, though I understood you were not to communicate with me.

It almost seemed like a love-letter, and that you missed me very much; but I dare not call it so, and attribute its being sent out of regard for my personal comfort as to manner of every-day living, etc. I thank you, and am glad to write that I am very comfortable; in fact, this is an unusual place in every way.

One funny thing I must tell you, and a joke I rather enjoy; they all call me *Miss* Woodbury. In answering the advertisement, of course I signed my name as usual, Emily A. Woodbury; and not being inquisitive people, and I not correcting their mistake, they took it for granted I must be *Miss*, I suppose, — an old maid with some means, very likely, and here for rest and quiet.

After I had been here a week two other ladies came, — a middle-aged lady and her very pretty young sister, — and a day or two later two gentlemen made their appearance. It seems that they were attracted by the beauty of the place when riding by a few days before on their bicycles. They are all really

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very delightful people as it happens, and a good deal of the same mind, as they like to be let alone when they feel like it. Mr. Arnold and Mr. Barker (the two gentlemen) have made some very pleasing discoveries in riding around the country on their bicycles; and last night, for the first time, but perhaps not for the last, the two gentlemen, on their bicycles, and Miss Raymond and I, on very fair saddle-horses, rode several miles and back, reaching home about nine o'clock, finding a nice little lunch awaiting us. Mr. Barker says he often rides this way with his sister.

All this in answer to your inquiries as to my surroundings; and towards you, as you ask "how" so earnestly, like the friend I always mean to be.

Sincerely, EMILY.

P. S. — If you *want* to write occasionally, I shall be glad to answer.

Humph! Miss Woodbury! Two gentlemen bicyclers! Two lady horseback riders! Nice little lunches!

I can see pretty well, what my wife will be the last to see, what will come next on the programme; for she is an attractive woman, and unusually unconscious of it. If she would only tell them she is married I should feel better satisfied. However, I'll not fret about it now as she seems to be having a good time. And I'll bear this way of living as long as I can, anyway until we can come to a better understanding some way.

V.

"Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain, which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain."

HE had not meant to tell her so soon, but everything helped to make it easy; the earnest impulsive nature within him could not withstand the magnetic power of the surrounding scenes of this closing of a "rare" June day, and the stronger magnetism of the woman sitting beside him. He told her in the sincere, ardent language of an earnest and whole-souled man, to whom love has come unexpectedly and as an unlooked-for possession, that he loved her, that as they were companions to-night for an hour, so he wished for her harmonious companionship for every future hour of life; and —

With a strange look upon her face, she interrupted him with, "Please, oh, I entreat you to stop for a moment; give me just a chance to think before you go farther." The look of distress on her face as she appealed to him he could not interpret, but it quieted him at once. After a few moments of silence she turned to him, and, in a voice filled with emotion, said, "It was my duty long ago to be frank with you; and if you can find it in your heart to forgive me for delaying it until now, it will be an hour that will stand out forever in my life. I am married; and, though not wishing or thinking of deceiving any one, I have allowed a mistake to pass uncorrected that was taken for granted as correct. I want you to believe that in our pleasant hours together I have had no thought or wish to lead you on to this. Tell me truly if you think I have."

"No," sadly, "you haven't," was his reply.

She went on: "I came here six weeks ago, to the house where we are boarding, to find respite, or relief, or remedy, or something, — I did not know what, — from troubles that hung like fast-gathering shadows over two lives. I have been contented to dream, to sleep, to ride, to be social, — in fact, to do almost anything to help find a way out, — and that the days have been pleasant in many ways I cannot deny. I cannot ask you, as maybe many women would, if you can forget at once, and simply be my friend. I have found out (though not perhaps until this very moment) that the man who really loves the one woman, or the woman who really loves the one man, cannot forget, and will never be resigned, more than outwardly, to be simply the friend. But I do ask you, with humility, to forgive me, — forgive me for having brought you to caring for me. Can you?" hesitatingly.

A longer silence, and then he replied: "Let me take your hand; let me look in your face, in your eyes. Yes, I forgive, though there is nothing to forgive. I thank you for giving me an insight into your noble womanly nature. If my love is a hopeless one, I can never deem it a foolish or frivolous one, when the object is the woman you are and will ever be to me."

After a silence that it seemed hard to ever break, at last finding courage he said, "You will not think me ungallant if I ask you to allow me to leave you here, after helping you to your saddle, as it will not be dark for two hours yet, and the way home is a safe and familiar one? I cannot go with you to-night." — "I had rather you would leave me," she replied, with deep but unspoken sympathy in her glance and tone; and with his help mounted the horse they had left grazing by the roadside, and rode away. After standing where she had left him for a few moments, he walked to his bicycle that was leaning against the stone-wall near by, and, wheeling it to the road, stood looking at it as if it were human; and, in a sort of under-

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tone, addressed it, saying, "You have been a good friend to me; you brought me health when I thought it was gone beyond return. Be my still dearer friend now. Help, in future days, to carry me where sunshine and brightness will shine into my inner life, that seems darkened forever. You brought me to her; you take me away from her; but still I do not blame you, and shall always believe in you, — my good companion, my faithful steed!" After having walked some little way by its side, he mounted and rode away; and, when all the inmates of "the second house on the left" were supposed to be sleeping, he rode into the yard, entered the house, and after leaving his machine in its accustomed place went to his room.

VI.

A THOUGHTFUL, tired man, sitting at a desk writing, with plenty of work heaped around him, is aroused by a knock at the door, enough to respond with a faint "Come in." He cannot see from where he sits who enters the door as it opens, but soon by his side he sees — "Emily!"

"Yes, Albert, I've come home."

"Dear little girl, lay your head here on my shoulder. Look in my eyes, Emily. Are you any longer 'afraid sometimes' that I do not love you? I know that you are not. Your dear eyes are shining with the new light of awakened love, and this is truly a joyous home-coming. Do I want you to tell me how you learned to know? No, my wife, I can guess; and I trust you now, ever, and always."

"Albert, I'm too happy to believe this can last, — that I am with you never to leave you; that you are mine, — I am yours. And I think I have found out one secret. If you will try and be more *patient* with me, I am sure I can be less impatient myself, more unselfish, more" —

"Stop, Emily! I am the one to ask this of you; and when I forget to be so, I deserve to forfeit the love that never came to me until to-day, in the same way; and while we may always be "friends," can we not be lovers too?"

"From April to June, from June to April; now, always, and forever, my husband, my friend, my lover."

H. I. N.

THE HOME OF THE SPRING.

WHEN the snow has all melted away,
And birds are beginning to sing,
Then, ho! for my wheel, and away,
To welcome the coming of Spring.

Her home is a hid-away nook,
Not far from a lonely old road,
By the side of a shy little brook,
Out of sight of a human abode.

The walls are of rocks and of trees,
All tapestried over with vines
Worked in queer arabesques by the breeze
That blows through the tall, spicy pines.

Its carpet of moss, soft and green,
Where the fragrant arbutus stars grow,
Is worthy the steps of a queen,
Or the prettiest girl that you know.

The windows look out on a beach,
Where over its glittering floor
Little waves come and lazily reach
For the grasses that nod on the shore.

'Tis a spot that a king, I believe,
Would gladly secure for his own;
'Tis an Eden with never an Eve, —
But I'll not always ride there alone.

Dudley C. Hasbrouck.

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WHY THE CLUB AVOID THE D—— ROAD.

It is quite true that the club does not take runs out on the D—— road. It is also true that the D—— road is one of the few rideable roads in this vicinity. The club will probably resume riding on the D—— road during the season of 1883; but the club deem it best to allow the healing effect of time to produce its perfect work before trying the D—— road again. But the club are not willing to submit to slanderous imputations which give various erroneous reasons why they avoid the D—— road. The club desire to say emphatically that the insinuations from various quarters that they daren't ride over the D—— road are unscrupulous falsehoods; also any and sundry intimations that the club are ashamed to go over that or any other road. In order to suppress at once all malicious and unfavorable reports, the club desire to say that the simple, natural, and only reason why the club suddenly ceased riding on the D—— road is merely because the club discovered that riding on that road was unhealthy, besides being unpleasurable; and the club rides principally for health and pleasure. Any club would do the same. If any club should discover that riding on a certain road would probably prove unhealthy, and would also be devoid of pleasantness, such club would naturally choose some other road. We appeal to the entire L.A.W. to say if this is not true. But, in order that the L.A.W. may fully understand our position, it is considered best to state all the facts plainly and truthfully.

On the morning of the day when the club made their last run over the D—— road, last season, the president, accompanied by Messrs. High, Lowe, Condor, and Littleweed, dropped into the drug-store, to hurry up Mr. Mixer, who is generally a little late at the meet. After drinking a glass of soda-water all around, Mr. Mixer said it would be a good idea to take some along. So he got out a flat bottle, which would hold a pint, poured it half full of fine old wine, and filled it up with soda. Then he took a sheet of thin red paper and wrapped it up, and laid it on the show-case, while he went into a back room to put on his bicycle uniform. While Mr. Mixer was gone, Mr. High reached over the counter and got a label which had on it, in big letters, "Rat Poison — Beware!" with a picture of a skull and cross-bones, and a bloated old rat with his legs kicking in the pangs of death; and Mr. Lowe got the gum-bottle, and they unrolled the paper, and pasted this label on one side of the bottle. Then Tommy Littleweed got a label which had on it the words, "Insect Poison," and a picture of a big cockroach in the agonies of dissolution, and he pasted that on the other side of the bottle. And Mr. Lowe put a poison label on the bottom of the bottle. Then they heard Mixer coming, and hastily rolled the bottle up in the red paper again, and left it on the show-case.

Mr. Mixer came out dressed, and invited us to put some perfume, from a big jar, on our handkerchiefs, which we all did. Then he took the flat bottle in the red paper off the show-case, and put it in the breast-pocket of his coat, and we all went out, and mounted our wheels, and rode to the meet.

We found the rest of the club waiting for us at the meeting-place, with the captain a little impatient at our delay. So we immediately rode out of the city on the D—— road. We went out about eight miles, enjoying ourselves as usual, when we halted at a small country hotel, and went in to take a rest, and cool off. While we were stopping there, Mr. Mixer was to go on a quarter of a mile to stop at a house, and collect a bill of a customer. While talking with Mixer about how long we should wait for him, Mr. Lowe managed to slyly take the bottle from Mixer's pocket. Then Mixer mounted his wheel and rode off, while the rest of us took our wheels into the open barn, where a hostler was lounging about, waiting for any teams that might stop there and need his services. Mr. Lowe laid the bottle on a shelf over his wheel, and then we all went into the house, and ordered bowls of bread and milk all around for lunch.

After lunch we went out to the barn to look after our wheels, when Mr. High picked up the bottle and shook it. This disclosed the fact that about one-third of its contents were gone, though the wrapper had evidently only been pulled down off its neck and hastily replaced.

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. High, in accents of well-simulated horror, "somebody has been drinking from this bottle!"

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and he stripped off the red wrapper, and held the awful rat-poison label with its atrocious picture directly before the face of the astounded hostler. That worthy's eyes bulged out, his lower jaw dropped, and a sickly paleness overspread his vacuous countenance.

"Warranted to kill in ten minutes!" read Mr. Lowe from the cockroach label, turning that fearful picture upon the agonized gaze of the trembling victim.

"Holy hoss-tails!" shrieked the appalled hostler, "I'm a dead man!" and he fell upon his knees and clasped his hands over his stomach. "Help! O gents! do something for me! I can feel it working in my innards now! Lord, ha' mercy on a sinner! Bet yer $10 I don't live over half an hour! Don't stand around looking at me! Take hold and do something, for mercy's sake! Quick! O Lordy! Who'll take care of poor Betsy now! Oo–o–o–o! Ah–h–h–h!"

"Stop howling!" said the president, sternly. Then the president remarked, with an introspective look of thoughtful benevolence, as if trying to remember something, "I've heard that the whites of eggs are good to check a poison. Run into the house, Littleweed, and ask for some eggs, and a teacup and spoon, and tell the landlord to bring out some hot water, and the mustard bottle, and some sweet oil."

Littleweed darted off, and in about a minute was back again with a pan of eggs, followed by the whole household, with all sorts of hastily snatched articles. The president broke some eggs, one by one, into a teacup, throwing out the yolks, and High, Lowe, and Littleweed poured the eggs down the open mouth of the hostler, amid a series of grunts, groans, and appeals.

"Lord, ha' mercy on my sinful soul! $5 against a twenty-cent currycomb I'm a goner! That egg was a rotten one — never mind, maybe its just as good agin pisen!"

The president mixed a big table-spoonfull of mustard with two eggs and half a pint of warm water, and this mixture the hostler hastily swallowed. On top of that he was given half a teacup full of sweet oil. These remedies produced an energetic convulsion in his interior departments, which served to increase his conviction that grim death had taken a sure hold of him.

"O-o-o-ow! Waugh-h-h! Give my (o-o-o-p) new jackknife to brother Jim. O Lord! (O-o-o-ow!) $2.50 I don't git through nuther o' them wrenches! (O-o-o-p-ce!) Tell Betsy I thunk o' her till the last."

While the president and the club were thus benevolently engaged in trying to save human life, the landlord was hastily harnessing an old, gray rattle-bones rat of a pony to a ramshackly old one-horse lumber wagon, with which to go for a doctor. Just as he was nearly ready to start, up rode Mixer on his wheel. Dismounting, he anxiously inquired what all this row was about, and the landlady told him that "Joe" (the hostler) "has been drinking pisen out'er that bottle" (holding it up).

"Why, that isn't poison!" cried Mixer. "That's just as good old sherry wine as ever was put into a bottle, mixed with a little plain soda." And, to prove his assertion, Mixer grabbed the bottle and took a swig himself.

The sick man ceased groaning, to look at him.

"But look at them labels," said the landlady, jerking off the red wrapping-paper.

Mixer looked, and instantly comprehended. "That's only a joke of the boys," said he. "They pasted 'em on the bottle just to get a joke on me."

"An' this here's all a put-up job," said the hostler, getting upon his feet with such an ugly expression that the club unanimously grabbed their wheels and made for the road.

"Jest let me get at 'em!" yelled the hostler. "Where's that 'ere shot-gun?" And he ran into the house in search of the weapon.

At this the club mounted and rode away in procession. After going some distance, we looked back and saw the hostler come out with an old shot-gun in his hand, jump into the ramshackly old wagon, and come tearing after us, punching up the astonished old gray pony with the muzzle of the gun, and wildly shouting for us to "Stop! Jest hold on one minute, you infernal scobs! I'll fix yer!"

The club quickened their pace, and raised a long line of dust down the road. At first the old pony gained considerably; but, provoked at being punched with the gun about every twenty rods, the indignant animal would check up and let fly his heels, in an energetic protest against such unusual and unwarrantable treatment. After going about half a mile we came to

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a cross-road, into which most of the club turned to go across to another road, a mile distant, leading to the city. Mr. High, Mr. Lowe, and the president kept straight on, and the wagon followed us. Pretty soon we ran down into a little hollow, out of sight of the pursuing hostler for a moment. Here the president stopped, dismounted, and hid himself in a cluster of bushes, calling Mr. High to do the same, while Mr. Lowe, who was ahead, rode on.

In a minute the wagon came tearing along, and passed us in pursuit of Mr. Lowe, the hostler dividing his attention between swearing vengeance, punching the pony (who was getting pretty well blown), and occasionally heaving a sort of reminiscent retch from his still rebellious stomach. There was a ropy froth about his mouth, and a vengeful fire in his eye, as the old wagon lurched and rumbled past our hiding-place.

When pursued and pursuer had disappeared over the brow of the little hill, Mr. High and the president arose, went out into the road, mounted their wheels, and rode rapidly back to the cross-road, turning down which they soon overtook the club, and with them rode leisurely back into town, all the members preserving that sedate decorum which befits a club upon an official run. Before reaching the city we stopped once for a rest in the shade of some wayside trees, where the remaining contents of Mr. Mixer's bottle afforded a grateful refreshment to a number of throats which had become unnaturally dry by reason of too violent jocularity. During this pause the club was called to order by the president, when Mr. High offered a preamble and resolution, which were seconded by Mr. Littleweed, and unanimously adopted, reciting that, Whereas our dearly beloved brother, Albert Wellington Lowe, has been suddenly removed from our midst in the bloom of his youth by a mysterious dispensation of inscrutable circumstances; therefore, resolved, that the club will attend the final disposition of his remains in full uniform, each member with a black ribbon looped over his left ear, and a badge of red wrapping-paper pinned upon his breast.

Upon arriving at the club-room in the city, we found Mr. Lowe in front of the building, eloquently persuading a coroner that a gigantic maniac had broken loose out on the D—— road, mounted on a gray horse, and armed with a repeating rifle and four large heavy revolvers; and that, if the coroner would venture out that way with a wagon, he could pick up the corpses of nine unfortunate young men, attired in bicycle suits, which he would find strewed along the highway, and sit on 'em, thereby securing sudden wealth from his fees; and Mr. Lowe wanted the coroner to allow him five per cent. of the fees for putting that official on track of such a glorious opportunity.

The meeting between Mr. Lowe and the other members of the club was one of those tender reunions which touch all the finer sensibilities of human nature, and bring tears into eyes unused to the melting mood. Hence I draw over it the veil of a decent reserve. But, as I remarked in the beginning, the club deemed it advisable not to ride out on the D—— road any more until the healing influence of time should have space in which to perform its perfect work by removing the taint of unhealthiness from that route. Nevertheless, it is a good route, and we always advise visiting wheelmen to try it.

President Bates.

A DEACON'S OPINION.

A LITTLE more than a year ago our church called a new pastor. We were greatly in need of a careful and judicious man, who would be equal to the task of doing his work under some difficulties. The man whom we called was well recommended, had ten years' experience in the ministry, and, when he came, took hold of his duties as though he meant to succeed. We felt encouraged, for it seemed as though he would be all that we desired, both on Sunday and through the week. He was full of new methods and practical suggestions for the relief of the church from its somewhat complicated troubles. He had executive ability, and not only suggested plans, but carried them out, and to our great delight we found the congregation paying expenses and reducing a debt of long standing.

One morning, after he had been with us about six months, he dropped into my office and remarked that he was beginning to miss his horse and carriage. He had

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sold them on moving to this place, because he would have but little use for them in the discharge of his professional duties, and as, in addition to the fact that the expense of keeping a horse is oppressive to a man of moderate income, all the roads leading into our little city belong to chartered turnpike companies, and the privilege of riding about the country is something for which we must pay roundly. Now, after the confinement of the winter, he found himself longing to get out to see the fields and breathe the fresh air. He seemed to have some special design in these remarks; but I was surprised to hear him say, after a while, that he had concluded to purchase and ride a bicycle.

I tried to convince him that it was not advisable to do so. Leaving out of the question the objectionable character of the machine, the riding of which seems to most people to be about equally related to horse-racing and the feats of agility with which circus-goers are familiar, and so decidedly improper for a minister, the proposition was absurd, as he could not learn to ride. He was about thirty-five years of age, for ten years had taken but little exercise, and like many ministers, and other people of a less spiritual character, was fond of the good things with which men contrive to make this life tolerable, and of which he had made such good use that, though only five feet six inches in height, he weighed two hundred pounds.

But my arguments failed to impress him, and in due time he became the owner of a 48-inch bicycle, which, after a number of unclerical performances, involving some bruises and sprains, he learned to ride, notwithstanding my prophecy to the contrary.

By the time he acquired a fair degree of control of the machine, he started away on his vacation, which he took on the wheel, riding two hundred and fifty miles, much of the time in a region where a bicycle had never been seen.

He says now that he had been familiar with the statement that the proper study of mankind is man, and he has discovered that a good way to learn something about the human race is to look at it from a bicycler's point of view. Among the previously unknown peculiarities which he observed, is the prevalence of profanity, some of it mild, and some of the more concentrated sort. For the first time in his life he saw men without their Sunday clothes. He says that we talk differently to him, and in his presence, from our ordinary manner of communicating with each other. That consciously or unconsciously we assume a style of speech which is not natural, when speaking to ministers; and I think he is partly correct, for often we scarcely know how to talk to a man whose relation to other men is in many respects artificial. We extend to ministers special privileges and courtesies by reason of the peculiar character of their profession, and they seem to regard our daily business as at least savoring of wordliness and wickedness, so that we are not entirely free in our expressions before them.

But for once our pastor got a view of men when they were off their guard. They never suspected that the dust-covered, perspiring stranger, with sunburnt face, blue shirt, and gray trousers, was a clergyman, and so they were unrestrained in their comments on his machine; and the language in which they expressed their astonishment leads him to believe that, at least where he travelled, there is urgent need of mission work.

He came back to us at the end of his vacation looking healthy and vigorous, and has now for several months been at his work again. He does not ride his bicycle about town, but he takes a little run into the country for exercise every day when the weather and roads permit; and when he makes pastoral visits in the country he uses it instead of hiring a horse. He sometimes takes a trip of twenty-five or thirty miles on Monday, and thereby escapes the disagreeable consequence of the mental and nervous strain of Sunday.

Our fears that the people would make serious objections were groundless, for the church has steadily improved in its condition, the preaching is just as good, if not better, and our pastor is certainly able to do more work with less fatigue than was possible for him one year ago. He has reduced his weight about thirty pounds, and is more muscular and in much better physical condition.

Two more of our local clergymen are talking of getting bicycles; and why should they not? A moving bicycle, with a self-possessed and reasonably skilful rider upon it, is a combination of graceful and easy motion that is in no degree less dignified than the act of riding in a carriage. There is no real occasion for having such ideas as to what is proper for any class of men to do, and to look like, as we have concerning ministers. I conceive that a minister should

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be an honorable Christian gentleman, ready and willing to do his regular work with righteous faithfulness to his Master and his people. To do this he ought to be allowed all the facilities which modern science affords, both for the preservation of his health, and for the rapid and easy performance of such duties as require him to travel from place to place. I have seen preachers who showed their profession at all times, by their peculiar air and dress. Perhaps this is all right, if a man feels that he must use an assumed gravity of manner, and take advantage of the art of the tailor, in order to convince people that he is a clergyman; but, for my part, I prefer that a minister should have his professional qualifications inside of his head and heart, rather than outside of his body.

If he find himself in better health, and his work is rendered easier thereby, I know of no good reason why he should not be permitted to ride a horse or a bicycle.

Deacon.

A MORNING RIDE.

Up with the lark in the first flush of morning,
Ere the world wakes to its work or its play;
Off for a spin to the wide-stretching country,
Far from the close, stifling city away.

A spring to the saddle, a spurt with the pedal,
The roadway is flying from under my wheel.
With motions so sprightly, with heart beating lightly,
How glorious to master this creature of steel!

Now mounting the hill-slope with slow, steady toiling,
Each turn of the wheel brings us nearer the goal.
And so on life's journey 'tis patient endeavor
That opens the path to the conquering soul.

The summit surmounted, we're now wildly dashing
Through woodland and meadow, past farm-house and dell:
Inhaling the breath of the field and the forest,
Keeping time as we glide to the tinkling cow-bell.

Lo! at length in the east, mid the radiant glory,
Great Phœbus Apollo looks forth, bright and fair.
Attended by cloudlets all roseate and golden;
Oh, joy to be out on a morning so rare!

Now slowly; whoa, Reindeer! here comes a fair milkmaid. —
Pure milk through a straw is refreshing, I ween,
And so are the blushes of pure, happy girlhood;
Therefore, here's to your health and your sweetness, my queen!

Once more in the saddle, we're bounding on homeward,
Our frame all aglow with this excellent sport,
Now coasting, now climbing, then racing and beating
Some young rustic jockey in metre so short

That in furious rage he whips and he lashes;
But, 'tis useless, you see, my fine fellow, say we,
As we dash along onward still faster and faster,
Hoping next time that he not so foolish will be.

As we mount the last hill, to the smoke-clouded city,
Just beginning to boil with its great human tide,
It calls us to toil, and to enter the conflict, —
So endeth this morning our twenty-mile ride.

Retrop.

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THE BICYCLE AND TRICYCLE FOR PHYSICIANS AND PATIENTS.

THE late James P. White, M.D., Professor of Obstetrics in the Medical Department of the University of Buffalo, took great pride in his erect figure and splendid physique, which he preserved up to a good old age.

He used to tell the students that it was due chiefly to the fact that he rode on horseback instead of in a vehicle, and thus, necessarily, combined fresh air and exercise with an erect posture, instead of getting a smaller quantity of fresh air while sitting quiescent and in a cramped posture in a buggy or gig.

There can be no doubt that the old gentleman had an amount of physical vigor and a military erectness of carriage that might well have been envied by men a score or more of years his juniors. I know that, for myself, looking at and listening to him, I resolved to imitate him as soon and as fully as possible, and to own and ride a good saddle-horse as soon as I could afford to buy and keep one. This resolve I have never carried out, simply because I have found a more excellent way. I don't own, ride, nor feed a saddle-horse. I own and ride a bicycle; and am so pleased with it that I am moved to set forth *why* I do so, for the benefit of such of my fellow-practitioners as may not have investigated the subject for himself.

And here let it be noted that I am not talking of the bicycle or tricycle as a toy, or a means of mere amusement or sport, — not at all. It may be used as such, and so may the horse; but so does *not* the doctor generally use his horse, and so do I not use my bicycle, which is my horse, and which I would not trade (for my own use) for the best horse in the State for at least eight months of the year.

But how is it better than a horse, or a horse and buggy? some one asks.

Why, my dear Galen, in *every* way.

It costs less to buy; it costs less to keep; it takes up less room; it don't get frightened, or ugly, or sick; it is *always* saddled and ready to start at one second's notice; it will stand without hitching, and will carry you farther, and faster, and with less fatigue, than the best horse you can buy; and you don't have to hire a man to groom and feed it, or get yourself flavored up with ammonia, hippuric acid, etc., doing it yourself. Are not these "reasons as plenty as blackberries?" If not, there are others.

1st. It is the most perfect form of exercise known. Every muscle, every nerve, every capillary, is called into play gently, moderately, or violently, at the will of the rider. The flexors and extensors of the thighs and legs are, of course, the muscles most called upon for propulsion; but, except for very skilful riders, on very smooth bits of road, the arms are nearly equally exerted in steering and keeping the balance, while for this latter purpose the great muscles of the trunk, especially those of the loins, are constantly, though lightly, exerted.

To ride with ease and safety one *must* be in nearly the same position as when standing or walking erect, the head and shoulders well thrown back, the chest expanded, and the hands well apart, grasping lightly the extremities of the two-foot handle-bar. Theory could hardly suggest a more perfect position for the realization of the full benefits of exercise. Lifted high above the dusty road, gifted with a speed thrice that obtainable with the same amount of exertion a-foot, the bicycle rider flies easily along ten miles or more per hour, his well-expanded chest giving ample room for the free play of lungs and heart, and the rapidly flowing blood is fully oxygenized in the lungs, and flows on to stimulate every nerve, gland, and cell to renewed and healthier action. Dyspepsia disappears, insomnia vanishes, and the bicycle rider becomes a better man, not only physically, but mentally and morally as well.

Why, it *must* be so, theoretically. O fellow-disciples of Esculapius, you must admit it! But practically? Well, what do you say to a hundred miles or more over ordinary country roads between daylight and dark, and up the next morning with the lark, not a sore bone in your body, or a sore spot on your skin, ready for another hundred miles before dark, if need be?

Have you a horse that could stand that? or could you stand it to ride or drive him that far, in the same time?

What do you say to a steed that needs, in the way of feed, only a few drachms of sewing-machine oil, at a total cost of one dime per year?

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Can you feed a horse as cheaply as that, even if you live in the country and raise your own hay and oats?

What do you say to a steed whose blacksmith's bill won't average a dollar a year?

Can you keep an equine steed in shoes for that?

What do you say to a steed that does not need to be rubbed down, fed, and bedded, when you come in from a long ride?

What do you say to a steed that never gets the heaves, nor the bots, nor epizootic, nor pink-eye; that you can be sure, when you buy him, has neither ring-bone nor spavin, and does not kick, bite, nor shy; in short, a steed that is absolutely free from bad habits and physical defects?

Did you ever buy a four-footed horse with such a guarantee? and what would you have to give for such a horse, if you could find him?

Well, you can buy a bicycle, with all these virtues, and many others, for $100, or $150 if you want the very best there is made, and that is practically the end of your expense.

Are not these practical reasons in favor of the bicycle for physicians, especially young physicians, not yet in possession of the magnificent incomes we all hope to obtain after we have been in practice awhile?

This is all very fine, I hear some one say; but are there not *some* objections?

Oh, yes; a few.

First. It is difficult to learn to ride, and dangerous to ride.

Somewhat, perhaps, but neither so difficult nor so dangerous as horseback riding.

Second. It cannot be used at all times nor in all places where you can use a horse.

True; you can't ride a bicycle across a ploughed field, nor over a fence or a ditch, nor through deep mud, nor up a very steep hill; but you can ride it almost anywhere that it would be *pleasant* to ride in a light buggy.

Third. It cannot be used at all during the winter months.

Well, that depends. A bicycle runs very nicely over well-packed snow, but it won't run in drifts, nor will a buggy do so either, for that matter; and the time your bicycle is laid up in winter may be partially offset by the time a horse ought to have his shoes pulled off and be turned out to grass every year, with this important difference, that it won't cost anything to keep a bicycle while it is idle, and a horse is a constant source of expense, whether working or idle.

All that has been said in favor of the bicycle applies with equal force to the tricycle.

As compared with the bicycle, the tricycle is somewhat more expensive in first cost, and also somewhat heavier.

It is easier to learn, but rather harder to ride; it is slower, but more absolutely safe; it can be stopped, or even driven backwards, without dismounting; it can have a variable gearing applied to give speed on the level, and increased power (with reduced speed) on up grades; it can be arranged to carry two, or even more, persons at once; and, in the form known as the Convertible, can be changed in a few moments from the single to the double form. In all forms it has a much greater baggage-carrying capacity than the bicycle. It has many advantages, but some disadvantages, among which latter may be named that there are three tracks (or at least two tracks) to look after and avoid obstacles in, instead of the single narrow track of the bicycle; and it can never have that speed, ease, grace, and perfect freedom of motion that distinguishes its two-wheeled relative over all other vehicles whatsoever. It is the rival of the buggy, the carriage, and the gig; while the bicycle is the rival, and superior, of the saddle-horse. The tricycle is coming rapidly into favor, and will be the favorite of the ladies, and of such men as are too old, too timid, or too weak, to ride the bicycle. It also offers, in its double or convertible form, special attractions to the young man who wishes to take his sister (or some other fellow's sister) along when he goes out for a spin; but for the young, active, and enterprising of *man*kind, the bicycle is the ideal steed. Silent, rapid, graceful, and tireless, requiring neither groom, stable, nor feed, it is the coming horse for doctors and for patients, — ensuring its riders, if not the absolute certainty of "health, wealth, and happiness," at least good digestion and sweet sleep.

George E. Blackham, M.D.

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"LEFT"; OR, HOW THE BICYCLE SAVED MY CLIENT.

THIS is how it happened: Just before leaving for my summer vacation I had recovered a judgment for a large amount against the Jersey Iron Company, on behalf of Mr. Baldgent, my principal and almost only client, and on my costs and his fee I depended to pay all my summer expenses. Having entered it, and returned from the court to my office, I drew out a paper, and, handing it to my "assistant" (who fills the position of office-sweeper and confidential clerk, for $1 a week), said, "Take this to the sheriff of Hudson County, at Jersey City, and tell him to proceed." And hurrying off to the depot, — my trunk had already been sent, — booked for Long Branch, where I knew Mamie was spending the summer with her father. Arriving at my hotel, the "Grovesnor," and proceeding to change my clothes, in turning out my pockets the first thing I discovered was the writ which I thought I had given my clerk in the morning. Here was a go! The levy had to be made at once to prevent any one else getting ahead. What should I do? Happy thought! telegraph the sheriff first. The Grovesnor is a large hotel, and, of course, has a telegraph office. I filled up a form as follows:—

R. Exat, Sheriff, Hudson County: Meet me at depot on arrival of 10.30 P.M. Have a writ for you. Don't fail. Will pay all expenses, and liberal fee.

ANTHONY WRIGHT,—

and putting my head in the office window, said, "Can you send — why, it's Joe!" I exclaimed, as the clerk looked up; and so it was.

Joe had been one of the first and merriest members of the "E.Bi.C." But when the Bank of Newark suspended he lost his clerkship and disappeared.

"Yes, Tony, old man, 'tis I," said Joe.

"Well, what are you doing here?" I asked.

"Well, you know when the bank went, I had to go too, — quite too-too," murmured Joe. "I had to do something, don't you know; and, as I knew a little of telegraphy, I ponied up, and was appointed assistant operator here. Of course, if I had only been cashier, I might have hired the whole hotel, and had all my friends spend the summer with me; but I wasn't, so I can't. I have a fine time, though. Read all the telegrams, and keep my bicycle in the ice-house. Just listen to this," Joe rattled on, as the instrument began to click. "Hear me recite, —

"'R. Exat, Sheriff, Hudson County, to Jabez Mangle, Long Branch: Will leave on the 7.50. Meet you Flagtown, 9.30.'"

"Why, Joe," I broke in, "that sheriff is the very man I want to telegraph to; what's that all about?"

"Well," said Joe, "old Mangle drove over from Atlanticville this morning, says he holds a judgment against the Jersey Iron Company, and has heard another has been recovered. He wants to get his levy made first, so he has telegraphed to the sheriff to leave on the 7.50, and he will meet him at Flagtown, where he will hand him the writ, so that each can return to their respective domiciles to-night, and the sheriff will make the levy as soon as the works open in the morning. But what's the matter, old man?" he exclaimed, as I sank into a seat.

"Joe," I said, "I am lost."

"Lost!" said Joe (probably referring to his banking experience), "I have heard that before. But how?"

"Joseph," I replied, "I am the man that has that other writ. I must have my levy made first. It is a matter of life or death to me; but I sent the sheriff the wrong paper. There is no train goes up before eight. I was going to telegraph him to meet me at the depot, and go up on that train. I thought I had plenty of time; but now it is nothing but a race as to who gets his writ in the sheriff's hands first."

"Yes," said Joe; "and two hours and a half before you get there, the sheriff will have left to meet old Mangle; you will both go up on the same train, and old Mangle will waltz off at Flagtown, hand his writ to the sheriff, and you will 'get left.'"

"Confound it!" I exclaimed. "What can be done? Help me, Joe."

"Tony, old man," said Joe, "all the wailing of the widows and orphans when our bank evaporated failed to awaken the sympathy of my heart as do your words; but let me think."

"Joe," I said feebly, "don't jest. Try to think of some plan;" and for a few moments we both sat with our faces buried in our hands.

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Suddenly Joe sprang up. "By Jove! I've got it," he cried.

"Where?" said I, wildly.

"Here," said Joe. "The train does not leave before eight."

"No," I replied, sadly.

"Do you know the sheriff?" asked Joe.

"Yes," I replied; "but he does not know me."

"So much the better," said Joe. "Old Mangle does not know him at all. You can ride the bicycle well, can't you?" he asked.

"Yes!" I shouted wildly, catching something of his idea.

"Then," he said, "you can do it. It's only thirty miles from here to Flagtown; the roads are splendid. The sheriff will be there on the down train nearly half an hour before old Mangle gets there on the 'up.' You can take my '54 Special,' get to Flagtown before old Mangle's train arrives, give your writ to the sheriff, and hurry him on the train before old Mangle gets a glimpse of him. Can you do it? You have nearly three hours and a half."

"Hurrah!" I said; "that's just the thing; but, wait a minute, can you lend me a pair of short pants?"

"All right," said Joe; "run in my room, and jump into my uniform while I trot out the bicycle."

In a few minutes I mounted on Joe's machine, and, arrayed in his brown cords and flannel shirt, was riding down the gravel path in front of the hotel, when Joe came rushing out, yelling, "Stop! Stop! you can't go, — come back!"

"Why, what's up?" I said, wheeling round, and coming back.

"Get off," said Joe, wildly clutching at my leg, and trying to drag me off. "I forgot all about the rules. I have disclosed the contents of old Mangle's telegram, and your going to Flagtown to meet the sheriff will give the whole thing away. Get off!" continued Joe, frantically.

"Oh, dry up, Joe," I said; "let go, I'll fix it all right. No one will ever find it out. I'll think up a plan. Here, just send that telegram I wrote, to the sheriff. Don't send it till about half-past seven, and then have a special messenger take it to his house; he won't get it in time, — I don't want him to, — it will be O.K. Leave the whole thing to me. I'll manage it;" and wheeling again, I rushed off up the road to Seabright.

It was a lovely evening, the sun would be up for two hours yet; the nearly full moon was due before the sun set; and, as I had been over the roads before, I had no unpleasant anticipations. In less than five minutes I was out of the "three miles an hour" territory (which insane "city ordinance" had determined me against bringing my own wheel), and, passing through Atlanticville, struck the smooth, level road running through Monmouth Beach. Here I began to feel good, and digging in, sent Joe's "54" spinning along at a fifteen-mile gait. In a minute or two I sighted a team coming towards me, and when within a hundred yards the driver clutched the reins with both hands, and endeavored for all he was worth to drag the team up into his lap, shouting, "Get off that thing! — get off!" The rules of the "E.Bi.C." are imperative on that point, so throwing my leg over the handle, I bounced off, and, not wishing to waste any time, drew out the oil-can and proceeded to oil up. The team came alongside, and the driver said, excitedly, "Those things are a nuisance, sir! You have no right on the road! Why don't you take them out in the fields and practise? They are an outrage, sir! If I saw a policeman I would have you arrested." Now there is nothing makes me so mad as to hear drivers talk in that manner, especially after dismounting to oblige him; and for once I forgot myself, and said, "Oh, shut up, you old fool!" and, looking up — Great Heavens! it was Mamie and her father, old man K———. I didn't wait; one kick, I was in the saddle, and, leaning over the handles, made that machine hum. Had she recognized me? I hoped not. I don't think she had ever seen me in my suit before, and certainly had never heard me speak in that way. Anyhow, if she had recognized me, I was prepared to make affidavit that she *had not;* and I knew I could depend on Joe for support. Before I had settled that matter in my mind I had passed a dozen more teams, reached the bridge over the river, and crossed to the red-clay roads of Rumsden. Here was another stretch, finishing with a gentle declivity, which, with the wind behind me, would make a splendid coast, and, bending down, I began to get up steam. Just as I threw my legs over the handles a couple of girls in a "tub-cart," drove out of one of the side roads. Here came the "rules" again: I must not pass them "coasting"; but it was too good a thing to lose without an effort. "Ahem!" I yelled. "Oh, come along," said one of them; "Pansy" (probably the horse) "does not mind them." "Thanks," I said, as I flew by. "Oh,

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don't he look sweet!" remarked one of them. Instinctively I gripped the brake. I had ridden nearly five miles since I last oiled up, and of course the machine wanted oiling. My own always did when I passed a very pretty girl, and I presumed Joe's had the same weakness. But at the same moment that infernal writ in my pocket flashed across my mind; and dropping my feet I gave the wheel a few turns that sent it whizzing down the hill, and nearly a quarter of a mile along the level at the foot. In fifty minutes from the start I passed through Red Bank, ten miles on my way, and well ahead of time. Going through this busy little place at a rate that made the natives stare, I had to slow up for the long wooden bridge crossing the Shrewsbury, and then, leaning over the handles, rushed up the steep and nasty hill at the end of it, and entered Middleton township. At the top of the hill the roads are elegant. By taking it a little easier I soon recovered some of my wind; and, feeling confident of accomplishing my errand, braced up and let out. Two or three miles ahead I knew there was a hill nearly two miles long to descend, where I anticipated a glorious coast, and, knowing something might occur at any moment to delay me, determined to make all the pace I could, and recover my wind on the hill. I soon arrived at the top, and with a sigh of relief lifted my legs languidly over the handles, and let her go. The road was smooth and, as far as I could see, clear; and, dangling my legs, I began to enjoy myself. On I flew; the wind, which had been behind me, now seemed to blow hard in my face, while the trees and hedges rushed furiously by. It was glorious! Turning a slight curve, I saw coming up the hill a country wagon, driven by an old lady, and at the same instant she sighted me, and, tugging wildly at the reins, shrieked, "Get off! get off! stop!" I couldn't do it. To put the brake on then would be sudden death; the rules didn't enforce that, and, if they did, I would rather pay the fine. "I can't stop," I yelled, flying towards her. "Turn his head away, and hold him tight." With one wild shriek the old lady threw the reins in the air, and, turning, clutched the side-post of the wagon, shut her eyes, and waited the end. I flew by, but the ancient steed didn't move; he gazed vacantly at me, and then lapsing into his usual torpid condition, out of which the old lady had so vigorously roused him, jogged quietly along, while I continued my way undisturbed to the foot of the hill, having recovered wind enough to carry me up the long ascent into Middleton.

Having plenty of time I dismounted and walked into the hotel. Eighteen miles had been accomplished in an hour and a half, and I had two hours in which to do the other twelve. I could do it easily. So, lighting a cigarette, I walked out on the piazza, threw myself in a chair, and began to form my plan for convincing Mamie that it was not I who called her father a fool. Having settled this in my mind somewhat indefinitely, I proceeded leisurely to dust off the machine, and, mounting again, went on my way rejoicing.

I rode about two miles further, and an innocent, curly-haired country boy stood in the road watching my approach.

"Halloo!" said the innocent youth, "how are you?"

I responded cheerfully.

"Hurrah!" cried the boy, heaving an empty tomato-can right directly in front of my wheel.

I yelled as the ground sprang up and hit me in the face, while the machine crawled up my back, and then lay prone in the road beside me. Madly I arose, and, shaking the dust out of my eyes, looked for that boy. I thirsted for his gore; but he had disappeared, vanished, gone! Breathing blessings on his curly head, I picked up the machine. Anything broken? No, only a bend, just a *little* bend in the crank, so that it would not pass the fork; that was all. I could run it about two yards forward, and then, by turning it backwards, run it two further; but I could not go ten miles in an hour and a half that way. I was stuck.

The golden rays of the setting sun fell on the tinted foliage, and all nature seemed sinking into a balmy repose, — except in my immediate neighborhood, where it was rapidly getting sulphuric. It was very pretty; but I did not appreciate it. It was a mile and a half to the next village, and not a house or a vehicle in sight.

I had to get the machine along somehow. I must carry it. I had often carried one for fun, just to show how easy it was; now I must do it in earnest. So, gripping the back fork and rim of the large wheel with my right hand, and the front fork with my left, I yanked it on my shoulder. The weight of Joe's machine is supposed to be thirty-four pounds, but before I had gone one hundred yards I could have sworn it weighed a hundred weight, and before I got to the end

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of my journey it must have weighed a ton. Three times did I change shoulders, and more than half an hour of my precious time had flitted away before I saw the welcome sign, —

"DENNIS MCDOODLE,
Wagon Builder and Horseshoer,"

swinging before a wooden shed. With renewed vigor I hurried up, only to find the door shut and padlocked. Of course, the day's work was over, and the blacksmith had departed.

Leaving the machine there, I rushed on to the next house, and inquired for the blacksmith.

"Well," said the old farmer who came to the door, "his shop be down there; but I seed him in a cart with his wife and young 'uns, a driving off just after supper. I guess he has gone for a moonlight drive."

"Have you got a monkey wrench?" I inquired anxiously.

"No," said he; "but I guess I could make one."

"How?" I asked.

"Why, give him a few green apples," said the hoary-headed wretch, grinning, and then banging the door in my face.

Wearily I retraced my steps. Get into that blacksmith's shop I must, somehow or other, even if I had to "break and enter." I walked around and examined the window. It was only fastened with a button, and picking up a stone I hammered out the glass, opened the window, and crawled in.

In a few minutes I had found a couple of wrenches, put them on the crank, squeezed the ends together, and settled the whole business. Screwing a dollar-bill in one of the wrenches, I laid them inside, shut the window, mounted the machine, and, with renewed hope, set off again.

Eight and a half miles, with only forty-five minutes in hand, tired as I was, was a tough job. But I meant to do it, and I went in.

Approaching Keyport, the bright moon was shining on the waters, the cool salt air revived my drooping spirits, and once more bending over the handles I sailed along rapidly.

Coasting down the hill through Keyport I was hailed with a cheer by the fishermen smoking their pipes on the beach, and a yell of "There goes the comet!" and, striking the open country once more, I braced up for the last lap of my journey.

"Look after your horse," I said to a sleepy driver, whom I caught up with, and was about to pass.

"Get that thing off the road," he replied. "If you scare my horse I'll run you down."

"Go to," I yelled (quoting Shakespeare); and, scudding by, I stopped no more until I jumped off at the depot, five minutes ahead of time.

There stood the sheriff, waiting.

I walked up to him, and (referring to the telegram I had told Joe to send) said: —

"Halloo! did you get my telegram about that writ?"

"Yes," he said (probably referring to old Mangle's telegram), "and I came down here to meet you."

"Well, you're very kind to take all that trouble," I said. "Here is the writ, and here is your train," I added, as the whistle sounded in the distance. "Jump on, and attend to that in the morning."

"All right," he said; and, walking up to the train which steamed into the depot, got on the front car just as old Mangle climbed out of the rear.

The old gentleman walked up to the depot master and inquired for the sheriff; but he had gone, and old Mangle was left.

I went back to the Branch in the next down train; stayed in the baggage-car with the bicycle, and in the next car I could see old Mangle walking up and down. He seemed mad about something.

It only remains to add that my levy was made first. My client got his money, and I received a very handsome fee. Joe's "forgetfulness" was never found out, and old Mangle had no remedy against the sheriff, who was not bound to leave his bailiwick to fetch the writ.

Mamie told me the next evening that she hoped I would find out the name of a bicycler who had grossly insulted her father; and, in describing his appearance, said he was "awful homely." I saw at once she had not recognized me.

C. K.

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COASTING ON THE JERSEY HILLS.

RESIDENTS of remote regions who may bring their bicycles to the big city in order to participate in the fourth annual parade of the League, which is appointed for the afternoon of Monday, May 28, 1883, ought to improve as much as possible their chance for enjoying the excellent roads adjacent to the metropolis, since a similar opportunity is not likely to be offered again for very many years. The first annual meet, to be sure, was devised by the New York Bicycle Club of 1880, but they chose Newport as the scene of it; and the modesty of New Yorkers is so notorious as to make a fair presumption, in case they ever again assume the management of an annual meet for the League, that they will insist, as in the first case, upon honoring some other city than their own. It is "for this time only," in obedience to the overwhelming power of a "unanimous popular demand," that they have consented to sacrifice their own personal preferences and prejudices, overcome their excessive diffidence and self-distrust, and extend a general invitation to the barbarian wheelmen of the outlying provinces to enter the sacred limits of Manhattan Island itself. Let the barbarians, therefore, improve their visit to the utmost. It is a matter of course that they will all wish to try the famous 25-mile macadamized track leading up the Hudson to Tarrytown; and many will no doubt desire to go through Brooklyn and Prospect Park, and the ocean driveway to Coney Island. Of these two pleasant journeys to the north and the south I need say nothing, for the slight information required concerning them by the visitor may be obtained of any local wheelman; but of the possible pleasures to be found in the less accessible and less familiar region west of the Hudson, I wish to present a report sufficiently definite to serve as a guide for those whom I can tempt to explore it.

Before me lies spread the "topographical map of a part of northern New Jersey," an official publication (1882) of the State geological survey, whose executive chief is Prof. George H. Cook, the Vice-President of Rutgers College. To his courtesy I am indebted for my copy of the map, whereof it is not possible to make public purchase, inasmuch as "the results of the survey are intended for the benefit of the citizens of the State, and the board of managers have charge of and direct the distribution of its collections, reports, and maps." I presume, however, that a well-recommended application from any respectable Jerseyman would be apt to meet with favorable attention. The map is thirty-five inches square, and, as its scale is a mile to the inch, representation is clearly made of a large section of land and water, including all of Staten Island, the west end of Long Island, the bay and city of New York, and the Hudson river, almost to the point where it ceases to serve as a boundary for New Jersey. "Contour lines are drawn ten feet apart in plain country, and twenty feet apart in the hilly portions, and numerals are attached to show the height of contour lines in feet above mean tide." The engraving and coloring are excellent; the roads are clearly defined; the heights of the hills which they cross can be seen at a glance; the swamps are made prominent as well as the brooks and rivers; in short, the whole map is eminently calculated to delight the heart of a touring bicycler; and if any similarly accurate representation of the topography of any other equally large section of American soil is now in existence, I have yet to learn of that fortunate fact. In the good time coming, when bicyclers shall more generally enforce their views in legislative enactments, we may reasonably hope not only for more good roads, but for more State geological surveys as creditably managed as the present one of New Jersey.

Looking down on this map, whereon I have indicated in red the many miles of road that my wheel has whirled along, I see that the region whose facilities for "coasting" I wish to recommend lies chiefly within the limits of a nearly equilateral triangle, whose sides may be said to average about eight miles in length. The bridge over the Passaic river, by which the New Yorker enters the city of Newark, may be assumed as the point of meeting of the straight macadamized roadways which form two sides of this triangle: Springfield avenue, which starts from the court-house and extends south-west in a bee-line for more than five miles, and Bloomfield avenue, which goes north-west, straightaway for three miles to Bloomfield, and then

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with but slight turnings for two miles more to the hill at Montclair. These two diverging avenues do not in fact meet at the bridge, but begin at points which are about a mile distant from it, on the south and the north; and good riding on them, as one goes out of Newark, does not begin until the top of the first hill has been reached. The road which forms the third and longest side of the triangle is neither as straight nor as smooth as the other two, for only that section of it which is called the Orange Valley road, extending northward along the base of Orange Mountain, from South Orange to the northern border of Llewellyn park, about four miles, is macadamized. The prolongation of the Valley road southward from South Orange leads up hill, and is a fairly good dirt track of nearly three miles, till it completes the angle by meeting the macadamized prolongation of Springfield avenue, at a brook just east of Wyoming. An inspection of the map would seem to show that the other angle might be nicely completed by following the direct road northward from Llewellyn park till it meets Bloomfield avenue on the hill in Montclair; but as this would require contact with much sand and clay, the road really to be chosen is the one running eastward to Watressing, whence Bloomfield avenue is reached, and so Bloomfield and Montclair.

Within this eight-mile triangle, and having the same general course as the two broad avenues which help enclose it, are three other similar roadways, which begin in Newark, and are terminated by the Valley road at the foot of Orange mountain. South Orange avenue is the longest and most winding, but its course is much like that of Springfield avenue. Park avenue is the shortest and straightest, the three miles of it between the railroad crossing and the main entrance of Llewellyn Park seeming to lie in a bee-line. Central avenue keeps parallel to the one last-named for its entire length, and lies about a mile to the south of it. It is really the central one of the five main lines described as diverging in a westward direction from an imaginary point of meeting at the bridge; and, if there be any need of making choice between paths which are all so pleasant for riding over, it may, perhaps, be called the best. Main street, through which run the horse-car tracks, is midway between Park and Central avenues and parallel to them; and it is macadamized for three miles or more from its starting-point at the Valley road. The four most important of the cross or connecting streets, which may be roughly described as parallel to this western border of the triangle, and running in a north and south direction, are the following, named in the order in which one meets them in riding out Park avenue from Newark: (1) Grove street, which extends south to Main; (2) Arlington avenue, which extends to Central avenue; (3) Park street, which goes to Main, whence, a few rods west, Harrison street serves as a continuation of it across Central avenue to Central street, by which a return may be made back across the avenue to Main street again. Harrison street extends to South Orange avenue, and so does the street next east of Arlington avenue; but the last few rods of each extension are unpaved. The most easterly connection between Park and Central avenues is through Rose street, whose macadam is not specially good. Rose street also crosses Sussex avenue, which is parallel to Central, and macadamized for a mile or less. Another important path is Prospect street, going northward from Main for a mile and a quarter, to connect with the Watressing road to Bloomfield avenue.

Almost all of the numerous lesser streets in and around Orange are macadamized; and within the triangle outlined by me there must be, at least, fifty miles of this so-called Telford pavement, whose smoothness, when kept in good condition, as most of it is, can hardly be improved by "sand-paper." I hope my description has made plain the truth, that a bicycler may so lay out his route through these connecting roads as to ride very many miles without repetitions, and even without leaving the saddle. I myself kept in continuous motion there for three hours and a quarter, on the second day of November last, and made a cyclometer record of twenty-nine miles. If pleasure be sought in the sight of well-trimmed lawns and fine houses in great variety, it can be sought most successfully at Orange. But the characteristic bicycular attraction of my "eight-mile triangle" is the coasting, for which all the avenues, and most of the streets that have been paved, offer extraordinary facilities; while, on the other hand, none of the grades are very hard to surmount. All the change and variety which are supplied or implied by hill and dale, forest and plain, shade and sunlight, human stir and desert solitude, may be had

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within the limits described; and the extensive views of land and water which are obtainable from the highest roads of the "triangle" are fine and refreshing enough to amply repay the trouble of ascending them.

Higher than any of these, or, at least, steeper, is the last stretch of road leading to Eagle Rock, whence the finest view of all may be had, and whence the bicycler may coast continuously for a mile and a quarter, or almost exactly to the point where, in coming up the Valley road from the other direction, he must turn to the right, as before described, in order to reach Watressing and Bloomfield avenue. In other words, a person going northward along the Valley road has simply to follow the macadamized continuation of it, as it turns up hill and forms the northern border of Llewellyn Park, in order to reach the summit in question. "Ixion" prints interesting letters in the current issue (April 27th) of both the 'cycling weeklies, describing his recent ascent to Eagle Rock on a 44-inch "Facile," and his coast down therefrom upon the same in less than three minutes. I agree with him in the expressed belief that no bicycle had previously been propelled to that summit, and that his exploit was a good test of the remarkable powers of the "Facile" as a hill-climber. My own single visit to the rock was made on the 15th of last November; and, though I toiled up the lower grades in the saddle, with a few steps for taking breath, the last steep pitch at the summit was quite beyond my powers. I took seven minutes, rather than three, in coasting back, for I always indulge in that sport cautiously; though, after the first sharp corner has been safely turned, the track in question seems free from danger.

The macadamized extension of Bloomfield avenue is not, in fact, terminated by the hill at Montclair, — though, as riders often turn about at that point, I have made it serve as one corner of the eight-mile triangle described, — but reaches on to Verona, Caldwell, and Franklin (there are two other hamlets called Franklin on my map of less than a twelfth part of the State), about five miles. A clay road, which is, at many seasons of the year, nearly as smooth as macadam, extends westward for three miles, whereof the first two are as straight as the crow flies, to Pine Brook post-office, which is the terminus of an omnibus line from Newark, and also the terminus of the good roadway. Here, then, is an excellent track, thirteen miles long, which may be ridden in either direction without a dismount, and nearly every rod of which may be coasted in the course of a round trip. An average rider in doing the twenty-six miles could easily ride a dozen with his feet off the pedals; though, perhaps, he would be obliged to walk up the big hill westward at Montclair, and the big hill eastward at Caldwell. I myself have never conquered the latter but once, and the former I have oftener walked up than ridden. From its top one may coast continuously for two miles and more down to Bloomfield, except that the pedals may have to be worked for a few rods in the case of two or three short ascents which the momentum may not be quite sufficient to master. The *Bicycling World* of 17 June, 1881, contained a brief report of mine under the same title that is employed for the present article; and, though I have had experience of many new hills in the two years' interval, my final words in that report can be reprinted with truth to-day: "Beyond Montclair there are facilities for up-hill racing such as I have never seen other roads afford. Several bicyclers could there compete abreast, if need be, on perfectly equal terms. On this westward route, also, there is one particularly smooth stretch, where a rider may coast for a mile down a grade so gentle that the return trip is hardly thought of as an ascent. If the excitement of a lightning-like flight through the air is desired, however, there are plenty of steep hills where it can be had, and without danger of any obstacle's sudden appearance at a cross-road. On these little Jersey 'mountains,' in other words, coasting congenial to all tastes is attainable. The perils of the pastime are reduced to the minimum; the pleasures thereof are increased to the maximum."

Springfield avenue, the south-west border of the triangle, whose very name ought to have had power to attract me to it at the outset, was not, in fact, discovered by me until after I had had three years' acquaintance with all the other important thoroughfares in the Newark and Orange region. Its macadam begins at the corner of Morris avenue; and, mounting there on the 5th of November last, at 10.50 A.M., I passed Irvington at 11.05, Middleville at 11.15, Milburn at 11.30, turned to the right into the cinder path at 11.33, and made my first dismount at the railroad station in Short Hills at 11.37. The cyclom-

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eter called the distance seven miles and a half; but the return trip, which was also made without dismount, in forty-four minutes, it called only seven miles. The roughest pavement was that between Newark and Irvington, while the cinder path, from the Short Hills station to the main road, supplied, perhaps, the smoothest one of the many good places for coasting. Two days before, when I first discovered this avenue near Wyoming, — having come down to that point on an exploring tour from the Valley road at South Orange, — I did not have the luck to turn off towards Short Hills, but kept straight on for a half-mile, past the reservoir, and then, at the first cross-road, turned to the right and walked a mile and a half along a sandy upward slope to a bridge on its summit, spanning a dry ravine. Mounting there, I rode along a fairly good track through Chatham to the hotel in Madison, four miles, in thirty-five minutes; thence without stop to the public square in Morristown, nearly five miles in forty mintes. The return trip to Madison I also made without stop, in two minutes less, and, after reaching the dry bridge beyond Chatham, I improved upon my former route by taking the first road to the left, for this, spite of its unattractive appearance, allowed me to ride most of the way to Short Hills.

My first visit to Morristown, however, was made on May Day of 1882, and by a different route. Starting from the hotel in Orange at 8.15 o'clock, I went westward along Main street to its nominal end at the Valley road, — for beyond this the street is called the Mountain road, — and up the same I toiled, much of the way on foot, until I reached St. Cloud at the top, two miles from the start. Then, after a mile and a half of good track, mostly coasted, I began the ascent on foot of the second mountain, and was forty minutes on the way to the flagpole in Northfield, two and a quarter miles. Thence to West Livingston and Hanover there was much walking and rough riding; but beyond this latter point I had a long stay in the saddle, and I stopped at the tavern pump in Whippany at 11 o'clock, with eleven and a half miles on my day's record. I was an hour riding from there to the Mansion House in Morristown, not quite five miles, over an excellent track, which might be made without dismount, and which I did so make in returning, when the wind favored me. In leaving Whippany for Morristown one must turn left at the mill-pond and journey towards the south. Monroe is the name of an intermediate village, if it can be called one; and near this is the long hill which I failed to ride up. By this route "Washington's Head-quarters" are reached before one arrives at the centre of the town; and no patriotic wheelman should fail to halt at that historic mansion. The lofty hill beyond the court-house and reservoir in Morristown is well worth walking up, for the sake of the extensive view therefrom; and I found good wheeling for a mile westward, as well as in the principal streets of the town. At Hanover post-office, on my homeward journey, I bade adieu to my forenoon's route, and rode thence northward, without stop, to the Swinefield iron bridge, two miles and a half in seventeen minutes. This was my most creditable mount of the day, for I climbed two rather soft hills, and overcame other obstacles, which would have caused a halt, had not the wind helped me. From the bridge, by a road winding to the right, and mostly unridable, I went two miles to Pine Brook; and thence, over the smooth track before described, to my starting-point in Orange, at 7.45 P.M., with forty-five miles to my credit. I may as well say here that when, in September, 1880, I pushed my wheel from the Delaware Water Gap to Pine Brook, — fifty-five miles, — by way of Blairstown, Johnsonsbury, Alamoochy, Waterloo, Stanhope, Drakesville, McCainsville, Dover, Rockaway, Denville, and Persippany, I found most of the roads about as rough and hard to get over as are the names just quoted. I therefore give warning against that route, for I think I should have fared rather better if I had aimed for Morristown. The best course between Newark and that city is by way of Springfield avenue; but the one by way of Bloomfield avenue, Pine Brook, Hanover, and Whippany, is also to be recommended as part of a round trip. I never descended the mile and a half stretch from St. Cloud to Orange, but I know it must be fine for coasting.

The bridge over the Passaic, at Newark, has thus far served as the imaginary point of departure for the tourist who wishes to explore any of the roads which I have described; but, as I have assumed him to be a stranger, on a visit to the meet in New York, there still remains to me the duty of piloting him to the bridge. First, then, let me say that if he takes either one of the four railway lines which go from New York

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to Newark, the station where he alights may be assumed as identical with the bridge, because it will be situated, as is the bridge, within a mile of one or the other of the five macadamized roadways leading westward. The station of the Erie railroad may be named as the one nearest the junction of Bloomfield and Park avenues; that of the Jersey Central as the one nearest Springfield avenue. But I think it more creditable to assume that the visitor will, if time allows, prefer to wheel himself out to Newark; and so I will describe the proper path. The Pavonia ferry, at Twenty-third street or at Chambers street, and the Hoboken ferry, at Tenth street or at Barclay street, will land a man at points in Hoboken whence he can readily make his way westward for a mile over the stone sidewalks, to the road leading up Bergen hill, near the tunnels. If he takes the other ferries, whose landing-places are lower down, in Jersey City, he will have to ride considerably farther on the sidewalks. I know it is possible to follow out Grand street, in Jersey City, and cross the marshes on the plank road alongside the Morris canal; but in that case the passage of the Passaic into Newark must be made at a point four miles away from the nearest one of the macadamized avenues. From the top of Bergen hill to the bridge over the Hackensack is a mile and a half of sidewalk riding, mostly on a down grade; following which one may go without dismount for three and a half miles across the marshes, over a macadamized roadway, though this is sometimes made rather difficult by mud and ruts. Another mile or so of sidewalk riding, in a perfectly straight line, leads to the bridge, which is the apex of my triangle.

Bergen hill may be reached more pleasantly, however, if the visitor in New York, instead of using the ferries which have been named, takes the ferry at Forty-second street across to Weehawken, or the one at One hundred and Twenty-fifth street across to Fort Lee. In the latter case he can ride southward along the riverside for about two miles without dismount, or until he turns up the hill at Edgewater. From the top of this he must go southward and westward to Blaque's Hotel, at the head of a broad macadamized boulevard, down which he may speed for two miles and more. Parallel to this, and a quarter mile to the east, is a second boulevard, by which he may continue his southward course for another mile. He should be careful, however, not to follow the car-tracks down hill, — for they will quickly lead him to the Belgian blocks of Hoboken, — but rather cross them, and make the ascent beyond, and afterwards turn west again, until he gets in the neighborhood of the Monastery. Then he can go straight to the south, along the stone sidewalks of Palisade avenue, on a gently declining grade for the most part, and without need of frequent dismounts, unless for the sake of prolonging his enjoyment of the noble views of the big city and the big river, which are constantly before him for about two miles of his course. After turning his back to the river, a mile or so of zigzag work on the sidewalks will bring him to the point on Bergen hill at which he is to turn from Summit avenue down the road to Hackensack bridge. From Weehawken ferry to this point is about seven miles; and the tourist who crosses there instead of at Fort Lee, or who rides down from Fort Lee along the water-side, will find himself, when he has clambered up the hill, on the second of the boulevards mentioned in this description.

The tourist who wishes to make trial of the beautiful roads of Staten Island, in connection with a visit to the Newark and Orange "triangle," may also thank me for reprinting from my report of those roads in the *Bicycling World* of May 20, 1881, the following words: "Two miles beyond Port Richmond I paid an oysterman a quarter dollar to row me across to the main land. Disembarking in Elizabethport, at the head of Jersey street, which is paved with tolerably smooth Belgian blocks, I rode along the same, or else on the sidewalk flags, to what seemed the main street in Elizabeth, up which I turned to the right till I reached the Nicholson-paved street, branching off on the right towards Newark. The distance of this point from the shore was two and three-quarters miles, and I was three-quarters of an hour in getting over it. For three miles and a half this Nicholson road stretches in a bee-line to the fire-engine house in Newark (in front of which I was given my first lesson in bicycling, on the 14th of March, 1879), though the wooden blocks extend only about a third the distance, and the macadam, which follows, seemed to me far superior. Between the engine-house and a point two miles and a half beyond, where I struck the smooth pavement again, on South Orange avenue, I did rather more walking than riding." It may be well to add that the boats for Staten Island make half-hourly trips from the

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Battery, which is the extreme southern point of New York city; that the fare is ten cents, and that no extra charge is made for bicycles.

Two additional paths, connecting the Newark and Orange system of roadways with the Hudson river, have been explored by me as follows: On the 4th of May, 1882, under the inspiration of one of "Ixion's" reports, I made a tour to Pompton and Paterson, turning off from the macadam of Bloomfield avenue (just above the post-office) in Verona, and riding due north without a stop for more than two miles, or until I began the descent of the hill beyond the ravine at Cedar Grove. After that the road grew rougher and sandier, and I was a half-hour in doing the mile and a half ending at Little Falls. And to reach that village I turned aside from the direct route for Pompton, resuming it again at Singac, a mile and a quarter up the Passaic river, which I there crossed. The road down the river from Little Falls to Paterson, about four miles, was said to be very good, but I have not yet tried it. From the bridge at Singac to the railroad crossing at Mountain View, two and a quarter miles, the path is perfectly straight, and I was three-quarters of an hour in reaching the last-named point from Little Falls. The side-paths were generally preferable to the roadway for the next three miles, which I covered in half an hour, during which the powder-mills near Wayne were passed on the left. Instead of keeping to the direct road northward, which would have led to Norton's Hotel, I now crossed the bridge over Pompton river, and rode a mile westward to Pequannock, turning there sharply to the right and going due north in a bee-line through the village of Pompton Plains, and so east again to Pompton and Norton's Hotel. The distance from the bridge was just five miles, and I was fifty minutes in doing it. Smooth and level sidewalks for almost the entire way made this the swiftest and pleasantest spin of the trip. Leaving the hotel at 4.45 o'clock, I proceeded to work my way across an almost uninhabited region of sandy and stony hills, with an occasional shower of rain to encourage me, until I reached the village of Haledon; and, about a mile beyond this, I began a sharp descent into Paterson, and crossed the Passaic (by the bridge nearest the line of the Erie Railway) at 6.30. The distance from Pompton was nearly nine miles, and as I had walked at least a third, or perhaps a half, of it, I do not specially commend the route. Having ridden an hour or more in the forenoon, before branching out from Verona, my day's record, including a final mile on the Paterson macadam, was forty-one miles.

Three days later I took my wheel from the Pickwick House in that city, where it had been safely guarded by big bales of unspun silk, and started due east for Hackensack. From the bridge over the Passaic the course was north-east for two miles straight, and then south-east for twice that distance, — the last three miles being in a bee-line. The only hamlet on the way is Arcola, where Saddle river is crossed, soon after turning the angle from north to south. The track thus described leads up and down a succession of parallel ridges or hills, and, though much of the roadway is sandy, I found the side-paths generally ridable for short stretches; and I was an hour and forty minutes in doing the distance. Red clay was the material of the final ridge or hill from which I descended into Hackensack, and the view of the river and valley of that name, which was enjoyed before in making the descent, was a rather pretty one. Going south from here by a good macadamized turnpike for two miles and a half, I crossed the river at the Freiburg bridge, just beyond which run two parallel railroad lines; a mile to the east I reached the longer toll-bridge spanning Overpeck creek, and then, in another half mile, the Club House in Ridgefield. Just a mile eastward from this, on the crest of a hill two hundred and eighty feet high, which must be climbed afoot, he will begin a half-mile descent that will bring him to the top of the Edgewater hill, where I directed the tourist to turn south, in order to reach the boulevards leading towards Bergen hill.

Such tourist will please observe, therefore, that, if he wishes to reach "the triangle" by the Paterson route, which I have described without specially recommending, he should make the westward descent into Ridgefield, instead of turning south at the Edgewater hill. A third path from Ridgefield to "the triangle," as explored by me on the 20th of December, 1881, I mention in order to give warning against, though perhaps it might not be so bad at another time of year. From the Freiburg bridge I rode westward for a mile, instead of going northward by the Hackensack turnpike; then, by a rather winding road through a swampy, wooded

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country, I went southward about two miles and westward the same distance, walking pretty continuously through the mud until at Woodbridge I climbed a hill two hundred feet high. From here I rode by short stretches on the plank and dirt sidewalks, through Carlstadt, Rutherford, and Lyndhurst, to the bridge across the Passaic at Avondale, but was an hour in doing the distance, which is less than four miles. Having followed the fairly good sidewalks of the river-road for two miles, down to Belleville, I there discovered that an ideally smooth macadamized avenue ran parallel for the whole distance on the crest of the hill, a quarter mile to the west, and gave excellent chances for coasting. So I rode back to the head of it at Avondale, and found it extended thence nearly three miles toward Newark. When the macadam ended, I followed the sidewalks of the same avenue a mile and a half further southward, and there came to its point of junction with Bloomfield avenue.

Tourists who wish to cross the river at Tarrytown, and try the Jersey roads stretching southward behind the Palisades, may be glad to have my final paragraph devoted to a report of that track, as I found it on the 26th of last May. The route is of course inferior, as a whole, to that on the east side of the river, though nothing can be finer than the preliminary four-mile spin along the waterside from Nyack to Piermont. Thence I fared to Sparkill and the hotel in Tappan, two miles, over sandy hills, which cost me half an hour. Near the hotel stands the sunken-roofed stone house in which Major André was jailed before being executed on Gallows hill adjoining. This is just about at the edge of New Jersey; and I reached Closter, four miles, in an hour, and Tenafly, a similar distance beyond, in another hour. Between these places were Demarest and Creskill, stations on the Northern Railway, to which my path lay parallel. Sand and hills were frequent enough to require much walking, but the region was a pleasant one to tour through, and looked at its best in the bright spring sunshine. At the hotel in Tenafly I turned sharply to the east and climbed a hill, and then, when I faced southward again, on the bee-line track for Englewood, I found (in the district called Highland Park) a few short stretches of ideal macadam for coasting. Englewood itself, which is a much larger place than any of the others on the route, has many macadamized streets, of varying grades; and I was told that a smooth track connected it with Hackensack, about five miles westward. That, also, was the length of the by no means smooth road leading down to the Club-House in Ridgefield, though I managed to ride most of it. I had been five hours and a quarter in getting to this point from Nyack, and the cyclometer had registered twenty-one miles. My upward journey of twenty miles, from Washington Heights to Tarrytown, had occupied an hour and a half less than that, and had been "timed" so closely that when I speeded down the hill to the ferry-house, on the stroke of noon, I should have failed to catch the boat had not the captain sighted me and delayed for half a minute. My wheel finally stopped that evening at the railway station in Jersey City, with a record of fifty-one miles.

Karl Kron.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

A Bundle of Letters.

A LITERARY gentleman of Boston writes the following in regard to tricycle-riding: —

"I have tried endless devices for needed exercise, but all have grown so monotonous as to be discarded after a few weeks, except horseback-riding, which I have practised for seven years. I find the tricycle quite as exhilarating and vastly more convenient than the saddle, and the good effects physically better. I have sold my horse, and am now a local tricycle missionary, urging my friends to try the wonderful new machine. I ride over hills that I had not hoped were practicable, but the chief surprise and pleasure is the slight fatigue after a run. I am so little accustomed to walking that two or three miles weary me so I lie down before I feel like resuming writing. I was astonished to find myself less fatigued by a fifteen or twenty miles' run after supper than by a three miles' walk. A month after I first rode I found it easy to climb hills that I could not even start my tricycle on at first, and on the road the effort required is not over half what it was during the first trials. My fear after my first day's trial that it would take too much strength for my weak knees,

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has happily proved groundless, and my one regret is that I hadn't sooner learned what a wonderful — and to one in my circumstances, invaluable — machine it is.

"The steering is so accurate and the brake so powerful that I feel safe on the steepest hills in the darkest nights. If you will send to me any one who doubts the practical value of a good tricycle I will agree to convince him."

A clergyman, from Western Massachusetts, sends the following letter: —

"I have purchased a bicycle, have ridden it in all my pastoral work, and find it to be indispensable. I would not part with it for anything. I have grown as fat as a seal, and never enjoyed better health than since I began to use this machine. I would recommend any of my brethren who are physically weak to try the saddle of a bicycle as a cure. I am sure there would be fewer 'blue Mondays,' with headache, and a score of other ills."

A New-Jersey bicycler says: —

"It is now more than a year since I enjoyed the exhilaration and excitement of my first ride of a bicycle, and ever since that well-remembered day my appreciation and satisfaction of bicycle-riding have steadily increased. I am emphatically impressed with the fact that, of all the different modes of physical exercise, whether for the benefit of health, divertisement, or competition, none cover so great a field of utility, or practical versatility, as is found in bicycle-riding. This after more than a year of personal experience and a close observation of others."

A professor of music in a well-known female college has a good word to say about tricycles: —

"In August of 1882 I bought a 52-inch tricycle. After running the machine but a little over a month, green as I was in the art of riding, I made what I and our bicyclers considered a long and hard trip of thirty-two miles over an extremely hilly and rough road, in the time of four hours and thirty minutes, which shows an average speed of about seven miles per hour. The first four miles of the road are so hilly that they have been studiously shunned by the bicyclers of our city, although some of them are very good 'pedal-pushers.' I can keep my way with them in climbing hills, and especially in working a standstill during an ascent. I can start out of a morning to meet the various members of my music-class, living in all parts of the city. Quite frequently my wife rides my machine, and enjoys it very much."

A Malden gentleman, whose wife was in delicate health, writes the following in regard to the "curative qualities of the tricycle": —

"My wife is in delicate health, having been affected with curvature of the spine from childhood. She weighs but seventy pounds, and has gone out of the house very little. As soon as the tricycle reached the house she came out in her usual dress, mounted it, and rode through the streets a full hour without experiencing any fatigue. The other morning she rode two miles before breakfast, with ease and comfort. She is delighted with it. I am confident from her experience that any person, old or young, male or female, can ride a tricycle, and with very little practice."

A contractor and builder in Pennsylvania writes: —

"I am using my 'wheel' night and day to make business calls, and conveying hardware and other things. At one instance I carried seven lights of glass at once on my bicycle, and at another time a small window-frame. I would not exchange my bicycle for the best horse in the country. It gives safety and utility, pleasure and healthful exercise, and the difficulty of learning to ride is very much exaggerated."

The Fourth League Meet.

Apropos — speaking of the League meet soon to be held in New York, why has the *Wheel* of the 20th ult. committed the grave error, or been led into it inadvertently, of terming the same the "third"? We much regretted the mistake of calling the Chicago meet the "second"; and now a word must be said before this thing goes on longer. We say, of course, the New York meet should be termed the "fourth," as it actually *is* the fourth, and marks that epoch in our history as an organization, when our fourth year begins. Newport did altogether too fine a thing for us to be thus overlooked, in the very fact of giving the League its birth. Boston witnessed our second meet, and a parade truly grand in proportions.

As the writer looks at his League ticket, he observes the letter C just to the left of his number, just above the lower margin in

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the centre. What does this mean? Last year my card said B, and the year preceding, A. From this we are led to infer that next year this letter C will be replaced by D, which is a synonymous expression with the figure 4 marking the fourth year of our existence, which is ushered in by the fourth meet to be held in New York, May 28. Why call four, three? We fail to *imagine* even any sound argument in favor of such a procedure, and hope when another one has been announced, as, for instance, Washington, May 30, 1884, it will in the beginning be called the *fifth*.

Remedy for Dyspepsia.

As the *Medical Gazette* may not come to the notice of many of your readers I send the following letter clipped from its columns: —

"Your article on a 'Remedy for Dyspepsia,' in your issue of March 10, 1883, struck a responsive chord in my breast. There are doubtless many in this country, who, like Mr. Carlyle, suffer from dyspepsia and other ills which impair their usefulness mentally and morally, as well as physically, who could improve their health by horseback exercise, were it not that 'the maintenance of a horse far transcends their means.'

"To such persons let me recommend an efficient and comparatively inexpensive substitute, viz., the bicycle or tricycle. It is a fair inference that Mr. Carlyle could have afforded to *buy* a horse, but could not afford the expense of *keeping* one.

"A good bicycle or tricycle can be purchased for about the same price as a reasonably good horse, and with this first investment the expense practically ends, while the exercise is not only as good, but better than horseback-riding.

"I speak advisedly from a four years' experience of the bicycle. My health has improved, a persistent insomnia from which I had long suffered has disappeared, and the expense for 'keep' and repairs has not exceeded $2 a year.

"I am satisfied that the bicycle is a practicable road vehicle, especially convenient for physicians' use; that the exercise of riding it is thoroughly beneficial, and that it is a good thing to recommend to patients who need gentle, pleasant out-of-door exercise. The same is true of the tricycle, which has some advantages over its two-wheeled relative, in that it is easier to learn to ride, has better luggage-carrying capacity, and can be used by ladies.

"I believe that the foolish prejudice against these vehicles is disappearing; and I hope my professional brethren may be led to use and recommend them as generally as is done in England, where the tricycle has among its special advocates no less authority than Dr. B. W. Richardson."

Drinking en Route.

"Karl Kron" says, "Drink freely and frequently — except 'strong' drink." Is there not danger in this advice? I have now in mind cases of severe sickness from no other cause, apparently, than this. Is it not the belief of many good doctors that excessive drinking of cold (especially *iced*) water may bring on inflammation of the bowels? My little theory about this matter, and, with but few exceptions, practice, is to drink as little as possible at all times, — when perspiring, only enough to make up for the loss of moisture, — and, especially in hot weather and when overheated, only a small amount at a time. I invariably have found that half-a-dozen small swallows, taken slowly, satisfy as much as a pint or quart *poured* down my throat. But the most satisfactory use of cold water, when perspiring freely and with blood "boiling," is (in my case) to pour or pump over the inside of my wrists. Two or three minutes of this work always make me more comfortable than would pouring a pail of water into my stomach. I have also read, in various places, that after this practice cold water can be drunk freely with little or no risk or harm.

Better, however, than water (all this applies to me, remember; I don't set any example for others) is good milk, heated (never boiled) to a degree to be drunk with comfort. This is the best and most quickly refreshing beverage I have tried.

After I have wheeled twenty-five or thirty miles without so much as a wish for any drink, — it is, I know, in a large measure, habit, — I seldom drink water at meal-time. An equally good drink, I suppose, is a thin oatmeal gruel, but not as easily or speedily prepared. "Karl" also asks whether any riders of the steed we love best have pushed, without leaving the saddle, more than thirty miles over a "straight away" course. Yes, at least two Worcester (Mass.) "boys" have done it, between that city and Boston —

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more than forty miles. Indeed I see no reason why it should not be kept up for sixty certainly, and perhaps eighty miles; though I am as little in love with wheeling against time, or distance, as he, I "should like to try it."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

WE invite the earnest coöperation of bicyclers and tricyclers to make this department helpful, valuable, and authoritative.

Questions which demand immediate answers will be answered by mail.

All questions of general interest will be answered in the Magazine.

Questions relating to the choice of machines, and all questions which involve only matters of personal preference, will be answered neither in the magazine nor by mail.

Correspondents are asked to follow the ordinary rules of newspaper correspondence. Questions to insure insertion in the current issue must be received not later than the fifth of the month.

Question 1. What is the longest distance that has been made on American roads in a day?

Answer. The record of Thomas Midgley, of Worcester, Mass., who made 179 miles within 24 hours, Nov. 3, 1882, on an Expert Columbia, has not been surpassed, though only the lateness of the season when this run was accomplished prevented that distance from being exceeded. The January WHEELMAN contains a full account of all club-runs of over 100 miles within 24 hours. Over 200 miles will undoubtedly be made early this season.

Question 2. Has the marine bicycle been tested in a heavy sea? Please give particulars.

Answer. In the spring of 1882 we read in the South Boston *Inquirer* an account of a sea-trip by its editor from Salem to Boston, during which he was caught in a severe snow-squall off Lynn Beach, and landed safely through a heavy surf on Nahant Beach. Numerous trips have been made off the New England coast, the particulars of which could be learned by addressing *The Manufacturers*, at Portsmouth, N.H. The July WHEELMAN will contain a description of a sea-voyage on one of the crafts.

Question 3. I saw a recent mention of a bicycle kicking race. How was it performed?

Answer. This novel feature was introduced by the Portsmouth Bi. Club, and has proved an interesting attraction at exhibitions given by them. The contestants mounted their wheels in coasting position, and propelled them by kicking the rubber tires with their feet. The one that kept his machine in motion the longest time was declared the winner. We give the tip to judges of future races to examine the soles of the shoes worn by the racers, to prevent sand-papering of the same.

Question 4. We wish to issue a map of the roads in our county. What is the cheapest method?

Answer. If a large number of copies are desired you can obtain a heliotype plate by sending a drawing to the Heliotype Printing Co. in Boston. A cheaper way, if only fifty or seventy-five copies are required, would be to make a tracing with hectograph ink on transparent paper from a map showing the roads, and then take impressions from it in the usual way. The latter is the mode employed by the Chief Consul for N.H.

Question 5. If I have a week to spend in New York city, and want to bring my wheel with me, how can I have it cared for in the city, and where can I ride so as to combine the most pleasure with the least labor and bother? Will some New York rider give me a route or two, each to be about a half a day's trip?

Answer. At least ten days before the League meet, *The Wheel* (P.O. Box 444, New York) will send to every wheelman who is or has been an L.A.W. member, and to other bicyclers who will send their addresses, a little book containing full information of the description asked for.

Question 6. We are about to form a club, can you give us a set of rules as a model?

Answer. In response to many such queries, we give the rules and regulations of the Massachusetts Club, as they are comprehensive and compact. Questions of order or parliamentary practice may be referred to Roberts' Rules of Order (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; seventy-five cents), which is the best arranged and indexed, and the most recently published manual of this sort.

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RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. This club shall be named the "Massachusetts Bicycle Club."

2. The officers shall consist of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, captain, 1st lieutenant, 2d lieutenant, two buglers, and a club committee of five, consisting of the president, secretary, captain, and two others chosen from the general membership, who shall hold their offices for one year, or until their successors are elected.

3. The officers shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting in February by a majority of votes.

4. The president shall preside at all the meetings, and shall call special meetings whenever he considers it necessary, or at the written request of any five members of the club.

The secretary shall notify each member whenever a meeting is called, keep the records of the meeting, perform the usual duties of a secretary, and be exempt from the payment of dues.

The treasurer shall attend to the collection of dues, take charge of the funds, and pay all bills which have been approved by the club committee. He shall also be exempt from the payment of dues.

The captain shall have full command at all the club meets, and shall be assisted by the lieutenants.

The club committee shall investigate the standing of all candidates proposed for membership, and if found worthy shall report the same to the club. They shall also pass upon all bills and attend to the general business of the club.

5. Three members of the club committee shall form a quorum at committee meetings.

6. The admission fee shall be $5.00, to include the badge, which shall be the club property.

7. The annual meeting shall be held on the first Tuesday in February of each year.

8. Any member who violates any rule of the club may be fined by the club committee; and if the conduct of any member is objectionable, he may be expelled by a two-thirds vote of members at a regular meeting, the delinquent in either case first having an opportunity for a hearing.

9. Alterations or additions to the rules and regulations may be made at a general meeting, after having been proposed in writing at a preceding meeting, by a two-thirds vote of members present, and voting.

10. Seven members shall form a quorum at a general meeting for the transaction of business, but a less number may meet and adjourn.

11. Any candidate for admission not favorably reported by the club committee may be granted a hearing before the club, and may be admitted by the unanimous vote of the members present, except the club committee.

12. Every candidate for membership must be recommended by two members of the club, who shall hand his name, with $5.00 for admission fee, to any member of the club committee. The name shall be voted for by ballot at any meeting, and three black balls shall reject.

13. A general meeting of the club shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month.

14. The assessment shall be for each member $2.00 per quarter, payable in advance, and any member who is voted in at the last monthly meeting of any quarter shall not be assessed for that quarter. Any member of the club residing at a distance of twenty-five miles from Boston may have his dues reduced to $4.00 per year; and any one joining the club, living at the above distance, shall be assessed the same amount.

15. A house committee, to consist of three members, shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting, who shall have entire charge of this club's interests in the club head-quarters and wheel-room.

16. It shall be the duty of the captain to call an all-day run on or about the fifteenth day of each month, from April to November, inclusive.

17. This club as a whole shall become members of the L.A.W., the annual dues being paid from the club treasury; and each new member of the club, not already a member of the L.A.W., shall be proposed by the secretary of the club.

Question 7. Has a bicycle ever yet been built by anybody having the rims two inches or more wide, and nearly flat, with tires of rubber, thin in proportion? If so, has such a bicycle ever been tested on a sandy road impassable to the ordinary forms, and what were the results? Wherein was it impractical?

Answer. Some time ago President Bates, of Detroit, made some interesting inquiries and experiments relating to the utility of wide tires on sandy roads, and Mr. Pressy, builder of the "Am. Star," then stated that he was conducting a line of experiments to the same end; but we do not remember that either gentleman stated that such a machine as described was ever actually tried.

Question 8. Do you know of a perfectly reliable cyclometer?

Question 9. Why do makers persist in using the Stanley spring, which is fast where it ought to be loose, and *vice versâ?*

Question 10. How does Ash's Leader spring, which looks so well on paper, fill the requirements in actual practice on the road?

EDITORIAL.

The League Year.

THE work of the League of American Wheelmen is necessarily, for the most part, intangible and invisible. It is not in amendments and resolutions, but in the silent, effective, and protective influence of organization, and in the unnoted labors of individual officers. But as the League year is drawing to a close, a hasty retrospect may not be entirely uninteresting, glancing at the results of the year when they are visible, and hinting at those which, though sometimes overlooked, are none the less essential and im-

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portant. The past year has been productive of results more important and far-reaching than those of previous years. With increasing age comes an attendant maturity in the natural course of events. Much has been done in the past year to mature and perfect the League, to give effectiveness to its work, to strengthen its influence, and widen the range of its usefulness.

The "Constitution and By-Laws" have undergone many changes for the better. Dubious clauses have been defined, or changed to suit the sense, thus preventing in the future much confusion and discussion of technicalities. The racing rules have been remodelled, so that now we have a definite and satisfactory set of regulations, which are the standards for all amateur races. Taking a broad and liberal view of the subject, the amateur question has been settled, and a definition of the word has been given, as sound in principle as the English rule, and for us proves more satisfactory and just in practice. A standard for track measurement has been fixed. Another important step in the regulations in regard to racing is the appointment of an official handicapper. This is but carrying out the principle that the League should furnish the standard rules to govern amateur races. This appointment will result in bringing racing men to a more thorough test, by putting each man under such conditions that he will be compelled to do his best; thus treating each man fairly and bringing out the fastest time possible, and no longer allowing races to be mere meaningless processions with un-indicative times.

By recent amendments a change is to be made in the manner of doing the work of the League.

SECTION 5 OF THE CONSTITUTION. — Each State in which there are twenty-five or more members shall organize a State division, with a code of by-laws in keeping with the constitution of the L.A.W. Its executive board shall comprise the chief consul and representatives, together with a secretary and a treasurer, who may be chosen at large by vote of the division.

This division treasurer shall receive all admission fees and dues from members in his State, and shall forward monthly to the L.A.W. treasurer fifty per cent. of such receipts. The State secretary shall send to the League corresponding secretary duplicates of applications for membership received and filed by him. The funds of each State division depend directly upon the labors of officers and members in the separate States, an incentive to them to endeavor to keep old members and add new ones. Each State virtually receives its proportion of the receipts of the League, to be expended in aiding the cause of bicycling in that State. Such a system cannot fail to be productive of immediate and evident results.

But aside from carefully and judiciously amending and perfecting the "Constitution and By-Laws," the League officers of the past year have been active and zealous in promoting the interests of wheelmen. Through the efforts of the railroad committee, the chairman of which merits the gratitude of all wheelmen, whether members of the League or not, all the important roads in the West, and many of the East, now carry bicycles free upon presentation of a first-class ticket by the owner. The officers have sent out, and distributed free, numbers of Mr. Chas. E. Pratt's "Rights of Bicycle Riders," containing decisions of the courts upon the rights and privileges of wheelmen. Through this instrumentality many suits against bicyclers, for frightening horses, have been abandoned, and several municipal governments prevented from passing restrictive ordinances. It was the influence of the League as a body, and the hearty coöperation and sympathy of the members, which made such an impression upon the Ohio legislators at the time of the presentation of the Green bill. In the preamble of the League constitution the last stated "object" is "to encourage and facilitate touring." What has been done by the railroad committee shows that the officers of the past year have kept this in view. The chief consuls have been very active; more local consuls have been appointed than ever before; descriptions of roads have been obtained; and route slips issued and filled out. Besides, there are now ready one hundred stencils to send to consuls, to be used in putting up League signs for the benefit of touring wheelmen. This last is one of the most important results brought about by the present board of officers.

Most wheelmen little realize the amount of actual labor incurred in conducting the business of the League, and the self-sacrifices undergone by many of the officers in furtherance of its interests. These officers write thousands of letters each year. They give up much of their time, and suffer countless personal inconveniences for the good of the League, and we think there should be among the members nothing but gratitude for services so cheerfully and faithfully rendered.

We have touched on but a few of the many things accomplished during the past year, but we think enough has been said to show that the officers have done good, efficient work for the

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League; that they have used their efforts honestly and successfully, "to promote the general interests of bicycling; to ascertain, defend, and protect the rights of wheelmen; and to encourage and facilitate touring."

Touring.

THE outlook indicates that touring will be more extensively indulged in during the present season on this side the water than ever before. This is as it should be. Every season numbers of wheelmen take their vacation trips through England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, and the various countries of the Continent; and though our roads cannot be compared with those in Europe, it was long ago proven that long tours in the United States were not only practicable, but enjoyable. To such an extent has this fact been realized that during the coming season there will be more organized tours than in all the history of bicycling in America heretofore. A company comprising about twenty-five prominent and representative wheelmen will go "down-east" in June, "personally conducted" by members of the Portland Club; riding through some of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of Maine; visiting the island of Grand Menan, across which is a splendid smooth, hard road; also stopping at Mt. Desert in the return. Another notable tour will be that of the Chicago Club in Canada. The trip as laid out begins at Ann Arbor; from there to Detroit; then across into Canada, through Windsor, St. Thomas, London, Woodstock, Brantford, Hamilton; then to Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls; ending at Buffalo. This will be a most pleasant tour, and gives a good opportunity to wheelmen to spend a delightful vacation.

Many other clubs will take trips a-wheel. The Albany Club will ride to Boston; the Fostoria (O.) Touring Club will make a run to Grand Haven, Mich., by way of Detroit; the Milwaukee Club start on their "Fourth Annual Tour" about July 1st; the San Francisco and Oakland Clubs will run to San José together and spend several days in that vicinity; the Rutland (Vt.) Club intend forming a camp on Lake Sunapee, N.H. No doubt many other clubs have planned tours, but these are all that occur to us at present. A number of wheelmen will join the C.T.C. excursion to England, while many individual bicyclers will make trips both in this country and in Europe.

These facts, a few from the many that might be brought forward, show how thoroughly wheelmen realize the utility of the bicycle for long tours.

The result of all this touring will be most beneficial to the interests of the sport. The wheel will penetrate many places where it was never before seen; when once known it is sure to become a resident; the possibilities of the bicycle for long and pleasurable vacation journeys in the United States will be more thoroughly and more generally tested; new routes will be found and opened up to wheelmen; valuable information in regard to roads and such matters gathered, which will be useful to wheelmen in the future; and the interests of wheeling and wheelmen advanced in many ways.

WHEEL NEWS.

Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup Rules.

1. This cup is offered for the encouragement of American bicycling, and shall be open to competition at least once in each year until won.

2. The times, places, and auspices of competitions for it, shall be appointed or approved by the president of The Pope Manufacturing Company, subject only to the conditions of these rules.

3. It shall be open only in amateur twenty-mile races, under the rules of the League of American Wheelmen, and the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, and after four weeks' notice in each instance.

4. Any amateur American bicycler, not barred by the rules of either of those Associations, may be allowed to compete for it on any bicycle (direct crank movement), by entry at least ten days prior to any race where it is open, and by prepayment of an entrance fee of $5.00, which shall be returned to competitors riding full distance.

5. All entries and deposits are to be made at the office of THE WHEELMAN, Boston, Mass., and duplicate entries are to be made with the parties under whose auspices the races may be held.

6. The cup is to remain the property of the Pope Manufacturing Company until won to hold, and until then will only leave their posses-

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sion upon deposit with them of $1,000, or bond with sureties, for its safe return. The winner for the time being may be challenged by any eligible competitor at any time, subject to approval, as in Rule 2.

7. The cup shall become the personal property of the competitor who is first for three times winner in said races for it, or who, in winning one of said races, covers the twenty miles within one hour. The winner in each instance will have an appropriate trophy of the fact as a personal ornament.

8. The judges of such races are to be three, one appointed by each of said Associations, or its proper Board or officer, and one by the management of the race; the judges shall appoint an official time-keeper, and the president of the Pope Manufacturing Company shall be referee, whose decisions on all appeals shall be final.

The Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup.

This beautiful and costly work of art was designed by the eminent artist, Mr. L. S. Ipsen, and made by the well-known house of Shreve, Crump, & Low, and is valued at $1,000.

It is in the form of a solid silver horn, resting at one part of it on a bronze pedestal, and steadied by two dragons' legs, the whole standing about fifteen inches high. The cup is in the general style of the old Scandinavian (and Keltic) drinking-horns of the eighth and ninth centuries. The horn is about four inches in diameter at the largest part, gracefully shaped, the ornamentation being of frosted, smooth-polished oxidized and hammered surfaces, with a broad band of *bas-relief* near the top. The *bas-relief* represent action and attitudes of riding a race. The whole is surmounted by a cap or cover of elegant design, bearing a winged wheel flying through bronzed silver dust.

The bronze pedestal bears silver panels inserted in its sides, on one of which will be suitably inscribed the successive events of the winning and the winners' names and times; and on the other is engraved the following inscription: —

COLUMBIA BICYCLE PRIZE CUP
OFFERED BY
THE POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
TO BE COMPETED FOR
IN AMATEUR TWENTY-MILE BICYCLE RACES
MDCCCLXXXIII.

This is the most valuable and attractive trophy ever offered for bicycle competition, and is, besides, a beautiful work of art. The trophy not being entirely finished, cuts and photographs cannot be furnished at this time, but on its completion they will be cheerfully furnished.

The League Meet.

AT a meeting of the Central Park Commissioners, last week, a Committee of the Citizens' Club presented a petition requesting the use of the Park and the Riverside Drive, for the parade, May 28. The three Commissioners, Messrs. Viele, Cummins, and Olliffe, after discussion, voted unanimously to grant the petition, which read for the west drive of the Park, between the hours of 3 and 5.30 P.M. This concession is the subject of congratulation among the New York wheelmen, and we do not doubt that others will join us in the chorus.

The line will form on Fifth avenue, at 2 P.M., the right resting on 72d street. It will then move down the avenue to 59th street, and countermarch up Fifth avenue to 116th street, through to Seventh avenue, down to Central Park, and through the west drive to 59th street, back through the Park to 72d street, to Riverside Drive, to 120th street, past the residence of General Viele, one of the Park Commissioners, and return the same way to Mount Tom, made famous by Chic, in the May WHEELMAN, where a photograph will be taken, — probably by Pach, — after which the parade will be disbanded. This route has been selected with great care, and embraces the finest roads in the vicinity of New York. The drives are all at least sixty feet, and some one hundred feet, wide, and offer the best facilities for an imposing display of wheelmen.

A very handsome design for the dinner ticket has been submitted by the chairman of that committee. It will be engraved on a heavy Bristol card by the Homer Lee Bank Note Company, whose reputation for artistic work is unexcelled. The tickets will be issued in about two weeks, and we advise those who intend to take in the dinner to send their names to Mr. W. A. Bryant, 12 Maiden lane, N.Y.

The publishers of *The Wheel* will issue a sixteen-page pamphlet, giving full instructions to League members and intending visitors to the Meet, regarding transportation, hotels, and points of interest, together with a map of the upper portion of the city. This will be sent to every known wheelman, about the 15th of May.

The subject of transportation of machines has been met and conquered. Two large covered

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barges will be moored at the Erie and Pennsylvania depots, in Jersey City, and will receive and check machines up to 11 A.M., on Monday. Tugs will then tow them up the Hudson to Fifty-seventh street, within a short distance of the appointed place for the parade, and within easy riding distance. Those who arrive by the Sound boats have merely to roll their wheels aboard the "Erie" ferry-boat, which will take them to where the barges are stationed.

The Eastern men, who come by train, will be met at Harlem, and escorted down to the storage tent, over the boulevards.

The dinner is a fixture, and will be undoubtedly a great success. It will be held at the Metropolitan Hotel, which has one of the finest dining-rooms in the country, the decorations of which alone cost over $75,000. Invitations will be extended to the Governor, Mayor, and city officials, and it is proposed to make this one of the most attractive features of the meet. The price of tickets will be $2.50 per plate, and the committee would feel obliged if those who intend to participate will send their names to the chairman as soon as possible.

The question of hotel accommodations is being looked up, and although the report is not complete, already a number of hotels have signified their willingness to accommodate guests at reduced rates. These are the Grand Central (European plan) rooms, $1.00 to $1.50 per day; Grand Union (European) rooms, $1.00 per day; and the Cosmopolitan (European) rooms, 75c. per day; Metropolitan (American), $3.50 per day. A number of others will be selected and duly published.

Wheels will be stored probably in a large tent erected for the purpose, and capable of holding over one thousand machines. The committee expect to lease a large plot of ground at the entrance of Central Park, and every arrangement will be made to carefully guard and protect the same from injury. There will also be competent machinists to attend to any repairs that may be needed. — *The Wheel.*

THE tricycle meet at Boston, April 25, may be regarded as the most important tricycling event of the season. It is the first tricycle meet in America. The riders were those who had in many cases ridden the bicycle for years. There were here some who had attended the first bicycle meet. Several of those who had taken part in the "Wheel Around the Hub" were here. Notman, as usual, was present, and photographed the group. A brief but enjoyable run was made through several of the streets in the city, and a few, more active than the rest, rode out as far as Brighton. Over a score of machines wheeled into line. The change of name of the B.T.C. to C.T.C., the remarkable popularity of the tricycle in England, and the rapidly growing demand for the machine in this country, all seem to indicate an immense future demand for the tricycle. We propose in an early number of THE WHEELMAN to print an engraving from the photograph of the meet.

WE give a list of railroads that have issued circulars of instruction to baggage-masters and station agents to pass bicycles free in baggage-cars when accompanied by owner, and upon presentation of first-class ticket: —

Baltimore & Ohio.
Grand Trunk.
Chicago & Grand Trunk.
Wabash, St. Louis, & Pacific.
Illinois Central.
Chicago, Alton, & St. Louis.
Wheeling & Lake Erie.
Cleveland & Marietta.
Ohio Central.
New York, Chicago, & St. Louis.
Lake Erie & Western.
Cleveland, Lorain, & Wheeling.
Flint & Pere Marquette.
Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy.
Chicago & Iowa.
Kansas City, St. Joseph, & Council Bluffs.
Cleveland, Tuscarawas Valley, & Wheeling.
Vandalia Line.
Grand Rapids & Indiana.
Indiana, Bloomington, & Western.
Valley Ry.
Cleveland, Akron, & Canton.
Pennsylvania Company.
Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, & St. Louis. (C., St. L., & P.)
Michigan Central.
Canada Southern.
Ohio & Mississippi.
Cleveland, Columbus, Cincin., & Indianapolis.
Indianapolis & St. Louis.
Cincinnati, Hamilton, & Dayton.
Chicago & West Michigan.
Louisville, New Albany, & Chicago.
Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul.
Delaware, Lackawanna, & Western.
Chicago & Eastern Illinois.

THE Harvard bicycle track, now being constructed in Holmes' Field, will measure four laps to the mile.

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A MEMBER of the Capital Club sends the following correction: —

"Anent the one-wheel act, 'with everything removed except forks and handle-bar,' as performed by Mr. Hendee, at the Springfield ball, the May WHEELMAN makes this statement: 'No other man in the world has been able to do this but Hendee.' As the writer doubtless did not know that the feat had previously been performed, the error was a natural one, and, in the flush of club pride, the announcement of the act commendable; but the facts will show that Mr. Rex Smith, of the Capital Club, performed this feat fully a year and a half ago (in 1881); and, besides showing it at exhibitions in this city, has frequently ridden considerable distances in the streets of Washington, and even found our abominable car-tracks no obstruction.

"As a fancy rider Rex is continually surprising the members of his own Club with some apparently impossible manœuvre *invented* since the last run, and performed for sheer love of the thing. In fact, his 'last feat' is a standing joke, for to lose sight of him for a few weeks leaves one in a state of sublime ignorance as to what he *has* done 'last.' After so many surprises we are ready for anything, even to see him next mount the bare wheel, sand forks, and handle-bar, and ride off by hand-propulsion on the tire."

THE case of R. F. Foster, of Baltimore, against Judge Maulsby, for $5,000 damages, for false and malicious arrest and prosecution, has been decided for the defendant, the court having decided that Mr. Foster had never been actually under arrest, since there was no warrant issued for his apprehension. From the *Baltimore Sun* we take this outline of the circumstances: —

"Mr. Foster is a member of the League of American Wheelmen and the Badgeless Brotherhood of Baltimore Bicyclists. He is an expert on the wheel, and last July was on his way from Hagerstown to Baltimore. While passing through the main street of Westminster he met Judge Maulsby's carriage, containing both him and his wife. Judge Maulsby, fearing that his horse would be frightened, called for Foster to halt and dismount from his machine. Foster refused, and told the judge to get down and hold his horse if he was afraid. Judge Maulsby had Foster arrested, and he was tried before a magistrate on the charge of violating an ordinance forbidding the obstruction of the highway in any manner which prevents the free passage of vehicles. Foster was discharged upon the mayor and city council entering a plea of 'not guilty.' He then instituted suit for damages against Judge Maulsby."

THE Alpha Bicycle Club, of Bethlehem, Pa., was recently formed with a membership of ten, and bright prospects of an increased number. The club is very handsomely uniformed in dark olive-green suits, with brass buttons, maroon stockings, and helmets. The present officers are as follows: Charles C. Knauss, Captain; Frank Leech, Sub-Captain; James Dodson, President; Harry B. Eggert, Secretary and Treasurer; and William Winterstein, Bugler. On Saturday, April 23, the first club-run was taken, and was highly successful. At 7 P.M. six of the Alphas, with H. K. Klose, of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, of Philadelphia, as guest, wheeled away from the club's rooms, and after a delightful spin of six miles over an excellent pike reached Allentown. Here, under the broad glare of the newly-erected electric lights, they attracted universal attention, and when they wheeled into the square fully two thousand people assembled to watch their graceful evolutions, as bicycling in Allentown is confined to one solitary rider, and such a number as seven uniformed men took the Allentonians completely by storm. After recuperating strength at the American House, once more the wheels were mounted, and, after a beautiful moonlight ride, Bethlehem was reached.

THE Pittsfield (Mass.) Club has been reorganized, under the name of the Berkshire Co. Wheelmen. It has now about twenty-five members, all active riders, and a club-house. The club has runs every two weeks. The officers are as follows: President, S. Harris Pomeroy; Captain and Bugler, A. B. Prince; Sub-Captain, H. S. Wollison; Secretary and Treasurer, L. L. Atwood. The Secretary writes us that they shall be glad to welcome wheelmen; that the Hudson can be reached very comfortably by going to Chatham, N.Y. (one long hill); from there to Claverick, whence a fine turnpike road leads to Poughkeepsie.

H. M. STILWELL, of Rochester, N.Y., has invented and patented a new lock, which is, undoubtedly, the best lock ever put on the market. It has many decided advantages over every other lock, without any drawbacks. It is not necessary to carry it in your pocket; it is small and light; it allows, when in use, no play of the wheel, thereby obviating all danger of breakage by the curious small boy; and it is always on the machine and ready for use.

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THE first annual exhibition and ball of the Meriden Wheel Club took place April 18th. A large audience was in attendance, including many representatives from other clubs. The Meriden club gave an exhibition drill; and Master George H. Nash, of Springfield; Messrs. Wilmot and Alden, of Boston, and Mr. Dan. Canary, showed some of their best fancy-riding feats. The affair was very enjoyable and highly successful.

THE Nashville (Tenn.) Club has adopted a new uniform, new monogram, and has also made a change in its club colors. The coat is cut square, is single-breasted, buttons high, — bicycle buttons are used. The cap has a three-inch crown, with peak attached. The entire uniform is dark-blue in color.

THE first number of the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette* has been issued by the Springfield (Mass.) Club. It is a sixteen-page journal, printed in the very best style, and filled with interesting matter. The *Gazette* is to be sent free to every wheelman. It will appear monthly, during the season, until after the great meet at Springfield in September. The club cannot be too highly congratulated upon their energy and success in sending out such a really excellent paper.

"KING'S Dictionary of Boston" contains a very good article on Bicycling, and gives an outline of the rules of the Boston and Massachusetts clubs.

THE *Amateur Athletic*, published by Oliver & Jenkins, is now well under way, and is a credit to the publishers. The choicest and latest news of the amateur athletic world is found in its columns from week to week.

SATURDAY, April 14, was "bicyclers' day" in the Boston Casino, — wheelmen in costume being admitted free. In the evening there were some interesting races, and a supper was given the bicyclers.

ON Sunday, April 1, on Brighton avenue, near Boston, Mr. J. S. Dalton, the old wheelman and bicycling versifier, was thrown from his machine by the reckless driving of a man whose name he afterwards discovered to be H. F. Milliken. Mr. Dalton took legal action in the matter, with what result is to be seen.

THE Kenton Bi. was organized March 14. The following officers were elected: L. J. Kaye, President; G. E. Crane, Captain; B. F. Schultz, Lieutenant; J. B. Pearce, Secretary.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a meet and run of the Massachusetts members of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club.

WILL ROSE, of Danville, Ill., has recently published "Western Adventures of a Bicycle Tourist," being an illustrated history of his trip on wheel to Cheyenne City, Wyoming.

THE amount subscribed by the New Yorkers toward defraying expenses of the L.A.W. meet is fast reaching $1,500. Fred Bourne anonymously sent in $100, but was discovered, and given the credit due him.

ONE of the chief characters in the new opera, "Pounce & Co.," is the captain of a bicycle club, and the "chief members" render several songs "appropriate to the sport."

AN ordinance has been passed at Woodstock, N.J., prohibiting the use of bicycles in the street.

R. DE CLAIRMONT, of San Francisco, writes to *The World* that he brought a machine from Paris, in August, 1876, and puts in his claim as the pioneer rider of "the coast."

THE *Western 'Cyclist* estimates the expenses of the Canadian tour of the Chicago wheelmen at $46.46.

THE Boston Club will ride part way to the L.A.W. meet. It is expected that representatives of other clubs will join in this trip.

A NEW YORK Division of the L.A.W. is to be formed.

"BICYCLE TACTICS," a book of movements for club drills, has been published by T. S. Miller, of Chicago.

THE Rutland (Vermont) Bicycle Club are discussing the matter of a bicycle camp at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, If the plan is carried out the club will leave Rutland, July 1.

THE first number of *The Western 'Cyclist* has reached us. The paper contains many interesting news items, and makes a good showing of advertisements. The improvement in typography which is promised will add much to its appearance. The subscription price is only twenty-four cents, and we see no reason why every wheelman should not subscribe.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has been added to the list of those which carry bicycles free when accompanied by the owner.

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MR. R. F. FOSTER, of Baltimore, soon publishes "Bicycle Club Drills," with lithographs of movements and diagrams; also notes upon fancy-riding.

THE Albany Bicycle Club have accepted the invitation of the Boston Club to make the latter's club-house their head-quarters while in the city, during their tour this summer.

THE L.A.W. Racing Board have given their sanction to the twenty-mile race for the "amateur championship of America," for that distance, and the $1,000 cup offered by the Pope Manufacturing Company, to come off at Springfield during September next. The conditions of this sanction are: That the conditions of the race be subject to the approval of the Racing Board; that the race be governed by League rules; that one judge and time-keeper be selected from the Board.

MR. JULIUS WILCOX, of New York, was in Boston for several days early in May, on business. Mr. Wilcox is the importer of the "Facile," and anticipates quite a run for these machines during the coming season.

A CLUB has been formed in Concord, Mass., called the Walden Ramblers; G. E. Houghton is President and Captain; Stacy Tolman, Secretary and Treasurer.

NEW YORK claims a new club, — the Harlem Wheel Club.

THE following gentlemen were elected members of the Boston Ramblers at the meeting of May 2: James Austin Fynes, Alonzo D. Peck, George H. Lavender, Charles J. Hendree, Wm. R. Noone.

PRESIDENT MILLER has four bicycles, two tricycles, and a racing path. Treasurer Gilman possesses four bicycles, one tricycle, and a catamaran.

BICYCLING seems to be flourishing at Los Angeles, Cal. Club-drills are held each evening, and occasional runs made to Santa Monica, seventeen miles, and to the old Mission, San Gabriel, about ten miles.

THE Oakland and San Francisco clubs will soon take their second annual trip to San José and vicinity.

THE *Clipper* for April 7 contained a very poor portrait of Lewis T. Frye, and an outline of his notable performances.

MR. H. E. PARKHURST, of the Massachusetts Club, Boston, who is at present in Munich, intends making a bicycle trip through the Tyrol, Bavaria, and Switzerland during the summer.

THE Montreal Bicycle Club have elected officers for the season: President, H. S. Tibbs; Secretary-Treasurer, J. D. Miller; Captain, J. A. Muirhead; Bugler, J. D. Miller.

THE races between Prince and Woodside at Cincinnati were not very interesting, being rather exhibitions than "races." On the first evening, at Power Hall, Prince won the twenty-mile race in 1h. 15m. 19s. The ten-mile race, the second of the series, also won by Prince in 37m. 48½s., Woodside's time being 37m. 49s. Prince having won twice in succession, the third — five-mile race — was not run, and the $300 handed over to the winner. Much interest was shown in the ten-mile amateur race, which came off the same evening as the ten-mile professional. Reed and Wright were the chief contestants, the others, Macbrair and Pierson, dropping out before covering five miles. Reed won in 35m. 52½s., — nearly two minutes better than Prince's time.

MR. W. I. HARRIS is now secretary of the Boston Ramblers; Mr. A. H. Forbush lately resigned.

HARRY Tufts, of Attleboro', Mass., has challenged W. D. Wilmot, or any other fancy rider, to compete with him for a silver cup and the championship of the United States.

IT is reported that President Ducker, of the Springfield (Mass.) Club, will offer $1,000, to be raced for by Keen and Prince, if the contest comes off in Springfield.

THE Illinois fifty-mile championship race at the Exposition building, Chicago, between L. W. Conkling and Henry Schimpeler, was not much of an affair, as Conkling withdrew before making twenty-five miles, on account of illness, which rendered him totally unfit to race. Schimpeler rode out the fifty miles; time, 3h. 28m. 4s.

THERE is to be a six-day twelve-hours-per-day race in Chicago, beginning May 21. The winner will receive a per cent. of the receipts and will be given the title of the long-distance champion of America.

THE second annual dinner of the Kings County Wheelmen was partaken of by about forty members and guests on Saturday, April 14.

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AT an annual meeting of the Hawthorne Bicycle Club, at Salem, Mass., Friday, May 4, 1883, the following officers were elected:—

Charles T. Rogers, *President*; Frank P. Symonds, *Vice-President*; Henry T. Conant, *Secretary*; John A. Chamberlain, *Treasurer*; William H. Boudreau, *Captain*; Lucius B. Packard, *Bugler*.

During the meeting Lieut. Philbrick presented the club with a handsome cardinal silk flag, having the name "Hawthorne" in gold-leaf letters on each side, on his retirement from the office of president.

The club now numbers thirty-five members, with a prospect of a large addition before the summer is over. They have spacious rooms at No. 1 Liberty street, where all visiting wheelmen are welcome.

MR. GEORGE POPE has recently accepted the secretaryship of the Cunningham Company. With this accession of fresh vigor we feel that this firm will in the future fully sustain its reputation for sterling honesty and successful dealing. The similarity of name between the new secretary and that of the well-known manufacturing firm, while an augury of success, is by no means an indication of a coalition between the two companies. There will be, as in the past, honorable and honest competition.

THE Massachusetts Bicycle Club took a breakfast run the morning of May 8, to Waltham, where the club breakfasted. Twelve members were present; all but one wore a beard; the average age was thirty-seven years; the youngest was thirty, the oldest, fifty years.

THERE are only sixteen men in the Yale College club, about one-sixth as many as in the Harvard.

MR. GULLEN, of the Brooklyn Club, will go to Europe this summer.

THE first annual entertainment of the Cleveland Bicycle Club occurred at the Gatling Gun Armory, in that city, Saturday evening, April 28. Among those who participated in the musical portion of the programme we notice the name of Mr. Fred Sholes. The riding was introduced by the entry march, in which thirteen bicycles and three tricycles took part, and a club-drill by eight members. The fancy riding by Messrs. Beckwith, Ely, and Sholes was highly spoken of, and Mr. W. H. Wetmore showed great skill. Not content with riding backward and forward on one wheel of the ordinary bicycle, he took a machine with only one wheel, and successfully mounted and rode it. The programme was concluded with a slow race and drill. The evening's entertainment was enjoyed by a large audience.

ONE of our large bicycle houses sends us the following proportions of "wheels" sold during the entire time in which they have manufactured bicycles: For every 61-inch machine sold, they have sold two 58-inch; sixteen 56-inch; fifty 54-inch; ninety-one 52-inch; one hundred and four 50-inch; sixty-nine 48-inch; thirty-three 46-inch; thirteen 44-inch; and twelve 42-inch. During the last year they have sold more 52-inch than 50-inch machines, but more 50-inch than 54-inch machines. It seems that the present wheelmen are preferring larger sizes than were used a few years ago, the 52-inch as well as the 50-inch being a common size.

Mr. V. C. PLACE, the racing-man, formerly of Greenville, Pa., but now a resident of Silver City, New Mexico, is now in the east, but will not go on the path, as he is soon to return. Mr. Place is engaged in mining, but finds time to use his wheel on the roads about Silver City, which he says are very fine. There is one coast of nine miles which Mr. Place thinks he can ride in thirty minutes.

English Notes.

THE *Cyclist and Wheel World Annual* for 1883 is out, containing, among other matters of interest to bicyclers, "Analysis of Some Continental Roads," by Chas. R. Maddox; "Racing Record for 1882"; "Complete Performances of H. L. Cortis"; "Table of Bests on Record, both Amateur and Professional"; "Fastest Times in Record in America," compiled by Abbot Bassett; "Club Directory," of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, American, Continental, and Colonial Clubs.

THE large list of those who have made one hundred miles in a day is published in each issue of the *Cyclist*. The list in the issue of March 21 contained over one hundred names of wheelmen who had this season accomplished this feat.

MESSRS. CAYGILL & CO., of London, advertise "personally conducted" bicycle tours through France, Belgium, and Holland, under the charge of Mr. L. T. Merry. The charge for the first excursion, starting April 16, was £7 7s. for the twelve days' tour.

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THE first race for the fifty-mile professional championship of the world took place at Leicester, March 24. There were nineteen entries and fourteen starters; R. Howell, the twenty-mile champion, being one of those who failed to appear. One by one the number decreased till after the thirty-fifth mile there were left but De Civry, the French champion, two laps ahead of Lees, who was closely followed by Mac, who ran into second place in the following mile. DeCivry had no difficulty in keeping the distance between himself and the second man, and won by two laps in 3h. 13m. 44s. Lees, on the forty-ninth mile, made a spurt, gained second place and came in a half a lap ahead of Mac. The first prize was a champion cup (to be won three times) and $100.

THE ten-mile professional championship race came off March 26. Of the seventeen entries twelve were selected to run, and out of these ten started. After a sharp contest, in which the leading place was variously occupied, Howell won in 33m. 34⅕s.; Wood, of Leicester, second.

MANY English clubs own sociables, which are for the use of members. Such a possession is known familiarly as the "Club Bus."

THE twenty-mile professional championship was again won by R. Howell, who also holds the ten-mile championship. At the fifth mile Howell was almost a lap to the front, and kept this position to the finish. Time, 7h. 5m. ⅕s. Lees and Garrard had a sharp fight for the second place, but Lees came in a yard ahead.

MR. ALFRED NIXON recently made one hundred miles on a tricycle in 9h. 22m., including thirty minutes for stops.

ONE of the problems given to lady candidates for civil-service appointments in a late examination was as follows: "A starts to walk from one town to another at the average rate of three miles an hour; forty minutes later a bicyclist (B) starts on the same journey at the rate of twelve miles an hour. On reaching the second town B rests half an hour, and, after riding forty minutes on his return journey, meets A still on his way. Find the distance between the two towns."

MR. G. S. NEWTH, of New College, Hampstead, has accepted Mr. Wilson's ("Faed's") challenge to riders of the "Otto" for a road race, in order to test the comparative speed of the "Otto" and the tricycle.

THE London *Figaro* for March 24 contained a biographical sketch of Dr. B. W. Richardson, the well-known tricyclist.

French Notes.

PIERRE MICHAUX, who was the employer of Lallement at the time he produced his first two-wheeled velocipede, and who first exhibited that machine at the Paris Exhibition in 1865, died at Bicêtre, France, on the 9th of January, at the age of sixty-five.

THE April *La Vélocipédie Illustrée* gives an excellently drawn cartoon of Victor De Wilde, editor of *Le Veloce Belge*; also a picture of H. O. Duncan, the English professional.

RACES AT BIARRITZ, MARCH 29.

In the first international race Garrard came an awful cropper about one hundred yards from the post, when leading by four yards, cutting his left arm badly, and knocking a few odd corners off. Results: —

First race, for residents in the Basses-Pyrenées: M. Sarradon (1); M. Suberbre (2).

International race (10 kilometres): P. Medinger (1); Ch. Terront (2).

Second international race (6 kilometres) (Winners in the first race barred): C. Garrard (1); Jules Terront (2).

Tricycle race: M. Rousset, Bordeaux (1); C. Garrard (2). The winner of this race is forty-seven years of age. He rode a central-gear "Coventry," built left-handed, to special order, the race being run on a small track, and left hand inside favored him. The time was good; distance, four kilometres.

Handicap (15 laps): Jules Terront (1), 200 kilometres; Kreil (2), 250 metres; C. Garrard, scratch (3).

Second day. — 50 kilometres race (119 laps): P. Medinger, Paris (1); Charles Terront, Paris (2); Jules Terront, Paris (3); Kreil, Bordeaux (4). Won by a lap; Garrard retired half-way, his lint bandages, etc., being too heavy.

After the races Jules Terront performed some very clever feats, amongst which were vaulting into the saddle of a 61-inch from the ground, and riding on one wheel.

RACES AT PAU, APRIL 1 AND 2.

Club race: M. Kreil (1); Sarradon (2).

International: De Civry (1); Garrard (2); Terront (3). Won by six inches; distance, nine kilometres.

Second series (winners first race barred): P. Medinger (1); Jules Terront (2); Kreil (3).

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Tricycle race: Garrard (1); Rousset (2). Won by half-length, both riding "Coventry Rotaries," by Rudge & Co.

Handicap: Terront, 80 metres (1); Garrard, scratch (2); Medinger, 50 metres (3); De Civry, scratch (0). Won by twenty yards, a foot separating the other three. Rare race between Garrard and De Civry. Twelve laps.

Second day. — 60 kilometres' race: Garrard (1); Terront (2); Jules Terront (3). De Civry retired half-way, his machine having gone wrong. Fastest time in France. Garrard surprised everybody, as by his fall at Biarritz he was badly hurt, having both wrists swelled and bad cuts on left arm, knees, hip, etc., having fallen one hundred yards from the post on the hard road. — *Cyclist.*

M. CLEMENT, the Paris manufacturer, had to neglect his business during the month of March, as he was serving the required twenty-eight days in the army.

M. DE BARONCELLI, B.T.C. Consul for Paris, attended the Sportsman's Exhibition and the Stanley Show, and furnished notes to *La Revue Velocipédique*, which have been appearing from time to time.

German Notes.

THE April issue of *Das Velociped* contains a well-drawn portrait of James Starley, accompanying a biographical sketch of his life, which began in the March number, and is still to be continued.

THERE are now about sixty clubs in Germany and Austria, and their number is increasing very fast.

BERLIN, 22d February, 1883. — Now that we have, after a long and hard fight, gained the day against the police authorities in Berlin, and proved that street-riding cannot be prevented nor punished, I fancy a short account of this interesting struggle will please your readers.

Our club started in February, 1881, but before then single riders had often been compelled by policemen to dismount, and in May, 1881, the police issued a notice that street-riding would be prevented and punished under paragraph 81 of the street regulations of 1867. This paragraph says: "The rolling of casks and wheels, flying of kites, transporting uncovered looking-glasses, or similar objects, in the streets is forbidden, as likely to frighten horses, and punishable with a fine."

From this time riders were compelled to dismount and push to the city boundaries, but they never attempted to impose fines for riding until, the 8th of April, 1882, one of our members had his name taken while riding in a street on the outskirts of the city, and received notice to pay a fine of three marks. We had submitted to this infliction for a long time, but at last determined to take this case in hand, and see if they had the right to prevent us riding. We engaged the best counsel, and the case was heard in the lowest court (Schoffengericht), on the 10th of July, 1882, the magistrate deciding that a bicycle was a carriage, and could not be brought under the paragraph in question, the rider being acquitted. The police appealed to the next court, and it was now clear that our chances depended on a fine point of law, and the meaning of the word "similar." The case was heard in the second court (Landgericht), on the 20th of October, 1882, and the judge, in a written decision, proved most clearly: Firstly, that riding a bicycle could not be the same thing as pushing a wheel or cask; secondly, that there was no similarity; thirdly, that there was no reason, therefore, to consider if it frightened horses or not, and acquitted the rider. Not content, the police appealed to the third and highest Prussian court (Kammergericht), and on the 19th of February, after long arguments on both sides, the judges finally acquitted the rider, the State to pay the whole of the expenses. They stated in their decision that the second judge had cleared up any doubt about the similarity in riding a bicycle and the meaning of Sect. 81, which must be strictly interpreted, and not taken too generally, or the police would have power to prevent too many things in the streets.

We have proved that riding cannot be prohibited under existing regulations, and it remains to be seen what the police will do. We hear that they mean to permit riding in general, with the exception of some most frequented streets. Meanwhile, we ride without hindrance, and hope that both authorities and public will soon come to the conclusion that we do no harm, and have as much right on the streets as others. — *Correspondence in Cyclist.*

A GREAT international bicycle meeting took place at Prag, Austria, May 13 and 14.

THERE is a scheme on foot to hold a grand race-meeting in Vienna, June 24. A number of prizes have been offered by the *Allgemeinen Sport-Zeitung* for these races. The great event will be a one-mile race, open to the amateur wheelmen of Austria, Hungary, and Germany,

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for a gold medal and the title of "Amateur-Champion Bicycler of Austria," which title is now held by Joseph Kohont, of Prag. There will also be a one-mile tricycle race, under the same conditions, the winner to receive a gold medal and be designated "Amateur Champion Tricyclist of Austria." This race-meeting will be one of the most important and interesting that will take place this season.

A NEW club has been formed at Vienna, called the Vienna Cyclists' Club, with a membership of twenty-five to start with.

Other Foreign Notes.

THE Velo-Club, of Geneva, founded in 1869, on the 9th of last February elected Ed. Bruel president, and Paul Bruel, secretary, of the club.

A BELGIAN federation of wheelmen was lately formed at Brussels, at a meeting of delegates of Belgian clubs; president, M. Wantier, of Brussels Veloce Club; secretary, A. Mignot.

THE Veloce Club, of Brussels, was formed in 1869.

THE Clubs in Australia are very active. Two interesting races lately occurred at Starwell, and in the Cyclists' Column (edited by "Ollapod") of the *Melbourne Bulletin*, there are numerous accounts of weekly club-runs in each issue of the paper.

THE Council of the Australian Cyclists' Union hold monthly meetings.

THE funeral of T. B. Valentine, a prominent Victorian wheelman, was attended by a hundred bicyclists.

THE wheelmen of St. Petersburg had a mask ball in February, which, according to the *Herald* of that city, was an elegant affair.

FROM the *Melbourne Bulletin* we learn that an addition was recently made to the cyclists of Queensland, in the person of S. H. Ineson, who for a long time was treasurer of the B.T.C., and suddenly left England without accounting for £225 of the funds of the club. His change of residence to Queensland was voluntary, as through some technicality he could not be brought to justice.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Literature of the Eighteenth Century.[1]

IT is a hard matter to say whether or not literature is governed by laws. It is certain that it is limited by circumstances, but to say that it is controlled by a law of progression is not so easily seen. Mr. Perry in his preface says: "A genius, in the future as in the past and the present, is bound by the necessity of building on the foundations that society is laying every day. . . . No writer can escape this limitation any more than he can imagine a sixth sense." It is true that each literary period leaves to the succeeding one a certain amount of material which it did not inherit from the preceding one. But was not this increase derived from those geniuses, that seem to be exceptions to the rule of progression? It cannot be said that Plato, and Michael Angelo, and Shakespeare, were the flower, the direct outgrowth, of their respective civilizations; they were not governed by any laws of which we are cognizant. On the other hand, nothing that these geniuses, these creative minds, produce is lost, but everything remains forever in the possession of their contemporaries and successors; and the fact is indisputable that literature progresses. Whether Mr. Perry, who holds that literature progresses by law, or Mrs. Oliphant, who holds that it does not, is right, is not easily decided; but that Mr. Perry has made an excellent work on the eighteenth-century literature, is certain. His criticisms are vigorous and fearless, his positions are strongly taken, and the entire work shows that he is thoroughly informed on the subject. The book is invaluable to any one who wishes to study that very important period of English literature.

[1] English Literature in the Eighteenth Century, by Thomas Sergeant Perry. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning" and "Evening by Evening."[1]

THESE two companion books contain, each, three hundred and sixty-six short sermons, being two each day for every day in the year, provision being made for leap-year. There are also sixty-two short hymns in each book. We have called these short articles sermons; they are really earnest, living talks on subjects nearest the hearts of true Christians. The texts are selected from all parts of the Old and New Testaments. There is no stiffness or set phraseology about the successive readings. Each one seems as fresh as if it were the only article in the book. In the pref-

[1] Morning by Morning; or, Daily Readings for the Family or the Closet. By Charles H. Spurgeon.
Evening by Evening; or, Readings at Eventide. By Charles H. Spurgeon. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. 1883.

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ace to the first volume the author strikes the key-note of the book. "It augurs for us a day of grace when we begin betimes with God; the sanctifying influence of the season spent upon the Mount operates upon each succeeding hour. Morning devotion anchors the soul so that it will not readily drift far away from God during the day; it perfumes the heart so that it smells fragrant with piety until nightfall." And when nightfall comes, "when the toil and turmoil of the day are over, it is sweet to commune with God; the cool calm of eventide agrees most delightfully with prayer and praise."

Thus the author introduces the second volume. These two books are full of the choicest and most vital thoughts of one whose life and experience have been full to the utmost of holy, consecrated work for God.

Socrates.[1]

UNDER the above title, Charles Scribner's Sons have just issued another and cheaper edition of the work published in 1879, with the same title. It is, however, printed on heavy paper, and bound in strong paper covers, making a serviceable volume.

"Socrates" is a translation of those parts of the writings of Plato which reveal the character and philosophy of his master, and includes the "Apology," "Crito," and much of the "Phaedo." As Professor Goodwin says in his introduction, "the translator has avoided successfully the harshness of a strictly literal version on the one side, and the inexactness of a mere paraphrase on the other." Above all, the translator, whose name, by the way, is not given, has preserved the spirit of the original.

Salmagundi Birthday Book.[2]

THIS collection of short extracts, from "poets and prose writers of all ages," in the form of a birthday book, shows excellent taste in selection. The extracts are uniformly good, though very short. The book is gotten up in better style than most of its class, being printed in large type, on good paper, with red-line border. There are twelve illustrations, one for each month. These are good, though most of them, if not all, have appeared elsewhere. The book opens with a pleasant introduction by Robert Collyer.

Portia.[3]

THIS new story, by the author of "Molly Bawn," indicates no change in the writer's powers either for better or worse. The plot is not striking, though it manages to hold the interest of the easily-pleased reader. The style is very much the same as that of the other novels by the same writer. Here is the same "bright," gay tone in the conversations, which is one of the chief charms, and makes the book agreeable reading.

A Daughter of the Philistines.[1]

"A DAUGHTER OF THE PHILISTINES" is the suggestive title of the last *No Name* novel. It is a study of the effect of commercial speculations on domestic life as exemplified in New York, with phases of Wall street and Murray Hill, though it is not, strictly speaking, a society novel It is pleasant reading, as the volumes of this unique series always are, and, more than that, it is an interesting analysis of the phases of life of which it treats. It is a strong, thoughtful, novel, full of real characters and real opinions.

The Colonel's Daughter.[2]

IN this we have a good picture of life at the military stations on the Pacific slope. It is probably true that there are such families as that of the colonel's, but they are hardly the kind to be described and written about. It is almost impossible to believe that a woman so coarse and mean as the colonel's wife could be the mother of such a daughter.

Aside from the fact of the improbabilities and incongruities of the plot, the story is very readable and quite amusing. One also learns from it much about the habits and customs, thoughts and manners, of soldiers.

A Chelsea Householder.[3]

The latest volume of the *Handy Volume Series* is a novel of English life. There is a healthy atmosphere about the story, and it is written in a strong, straightforward style. Above all, it is a *story* with a good plot, containing some attractive characters. There is very little introspection on the part of the personages of the story, and very little analysis of character and emotion on the part of the author. These qualities, or lack of qualities, may make it old-fashioned; but it is, nevertheless, a novel that is pleasant to read, and leaves one in an agreeable and satisfactory state of mind.

Room at the Top.[4]

THIS book is written to encourage young men to work hard for success. It consists of extracts from the writings of Smiles, Feltham, Watts, Hamilton, Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D., Ruskin, Pascal, Robertson, and others. These extracts are arranged under suitable topics, with a certain logical sequence. The latter part of the volume gives the biographies of eight characteristic Americans.

[1] Socrates. A Translation of the Apology, Crito, and Parts of the Phaedo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

[2] The Salmagundi Birthday Book. Edited by Alice Wood, Rose Perkins, and A. J. G. Perkins, with an Introduction by Robert Collyer. Illustrated. New York: S. W. Greene's Son. 1883.

[3] Portia; or, by Passions Rocked. By the author of "Molly Bawn." Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1883.

[1] No Name Series. A Daughter of the Philistines. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1883.

[2] The Colonel's Daughter; or, Winning his Spurs. By Capt. Charles King, U.S.A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1883.

[3] A Chelsea Householder. *Leisure Hour Series*. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1883.

[4] Room at the Top; or, How to reach Success, Happiness, Fame, and Fortune. Compiled by A. Craig. Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co. 1883.

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Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson.[1]

THE correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson forms two large volumes, aggregating nearly eight hundred pages, printed in large, clear type, tastefully and substantially bound, with uncut edges. These volumes form a fitting dress for the choicer thoughts and feelings of the noblest minds of the period in which the letters were written. One instinctively approaches this correspondence with a reverence mingled with awe and love. They are the splendid record of a most sacred and beautiful friendship. The feelings here uttered are genuine and untrammelled in expression. There was naught to conceal from each other. They told each other the hopes, and fears, and impulses, and influences that preceded the creation and publication of their respective works. They revealed the literary workshops of their brains, and gave a rather complete and intelligible series of consecutive insights into the inception, growth, and production of thoughts that have added so much to the sum of human knowledge and wisdom.

Their appreciation of one another was perfect; their reverence for each other sincere and deep; their helpfulness to each other constant and unfailing. Emerson appears the more self-sustained. Carlyle, on the other hand, appears the more loving; but there is no thought of gain or interest in this most disinterested friendship. The pages are illuminated with references to the leading minds of the age.

Everywhere is the undertone of Carlyle's wail for light. He is bearing gigantic burdens. His struggles are pathetically and simply told. The serene, calm life of Emerson shines out in the pages, contrasting strongly with the gloomy experiences of Carlyle.

Carlyle appears greater than his performance, adequate and grand as it was. He seems to be toiling with Titanic strength to achieve great things, and to be proudly refusing the assistance of the literary appliances of the age. These letters will do much to restore Carlyle to a just position in the estimate of the world. They are a very considerable aid to a proper understanding of the man and his work. They reveal certain traits of character, certain peculiarities of manner that will interpret and explain much that was displeasing in his reminiscences. They afford a key to the man.

It is long since such a work was published. We think it to be the most considerable issue of the press for the year. It gives the finer exhalation of the two greatest minds, freed from restraint, and rendered purest and holiest by mutual love and encouragement. It is a most *sincere* and true book. In the manner of editing this book, Mr. Norton has fully justified the trust reposed in him by the authors of the letters.

[1] The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834-1872. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company. 1883.

Letters of Lydia Maria Child.[1]

THE letters of a woman who, fifty years ago, was the most popular literary woman in the United States, would in themselves excite more than an ordinary interest, and, when to this fact is added the other facts that these letters were written by one who possessed a most sunny disposition, a keen sense of humor, a warm, overflowing heart, a nature most conscientious and enthusiastic, a taste exquisite and delicate; that she was in her home-life the happiest of women; that she was one of the most effective, and, at the same time, most earnest and most charitable of that noble band who, fifty years ago, inaugurated the battle for the abolition of slavery; that she was one of the choicest of the writers and workers who have done so much for New England, and for the world, in the past half century, — we can feel assured that it is no ordinary spiritual feast that this book opens to us.

The essential characteristic of her nature was positiveness. She describes herself as "belonging to the class described in 'Counterparts'; those to whom it is more necessary to love than to be loved." Her nature was rich, warm, active, aggressive yet generous, catholic, most pleasing and sincere. Her friendships are most real and beautiful; but, perhaps, the choicest of the one hundred and eighty letters are the five or six addressed to her husband. They reveal glimpses of a most graceful and glad home-life. Twenty-eight years after her marriage she writes to him: "How melancholy I felt when you went off in the morning darkness! It seemed as if everything about me was tumbling down, as if I never were to have a nest and a mate any more. Good, kind, generous, magnanimous soul! How I love you! How I long to say over the old prayer again every night! It almost made me cry to see how carefully you had arranged everything for my comfort before you went, — so much kindling stuff split up, and the bricks piled up to protect my flowers."

Her letters are her best biography. In many of them she reveals much of her deep, affectionate nature, her vigorous, intellectual life, her strong, conscientious adherence to principle. She reveals her shortcomings, her ardent enthusiasm. The letters leave the impression that the writer of them was something more than her works revealed.

"One of the pleasantest elements of her life in Maryland was the high regard she won from the people of the village, who, proud of her literary attainment, valued yet more the noble woman and the friend who dwelt so modestly among them. The grandeur of her exalted personal character had, in part, eclipsed for them the qualities which made her fame with the world outside."

[1] Letters of Lydia Maria Child. With a Biographical Introduction by John G. Whittier. And an Appendix by Wendell Phillips. Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. Boston: 1883.

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Mrs. Carlyle's Letters.[1]

THESE letters afford new and strong side-lights into the life and character of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. They afford rich material to the future biographer, whoever he may be, who will do for Thomas Carlyle what Carlyle did for Oliver Cromwell. A time will come when Carlyle will be accurately understood; when this time comes, the letters here before us will be of the greatest value. Not that they are valuable only in reference to Carlyle; they have a peculiar and deep interest in themselves, both from their intrinsic merits and from the character and ability of their author. They are a complete revelation of Mrs. Carlyle's feelings, joys, sorrows, impulses, affection, intellectual vigor, and grace of manner.

They reveal to the world a woman of rare intellectual power, whose mind was full and eager, whose heart was tender and loving. The letters display splendid literary abilities, and make us regret that she was denied the opportunity and encouragement to take her pen. The first volume is pleasing in every way. It bears out Emerson's remark that "Carlyle and his wife live on beautiful terms. Their ways are very engaging, and in her book-case all his books are inscribed to her." The advent of Lady Asburnham upon the scene was the cause of great suffering to her. She loved her husband with a love and devotion which were far from appreciated. She was demonstrative; Carlyle was not. Carlyle seems not to have fully understood her anguish and sufferings. How remorsefully he remembered his neglect his notes to the letters fully testify. Her death was to him most tragic. She had written him a long letter, and had in the afternoon gone to drive. She was found dead in her carriage. The letter was received by Carlyle fifteen hours after the telegram announcing her sudden death. The intensity of emotion displayed in her letters imply a great capacity for the highest happiness, and it is perhaps true that there was more joy than sorrow in her lot. The book has a beautiful etching of Mrs. Carlyle as a frontispiece.

Retrospect of a Long Life.[2]

ASIDE from the intrinsic merit of such a retrospect there is a peculiar charm in the manner of the narrator. One sees the patriarch of over fourscore years mellowed, but not weakened, by years and experience, carrying a certain indescribable dictum of authority from his years and noble life, and, withal, just that touch of humor and sincerity that lend such a sweet grace to the words of one whose natural strength and vigor of intellectual life is polished by intercourse with the best, and whose polish and culture are so ably supplemented by innate force. The reader at once loves and believes the writer. In relating incidents and doings of his early years, in giving a vivid picture of the condition of the world as it was nearly a century ago, Mr. Hall speaks with calm dispassionateness, and, at the same time, not cynically, but in an eager, sincere manner, at once entertaining and convincing. The book contains over 600 large pages of closely printed matter. It is a veritable encyclopædia, only it has a certain personal element that is lacking from much of the writing that forms the bulk of the popular encyclopedia.

The first fifty pages contain recollections of "things that have been." He remembers the days of tinder-boxes and lint boys, when duelling, gambling, and swearing were gentlemanly recreations, and tolerated in polite society; when the unfortunate debtor suffered the most horrible imprisonment; when the starving mother would be hanged for the theft of a loaf; when prisons were Andersonvilles in filth and wretchedness. About a quarter of the book is devoted to his reportorial and early editorial career and recollections. His pages are filled with interesting matter about such people as Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Chief Justice Campbell, Lord Holland, Daniel O'Connell, and the Duke of Wellington.

Mr. Hall founded the "Art Journal" in 1839, and remained in charge of it until 1880. During these years he was brought into intimate connection with British art and artists. About fifty pages are devoted to these recollections. Among the artists whom he personally knew are Turner, Ruskin, Flaxman, Cruikshank, Stanfield.

Among actors he mentions Kean, Macready, John Kemble. We find in his book pleasing anecdotes and reminiscences of such writers as Wordsworth, Southey, De Quincey, Coleridge, Lamb, Douglas Jerrold, Landor, Leigh Hunt, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne; in short, nearly every English and American author of note of the present century. For over a half century Mr. Hall enjoyed the rare companionship of one who was well worthy his name and position. The last fifty pages are devoted to Mrs. S. C. Hall, and form one of the most fascinating chapters in the book. This interesting volume approaches very nearly to the long-wished-for book "that doesn't end." Still we could only wish it were longer.

Kennedy's "Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes."[1]

MR. KENNEDY'S book will command attention if only for the audacity and originality of the writer. He has opinions, and he is not afraid to express them. One may question the soundness of his views, the propriety of many of his expressions, or the success he has attained as a biographer; but it would be impossible to think that the writer has not firm con-

[1] Letters and memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. Two volumes. $4.00. Cheaper edition from same plates. Two volumes in one. $1.50. Authorized edition. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. 1883.

[2] Retrospect of a Long Life. From 1815 to 1883. By S. C. Hall, F.S.A. A man of Letters by Profession. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1883.

[1] Oliver Wendell Holmes, Poet, Littérateur, Scientist. By William Sloane Kennedy. Boston: S. E. Casino & Company. 1883.

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clusions in the matters of which he writes. The first chapters deal with the ancestry, birth, and early home of the poet. The description of Cambridge, of the scenes during Commencement at Harvard, and of the mode of living fifty years ago, are both extremely interesting and highly instructive. It is when Mr. Kennedy discusses the aristocratic tendencies of the poet that his personal views are vigorously brought forward. "The question is," says our author, "whether the creative instinct in Boston literature is to be crushed out by criticism, formalism, and robust manliness by morbid æstheticism . . . but it is never too late to reform. The remedy for a stagnant literary life is a fresh study of nature, and bravery in standing out against the ridicule of critics and conventional conformers." Mr. Kennedy is at his best in criticising, individually, the poems of Holmes. Speaking of "Iris," — the book, — he says: "It is full of that subtle, tremulous feeling, and sensitive psychical affinity which unlocks for its author the inmost souls of such young girls as Iris and Myrtle Hazard. A poet never hung more breathlessly over an opening lily, or gazed more reverently into the innocent little face of the spring's first violet, than the creator of Iris and Elsie has watched the Psyche unfolding in a young girl's nature, or new-born Eros trying his wings in the rosy light of her fancy." The book is very uneven in style and merit. It is written in a brisk, complacent style, more suited to a correspondent to the literary department of a newspaper than to a sober and critical biography. Still, much of it is written in a sprightly, earnest vein, and gives a good general idea of the poet. This is the third biography that has appeared from the pen of Mr. Kennedy within a year. We can only hope that he will write more in sympathy with his subject, and less in sympathy with his personal opinions. A most valuable feature of the work is a complete bibliography of Dr. Holmes' works up to date.

Law and Lawyers in Literature.[1]

THIS is a very interesting book, — interesting not only to lawyers, but to the general reader. The aim of the work is to show how "the Law and the Lawyer is depicted in Literature." This is done by extracts from the writings of the chief dramatists, novelists, historians, essayists, and moralists. Extracts from Aristophanes form a good beginning. Following him we see the names of the leading dramatists of England and France, Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Racine, Molière, Fielding, and others.

No quotations are made from Shakespeare. Instead we have a burlesque of the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice," given in the form of a pretended opinion of court. This is a very readable article, and was published some years ago in *The Albany Law Journal.*

Following this burlesque is a serious view of Shylock's wrongs, by the eminent German jurist, Professor von Ihring, and a criticism on the same trial by an English dramatic critic. The student of Shakespeare will here find food for thought.

A very humorous episode by Cervantes; A "Good" Lawyer, by Smollett; extracts from Fielding, Scott, Sterne, Lever, Bulwer, Thackeray, Cooper (who ought to have been able to write about lawyers), Reade, and Trollope, show us what the novelist thinks of the Lawyer.

A very readable and long extract is made from the writings of Rabelais.

As a rule the Lawyer is painted as black as possible. Emerson, Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Charles Lamb speak justly, and perhaps magnanimously of the Lawyer.

We find Blackstone's "Farewell to the Muse," and his "Lawyer's Prayer." Over two hundred noted authors of ancient and modern times are quoted in this work of 412 pp. It is, taken altogether, a fascinating work, and one that will command general sale.

George Eliot.[1]

A YEAR ago Messrs. Roberts Brothers projected a series of lives of women eminent in literature, education, philanthropy, — famous women in fact, both American and foreign, — and the initial volume in the series, the "Life of George Eliot," by Mathilde Blind, has just been published. Miss Blind visited the places connected with George Eliot's early life, gleaning many interesting facts and traits from her brother, Isaac Evans, and from contemporaries of her father, Robert Evans. A great part of the correspondence in the volume has not hitherto appeared in print. This book will take its place as a standard short biography of the great novelist, and is a fitting initial volume for such a series.

Cyclos, Vol. 1.[2]

THIS volume includes the numbers of this valuable little magazine from January to June, 1882. The object of the journal was to give accurate and concise information in regard to road, routes, and all accessories to touring. Though the object was laudable, and, to all appearances, reasonably well carried out, we believe that the magazine has been discontinued. Still, this volume, with its accompanying maps of England and Wales, will be an extremely useful guide-book to wheelmen. The maps are accurate, and, by a system of signs, indicate the kind of roads in different routes, and point out hills, so that with them a tour can be safely planned.

[1] Law and Lawyers in Literature. By Irving Browne, author of "Humorous Phases of the Law," "Short Studies of Great Lawyers." Boston: Soule and Bugbee, 1883.

[1] Famous Women. George Eliot. By Mathilde Blind. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1883.

[2] Cyclos; A Practical Illustrated Magazine for Cyclists. With maps of England and Wales in Five Sections. Vol. 1. Birmingham: W. J. Spurrier.

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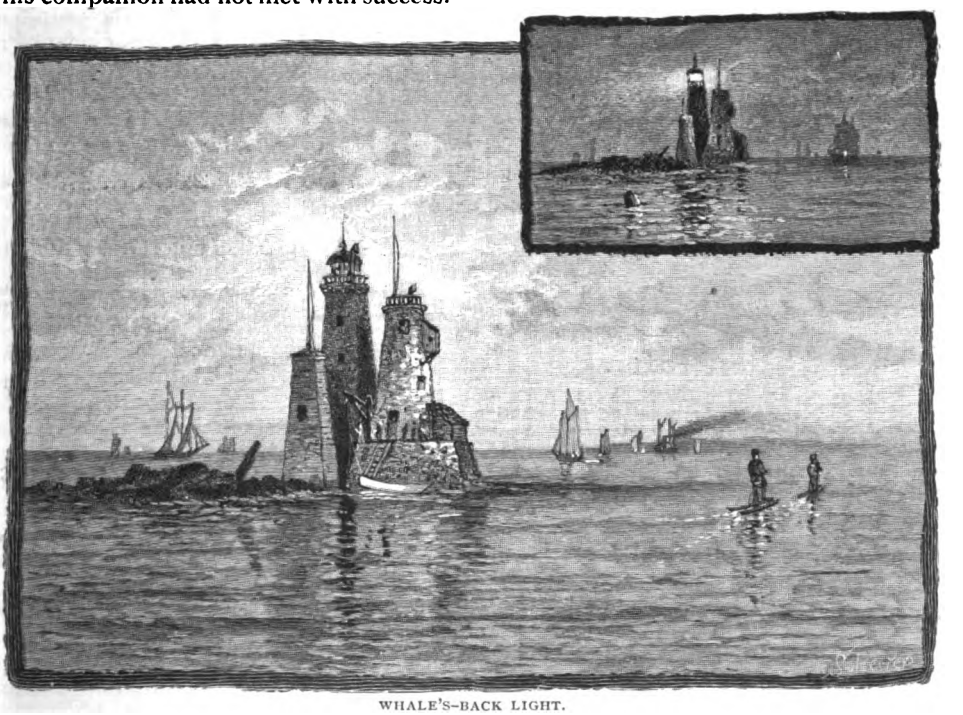
THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. II. JULY, 1883. No. 4

PEDALLING ON THE PISCATAQUA.

PART SECOND.

IT was but a moment after the president had so unwisely cut the rope that held the two boats together, and trusted to his own skill and luck to paddle through the bridge, that a crash came to the ears of the captain which told him that the hasty venture of his companion had not met with success.



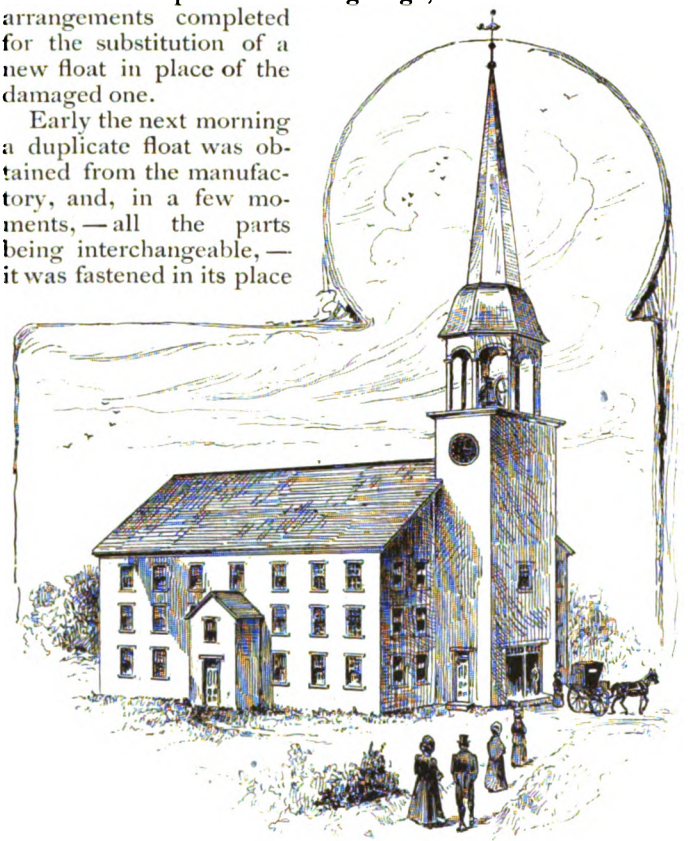
WHALE'S-BACK LIGHT.

He pedalled rapidly forward into the opening, and discovered that the bow of the port float had been caught between two of the outer piles. The immense force of the tide held the president's craft a close prisoner for an instant only, and then, whirling the boat around with a rush, the strong bow was snapped off as though it had been a pipe-stem. The president shouted, "I'm all right, cap," and floated off down the river, thanking his lucky stars that he was on a boat with air-tight compartments, for any other boat with a broken bow would certainly have sunk. The water partially filled the broken compartment, but only to the height of the water-line, which did not materially lessen the progress of the boat, for the remaining compartments prevented the floats from sinking deeper. Yet in order to the more readily make the difficult landing at the wharf, the marines were lashed together side by side, and the voyagers unitedly pedalled their "Sociable" over the intervening half mile at a rapid

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rate. The landing was safely effected, and, as the time-honored curfew bell rang out its 9 o'clock warning, the boats had been secured upon the floating stage, and arrangements completed for the substitution of a new float in place of the damaged one.

Early the next morning a duplicate float was obtained from the manufactory, and, in a few moments, — all the parts being interchangeable, — it was fastened in its place



OLD NORTH CHURCH, PORTSMOUTH.

with the lag screws taken from the broken float, and we pushed off for the second day's exploration of the shores of

"THE PISCATAQUA RIVER:

"Thou singest by the gleaming isles,
By woods, and fields of corn,
Thou singest, and the heaven smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

"But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast.

"To let the wherry listless go,
And, wrapt in dreamy joy,
Dip and surge idly to and fro,
Like the red harbor buoy.

"To sit in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scents
That blow from summer shores.

"To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting fires
Light up the windows of the town
And burn the tapering spires.

"And then to hear the muffled tolls
From steeples slim and white,
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
The beacon's orange light."

T. B. ALDRICH.

Conspicuous in the east, and near the landing, is Church Point, so perfectly illustrated in the April WHEELMAN. On the ledge of rocks, rising high above the river, stands St. John's Church, within the walls of which may be seen the books for the pulpit and altar, the elegant mahogany chairs, and the communion plate, — the flagons bearing the royal arms, — all of which were presented by Queen Caroline, in 1732, and were saved from destruction when the Queen's Chapel, situated on the crest of the same hill, was burned in 1806. Within the chancel rail is a curious font of porphyritic marble, of a brownish-yellow color, taken by Col. John Tufton Mason, at the capture of Senegal, from the French in 1758, and presented to Queen's Chapel in 1761. The old chapel bell was brought from Louisburg at the time of its capture in 1745, and was presented by the officers of the regiment which represented New Hampshire in that memorable expedition. Benjamin Franklin was one of the first proprietors of the old church, and General Washington, accompanied by his faithful secretary, Tobias Lear, who was a Portsmouth boy, attended the church in 1789, and occupied the governor's pew. This pew was raised above the rest, and the heavy wooden canopy over it bore the royal arms, while red plush curtains were festooned around it. These trappings of royalty were subsequently taken down, and in place of the lion and the unicorn a sign in gold letters designated it as the

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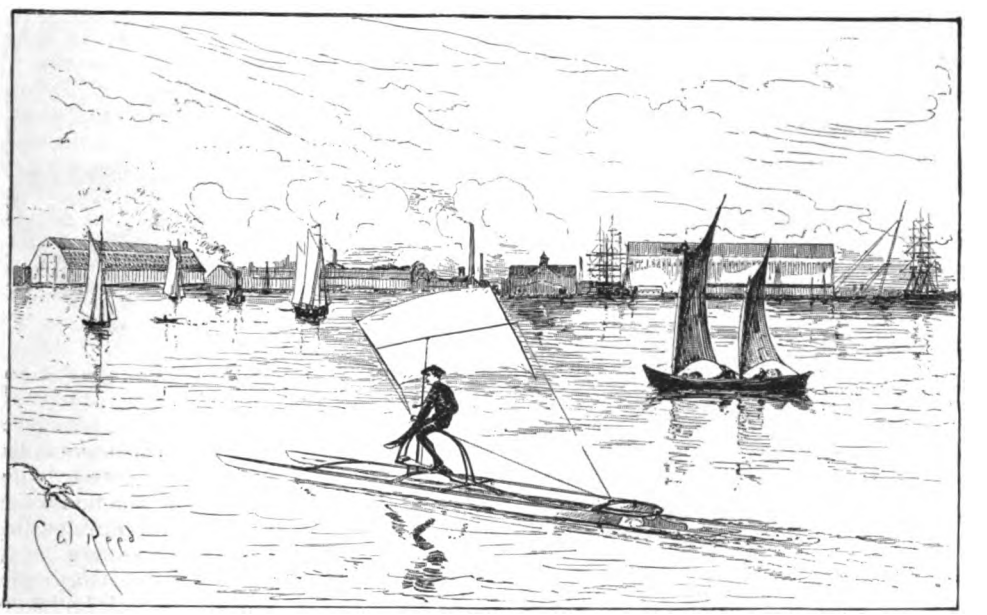
wardens' pew. Washington's appearance at church is said to have been most imposing. He was dressed in a complete suit of black velvet,— coat, vest, and small-clothes, with black silk stockings and brilliant shoe-buckles.

The first edifice erected for public worship in Portsmouth was an Episcopal chapel. It was built prior to 1638, on the "Glebe" land on Pleasant street, near Court street. The first town meeting-house was built in 1658, just over the mill bridge, at the foot of the same street, "at the crotch of the roads on the little hill adjoyning to Goodman Webster's Poynt," while the Episcopal chapel was converted to a house for the Puritan minister. The record-book of this church — in an excellent state of preservation — is open before the writer, and many quaint and interesting quotations could be made from its pages, but space allows only its first inscription: —

A Book Containing ye Account of the Gathering & Carrying on ye Church of Christ in PORTSMOUTH, Anno 1671.

It contains a record of the church from the foundation of the parish in 1640.

The meeting-house did not stand alone, for there were soon added those other appointments which were then regarded as necessary additions to the church. On the 25th of September, 1662, it was ordered "that a cage be made to punish such as sleepe on the Lord's day in time of the publique exercises." The selectmen made a contract with Capt. John Pickering (who appears to have been carpenter as well as miller, lawyer, and commander of a company), "to build a cage twelve feet square and seven feet high, with a good strong dore, and make a substantial payre of stocks and place the same in said cage; and also build on the rough of said cage a firm pillory. All to be built on some convenient space from the westward end of the meeting-house." The pillory was a frame with movable boards, through which the head and hands of the offender were put; the stocks had holes through which the feet of the prisoners were passed and their persons thus confined.



NAVY-YARD.

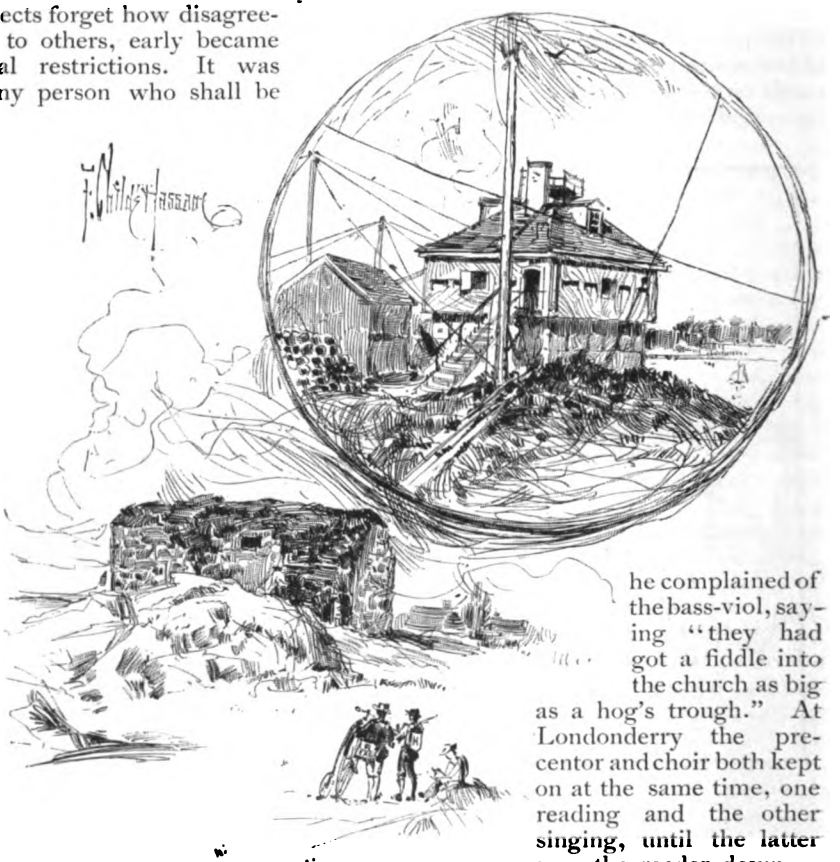
In 1669 permission was granted to one Fryer to "the towne's right of twenty foote square of land near the meeting-house to sett up a house & keep wood in for to accommodate himself & family in winter time when he comes to meeting." It was customary in the early days of New England for small houses, known as Sabbaday houses, to be built near the church, where the worshippers went before, between, and after services to warm themselves or to replenish their foot-stoves with coals from the large fire-places.

From time to time leading parishioners

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were granted permission to build, at their own cost, seats or pews for themselves in various parts of the house, — seats and pews of varying length and breadth, — so that the aisles, or alleys as they were called, ran among the seats irregularly, and it was not until 1693 that the pews were made conformable to regular dimensions.

The use of tobacco, then comparatively novel, but a habit which has a fatal tendency to make its subjects forget how disagreeable it may be to others, early became subject to legal restrictions. It was voted that, "any person who shall be found smoking tobacco on the Lord's day going to or from the meeting within two miles of the meeting-house shall be fined." Within two miles was construed to have no bearing on such as had a mind to smoke *in* the meeting-house, and so the loud snapping of tobacco-boxes after loading the pipes, the clinking of flint and steel, followed by curling wreaths of smoke, were not infrequent in the house of worship. But this license was prohibited in 1672, when it was voted that, "if any shall smoke tobacco in the meeting-house at any public meeting, he shall pay a fine of five shillings for the use of the town."



WALBACH TOWER, NEWCASTLE. — BLOCK HOUSE, FORT MCCLARY.

Persons were appointed to have inspection of the audience during the public services. The badge of their office was a pole with a knob at one end, and a tuft of feathers on the other. With the one they rapped on the heads of the men, and with the other they brushed the ladies' faces when they caught them dozing. Music in the early days, as in the latter, was deemed a necessary part of worship, and had its attendant criticisms and disaffections. The custom was from the earliest days to deacon the hymn, the precentor reading two lines and all singing them, but the singers wanted to break up the old habit of "lining." The matter was finally settled by compromise, the deacon, by vote of the town, to read half the time; but, notwithstanding, he complained of the bass-viol, saying "they had got a fiddle into the church as big as a hog's trough." At Londonderry the precentor and choir both kept on at the same time, one reading and the other singing, until the latter sang the reader down.

In 1682 it was enacted, "that whosoever shall, on the Lord's day, be found to do unnecessary servile labor, travel either on horseback or on foote, or by boats, or idly straggle abroad in time of public worship, shall be set in the stocks an hour." The writer has searched through many a volume of musty records of this period, but he failed to discover any enactment against Sunday bicycle runs or voyages.

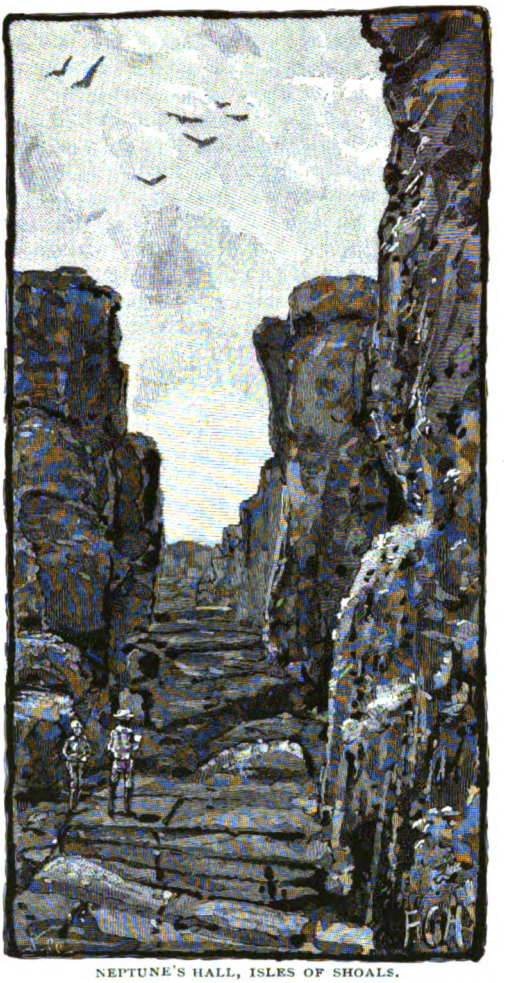
In 1712 a portion of the attendants of this church built a new house on the north end of Pleasant street, on what is now called the "Parade." The edifice, of which an accurate illustration is given, was called

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the "Three Decker." The parishioners up to within sixty years had not confidence that the cold blasts of winter could be overcome by the heat of stoves, and so only those who could endure with philosophic firmness the cold house for three hours on the Sabbath were punctual in their attendance. The ladies were generally provided with foot-stoves and moccasins, while the gentlemen wore galoshes. The old church has political as well as religious reminiscences. All town-meetings were held in it, and among them was a Portsmouth tea-party, convened in 1773, not for the purpose of drinking that beverage, but to discontinue its use, and for the adoption of measures to prevent its being either landed or vended at a period when the patriotic interests of the colonies so demanded.

Near this church was the town-pump. It was on a cold day in 1764 that a woman entered a shop near by, and secreted beneath her cloak a pair of children's shoes. She was seen, arrested, and, being hurried before a justice of the peace, was quickly sentenced to be publicly whipped! Her hands were tied to staples in the pump, her back and shoulders bared, and the sheriff applied the cat-o'-nine-tails! Think of such a scene occurring only a century ago, and read the calm report of the event in the newspaper the following week: "Last Friday one of our female pilferers received a flagellation at the whipping-post, who had a great number of spectators to see this good work performed; and it is hoped that others, who so justly deserve it, will soon be brought to the same place to receive their deserts."

At this date there were two hundred and seven negro slaves in Portsmouth, and they had a mock government of their own, choosing annually a king, sheriff, and other officers, who duly tried and punished by whipping at the pump any negro guilty of any crime which was regarded disgraceful to the Ebon society. There was a general gathering of slaves on such occasions. One day a culprit was under trial, when the old church clock struck the hour of twelve. The evidence had not all been given, but the servants could stay no longer from their home duties. They all wanted to see the whipping, but could not conveniently be present again after dinner. One of them ventured to address the king: "Please your honor, best let the fellow have his whipping now, and finish the trial after dinner." The request appearing to be the general wish of the company, the king ordered ten lashes, for justice, so far as the trial went, and ten more at the close of the trial, should the prisoner be found guilty!



NEPTUNE'S HALL, ISLES OF SHOALS.

Among the slaves was one Peter Warner, whose hat being the worse for wear, he asked his master for a new one. "If you will make a rhyme, Peter, you shall have a new hat." This was discouraging to Peter, as he had never been guilty of such a thing in his life. He went to the office of Wyseman Claggett, and stated his case.

"What is your name?" asked the counsellor.

"Peter Warner, massa."

"Peter Warner — threw his hat in the chimney-corner," said Mr. C., playfully.

Peter went home repeating the rhyme all the way. "Massa, I've got the rhyme," said he, greatly elated. "Well, Peter," was the reply, "let us have it." "Peter

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Warner — took off his hat and threw it — in the fire-place!" Peter received his hat, his master remarking that it was nearer to a rhyme than he had expected of him.

Directly north of Church Point and Badger's Island, near the old ferry wharf, are the remains of the orchard of Thomas Withers, who settled there in 1631, bringing with him from England his wife and three daughters, his household furniture, and rose, currant, and gooseberry bushes. Three of his best chairs have been in constant use over two hundred and fifty years, and to-day ornament the richly furnished parlor of one of the best known of his descendants. He immediately planted an apple orchard, and the rose-bush was set close to one of the trees; and every year since it has expanded its deep-red petals, and annually the blooms are plucked and sent to the descendants of the Withers, Rices, and Goodwins, who look forward every June for the appearance of the Provence rose. Of late years the bush has received its nourishment from the decaying stump of the last of the apple-trees planted by Thomas Withers. The framed deed of this land, after a disappearance of fifty years, is before the writer, and the ink is black and all the writing legible. The deed was dated March 5, 1643, and was signed by Tho. Gorges, who, in 1642, was mayor of Gorgeanna (now the adjoining town of York), the first incorporated city in America. The deed commences as follows: —



STAR ISLAND CHURCH. — WHITE ISLAND LIGHT.

Know all men, by these presents, that I, Thomas Gorges, Deputy Governor of the province of Maine, according to power in me delegated from Sr. Ferdinando Gorges, Kt., proprietor of said province, for and in consideration of the faithful service and long abode of Thomas Withers of Piscataqua, and for divers other good reasons, thereunto me especially moving, have given and sold unto said Thomas Withers of Piscataqua, a track of land lying on the N.E. side of Piscataqua River, described as "containing four hundred acres, also two islands adjacent to the house of Thomas Withers, lying south and S.E., being by estimation two hundred acres or thereabout."

One of the islands referred to is the one upon which the navy-yard is now located. The farm was given as a marriage dowry by Thomas Withers, in 1652, to his daughter Mary, who married Thomas Rice, and it has remained ever since in the Rice family, while eight generations of the family rest in the burial-lot on the old farm. On the high land above ferry wharf stands the little old house built by Withers' grandson. We wondered, as we walked through the house, where he stowed away beneath its roof his family of twelve children, the spinner and weaver, the hired man, and their two black slaves, Dinah and Boston. At the funeral of the latter in Portsmouth, all the colored population turned out and headed the procession from the house to the church-yard, preceding the family of his master, who brought up the rear of the procession, dressed in white mourning; *i.e.*, all the family wore white gloves and rosettes of white ribbon.

We pedalled down by the wharf where the "Bad Boy" said the Centipedes loaded and fired the dozen (?) old cannon, and frightened the whole city. Authorities differ as to the number fired, also as to how many were connected with the burning of the famous stage-coach. The only

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surviving participant has just finished his third year as mayor of the city. At Liberty Bridge, at the opening into Puddle Dock, stands the tall flagstaff, the representative of the old "Standard of Liberty" which the "Sons" planted on this spot in January, 1776, signalizing their opposition to the enforcement of the Stamp Act.

We cross to the eastern side of the river, and land at Fernald's Island, occupied by the U. S. Navy Department as a navy-yard. This island of fifty-eight acres, on which are the principal buildings, was formerly owned by Thomas Fernald, one of the early settlers, and was to descend to the oldest male heir from generation to generation, "so long as the grass grows and the water runs"; but the right of entail was abolished by the State of Maine, and it passed out of the possession of the family. Capt. Daniel Fernald, to whom the property would have descended, reached the age of ninety-eight years. He participated in the Revolution, and in the War of 1812, and witnessed the close of the late civil war. He frequently related several narrow escapes which occurred during the War of 1812, when in command of the coasting schooner "Sally." It was during the critical days of the war, when the British frigates guarded our coast, that he took on board, at Portland, two large cannons needed at the Portsmouth navy-yard, together with one hundred and thirty kegs of powder, a large number of boarding pikes, etc. The guns were placed close to the keelson, with the kegs of powder around them, and covered with spruce wood, several cords of which he piled on deck above the hatchways. Off Saco the schooner was unfortunately becalmed. Shortly afterwards the British frigate "Spencer" hove in sight, and overhauling the coaster, sent her tender, in command of a lieutenant, alongside.

"Where are you from?" inquired the subaltern, as he leaped on deck.

"Portland."

"And where bound?"

"Portsmouth," replied the captain.

"What is your cargo?"

"Firewood."

The lieutenant was not satisfied, and ordered his men to remove the wood from the hatch, and see what was in the hold. They worked until tired, and when within one tier of the guns left the job, reporting there was nothing but wood on deck and in the hold. They decided to let the "Sally" pass, and Capt. Fernald soon delivered to Com. Isaac Hull, at the navy-yard, "the big logs" and "kindlings."

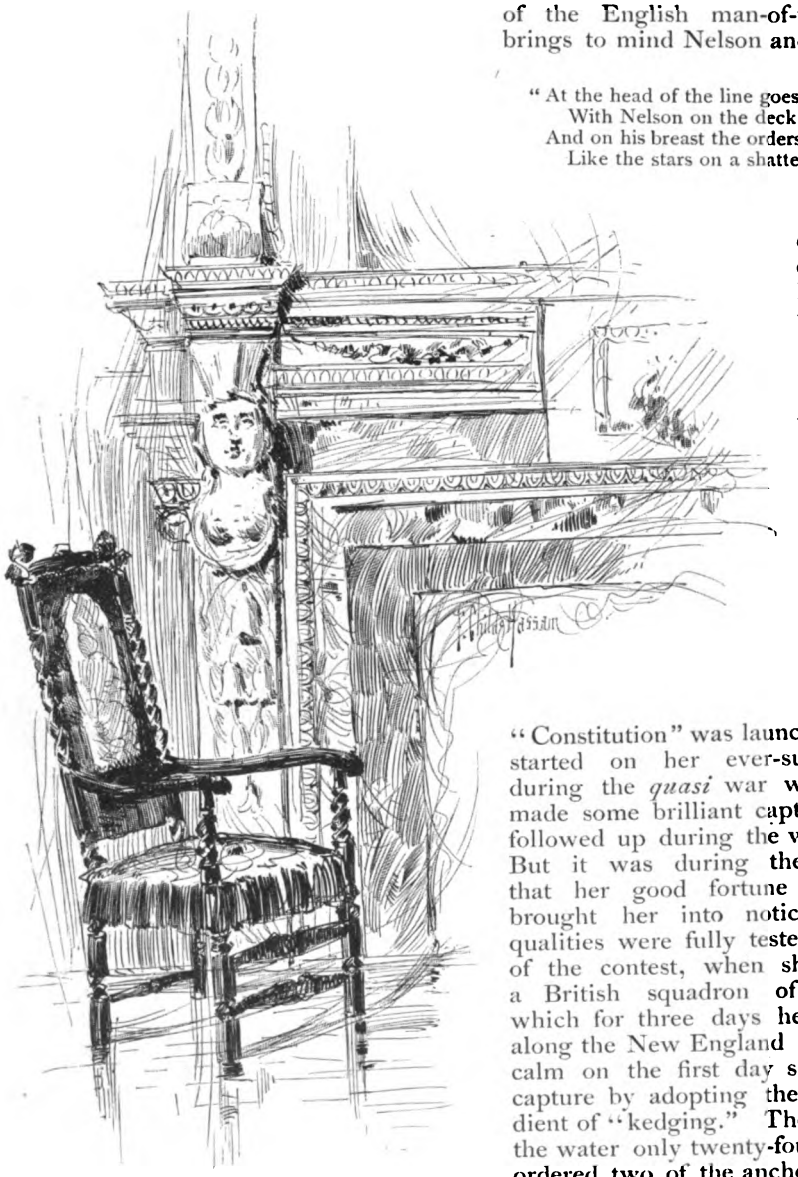
In June, 1794, Wm. Dennett, of Kittery, believing that Fernald's Island would be selected by the government for a naval station, proposed to a Portsmouth merchant its purchase, a suggestion which the latter adopted, and bought the property for the sum of $650, having the deed made out in his name. Three months later he sold it to the same Mr. Dennett for $1,700. Mr. Dennett held it five years, and then sold it to the government for $5,500. The first commandant of the yard was Capt. Isaac Hull, the hero of "Hull's victory," and he was succeeded by MacDonough, Morris, and other naval heroes. Thirty-nine vessels have been built here, the most famous being the "Kearsarge." The "Franklin," the largest vessel in the U.S. navy, was launched in 1863, from the ship-house at the entrance to the yard. It is two hundred and forty feet long, and one hundred and thirty-one feet wide, while its roof is covered with one hundred and thirty tons of slate. It is the finest ship-house in the country, and no nation has a building bet-



WENTWORTH MANSION, LITTLE ROCK.

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ter adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. Here also is one of the largest and most effective dry docks in the country. It was built in 1851, and nearly a



MANTEL, WENTWORTH MANSION.

million dollars has been expended upon it. It is one hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and five wide, and is capable of raising a vessel of five thousand tons' weight.

At the wharf was moored the famous frigate "Constitution," minus her masts, and now being fitted for a receiving-ship for this port. Every navy has its famous vessel, around which cluster the most glorious traditions of the service. The mention of the English man-of-war "Victory" brings to mind Nelson and Trafalgar.

"At the head of the line goes the 'Victory,'
With Nelson on the deck,
And on his breast the orders shine
Like the stars on a shattered wreck."

The "Embuscade" recalls one of the most brilliant exploits of the French marine. The "Hartford" and "Kearsarge," in our navy, are popular favorites of modern date. But old "Ironsides" still holds in the public estimation the place she made her own when commanded by Hull, Bainbridge, and Stewart. The "Constitution" was launched in 1797, and started on her ever-successful cruises during the *quasi* war with France, and made some brilliant captures, which she followed up during the war with Tripoli. But it was during the War of 1812 that her good fortune most effectively brought her into notice. Her sailing qualities were fully tested at the opening of the contest, when she escaped from a British squadron of seven vessels, which for three days held her in chase along the New England coast. During a calm on the first day she only escaped capture by adopting the ingenious expedient of "kedging." The officers, finding the water only twenty-four fathoms deep, ordered two of the anchors to be attached to ropes spliced together, and carried half a mile ahead and dropped, when the crew warped the ship rapidly forward. This movement was repeated several times before the puzzled pursuers discovered the secret of the rapid progress and adopted the same expedient. Before the close of the war, "old Ironsides," which had been

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deridingly spoken of by the English as "a bundle of pine boards sailing under a bit of striped bunting," had captured their frigates "Guerriere" and "Java," the ships "Cyane" and "Levant," and several other smaller vessels. In 1832, the Navy Department contemplated breaking up the time-honored frigate, but the proposition called forth a storm of popular indignation. Oliver Wendell Holmes "mocked her spoilers with school-boy scorn," and aided in preserving her by publishing his now familiar

"OLD IRONSIDES.

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannons' roar, —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

. . . . . .

"O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale."

The government thoroughly rebuilt this famous vessel at Charlestown, but when she appeared upon the waters of the harbor the Bostonians were disgusted to see in place of the familiar billet-head the figure of President Jackson. Their threats to remove it caused extra sentries to be stationed to guard it; but one night a young man named Dewey, during the darkness and noise of a heavy thunder-storm, rowed to the frigate, and sawing off the head of Jackson, bore it back to the city undetected.

All the fifty buildings on the Island are substantially built and kept in good repair. The Ordnance Building has many curious weapons arranged with mathematical precision, and everything is kept with scrupulous neatness. Stacks of guns and pikes border the main room, in the centre of which is a table on which weapons are arranged in circles, one above another; the whole reminded us somewhat of a flower; a huge blossom of death.

Resuming our saddles we passed beneath the giant shears, by "rotten row," where are anchored the rapidly decaying hulks of numerous war vessels that did effective service during the rebellion, and directed our course for the whirlpools of the "Narrows" between the twin earthworks of Forts Sullivan and Washington. The splendid view from the latter elevation is pleasantly pictured by Aldrich in "Prudence Palfrey."

In the "Narrows" our little exploring fleet was doubled in numbers by the addition of the inventor of the marine bicycle, accompanied by his sister. They were enjoying a morning ride around the ancient town of Newcastle, which is situate on Great Island. The major dashed along on his light-built machine at a rapid rate, while his sister, comfortably placed on a tricycle seat, pedalled her own craft with apparent ease. The season before she had made a day's run of twenty-eight miles to Dover and return, over the same course we had so recently run. She passes many hours upon her novel boat, and does not hesitate to run out upon the waves of the Atlantic. A mile down the river we wished them *bon voyage* from the steps of the old wharf at Fort Constitution, and, mounting the ramparts of the fort, we watched them as they rolled up and down but ever onward over the long, undulating waves that bordered with white foam the mile of seashore of the rocky island.

Passing out through the gateway, and under the portcullis described in the November WHEELMAN, we climbed to the top of the rocky eminence on which is perched the interesting and picturesque ruin of Walbach tower, with its sally-port choked with *débris*, surmounted by its grass-grown parapet. It was hurriedly built in 1814 to guarantee Fort Constitution (formerly William and Mary) against a landing on the beach on the south side, and is the only "Martello tower" on the northern coast. At the south are the somewhat analogous structures of Tower Dupré, in Louisiana, and Tybee Island, in Georgia. The name was adopted in consequence of the good defence made by a small round tower in the Bay of Martello, in Corsica, in the year 1794. George Houghton has recently told the story of the building of this tower: —

"More ill at ease was never man than Walbach, that Lord's day,
When, spent with speed, a traveller cried, 'A warship heads this way!'

. . . . . .

"Fleet-winged it left Duck Island astern, when rounding full in view,
Lo, in the face of Appledore three Britishers hove to!

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"'To arms! O townsfolk!' Walbach cried. 'Behold these black hawks three!
Whether they pluck old Portsmouth town rests now with you and me.

"'The guns of Kittery, and mine, may keep the channel clear,
If but one pintle-stone be raised to ward me in the rear.

"'But scarce a score my muster roll, the earthworks lie unmanned,
(Whereof some mouthing spy, no doubt, has made them understand).'

"Astir the village was awhile, with hoof and iron clang;
Then all grew still, save where aloft a hundred trowels rang.

"None supped, they say, that Lord's day eve; none slept, they say, that night;
But all night long with tireless arms each toiled as best he might.

"While cooper, mackerelman, parson and squire as well,
Made haste to plant the pintle-gun, and raise its citadel.

"O night of nights! The blinking dawn beheld the marvel done,
And from the new Martello boomed the echoing morning gun.

"One stormy cloud its lips upblew; and as its thunder rolled,
Old England saw, above the smoke, New England's flag unfold.

"Then slowly tacking to and fro, more near the cruisers made,
To see what force unheralded had flown to Walbach's aid.

"'God be our stay!' the parson cried, 'who hearkened Israel's wail';
And as he spake, all in a line, seaward the ships set sail."

In order to visit the Pepperell house and Fort McClary we cross again to the Kittery side, passing by the North Atlantic fleet at anchor in mid-stream. The officers and sailors of the "Tennessee" and "Kearsarge" crowded the sides of their ships to look upon the novelties upon which we were floating, and plied us with questions. The faces presented amazed and pleased, doubting and satisfied looks, when we tried with one answer to satisfy a dozen conflicting questions that were showered down upon us.

Kittery is the oldest town in the State, having been settled in 1623 and incorporated in 1647. Here, in the large house near the hotel, lived the great merchant, fisherman, and landowner, Wm. Pepperell, Esq., who could ride to the Saco river, thirty miles to the east, without going off his own possessions. In the same house dwelt, in great style, his son, Sir Wm. Pepperell, the first and only baronet created in America by the British crown. He was general of his Majesty's forces and commander of the land troops at the capture of Louisburg in 1745, and was knighted for his success. An oil painting of Sir William hangs in the Essex Institute, Salem, representing him in a scarlet coat and a waistcoat. The latter was richly gold-embroidered, and, as was then the fashion, descended almost to the knee. This painting formerly occupied a space on the walls of the Portsmouth Athenæum, alongside the portraits of several of the officers engaged in the siege, which still decorate the walls of the pleasant reading-room of that institution. Elizabeth, a daughter of Sir William, was married to Nathaniel Sparhawk in 1742, and here is her father's letter ordering from England a part of her wedding outfit, which may interest our lady readers: —

PASCATAQUA, IN NEW ENGLAND, Oct. 14, 1741.

SIR: — Please send me by ye first opportunity, for this place or Boston, silk to make a woman a full suit of clothes, the ground to be white paduroy and flowered with all sorts of colours suitable for a young woman. Another of white watered taby and gold lace for trimming of it; twelve yards of green paduroy; thirteen yards of lace, for a woman's head dress, two inches wide, as can be bought for 13s. per yard; a handsome fan, with leather mounting, as good as can be bought for about 20 shillings; two pairs of silk shoes, and clogs a size bigger than ye shoe.

Your servant to command,

WILLIAM PEPPERELL.

To the beauty of Mary Sparhawk, the daughter of Elizabeth Pepperell, it is reported that Portsmouth is more indebted for its protection in 1755 than to its forts. The story goes that the "Canceaux," a British corvette of sixteen guns, commanded by Capt. Mowatt, and a further expeditionary force consisting of a large armed ship, a schooner and a sloop, were off this harbor in the month of October of that year. Capt. Mowatt landed at Kittery Point, and was hospitably received at the loyal mansion of Nathaniel Sparhawk. Here he became so fascinated with the attractive daughter of his host that the intent of his voyage, to destroy Portsmouth, was abandoned; and he made sail for Falmouth (now Portland), and burned more than four hundred buildings of the best class, leaving standing only about a hundred of the poorest houses. The question as to how much this old settlement on the Pis-

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cataqua is indebted to the charms of this fair colonial maiden for its immunity from the destructive influences then impending, will always, doubtless, remain unanswered.

The Kittery Point church is one of the oldest in New England, having been erected in 1714. In the old cemetery opposite the church are many interesting memorials, and some queer epitaphs, among them the well known one —

> "I lost my life on the raging seas;
> A sovereign God does as He please:
> The Kittery friends they did appear,
> And my remains they buried here."

Fort McClary was formerly Fort Pepperell; but after the Revolution the name was changed, in memory of one of New Hampshire's gallant sons, who fell at Bunker Hill. He was tall, and of fine personal appearance, and was said by his fellow-officers to be the handsomest man in the army. The peculiar block-house, loop-holed for musketry, is a prominent object.

Again we resume our saddles and direct our crafts seaward towards the Isles of Shoals; but when between Wood Island and Whale's-back Light we noticed a familiar signal from "Pocahontas Point," made by repeated raising and lowering of the flag floating from the tall flagstaff. We changed our course to the familiar camp-ground of boyhood's days. We moored our boats alongside a similar craft, the property of the owner of the little sea cottage perched upon the edge of the high, rocky banks of Gerrish's Island, and commanding an attractive view of the entrance to the harbor and the majestic ocean. James T. Fields must have had in mind this location on his native river when he sung of "The Stormy Petrel": —

> "Where the gray crags beat back the northern main,
> And all around the ever restless waves,
> Like white sea-wolves, howl on lonely sands,
> Clings a low roof, close by the sounding surge.
> If, in your summer rambles by the shore,
> His spray-tost cottage you may chance espy,
> Enter and greet the one-armed mariner."

Nothing now remains of the extensive grove of trees which was planted on this bluff, or of the monument erected by a locally famous chowder club to the memory of Pocahontas. The destruction of the only memorial which has ever been erected to the memory of the dusky daughter of Powhatan is greatly to be regretted, and a companion to the marble monument of Sir John Smith, on Star Island, may be erected by the "Humbug Club" at no distant day.

Gerrish's Island was granted by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, in 1636, to Arthur Champernowne. Among the early settlers of this province, more persons perhaps came from the counties of Devon and Cornwall, in Great Britain, than from any other portions of the mother country; and of all the noble families in the west of England few, if any, surpass in antiquity and splendor of descent the family of Champernowne, which was connected with the Plantagenets, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Sir Walter Raleigh. Capt. Francis Champernowne, the son of Arthur, settled on this island in 1636, and here, and on his large farm in Greenland, he lived in baronial style until 1687. Nothing marks his island grave save a heap of stones, while tradition says that he forbade any monument to be erected in his memory.

> "Here rest the bones of Francis Champernowne:
> The blazonry of Norman kings he bore;
> His fathers builded many a tower and town,
> And after Senlac England's lords. Now o'er
> His island cairn the lonesome forests frown,
> And sailless seas beat the untrodden shore."

After bestowing ample justice upon the wholesome fare spread before us by our genial host, we left the rocky shores, and steered our crafts close to Whale's-back light-house, to interview the keeper. Just after the erection of the new tower, on the night of the terrible storm in November, 1871, the keeper of the light and his son were imprisoned in the old tower, over which the sea broke furiously, being unable through reason of the severity of the gale to reach the new one standing by its side, and which had not as yet been occupied. The old light-house was shaken as if its sides had been of wood instead of stone and mortar, and seemed to its terrified occupants upon the point of toppling over into the ocean. They had a night of dread uncertainty, and narrowly escaped from the fate that befell the unfortunate tenants of the light-house upon Minot's Ledge, blown over in 1851; and yet, despite their terror and extremity, they failed not in the faithful discharge of the duty incumbent upon them to keep the signal brightly burning for the guidance of outside mariners, sharing with themselves the perils of the storm.

A short distance south of Whale's-back light we passed by Kitt's rocks, near which the Government recently placed an

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automatic whistling buoy, popularly denominated the "Jersey Bull." When the wind and waves are favorable the various mournful sounds and dismal groans it produces are frequently heard in Portsmouth, distant over three miles; and many amusing instances are related of persons deceived by the strange sound to such a degree that they have caused search to be made through their grounds for distressed animals, while new servants have rushed from their chambers *en dishabille*, declaring their rooms to be haunted.

Six nautical miles S.S.E. of us we could see the White Island light-house and the black rocks of the Isles of Shoals. The sea was by no means in its calmest mood, and, as we ventured out farther and farther from the shore, the wind steadily increased, capping the waves with white foam and tossing the boats first up, then down, so that every moment the bows would disappear beneath a wave and the propellers would whirl around in the air, but only for an instant, as the narrow, buoyant bows, shedding the water, would shoot upward, burying in turn the quickly revolving propellers beneath the wave, and forcing the boats rapidly ahead. This rocking-horse motion was very exciting, and fully as exhilarating as coasting the steepest and smoothest of hills on the road bicycle.

"We walked the water like a thing of life,
And seemed to dare the elements to strife."

There were but few vessels in sight, and they were all at a distance, save one schooner, which we noticed changed her course suddenly, and steered directly for us. When within hailing distance the helmsman shouted, —

"Ahoy, there! What you out here for? I thought you were clinging to the bottom of a boat."

"We are bound for the Shoals. What do you think of the weather?"

"You'd better get inter harbor. It'll blow like fury in an hour."

"Thank you; we shall make Appledore before then. Good-day."

Though the wind was not favorable we thought by tacking we might make better progress under sail, so, unfurling our awnings, we set them at the proper angles, pulled up our propellers, and were quickly dashing through the billows at a rapid rate. Occasionally we would strike an extra heavy wave, forcing us to throw our feet over the handle-bars to prevent their being wet. We had no fear, for one of us had been tossed about on higher waves on Lake Michigan, and the other had pedalled his craft safely for several hours through a much heavier sea off Nahant in a March snowsq-uall, and then run up Lynn harbor under sail at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Our speed caused the black bulk of Appledore to gradually rise above the horizon, and the hotel to grow larger and more distinct. Never before did we so fully realize the perfection of the pen-pictures of Appledore as drawn by James Russell Lowell: —

"A heap of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags,
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost."

"How looks Appledore in a storm?
I have seen it when its crags seemed frantic,
Butting against the mad Atlantic,
When surge on surge would heap enorm,
Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lifted and lifted, and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder,
A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
Monadnock might have trembled under."

The wind and waves increased in force and size, and we trembled as we began to realize how puny and helpless are men and their inventions amid the powers of Nature and the elements. However, by taking every advantage that careful sail-trimming and skilful steering would give us, we succeeded, just as the storm struck in its fury, in passing into the calmer waters, protected by the breakwater of logs, and hauled our boats upon the floating stage in front of the Appledore House.

In a future WHEELMAN we propose to describe these famous isles, so prolific in amusing and interesting historical incidents. The rocks and ledges, the shrubs and flowers, the great storms and shipwrecks, and the peculiarities of the inhabitants, furnish abundant material. Poetry and romance have chosen these rocks as favorite themes. Whittier, Hawthorne, and Lowell have illustrated them by the magical light of their genius; Jenness has compiled their history, and Celia Thaxter has portrayed their sublimity and picturesque beauty with both vigor and delicacy.

A good night's rest prepared us for our return trip. The wind had subsided, and the ocean was comparatively calm, as we launched our boats early in the morning to visit the western isles of the group. We landed at Smutty Nose, the scene of the Wagner murder, and then stopped on Star Island, the third in size among the group,

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containing one hundred and eighty acres of rock and soil, forty-nine fiftieths of which is rock. The little church, with its quaint tower and fish-shaped vane, is a conspicuous object: —

"High on the lichened ledges, like
A lonely sea-fowl on its perch,
Blown by the cold sea winds, it stands,
Old Gosport's quaint forsaken church."

Its weather-beaten sides are of granite, and gave great satisfaction to Rev. Jedediah Morse, a former pastor of the island parish. "It has two great advantages over wood: the inhabitants cannot burn it for fuel, and it will be imperishable," he is related to have said in his dedication sermon.

Many peculiar incidents have occurred in times past in this little church, one of which it will suffice to here record: Upon one occasion the divine was in the midst of a thrilling exhortation when he was unexpectedly interrupted by an old fisherman of a practical turn.

"Supposing, my brethren, that any of you should be overtaken in the bay by a north-east storm, your hearts trembling with fear, and nothing but death before you, whither would your thoughts turn; what would you do?"

With the instant inspiration of common-sense came the answer, "I'd hoist the foresail and scud away for Squam!"

Steering south-west we landed at White Island light, walked through the covered way to the light-house, and climbed the stairs to see the $30,000 Fresnel light in its case of beautiful prisms. We saw the huge boulder weighing fifteen tons lying on the island fifty feet higher than the sea. Each of the islands has its peculiar characteristics, though all are of the same coarse granite mixed with masses and seams of quartz, felspar, gneiss, and mica, and interspersed with dikes of trap running in all directions. Each island presents its boldest shore to the east, to breast the whole force of the great Atlantic, and has its own peculiar rote; and ears made delicate by listening in great and frequent peril can readily distinguish the bearings of each in a dense fog. The threatening speech of Duck Island's ledges, the swing of the wave over Halfway Rock, the touch of the ripples on the beach at Londoners, the long and lazy breaker that is forever rolling below the light-house at White Island, — all are familiar and distinct, and indicate to the islander his whereabouts almost as clearly as if the sun shone brightly, and no shrouding mist were striving to mock and to mislead him.

We carefully examined our boats and oiled the gearing and machinery, for we had eight miles of sea between us and our next landing. During the forenoon the wind had increased, and the waves grown higher, so that we had to use all our skill and strength in launching our boats from the island. The wind was, however, directly astern, and, setting our sails, we were soon bounding along in coasting attitude. There were no headers to fear, and we were enjoying to the utmost the most exhilarating portion of the trip. We had accepted an invitation to dine with a party of visiting wheelmen camping out at Wallis' Sands, provided the sea was not too rough to prevent a landing. In less than an hour after leaving the light-house we could see the signal of our friends, and the glistening of their nickelled wheels. The breakers were rolling up on the beach in grand style, and with a force that seemed to them, in their inexperience, strong enough to prevent our joining them. Here again our familiarity with surf-boating became of advantage to us. Awaiting the appearance of a heavy wave, we placed and held the marines on its top by working the propellers, until the water grew shallow, when we raised the propellers above the floats, and were left high and dry on the beach as the wave receded. Before the succeeding wave reached us, we had run forward on the floats and stepped on the sandy beach. Then, with the long boat-hook placed around the forward cross-bars, we easily pulled the boats, as they were lifted by the next wave, to a secure height above the water. The chowder was eaten with a relish, and, after a spin on the road-bicycles across the beach, we were ready to launch our boats into the surf, "where the green buds of waves burst into white froth-flowers," and push off for Odiorne's Point, the Plymouth Rock of New Hampshire.

"Here the dark forest's midnight shade began
To own the power of cultivated man;
Here is the shore, whose wide-extended breast
First gave its borders for the wanderer's rest."

We were shown about the place by its owner, Mr. Odiorne, who inherits the farm where his ancestors resided for more than two centuries, an instance somewhat rare in America, where, said the historian Prescott: "The son rarely sits in the shadow of the trees planted by his father."

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He pointed out to us the site of the first house, called the manor house, which was built in 1623, also the blacksmith shop, some of the refuse iron from which he had recently ploughed up. In the well-kept graveyard were huge walnut-trees growing, and thrusting aside the unlettered stones that have done duty for two centuries and a half.

Passing under the bridge leading to the palatial Wentworth hotel, we were directly among a little fleet of boats, scows, etc., the crews of which had for weeks been dredging for lost or buried treasure, whether Captain Kidd's or some other freebooter's they would not reveal. The coast about here, and the Shoals, were favorite resorts during the last century for buccaneers, who sailed these seas and sent their defiance to the king himself: —

"Go tell the king of England, go tell him thus from me,
Tho' he reigns king o'er all the land, I will reign king at sea."

From here sailed Captain S., of Kittery, on his smuggling expedition to the West Indies. At the time of a religious revival under Elias Howe, the captain professed religion, and was a loud-mouthed supporter of the Church, being as glib with religious phrases as he was with nautical ones, perhaps as a cloak to his smuggling operations. However, his letters, thereafter, were a curious mixture of religion and business, as witness the body part of a letter addressed to the Portsmouth owners of his vessel, which my informant committed to memory in childhood days: —

GENTLEMEN, — By the blessing of Almighty God I was enabled to smuggle on shore last night 100 barrels of flour, and if to-night is favorable, I hope by the blessing of Almighty God to land as many more.

Your obedient servant,
D. S.

P. S. — Also that half a case of knives and forks. — D. S.

In front of the old Wentworth mansion we stepped ashore, and stood before the rambling collection of buildings, uncertain at which of the entrances to apply for admission. The structure, completed in 1750, originally contained fifty-two rooms, while the cellar was arranged for the accommodation of a troop of thirty horses in times of danger. Prepared for an interior as unattractive and whimsical as the outside, the usual conjecture of a visitor is at fault, for this queer old bundle of joiner's patchwork, with its gables, dormer windows, and extensions everywhere, contains apartments which indicate that the governor cared less for the rind than the fruit. As soon as one crosses the threshold he steps into the colonial period.

"Within, unwonted splendors meet the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry,
Carved chimney-pieces, where on blazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires 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."

The Council Chamber, where for many years all questions of vital importance to the state were discussed, is a spacious, high-studded room, with waist-high wainscot, and finished in the highest style of the last century. The ornamentation of the mantel, enriched with elaborate carvings of busts of Indian princesses, chaplets and garlands, carved with knife and chisel, cost the workman a year's constant labor, while some very notable family portraits adorn the walls of this room. Here is one by the hand of Copley, who revelled in rich draperies and in the accessories of his portraits quite as much as in painting rounded arms and shapely figures. This one in pink satin, with overdress of white lace, short sleeves with deep ruffles, and coquettish lace cap, is Dorothy Quincy, the greatest belle and breaker of hearts of her day, and who married Governor John Hancock. Opening on the Council Chamber is a billiard-room, in which is an ancient, wheezy spinet, quite as much out of tune as out of date, while in one corner stands a quaintly formed old buffet. Colonial punch has flowed and laughter echoed here.

Within these walls the painter would find gay and sombre colors ready mixed for his palette, and many incidents waiting for his canvas. One of these romantic episodes has been gracefully told by Longfellow—the marriage of Governor Benning Wentworth to Martha Hilton, a sort of second edition of king Cophetua and Zenelophon: —

"Cophetua swore a royal oath:
This begger maid shall be my queen."

Martha Hilton, also, was a poor girl: —

"Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare, —
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon;

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A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet,
And o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced."

Dame Stavers, the inn-keeper's wife, took the occasion to remonstrate with her: —

"O Martha Hilton! Fie! How dare you go
About the town half dressed, and looking so!"

At which the gypsy laughed and straight replied: —

"No matter how I look, I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am."

Fortunate prophecy! Martha went to live as servant with Governor Wentworth at his mansion at Little Harbor, looking out to sea. Seven years passed, and the "thin slip of a girl," who promised to be no great beauty, had flowered into the loveliest of women. The governor, a lonely widower, and not too young, fell in love with his fair handmaid. Without stating his purpose to any one, Governor Wentworth invited a number of friends (among others the Rev. Arthur Brown) to dine with him at Little Harbor on his birthday. After the dinner, which was a very elaborate one, was at an end, and the guests were discussing their tobacco-pipes, Martha Hilton glided into the room, and stood blushing in front of the chimney-place. The guests stared at each other, and particularly at her, and wondered. Then the governor, rising from his seat, —

"Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Rev. Arthur Brown:
'This is my birthday, it shall likewise be
My wedding-day, and you shall marry me!'"

The rector was dumfounded, knowing the humble footing Martha had held in the house, and could think of nothing cleverer to say than, "To whom, Your Excellency?"

"To this lady," replied the governor, taking Martha Hilton by the hand. The Rev. Arthur Brown hesitated. "As chief magistrate of New Hampshire I command you to marry me!" cried the firm old governor. And so it was done; and so the pretty kitchen-maid became Lady Wentworth, and rode in her own chariot, after all.

Leaving the quaint old mansion, we pedalled our catamarans between the numerous islands above Little Harbor, and passed by the wharves of the old city, with their background of quaint, historical houses, under whose roofs have occurred many episodes, the relation of which are beyond the limits of this article. As the sun was setting, we reached our landing, and the end of our trip of fifty miles, the novelty and enjoyment of which we have not half told you.

C. A. Hazlett.

'NEATH THE MAGNOLIAS.

Old moon, so round, in the depths of blue!
Paling the star-light, tell me true,
Were you slyly peeping, and did you see
What happened 'neath the Magnolia tree?

Old cycling moon! it was very late
When I rode away from the garden gate;
And you were to blame — though I know 'twas wrong —
For you hid in the silver-tipped clouds so long.

You sly old moon! — don't you dare to tell! —
The Magnolias won't — for you know full well
The sweetest flower that the wild-bee sips
Was never so sweet as a sweet maid's lips.

Charles Richards Dodge.

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VELOCIPEDE.[1]

O CITY fathers, hear my prayer!
I'm but a student, yet give heed;
And, as you hope for mercy, spare!
Don't, *don't* outlaw Velocipede!

Why banish him? He does no harm
To any one, — indeed, indeed,
I know the timid feel alarm
And hatred for Velocipede;

But yet I say he harms them not;
Their fancy 'tis which seems to need
Repression; for it makes them plot
And lie against Velocipede.

They fancy riders cannot steer,
And cannot safely move with speed;
And so they feign a foolish fear
Whene'er comes up Velocipede.

Don't believe the stories that they tell
Of accident, or foul misdeed;
The *Journal's* "horse" long since got well,
Uninjured by Velocipede.

'Tis envy simply that's at work:
The one who must on foot proceed
Feels jealous when, with artful quirk,
Another rides Velocipede.

Some, too, there are who hate all fun,
Who count all sport of ill the seed;
And such judge that the Evil One
Himself devised Velocipede.

But those who believe in life, and joy,
And jollity, must fain concede
The many virtues of this toy
We fondly call Velocipede.

So let him have the right of way;
The sidewalks he will not impede,
Nor force the footmen to delay
Their steps for him, Velocipede.

Or if from Chapel, State, and Church
You order him, we are agreed,
If, leaving these streets in the lurch,
Elsewhere may roam Velocipede.

Now, city fathers, hear my prayer!
I'm but a student, yet give heed
To my poor words, and spare, oh, spare!
My only love — Velocipede!

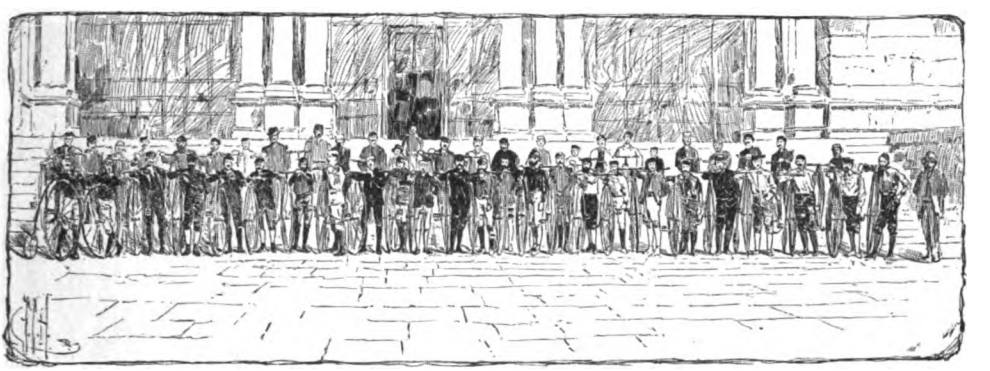
Karl Kron, Yale College, 1869.

[1] See Editorial Note.

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THE BICYCLE IN PHILADELPHIA.

LATE in the fall of 1878, while busily at work on my correspondence, a rather tall gentleman entered my store, and, advancing to my desk, handed me what proved to be a letter introducing the bearer, Mr. E. W. Pope. Expressing my gratification and pleasure in making his acquaintance, I requested him to be seated, secretly wondering who he was and what he wanted. I was not long in ignorance of the object of his visit. Producing a card, he handed it to me, and, while I examined it, he stated the object of his visit. To say that I examined the card does not adequately describe the situation; I stared at it, amazed, for the face of it bore a picture of two wheels, one very large, and one very small. They seemed to be joined together by a round iron rod, and over the top of the big wheel was a saddle. Printed above were the words, "The Pope M'f'g Co., Makers of Bicycles," and below, "No. 87 Summer St., Boston, Mass." On the back of the card was a table of distances. While I was turning this card over and over in my hands, and turning the information it gave over and over in my mind, Mr. Pope unfolded to me his plan. His company were looking for an agent in Philadelphia, and had sent a specimen bicycle, by freight, to my address, and I being the agent for the Weed Sewing Machine Co., who had contracted to build a few bicycles for them, he thought that if I would place one in my show window, it would be a good advertisement for my business, and, perhaps, assist him in securing an agent. The plan succeeded, but not as was intended; we both builded wiser than we knew. I was incredulous, doubted that the bicycle could be ridden at all, and especially such distances as were recorded on the card, and, as to the time made, I could not bring myself to believe its statements. After Mr. Pope's departure, the (to me) infernal machine arrived and was unboxed. I handled it with extreme caution, and so awkwardly that, in walking with it, I somehow became tangled up in the machine, and we both fell against a glass-case which narrowly escaped ruin. This was rather discouraging, so I hitched the animal up, just outside my store door, and awaited developments. They soon came; in about five minutes it was surrounded by nearly one hundred persons, and my doorway was so jammed that my customers inside could not get out, and those outside could not get in; so I stood the horse up in my window; then came all sorts of inquiries, to which I replied by handing out catalogues. In reply to the question often asked, if I could ride, I was obliged to reply that I could not,—a reply which I qualified by stating that I knew *some one who could*. This answer invariably caused a smile of satisfaction to overspread the features of the doubting Thomases. A few days after the machine (a fifty-inch cone-bearing Standard Columbia) was placed on exhibition, Mr. T. K. Longstreth—afterward president and charter member of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club—and his brother, called upon me, and stated that

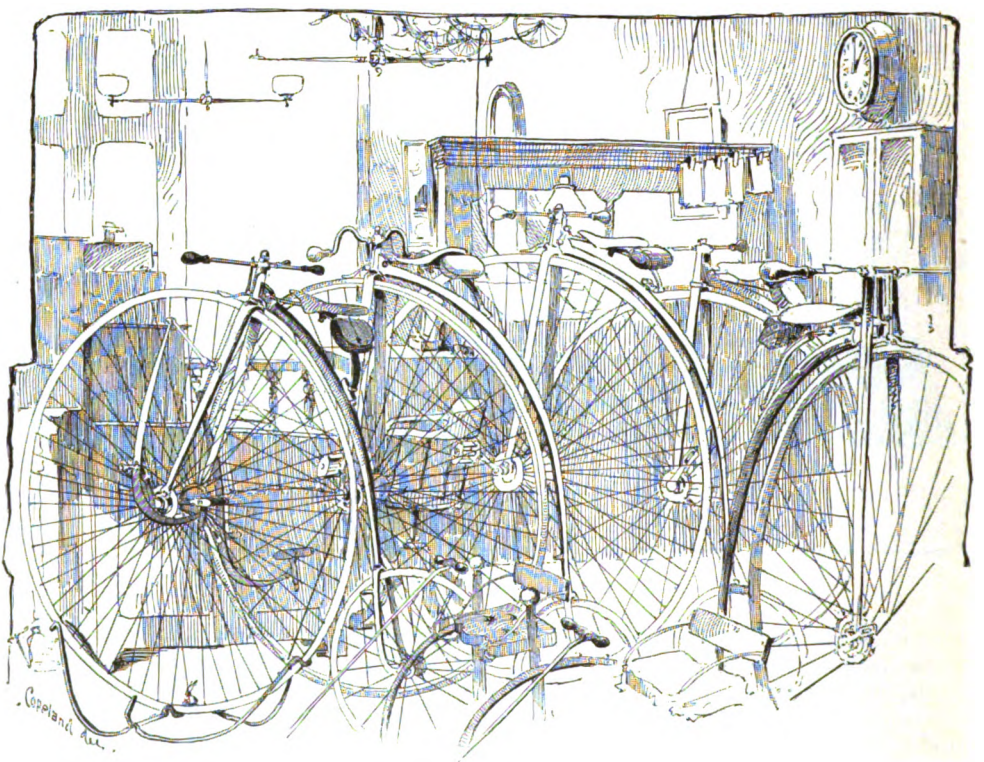


FIRST BICYCLE MEET IN PHILADELPHIA.

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they had brought three bicycles over from England, and had learned to ride. They gave me such glowing accounts of their exploits, and the pleasures of bicycle-riding, that I at once determined to secure the agency, and introduce the bicycle to the people of Philadelphia.

It seemed to me, from what they told me of their experiences, and if what I had by this time read about bicycles in English publications was true, that a good business could be done in selling this new convey-



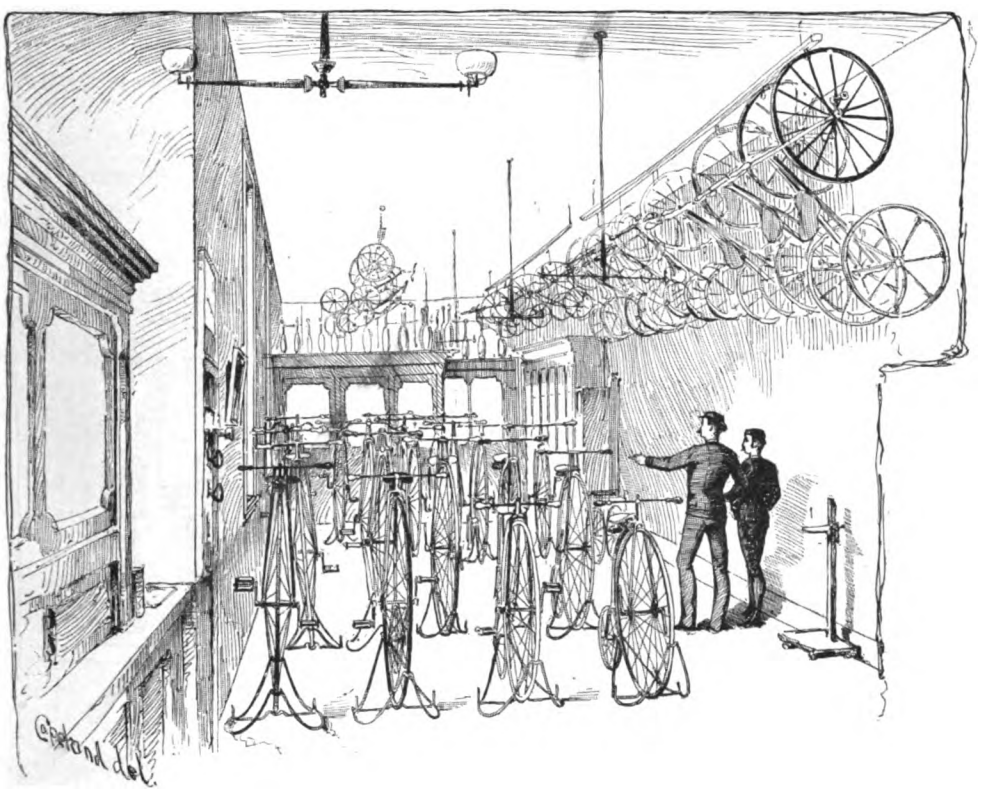
THE PIONEER SALES-ROOM.

ance. I did not, however, take immediate steps to obtain the agency, but continued to exhibit the machine in my window during the winter and following spring, until the weather and roads began to be favorable for its use. I then made application to the Pope M'f'g Co. for the agency of their bicycles in Philadelphia and received it. My first proceeding was to mail out catalogues and reading-matter to the *élite* of the city, who at once became interested in such a novel and wonderful horse. We called it the silent steed then; but now of course it is a carriage. I soon found that unless the public could be taught to ride I should not meet with very gratifying success. Also that I could not answer intelligently the many questions asked of me unless I knew how to ride. About this time (April, 1879) a few young gentlemen in West Philadelphia bought a second-hand bicycle, small size, and weighing about sixty-five pounds; it was made in France, and the front wheel turned all the way around. With this machine they began learning to ride. Their practice-ground was Baring street, and their antics soon reached the ears of an alert newspaper man, who published a racy article about them, which caused a cessation of their practice for a time.

My first bicycle was sold April 16, 1879, to Mr. Joseph W. Griscom, and he taught himself to ride. In May I went to Boston for the purpose of learning to ride, and to get a general idea of the manner in which the business was conducted there. While I was wrestling with a machine in the Pope M'f'g Co.'s school, a telegram was received by them announcing the organization of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, signed Thos. K. Longstreth, President.

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This news encouraged me greatly in my efforts, and I pitched into the bicycle harder than ever. We had an unhappy faculty of pitching and rolling around with such uncertainty that the floor was soon cleared of all save my wheel and I, and we continued vigorously until at last I could ride. I shall not attempt to describe my emotion when I had conquered this wheel; I was so delighted that I bought it on the spot. It was a 44-inch; but no matter, that was the wheel I had wrestled



THE PRESENT SALES-ROOM.

with, gone all the way to Boston and won; I would have none other. Shortly after my return to Philadelphia I hired a room in a large warehouse, at 222 Wood street, put in a couple of second-hand machines, gave prospective buyers each a key, and told them to go down there and learn how to ride. This practice-room was well patronized, and no doubt its strict privacy was a help to it; but this did not last. The seed had been sown, the plant had sprung up thoroughly healthy, and was growing rapidly. I put in several more bicycles, and secured the services of a teacher, an Englishman, who could tell us all about bicycles in the old country. This teacher was none other than the celebrated Professor Rollinson, now well known to all wheelmen. I began to advertise this school, and it flourished. It was located on the third floor in a dingy old building, at an out-of-the-way place; but the room was large, and afforded an excellent place to learn in. Here it was that Jo Pennell familiarized himself with the vehicle which he has since so ably illustrated. Here Mr. Dillwyn Wistar, former treasurer of the L.A.W., mastered the bicycle, and Mr. Henry Bently conquered its difficulties. Soon the business outgrew the place, and there was a general desire for more suitable quarters. These were found in the Horticultural Hall building on Broad street, and in November I opened there "The Columbia Bicycle Riding School." I extended my advertising, and the new school was well patronized. Here were taught Mr. C. F. Cope, who I think gave fancy-riding its first impetus here, and Master T. Reath, who gave us all such a pleasant surprise at

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Newport, in 1880, and Mr. George D. Gideon, whose reputation as a flyer is well known; Mr. C. C. Roberts, whose pen has been ever ready to defend the bicycle; William Rennyson, Esq., who philanthropically proposes to dispense with the danger of headers, and yet not deprive the sturdy cycler of the wheel he loves; Mr. W. R. Tucker, whose efforts in the cause have been unremitting; Mr. C. H. Scott, Dr. J. F. Weightman; Mr. John Slingluff, of Norristown, and many other prominent gentlemen, whose interest in bicycling and influence in the community have combined to make the wheel in Philadelphia a popular means of exercise and enjoyment. The Philadelphia Bicycle Club was organized on the 22d of May, 1879, and it is worthy of record that its first president was the first person who rode his bicycle on the drives of Fairmount Park, permission having been granted him by the park commissioners to ride from midnight until 8 o'clock A.M., — a privilege which he enjoyed but a short time, the commissioners withdrawing it a few weeks after it was granted.

On the 15th of August the following petition was sent to the park commissioners: —

To the Commissioners of Fairmount Park: —

GENTLEMEN, — We, the undersigned, bicycle-riders and others, rejoicing in the facilities for health and recreation afforded by Fairmount Park, and being desirous that the facilities should be enlarged, and the usefulness of the park extended, and being convinced that bicycles should be granted some privileges in a place set apart for the public, do, therefore, respectfully petition that bicycles may be used and ridden in the park between the hours of 12 o'clock midnight and 8 o'clock in the morning.

Respectfully, Philadelphia Bicycle Club,

President, THOS. K. LONGSTRETH,
Captain, HARRY LONGSTRETH,
Sub-Captain, JOHN FERGUSSON,
Secretary, H. A. BLAKISTON.

To this petition were appended the names of all the members of the club and many prominent citizens. This marked the beginning of the efforts to gain free use of all the park drives. It was readily granted, and in a short time another petition was presented to the commissioners, asking that the time be extended until 12 o'clock, noon. A few days before the first petition was granted, Mr. F. W. Corse and Mr. J. B. King, while riding through the park on Belmont avenue, a highway much older than the park, and where they believed they had an unquestionable right to ride, frightened a horse, and were arrested by the park guard and taken to the captain's



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

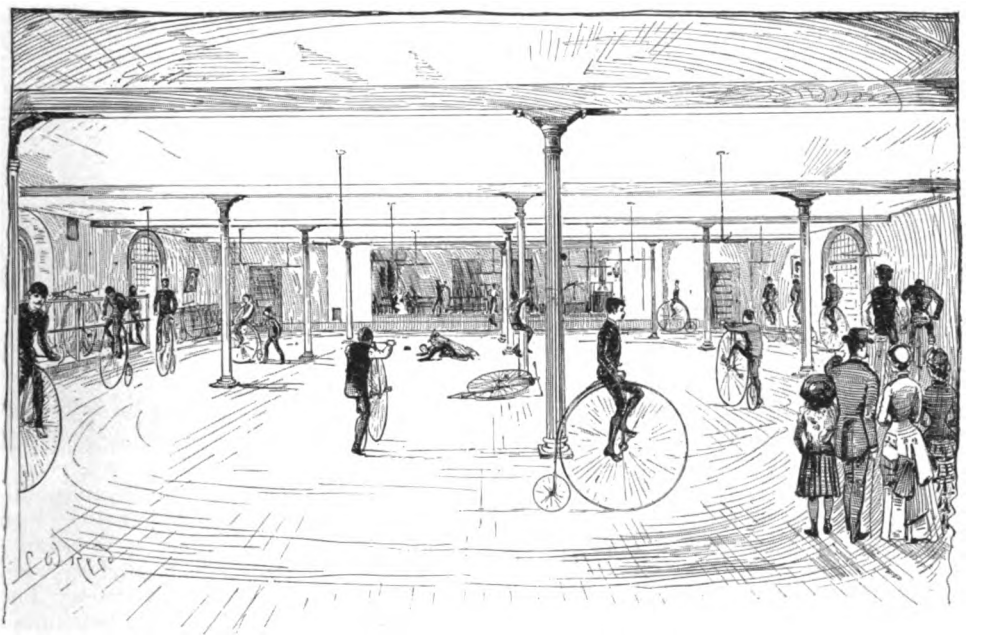
head-quarters. After a day was fixed for a hearing before a magistrate, who sits there on certain days, they were released.

The day for the hearing arrived. The bicyclers were on hand with their counsel, — the president of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club. There were a couple of press reporters, the guards who made the arrest, the magistrate, the complainant, and the scowling captain of the guards, who has always held an unaccountable animosity towards the bicycle.

The testimony was taken; there was no doubt that the bicycle had frightened the

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horse. The defence was, that the bicyclers were using a public highway, and were not amenable to park regulations, and that even if the park authorities had jurisdiction over the drive in question there was no law excluding the bicycle, which was a carriage, it having been decided to be such by English courts, and by our government at Washington in fixing the duties on imported bicycles; that his clients were exercising their just rights, and could not therefore be fined. In closing his argument the counsel stated that he had travelled some two thousand miles on his bicycle.



RIDING-SCHOOL, HORTICULTURAL HALL.

"Don't care how far you've travelled on it, nor what other people think of 'em," said the Judge, "it's a velocipede, and nothing else, and these gentlemen are fined five dollars each and cost." With this decision the court adjourned.

While the second petition to the commissioners was pending, an appeal was taken from Magistrate Clark's decision, but withdrawn, as it was thought that the park commissioners would not consider any petition favorably as long as there was a suit pending against them. And it was not deemed wise to antagonize them.

The second petition was granted shortly after the withdrawal of the suit. This gave to the bicycle-riders great pleasure, and the portions of the park allotted to them were much used. Great care was taken to avoid frightening horses, and the results were satisfactory to all concerned.

Thus began the sort of bicycle agitation which has continued to the present time.

The *Sunday Dispatch* of August 19, 1879, commenting on the bicycle case, said: —

A bicycle is an exaggerated velocipede. That is a position which we are ready to maintain against the president of the Germantown Bicycle Club, who declared the other day, in an argument before Magistrate Clark, that the bicycle is *not* a velocipede, but a carriage. It is certainly a velocipede, no matter what other name may be given it.

Referring to bicycle riders the same article said: —

It is not a necessity that they should mount themselves on two high wheels and rush wildly through the streets, merely to gratify their own thirst for excitement.

That this article, which throughout was adverse to bicyclers, was written in ignorance, is shown by the reference to Mr. Longstreth as president of the Germantown Bicycle Club, and to the bicycle as having two high wheels.

It is interesting to quote from the same paper when it had become more enlightened. June 5, 1881, it said: —

Either the bicycles should be excluded from the park altogether, or they should be admitted at all

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times. The concession to them of the morning hours is an admission that there is nothing objectionable in their mode of conveyance.

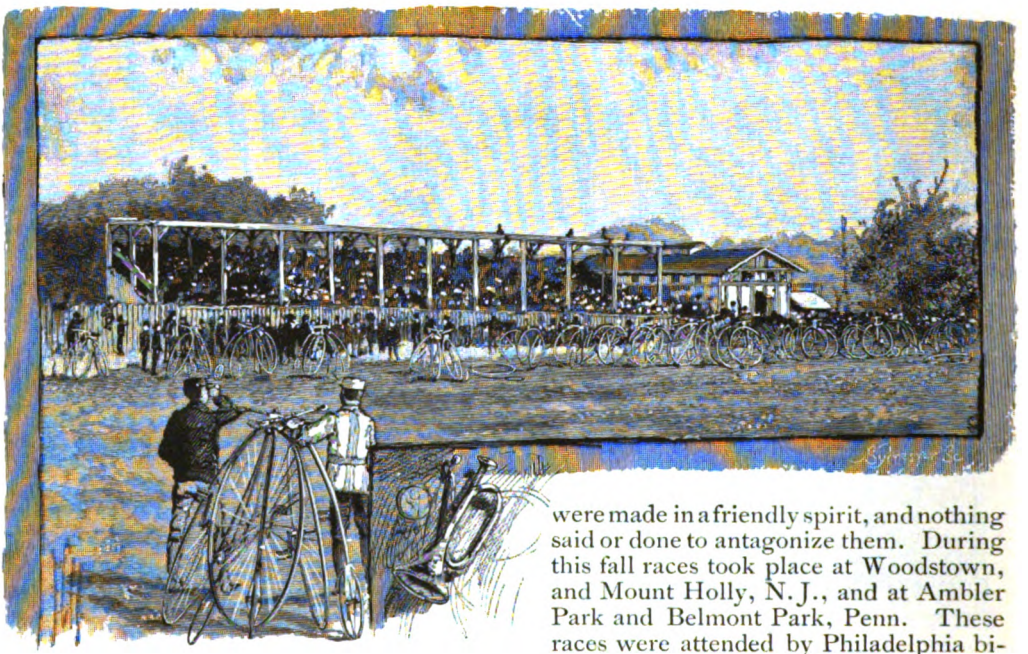
And on April 30, 1882, referring to an attempt made by the superintendent of the park and the captain of the guards to exclude bicycles, it said: —

> The bicycle has become something more than a toy; the citizen has a right to use it along the public streets, and he has a full right to use it in the park. They had better stop and consider. It is not the easiest thing in the world to stop a revolution, nor is it possible to make any custom or practice unlawful in one place which is lawful everywhere else.

following verses, which were certainly quite pat: —

> "Said Pat to Mike, 'To tell the truth,
> I'm somewhat in the dark;
> I know the people bought it, but
> Who is it owns the park?'
>
> "'Indeed,' said Mike, 'I cannot tell;
> But there is a strong suspicion
> That both the park and people are
> Owned by the park commission.'"

The efforts to convince the park commissioners that bicyclers had a right to use the park were unremitting; all arguments were made in a friendly spirit, and nothing said or done to antagonize them. During this fall races took place at Woodstown, and Mount Holly, N. J., and at Ambler Park and Belmont Park, Penn. These races were attended by Philadelphia bicyclers, and formed a series of "meets" in a small way. They were much enjoyed, and led to a general meet later on. The first general meet of Philadelphia wheelmen took place on Thanksgiving day, November 27th. Fifty-six riders met in the West park, and, after being photographed, took a run through the park and dispersed. This event attracted much attention, and received very favorable notices in the newspapers.



THE BI-CENTENNIAL MEET RACES.

The above is a fair specimen of the way the bicycle was treated by the press of Philadelphia, with one or two exceptions.

On the 5th of September, 1879, the Germantown bicycle club was organized, Mr. A. F. Muller, president. The Philadelphia and Germantown clubs united in their efforts to secure the opening of the park for bicycle-riding.

Without any restrictions, a joint circular was issued, cautioning all bicycle-riders to be extremely careful on meeting horses, and not in any way abuse the privileges already granted, as the time was limited to December 1st, and the use of bicycles in the park was an experiment.

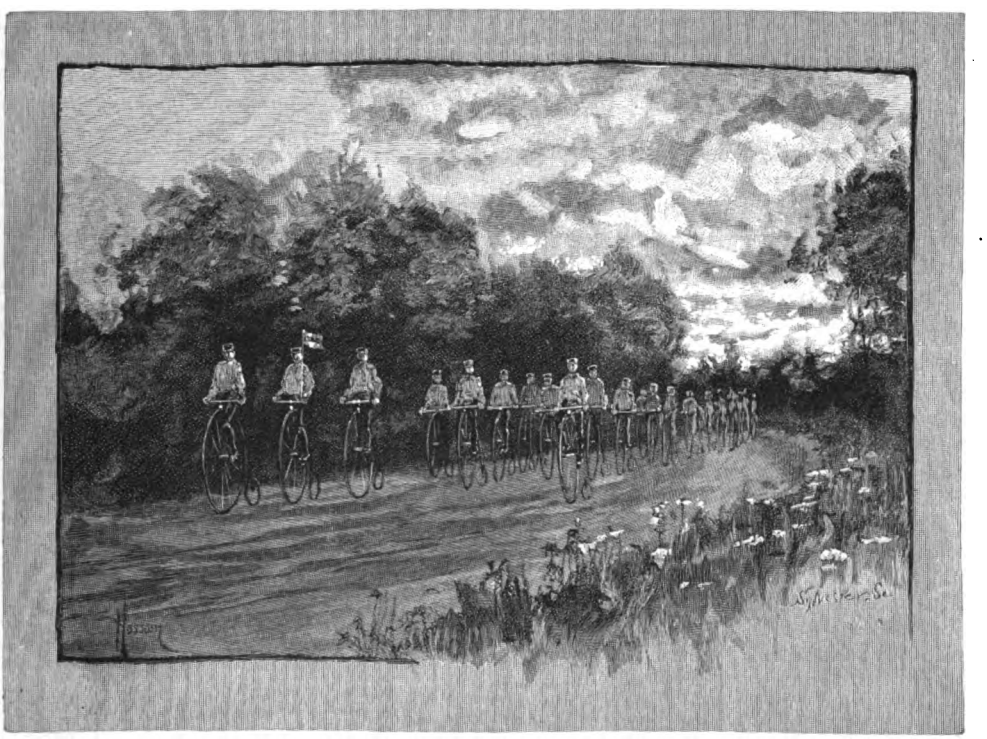
About this time the *Record* published the

In December the Centaur Club was formed, so that the year rounded with three good clubs, and nearly a hundred wheelmen. In the city I continued my school during the winter at Horticultural Hall; kept up my advertisements and distribution of circulars; mailed the bicyling papers regularly to the newspapers; and

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also to the park commission and city officials. Thus, with my school, I continued to make riders; and, by distributing wheel literature freely, interested many others in the wheel.

On the evening of January 22d, 1880, I gave a bicycle tournament at Horticultural Hall, which I think was the first event of the kind in this country. The press were invited, and as the exhibition was unique, it was pleasing. Mr. C. F. Cope's fancy-riding at that time was thought to be wonderful; but such perfection has since been attained that his performance then would hardly be called fancy-riding at this time. The entertainment drew a good-sized audience, although it was one of the stormiest nights of the season. Following this event the Pegasus Club was formed, and wheel-riders continued increasing. In this year the foundations were laid for future bicycling in Philadelphia; the wheel (and wheel matters) had become prominently before the people. It had made its friends and its enemies. There was a general discussion by the press of the horse question, uses of the bicycle, its difficulties and danger. Much was said in its praise, and some denounced it, but the right of a person to ride it on the highways was generally conceded. In the spring of this year our New Jersey friends had a taste of the bicycle, and one lovely day in May a member of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, on his way to Haddonfield, found a toll-gate across the road, which he could not ride over, nor would the gate-keeper permit him to pass with his bicycle. A few hours afterwards I was confronted by a gentleman, who was highly indignant at and disgusted with Jerseymen. We consulted; fight was the word. But *how*, was the question. After some little talk we concluded to bring the matter before the Philadelphia and Germantown clubs, and did so. These two clubs appointed a committee, who took the matter in hand, and compelled the turnpike company to open their gates to bicyclers. Other turnpike companies were watching this fight, and, had the result been different, they, too, would have closed their gates to bicycles.



THE RUN IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, BI-CENTENNIAL MEET.

In the spring of this year Cunningham & Company placed the agency for the sale of their machines in my hands.

In June I published my A, B, C book,

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which I believe has given aid and comfort to thousands of wheelmen who were struggling to master the first principles of bicycling.

The bicycling events of this year were: the advent of Professor Rollinson in the bicycle business and his failure before the season was over; the reopening of a riding-school at Wood street, and one at the Permanent Exhibition, making three riding-schools conducted simultaneously by myself. This was crowding the field too much, however, and I closed all except the one at Horticultural Hall.

The advent of Mr. Geo. D. Gideon as a racing man, winning his first race at Dover; the 2d annual meet, which was a fiasco, owing to the weather, — a snow-storm having set in. In spite of this, however, about forty wheelmen met in the park, but dispersed without the usual run. After this meet wheels were mostly housed for the winter. The riding-school, which had been open continuously, was still doing its good work, when it was suddenly closed by fire. Horticultural Hall was burned down on the night of January 31, 1881. Fortunately, the bicycles were stowed away in a part of the building which escaped serious damage, and all were saved, although some were badly blistered from the heat, and others rusted by the water. They were all taken to a police-station on 15th street, and here, in the afternoon, occurred a meet of wheelmen differing from all others; the work of identifying the bicycles was done as quickly as possible, and all the machines were removed before night.

The day following the fire, notice was given that the riding-school would reopen as soon as the necessary repairs could be made. This notice was carried into effect just a year after it was given. Meanwhile a school was opened at 219 North Broad street.

In May of this year the Philadelphia Bicycle Club again petitioned the park commissioners to extend their privileges in the park. This petition opened afresh the bicycle question; and all the city papers, with one exception, urged the admission of the bicycle to the park, without any restrictions. The petition of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club was granted, but the hours were limited from daybreak until noon. This was not satisfactory to the club, and the commissioners were asked to reconsider their action. At this time the following circular was published and distributed extensively: —

PHILADELPHIA BICYCLERS.

"*Ultima Thule.*"

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

WITHOUT RESTRICTIONS.

The use of Bicycles in our Public Park — for which we are taxed to support — is permitted as follows: —

IN THE EAST PARK.

The walks on the south side of Green street, as far as the Lincoln Monument; from daybreak until noon. Entrance at Green street.

The walk on the north side of Green street, past the Ball Grounds, to Girard avenue; from daybreak until noon. In using this walk bells must be attached to the bicycles.

IN THE WEST PARK.

Belmont avenue; from daybreak until noon.

The walks around the Permanent Exhibition Building, and the Old Centennial Grounds (except those about Horticultural Hall), at any time.

While bicyclers are thus restricted in the enjoyment of a public domain, they are compelled to assist in its maintenance, and its free use is permitted to thousands of vehicles, the owners or drivers of which do not in any way contribute to its support. Surely this unjust discrimination will ere long be removed. Our park commissioners are gentlemen of too much sense and fairness to continue such an arbitrary measure, if once convinced that in gratifying our pleasures we do not endanger others, and this depends entirely on our bicyclers. If due care is used, bicycles can be ridden in the park without the danger apprehended by the commissioners. The indefensible point of their present position, and one that surprises fair-minded men, is, that they pass judgment without trial. Let us use our best efforts to obtain this trial — a free use of the park for a short time — and if we do not prove our position, it will be our own fault.

H. B. HART.

About the middle of May I caused to be published in one of our leading daily papers that most able opinion written by C. E. Pratt, on the rights of bicyclers in our public parks. Securing a sufficient number of copies, I mailed them to most of the lawyers in Philadelphia, to all the city officials, and to the Park Commission.

The third annual meet took place this year on June 11th, and was participated in by about a hundred wheelmen. The attendance would have been much larger if the weather had been more favorable. Another meet was held two weeks later, which was a complete success. These meets attracted much attention, and caused more public discussion. The wheelmen now had the unqualified support of the press, and the park authorities were subjected to severe criticism for discriminat-

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ing against the bicyclers. In July the request made by the Philadelphia Club as to hours was granted. Two more clubs were now added to the list, the Frankford and the University. In September the commissioners yielded to public opinion and removed all restrictions against bicycles in the park. The Philadelphia clubs took united action to prevent accident, or the abuse of the park privileges, and, to strengthen the cause of the bicyclers in case of accident, etc., I published a card offering to break horses to bicycles free of charge.

The experiment was closely watched, and it was found that there was not as much trouble from skittish horses as had been anticipated. During the fall testimony was taken here before a commission which was to be used in the Central Park case, New York. The superintendent of Fairmount gave strong testimony in favor of the bicycle, basing his testimony from his observation of their use in the park.

Favorable testimony was also given by other city officials. There were no other important bicycle events during the year.

In the fall of this year I accepted the agency from Stoddard & Lovering. The winter passed quietly and without any especial bicycling event. The spring of 1882 opened with the bicyclers jubilant, as it was felt that we were secure in our park privileges. The Germantown Club had located their club-house near the Green-street entrance, and the Philadelphia Club had raised a fund for the purpose of building a club-house within the park limits. This purpose was not carried out, as the superintendent of the park published a letter severely condemning the use of bicycles in the park, stating that horses did not become accustomed to bicycles, and that they should be excluded. To this letter was tacked a letter from the captain of the Guards, a sort of "me, too" affair, hardly worth noticing. These letters had the effect of creating more public discussion, and, when it was generally understood that the cause of the superintendent's report was the frightening of his own horse (a recent purchase), which soon became accustomed to bicycles, he was severely criticised, and the bicyclers were not interfered with. The first race-meeting of the Germantown Club was given with success, and the next event was the fourth annual meet, which was held this year in connection with the bi-centennial celebration. Invitations were sent out to all the Eastern clubs, and over four hundred wheelmen took part in the meet.

The year rounds with a report from the park commissioners, giving the number of visitors to the park during the year. By this it was shown that nearly twenty-one thousand bicycles entered the park, and about a million horses, including equestrians. Here is presented a nut for those to crack who are opposed to bicycles. From these statistics it is shown — allowing for repeated visits — that at least one hundred thousand horses met the bicycle at a place where, from the nature of the surroundings, they are apt to be unusually skittish. Out of that large number but a half a dozen were badly frightened. Although there were several "spills" from this cause there were no serious accidents; and there was a goodly number of "spills," runaways, and accidents from other causes.

The year 1883 opens with the organization of the Star Bicycle Club,— all the members riding the little wheel in front. We now have six active clubs, — the Centaur and Pegasus having disbanded.

My facilities for conducting the business have also been extended, and in my new place I hope to meet all the requirements of the trade. For four years, — with the exception of Rollinson's short term, — I have been the only agent for bicycles in Philadelphia. I have been called successful. Of that perhaps I am not the one to speak. I early saw the necessity of bringing before the public the value of the bicycle as a vehicle, and as a means of exercise and recreation. I also saw the necessity of teaching the public how to use it. In my schools I gave the learners every facility for practice, thus producing thoroughly good riders, who are a credit to the bicycle wherever they go. It is a pleasure to me to note that few of the earlier riders have turned from bicycling; it is rare indeed that an old 'cycler relinquishes his wheel.

H. B. Hart.

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MR. CUBB AND MISS MARGERY COME OUT STRONG.

It was at Mrs. Wealthy's musical that Mr. Cubb first came out strong with shy little Margery Flutter, and pretty Miss Margery came out strong with Mr. Cubb. Bashful and awkward as he was, and so very shy and modest as she was, you would never have thought it. Nobody could have expected it. But their very bashfulness and shyness, — as I have often observed, — which made them so timid when alone with each other, made them particularly bold in the solitude and freedom of a crowd. Did you never observe that your bashful lover is exceptionally daring in the open face and whirl of society? He whose heart sinks into his boots and his tongue stammers with embarrassment when alone with his lady, becomes almost reckless in a crowd. And the shyest girl is very apt to betray her preference in a crowd, when she does hardly acknowledge it to her own self-consciousness when alone with her lover. They seem to find a sense of protection in the presence of so many spectators.

It was at Mrs. Wealthy's musical. Possibly the intelligent compositor and learned proof-reader will struggle to get this in print as Mrs. Wealthy's *musicale*, not musical. But it was musical, and it is going to be printed musical, or we purpose to know the reason why. It was musical on Mrs. Wealthy's cards. Why, confound your impudence! I was there; my wife was there; the club were there; and you weren't. And we all say it was musical; and that settles it. We don't care a brass button for your French dictionaries, or your Boston, or New York, or any other fashions — it was, and is, and is going to remain, Mrs. Wealthy's musical.

There were, I confess, peculiar reasons why they came out strong, not only during the music, but in the pauses between the music. Mr. Cubb was aided and abetted by the president, Mr. High, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Condor, Mr. Littleweed, and the rest of the club. And shy Miss Margery was encouraged by Mrs. President Bates, Mrs. Bumps, Mrs. Littleweed, and the other club ladies. There was a club concensus of opinion that this pair ought to be, and should be, put through, so to speak. And there were solid reasons for it. Mr. Cubb, it may be admitted, is somewhat unpolished socially; but he is a substantial young man, possessing most of those business elements which lead to success in the family grocery or retail boot-and-shoe line; and Miss Margery is the only child of the head of the well-known firm of Flutter, Rye, & Co., the leading family grocers of the most fashionable ward in the city. Modest sensibility shows in her countenance, and a modest competence in her pocket. She has a comely and attractive person; and her father has a comely and attractive run of custom. She is a very desirable partner for an enterprising young man; and so is her father. She combines the advantages of a liberal education and a liberal income. Mr. Cubb, for his part, has some capital and much ambition. He is energetic, industrious, shrewd in a business way, a good wheelman, a pushing salesman, and a character which makes us all predict that, though he may never shine in society, he is bound to die rich, and in a business way generally respected. Besides, he fairly worships shy little Miss Margery; and she evidently greatly admires him. If he is awkward, bashful, and uncouth, he is also big, strong, and manly, in a rude style; and if she is little and shy, she is simple, and sweet, and pretty. Each being much afraid of the other, though longing for each other, and it being an eminently good match, they needed encouragement; and they were encouraged by the club. It was better than a fine comedy to note the transparent devices practised by the club gentlemen and ladies to put them at ease with each other, and to urge them on. The amount of courtly deference, tact, and gallant *finesse* expended by Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor in creating favorable situations for Mr. Cubb was a sight to behold; and the gentle solicitude, the manœuvring and general fussiness of the club ladies over and about Miss Margery would remind anybody of six motherly hens attempting to train one chicken in the way it should go. And the president beamed upon the pair with his most paternal God-bless-you-my-children expression.

Surrounded by such an atmosphere, Mr. Cubb came out strong; they both came out strong. They couldn't help it; it would have disappointed everybody if they hadn't.

But what I was going to relate was that, at Mrs. Wealthy's musical, which the club

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attended in club uniform, because Mr. Cubb imagined that he looks more impressive in his club uniform, — and he certainly feels more at ease in it than he would in white kids and society evening party costume; and our invitation to attend as a club gave us the right to so appear. Mr. Cubb met his *bête noir*, the Major Podswell family. Major Podswell, and Mrs. Major Podswell, and Miss Cleopatra Podswell were there. The Podswells live next door to the Flutters; and probably part of Miss Margery's excessive shyness is owing to her being always overshadowed and enveloped by the large pretensions and imperial style of the Podswells. The cold and disapproving eyes of the major and Mrs. Podswell seemed to note every movement of Miss Margery and Mr. Cubb with a sort of vicious disapproval. While Miss Cleopatra Podswell remains unmarried it is evidently impudent and almost indecent for any other girl in the vicinity to indulge in the audacity of having a lover, at least to exhibit such an appendage in the presence of the Podswell family. Consequently there was an air of hostility toward Mr. Cubb and Miss Margery from the start, which was so visible that we all observed and resented it. By way of giving the club an opening, the president remarked, with great deference of tone and manner, to Mrs. Major Podswell: —

"I am pleased to see your daughter looking so very well this season, Mrs. Podswell. I remember that she seemed so very delicate last winter; but now she looks really charming. She appears to have entirely recovered from her distressing cough."

"My daughter is thoroughly well, I assure you," replied Mrs. Major Podswell, sonorously. "I tell her it is almost unladylike to be so well and high-spirited as she is now; but you know how hard it is for young girls to control their flow of happy spirits."

"We feared at one time that she might prove consumptive," said Mrs. President Bates.

"Oh, no, not in the least; consumption is quite unknown in our family. The truth is, Cleopatra, a few months ago, coughed up a gentleman's sleeve-button. It was that which had troubled her so long. Come here, dear" (to Miss Cleopatra). "This is it; she wears it as a souvenir on her chain," — exhibiting a small gold cuff-button, which Mr. High and Mr. Condor examined with an appearance of profoundly respectful interest. "You know Cleopatra is so full of playfulness. It was at the mayor's reception, two years ago. You remember young Mr. Gailey, who was in society so much that season?"

"What! Mr. Dennis Gailey, who disappeared so mysteriously the next day after the mayor's reception, and nobody knows what became of him?" asked Mr. Condor, with sudden agitation.

"Yes; it was his. Cleopatra coughed it up about three months ago. It was that which caused her cough; and she immediately recovered."

"Pardon me, ma'am," said Mr. Condor, with much emotion, drawing out his handkerchief and touching one of his eyes in a melancholy way; "but was that — was this sleeve-button all of the remains of the young man that were recovered?"

Mrs. Major Podswell glared at Mr. Condor as if she suspected something; but he only sighed heavily, and the rest of the club preserved an expression of the most solemn sympathy. Seeing that everybody seemed to expect some reply, she said, "I don't quite understand you, sir."

"This is the only relic — she didn't cough up any more of the remains," murmured Mr. Condor, as if too deeply affected by grief to quite understand what he was saying.

"Sir-r-r!" said Mrs. Major Podswell. But she noted as she glared about that all the company only looked gravely, sympathetically, sadly interested, and it puzzled her.

"Poor Dennis!" continued Mr. Condor, heaving a quavering sigh, "I knew him well. He boarded at the same house with me for two weeks; and he always used to pass his plate twice for hash. To come suddenly upon this relic from his grave, ma'am, quite overcomes me. Allow me, ma'am" (offering his arm to Miss Cleopatra), "really I must hear from your daughter's own lips all about poor Dennis' last moments."

And Mr. Condor led Miss Cleopatra away and seated her on a sofa by Miss Genevieve Wealthy; and while she was telling her story the president observed Mr. Condor several times wink a wink expressive of inconsolable sorrow at Miss Genevieve, behind Miss Cleopatra's back.

How audaciously, how transparently, how tremendously, Mr. Cubb and Miss Margery flirted during the rest of the musical; and how Mr. Condor and Mr. Littleweed managed to keep Miss Cleopatra

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out of the way of the happy pair; and how Mr. High and Mr. Lowe so occupied the attention of Mrs. Major Podswell that she could not interfere; and how the club ladies kept Major Podswell busy so that he could not interfere, need not be particularly related. But, after that musical, Mr. Cubb was so emboldened that he took to regularly calling at the house of the Flutters, at least twice a week, besides Sundays, and he appeared with Miss Margery at all the operas, and theatres, and at church, and at various social parties; from which it may be inferred that the affair was progressing swimmingly.

But the situation at the Flutter house was unfortunate. The front door of the Flutter house was in full view of the bay-window of the Podswell house, and Mr. Cubb and Miss Margery could never meet at the front door, nor part at the front door, without seeing Miss Cleopatra on the watch in the Podswell bay-window. And if Mr. Cubb and Miss Margery retired to the side piazza, in the shadow of the big Virginia creeper, Mrs. Major Podswell was always looking out of the side-window of her family room with cold disapproval at their proceedings. And if they retired into the house, unless the curtains were down, Major Podswell, from his study-window, studied them with his unbearable aspect of dignified severity. Their outgoings and their incomings were all noted by the Podswells as inexorably as Christendom supposes all mortal proceedings to be entered in the great volume of the recording angel; and it was certain that the Podswells put every innocent action of the young lovers down in the column of mortal sins. For such a shy girl as Miss Margery, and such a bashful swain as Mr. Cubb, this situation was almost intolerable. They writhed under this malignant supervision; but they could not escape it. Nor could they escape sometimes hearing of the sneering remarks made about them in society by the Podswells.

Mr. Cubb was in the habit of calling at the Flutters' Sunday evenings with his wheel. He left his wheel on the porch, whether he spent the evening there or attended Miss Margery to church. Sometimes, when only going to stay a few minutes, he leaned his wheel against a shade-tree, outside of the sidewalk, or against the fence, inside. Major Podswell particularly disapproved of this custom. He often had his fine carriage, with spirited horses, silver-plated harness, and liveried coachman, standing for a long time in front of his house; but it galled him to see a bicycle anywhere near his premises.

One Sunday evening Mr. Cubb left his wheel for some time leaning against a post on the line between the Flutter lot and the Podswell lot, so that part of the wheel projected in front of the Podswell lot. Major Podswell sent out his coachman and removed it to the front of the Flutter lot, so that its presence could not be by any chance connected with the Podswells. The president of the club happened to be strolling by when Mr. Cubb came out. Major Podswell was waiting for Mr. Cubb's appearance, and at once accosted him, to remonstrate against this profanation of the Podswell eminent respectability.

"Young man," said Major Podswell, puffing himself out with severe dignity, "I desire that you will not put that thing" (pointing at the wheel), "in front of my premises again."

"Eh?" said Mr. Cubb, all taken aback.

"It seems to me," continued the major, "that you come here pretty often. People may think, sir, that you come to see my daughter, sir."

"But I don't come to see your daughter — not by a darned sight!" replied Mr. Cubb, with sudden heat.

"Certainly not," continued the major, "most certainly not. But, young man, my daughter wants you to"—

"I know she wants me to," burst in Mr. Cubb, with increasing fervor; "yes, *sir*, I know she does; but I'll see her blowed first. I won't do it, sir; and there's no use of you asking. No, *sir;* I come to see Miss Margery Flutter; and I want you and your daughter to understand it, and I propose to keep coming. Miss Margery Flutter, sir, and I don't care who knows it; and no other girl here or anywhere else. Your daughter seems very anxious, sir; but you just tell her from me it's no use — I wouldn't look at her in the same year with little Margery; no, *sir;* and you just *tell* her not to forget it."

"What, sir! Do you presume to insult me, sir?" cried Major Podswell, swelling out his chest and turning red in the face.

"No, sir; I don't mean any insult, sir. I appreciate the kindness of your offer to have me visit your daughter, sir; but it won't work, sir. I'm engaged to Miss Margery Flutter, sir; and I'm proud of it, sir; and I wouldn't give her up for the whole Podswell family, sir; so you see I have to decline your daughter, sir. It's kind in you

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to make me the offer, sir; but you see it's no sort of use."

And Mr. Cubb climbed softly into his saddle, and silently melted away in the darkening night, leaving the major gazing after him in a state of miserably collapsed astonishment and indignation.

"This is extraordinary — most extraordinary!" finally observed the major, turning to the president, and blowing out his breath like a diver just coming to the surface after a plunge into the water.

"Very extraordinary," drily replied the president.

"D—n it! it's infamous!" continued the major, indignation rising above astonishment.

"Yes, I think it is," acquiesced the president, severely.

"Never saw such infernal impudence in my life!" said the major.

"Nor I, either," agreed the president.

"The d—d scoundrel! Do you consider it possible that he could suppose that I offered him my daughter's hand — that my daughter would look at him for a moment, sir?"

"Possible?" replied the president, with calm severity; "why, Major Podswell, I heard you say to him plainly that your daughter wanted him. I was astonished at you, major; for a gentleman of your age and your standing in the community, Major Podswell, to interfere with the honest love of a young couple, and try to break it up by openly soliciting the young man to visit your own daughter — well, sir, I can't properly characterize it. I couldn't possibly have believed it if I hadn't heard it with my own ears."

"What, sir!" roared the major, "do you mean to say that I offered my daughter to that young jackanapes? — my daughter, sir!"

"You certainly did, Major Podswell," calmly replied the president, "if my ears are good for anything. And I must say it was the most impudent performance I ever witnessed."

"You — you — damnation!" spluttered the major, now thoroughly bewildered and choking with passion; "do you pretend to say I did that?"

"Exactly that," very coldly replied the president, who all this while had been secretly noting the fact that Mrs. Major Podswell and Miss Cleopatra Podswell were at the window listening; "and if you will allow me to express an opinion, sir, your offer to this honest young man, which he so nobly rejected and spurned, has put your daughter in a very cruel situation. Fortunately for your family, major, I happen to be the only witness to this extraordinary affair, and I pledge you my word that it shall never be repeated, provided you and your family drop it, and let the young man and Miss Margery alone after this; but, sir, if you or your daughter interfere with them and pursue or annoy the young man any more, I shall feel it my duty to give my evidence in corroboration of any statement Mr. Cubb may see fit to make public about it. Think what society will say to such a statement, sir! As a man of the world, Major Podswell, you cannot help seeing that the best thing to be done for all concerned is to bury this affair in oblivion as soon as possible; let the young people alone to manage their own affairs, and caution your daughter and your wife to be very careful not to take any notice of their proceedings, or meddle with them in any way hereafter. That's my advice as a friend, Major Podswell, and I sincerely hope you will follow it."

So saying, the president gravely touched his hat, shook his head solemnly and walked slowly away, as if pondering deeply upon unfathomable mysteries, leaving the major the most thoroughly dejected, forlorn, and utterly crushed statue of collapsed pomposity I ever saw in my life.

President Bates.

ON THE ENERGY EXPENDED IN PROPELLING A BICYCLE.

BY G. JOHNSTONE STONEY, D.SC., F.R.S., A VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY; AND G. GERALD STONEY.

THE magnitude of the effects produced by human muscles acting upon bicycles and tricycles is well deserving of attention. Several riders of exceptional strength and endurance have travelled considerably more than two hundred miles in one day, along common roads; another has twice maintained an average speed of more than

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twenty miles an hour along a prepared path for a whole hour; another has ridden from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, a distance of almost one thousand miles, in thirteen days, averaging more than seventy-six miles a day. These astonishing feats have been accomplished upon bicycles, and the tricycle does not fall far behind. A tricycle has been ridden a distance of one hundred and eighty miles in one day; and hundred-mile journeys on both classes of machines have become frequent. It is perhaps quite as striking that average riders, who are not athletes, even including those who are between fifty and sixty years of age, usually in touring make from thirty to sixty miles a day without pressing themselves, going on day after day without intermission and without fatigue.

Such an astonishing efficiency ought to be capable of explanation; and as it is plain that no sound knowledge on the subject can be gained without first ascertaining experimentally the amount of energy actually expended in propelling a bicycle, we have endeavored to make this determination.

The machine known as the "Xtraordinary" offers facilities for attaching an indicator diagram apparatus to it, and was that upon which the experiments were made. It is represented in Figure 1. Indicator diagrams were obtained in two different ways, which furnished independent series of observations, adapted to test each other. Further to confirm our results, we endeavored to measure the energy by a kinetic method, by taking the feet off the treadles when the machine was running at high speed, and leaving it to advance by its own impetus (*i.e.*, kinetic energy) until the rate was too slow for the rider to maintain a steady balance. After some practice the skill required to carry out this programme was attained, and the observations were made by an assistant noting the times occupied in performing successive sets of five revolutions of the wheel. Starting with a speed of about fourteen miles an hour, four, and in some cases five, such sets could be observed before the motion became unsteady. From these data the energy required to drive a bicycle at the speed successively passed through could be deduced. The results which we were able to obtain by this method, so far as they go, seem to confirm the more reliable deductions from the indicator diagrams; but we do not believe them to be worth publishing as we had not adequate appliances for measuring fractions of a second of time, which would have been necessary to give the observations a satisfactory amount of accuracy. The method, however, is good, and, as we have found that other practical difficulties can be overcome, it would probably be worth repeating[1] these observations with the assistance of a chronograph.

The first apparatus which we made for furnishing indicator diagrams was attached at the top of the right-hand lever of the bicycle. The link which trammels the top of the lever was removed, and a spiral spring substituted for it, which was compressed when the right foot acted on the pedal. To the lever a vertical flat board was fastened to carry the paper on which the diagram was to be produced; and the diagram was drawn by a pencil connected with the inner end of the spring. Thus the pencil was relatively at rest and the diagram paper was moved past it in two directions, — in the arc of a circle corresponding to the up-and-down motion of the lever, and radially corresponding to the force applied. The apparatus is represented in Fig. 2, and the diagram it produced in Figure 3. This may be called the crude indicator diagram, from which the true indicator diagram represented in Figure 4, has to be derived.

This was accomplished by hanging known weights on the pedal to represent the pressure of the foot, and moving the wheel round so as to get the lines corresponding to known forces exerted on the pedal. The successive dotted lines of Fig. 3 were in this way drawn, when one, two, three, four, five, stones were successively hung on the treadle. In the reduced indicator diagram (Fig. 4) these become parallel equidistant lines, and are the dotted lines of that figure. Horizontal distances, in Fig. 4, would be strictly proportional to the forces applied by the foot if it had acted vertically; but if the foot acts obliquely the force as registered in this way may be somewhat greater than the actual force exerted. Hence the energy as indicated in this way might slightly exceed the true value, though, as the result proves, it has done so either not at all or but little. It was chiefly to detect and avoid this possible error that the second series of indicator diagrams, described on p. 278, was undertaken, contrived so that the indicated energy must fall somewhat short of the true value. A

[1] We have since made these observations — see the Addendum to this paper.

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comparison of the two series shows that any such excess or defect is small in either series.

To return to Fig. 4. Vertical distances on Fig. 4 have been made proportional to the net[1] vertical distances through which the foot descends. This was accomplished by the help of Fig. 5, which represents the oval curve through which the foot travelled before the indicator apparatus was attached, with points marked on it corresponding to the points numbered in the same way on the circle of the figure, which is the curve through which the end of the crank of the bicycle travels. And, again, the same numbers on Fig. 3 mark the points of the indicator diagram corresponding to those positions of the crank.

These on the "reduced" diagram (Fig. 4) are made proportional to the net vertical descent of the foot in its oval motion. The area of the "reduced" diagram (Fig. 4) will then be the energy supplied by the right foot of the rider during one revolution of the bicycle wheel, on the hypothesis that he presses vertically on the treadles; and the whole energy exerted by both feet will, of course, be twice this.

The following results were obtained with this apparatus in the winter of 1881-82, and the diagram represented in Fig. 3 is copied from that produced in Experiment 6.

TABLE I.

Series I. of Observations made in Winter with the Recording Spring attached to the Top of the Lever of the Bicycle.

No. of Experiment.	Energy per Mile.	Energy per Minute.	Velocity in Miles per Hour.	Coefficient of Resistances	Observations.
1	21,800	3,500	9.6	$\frac{1}{4\cdot8}$	On wet gravelled pathway in Palmerston Park, Dublin, up a trifling inclination of 1 in 160, with the wind.
2	23,700	4,000	10.2	$\frac{1}{4\cdot4}$	
3	40,500	7,900	11.7	$\frac{1}{2\cdot6}$	
4	19,200	2,650	8.3	$\frac{1}{3\cdot3}$	On the same path, down the incline, and against the wind.
5	29,500	4,000	8.2	$\frac{1}{3\cdot1}$	
6	36,000	5,350	9	$\frac{1}{2\cdot9}$	
7	38,500	6,000	9.4	$\frac{1}{2\cdot7}$	
8	38,500	6,500	10.2	$\frac{1}{2\cdot7}$	
9	41,600	7,400	10.7	$\frac{1}{2\cdot5}$	
10	28,800	3,750	7.8	$\frac{1}{3\cdot6}$	In the direction of the wind, on muddy, rough, level road in Palmerston Park.
11	31,000	4,850	9	$\frac{1}{3\cdot1}$	
12	38,500	5,350	8.3	$\frac{1}{2\cdot7}$	
13	38,500	4,000	6.25	$\frac{1}{2\cdot7}$	Against the wind, on the same road.
14	45,000	6,700	9	$\frac{1}{2\cdot3}$	
15	54,000	7,000	7.8	$\frac{1}{1\cdot9}$	
16	57,600	7,200	7.5	$\frac{1}{1\cdot8}$	
—	36,000	5,350	9	$\frac{1}{2\cdot9}$	Average of all the foregoing experiments.

[1] By the net descent of the foot is to be understood the distance through which the foot would descend if the spring were not compressed. The additional distance through which the foot descends, owing to the compression of the spring, represents additional energy exerted by the rider on the down stroke, which, however, the spring restores to the foot on the up stroke, when by its resilience it assists the lifting of the leg. It accordingly is not work done on the bicycle, and should not be counted in.

In the other series of experiments made in July, 1882, a spring was placed directly under the treadle, so that its compression was proportional to the vertical component of the force exerted by the foot. It moved the pencil horizontally by a bell-crank lever while the paper was carried up and down by a secondary crank fastened to the end of the crank of the bicycle. Thus the distances in one direction on the indicator diagrams represent the vertical force of the foot, and distances at right angle represent the vertical heights of the end of the bicycle

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TABLE II.

Series II. of Observations made in Summer with the Recording Spring attached to the Treadle.

No. of Experiment.	Energy per Mile.	Energy per Minute.	Velocity in Miles per Hour.	Coefficient of Resistances	Observations.
17	16,000	1,850	7	$\frac{1}{65}$	Observations on dry, hard, gravelled path in Palmerston Park, down a trifling inclination of 1 in 160; calm.
18	20,500	3,600	10.4	$\frac{1}{51}$	
19	47,000	10,400	13.3	$\frac{1}{22.3}$	
20	18,000	2,000	6.7	$\frac{1}{38}$	Up the same incline; calm.
21	25,600	4,700	11.3	$\frac{1}{41}$	
22	45,000	10,400	14	$\frac{1}{23.3}$	
23	36,000	6,000	10	$\frac{1}{29}$	Down the incline when wet; calm.
24	27,000	3,100	7	$\frac{1}{39}$	On dry, level road in Palmerston Park; calm. The road was in good order for roads in that neighborhood.
25	32,000	5,000	9.4	$\frac{1}{32.6}$	
26	24,300	3,300	8.2	$\frac{1}{43}$	On the same road, in the direction of a light wind.
27	28,000	4,600	9.9	$\frac{1}{37}$	
28	47,000	10,400	13.4	$\frac{1}{22.3}$	
29	36,000	5,350	9	$\frac{1}{29}$	On the same road, against light wind.
30	38,400	5,500	8.6	$\frac{1}{27}$	
31	51,200	9,000	10.4	$\frac{1}{20.1}$	
—	33,000	5,100	9	$\frac{1}{32}$	Average of the preceding experiments.

TABLE II. — PART II.

Experiments made on Hills with the same Apparatus.

No. of Experiment.	Energy per Mile.	Energy per Minute.	Velocity in Miles per Hour.	Coefficient of Resistances	Observations.
32	45,000	6,400	8.5	$\frac{1}{23.3}$	Up lower part of Dartry Hill, inclination slight (1 in 48), surface rough; calm.
33	49,000	5,850	7.2	$\frac{1}{21.1}$	Up hill at Landscape gate, inclination gentle (1 in 26), surface fair; calm.
34	51,200	7,300	8.5	$\frac{1}{20.1}$	
35	57,600	10,000	10.4	$\frac{1}{18}$	
36	64,000	6,700	6	$\frac{1}{16.3}$	Up hill at Milltown Station, inclination considerable (1 in 17), surface as smooth as a path; calm. N.B. — The spring reached the end of its range in this experiment, so that the actual energy applied was somewhat more than that recorded here.
37	62,000	6,900	6.7	$\frac{1}{16.3}$	Back pedalling down Glassin's Bridge hill, inclination steep (1 in 10½), surface rough; calm.

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crank. The apparatus is represented in Fig. 6, the diagram it produces in Fig. 7, and the reduced indicator diagram in Fig. 8. The reduction was effected as before by the help of Fig. 5. It will be observed from the position of the rider, and since the vertical component of the foot's pressure is what is registered, that the results furnished by this method cannot *exceed* the truth. They are as follows, No. 29 of the series being that represented in Fig. 7. That the results of this series are so close to those of Table I. shows that both must be near the truth.

In order to appreciate the foregoing results, it will be well to compare them with the annexed table of the foot-pounds of energy expended per minute when working with certain fractions of a horse-power.

TABLE III.

Foot-pounds per Minute.	Equivalent Horse-power.	Foot-pounds per Minute.	Equivalent Horse-power.
11,000	$\frac{1}{3}$	3,000	$\frac{1}{11}$
8,250	$\frac{1}{4}$	2,750	$\frac{1}{12}$
6,600	$\frac{1}{5}$	2,538	$\frac{1}{13}$
5,500	$\frac{1}{6}$	2,357	$\frac{1}{14}$
4,714	$\frac{1}{7}$	2,200	$\frac{1}{15}$
4,125	$\frac{1}{8}$	2,062	$\frac{1}{16}$
3,667	$\frac{1}{9}$	1,941	$\frac{1}{17}$
3,300	$\frac{1}{10}$	1,833	$\frac{1}{18}$

It thus appears that the power exerted in several of the experiments (see Experiments 19, 22, 28, 31, 35) amounted to between a quarter and a third of a horse-power,[1] while the average furnished by all the experiments on nearly level ground — which we believe to be close to the average in ordinary road riding — amounts to between a seventh and a sixth of a horse-power. This is very sensibly more than the work which the muscles of a man seem capable of effecting in other applications of them. Thus in rowing, or in raising one's own weight, which are supposed to be two of the best ways of employing the muscles, the power which a man can exert for any continuance does not seem to reach much beyond the eighth of a horse-power. This in part accounts for the extraordinary feats which are daily being performed on bicycles, but it does not appear to give the whole account of the matter, for which we must look to physiology and psychology as well as to mechanics.

In fact the real comparison to be made is not so much a comparison of the feats accomplished with the energy expended as with the fatigue incurred. And this in riding a bicycle is small, not only from the mechanical efficiency which the foregoing experiments show the machine to possess, but also for other reasons. Part of these are physiological. The rider is seated on the machine, and thus relieved from what is the chief source of fatigue in walking, the weight of his own body on his limbs. He is in the posture best adapted to the healthy play of the vital organs in the chest, and the constant slight movement of the muscles of the trunk contributes to this healthy play. Again, while the arms perform some of the work,[1] the principal part is relegated to the most powerful muscles of the body, those of the leg. It is also material to observe that these limbs are left very unusually free in their movements, and that the choice of what length of stroke he will employ, what force he will exert, and at what speed he will move his limbs, is left to the rider, who can adjust these details to what best suit his own body. How much depends on these adaptations will be appreciated by any person who has ridden far with a saddle too low for him. The fatigue then experienced is sometimes accounted for by the supposition that the greatest pressure is exerted when the leg is nearly straight, and that the rider loses this most valuable part of the stroke; but all our experiments

[1] This is the maximum attained in our experiments, which were limited by the range of the spring of the indicating apparatus; but in actual riding this maximum is often largely exceeded for a short time, as in spurting up a short stiff hill, and on other like occasions.

[1] The contribution made by the arms when pulling on the handles often seems to the rider out of proportion to the force they exert. Perhaps in such cases their chief office is to stiffen the trunk, and so give firm points of attachment to the upper ends of the great muscles of the legs.

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concur in showing that this is not the case (see Fig. 4 and Fig. 8), and that, on the contrary, the greatest force is exerted almost exactly at the middle of the stroke. The reason seems rather to be that, unless the knee is periodically straightened, the tendons, nerves, or blood-vessels which pass it are subjected without intermission to some restraint which incommodes them.

But, besides the mechanical and the physiological elements, there is a third, — an emotional element. This is the exhilaration felt in riding the bicycle, which, in addition to that caused by the scenery passed through and other collateral circumstances, arises also from the mere exercise, and with most riders is of somewhat the same kind, but greater and more lasting than that experienced in riding on horseback.

It is obvious to remark, that our experiments seem to show that an economy may be effected in workshops where human muscular power is employed, wherever it is possible to apply it in the same way as on the bicycle, and with the adjustments which the bicycle-rider has at his disposal. It is plain, from the experience of bicycle-riders, that most work can be done with a given expenditure of fatigue, when the pressure against which the feet move is much less than the whole weight of the body.

Some information is given by plotting down on diagrams the results of all the experiments made on nearly level ground. This is done in Figs. 9 and 10, in which the points marked with a cross are those furnished by the experiments made in winter with the indicator apparatus attached to the top of the lever. Those representing the experiments made in summer, with the apparatus attached to the treadle, are surrounded by a circle. The scattered position of the points on these diagrams is, of course, owing to the great variety of conditions under which the observations were made, — the state of the road, the wind, and the inclination (although always slight), having been very different.

Nevertheless the curves drawn through the midst of these scattered points may be taken fairly to represent the average expenditure of energy in ordinary flat road riding to attain speeds of from six to twelve miles an hour; Fig. 9 furnishing the energy which must be expended per mile, and Fig. 10 the energy per minute, or, in other words, the power which must be exerted. Both of these rise rapidly with increasing speeds, and show that the lower speeds are much the most economical.

It is of interest to inquire what is practically the most economical speed to adopt. This is found in practice to be the speed at which the machine will travel when the rider after lifting the rising leg does a little more than allow its weight to act on the descending pedal. Sauntering in this way is scarcely felt to be work at all, and is often the pace which is best suited to relieve the fatigues of sedentary occupations. This, under the conditions of our experiments, has been found to furnish a speed of nearly six miles an hour on an ordinary road without wind, and this experience agrees well with Fig. 9; for, taking the stroke as ten inches, and the weight of the leg from the knee down, along with half the weight of the upper leg, to be seventeen pounds, we shall have fifteen foot-pounds of work done each stroke, or thirty each revolution of the wheel. This would assign 11,500 foot-pounds to the mile, which, if we venture to extend the curve in Fig. 9 backwards a very little, will bring it to a point which shows the corresponding speed to be five and three-quarter miles per hour.

This great efficiency of velocipedes when ridden slowly suggests that machines especially adapted to be ridden with the least possible effort, at such low speeds as from four to six miles an hour, would be found useful for many purposes. A step in this direction has already been taken by the introduction of the excellent little "Facile" bicycle, with driving-wheels sometimes as small as thirty-eight inches. And more would probably result from making machines of the tricycle class with driving-wheels of from twenty-five to thirty inches diameter, for going to one's office in all weather, for shopping, for carrying parcels, for gently sauntering in the open air, for carrying invalids or children, and for many other useful purposes, to which velocipedes have as yet been little applied.

The machine with which the experiments in this paper were made was that known as the "Xtraordinary Challenge," 1880 pattern, roller bearings to a front wheel of fifty-two inches, and cones to the hind wheel. The height of the rider is five feet eleven and a half inches; length of leg, inside measure, thirty-six inches; length of stroke, nine three-quarter inches. The weight of the rider, ten and a half stones; weight of machine, sixty pounds. Hence the total weight of rider

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and machine was 207 pounds. To adapt our results to a rider whose weight along with that of his machine is more or less than this, all the energies recorded in Tables I. and II. would, of course, have to be altered in proportion to the change of weight. Thus, with a rider whose weight is thirteen and a half stones, the sauntering pace above spoken of was found to be nearer five than six miles.

ADDENDUM.

Since the foregoing pages were written we have constructed a chronograph, and have been able to resume the investigation by the kinetic method.

Our chronograph consists of a heavy pendulum, to the rod of which a pencil is attached a few inches from the fulcrum. Behind the pendulum a vertical board is placed, mounted so that an assistant can by a winch make it travel upwards while the pendulum is swinging. To this board strips of paper, about five feet in length, are fastened by drawing-pins, and on this paper the pencil attached to the pendulum traces a wavy line in the form of a rough curve of sines. It only remained to have another pencil mounted on a trigger to produce dots at the will of the observer, and the position of these dots in relation to the curve of sines gives with sufficient precision the times at which the dots are produced. The observations were made as follows: One of us rode the bicycle, getting up a speed of from fourteen to sixteen miles an hour, then took his feet off the treadles and ran the machine without propelling it, till the speed fell to about four miles an hour. Meanwhile the other manipulated the trigger of the chronograph, and thus recorded the instants at which one treadle in successive revolutions reached its lowest position. From twelve to twenty such dots were produced in each experiment.

From the record so produced a curve was plotted down on millimetric paper, giving the relation between the times (in swings of the chronograph pendulum) at which each revolution was completed, and the distances (in circumferences of the wheel) traversed by the bicycle.

A straight ruler being placed to touch this curve at any point enabled us to read off on the millimetric paper the tangent of its inclination, which was the velocity of the bicycle at the corresponding point of its journey. In this way the velocities at the end of each five revolutions of the wheel were determined, and plotted down in a second diagram, which gave the relation between v, the velocity, and s, the distance traversed. This second diagram proved to be nearly a straight line, the deviations being within the limits of errors of observation; and the tangent of its inclination being read off on the millimetric paper furnished the value of $\frac{dv}{ds}$, which is the basis of the calculation which has next to be made. We made twenty-one experiments, each of which had to be reduced in this way.

The resulting values of $\frac{dv}{ds}$ are as follows:—

TABLE IV.

	In Arbitrary Measure.	In Kinetic Measure.	
A.—On level path, with light wind.	$\frac{dv}{ds} = \cdot 06$	$= \cdot 045$,	Average of five experiments.
B.—On level path, against light wind.	$\frac{dv}{ds} = \cdot 12$	$= \cdot 091$	Average of three experiments.
C.—On level path, without wind.	$\frac{dv}{ds} = \cdot 078$	$= \cdot 059$	Average of seven experiments.
D.—On an ordinary good, level road, without wind.	$\frac{dv}{ds} = \cdot 085$	$= \cdot 064$	Average of six experiments.

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We have to deduce from these the energy per mile which would maintain any of the several velocities which the bicycle passed through. This is effected by the formula

$$\frac{de}{ds} = mv\,\frac{dv}{ds} \quad \ldots \quad (1)$$

in which we must use some systematic set kinetic measures. The most convenient for such mechanical problems are the measures based on the second as unit of time, the metre as unit of length, and the kilogram as unit of mass. These give one metre per second as the unit of velocity, and a Hyper-hectogrammetre as the unit of energy. The hyper-hectogrammetre means the work done in pushing against a force of one hyper-hectogram through a metre, and a hyper-hectogram, which is the unit of force, is the weight of a hectogram increased in the proportion of 10: g (*i.e.*, increased about 2 per cent.), g being gravity at the place of observation.

The second column of Table IV. gives the values of $\frac{de}{ds}$, using the swing of the pendulum of the chronograph as unit of time, and the next column gives the equivalent values when a second is used as unit of time, the swing of the pendulum having been determined by independent experiments to be equal to 1.32 seconds. It is these latter values that are to be used in formula (1); m, in the same formula = 207 pounds or 94 kilograms (see p. 275); v is the velocity in metres per second.

$$\text{Hence } \frac{de}{ds}\left(\text{in } \frac{\text{hyper-hectogrammetres}}{\text{per metre}}\right) = 94 \times v\left(\text{in } \frac{\text{metres}}{\text{per second}}\right) \times \frac{dv}{ds}$$

(where for $\frac{dv}{ds}$ we are to use one of the values furnished by the third column of Table IV.)

$$\text{Now a } \frac{\text{hyper-hectogrammetre}}{\text{per metre}} = \cdot 74 \text{ of a } \frac{\text{foot-pound}}{\text{per metre}}$$

$$= 1609 \times \frac{\cdot 74 \text{ of a foot-pound}}{\text{per mile}} = \frac{1191 \text{ foot-pounds}}{\text{per mile}}$$

$$\text{And again } \frac{\text{a metre}}{\text{per second}} = \frac{3600}{1609}\,\frac{\text{miles}}{\text{per hour}}$$

$$\text{Hence } \frac{\left(\frac{de}{ds} \text{ in } \frac{\text{foot-pounds}}{\text{per mile}}\right)}{1191} = 94 \times \frac{1609}{3600}\left(v \text{ in } \frac{\text{miles}}{\text{per hour}}\right) \times \frac{dv}{ds},$$

$$\text{Or } \left(\frac{de}{ds} \text{ in } \frac{\text{foot-pounds}}{\text{per mile}}\right) = 50037 \times \left(v \text{ in } \frac{\text{miles}}{\text{per hour}}\right) \times \frac{dv}{ds} \quad \ldots \quad (3).$$

Hence, introducing the values of $\frac{dv}{ds}$ from Table IV., we find —

TABLE V.

No. of Experiment.	The Energy per Mile.	Observations.
32 to 36	$=2252\times v$	On level footpath, in the direction of light wind.
37 to 39	$=4553\times v$	On level footpath, against a light wind.
40 to 46	$=2952\times v$	On the footpath, without wind.
47 to 52	$=3202\times v$	On a good, level road, without wind.

the energy being measured in foot-pounds, and v, the velocity, in miles per hour.

To compare these results with those furnished by the indicator diagrams it will be

TABLE VI.

Results of the Kinetic Experiments for a Velocity of Nine Miles an Hour.

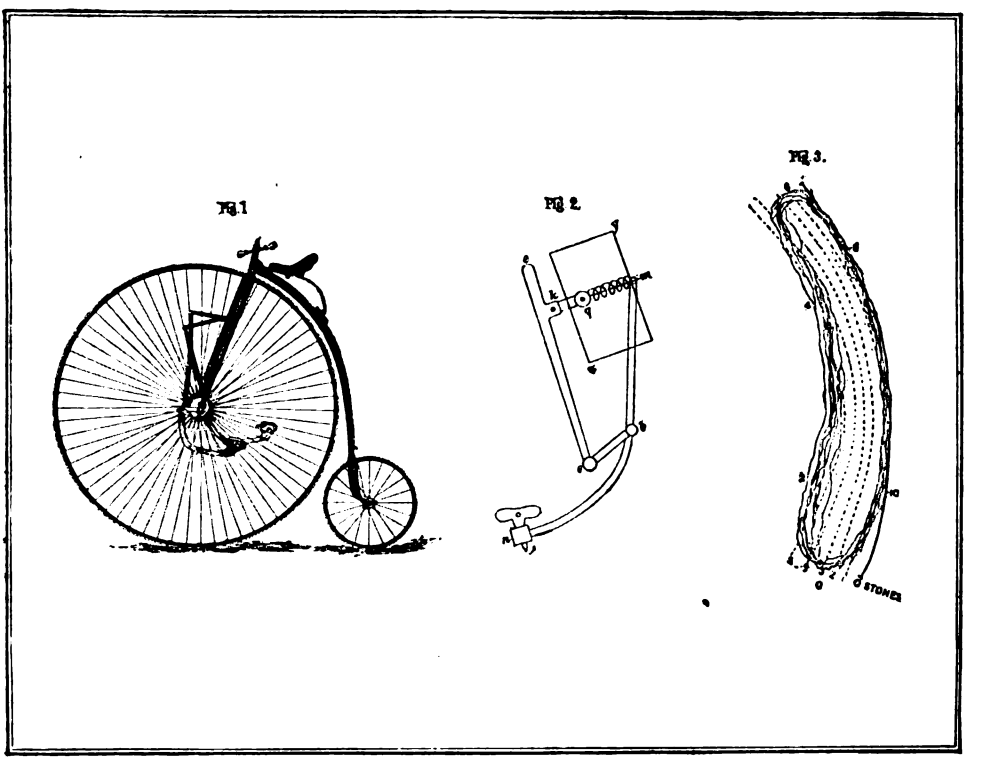
No. of Experiment.	Energy per Mile.	Energy per Minute.	Velocity.	Coefficient of Resistances	Observations.
32 to 36	20,268	3,040	9	$\frac{1}{54}$	On level footpath, in the direction of a light wind.
37 to 39	40,977	6,146	9	$\frac{1}{27}$	On level footpath, against light wind.
40 to 46	26,568	3,985	9	$\frac{1}{41}$	On level footpath, without wind.
47 to 52	28,818	4,323	9	$\frac{1}{38}$	On good, level road, without wind.

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convenient to compute from Table VI. the energy per mile, the energy per minute, and the coefficient of resistances at a velocity of nine miles per hour, which was the average speed in the experiments recorded in Tables I. and II. We thus obtain results in the same form as in Tables I. and II.

These results are in substantia. agreement with those of Tables I. and II., though obtained by a wholly different method of observation. The problem has thus been worked out in three distinct ways which confirm each other.

DIAGRAM I.



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DIAGRAM II.

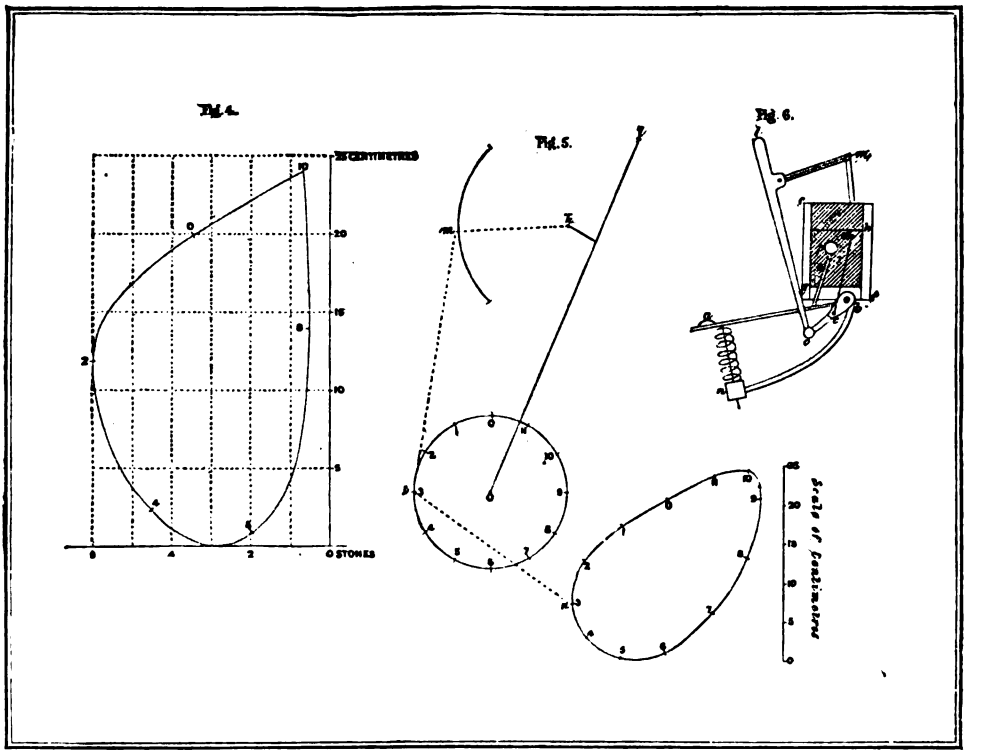
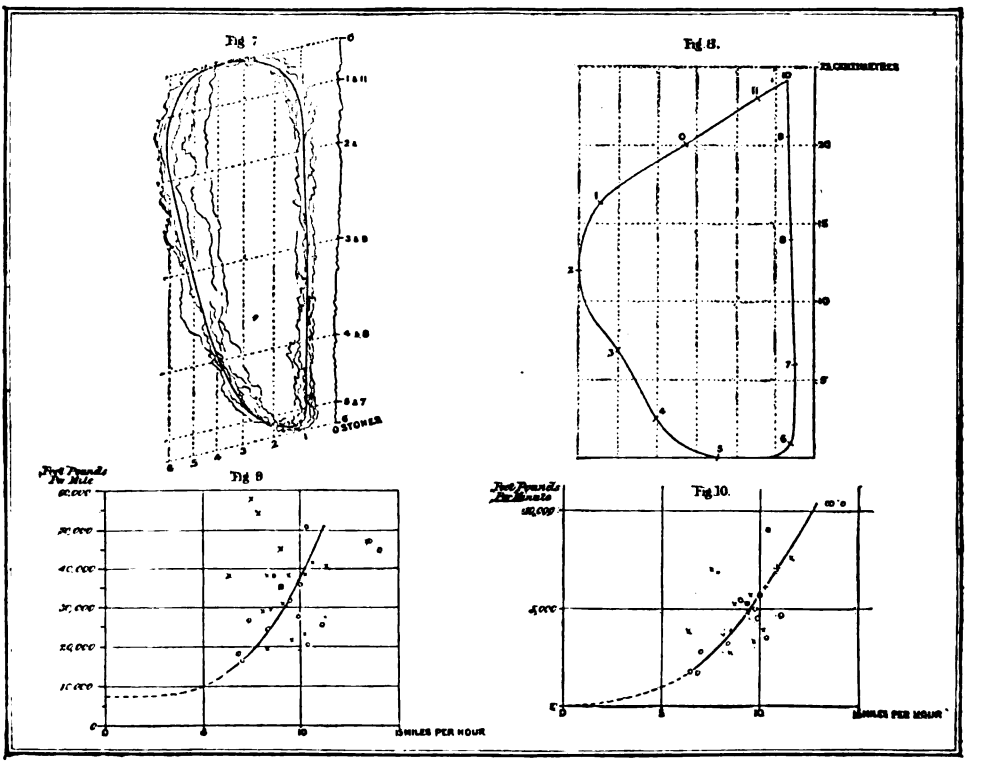


DIAGRAM III.



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PHOTOGRAPHIC TRICYCLING.

BY WALTER D. WELFORD, NEWCASTLE ON TYNE, ENGLAND.

A HAPPY era for the States was ushered in with the advent of the tricycle. The details, as to its start and progress, were meagre, enough 'tis true. One of the bicycling papers would now and again contain one and a half or two lines about it. Yet this was encouraging to your three-wheel brethren across the sea, for we knew that, once afloat, tricycling was bound by its own natural attractions to increase in popularity and in the number of its votaries. So that any news was good news.

But I suppose I am one of those 'cyclists who, not content with the pleasures directly afforded by the 'cycle, have a hobby to which they make their machine subservient. Your editor has told me that 'cycling photography is just beginning to engage attention in your land. In this you have got at a really good thing; though, perhaps, I should not be the one to say so, as this is my hobby, and forms the subject-matter of these few notes. But I know the amount of pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from it, and advise all who possess, or think they do, the slightest artistic taste, to ponder seriously over the matter. It is good, it is cheap, it is pleasurable.

The geologist, botanist, artist, and astronomer can all find in the tricycle, not a hindrance to their beloved pursuit, not an antagonistic, time-absorbing interloper, but a means whereby their existing pursuits of knowledge and pleasure may be facilitated. Perhaps astronomy ought to be delegated to bicyclists, for they are more accustomed to "seeing stars" than are their more steady-going *confrères*. But, although these studies undoubtedly afford great individual pleasure, and eventually conduce to the benefit of others, the outsider receives no direct proof of this. In these times, when men are so horribly practical, they require to receive direct benefit, or they look upon the pursuit as rather visionary. It may justly be claimed for photography, — referring, of course, more to landscape-work, — that not only is the recreation and pleasure of the individual gratified, but the labor exhibits itself, and proves extremely interesting to others.

How distinct in my memory, and also in the memory of many another old rider, remains the recollection of the early outcry of "selfishness" raised against our beloved wheel! How sweethearts and wives, friends, chums, and relations, ever and anon gave vent to murmurings, bitter and deep, upon the subject!

"It is we who suffer. You men get upon those nasty wheel things and scamper off to pleasure. When you return, all we get for the enforced and weary solitude is a rambling statement of 'flying with the wind,' falls, — these you detail most fully, — and how the machine went along. Perchance you attempt to depict to us the scenery, and then what a failure has to be owned up to! How miserably deficient are your descriptive powers! In the end perhaps the memory of that trip to us was only kept alive by the sight of a big darn in a pair of knickerbockers, a torn coat hanging behind the door, or a large vacant space in our work-box where formerly reposed sticking-plaster in abundance."

Is this outcry from the feminine side quite unknown to us all? I'm afraid not; and it is certain that for a time we never had half a decent reply to make. It certainly did appear selfish and real mean when one thought how little our touring and pleasure-seeking contributed to the happiness of others, above all, to the enjoyment of the loved ones at home. But men are not altogether such fearfully wicked creatures, and there were to be found some manfully striving to improve matters. So sprang into existence, first, the tricycle, for the lady to accompany the bicyclist; and then the "Sociable," that the two might get a wee bit nearer together on the run. So far so good; but it did not meet the case

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sufficiently. Tricycles for three or even four riders followed, but faster than the inventive skill of the mechanic grew the army — the noble army — of grumblers; and finally, after all, things run in much the same groove even now. The sweetheart or wife, brother or sister, may now cease their grumbling, but others remain.

But whilst we are racking our brains how to alter matters, how to give pleasure to all in turn, photography enters, and the difficulty is solved by a ray of light; indeed, one may say by "rays of light." The notion is this: reproduce to friends the views seen, not bought at a shop in quantities, probably presenting the scene in quite a different aspect, — in one, maybe, that even the rider cannot quite comprehend, — but just as it unfolded itself to your gaze. Then you can tell a great deal; it loosens your tongue, or rather revives the memory, and to give a worthy account becomes an easy matter.

This brings me to my subject face to face, for, although the foregoing reasoning may appear trivial to some, yet it forms one good argument, — and one is quite enough in this case. The present must of necessity be but a cursory glance at a theme upon which volumes might be written and hours spent in study. Yet my aim is now to set forth a few ideas about it, rather than enter into lengthy arguments or into minute details. These can be left to a future date, before which time, though, I hope the editor will find space for the relation of a photo-tricycling tour in Devonshire, upon which I am just starting, accompanied by Mr. Sjac, and from which I expect to gain an accession of sixty or seventy pictures to my collection.

In the olden times neither photography nor tricycling were adapted to each other. The requisite paraphernalia for the former was much too extensive and weighty, and the tricycle itself much too laborious to be handicapped in any way. But now both are considerably altered in conditions. No chemicals and ponderous apparatus need be carried; indeed, a small set can all be carried in a pocket (except the tripod stand), and a multum or other bag will hold larger sizes nicely. The machines of the present day are a wonderful improvement upon those of 1877 and 1878, when I first started to combine the two things. What was then hard work — a labor of love, maybe, but still a labor — has now become a pleasure Consequently, what was then nigh impossible, by the mutual improvement has now become quite a simple matter.

But some one will ask about the expense. Well, in that respect, too, recent years have produced considerable reductions, and photography is certainly now within the reach of all. Those who may have seen the *Bicycling News* will remember what I said therein about expense, and will exclaim, "Oh, that man goes in for cheapness itself!" Be not so hasty, however. The better the apparatus, the better. To that peculiar way of putting it, I draw the attention of those who would so remark. What I urge is, that no man need be debarred from commencing by fright at the outlay. Further, I am much in favor of beginners laying out but little, for then their failures and consequent waste won't be of such vital importance, and they will get disgusted less easily. A man may ponder a long time over an expenditure of $100, with many doubts and misgivings. He would like to be sure that he has the inclination, can find time, and has some slight chance of success, before expending so much upon what *may* turn out to be only the whim of a week. But when it only comes to a matter of $15 or $20, — and everything in England can be bought for that low sum, — he feels inclined to waive all such considerations and to make the purchase forthwith. Generally the result is that another is added to the ranks of enthusiasts, for few, who really try, fail utterly.

Is the art difficult to grapple with and understand? Do troublesome difficulties arise even after some amount of proficiency has been gained? And is there any great amount of time and labor required? To the first I answer most decidedly, no. There is no mystery about photography, and the chemical operations are almost mechanical in their simplicity. If care be taken to follow out the instructions, strict cleanliness adhered to, and things got in proper trim, — all three very simple matters, — few, indeed, are the failures. But, at the same time, one who is naturally adapted for the work, an artist, or he who enters in heart and soul, stands a better chance than a mere careless mechanical dabbler. It is well it is so, or half the charm would disappear at once. The management of the light, the production of really artistic pictures and scenic effects, and general excellence of results, affords every possible scope for the ambitious. True, from a mere superficial knowledge, passable results may accrue; still there is plenty for

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those who would like to dip deeper into the subject; as for after difficulties, they do occur sometimes, certainly, but they are of the greatest use even then, for they teach a great deal in a very short space of time. And lastly, as to labor, there is no more than can easily be managed by the average business man.

I suppose this rambling epistle ought to conclude with some glowing description of the charms and pleasures of photographic 'cycling, its advantages and usefulness. But I'm not a good glower, and as yet no sufficiently descriptive pens are manufactured in this country. A 'cyclist in the south of England, writing to me about this subject, said that, although he gladly admitted the benefit to his health and spirits gained by bicycling, he had ever regretted that he could not combine some other hobby which would show permanent record of his wheel wanderings, and "these noble sentiments" just about fit into mine. I can peep into my album, and from it revive all sorts of memories. There are the places I was at, looking lifelike and vivid. First comes a bridge, and as my eyes rapidly take in the water beneath, the arch covered with ivy, the little cottage at the side, together with that funny little urchin who would have his "pottygraph took," the old cow that stares so, and made things uncomfortable, the grand old trees on each side of the road, — the scene brings back to my mind all the incidents of the run: how, when I left the machine in the road whilst my friend, the camera, and I jumped down the banks to get the view, one of my feet took a sudden fancy for bathing; how that girl laughed, in consequence making me retort that my camera wouldn't take in such a broad grin, and asking her "where her head was, as I could only see a mouth." And then, what a jolly smoke beneath the trees, and what a grand handful of ferns for my — mother. Ah! here comes another picture! This I call "The Black Dots," a rather pretty bridge, — nearly four hundred years old it is, too, — where four men persisted in standing right in my foreground. At last I asked them to look over the parapet of the bridge, as I "could take them in better." I did take them in completely. There they are, four dots, half the size of a small pin's head. Yes, by Jove! that's the time *she* was with me, and didn't she laugh? Rather. Oh, yes, too, that was the evening of the beautiful sunset. Believe I got rather sentimental, and kept quoting poetry, which she admired till I had to push up a rough ascent which I did *not* admire.

I turn over another leaf of the album, and there comes to view a group, evidently a picnic party. There they are: one man has a bonnet and veil on, whilst a girl wears his tall hat; look at the ferns and flowers round that girl! — she is evidently a favorite. And, oh! do look at the spooney couple in the corner. Yes, I came across that party in a wood, and, after much pressing, acceded to their request to "make a pretty picture of them."

I believe I replied that "I could not do it," though I did not intend the words to convey so ungallant a meaning as the ladies ascribed. Each view recalls much that, in the worry of business and cares of life, would have been forgotten, and I close the album with a sigh at the thought that I have not got so many as I should like.

With a brief note as to a little idea which should be carried out by all who take their cameras on tour, I will close. During the Devonshire tour I hope to add fifty or sixty pictures to my collection. I shall retain one copy of each to insert in an album, wherein, also, will be written a full account of our adventures. This, neatly done and prettily bound, will make a very handsome book for the drawing-room. It might be done by sending the tour to a 'cycling paper or magazine and using the print instead of manuscript. But the former would produce the better book.

Now I have done. The foregoing is founded on English experiences, English apparatus and chemicals. Whether the conditions are the same in the States I do not know, nor have I any means of judging. But I write with a desire to let others know what pleasure may be derived, and of showing that it presents no insuperable difficulties to the ordinary 'cyclist. That it may tend to increase the followers of this charming pastime, photographic bicycling, is a wish forwarded across the Atlantic.

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A SHADOW LOVE.[1]

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

Author of "Louise and I," "John Ascott's Daughter," etc.

XVII.

"Choose well thy friends while friendship is thine, —
Dame Fortune is fickle, they say, —
For the hours are lost we spend in repine
For the friendships of dead yesterday."

UPON reaching home Wellford found his father in a much more serious condition than Gertrude's letter had led him to think would be the case.

The young man was anxious and worried, and affairs at the mill demanded so much of his time and attention for the first week he thought little of the outside world. Then, as one day followed another in the same tiresome round of duty, and the prospect of an early return to Paris grew more dim and uncertain, his spirits drooped and his face assumed a seriousness which his parents attributed to the weight of responsibility so suddenly thrust upon him.

But his sister Gertrude knew better, for she had seen the picture of Ruth Mayne, and notwithstanding that Wellford had told her it came from Rome, and that the dealer from whom it was purchased had intimated it was an ideal, she made up her mind quietly to the belief that her brother had at last lost his heart.

One evening, about two weeks after his return home, he was lying upon the lounge in the sitting-room, dreaming over those last happy days in the gay French metropolis, when the door was softly pushed ajar, and his sister peeped in.

"Asleep?" she whispered.

"Come in, Gerty," he answered, kindly; "I am wide awake, though dreadfully tired."

She advanced and drew a chair to her brother's side, while the young man continued, —

"I am beginning to realize now, as never before, the vast difference between spending money and earning it."

"Has your Paris letter nothing to do with being so tired?" she asked, provokingly.

"Letter from Paris!" he echoed, suddenly starting to his feet.

"Oh, then you have not seen it! I will go and get it for you."

She returned in a moment, and placing the letter in her brother's hand, regarded him quietly as he eagerly broke the seal.

"Won't you trust *me*, Wellford?" she said, with a pretty affectation of seriousness. "I will keep your secret faithfully. *Is* she as beautiful as the picture, and does she live in *Paris*, when she isn't in Rome?" Then she laughed roguishly, and went out of the room.

The letter was from Hoyt, and, as Wellford perused line after line, how vividly the occurrences of the past two months arose before him! The tone of the letter was quite friendly, — somehow it seemed more friendly than he would have thought natural coming from such a man as Edwin Hoyt, and, on the whole, he was flattered by the kindly regard to which it gave expression. The gossipy news it contained amused him; he was interested in the messages from the professor, and from George and his sister, but the closing portion was especially pleasant, where slight allusion was made to his friends, the Maynes. In all there were but two or three lines, — the simple statement of a chance meeting on one of the boulevards, and of kindly remembrance. So little! — yet the mention of Ruth's name, alone, in a single line of the letter, coupled with the thought of remembrance, were better than all the other lines the sheet contained.

He had hoped that Hoyt had called, — he was somewhat surprised he had not done so, — and that the letter would be filled, not only with kind messages, but that his friend would write how she looked, and tell him some of the pleasant or the witty things she had said, or note some charming action. But they had only met upon the street, and she had merely wished to be remembered. He folded the letter carefully, and, placing it in his pocket, lay down once more upon the sofa and lost himself in reflection. But after a time he viewed the matter in a different light, and, realizing the vast difference which existed between his own feelings and those of his friend toward Miss Mayne, he chided himself for expecting anything farther than simple remem-

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brance in a letter from one almost a stranger to the girl.

However, he felt secure in the friendship of his touring companion, and dreamed of confidences in the future.

After the Fontainebleau excursion Hoyt found himself thrown much in the company of the Maynes. Not that the doctor particularly sought his society, for the feeling toward him was rather one of easy indifference. Hoyt could be very agreeable when he wished to make the effort, and being a perfect gentleman as well as a compatriot, the doctor accepted his companionship at such times as they were "thrown together" without thought or question.

In the presence of Miss Mayne he was respectful and dignified, — never obtrusive, — paying her nameless little attentions, and doing her many acts of kindness; but so quietly it were impossible to take them otherwise than as a matter of course. He soon perceived the direction of her regard for Wellford Manning, and the knowledge exerted no small influence upon his actions. As Wellford's friend, he appeared a devoted friend, yet there was much method in the manner of his devotion, and his words of praise were measured with the same exactness with which the chemist weighs the result of his analyses.

Wellford's letter to his friend, a few days after his return home, had been but indicative of the man, — frank, kindly, even confiding, in portions where, under the circumstances, a greater reserve would have served him better.

The doctor and his sister were pleased to hear, even indirectly, from the young Englishman; and to Hoyt's credit let it be stated, he delivered the messages faithfully. They had sent other messages in return, which may have been forgotten when the letter was answered, for Wellford never received them.

Hoyt accompanied Miss Mayne to the opera a few evenings after writing his friend, and on their return, Wellford's name having been mentioned, the girl spoke quite warmly of the generous sacrifice he had made in going home.

"Yes, he is one of the best-hearted fellows I ever saw," Hoyt replied, "and I think much of him, notwithstanding the fact that he has such a fickle nature."

"Why, Mr. Hoyt!" Ruth exclaimed, in surprise, "you astonish me, for I never saw the first indication of such a trait."

"Perhaps I am mistaken," he replied. "I trust I am. The boy is very young, and when he has outgrown the impulsiveness of youth he may develop into a fine type of manhood, still" —

At his abrupt pause Ruth glanced up quickly.

"Yes, he *is* a good fellow," Hoyt continued; "perhaps I should not have used the word fickle, for in his case I think impulsiveness comes nearer the truth."

"*How* is he impulsive?" the girl questioned, warmly. "Certainly not in leaving Paris, and giving up all its pleasures to take care of a sick father!"

"I regret touching upon the subject at all," Hoyt replied, adroitly, looking away from his companion. "I did not dream of the direction the conversation was taking, but, as it has gone so far, I will say what is on my mind, lest you think our friend guilty of something really blamable.

"It is the old story of a youthfully susceptive nature, falling madly in love with every pretty face which comes in its way. No doubt Mr. Manning is as desperately in love with your features at this moment, — unless he has met others since leaving Paris, — as he was in Rome with the features of a woman he had seen only as they smiled upon him from a photograph. I will not tell you of all his broken engagements, or the scrapes in which he involved me, in a dozen cities between Rome and Paris, by following some fair stranger whose features pleased him, for the recital would grow tedious from its constant repetitions. Yet, would you believe it, he pretends to be deeply in love with a beautiful girl who, I have no doubt, loves him very dearly."

Ruth again gave expression to her astonishment, and Hoyt continued, —

"As I have said, he is *very young*, and he may outgrow his folly, for I have known men as talented who in youth were just such simpletons in matters of the heart. The only danger in his case will be that some pretty fortune-hunter may entrap him before he has arrived at years of discretion."

Ruth was silent; she was dumfounded at the recital, and recalling the conversation in which Wellford had himself avowed being "foolishly sentimental," she felt the words might be true, though the conviction gave her pain.

"You say he is impulsive," she remarked after a long pause. "Are we not all of us impulsive, for that matter?"

"I fear we are," he replied, seemingly in thought, "though *strong* natures are

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more or less guided by reason in such matters, and their folly becomes less apparent, and less disastrous to themselves. Your brother's influence upon him was so very marked, I wish the boy might have remained in Paris."

Again there was a pause in the conversation. Ruth knew her brother had been most favorably impressed with the young man since their first acquaintance, and that she herself had been more drawn to him than to any other gentleman she had ever met. On the other hand, Mr. Hoyt had known him more intimately than either, and she found it hard to reconcile such conflicting opinions.

"He thinks of visiting America in the fall, does he not?" she ventured, timidly.

The gentleman smiled incredulously.

"Oh, he has talked of it, of course, as he has talked of a dozen bicycle tours which he knew could never be carried out! If he fails to visit America, however, it will not be for lack of warm invitations, I assure you."

She did not reply, and, taking advantage of the silence, Hoyt made one more remark, and then quietly turned the subject.

"After all, I have strong hopes of him, for a woman's influence will do much for any man; and who knows but this lady, who loves him so dearly, may yet prove his guiding star, and make a man of him in spite of himself."

There is no denying the fact that Hoyt's idle words had made a deep impression upon Ruth Mayne. She was a noble-minded girl, and in all her intercourse with the world thus far she had seen nothing of its baser side. She endowed all women with her own pure nature, and in her eyes her brother stood for the prevailing type of manhood. She was, herself, incapable of doing a mean action, and, like Zerlina in the opera of "Fra Diavolo," she never looked for a knave under the dress and manners of one the world calls "a perfect gentleman."

When three weeks had passed and no direct word had come from the young Englishman, the doctor remarked upon it to his sister feelingly. She, too, was hurt by the neglect, and the circumstance lent its weight in supporting her unpleasant convictions. It grieved her that she had been so mistaken in the man, and touched her pride at the same time, for — the opposite of Wilson — she only gave her friendship to a chosen few. She was almost inclined to place Hoyt in the same category with his friend, especially as the two men were so intimately connected in her mind. But she was restrained by the fact that he was an American, and not a foreigner; that he appeared so gentlemanly, and had performed for her so many disinterested acts of kindness out of genuine regard for her brother, in whose acquaintance he appeared to feel so much honored. She hardly thought it possible that she could be mistaken twice in succession, and so the "slight friendship" was permitted to continue.

Know ye, O marrying men, that unselfish kindness, and a thoughtful regard for a woman's comfort and happiness, even in little things, will surer win her heart than all the honeyed words between the covers of a dictionary; and that a continuance of unselfish kindness and thoughtful regard will be necessary to keep her love after her heart has been fairly won. Remember as well, that ice-cream and invitations to the opera come not into the category of unselfish kindness, nor breaking off from smoking for a whole year before marriage, into that of thoughtful regard. It is so easy to judge from appearances in this world, and far easier to be mistaken, as many a man and many a woman have discovered to their sorrow when too late.

The 'cycling reader is wondering, doubtless, if the bicycle has dropped out of the narrative altogether. If, in the chronicle of events, the wheel has been ignored, it is wholly the fault of the wheelmen; at least, since Wellford Manning's return home. Edwin Hoyt has appeared to have lost all enthusiasm, and, in the light of recent events, the pig-skin stands a fair chance of growing quite gray with the inartistic gray dust of neglect.

Hoyt was now beginning to feel sufficiently well acquainted with the Maynes to run in without ceremony. He more often sent up his card to the doctor than to the pretty sister, it is true, though his visits, by some unaccountable chance, were quite frequently coincident with those paid a certain American lady artist at his own hotel.

August came in warm, yet the Americans seemed loth to leave Paris, even for a day; and Grace Thorne alone was responsible. As one wheel may turn another, and this a third, which communicates its power to a fourth, until the whole machine is moving in perfect unison, so Grace, held by her studies, influenced the doctor to remain, and he his sister; while Hoyt had become so much of a satellite that he was only able to revolve around Ruth Mayne according to natural and uncontrovertible laws. He

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sighed for the Rhine breezes, or the seaside, but, being a lesser wheel, he knew any movement in this direction must be communicated from the source of power; so he wisely began upon George Thorne, whom, for the sake of the simile, we will consider the key with which this complicated piece of mechanism is to be wound up.

George thought a tour of the Rhine eminently fitting at this season, and certainly beneficial to his sister's health. Hoyt had shown himself quite solicitous in this direction, and the brother at once broached the subject. Grace was quite pleased with the idea, and mentioned it to Doctor Mayne as a matter of course, while he approved of it so thoroughly that the movement at once assumed definiteness, and, in a very few days, the plan was complete in all its details.

At Ruth's suggestion an invitation was extended to Professor Gantier; Fred had thought it an excellent idea, though to obtain the professor's acquiescence in the plan was quite another matter. He said "No" to the doctor, flatly, stating in his odd way that, as a guaranty of respectability, he would accompany the party, if such were necessary; but, under the circumstances, he felt that Doctor Mayne would fill the office with befitting dignity. Ruth prevailed upon him to change his mind, however, and, as a special favor to her, he consented, while assuring her the company would be glad to get rid of him before they were half way to Coblenz.

All arrangements having been satisfactorily completed, nothing remained now but to agree upon the day of departure, and await events.

XVIII.

"Her soul was light, her path was plain;
One shadow only drooped above, —
The shadow of a heart and brain
So charged with overwhelming love
That it oppressed and gave her pain."

As the question of time was not considered in arranging the details of the tour, it was decided to visit Brussels *en route* to Cologne, at which point the journey would commence.

On the day of departure Hoyt appeared at the Northern depot nearly half an hour before the train was expected to start, and a little later was joined by George and his sister.

The artist looked very pretty in her travelling suit of soft gray flannel, which fitted her slender form to perfection, and gave to every line of her figure — always symmetrical — a grace that was most charming. Few, indeed, would have taken her for an artist had it not been for the Fortuny sketch-box, with an accompanying block of paper, and a small case of water-color materials, which she carried in her hand. Hoyt had already secured a compartment, that the company might be together, and, taking charge of the artist materials, and the pretty artist as well, he led the way to the train. Ruth and the doctor followed almost immediately; luggage was stowed, travelling caps and dusters donned, and, having settled into their respective places, all were ready for the start.

But where was Professor Gantier? It lacked but five minutes of the hour of departure, and he had not made his appearance. The doctor declared he meant to disappoint them at the last moment, but Ruth insisted that he would be on time, meanwhile showing an anxiety in the matter which sadly controverted her words. At three minutes of the time Hoyt stepped down upon the platform, and, peering among the groups of people standing in apparent bewilderment, or rudely jostling each other as they hurried now this way, now the other, he endeavored to catch a glimpse of the absent Gantier. One minute; the doctor replaced his watch with a sigh of disappointment, and Ruth beckoned anxiously for Hoyt to come on board. Then the young man suddenly disappeared in the crowd, and, just as the gong sounded, and the whistle blew an impatient blast, the form of the belated scientist appeared to view, accompanied by the American loaded down with luggage.

As the professor stumbled into the compartment, and stopped to wipe the perspiration from his round, red face, the doctor asked him quietly if he had forgotten anything.

"Forgotten anything?" he repeated. He gave a hurried glance toward the handsatchel, shawl, umbrella, package of entomological collecting apparatus, and bundle of newspapers and magazines which Hoyt had dropped upon the floor. "No, my baggage is all here."

"How about your dignity?" the doctor inquired, with a smile.

"Oh, that is coming aboard at the next station with Fred Mayne's manners," he answered, pushing up his spectacles, and smiling in turn.

"Thank you," the doctor replied; "you

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know you were to accompany the party as a guarantee of respectability. But, as Ollapod says in the play, 'I owe you one.' We had quite given you up, however."

"We?" Ruth repeated. "Professor Gantier is a man of his word, and I for one knew he would not disappoint us."

"And I certainly should not have given you up until the train started," Hoyt interposed.

He was engaged in carefully stowing away the professor's luggage.

"Yes, I am well aware who are my friends," the Frenchman answered, with a graceful bow, as he touched his heart; Mam'selle Mayne, Monsieur Hoyt, I am honored in your acquaintance."

The day was delightful, the scenery varied and picturesque, and, like school children let loose for a holiday, each member of the party vied with the others in sociability and good feeling.

Now they reach Creil, the railway junction, where the road to London diverges to the left. Here the first view of the river Oise bursts upon them, and they wind along its banks, and through its fertile valleys, for fifty miles or more. At Compiégne the professor points out the celebrated palace erected by Louis XV., for the town was frequently a royal residence, and tells of the ruined tower, near the bridge, which marks the place where Joan of Arc was captured. Then Noyon was reached, the birthplace of Calvin, and the spot where Charlemagne was crowned over eleven centuries before. At Tergnier they are eighty miles from Paris, and a brief stop is made for refreshments. Leaving the river Oise another half hour brings them to St. Quentin, where the Germans defeated the French in 1871, and Philip of Spain won a great victory over Colignay, in the sixteenth century. At Quévy the Belgian frontier is crossed, and another stop of ten minutes is made; then on to Mons, with its famous fortress built by Cæsar. They have now been journeying five hours; Ghlin, Jurbise, and Soignies are passed in rapid succession, and another hour brings them to the Belgian capital.

There was so much to see in Brussels, and so many preferences to be considered, the party remained together only during the first day of their two days' visit. Professor Gantier absented himself altogether, hiding away among the collections of natural history, in the Palace of Fine Arts or Museum, where he remained almost to the hour of departure.

The picture-galleries were the chief attraction to Grace and the doctor. She experienced rare pleasure from his companionship, for he appeared to know intuitively just what she wished to see, and much time was saved which otherwise might have been lost in a tiresome round of the entire collections. As an artist she felt herself fortunate in the possession of so kind and considerate a friend; as Grace Thorne, however, there were other feelings, — deeper now than when that strange, unwelcome revelation had come to her in the park at Fontainebleau, for in her heart she was beginning to question whether the companionship of this good friend was not becoming a necessity of her happiness. There was no doubting the fact that she had learned to look forward to his visits with anticipations of pleasure far different from those she had experienced during the first pleasant weeks of his acquaintance. She realized it fully, and, while she struggled against it, she almost acknowledged herself powerless to overcome it.

Had the doctor at any time spoken words of love to her she felt the struggle might have been ended in an hour; but this he had not done, for, while there was no mistaking the depth of his feelings toward her, he never once presumed to be more than a disinterested friend, drawn toward her by their common interest in art.

On the morning of the second day George Thorne was seized with a desire to visit the field of Waterloo, which lies about twelve miles south of the city, and early took his departure. Grace and the doctor had not finished the galleries, and Hoyt, infinitely preferring a quiet day with Ruth, proposed an independent programme, to which she readily assented.

Entering the park, which is the fashionable promenade, — especially in the evening when there is music, — an agreeable hour was spent in strolling leisurely through its avenues, viewing fountains and statuary, or in visiting the public buildings, while they conversed pleasantly upon the objects of interest around them. There was little to attract one in the king's palace, so they remained but a few moments, and, crossing to the other side of the park, entered the *Palais de la Nation*, or Belgian Parliament House, fraught with recollections of Maria Theresa.

"How shall we amuse ourselves now?" Hoyt asked, as they emerged from the building and found themselves once more

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in the narrow street upon which the public entrance is located.

"You mentioned the Museum of the Ducal Palace this morning," Ruth replied, rather indifferently. "I am not particular, however. What do you wish?"

"With an agreeable companion everything is a pleasure," the gentleman answered, with a smile. "Let us find our way to Rue Royale, and, if you can suggest nothing more enjoyable, we will take a carriage and ride around the city until lunch time."

Turning to the right a few steps brought them into the Rue de Louvain, where, looking to the westward, they suddenly beheld the lofty towers of the Church of St. Gudule rising against the morning sky and glistening in the sunlight. The cathedral was only a few steps distant, and Ruth at once expressed a wish to visit it.

Ascending the broad stone steps they passed beneath the high gothic archway at its entrance and were soon lost in the immensity of space within.

As Ruth walked slowly down the nave she experienced most positively that feeling of awe which doubtless comes over many Protestant Americans when visiting these grand old cathedrals. There is so much to which we are unaccustomed that appeals to the imagination, if not inspiring the deeper feeling of reverence, — the immensity of space, the soft, mellow light streaming through stained glass, the stillness, and on every side the emblems of a religion which appeals to the sensibilities and to the heart through the eye as well as ear.

In the church of St. Gudule, particularly, one is struck with the beauty of the interior decorations and adornments, — the statues of the Apostles, the costly monuments to the Dukes of Brabant, and the magnificent stained-glass windows, the richest in the Netherlands.

Hoyt followed in silence, and when at length the girl paused in the aisle and sank down upon a seat near, while she bowed in prayer, the young man inclined his head reverently, though his eyes were fixed intently upon the fair being before him. In another moment she raised her head, and, turning, addressed her companion, —

"How can the worshippers in such a place ever commit sin?" she softly whispered.

Hoyt advanced to her side, and, moving, Ruth made room for him.

"Do you not feel its hushed and holy influence?" she continued, speaking in a low voice. "I can only think of those lines of Wordsworth's, —

> "'The holy time is quiet as a nun,
> Breathless with adoration.'"

He did not answer at once, then his face grew serious as his lips gave utterance to his thought.

"Are you not a Protestant, Miss Mayne?"

"A Protestant!" she repeated. "What has that to do with it? May not one have such thoughts in any place where God is worshipped?"

"Pardon me!" he replied, with embarrassment, "my mind was upon other things."

That is what he said, but he was thinking of those old Puritan believers, from whom this girl might have been descended, who hated all forms and ceremonies, all outward show, and even physical comforts, in their places of worship, as thoroughly as they hated, not the church of Rome, or the Church of England, but church authority in every form.

Ruth, too, was thoughtful, and when Hoyt turned his eyes a moment later he was struck by the earnestness of her expression, and in abashment looked to the floor. How unworthy a thing he felt he must appear in her eyes! He was ashamed of the stupid speech, and regretted that he had allowed himself to make it. Then, as he raised his eyes, and gazed away to the beautiful pulpit, with its rich wood carvings, representing the expulsion from Paradise, he reflected upon the shortsightedness and folly of the entire race, from Adam to himself, and blamed Heaven for not making men perfect and continuing them so.

Not overburdened with piety, or altogether unlike the good old dame who, not a "professor" of religion, yet *practised* it all her life, Edwin Hoyt might be classed with those moral anomalies, — men of principle, but with no positive religious convictions. And yet he hardly belonged to this class either, for, honorable in most things, he possessed a very flexible conscience, which, in some particulars, could be made to adapt itself to circumstances when the occasion demanded.

"I suppose I *am* considerable of a heathen," he said at length, "though no one holds in more sincere reverence those who are truly good."

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"No one is perfect," Ruth interposed. "I admit I am very far from it."

Her companion was silent a moment, and then a faint smile came into his face as he said, —

"Are you such a dreadful sinner? Teach *me* your sinfulness that I may be a better man."

The girl looked at him wonderingly, though she said nothing.

"We should be judged by our deeds, not our words," he continued. He was looking into her very eyes now. "There *are* bright saints on earth, the sweetness and purity of whose lives are a silent, constant rebuke to wrong-doing, and make men pray to be better from the force of their example alone. For such a one, I think I might embrace any religion, for mine is a nature which yields most readily to silent influences."

It was not altogether the words, or the tone of voice, or the look in the young man's face, but all three, perhaps, which suggested to Ruth something she had never realized before. The conviction was as unwelcome as it was surprising, but she appeared not to notice it, and replied quite naturally, —

"Then you must feel the influence of such a place as this, where, for a time, the world may be forgotten, and there is only peace. I think these silent worshippers must find it so, as they leave their toil and cares behind them, and enter here, day after day, to forget the world in prayer. Don't you find it so, Mr. Hoyt?"

"Only as I experience it *through you*," he answered, and then abruptly changed the subject.

It was but a passing incident of the stay in Brussels, though it made a deep and lasting impression upon her; and many times afterward, upon the tour, as she sat alone, and appeared enwrapped with the beauties of the scenery through which they were passing, she was only thinking, thinking, thinking.

It is strange how blind we are to much that transpires around us, in which we are supposed to be most interested! Little habits grow upon us so softly, little dislikes are fostered so silently, and affections are formed, link by link, like a chain, so slowly, the realization only comes when fate is irrevocable.

When Ruth endeavored to analyze her feelings, she was sure she loved no man on earth more than she loved her brother, nor as well; but yet it was a strange experience that of late she should find herself constantly holding up to each other for comparison two of the most agreeable gentlemen — tourist acquaintances — chance had ever led across her pathway. She had met as kindly men before in her own home across the Atlantic, and she still entertained warm feelings toward them, but —

Like an echo from her doubting heart the answer ever came: "It is different! it is different!"

XIX.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine."

Upon leaving Brussels it was decided to make no stop at Cologne for the present, but to proceed up the Rhine at once. Arriving at night-fall, a hotel was chosen, therefore, at no great distance from the river, that the start might be made in the morning without loss of time, 6 o'clock having been decided upon as the hour of departure.

Hoyt's preference had been to take a later boat, — there was one leaving about 9 and another at 10 o'clock, — but the doctor wished to reach Bonn as early as possible, in order that the entire day might be given to the beauties of the Siebengebirge, or the romantic "Seven Hills," and points of interest about the Drachenfels.

Between Cologne and Bonn the scenery is quite uninteresting, and for the first two hours there was little else in the way of occupation but to breathe the pure air and study the motley groups of passengers, or spend the time in reading and in conversation.

Grace chose to breathe the fresh air and study character, in which latter occupation she was assisted by Prof. Gantier, and her omnipresent sketch-book; the doctor sat near, conversing pleasantly with one of the passengers, an American, while Ruth, Mr. Hoyt, and George Thorne formed an interesting trio in another part of the boat. Grace found abundant material for her ready pencil this morning among the tourists, and many a quiet laugh she and the old scientist enjoyed together over her clever caricatures.

Her first victim was the gentlemanly American with whom the doctor was con-

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versing. He was a florid-complexioned, intelligent-looking man of fifty or thereabouts, dressed in a suit of sober gray, the dust of travel settled deeply in the wrinkles of his coat, and his boots likewise giving evidence of a not too recent brushing. From his conversation it was evident that he was connected with the government, and was a man of considerable experience. Grace at first thought he might be a member of Congress; but his modest, unassuming manners, and the amount of knowledge he displayed regarding certain questions of political economy, — particularly the tariff, — together with the sublime air of perfect obliviousness manifested toward everybody and everything, convinced her to the contrary in a very few moments.

He had evidently reduced the grain supply of the world down to a pretty fine point, and he gave the doctor such an exhaustive — if not exhausting — insight into the corn and wheat movement for ten years that that gentleman was more thoroughly impressed with the profundity of the science of statistics than ever before. Then, dwelling upon the relation of acreage to price and the influence of foreign demand, he fairly revelled in speculative science — *figur*atively speaking — and pointing out the possibilities of increase in area, and the westward tendency of the centres of cultivation, the wheat and corn crops for a decade to come were prognosticated with almost the positiveness of actuality. The doctor was fully convinced, — some men are easily convinced in matters of which they know nothing and care less, — but he thought considerably notwithstanding. The scientist realized now how bold and reckless that comparative anatomist must appear who, from a few well-preserved bones, would dare to attempt the restoration of an animal the age of man had never seen.

Grace soon transferred the two figures to her note-book, and looked about her for a fresh victim. Hearing the name of a young lady spoken she turned quickly and observed a stylishly-dressed young man, with eye-glasses, about seating himself near a very pretty girl, who appeared lost in the depths of her guide-book. He had a languid way of speaking and a languid manner in moving, and, doubtless, his brain was likewise in a state of extreme languor, though his companion appeared to be a very sensible girl. He was a fair type of the American tourist who does Europe because it is fashionable, and while Grace sketched the pair, the professor looked over her shoulder admiringly, as they listened to the conversation.

"O Miss Virgie!" — with a drawl.

"Yes?" — interrogatively, without looking up.

"It's awful stupid, aint it?"

"Then why don't you talk to me?"

"Because you are always reading that dreadful guide-book."

"I want to learn about the scenery."

"But you never see any, and I don't *want* to see any; it's ever so much nicer to talk when there's anything to talk about."

The young man raised his hand to conceal a yawn just as the girl glanced up from the page before her.

"Why, Arthur Fitzjenkins!"

"Excuse me, Miss Virgie, I can't help it. I wish there was a place to lie down, for it's awful horrid getting up so early."

"But it's only half-past seven. You stay here and talk to me, and we shall see some ruined castles before long. Or let me read to you."

She reads from the guide-book, —

The Drachenfels is the most celebrated of the "Seven Hills" on the Rhine, near Bonn, about 1,050 feet high. On its summit are the ruins of a castle of the twelfth century, and two monuments commemorating the services of the Siebengebirge militia in the struggle of 1813-'15. It has a quarry which has furnished the stone for the Cathedral of Cologne, hence called the *Dom*—

"*Don't* read any more — it's awfully stupid stuff; — what time do we reach Mayence?"

"Mayence? We leave the boat at Mayence," the girl answered, looking up in half surprise.

"I know that, Miss Virgie."

She turned to the guide-book again, and while she investigated the matter the young man held the parasol over her and admired the diamonds in his initial ring.

"We are not due until 8 o'clock at night," she said, at length. "You are not counting the hours, I hope?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but I was thinking if there was a theatre in Mayence, and the boat arrived early enough, what an awfully jolly time we could have."

"Arthur, I don't believe you enjoy travel one mite."

"Oh, yes, I do!" — very languidly; "the dinners are awful nice at the hotels, and the wine is jolly. Do you know, Miss Virgie, I wish we were in Switzerland now?"

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"Do you! Why?"— greatly interested.

"Because"— shyly — "because I can talk to you so much better when there aint so many people around. It would be the jolliest kind of a go to do the Righi together, and have your pa put you *wholly* in my care. Don't you think so, Miss Virgie?"

Miss Virgie blushed charmingly, and quietly turning the leaves of her guide-book, replied, —

"Do you think you could take care of a silly girl like me?"

"I would try awfully hard — and — perhaps — if the experiment was successful on a small scale — why — you might be — willing — to"—

"*Mr.* Fitzjenkins! please don't talk so loudly! Some one will think you are in earnest."

Grace was quite successful with her sketch of this tender couple, putting in the finishing touches at the precise moment when the "interesting point" was reached. The professor enjoyed it, and laughed heartily as he said, —

"You Americans do amuse me, Miss Thorne, particularly in your love-making; but we manage it better in France, for the elders attend to the mating, and allow the young people to do their courting sensibly after marriage."

"Without any romance," she interposed, and then introduced another subject.

After a time she glanced to another part of the boat, where her brother George was engaged in animated conversation with Ruth Mayne, and then across to the doctor. The statistical gentleman still claimed his attention, estimating now the probable aggregate of losses from the vine disease of Europe, though he probably did not know a *phylloxera* gall from a blotch of *erisyphe*. The doctor was fully occupied — so was the statistical gentleman — and once more Grace returned to her pencil and the professor.

"Speaking of castle ruins, is the one on the Drachenfels worth sketching?" she asked of her companion, her thoughts returning to "Miss Virgie" and "Arthur."

"There are more picturesque ruins further up the river," the professor answered; then he took out a map of the Rhine, and, opening it, laid it in the artist's lap. "Here is an old ruin at Oakenfels with an ivy-clad tower well worth sketching; then the arch at Rolandseck is another good subject, and more interesting perhaps on account of its associations, for the ruin is the scene of the legend of Roland."

She laid aside her pencil, and, looking up to the old Frenchman with an expression of interest, said, —

"I have read of Roland as one of the heroes of chivalric romance in the Middle Ages, but the legend is new to me. Won't you tell it, professor?"

He drew a little nearer and began, —

"Like other legends of the Rhine the story of Roland doubtless is pure fiction, if, indeed, the character itself is not in the same category, though tradition makes the hero a nephew of Charlemagne. As the story goes he was a rover, and one evening found himself an honored guest at the castle of the Drachenfels. The night was passed in revelry and in recounting adventures and deeds of daring, and on the following morning the knight of the castle, sending for his only daughter, Hildegunde, presented her to the distinguished guest.

"Then Roland ceased for a time from his wanderings, save as he wandered about the Drachenfels, or up and down the Rhine, with the fair, slight creature, and one day told her of his love, which was fully reciprocated, and then the new castle was begun. But fate had other things in store for the lovers. Suddenly sent to Spain by his uncle to fight the Saracens, Roland was wounded in battle, and before he could communicate with Hildegunde news had reached her that he was dead. Several months passed by, and again the knight found himself at the castle of the Drachenfels. Old Heribert, dumb with amazement at the sight of one mourned as dead, was unable to reply for some moments to Roland's impatient questionings after his daughter; but at length with great effort he told him all.

"Then Roland learned that, heart-broken, his beautiful Hildegunde had immured herself within the cloister, consecrating the remainder of her life to Heaven, and that she was lost to him and to the world forever. A shadow fell upon his life; he built his castle of Rolandseck on the bank of the Rhine, where, day by day, he might watch for his beloved as she visited the little chapel, near the convent. But one morning he missed her, and when again her loved form entered the chapel her sweet spirit had taken its everlasting flight. Roland mourned her with a deep, silent grief, but only for a time, for ere long his lifeless body was found beside the castle

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window from which he had last seen Hildegunde, his half-closed eyes turned toward the convent chapel."

By the time the legend was finished Bonn was reached; the doctor joined his friends, and for a while the professor told no more stories. Then, an hour later, the party disembarked at Konigswinter, to spend the day amid the picturesque beauties of the Dragon's Rock, the haunt of Siegfried, and the scene of the loves of Hildegunde and Roland.

To Grace it was a long, happy day of unrestrained enjoyment, — quiet, satisfied, full of varied experiences, — a day to linger in the memory. The entire party had been companions for each other, yet she had sketched and listened to the doctor's pleasant conversation regarding the varied points of interest, more graphic and entertaining tenfold than a dozen guide-books; she had wandered up and down the hill-sides with the professor, hearing again the story of Hermann and the Lorelei, of the devotion of Uta, or the sad fate of the stony-hearted seven sisters; or she had climbed some overhanging rock, or found a spot of shade, and, forgetting every presence but Nature, had gazed over the vine-clad slopes, dotted with peasant homes, following the Rhine in its winding course till lost behind the hills, and she herself was lost in reverie.

Oh, blissful hour of peace!

The sunbeams lay brightly upon the landscape about her, the drowsy hum of bees and the tinkling of bells greeted her from the mountain side; she heard the song of the goat-herd reverberating and re-echoing from hillside to hillside, and felt the saucy winds upon her cheek and in her hair.

Then the vision of fair Hildegunde rose before her, — she dreamed that she was Hildegunde, and wandering up and down the mountain side, had thrown herself upon the soft grass to rest, and wait the coming of Roland. How warmly would she welcome her true knight! — for he was noble, and brave, and gentle! How devotedly he loved her! and how dearly she would love him — if —

"So you are here, Mam'selle Grace, and alone! Where is the professor?"

She started at the familiar voice, not Roland's, but the voice of one as brave, as noble, and as gentle. She was no longer Hildegunde, but only Grace Thorne, and Doctor Mayne was standing beside her.

"The professor?" she responded, confusedly. "He was here a few moments ago; I think he has joined your sister, and the gentlemen, further down the path."

"And you were waiting for *me?*" he ventured, with less caution than was his wont.

"Yes, — no! I only stopped a moment to enjoy the scenery; I am ready to go on now," she answered, indifferently.

"And I was all ready to throw myself upon the grass, and enjoy the scenery with you before you arose, for at this point it is truly grand."

There was a tone of disappointment in the doctor's voice. Grace paused a moment, looking off upon the clear, sparkling river, but did not reply.

"Perhaps it is best to proceed," he continued, seeing that it was her wish to join the party. "I certainly should not detain you when there is so much of interest elsewhere."

She stepped into the narrow path before him, hesitated once more, and then, speaking more naturally, said, —

"As you prefer, doctor. Amid such scenes it is easy to be happy anywhere, and I have enjoyed every moment of the day thus far. How dreadful it must be to go around continually, with one's eyes glued to a guide-book! It is like being at the opera, and seeing only the libretto."

The doctor made a pleasant reply, and intimating his preference, and at the same time his desire to please her, started to follow in the footsteps of their friends, who were now, possibly, an eighth of a mile in advance of them in the direction of the hotel.

"What should set you to thinking of guide-books?" he went on, pleasantly.

"The simple fact of having all my questions answered without even possessing such a *vade mecum*," she replied, in the same vein. "What a fortunate thing it is to have friends!"

"I think so, surely," the doctor affirmed with considerable warmth, — "congenial ones."

"Yes, the professor has been very kind to me to day," she pursued, reflectively; "what a good soul he is! — and I couldn't endure him when we first became acquainted."

"That is because you did not know him; *friends* are not made in a day, though acquaintances are, and true friendship will always bear the tests of time. How glad I am that he has been so kind to you!"

"Why are you?"

She had asked the question carelessly,

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meaning nothing, but the doctor turned quickly to catch her expression, as though he thought she was speaking ironically. Grace read the doubt in his face, and to correct whatever wrong impression might have been made, she added, "Pardon me! what an exceedingly *malapropos* reply to your remark! I was thinking of the scenery."

Then they walked in silence for the next hundred yards.

Entomologically speaking, the professor's weakness was *carabidæ*, and upon such occasions as the present he no more thought of being without his bottle of dilute alcohol than his spectacles. The professor had been making himself particularly agreeable to Ruth Mayne after leaving Grace, but coming suddenly upon a "locality" where an uncommon species of beetle was unusually abundant, he resigned her to her companions, *sans ceremonie*, and gave all his attention to the search for specimens. Loitering but a few moments, Hoyt suggested to Ruth that they walk on slowly and allow George and the professor to overtake them. As it resulted, Grace and the doctor overtook the professor just as the naturalist was replacing the stopper in the bottle of specimens, and preparing to join Ruth again.

"So you have repented running away, and concluded to wait for us," Grace began as the professor advanced with a pleasant greeting.

The old scientist was quite delighted with his specimens, the particular species being somewhat rare, — so rare indeed that his private collection boasted but a single individual, and imperfect at that, — and the fact of suddenly possessing half a dozen was sufficient cause for an unwonted display of enthusiasm on his part. He showed them to Grace with commendable pride, and she, in turn, entering into the spirit of his enthusiasm, as she walked beside him, asked more questions in the five minutes following than he could have answered in an hour. For the time being she appeared so deeply interested in entomology, and withal so happy, the doctor in a few moments joined her brother, who was a yard or two in advance, and for the remainder of their walk to the hotel he discussed pottery.

It had been the doctor's plan, upon arrival, for the party to remain until the next day and take the boat for Coblenz, leaving about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. They found the hotel crowded, but early in the day Doctor Mayne learned that a suite of three apartments had been reserved for an English touring party, who were to arrive on the following morning, and he secured them without delay.

After supper Grace complained of a headache, and, excusing herself, retired to her room. Ruth was sympathetic, if not sisterly, and accompanying her, for an hour or more stroked her friend's temples, while they conversed together in low tones, until at length Grace fell asleep. Ruth waited to assure herself that her companion was asleep, and then softly leaving the room, went out upon the piazza.

Finding a vacant chair, remote from other tourists, she seated herself to enjoy the evening breeze, fragrant with the perfume of a hundred Rhine-side vineyards, and to indulge in a little quiet reverie. Gazing out upon the shadowy landscape lying in the moonlight, below her, she recalled again the pleasant experiences of the day, of yesterday, of other days, until her thoughts, sweeping backward upon the wings of memory, suddenly brought her face to face with Wellford Manning.

She still wondered why no word had ever come from him, for he had stated so positively his intention to write the doctor immediately upon his return home. She recalled all that Hoyt had said concerning him, still doubting that she could be so mistaken in his character, — for she thought herself a good reader of character, — and it was not pleasant to feel that her judgment, for once, had been so sadly at fault. Could Mr. Hoyt be mistaken? Was it all true?

She heard a pleasant salutation, and, suddenly looking up, beheld George Thorne standing by her side. His first inquiry was concerning his sister, but learning that she was sleeping quietly, he drew up a chair and entered into conversation. By a strange coincidence he began talking of Wellford almost immediately, though Ruth could not remember that the Englishman's name had been before mentioned by any of the party since leaving Paris.

Possibly George had been struck with the marked attention Hoyt had been paying to Miss Mayne in the last few days, and desired to learn how far his kindly feelings were reciprocated. Perhaps he was piqued that the man so monopolized her society, to the exclusion of himself, and, on the principle that comparisons are odious, had sought to recall to her one whom he felt was a nobler type of manhood; perhaps

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— well, perhaps he was in love with her himself.

In the course of the conversation he alluded pleasantly to the strange manner of his first meeting with the Englishman, and thoughtlessly began relating the incident of the old mill, as given in an earlier chapter. Then suddenly recollecting to whom he was telling the incident, he hesitated, and, to cover his embarrassment, rambled from his subject.

Ruth now recalled the story of the picture purchased in Rome, and the romantic adventures of its purchaser in a dozen cities *en route* to Paris, as related to her by Mr. Hoyt. Surely this affair at the mill was one of them, and she insisted upon hearing the remainder of the recital. George felt he had put both feet into it at once, and in his embarrassment considered not only the propriety of telling the whole story, but of giving the girl a hint at the same time regarding the identity of the picture. Why not? It might awaken kindlier sentiments toward Manning, and result in producing a reaction of feeling against Hoyt. Then, thinking of himself, and the possibilities contingent upon a future acquaintance, he wisely decided not to stand in his own sunshine by any such foolish proceeding. However, as Ruth was determined to hear the story, George related everything down to the minutest detail, though he was careful to leave the identity of the picture still shrouded in mystery.

"So it is true, after all," she mused, in the momentary silence which followed the recital, and, wishing to know no more, turned the subject by asking for her brother and the other gentlemen.

Conversation was continued quite agreeably for some time, but at length Hoyt was seen coming up the steps, and in another moment he joined them upon the piazza. He showed slight interest in the conversation, however, and when, a little later, George excused himself and walked away, the gentleman proposed a moonlight stroll. Ruth accepted the invitation, and drawing her shawl over her shoulders, took his arm, and together they passed down the roadway in the direction of the old castle ruin, soon vanishing from view.

Few had noticed them from the piazza, for there was nothing remarkable in the fact of two persons walking out together in the early evening; but, as they passed the corner of the building, a figure standing in shadow regarded them closely. The moonlight shone full into their faces, and the young man thought he recognized in each an expression he had never noticed before, and which filled him with bitter, revengeful thoughts.

It was George Thorne.

[To be continued.]

THE CANADA TOUR.

For the promotion of bicycling in its most legitimate field, viz., its use as a practical vehicle of transportation through the country where the roads are good, its health-giving elements as an exercise, and ability of the wheel, where the rider is skilled in its economical management, to carry him over greater distances, and more enjoyably than can be done with the horse, thereby affording a most delightful and profitable means of spending a short vacation and interchange of views, practically demonstrated on the road, with fellow-wheelmen, the Chicago Bicycle Club inaugurates this tour, and cordially invites the wheelmen of the country to participate therein.

June 30th, the start will be from the head-quarters of the club, 185 Michigan avenue, promptly at 4.45 P.M., wheeling to the depot of the Michigan Central Railroad, where special sleeping and baggage car facilities will be in waiting. Train leaves at 5.15, arriving at Detroit 4 A.M. All baggage to be carried *en route* should be as limited as possible, and should be placed in the machine-room of the club-house, from whence it will be taken by express wagon to the depot. On arrival at Detroit it will be similarly conveyed to the hotel. It was expected to commence the tour at Ann Arbor, but owing to the fact that the length of the route through Canada has been increased, in order to cover some notable spots and roads, it was thought best to omit the Ann Arbor trip. At Detroit the Michigan wheelmen will centre, Chief Consul Standish advising us that the Michigan Exchange Hotel will be the rendezvous, where ample facilities for storing bicycles will be found. By courtesy of the Detroit wheelmen, at

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2 o'clock Sunday afternoon a steamboat excursion on the Detroit river will be held, the objective place being Grosse Point, where a "frog" supper will be served, and the return made for early bedtime Sunday evening. As the bicycles will be left at the hotel, it will be well for wheelmen to see that everything is in readiness for the next morning's start, all baggage being attached to machines. It is the intention to have a light covered wagon in attendance during the entire length of the tour, and therefore when starting out in the morning all baggage and other effects that the tourists desire to take with them will be promptly transferred from machines to the wagon.

Arrangements.—To perfect all arrangements regarding the tour, Chief Consul Standish, on behalf of Michigan wheelmen, and B. B. Ayers, for the Chicago Club, visited St. Thomas and London May 12th and 13th, and met by appointment the leading wheelmen of Canada. About sixty-five miles of roading in that vicinity were wheeled over, and after a consultation with wheelmen who had been over every inch of the route, and knew every detail of the Canadian roads, a route was selected, daily mileage allotted, and hotel accommodations agreed upon, that will take the tourists through all the principal places of interest in Ontario, over hard, smooth, and perfect roads, the daily allotments of mileage being those that have already been exceeded with comfort and ease by ordinary wheelmen, with fine hills easily climbed, except in a few instances, splendid coasting down the other side, a grand rolling country with varied scenery of hill, valley, woods, and streams, landing the tourists each evening at comfortable houses, with bills of fare equal to the emergency of the most voracious and particular appetite.

Expenses.—Before the start is made Monday morning it will be expected every tourist will deposit with the treasurer, who will be elected, a sum at the rate of $1.25 per day while in Canada, the expenses in Detroit, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo being in an entirely separate account, to be settled individually. The committee are assured by the Canada wheelmen, who have been over the same ground many times, that the expenses will not exceed $1.00 per day in Canada, in which case a refund will be made. This arrangement of appointing one man to settle the hotel bills on the tour will ensure the least inconvenience to the tourists, and favor the most liberal rates. This $1.25 per day will cover the hotel bills simply, and other than this tourists will settle for individually. Should it happen that any wheelman may desire to withdraw from the tour at any time, refund *pro rata* will be made by the treasurer, and, upon application to the undersigned, a reduced-rate ticket to all points reached by the Michigan Central Railroad will be issued. Wheelmen from points in Michigan are advised to take the Michigan Central Railroad to Detroit where possible, as we have an arrangement with that road whereby reduction in regular rates is obtained and wheels checked. The "ambulance," which will follow the entire length of the tour, will be for the accommodation of wheelmen who may feel indisposed, or whose machines may possibly break down. The expense of this wagon will be borne *pro rata* by the entire company, and will, therefore, be light. The excursion to Toronto, across Lake Ontario and return, will cost extra seventy-five cents per man for the round trip, to be paid on the boat.

Contingencies.—As this tour is more in the light of an experiment, emergencies will, of course, arise not calculated for in the programme, and which it is not possible to foresee. Rain may delay progress, accidents and hitches of all sorts may occur, and riders may not be able to accomplish the distances scheduled, on account of illness, extreme heat, or heavy head-winds. The latter contingencies are provided for in the ambulance, but the former will have to be disposed of according to the judgment of the tourists in general council. The route of the tour lies along the railway the entire distance, and should there be unusual storms, or delay, the cars can be resorted to. In cases of break down to machines, repairs such as a blacksmith can accomplish can be readily made at frequent intervals *en route*, and delicate repairs can be accomplished at London, Hamilton, and Toronto. A set of tools for repairing machines will be included in the outfit of the "ambulance," and, so far as the standard machines are concerned, duplicate small parts liable to breakage, such as handle-bars, pedals, rear axles, spokes, springs, together with cement, will be carried, that no trifling break in a machine may mar the pleasure of the entire tour.

Baggage.—On this point the judgment and experience of wheelmen will be

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brought in play. It is generally conceded by old tourists that light flannels are the proper thing, whatever the outer garments may be, on account of perspiration. A clean uniform will be wanted every evening, hence the advisability of wearing separate garments on wheel, which can be dried out that night and will be ready for service the next day, thus lasting from two to three days. The popular opinion among the tourists of the Chicago Club is to wear the club uniform evenings, when in town, and carry along two suits of stockinet knee-pants and a couple of blue or other colored shirts or blouses for active use, with several changes of under-clothing. It will be remembered these latter garments are cheaper in Canada than in the United States, and can be readily purchased at any of the numerous towns to be visited. It may also be well to have a suit of regular clothes at Niagara Falls or Buffalo, to wear on the return trip. In addition to the clothing will be the barest necessities in the way of toilet articles.

THE TOUR.

Monday, July 2d. Leave the Michigan Exchange Hotel, Detroit, promptly at 9.00 A.M., wheeling through the city to the upper ferry; thence across river to Walkerville and road to Essex Centre, nineteen miles; thence to Kingsville, and following the shore of Lake Erie, through Ruthven, Leamington, Mersea, Romney, Dealtown, Buckhorn to Blenheim, sixty-five miles from Detroit. Here the Canada delegation will join the party, with Mr. Perry Doolittle, of Aylmer, who will convoy the tourists through the province. Mr. Doolittle has been over the entire length of the route, and is familiar with every detail.

Tuesday, July 3d. From Blenheim to Wallacetown, forty miles.

Wednesday noon, July 4th. St. Thomas, twenty-five miles.

From Kingsville to St. Thomas the trip is made over the Talbot road, the oldest and finest track in Canada. It is of hard, smooth gravel, free from ruts, and is perfect wheeling for the tricycle. It runs along the bank of Lake Erie, sixty feet above the water, alternately winding through heavy woods and open fields, through which cool glimpses of the lake are obtained. Sixty miles in one day was easily performed over this road right after a rain-storm, when it was quite muddy. Ninety-eight miles in one day has been made over a road exactly similar by Mr. Doolittle.

St. Thomas is a picturesque city, situated in a deep green valley, spanned by three magnificent railroad bridges. Population, about ten thousand. This vicinity is the seat of bicycling in Ontario, the roads being very fine, as indeed they are throughout the whole province. The St. Thomas Club number about forty members, arrayed in dark blue uniforms, and all mounted on large full-nickelled imported machines of the highest grade. Captain Hepinstell keeps them in excellent drill-practice, and they make a splendid showing on the road. The surrounding villages contain many bicyclers in addition to the unattached St. Thomas wheelmen. Aylmer, twelve miles distant, has a club of about thirty, mounted in splendid style, and wearing dark green uniforms. Mr. Perry Doolittle is captain. The two places, although quite distant, are virtually very near, on account of the excellent roads, it being but a small matter to step over to St. Thomas from Aylmer over the boulevard-like pathway. Dinner will be taken in St. Thomas at the Hutchinson House, a most excellent hotel, unpretentious outside, but full of good things, and well kept within. From thence the route winds out of the magnificent St. Thomas valley over the gradually ascending high hills, past elegant farm-houses and estates, church-yards and schools, until abruptly reaching the summit of an easily climbed grade, London, with its towers, steeples, and elegant buildings, appears to view down in the valley below. Then follows a long coast and a couple of miles more travel to the Grigg House, which excellent hostelry will do the hospitable in the way of supper and lodging for the night. This makes an excellent afternoon's spin of eighteen miles over a superb road, which the committee easily made, with two long stops, in two hours, without a necessary dismount.

London, the third city in the province, has a population of about twenty-five thousand, and is a very handsome city, wood-paved and macadam streets, two bicycle clubs, and attractive suburbs. The Forest City Club is composed of about fifty-five members, and occupies exclusively a three-story brick building, in the business district, for club-rooms. Bicycling is very popular here, the dealer in machines, Mr. Payne, carrying in stock from thirty to fifty machines, all of the "British Challenge" breed. The Londoners ride very skilfully,

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and are mounted quite closely on full-nickelled machines, which style of finish seems to be the predominating one in Canada. There are a great many elderly riders in this vicinity, who lend a dignity to the craft not to be found in many American cities. As London will be reached early in the afternoon, a fourth-of-July programme, *ad libitum*, will be arranged, and the famous London Opera House attended in the evening.

Thursday Morning, July 5th. And now comes the event of the tour, — the wheel to Goderich, over the most famous road in America. This road can only be compared to asphalt, and many splendid runs have the Canadians made over it. It is their favorite touring-ground, and is the course set for the run of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association July 2d, after which event many will join our tour at Blenheim and St. Thomas. The course laid out for the day is sixty-five miles, and passes through St. Johns, Lucan, Ireland, Adare, and Devon to Exeter, thirty miles (dinner), mostly along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway. From Exeter the trip continues along the railway to Brucefield, when the road diverges to the shore of Lake Huron, which is followed to Goderich. To describe Goderich properly we shall have to borrow "Huronian's" account in the *Bicycle*, the official organ of the C. W. A.: —

"'The wheelman's paradise,' — this is the title given to Goderich, and is indorsed by every one who has visited the place. The old Italian proverb, 'See Naples and die,' might be appropriately rendered, get a bicycle and see Goderich before you die. Acknowledged by summer visitors to be the prettiest town in Canada; its beautiful situation, together with its splendid gravel roads and charming glimpses of scenery, to say nothing of the proverbial beauty of its young ladies, all combine to render it a very paradise to bicyclists. Not only are all its streets gravelled, but also the approaches from the surrounding country. The run from London *via* Lucan, Exeter, Brucefield, and Bayfield, sixty-five miles, is one of the finest day's ride to be had in Canada; good gravel road all the way, and no hills worth mentioning. Should any ambitious 'cycler, however, wish for a choice selection of hills on which to test his climbing powers, he can come from Brucefield to Clinton, the distance that way being some four miles shorter; but it would be longer were the hills smoothed out. On arrival in Goderich the visitor finds himself on the 'square,' which will be more apt, however, to give him the impression of a circle, being octagon in shape, and having the eight principal streets radiating from it. In the centre stands the court-house, surrounded by a fine patch of green, with numerous shade-trees, giving it quite a park-like appearance. The distance round it is one-third of a mile, making a fine course. Leaving our head-quarters, the British Exchange, and taking a run down West street to the light-house, we find ourselves on the edge of the bank, some one hundred and forty feet above the lake, with a splendid view over the blue waters of Lake Huron, the harbor, and the Maitland river, which here flows into the lake. A run up town and down to the end of North street and around by the jail brings us to the river bank, where we get a grand view of the valley of the Maitland, with its heavily wooded banks, and the river winding its way through the flats far below till it reaches the lake. Continuing our way around we come to the railway station, and here note another fine reach of valley and river, over a mile in length, with the village of Maitlandville lying down in the hollow to our left. The river is here spanned by the new and handsome Maitland bridge, just opened for travel. Many elegant runs and drives stretch out from the town, notably to Point Farm, a summer resort, six miles north, where there is an elevation two hundred and fifty feet above the lake, from which a view unsurpassed in Canada is obtained. To the numerous summer resorts surrounding the town smooth macadam roads lead, and in point of scenery, good roads, and excellent accommodations, Goderich well deserves its reputation."

As one would naturally suppose, the bicycling element in Goderich is great, possessing such unsurpassed facilities for the enjoyment of the wheel, and, like all other Canadian wheelmen, they are excellently mounted, having nothing but the highest-class machines, with full nickel and extras. Here we shall spend Thursday evening, after a long but easy spin of sixty-five miles, — easy, unless there should be a hard head-wind, in which case extra "ambulances" will be secured, that no one may be left behind nor unduly strained should he feel indisposed to make the distance. Should the wind be abeam or at the back, the finest run in history could be recorded, and be immortalized in the wheel literature of this country.

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Friday, July 6th. From Goderich the tour will continue in a straight line south-east through Canada, forty-four miles being the day's allotment. Road very near as good as the Goderich boulevard, and accompanied by the ever-present side-path, trodden hard by the pedestrians journeying to and fro between the frequent villages, and by the school-children attending the numerous district schools *en route*. This region is the richest agricultural part of Canada, and evidences of the wealth and solidity of the population is evidenced in the fine farms and even elegant houses. The road follows closely along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway as far as Brantford. Dinner will be taken in Seaforth, a pretty rural village twenty miles from Goderich, and an excellent sample of the fare usually found in a solid Canadian inn, kept on old-fashioned English principles, will be experienced. A twenty-five mile spin in the afternoon through the picturesque villages of Carronbrooke and Mitchell brings the party to the commercial and railroad centre of the region, Stratford. Here we find the usual accompaniment of a well-ordered Canadian city, — the first-class bicycle club, which in this country flourishes with a vigor unknown to Americans of the West, where good roads, except in the cities, are unknown, and where bicycle clubs, except in the cities, are unheard of. The mileage for the day will be forty-five, which may seem long to the American used to considering the country roads of his own country as barely ridable; and it may be that some of the party will be unequal to the task after the sixty-five mile spin of the day before. But the consolation of the "ambulance" is ever ready, and the fine pastoral scenery can be taken in just as well from a carriage as on a bicycle! The "ambulance" is an ever-ready remedy for an emergency, and a consolation when sore-pressed, as has been found by many a tourist on the celebrated Milwaukee runs.

Saturday, July 7th. From Stratford down over the same road through Travistock, Chesterfield, Bright, Drumbo, and Richwood to the large and thriving city of Paris, and from thence to Brantford, along the bank of the Speed river. Here we find a most enterprising bicycling centre, and roads radiating out in every direction, such as an American would consider boulevards. Brantford contains a director of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and a live community of wheelmen. The day's journey has been reduced to thirty-five miles, which will, in all probability, be made by all the tourists, being on down grade and level stretches, with a few swells to coast and climb. This is the last of the long stretches between daylight and dark.

Sunday, July 8th. From Brantford, over a part plank and part gravel road, to Hamilton. This will be a short trip for the day, twenty-five miles, but may be considered by some as harder, on account of the nature of the road. This road is dependent upon the state of the weather for its utility as a bicycle-track, and, should it happen to rain hard within two days of the time we have to go over it, it might be difficult wheeling. Still it has its pleasant side, from the fact that it leads into Hamilton down the mountain, from which a grand view of the city and Lake Ontario is obtained, fully recompensing the wheelman for whatever difficulties may be encountered *en route*. We say difficulties, because up to the present time the tourist has been lead over smooth and delightful roads, which, as an American, he will be entirely unused to, and when he strikes the stretch from Brantford to Hamilton he will find a road almost as bad as an average good American road, and it will suffer by the comparison!

In Hamilton we find the second city in the province, with a population of about fifty thousand. In a bicycle point of view it is not so proportionately alive as London, but still sustains a large and thriving bicycle population. Its magnificent water-front and splendid facilities for aquatic pleasures perhaps divides the attention of those who in inland towns would take to the bicycle. This same reasoning may be pursued in all cities where excellent water facilities are at hand, which includes Detroit and Toronto, where the bicycle is a secondary consideration, and where its votaries divide their attention between rowing, sailing, and the bicycle last and least. This cannot be said of Chicago; though possessing all Lake Michigan, yet it is unapproachable, and too boisterous for ordinary every-day aquatic pleasures.

We have now brought our tourists to that point where it is simply guess-work to pursue the course further. After eight days of wheeling over a varied country, feasting upon the scenic beauties of a surpassingly fair land, and the larders of most excellent hotels and inns, it may be that the majority will wish to vary the tour with a trip across the lake to Toronto, and from Toronto to Niagara, and continue thence

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along the Niagara river to Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls to Buffalo. Again, should the majority wish it, the tour will be continued along the south shore of Lake Ontario to Niagara, and the evening boat taken from thence to Toronto, a three hours' trip either from Niagara or Hamilton. The portion of the tour from Hamilton to Niagara is the finest in point of scenery and roading to be experienced, and takes in many points of interest; and as it is a matter so evenly divided, and dependent upon the result of experiences gone through from Detroit to Hamilton, the question will remain open until Hamilton is reached, and, in the meantime, provision made so that either route can be taken if desired.

Monday, July 9th. From Hamilton by boat to Toronto, arriving there in time for dinner, giving an entire afternoon at the metropolis before leaving on the evening steamer for Niagara. Should the tour be made by land, the distance can be performed from Hamilton to Niagara by evening, along the south shore, and the evening boat taken for Toronto and the night spent in the metropolis, in which case the morning's boat would have to be taken for the return trip.

Tuesday, July 10th. Arrive at Niagara from Toronto and leave by wheel along bank of Niagara river for Suspension Bridge; dinner at Niagara Falls, American side. Wheel from thence to Buffalo, where the tour will end.

The return will be at option of the tourists. Special-rate tickets will be furnished by the undersigned over the Michigan Central R.R. at request. A special sleeper and baggage car from Buffalo to Detroit will be secured should the party wish to return in sufficient number by the same route to warrant this.

Wheelmen desiring to participate in the tour will please communicate their intention to either Mr. C. D. Standish, 34 Michigan Grand avenue, Detroit, or the undersigned, by the 20th of June, if possible, or earlier.

B. B. Ayers,
Chairman Tour Committee,
185 Michigan ave., Chicago.

SPEECHES MADE AT THE BANQUET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN, MONDAY, MAY 28, 1883, AT METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY.

THROUGH the courtesy of Col. Pope, who secured a stenographic report of the speeches at the banquet, we are enabled to publish them *in toto*.

Dr. N. M. BECKWITH. — Gentlemen, on behalf of the various committees, and the officers of the day, I take great pleasure in extending to our guests and to the members of the League of American Wheelmen a cordial welcome. I trust that this, the third annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen, has been as enjoyable to all as it has been to the committee and to the various officers.

There is another part of the programme which we now have arrived at, and which I trust will be as interesting as the previous part which we have gone through.

The faithful carrying out of the last part of the programme I have placed in the hands of a gentleman who is one of the first bicyclers in this country; was for two years President of the first bicycle club in this country; was the organizer of the League of American Wheelmen; was the drafter of its constitution; is the recognized authority on bicycling and tricycling literature in this country; and for two years President of the board of Common Council in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, — Mr. Charles E. Pratt. (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. CHARLES E. PRATT. — Mr. President and gentlemen, as I have been entrusted with considerable business I will ask the gentlemen present to be seated, if they kindly will, at the tables, and clear back in the hall.

I think I can make myself heard four hundred feet away, and I don't propose to call upon any speaker to-night who can't be heard under the farthest chandelier.

Now, if you will just take seats, I will promise you some interesting speaking, and some music besides.

This is a large hall. To the best of my information and belief, about three or four hours ago there were something over eight hundred and seventy-five enormous appetites and prodigious thirsts — especially thirsts — up in the

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neighborhood of Central Park; but I trust they have been so far satisfied by this time that we may be ready to indulge other tastes.

The gentlemen will kindly remember that this is a large hall, and that it is trying even to the best of voices to make themselves perfectly heard all through it.

I shall not take up much of your time or pain your ears with many words of my own; but we have many good speakers with us to-night, — in fact we have almost a room full of men who can make excellent speeches, — and the puzzle to me, and the invidious part of it, is to select out of so many good speakers the few that we have time to hear.

I congratulate you, Mr. Commander, and Mr. President, upon the remarkable successes of the day. The clear and beautiful skies, the fine air, the most alluring landscapes, and the fine roads over which our pathway was led this afternoon, have fairly converted us to the praises of New York and the praises of New York bicycle clubs. (Applause.) And we have found ourselves to-day enjoying for the fourth time our annual meet, and four times as much as we ever enjoyed an annual meet and parade before; and I am sure that the whole company will render, at the proper time, its thanks to the board of officers and the committees of the day.

But first I take occasion to ask your attention to the loyal and patriotic toast —

To America, — Our country, 'tis of thee — and the neighbors,

— for you recollect that the League of American Wheelmen is not simply a United States organization. It is mapped out, and finds its membership in the whole continent of North America; and some of you will remember the badge of beautiful design and exquisite material and workmanship, and which bore a profile of the continent, and was afterwards christened as "the league ham." (Laughter.)

I have here a letter of regret from the President of the United States: —

The President directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., extending to him the invitation of the League of American Wheelmen to be present at their annual dinner in New York, on the 28th of May, and to express his regrets that engagements already made, covering the date named, will prevent its acceptance.

Expressing his thanks for the courtesy of the invitation, I am, Very truly yours,

FRED J. PHILLIPS,
Private Secretary.

(Applause.)

Gentlemen, I ask you to drink the health of our northern neighbors, the Dominion of Canada; and I will call upon the Seventh Regiment Band, which has furnished us such exquisite music this evening, to play, while you drink its health, and while you are all rising, "God Save the Queen."

Gentlemen, all up! (Applause.)

(The band striking up the air, the company joined in singing.)

Gentlemen, for the next formal toast, I propose —

The League of American Wheelmen: Like Tennyson's "Brook," it will go, —

"For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

A few men may go, but many men will come: and with all the differences of opinion, and with the clashing propositions for policy or for league affairs, there may come some little jars; but the League of American Wheelmen, so firmly planted, will, we trust, go on through the years, waxing stronger and stronger for every one that passes.

I had hoped to have the pleasure of calling upon our ex-Vice-President Parsons to respond to this toast, but he has been compelled to leave before we reached it.

I have the pleasure of calling upon the first Commander of the League, — upon the gentleman who was, three years ago, at the head of our first meet in Newport, the captain and president of the old New York Club, — the club that promoted the first national meet of wheelmen, the meet out of which has grown this Annual League Meet which we have had to-day, and to the efforts, untiring and ingenuous, of Commander C. K. Munroe, we were very much indebted. (Applause.) He has returned to the wheel after some long absence on his canoe; but I am sure you will be glad to hear him. (Applause.)

Mr. C. K. MUNROE. — Mr. President and gentlemen, I assure you that this is totally unexpected. I thought I was going to respond to something else.

I feel very proud to be called upon to respond to the toast of the L.A.W.

When, some three years ago, in Newport, a few of us — some one hundred and fifty of us — formed the league, we did not know whether we could hope that we could see seven or eight hundred four years afterward assembled or not, but we thought we would try it. And it seems that, judged from the present assembly, and from this great day, that the League has been a success. And,

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although Mr. Pratt kindly said that I was one of the originators, I know that you all remember that he was the prime originator.

While the New York Club called a meet at Newport to see what might be done, Mr. Pratt came to the front and said, "We must form a national organization, and we must make it the organization of America, — not only of the United States, but Canada, Mexico, Trinidad, — I believe we have a member there (laughter); and he was the real front of the League, and I hope we shall hear more of a speech from him than we have heard so far. Mr. Pratt smiles; he sees I am embarrassed; I don't blame him. (Laughter.) I had another toast well planned up for, but this one takes me all entirely by surprise. Some one suggests that I take a header and "bob up serenely." I hope I may.

But, gentlemen, in regard to the League. I hope we shall all be loyal to it. I notice the absence of one or two clubs here to-night, — and I am very sorry to see it, — through some private dissension, club dissension, which ought not to be admitted in a League club. Anything that pertains merely to the club ought to be kept out of the League. I am very sorry that any club having a private row cannot bury it in its own clubhouse, and turn out in the League in full force. (Applause.)

There are various branches of the League. There is the Massachusetts division, the Northwestern division, the Ohio division, and I don't know but there are some more. All these are very well as long as they serve the interests of the League; but all interests of all Wheelmen in the United States should be subservient to the interests of the League. It protects us, guides us, and helps us in every way. Without unity you cannot have strength, and in union there is strength that nothing can overcome, — such a union as the union of this League of American Wheelmen; and I hope, gentlemen, that clubs will combine to support the League, and not support private interests. (Applause.)

I am very much obliged for your kind welcome. (Applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, you see I don't call on the last first, and the first last, all the time, and you won't be able to calculate on anything I will do this evening. (Laughter.) I have some surprises in store, and I don't ever like to have all the plums in one place in my pudding, and I don't think you do.

I have noticed there were some, from necessity or otherwise, who had to leave; but the men who leave before twelve or one o'clock to-night will miss something that they will wish they had not. (Laughter.)

Now, when we are speaking of the League, we all want to hear from our popular and accomplished president, who has piloted us, as the head of the organization, through the most successful year of its existence, President Miller. (Applause.)

Mr. MILLER. — Gentlemen, now, my friend, Mr. Pratt, made a remark a short time ago that I think will let me clean out. He said he wasn't going to call on any speaker who couldn't be heard beyond that last chandelier, and I know there are lots of men who can't hear me that far off.

Still, at the same time, I would like to say a few words; and as there are so many other speakers who can give you a better speech than I can, I don't think I will occupy more than a few minutes of your time.

In the first place, I have heard the question asked by outsiders, and by quite a number of League men, "Of what use is the League? What good does it do?"

Now, I would like to ask the question if there is any League man here to-night who will ask of what use the League is, — I don't think there is any necessity of asking that question after our parade to-day, and this gathering to-night, — what his dollar goes in for? If you haven't had a dollar's worth of fun, so far as your subscription to the League is concerned, then I am a mighty poor guesser. (Laughter and applause.)

I can say this one thing for the League. The League has been of this use to the Ohio members, at any rate. You may not all know of it, but we had in Ohio what was called the "Green bill," which was brought up in the Ohio Legislature about four or five months ago. This bill would practically have killed bicycling in the State of Ohio. In that State there are some two hundred and sixteen members. We are the third State now coming along to the front, and if we don't catch right on to Massachusetts very soon I am very much mistaken. The sum and substance of the Green bill was, in a few words, that every bicycler on meeting a team within twenty feet should dismount. They tacked it on as a kind of a tail to a traction-engine bill. It was not brought in as a single bill, as a bicycling bill, but they tacked it on to a bill prohibiting traction-engines — strung it on as a kind of tail end. A few of us happened to hear of it, and we went over and interviewed the Legislature, and hobnobbed with the committee on highways, and gave them a few cigars. (Laugh-

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ter.) We didn't buy them by any means — we weren't rich enough for that. We were but a sort of private party. I don't think there was a half a-dozen members outside of the city knew of it at all; but, at any rate, we went over and blocked that bill. And to block it, the League decisions — a copy of the League decisions was mailed to every member of the Ohio Legislature — and I think that those League decisions had more to do with influencing that committee and that Legislature to withdraw the bill, and had more to do with killing that bill, than any other one thing. A great many of the members emphatically told me it would never go through the House if it got out of the committee — which it never did. And those decisions were gotten up by the League of American Wheelmen for the use of wheelmen.

That was another of the uses of the League of American Wheelmen, and it wasn't a very small one either. And, as the League goes on, you will find that it will be a great deal of use to you. And a great many other points of similar nature will come up, and, even aside from them, you have this social intercourse, and if your dollar a year dues is not worth that much friendship and sociability — well, then I haven't got much to say for the enthusiasm of the League of American Wheelmen, as wheelmen and as bicyclers.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I will say that my connection with the officers of the League during the past year, both with officers and members, has been of the most pleasant and satisfactory nature that I could really wish. I have every hope for the League for the coming year under our new president and management, and I think the League will go fully as well as it has done before, if not better. My own efforts I don't take much credit for. I have done as well as I could, — no man can do more, — and if I have failed in anything, or have made a wrong decision, I assure you it has been of the head and not of the heart. I presume I have made some mistakes; but we all err, — to err is human, — and I know as I am a human being I can't help making some errors, but I hope I haven't made many, and if I haven't I consider myself extremely successful.

As there are so many other speakers who can give you a great deal better speech than I can, and a good deal better material worth listening to, I shall resign now in favor of some one who has got a longer head on than I have for making a speech.

Mr. PRATT. — Mr. Miller has given us a speech in the true Ohio vernacular, and has kept well within the five minutes; and I will throw it out incidentally that I have a stop-watch here in front of me, and I propose to shut off every speaker after five minutes, except our guests.

I have the pleasure of proposing now the toast: —

The Empire State and City of New York. All roads lead to Rome; all ways lead up to New York, and all smart, good Americans go to New York. (Laughter and applause.) And when they come there they get what they want, especially if they come on wheels. [Laughter.]

I shall give you the pleasure of calling upon the Hon. Smith Ely, Jr., ex-Mayor of New York City. (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. ELY. — Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I had not the remotest idea when I came here that I should be called upon to respond to the toast complimentary to the City of New York. I supposed that my good friend, the present Mayor of New York, — Mr. Edson, — would have been here. In his absence I can only say that, as an old New Yorker, I heartily welcome these smart and good men from other places to which your chairman has alluded, on their visit to our city, and I hope to have the very great pleasure in future years, and on similar occasions, of extending to them a cordial welcome.

I am very glad that the League of bicyclers is so very prosperous and flourishing. They have attained so large a development, and command so large a share of public attention and respect, I can only say now that, having made so good a start, I hope you will go ahead. (Applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, excuse me if I seem to interrupt your applause, which is so well deserved. I have regrets from His Honor Mayor Edson, of New York City, and also from His Honor Mayor Low, of Brooklyn (Applause), which I will not take up your time in reading at this moment, because I propose to skip another toast, and in order to get to one now —

I am just informed that one of the Park Commissioners has left the hall, and I know you would be very sorry indeed if the other one should get away without my turning the thumbscrew on him a little (Applause), and so I propose, —

The Parks: our promised land.

(Loud laughter.)

Who are our Joshuas?

A VOICE. — What was that? (Laughter.)

We have heard of some of them. We found Joshuas in Philadelphia, who led us into the promised land there. And I notice, by credible reports, that now forty per cent. of all the car-

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riages that entered the park during the last month were bicycles. (Laughter and applause.)

We held our first meet in Newport, and we got a special permission to ride there in the city of Newport; and from that time until this bicyclers have been allowed to ride freely wherever other gentlemen could take their carriages. We held a meet in Boston, and the only reason we didn't sweep away restrictions there was that the restrictions had been swept away before. (Applause.)

We held another meet in Chicago, and, by special permission, could ride in the dominion of the South Park Commissioners; and from that time to this Chicago has been as free to riders of bicycles and tricycles as it has to riders of any other make of carriage. (Applause.)

I am not a prophet. I stop with history. We have held this meet in New York. (Loud laughter and great applause.)

I ask Gen. Viele, of the Park Commissioners, to give us the pleasure of hearing a few words from him. (Prolonged applause. Three cheers and a tiger. S-s-s! Boom! Ah-h! ! !)

Gen. VIELE. — Gentlemen of the United States (Applause), I recognize by the banners that I see around this room that you represent this republic in its metropolis to-night. (Applause.) I recognize the fact that this metropolis belongs to the republic. (Applause.) There have been occasions when the citizens of the republic have gathered in the metropolis from time to time for various purposes — none more holy than when they came together at the call of the President, to rescue the Union from dissevernent. At that time the banners of Ohio, of Massachusetts, of Connecticut, and of all the States, were waving in our streets for the success of the cause, and we demonstrated the fact that we were one, forever united. (Applause.) This metropolis belongs to you. (Applause.) Smaller villages and smaller towns may have local proprietorship, but this is *yours*. From you the life-blood of our commerce comes, and to you we extend always the hand of a brotherly welcome. And if, to-day, you wanted for your enjoyment, for your pleasure, and for your brilliant gathering and display, every inch of our parks, you should have had it. (Prolonged applause and three cheers.)

We have grown great; we have grown wealthy; we are prosperous by your tribute; and I shall always recognize the fact.

I believe that I voice the sentiment of this metropolis when I speak these words; and I know you will always be welcome as you have been to-day.

As a citizen of New York I feel a pride and a deep gratification in the display that you have made of your manhood, of your energy, and of your *esprit de corps*. (Great applause.) I recognize in the representation which your States have sent here to-day — I recognize the manhood of America. (Applause.)

These are no idle words spoken for your gratification, or to elicit your applause. They are my earnest convictions; for, if there ever was a manly exercise, a manly enjoyment, it is that which you represent as riders on the steel horse. (Applause.)

I believe that the present organization, large and noble as it is, is but the nucleus of one whose numbers will be astonishing within the next decade. No one who has witnessed the poetry of motion as shown by you will fail to recognize this fact; and I stand here to say, which may be, perhaps, gratifying or not, that of twenty-five young ladies who from my terrace witnessed your performance, every one of them said they would have none but a wheelman for a husband. (Three cheers and laughter.) They all insisted upon coming here to-night; but I told them the tickets were all taken. (Applause and laughter.)

It has been a matter of serious discussion among a great many well-meaning people whether or not the use of a vehicle with a rider and without a horse was a dangerous element of civilization. (Laughter.)

You must remember that here in New York there is a great centre of speculation — there are bears and bulls. (Laughter.) There are "puts" and "calls," and there are also "straddles." (Laughter and applause.) They tell me that the straddle is the most successful thing in Wall street. I don't want you to stay and go down to Wall street for that reason. (Laughter.) For they say the lambs are always plucked when they go down there. (Laughter.)

You are welcome here to-night. You have elicited the unqualified admiration of all that have seen your display; and I am satisfied in my own mind that this has been a red-letter day for you and for us. (Prolonged applause.)

I have heard no reports of skittish horses, and I believe this has been the first day for more than thirty when there has been no accident in the Park (great laughter and applause), and for that reason we will have to ask you to come often; in fact, I want you all to come and buy a

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lot on Riverside avenue, and build there (Laughter), and I will see that all these twenty-five young ladies will be multiplied so that there will be four hundred and fifty, which is the number that are here to-night. (Laughter.)

I am exceedingly glad to meet you. I am exceedingly glad to have had this pleasure. I have looked forward to it. I have sincerely believed that your advent here in the metropolis would be the signal for a thorough acceptance of the bicycle as an ordinary vehicle of locomotion.

If, on any other occasion, an opportunity may be offered to me to meet you, or to aid you in your most noble exercise, I certainly am at your service. (Prolonged applause.)

A VOICE. — Who was General Viele?

CHORUS OF VOICES. — "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, if we had not known before, we have found out who Gen. Viele is.

We all regret very much that Mr. Commissioner Wales was obliged to leave the hall before we could have heard from him. As he has always been our friend on the Board of Park Commissioners, I am sure we should pay him the slight homage of thanks. We have thanks due to Mr. Oliphant, the Chairman of the Board, for favors, and I believe also to Mr. Crimmins, both of whom are ill and have sent their regrets at being unable to be present here. We have enjoyed a munificent pleasure this afternoon by the grace of the Board of Park Commissioners for Central Park, and I propose that we give three cheers for these Park Commissioners, to express our thanks. Please rise, and give three cheers for the Park Commissioners. (Cheers.)

Well, gentlemen, it is not best to take too much intoxication at once. I propose now a toast to our real host, —

The Committees and Officers of the Day.

If there are any next to the Park Commissioners who have made it possible for us to come here, and who deserve our thanks for this very elegant, well-managed, and successful entertainment in New York, it is the Committees of Preparation and the Officers of the Day, and I ask Mr. Fred G. Bourne, chairman of one of the committees, and who needs no introduction to you, to say a few words for these people. (Applause.)

Mr. FRED G. BOURNE. — Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I thank you very much on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements for these kind words. I will only say that I do not think that I am called upon to answer for the Committee on the Whole. I think they have — excluding myself — done most of the work. The meet here to-day has been a great success. The committee have done all in their power, but that power would have amounted to nothing if we had not had the kindness and courtesy of the Park Commissioners and Police Commissioners at our disposal. (Applause.)

The League of American Wheelmen and the bicyclers of New York have a very warm friend in the gentleman who has just addressed you. I am sure that if he had all to say in regard to the Park we would have it to-morrow. (Applause.) Gen. Viele is only one of four, and, of course, we are obliged to secure the others before we get the Park; but still we hope from the demonstration we have made to-day, and the large number of men represented in our parade, that the day will not be far distant when we will enter the Park and prove to the city of New York and the people, the horsemen, and all those who are opposed to us, that we are not as dangerous as they suppose.

I will end here by saying that I think that other gentlemen on the committee, who have done most of the work, should be called upon to respond to this toast. I thank the Chairman and the gentlemen present. (Applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, I am going to drive this team just as fast as I can; but, while we are speaking of parks, I cannot forbear to give you the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Kingman N. Putnam, our former Recording Secretary of the League, and a member of the old New York club, who has attended every meeting of the League, — and, by the way, I think this is the fourth annual meeting of the League (Applause), — who has attended every meeting of the League, and who has worn the same good old cadet-grey of the New York uniform. (Applause.) And the same suit at that. (Laughter.) Mr. Putnam can say something about the efforts of the various clubs in and about New York with the Park Commissioners before Gen. Viele was on the Board, and I ask Mr. Putnam to say a few words.

Mr. KINGMAN N. PUTNAM. — Mr. President and gentlemen of the League, our worthy toastmaster assured us that he had some surprises prepared for you this evening, and this is one of them.

We have in the New York Club a natural-born orator. Unfortunately he had a headache to-

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night, and about an hour ago I was invited to take his place to respond to the toast of the park of New York. Fortunately that toast requires very little effort on my part. You have been through the park to-day. What more can I say to add to its beauty? Our worthy toast-master says this is the fourth meet of the League. Four years ago we rode through and over the breezy drives of Newport. The following year we passed over the sand-papered roads of Massachusetts, with which you are nearly all well familiar. The year after that we went over the level drives of Chicago. But I ask you all — all who have gone with us through the last three years — have we had any meet, any parade, that compares with the present one, the one to-day, the one through the Central Park of New York? (Cries of "No!") I see you are pretty unanimous. I don't hear any yeas.

Gentlemen, New York has usually been considered a progressive city. We have the East River bridge. (Laughter.) Very few other cities in the United States can boast of an East River bridge. (Laughter.)

A VOICE. — Brooklyn. (Laughter.)

But, for all that, there has been, throughout the population of New York, an unreasonable prejudice against certain innovations. One of those innovations is the bicycle. That prejudice, I am very happy to see, is fast disappearing. We have taken a step to-day that will rapidly reduce it. We have shown that we can gather from all over the country — of the United States — seven or eight hundred wheelmen together, and show the New-Yorkers a parade which has not frightened a single horse, or has not done a single thing to substantiate this prejudice in the minds of the New-Yorkers against the "wheel."

And we will go on in this good work that we have begun. Commencing at Newport in 1880, with a parade of one hundred and fifty wheelmen, — commencing in the city where there had been stringent laws against any wheelmen being allowed in the streets; going on through Boston in the following year, where, as our worthy toast-master has said, they had no restrictions to remove, because there had been no restrictions against wheelmen; following that with our parade in Chicago the following year, in 1882, where there had been more or less restrictions against wheelmen, — all of these restrictions in Newport and in Chicago being removed by an almost unanimous vote of the aldermen and common council of the city after our parade, — we will show them that our parade in New York will bring about the same result, and that the League of American Wheelmen will be permitted to parade next year in New York, if so their officers will it, without asking that there be any restrictions removed, or that there be any extraordinary privileges granted to the wheelmen.

I thank you. As I said when I commenced, I am no orator at all. I don't know how to make a speech. And I can only assure you that if the orator of the New York Bicycle Club was present, you would have been very much more gratified, indeed. (Applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, we all know how much we have been aided, as well as hindered, sometimes by public opinion, and I find on my memorandum of regular toasts, the toast, —

To public opinion and the general press, and the public men who make and shape and express it,

and I am going to take the liberty to call on another guest of ours this evening to answer to the sentiment of public opinion, — the Hon. Isaac H. Bailey. (Applause.)

Hon. ISAAC H. BAILEY. — Mr. Chairman, I am so completely taken by surprise by all that I have seen this evening that I have been looking on with a great deal of amazement, and feel more embarrassed, and find more difficulty in expressing my sentiments, than I have ever done before on an occasion of this kind. You are full of enthusiasm, and see no difficulties in the way. But you must remember that a citizen of New York, to whom is revealed for the first time this new method of locomotion, is in a very different condition. I have been thinking over, as I have seen this body of athletic and able young men, powerful of sinew and strong of frame, what is going to become of the community if this sort of thing is allowed to go on? (Laughter.) What kind of protection is there going to be — for the medical profession? (Laughter.) What shall be done with all the curers of dyspepsia, whose nauseums, or whose remedies, are pillowed upon every place where there is a chance to stick a bill? What is to become of the memory of the amiable-looking Lydia Pinkham (Laughter and applause), whose countenance adorns all the natural scenery between Quebec and the valley of the Yosemite? (Laughter.) What is to become of Holman and his liver-pad? (Laughter.) Gentlemen, we must proceed by degrees in this matter. (Laughter.) Before the public health is fully established under these circumstances and by these methods, something must be done in the way of procuring land-warrants for the doctors, who have been graduated so many years from our medical colleges, and who will have

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very little to do if this thing is allowed to go on. (Applause and laughter.) Well, then, you must remember that there are certain difficulties of individuals, and I have been thinking to-night what kind of man it is that can enjoy these privileges. I felt, as I looked around and observed the physique of these men, that in all probability I should be excluded from the privileges of it. (Laughter. Cries of "No! No!") I felt a little reassured when I saw my friend, the Commissioner of Public Works, come into the room. (Laughter.) And I wondered to myself what sort of a bicycle he could have ridden on. (Laughter.) But I observe that he has left the room. Evidently he does not propose to become a member of the bicycle club. (Laughter.) And then I see, right in front of me, friend Smith, — and Heaven knows that he will have to take a step-ladder with him if he ever undertakes to get on a machine. There are certain physical difficulties about it. I must learn more before I subscribe very fully to the extraordinary and enthusiastic sentiments from Gen. Viele. But I wish to say to you, as a citizen of New York, that I am entirely free from prejudice. I am very much disposed to cultivate further acquaintance with you. (Cries of "Hear! Hear!") I should be very happy to attend your subsequent meetings. (Laughter.) Of course, the first thing that I shall do in the morning will be to order a bicycle. (Applause and laughter.) If I can ride on it successfully, gentlemen, I shall give my humble voice towards having Central Park open to you, and all carriages excluded, except when you choose to let them in. (Prolonged laughter and applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — The last eloquent speaker has reminded us of the presence of another guest — whose presence, by the way, I had not forgotten, though I did intend to save his speech a little longer before I called upon him. I refer to the Honorable Hubert O. Thompson, Commissioner of Public Works, who may respond either for "Public Opinion" or for "The City Government of New York." (Applause.)

I am informed that that bird has left the cage. (Laughter.)

Well, gentlemen, I propose —

The Law and the Gospel: Secured by one in our Rights of Way, by the other in our Ways of Right, we hope to go wherever we please at no distant day.

I have letters of regret here from His Honor Judge Lawrence, and one or two of the other judges who have been compelled, I suppose, by some imperfection in the pleadings of counsel, either accidental or otherwise, to decide technically against us, while I have no doubt their hearts were with us.

It is possible that Mr. Edmund Wetmore, of the New York bar, who has represented wheelmen in some recent suits brought to determine whether certain wheelmen should pay fines for riding in Central Park, may be able to explain to us something about them. Mr. Wetmore, gentlemen. (Applause.)

Mr. WETMORE. — Gentlemen, I feel somewhat embarrassed on addressing this assembly, when I remember that I can lay no claim to the honor of a wheelman, and have been hitherto compelled to act in the humbler capacity of your spokesman (Laughter); and, if I have not thus far met that success in securing the recognition of the legal status of the bicycle that I could wish, I have the consolation of remembering that, after all, it is primarily the part of a lawyer to get people out of tight places, and not to get them into them. (Laughter.)

I have thus far, it is true, been unsuccessful in procuring the liberation of those martyrs to your cause who have been so long imprisoned. (Laughter.) It is, perhaps, not known to all of you, that three of your members, — one of whom I see before me, — with a splendid disobedience of the law, chose to disregard that ordinance which forbids the entrance to the Central Park, — the only park to which this entrance is thus forbidden, I will not say of the United States, but I believe of the civilized world, to bicyclers, — to disregard that ordinance, defy the law, and, as a consequence, were arrested, fined $5 each, and sentenced to stand committed.

Gentlemen, that fine has never been paid. (Laughter.)

By the courtesy of my friends in the corporation counsel's office, and with the sanction of the court, instead of sending them to the Tombs, these gentlemen were confided to the custody of their counsel, and, therefore, they have ever since been, and still are, my prisoners. (Laughter.)

It affords me pleasure, in this assembly, to testify to the patience with which they have endured so long and rigorous a confinement. (Laughter.) I promptly borrowed the $5 from each of them, lest they might be tempted to forget their principles and pay their fines. (Laughter.)

I will say that when, by the rules of my establishment, they are permitted to go out at night, they have always returned, — at or about daybreak (Laughter), — and with so high a sense of honor that some of them have even come back

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in the custody of a policeman rather than break their parole. But I have never heard from them a murmur; and, indeed, some of them have expressed to me the determination that before they would give up the point they will consent that I shall board them and their families for the remainder of their natural lives. (Laughter.)

But, gentlemen, you may ask, and we may all ask, what can be the reason of this extraordinary prejudice in the city of New York, that should thus incarcerate these earlier martyrs to the cause? (Laughter.)

It was at first supposed that it was because the bicycles could not be classed among the pleasure vehicles to which the highways of Central Park are dedicated; but, upon my explaining to the court that at least a tricycle was a vehicle that only holds two, and required neither party to hold the reins, they were unanimously of the opinion that that fulfilled all the definitions of a pleasure-carriage.

Then it was supposed that bicycles frightened horses, and that, therefore, no new vehicle had a right to the road without the consent of the horses of the city of New York first had and obtained (Laughter); but it was found impossible to obtain any intelligent horse to testify to that fact (Laughter), and the only one that was brought upon the stand proved, upon inquiry into his ancestry, to be a mule. (Loud laughter.)

But, gentlemen, a little further inquiry brought out the true reason. The Park Commissioners are a very gallant body of men. You probably have observed it. (Laughter.) They said that the true reason was that they were afraid the bicycles would frighten the ladies who frequented the park. It was alleged that the bicycle perhaps alone was not so terrifying an object, but that they had observed that in operation the wheel was usually used in combination with a self-acting scientifically constructed and particularly good-looking fellow, and this, it was said, had a tendency to make the ladies shy. (Laughter.) The court, in an elaborate opinion, sustained that view, — wherein I think that they committed a grave error, and one I have thus far been unable entirely to obliterate, though I am happy to hear from the remarks of the Park Commissioner to-night that at least some progress has been made in that direction.

I have assured them that ladies would become accustomed to the bicycle as readily as horses, and even would not be alarmed at their riders — in the most lonesome parts of the park. They have assured me that, if that prejudice could once be removed, the only difficulty that lies in your way would vanish; and therefore it may be my duty as your counsel if I may assume that position to advise you to cultivate the ladies, — get accustomed to them. (Laughter.) There is an old proverb about first pitying, then enduring, and then embracing, which may possibly be applied in this case. And if once you can obtain the ladies upon your side, your right to enter into the park, or any other place, will be won. (Continued laughter.)

Gentlemen, I have only to say, in conclusion, that our case is still in appeal. It is said, I remember, that the Greek who presented an unsuccessful petition to Philip, of Macedon, said that he appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. It is somewhat obvious that, before the end of the evening, your committee of arrangements propose to take an appeal in our case with the conditions reversed. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — In olden times it used to be considered a very valuable right to have the benefit of clergy, and I suppose it is appropriate for us to claim that benefit, and for me to call upon one who is popularly known in New York, I believe, if I have caught the vernacular aright, as "Father Brown," of the Citizens' Bicycle Club, to respond to the remaining part of this toast. (Applause.)

The Rev. McKEE BROWN. — I am not prepared to say what the benefit of the clergy was, Mr. Chairman. It is something gone completely out of application, — I think out of the practice of the lawyers, and certainly out of the minds of the public. (Laughter.)

I can speak to-night only as a looker-on, because I had not the opportunity of joining the ranks of the riders to-day; but I will give you this benefit of the clergy, if it is any benefit to you, that, being a sober, austere, and sensible kind of man, as all in my profession are supposed to be, I approve entirely of your day's work, particularly of your afternoon's ride, and I hope it is only the beginning of many rides around New York and in Central Park.

I wish to express my sense of the honor of being permitted to join in any way that I have been able to join among such a body of athletic men.

I very often have been told that I belonged to the church-militant, because, in the course of my experience, I have taken men by the coat-collar, I have taken horses by the mane, and by the nose, and I am glad if this can be brought into the category of the church-militant, — that I can take a steel horse by the handles, and join you in rides in any part of this country. (Applause.)

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I wish there were more of the clergy here to-night. As a rule, while you may say they are very austere men, they are sometimes timid men. They are timid because they do not deal with such difficulties, perhaps, as hills, and coasts, and headers. They put a great many heads into their sermons, but they seldom put their own heads into the dust. Their heads are sometimes in the clouds, and now and then they come down to the mother earth. Of course that has been my experience since I have come among you, and I imagine I will have a great many more "headers" than I have suffered.

If I may say one word from a friend of all of us, William Shakespeare, who wrote of the bicycle, I would say "Good fortune, good night; give one more turn to the wheel." (Applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, there happens to be one other clergyman here to-night to represent that growing profession in our ranks, and I had intended to propose a toast to the aborigines, and the yet unregenerate, and to ask the Rev. Mr. George Pentecost to respond to that toast. I think, however, to satisfy the wish of Mr. Brown, who has just spoken, I will ask Mr. Pentecost to say a word for —

Those who do not yet ride, and for those who, having ridden, do not join the League.

He himself is so recent a rider that he may have some fresh apprehensions of the condition of mind and the condition of body of the yet unregenerate. (Applause.)

Rev. Mr. PENTECOST. — Mr. Chairman and fellow-wheelmen (Applause), that is to say, if I am entitled to address you as such, and if the fact of having mounted my wheel at Sixtieth street, and ridden the whole parade, mounted all the hills without a dismount, except perhaps one at the end to get a drink of water, will entitle me to be called a wheelman, I am glad to address you as "my fellow-wheelmen." (Applause.)

I am an unattached wheelman, — that is, I am unattached to any club or to the League; but if the fact that I am here at nearly twelve o'clock at night, for the first time within twenty years in my professional life, is proof of my attachment to the wheel, then I would insist that I am an *attached* wheelman. (Applause and laughter.)

The five-minute rule which your chairman has mentioned —

Mr. PRATT. — It is waived in this case.

Mr. PENTECOST — is rather a discommoding rule to me. It is always difficult for me to speak in five minutes, and it would be particularly difficult for me to speak at this time and on this subject in five minutes. In the first place, I represent one of the heavy weights (Laughter), and "large bodies move slowly." (Laughter.) One of the first orators of the evening expressed some doubt as to whether he might mount a wheel. I would suggest to him, for his encouragement, if the fact that a two hundred and thirty pounder at forty-two years of age could get on top of a wheel and ride all through Central Park, through the rugged streets of Brooklyn to Coney Island in the face of a strong wind, and back again whenever he pleases, he may be encouraged to attempt the not difficult task, but the delightful opportunity of getting upon a Columbia Expert bicycle, and enjoying himself as he never did before. (Applause.)

When I was a boy, being afflicted with a great deal of adipose matter, as I am still as a man, I always had to take a long run before I could make a jump, and in my public life I have had to do much the same thing; and in making speeches it takes a good long run before I get to my speech. (Laughter.) And I find in mounting a bicycle I am similarly afflicted. (Laughter.) I manage to get on, but I am not quite so airy in my movements as some of my smaller friends, who take a single step and are on top. I have to take a great many before I get on; but then I *get on*. (Laughter.) And I flatter myself that I usually stay on until I deliberately purpose to get off. (Laughter.) It is true I have had to preach one sermon with a black eye. (Laughter.) But it was received in a good cause, and I wasn't ashamed to go into the pulpit. Of course I had to go into the pulpit another time with a crutch. (Laughter.) But still I mounted the pulpit stairs with a crutch; and the only other occasion that I had difficulty was when I was not able to make a gesture on account of a sprained wrist. (Laughter.) But these calamities, so far as I know, are happily passed, so far as the usual accidents of a novice are concerned.

But, leaving any matter of mere pleasantry, I am glad to be here to-night. No ordinary gathering of men of this kind would have induced me to leave Brooklyn and stay to this late hour, contrary to the habits of a man who has been engaged for as many years as I have in the studious and hard-working profession to which I belong. But I am here because I want to lift my voice in favor of the "wheel" as a thing of beauty, as an instrument of pleasure, and as one of the most practical of modern inventions, looking toward practical ends. (Applause.)

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Being a young convert I perhaps must moderate my enthusiasm, and I will endeavor to do it; but certainly no one can doubt that the modern bicycle, and especially such an one as I ride, — which my friend Col. Pope made for me specially, — is a thing of beauty. It belongs to this nineteenth century. It has all the lines, it has all the bearings, it has all the motions, it has all the airiness, it has all the aspiration of the nineteenth century in it. It belongs to the same category of modern things as the Brooklyn Bridge. (Applause.) I have been thinking that perhaps it may be an auxiliary of the Brooklyn bridge, and bring about a practical union between New York and Brooklyn.

A VOICE. — Good.

If you can get your Central Park, we hope to get our Prospect Park. Indeed, we have got the thin edge of a very thick wedge in Prospect Park already, and I have no doubt we shall have full liberty by and by.

No one who has ridden on a bicycle can doubt that it is an instrument of pleasure. Now, to professional men, an instrument of exercise, that can also be an instrument of intense, enthusiastic pleasure, is a *desideratum* to every man who has to deal with studies and books and with that kind of labor that exhausts the mind and wearies the body and depletes the nervous system.

I have tried rowing; I have tried base-ball; I have tried cricket; I have tried walking through the White Mountains; seven times over the Alps; in the Apennines; all through Germany, England, Ireland, and Scotland; I have done almost everything to meet the requirements of physical exercise with perfect success.

Dumb-bells are a nuisance, Indian clubs are a burden; walking when one is tired is not particularly a pleasure, because there is too much work in it in order to get enough of it to do you good; but from the time I was first able to put my legs across a bicycle and go round the room of the Columbia Bicycle School by myself I have never had but intense pleasure every time I have mounted that machine.

I keep it at the bottom of my study stairs; and every time I go into my study in the morning I see my wheel, and wish I was on it. And whenever I come down out of my study I see it again, and determine to be on it. (Laughter.) And very often take a ride upon it in the morning around the block. First of all to the turning up of the eyebrows of some of my more cautious parishioners, and as I often ride around the block where most of them live, they have become accustomed to me, and they usually come to the window to see how well I do it.

It is true when I ride up Bedford avenue the little boys call out, "Jumbo," and I found they took up the same chorus wherever I went through the park this afternoon; but that was rather a bit of flattery, because I esteemed it quite a feat — if I was anything like Jumbo — if I could ride on as airy a thing as that; and I was not surprised when another little boy this afternoon, in an entreating voice, asked me to get off and give the machine a rest. (Laughter.)

One of the maids, with a baby carriage, asked me if I didn't look 'cute' up there. (Laughter.) And I suppose I did, because she was smiling. (Laughter.)

But, gentlemen, I won't detain you with any number of points that I can suggest to prove my proposition that the bicycle is an instrument of pleasure.

I am sure that it is an instrument of profit in every direction — chiefly to me, and, therefore, I ride it. It is profitable to me from every point of view as a working-man. It gives me the requisite exercise, which I never have found before, — exercise coupled with a certain amount of intellectual quickness. Of course, at first, I could not look very far afield for pleasures; I had to pay very close attention to that machine. (Laughter.) I had to watch it. (Laughter.) And even now, though, for a novice, I think I do fairly well; but I am improving, having ridden off about fifteen pounds of flesh in the last three months.

But it is an instrument of profit in other directions. It is a great domestic harmonizer. My youngest one, seven years old, he is in favor of the bicycle, and he gave me no rest until I got him one, and he rides with me around the streets; my wife is in favor of it; my daughter is in favor of it; and, when I look a little weary and tired, they say, "Why don't you get on your bicycle and take a ride?" (Laughter.) So I have no trouble at home, — and that is one of the *desideratums* that every good man ought to compass, with reference to his amusement and his exercise.

Then, it is profitable in other directions. Do you know, I have been thinking that the bicycle is going to make a very profitable revolution in the matter of clothes.

I always hate to take off my bicycle pants (laughter), and strip my legs of these comfortable stockings. I wish every day of my life that I could wear these knee-breeches. They are the most comfortable clothes I ever had on, and I

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think they are the most sensible. And I look forward when business men who have adopted a sensible cutaway-coat, because it is out of their way, will adopt the more sensible trousers. It has been suggested, however, that the main reason why short clothes don't come again in fashion is because of the smallness of most men's legs (Laughter); but I think, if the men keep riding bicycles, they will get more legs by and by (Applause), and perhaps if the bicycle had been in vogue in David's time he would not have said that "the Lord taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man." But not to make the least parody upon the Scripture, I think the requisite amount of exercise which comes from riding a bicycle would bring an amount of physical development in the lower parts of our bodies which we very much stand in need of; and so I think the bicycle is going to be a reformer in the matter of clothes, and in a very proper direction.

Then, again, it is going to do a good work, by and by, in the matter of one of the things that we need to have attended to more than anything else in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and that is in the matter of streets. If bicycle-riding becomes universal in these cities, there will be such a public opinion created, and that by the best class of men, — and only the best class of men go into bicycles (Applause), and every bicycler ought to insist that every man who mounts a wheel should be a first-class man. If he is not when he commences to ride, he ought to be if he continues to ride, in every case. (Applause.)

But I was thinking that if this popular opinion increases we will have a company of three or four hundred of the best men in each of these cities that will begin to demand, not only that the smooth roads in Central Park be open to us, but that the cobble-stone roads be made practicable for us (Applause), and by and by we will be able to get a commissioner of public works or a commissioner of streets into a meeting like this, and we will keep him here (Laughter) until he hears a word or two.

It is said that there is no safety in a horse. A horse is a vain thing for safety. The bicycle is being brought constantly into competition with the horse. Now, I am quite sure there is no safety in a horse. I have been thrown out of a buggy two or three times. A bicycle never scared my horse. Once a baby-carriage did; but I have never heard any objections to baby-carriages riding in the park. (Laughter.) Once an umbrella did. I haven't heard that the Park Commissioners have excluded umbrellas. And once a piece of paper flew up in the street, and my horse got frightened, and I was thrown from the carriage, and I quit riding in buggies, — because a horse is a vain thing for safety. But I never knew my bicycle to scare at a horse. It did scare at a furniture-wagon the other day, and I had to get off. (Laughter.) But the same furniture-wagon scared three or four other horses on the road, and I think that it is the furniture-wagon that ought to be excluded by the common law from these delightful drives and roads over which we propel our wheels.

When I look into Tompkins Park, or into Prospect Park, I see any number of baby-carriages propelled by human power, and I say to myself: "Well, I was a baby once myself, so I won't say anything about the babies. I am willing they should go." When I see a boy driving one of these young bone-shakers through the park, on their wheels over all the roads, every place, I never can see why such a graceful instrument and machine as the bicycle should not go there also.

I will not detain you by speaking of these things. I simply wish to give my voice — if it is worth anything — heartily and cordially in favor of the bicycle. If I could not get another one I would not give mine for its weight in solid silver, — I wouldn't give it for its weight in gold. Six months ago, and for fifteen years, up to six months ago, I lost from three to six and eight days every month on my back, with incurable, stubborn, sick headache. Since I have been riding the bicycle I have lost only two days from that cause, which has been a malady for nearly fifteen years, — indeed from my childhood; so I say that right there I have proved, as a professional man, that a stubborn difficulty, induced by sedentary habits, which Holman's pads, — I have tried any number of them (Laughter),—where all sorts of medicines have failed — and I have taken a great deal of medicine — I haven't spent a dollar for a doctor since I have had a bicycle. That is hard on the doctors, but it is a good argument for the bicycle; and so I came here to-night simply as a matter of pleasure, though I have had exceeding pleasure in riding with the gentlemen of the wheel through the park to-day, and I have had exceeding pleasure in sitting with them at the table.

I am here because I thought it my duty to be here and lift up my voice in favor of the quickening, acceptable, beautiful, profitable sport and instrument of exercise of the nineteenth century.

I will say just one other word, and then will dismiss your patience. I think that the wheel, as an instrument of exercise and pleasure, has in itself a certain elevating tendency. Of course

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you have to elevate a little to get on it (Laughter); but that is not exactly what I mean. A man of bad habits can't ride a bicycle. A man, in order to be an enthusiastic rider of the bicycle, must, to a certain extent, observe every proper physical, and every ordinary moral law that belongs to manhood, or he will soon come to grief. A drunken man can't ride a bicycle. A man who looks in that direction can't do it, because it takes nerve, and it takes steady nerve, to ride a bicycle, and a man must be in a certain physical condition—a certain condition of moral and physical *status*—before he can be a successful lover of the machine. So I say that it has an elevating tendency in that direction; and, as I have looked over the company of men whom I have seen riding the bicycle, and compared them with many other sports, my candid opinion is that there is a large balance in favor, on general principles — and I speak not in disparagement of a hundred other athletic sports; but there is a large balance in favor of this pleasure, and of this profitable exercise, therefore this kind of sport brings us into connection and into fellowship with the best class of sporting-men. I use that term in its legitimate, and not in its worse sense.

Why, look what kind of men we have here in the Citizens' Club! It is elevating to stand up by the new President. (Applause.) I am sure he is high, and his wheel is high, and I think the only other high thing in connection with bicycling is the church that belongs to the President of the Citizens' Club. I am told that is very high. (Laughter and applause.)

But in every direction things are looking up (Laughter), and, therefore, I claim the privilege of fellowship with you, and bid you good speed in the good sport upon the good wheel. (Prolonged applause.)

[The next issue of THE WHEELMAN will contain the remainder of the speeches delivered at the banquet.]

EDITORIAL.

Advantages of Joining the League.

ONE who is at all familiar with the work of the League during the past year, especially if he was fortunate enough to attend the last meet in New York, must believe that the League is an aggressive, active, and efficient organization. We will not endeavor to prove this statement, but will simply refer to the printed articles that have appeared in the several bicycling papers, showing what the League has done. A very casual review of the work of the League since its organization, May 30, 1880, will show that it has been aggressively active in regard to all the interests of the wheel. It will also appear, we believe, to our casual reviewer, that the League has not only been aggressively active, but that it has been positively and very markedly successful in developing and promoting all the interests of bicycling and tricyling. In short, we say the League has been intensely active; its activity has resulted in success; its success has been in the interest of the wheel. We challenge successful contradiction to these statements, and will assume that all admit their truthfulness.

This organization numbers a little over two thousand names, — that is, one bicycler in ten belongs to it. In view of this extraordinary fact, we will make two statements, and discuss the duties of bicyclers in relation to the facts involved in the statements. *First*. The League, other things being equal, is more effective the larger the membership. *Secondly*. A non-league bicycler reaps many of the benefits that the League confers on its members.

It must be evident to all that the fact that the League is composed of a considerable body of men, scattered over the entire country, is a most powerful element in its influence. In securing the legal rights of the wheel, in collecting and disseminating information about roads, etc., in performing the varied and extensive labors in which it has been engaged, the number of its active membership bears, necessarily, almost a direct ratio to its efficacy. Therefore, every bicycler who has the least public-spiritedness about him must feel it his duty to join the League. It *is* his duty, whether he feels it or not. Every additional name adds to the power of the League, and thus to the amount of good secured to each individual member.

But, further, every wheelman necessarily reaps some of the benefits of the League. If a board of aldermen decide to prohibit bicycling in some little city, the power of the League is invoked, and the undesirable law is not passed; but the bicycler who doesn't care for the League, and can't see the worth of his dollar, is just as much benefited as the active and hard-working consul. If a man believes that the League is doing good, and does not join, he is simply sponging his way

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along. Not only does he lessen the power of the League by not increasing its membership, but he actually takes, cringingly, benefits from the League which he either tacitly or openly seeks to injure. For a man may hurt the League either negatively, by not lending his influence to its support, or positively, by throwing his influence against it. There are such people in the world. We have met them as boys. When a foot-ball was wanted they were willing to kick the ball, but not to subscribe their dollar. Now they are willing to kick the League, but have no dollar.

Besides, a man should have enough patriotic pride to lend his name to increase the membership of the L.A.W., so that it will not be second in size to the C.T.C., of England. If one-half of the bicyclers in the country would join the League we would have a larger and certainly a more powerful national organization than the 'Cylists' Touring Club. Why should we take a back seat to England? Why not make the League of American Wheelmen the largest body of amateurs in the world? Again, every man worthy of a wheel must take pride in belonging to an organization that contains the best of bicycling, — if not all the best, it, at least, contains none of what is inferior. Who would forego the pleasures and benefits to be secured from attending the national meet, and banquet, and convention? There are formed friendships that are lasting and pleasurable. Do you find it necessary to take a journey for business or pleasure? In almost every city are men who will devote themselves and their time to make it agreeable for you. Does not Cleveland have a new significance now that we have met the genial Fred. T. Sholes? From a purely selfish stand-point it pays to belong to the League. To sum up, a wheelman who does not belong to the League secures some benefits without paying for them, and loses the higher benefits at the same time. He begs for skim-milk when he can afford to buy rich cream. The latest triumph of the League in securing an organ of its own at less than the cost of mailing a circular every week, thus enabling it to furnish a good weekly bicycling newspaper to its members for 50 cents a year, ought to convince every sceptic, and secure the name of every wheelman in the country.

The verses entitled "Velocipede," on page 256 of our present issue, are from the *Yale Literary Magazine* of April, 1869, whose editor (K. K.) elsewhere says: "Two or three velocipedes are already owned in college, and doubtless the number will be greatly increased next term. They as yet have the right of way on the sidewalks, and if the city officials have any idea of restricting it, we are sure they will at once change their minds when the 'prayer' on page 295 of this magazine is brought to their notice. The verses, by the way, are the work of the 'private sweep' of our Class Poet, who concocted them by the aid of the latter's rhyming dictionany while he (the C. P.) was absorbed in calculating his 'Index' losses. 'The sweep' also gave us a list of words rhyming with velocipede, in addition to those employed by himself, and those we now publish for 'general accommodation': A-re-pre-se-ante-super-intercede, soli-palmi-multi-plumi-centipede, suc-pro-ex-ceed, feed, bleed, weed, deed, reed, breed, freed, weed, bead, lead, plead, mislead, mead, read, need. Though the value of the rhymes above indicated is almost incalculable, the price of the present *Lit.* will remain unchanged. The prices of the three New Haven rinks, which offer their peculiar inducements to riders of the bicycle, are also the same as last month, — a half-dollar an hour, whether the machine is used in the rink or on the street. We presume the janitor of the gym. might make a good thing by getting a few velocipedes and renting them at low rates to college men."

A STRANGE error crept into our last issue, by which Dr. J. Emmet O'Brien was not given the credit he should receive as the writer of the verses, "At the Banquet," the name being printed J. *Eunice* O'Brien.

WHEEL NEWS.

The First American Tour.

MY attention has been called to a passage in our friend Parsons' biographical sketch of the Massachusetts Club, in your June issue, reiterating an error which a contributor to the *Bicycling World*, before my connection with that paper, committed in a detailed account of the three days' run of Messrs Pope, Slocum, and Pratt to Portland, in August, 1879. The error consists in calling it the "first bicycle excursion made in America," or, as the *World* writer called it,

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the "First American Bicycle Tour." In fact, the *first* American bicycle excursion or tour, of which any record has been published, was made in July of that year, by the writer and Mr. Darius Hadley, of Everett, and covered three weeks of travel among the White and Franconia mountains, Mr. Hadley on a Gooch machine and I on an Excelsior of the old pattern. An account of this was given in Volume I. of the *World*, page 274, together with the announcement of a similar excursion to be made the next month (July, 1880), up through the Dixville Notch and down the Connecticut, which tour was also duly and successfully accomplished.

W. E. GILMAN.

Chelsea, Mass., June 5, 1883.

WE give a list of railroads that have issued circulars of instruction to baggage-masters and station-agents to pass bicycles free in baggage-cars, when accompanied by owner, and upon presentation of first-class ticket: —

Baltimore & Ohio.
Grand Trunk.
Chicago & Grand Trunk.
Wabash, St. Louis, & Pacific.
Illinois Central.
Chicago, Alton, & St. Louis.
Wheeling & Lake Erie.
Cleveland & Marietta.
Ohio Central.
New York, Chicago, & St. Louis.
Lake Erie & Western.
Cleveland, Lorain, & Wheeling.
Flint & Pere Marquette.
Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy.
Chicago & Iowa.
Kansas City, St. Joseph, & Council Bluffs.
Cleveland, Tuscarawas Valley, & Wheeling.
Vandalia Line.
Grand Rapids & Indiana.
Indiana, Bloomington, & Western.
Valley.
Cleveland, Akron, & Canton.
Pennsylvania Company.
Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, & St. Louis. (C., St. L., & P.)
Michigan Central.
Canada Southern.
Ohio & Mississippi.
Cleveland, Columbus, Cincin., & Indianapolis.
Indianapolis & St. Louis.
Cincinnati, Hamilton, & Dayton.
Chicago & West Michigan.
Louisville, New Albany, & Chicago.
Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul.
Chicago & Eastern Illinois.
Toledo, Ann Arbor, & Grand Trunk.
Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, & Chicago.
Maine Central.
Portland & Ogdensburg.
Detroit, Lansing, & Northern.
Port Huron & Northwestern.
Buffalo, New York, & Philadelphia.
Lehigh Valley.

THE Pennsylvania R.R. charges 25 cents for 50 miles, or less than ½c. per mile for over 50. The president of the Delaware, Lackawanna, & Western has withdrawn the circular instructing baggage-men to carry wheels free.

A CLUB was recently formed at Janesville, Wis.

PROF. WILLIAMS, of Brown University, is touring in England with a friend. He rides an American machine, which, he writes, is greatly admired by the wheelmen they have met.

THE Champion City Club, of Springfield, O., publishes a very neat and handy "log-book" for wheelmen. It is the size of an ordinary pocket note-book. The pages are ruled to form columns, headed, "Date," "From," "To," "Direction," "Roads," "Wind," "Direction of Wind," "Time and Distance." The price is twenty-five cents, and the book can be obtained from R. A. Worthington, Secretary of the Club.

AN attempt is being made to arrange an all-day tricycle run, starting from Boston.

THE Lexington (Ky.) Bicycle Club is building a cinder-track, one-quarter mile, at Woodland Park, near that city. An amphitheatre is to be erected.

THE ordinance passed recently at the Westboro' (Mass.) town-meeting, allowing no one but policemen to use the duplex whistle, has been revoked.

CHIEF CONSUL HILL, of Massachusetts, sent out a stirring appeal to representatives, consuls, and members, along with the call of the general meeting of the L.A.W. division of the State. This meeting occurred June 13th, too late for notice in the present issue. Many important matters were discussed, such as appointment of a railroad committee; an annual meet; an annual race meet; appointment of racing committee; establishment of State championship.

THE Rutland (Vt.) Bicycle Club enjoyed a run to Fair Haven, May 30th.

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RICHARD GARVEY, Captain of the Missouri Bicycle Club, St. Louis, spent a short time in Boston after the meet. Mr. Garvey has just perfected arrangements to devote all his energy to the bicycle business, giving up the various other enterprises in which he has been interested. The business has been removed to more spacious quarters on 12th street, near Olive. Mr. Garvey is the owner of the first bicycle ridden in this country, so far as we know, — the wheel exhibited at the centennial. This curiosity is exhibited at his store.

THE Ramblers have planned a two days' tour to Gloucester and return. This outline of the run is from the invitation card: —

The start will be made from the club rooms, Hotel Glendon, at 9 A.M. Sunday, June 17th, and pass through Cambridge, Medford, Malden, Saugus, Lynn, Swampscott, to Salem, where dinner will be taken at the well-known Essex House. After a brief tarry, wheels will be mounted, and the run will be continued through Beverly, Manchester, and Magnolia, to Gloucester, where the party will stop over night at the Atlantic Hotel. Rooms will be secured in advance.

Monday, at 9 A.M., the return journey will be commenced, and will pass through the same places to Salem, where dinner will be served; thence to Marblehead, Swampscott, Lynn, etc., to Boston.

BICYCLING in Berkshire Co., Mass., is flourishing; over fifty wheels now in use, and the roads are, most of them, in good condition, having been thoroughly worked, and getting hard from the frequent rains. The Club took a picnic ride to Pontoosoc Lake, Thursday evening, May 31, taking boats to the opposite shore, where a tempting spread was partaken of, and an hour was spent in athletic sports, returning at dusk. Fourteen wheels were in line. The Berkshire Co. Wheelmen have their head-quarters at 7 North St., Pittsfield, Mass., where visiting wheelmen are always welcome. The following routes are sent us by the Secretary: —

There are two routes to Williamstown from here. One, by Lanesboro' to New Ashford, to So. Williamstown, and west twenty miles, loamy soil, and some hills, but can nearly all be ridden easily. The second, to Glenn House, to Berkshire (some sand), then to Cheshire, Maple Grove, So. Adams, No. Adams, and to Williamstown, 24 miles. The latter ride takes one to the east of Old Graylock Mountain; and the former, to the west. By going one way and returning the other one gets a fine view of the Berkshire hills, lakes, etc.

THE Marblehead Bicycle Club has recently elected the following officers for the ensuing year: —

President, George Chinn; Captain, J. Rob. Schoff; Sub-captain, John W. Richardson; Secretary, P. Howard Shirley; Treasurer, William G. Pray; Color-bearer, Joseph P. Bessom.

The club is in a flourishing condition, and has a membership of thirteen. It has pleasant head-quarters, well fitted up, and containing the current bicycling literature, where wheelmen are always welcome. The club's quarters are on Hathaway's Wharf, opposite the Eastern Yacht Club-house, across the harbor. The hall is spacious, and is furnished with a piano. The club receives its lady friends Tuesday evenings, when dancing and other polite amusements are indulged in. Wheelmen are cordially invited to be present on "Ladies' nights."

AT the annual meeting of the Mount Vernon Bicycle Club, held April 26th, the following officers were elected: President, Arnold E. Fauquier; Captain, Frank T. Davis; Secretary and Treasurer, Philip H. Lucas. The club has adopted a new uniform, of dark-blue, with the U.S. naval cap, and black low shoes.

THE Washington *Star*, of May 16, contained a pithy and convincing letter, signed "C.R.D.," upon the road-rights of wheelmen, which are sometimes not respected in that city. Several accidents have occurred on account of the recklessness of drivers.

THE Oshkosh (Wis.) Bicycle Club held a meet May 30 and 31. The first day they ran to Neenah and Appleton, took a yachting excursion on Lake Winnebago, attended a ball in the evening, returning home the next day.

THE Nashville (Tenn.) Bicycle Club has become the Nashville Wheelmen. The club now has eighteen active members. The club and individual members do a great deal of riding.

THE Morristown (N.J.) Club held a series of races in connection with the spring meeting of the Agricultural Society, June 8th and 9th.

WE have received the fixture cards, for June, of the Boston Ramblers and the Newton Bicycle Clubs.

SECRETARY ADAMS, of New York Club, and his wife may occasionally be seen out in their "Sociable."

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Harvard Bicycle Races.

WHAT was announced as the fourth annual meeting of the Harvard Bicycle Club was held at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., Wednesday afternoon, May 16th. The club mentioned had not held any races since the spring of 1881, and those held on Wednesday indicated that any attempt to revive them would hardly meet with success. The attendance was about 200, composed mostly of local bicyclists. Outside of the contestants, however, few Harvard bicyclists were seen, — a fact reflecting severely upon the members of the club giving the races. Seven individual entries was the number made by the Harvard men, the club numbering 100 men. Further comment is unnecessary. The management was poor throughout. A delay of half an hour occurred before the races began. There were no seats for spectators.

The first race was a mile-dash, open to college men only, for which A. Bigelow, Harvard, and Louis B. Hamilton, Yale, contended. Hamilton got the best of the start, and took the lead, Bigelow contenting himself with the rear place until the end of the third lap, when he went ahead and won as he pleased in 3m. 29⅘s. The track is a little less than four laps to the mile.

The second number on the programme was a five-mile race, open to all amateurs, and H. M. Sabin, Newton Bicycle Club; Albert Hosmer, of Boston; F. A. Bickford, Somerville Bicycle Club; Manton Maverick, and C. M. Hemenway, Harvard Bicycle Club, presented themselves. Hosmer took the lead at the start, and was allowed to make the pace. Bickford found out in the second lap of the second mile that he was not wanted, and disappeared. The order for the first mile was Hosmer, Maverick, Sabin, Hemenway, and Bickford. Maverick fell from his machine in the third lap of the third mile and did not remount. This compelled Hemenway to lose enough ground to throw him out of the race. He kept on, however, and won third prize. Sabin spurted by Hosmer in the next to the last lap, and won with ease, in 17m. 28⅗s. Young Hosmer is a brother of George Hosmer, the well-known Boston sculler.

George M. Hendee, Springfield Bicycle Club, Eliot Norton, Harvard Bicycle Club, and Albert Hosmer, Boston, were the starters in the open one-mile race. The other riders were no match for Hendee, who won in 3m. 11⅘s. Had he desired, he could have easily beaten 3m. Norton was second, and Hosmer third.

The uninteresting slow-race came next. G. N. Perkins, Harvard Bicycle Club, won, defeating H. E. Lombard, Cambridgeport, and C. L. Harrison, and R. S. Codman, Harvard Bicycle Club.

The half-mile race, open to college men only, brought two Harvard Bicycle Club men to the scratch, — J. E. Davis and A. Bigelow. Bigelow took the lead, and won easily in 1m. 35⅕s.

The last event was a three-mile race, open to college men only. The starters were Norton, Maverick, and Hemenway, of Harvard, and Hitchcock of Andover. Hemenway took the lead. Maverick dropped out in the second lap, on account of the dislocation of the seat of his machine. In the sixth lap there was a good struggle between Hemenway and Norton for first position, the former finally yielding. At the end of the second mile Hemenway went the way of the weary. Hitchcock thought it time to show his prowess in the next to the last lap, and made a successful spurt for the lead. He could not hold it, however, — hard riding, with superior endurance and strength, enabling Norton to pass him on the home stretch, and win by ten yards in 10m. 28s.

The prizes were gold and silver medals. The officers of the course were: Referee, James T. Underwood; Judges, R. B. Moffat, '83, and Adam D. Claflin, '86; Time-keeper, James G. Lathrop; Assistant time-keepers, George E. Lowell, 83, and Wendell Baker, 86; Starter, T. J. Coolidge, '84; Clerk of the Course, George B. Morrison, '83; Assistant, F. W. White, '85.

THE two-mile intercollegiate bicycle race, one of the intercollegiate games, was won by C. A. Reed, Columbia College, in 6m. 53½s. Through the awkwardness of one of the assistants several of the starters were thrown. Only two got off free, but these, Howard & Maxwell, were passed by Reed, and took the second and third places respectively.

MR. LEONARD, of the Oakland Bicycle Club, at a recent meet of the club, gave a very interesting exhibition in fancy-riding, including many difficult feats.

A RACE between a bicycle and a shell boat took place May 24th, from Birmingham to Milford Harbor, Conn., and was won by the bicycle. The distance is twelve miles by land, and fourteen by water.

H. B. HART, of Philadelphia, has published a "Wheelman's Song," words and music by John Ford. It is a genuine rollicking, bicycling song, the best, we think, ever written for wheelmen.

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WE clip from *The Wheel* a list of States, giving number of League members in each, and also number who voted in spring elections: —

Num. Rank.	States.	Number Members.	Votes Cast.
1	Massachusetts	413	277
2	New York	240	173
3	Ohio	204	122
4	Pennsylvania	165	74
5	Illinois	94	42
6	Connecticut	73	38
7	Wisconsin	56	14
8	New Hampshire	50	37
9	Missouri	49	27
10	Maryland	48	26
11	Quebec	43	13
12	New Jersey	41	28
13	Michigan	41	28
14	Kentucky	37	14
15	Rnode Island	26	1

IN nearly all the college field games there have been bicycle races. At Columbia a two-mile race was won by R. G. Rood, in 6.47½, breaking the college record, which was 6.51. At Princeton, J. Chester, '84, was first in a two-mile race, taking 8.14½ to it. At the University of Pennsylvania, J. P. Crosdale did even worse, winning in 8.59½.

AT the annual field-meeting of the Athletic ssociation of Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, May 12, Mr. S. W. Lee took the prize for fancy bicycle riding.

IN the fifty-mile race between William Ware on horses, and H. M. Woodside and J. W. Wilson on bicycles, on Tuesday evening, May 15, Woodside beat all American records, professional and amateur, from three to ten miles, besides cutting below the two-mile professional record. We give Woodside's time: —

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
1	3.12¼	6	19.02
2	6.20¼	7	22.15½
3	9.30	8	25.27½
4	12.40½	9	28.39¼
5	15.51¾	10	31.49¾

FROM *The Wheel* of May 11 we extract the following letter, which is self-explanatory: —

BOSTON, May 5, 1883.

My dear Mr. Jenkins, — As it isn't quite right to ride a "sociable" and let the other fellow do all the pedalling (which latter, by the way, you are quite capable of doing), I must now get off and retire. No more may you or others point to my name at the head of your columns as that of the "wicked partner," or to my so "many irons in the fire," as to journals, as evidence of right attention to none, for I positively retire from the staff of *The Wheel*. I am sincerely attached to you and your constantly improving paper and its ever increasing readers, and I shall gladly write for your columns sometimes, as I have opportunity, steering my manuscript as clear of the waste-basket as I can. Wishing I could have been of more assistance, hoping and believing that your excellent paper will continue to prosper and improve as it has during the past year, having more and more, as it deserves, of the support of wheelmen everywhere, and conducted on the same fair and impartial course of malice toward none, and the truth for all, according to the motto, *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*,

I am fraternally yours,

CHARLES E. PRATT.

THE St. Louis two days' tournament was a very successful affair. The 10-mile race was won by Clarence H. Jenkins, of Louisville, Ky., in 33 m. 59s. The mile race was run in heats, as follows: 1st heat, Percy Stone, time, 3m. 10¼s.; 2d heat, R. E. Perry, time, 3m. 14¾s.; 3d heat, R. E. Perry, time, 3m. 12s. The mile dash, on the second day, resulted in a first for Jenkins, in 3m. ¾s. The race between members of the Missouri Club for the Gavey medal, was won by Duryea. The Missouri Club team easily won the five-mile Inter.-Club contest with the Eurota team. Duryea also came in first in the three-mile handicap race between members of the Missouri Club.

AT last the famous Corey Hill, near Boston, has been climbed. This was accomplished by H. D. Corey, of the Massachusetts Club, May 4, in the presence of eight witnesses. The machine ridden was a 33-pound Ridge. Harry Pope, of the same club, has heretofore held the best Corey-Hill record, and, though never reaching the top, held and surpassed all competitors.

AN enthusiastic meeting of the wheelmen of Millbury, Mass., was held on the 24th of May, which resulted in the organization of a club with the following officers: —

President, William E. Gale; Captain, William H. Lester; Lieutenant, Arthur W. Rice; Bugler, William A. Parker; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles F. Holman.

THE *Courier* gives Mr. Fred Coleman, of the Citizens' Club, the credit of being the first man to cross the Brooklyn Bridge, who rode over the day after the opening. Several other wheelmen crossed the same day.

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Capt. Lester and Lieut. Rice recently made a fast run for time, from Worcester, Mass., to Brighton, Mass., and succeeded in covering the distance (about 41 miles) in three hours and twenty-five minutes, thus beating by two minutes the best previous record, made some weeks since by Thomas Midgeley, of the Worcester Club.

THE Charlestown Bicycle Club took a pleasant run to Lynn, Memorial Day, returning the same day. In the evening the club held a reception at their head-quarters, in Reed's building, Hancock square. Refreshments were served, and speeches were made by members of the club and the guests.

THE Kings County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, will hold a race-meeting on Saturday, June 23d, at the Williamsburgh Athletic Club grounds, in that city. There will be a two-mile handicap, and a slow race, open to all amateurs, besides the twenty-five mile club championship race.

A CORRESPONDENT in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, writes that the roads are so very poor that bicycles are rarely seen there. There are several in the town, and a number of tricycles, but none are used to any extent. The government are macadamizing the roads; but it will be three or four years before there will be long-enough stretches finished to make much riding. Our informant, Mr. Geo. P. Castle, uses his wheel constantly in going from his house to place of business, that bit of road being the best in the vicinity.

THIS clipping has been handed us: — "Mr. J. W. Eberman, of Sandy Lake, left Cleveland last Saturday on his bicycle, at 7 A.M., and reached Andover, Ohio, at 3 P.M., a distance of 95 miles, or an average of 12 miles per hour. Mr. Eberman claims that he can ride from his home, at Sandy Lake, to Cleveland, a distance of 145 miles, from sun up until sun down. We did not learn whether he stopped for dinner on Saturday or not, but presume it was a continuous ride."

A NEW bicycle club, to be known as the "Trojan Wheelmen," and including some of the first bicyclists in the city, was organized recently in Troy, N.Y., with twenty-one charter members. The following officers were elected: President, T. B. Way; Vice President, Harry Snyder; Secretary, W. J. Wyley; Treasurer, C. E. Wilson; Captain, J. R. Torrance; Lieutenant, Geo. Powers; Color-bearer, W. T. Lynd. The club contemplate a bicycle excursion some time during the summer.

THE Philadelphia Bicycle Club, which was organized in 1879, has thirty-eight members on its rolls. At the annual meeting of the club, held on Tuesday evening, officers were elected, as follows: —

President, H. C. Blair (reëlected); Secretary and Treasurer, H A. Blakiston (reëlected); Captain, H. R. Lewis (reëlected); Lieutenant, E. L. Miller; Club Committee, embracing the first three officers and Messrs. G. N. Osborne. C. Gedney King, and James H. Taylor.

ON May 8th a bicycle club was formed at Weymouth, Mass., with Mr. C. G. Sheppard as Captain and President, and B. W. Burrell as Secretary and Treasurer. The club is to be known as the Weymouth Bicycle Club.

THE Essex Co. Wheelmen held a most successful meet at Lynn (Mass.), May 30th. One hundred and fifty-two machines were in line.

AT the Lehigh University sports, Barry Searle won the two-mile bicycle race; time, 7.20¼.

A CLUB called the Rocky Mountain Wheelmen has been organized in Bozeman, Montana.

THE May issue of *The Western 'Cyclist* was 6,000 copies.

A NUMBER of Peoria (Ill.) wheelmen will join the Canada excusion party.

The L.A.W. Stencil Outfit.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. C. H. Lamson we have received a sample of the stencil outfit. It consists of two stencils, one the copy of the L.A.W. badge, which is the central part of all signs; the other an arrow-head, which, combined with the above, produces any of the signs adopted; also, a brush, bottle of turpentine, and a tube of black paint; the whole put up in a small, neat tin case, that can be put in the pocket, if necessary, or easily carried on a machine. Mr. Lamson worked hard to produce a useful and handy outfit, and has been eminently successful. We trust the consuls and others will put them to use at once.

A BICYCLE track is being constructed at Salt Lake City, twenty feet wide, seven laps to the mile. Some races recently took place upon it, but the track was too soft for fast-riding. Wm. Wood took the first prize, and Walter Jennings the second.

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The League Meet.

THE wheelmen of New York in general, and the committees in particular, deserve unbounded praise for the excellent manner in which the meet was managed. A good programme was made up and successfully carried out. In spite of the fact that they had prejudice and many local disadvantages to contend against, the largest and most successful meet the L.A.W. ever held was the result of their efforts.

All day Saturday, May 26, wheelmen were arriving, till, by Sunday morning, there were somewhere about five hundred in the city. The Grand Union Hotel, the head-quarters, was thronged with bicyclers, while there were many at other hotels farther down-town. Some brought their machines up to the Grand Union, where, in the halls, many wheels were standing. The Massachusetts Club, the Boston Ramblers, and others, had their machines conveyed at once in express-wagons to the two large storage tents on 59th street. Still others left their wheels at the barge, in Jersey City, where they were taken care of till Monday noon, when they were taken up-town and delivered over to their owners.

Sunday, a large number ran out to Yonkers; others took in the Bridge, the Park, and other sights of the city. The evening was spent enjoyably by most of the wheelmen in the "noisy hotel, amidst the conversation and discussion of assembled 'cyclers." It certainly *is* one of the most enjoyable features of the meet to make the acquaintance of wheelmen from all parts of the country.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

Through the kindness of Elliot Mason, his riding-hall was fitted up with chairs, and used as an assembly-room for officers and members.

The meeting of the Board of Officers was held Monday, and was called to order by President W. H. Miller, at 9.45 A.M. There were present: President W. H. Miller, Columbus, O.; Vice-President A. S. Parsons, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Corresponding Secretary Sholes, Cleveland, O.; Treasurer W. V. Gilman, Nashua, N.H. Chief Consuls: George Sanderson, Scranton, Pennsylvania; H. S. Livingston, Cincinnati, Ohio; E. K. Hill, Worcester, Massachusetts; N. M. Beckwith, New York; L. H. Johnson, Orange, New Jersey; A. A. Hathaway, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; C. H. Lamson, Portland, Maine. Representatives: Frank A. Elwell, Portland, Maine; Mr. Douglass, New Jersey; J. S. Webber, Gloucester, and F. P. Kendall, Worcester, Massachusetts; A. Meinecke, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

After appointing Fred T. Sholes temporary Recording Secretary, nominations were made for President. Mr. Miller was nominated, but declined; then A. S. Parsons, L. H. Johnson, and E. K. Hill, were nominated; but each withdrew his name. An informal ballot was then taken, giving W. H. Miller a large majority of votes. Mr. Miller still insisted that he could not serve. The final ballot showed that the officers were determined to keep President Miller. Upon his reiterating his positive declination, Mr. N. Malon Beckwith, Citizens' Club, New York, was nominated and elected. The other officers were chosen as follows: Vice-President, W. H. Miller, of Columbus, Ohio; Corresponding Secretary, Fred Jenkins, of the Citizens' Club, New York; Recording Secretary, A. S. Hibbard, of Milwaukee; Treasurer, W. V. Gilman, of Nashua, N.H.

The Board then adjourned to the general meeting.

This meeting was called to order by President Miller, who, after a few well-chosen remarks, called upon Mr. Dunlap and Mr. Livingston to conduct the new president to the chair. President Beckwith was received with cheers, to which he replied in a short speech. The report of the Corresponding Secretary was then read, showing that the League now had two thousand one hundred and thirty-one members; that there had been one thousand one hundred and thirty-five applications during the past year; it also contained the membership of the various States, which we give in another place. The report of the treasurer was also made, which we give in full:

TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT.

CASH. *Dr.*		
To balance received of Dr Wistar, June 1, 1882	$516 38	
dues of members, 1882-83	1,083 00	
admission fees, 1882-83	693 50	
badges	48 04	
		$2,340 92
CASH. *Cr.*		
By expenses of Corresponding Secretary	$265 40	
expenses of treasurer	145 01	
salary of treasurer	250 00	
salary of corresponding secretary	250 00	
rebate, Kingman N. Putnam	19 50	
expense of reporting three business meetings	96 00	
three thousand five hundred membership tickets	33 25	
expense fall race meeting, Beacon Park, Boston	29 05	
expense, miscellaneous account	25 50	
expense J. Fred Adams, Haverhill suit	50 00	
balance in treasury at close of business hours, May 21, 1883	1,177 21	
		$2,340 92

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Balance accounted for as follows: —		
Deposit with New Hampshire Banking Company	$500 00	
Deposit with Mechanics' Savings Bank,	500 00	
Deposit with Second National Bank	1,171 21	
In money drawer	6 00	
		$1,177 21
Add to the above accrued interest		19 76
Total cash in treasury, May 2, 1883		$1,196 97

All the above expenditures have been made either in accordance with a vote of the officers or with the approval of the finance committee.

Respectfully submitted,

W. V. GILMAN, *Treasurer.*

Mr. President, Officers and Members L.A.W.: —

During my term of office it has been my earnest endeavor to be able to present to you at this time a report of our financial standing at least as satisfactory as that exhibited at our Chicago meeting, and for a moment we will examine both reports that we may see how they will compare.

Our balance in the treasury, May 27, 1882	$516 38	
We now have		$1,196 97
Our receipts from membership dues, 1881–82	925 00	
This year we have received from this source		1,083 00
Admission fees, 1881–82	622 00	
During this year		693 50

The increase in this particular is most gratifying, and will surprise many when we take into consideration the heavy drawback we have labored under from the fact that entire club memberships have been admitted at half-rates.

On the other hand, the expenses of the office of corresponding secretary have been reduced more than	100 00
while those of the treasurer, never large, appear in smaller figures.	
A great saving this year is detected in the expense of our annual race meeting, the same having been reduced nearly	300 00
A slight improvement in interest account	19 76
Last year it furnished us	12 92

Great strides have been made in the right direction, viz., towards bringing the League into much closer relationship with each individual member, so that to-day each member has a voice in the management, and is to that extent personally responsible for its acts, and may therefore feel elated at its success.

We have never been so strong financially as to-day.

Our membership roll has never looked so well, for we now number two thousand one hundred paid-up, active members, — a number we have all the year desired.

Our influence was never more potent, our prospects never better, and that our incoming executive board may find all as they could wish, is the sincere desire of

Your most obedient servant,

W. V. GILMAN.

The Committee on Rules and Regulations then reported through Mr. W. H. Miller, the chairman. This report recommended the acceptance of a proposition made by Oliver & Jenkins, of *The Wheel*, offering *The Wheel* as an official gazette of the League, to be furnished to members at fifty cents a year, the subscription to come from the L.A.W. treasury. Mr. Wm. V. Gilman moved the acceptance of the report. After much discussion, and an attempt to lay the report upon the table, the question of its adoption was brought before the house. A motion to leave it to a committee of five, who should report the next day, was lost. The report was at last adopted, and *The Wheel* declared the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen. After passing votes of thanks to the retiring president, W. H. Miller; Fred T. Sholes, ex-corresponding secretary; W. V. Gilman, treasurer, and Mr. B. B. Ayres, chairman of the Railroad Committee, the meeting adjourned until 10 P.M. the next day, Tuesday, May 29.

THE PARADE.

By 3 o'clock, an hour later than the schedule time, the wheelmen had arranged themselves along the west side of 5th Avenue according to the programme. Soon Commander Beckwith and his staff rode along, reviewing the line, the captains of the clubs saluting him as he passed. A little later the bugle-call "Mount" rang out. This passed from club to club, till the long line was fairly started. Down 5th Avenue they rolled, turning at the circle and back up the avenue. As our reporter took part in the parade, we obtained no detailed report of the procession, but copy that of the *New York World*, which, with a few corrections and additions we have made, is, we think, the best yet published.

First came Dr. N. M. Beckwith, of the Citizens' Bicycle Club, and President of the L.A.W., in command. His staff was composed of Vice-President W. H. Miller, Treasurer W. V. Gilman, Mr. Sholes, Chief Consul Hill, of Massachusetts; Colonel Albert A. Pope and Charles E. Pratt, of Boston, and Chief Consul Frank W. Weston, of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, riding two abreast. Then followed the first division, composed of clubs whose membership are League men, under the command of Mr. Fred G. Bourne, with his aids, Geo. H. Day, Hartford, Connecticut; Arnold E. Fauquier, Mt. Vernon; W. R. Reynolds, New York; A. A. Hathaway, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It contained twenty-one clubs. These were: New York Bicycle Club, Captain Howard Conklin, with twenty-six men, two of whom were on a double and one on a single tricycle; gray uniform with "N.Y.B.C." in gold cord on collar, gray stocking and cap to match; red and

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black colors. Massachusetts Bicycle Club, of Boston, Captain A. D. Claflin, with thirty-two men; uniform, dark-blue and white cap. New Haven Bicycle Club, Captain J. Lewis, with twenty-four men; dark-blue uniform throughout. Philadelphia Bicycle Club, H. R. Lewis, with fourteen men; uniform of dark-blue. Essex Bicycle Club, of Newark, N.J., Captain Charles A. M. Knight and eleven men; dark-blue uniform. Germantown Bicycle Club, of Philadelphia, Captain John B. Thayer and nine men; uniform, seal-brown. Yonkers Bicycle Club, Captain M. C. Smith and nine men; brown uniform throughout. Connecticut Bicycle Club, of New Haven, Captain C. E. Chase and fourteen men; uniform of olive-green. Brooklyn Bicycle Club, Captain W. A. Carl and eleven men; colors, cherry and black. Cincinnati, Buckeye, and Cleveland Bicycle clubs combined, under command of Captain McCune, of the B.B.C., twenty-six men in all; colors, blue and yellow, cardinal and blue, and blue and black. Albany Bicycle Club, Captain A. H. Scattergood and twenty-two men; uniform, white corduroy. Milwaukee Bicycle Club, two men; uniform, dark gray. Ariel Bicycle Club, Chicago, Ill., two men; blue uniform. Pequonnock Bicycle Club, of Bridgeport, Conn., Captain C. C. Godfrey and twelve men; uniform, blue flannel, coat and cap with gold cord, gray corduroy trousers. Thorndike Bicycle Club, Beverly, Mass., Captain L. L. Dodge; uniform all green. Scranton (Pa.) Bicycle Club, Captain W. Speer and seven men; dark-blue uniform. Mount Vernon (N.Y.) Bicycle Club, Captain F. Davies and seven men; colors, orange and blue. Cortlandt Wheelmen, of Peekskill, N.Y., Captain Dudley C. Hasbrouck and seven men; uniform, blue-cloth coat and cap, blue stockings and gray trousers. Orange (N.J.) Wanderers, Captain L. H. Johnson, brown corduroy uniform and cap, with brown stockings.

SECOND DIVISION.

The second division, composed of clubs whose entire and part membership are League men, under command of Captain Will A. Pitman, included: Springfield Bicycle Club, of Massachusetts, Captain W. N. Winans and eleven men; colors, cardinal; uniform, black cloth coat and cap, with "S.B.C." in gold, black stockings. Rutland (Vt.) Bicycle Club, nine men; uniform, blue with silver buttons. Lancaster (Pa.) Bicycle Club, four men; uniform of gray. Hermes Bicycle Club, of Chicago; twenty men; brown uniform. Mountain Bicycle Club, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Captain H. D. Williams; gray uniform. Brunswick Bicycle Club, of New Brunswick, N.J., nine men; colors, black and gold. Marietta Bicycle Club, of Pennsylvania, Captain C. S. Spangler and eleven men; blue uniform; black and gold colors. Hudson County Wheelmen, of Hoboken, N.J., Captain H. W. Sagendorf and eleven men; uniform of seal-brown corduroy, with gold monogram "H.C.W." on cap. Boston Ramblers, of Massachusetts, Captain C. S. Howard and eight men; dark-green uniforms, with silver badge. East Bridgewater Bicycle Club, of Connecticut, Captain C. C. Wing and four men; blue flannel uniform and blue stockings, with silver monogram "E.B.W." on cap. Citizens' Bicycle Club, forty men; uniform, dark-blue corduroy, blue stockings and white helmets. Binghamton (N.Y.) Bicycle Club, seven men; black cloth uniforms, with silver buttons. Ixion Bicycle Club, Captain B. G. Sandford, with nine men; black and blue uniform. Alpha Bicycle Club, of Bethlehem, Pa., eight men; seal-brown uniform, with gold cord. Cheshire Bicycle Club, of Connecticut, Captain F. F. Georger and two men; uniforms, black Jerseys, stockings and cap with red band, gray trowsers. American Star Bicycle Club, of Philadelphia, Captain C. E. Updegraff and thirteen men; uniform of blue, star button, and "A.S.B.C." on cap. American Star Bicycle Club, of Smithville, N.J., Captain A. M. Hall and nine men; uniform, same as above. Meriden Bicycle Club, nine men; uniform of dark-green. Elmira Bicycle Club, Captain L. H. Brown and five men; uniform, cadet-gray, blue stockings, and gray helmets. Lennox Bicycle Club, of New York City, Captain E. Thompson and ten men; blue flannel coats and cadet-gray trowsers. Lehigh University Bicycle Club, of Pennsylvania, Captain J. L. Packard and seven men; cadet-gray uniforms with straw-colored helmets. Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, of Philadelphia, Captain C. A. Roberts and nineteen men; colors, blue and gold. Lowell Bicycle Club, of Massachusetts, four men; black and gray uniforms. Poughkeepsie Bicycle Club, Captain F. J. Swartz and thirteen men; gray flannel uniforms.

THIRD DIVISION.

Mr. George R. Bidwell, of the Kings County Wheelmen, commanded the third division, composed of non-League clubs. His orderly was F. H. Douglass, of Plainfield, and aids, H. G. Sackendorf, M. E. Graves, A. Meinicke, and H. Serrell. Eleven clubs were in line: —

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Capital Bicycle Club, of Washington, seventeen men; blue suits, white caps. Buffalo Bicycle Club, two men; uniform, black flannel. Providence Bicycle Club, seven men; black uniforms. Kings County Wheelmen, forty-two men; seal-brown corduroy. Rochester Bicycle Club, four men; dark-green uniforms. Pawtucket Bicycle Club, five men; dark-green uniforms. Troy Bicycle Club, thirteen men; black uniforms. Harlem Wheelmen, eighteen men; seal-brown uniforms. Newburg Bicycle Club, five men. Frankford Bicycle Club, of Pennsylvania, twenty-one men; dark-blue uniforms.

FOURTH DIVISION.

This division, composed of about one hundred and fifty unattached riders, was commanded by Sam T. Clark, of Baltimore.

The line was over three-quarters of an hour in passing the circle at the entrance of the park. It then made its way up the avenue to One Hundred and Sixteenth street, to Seventh avenue; then through Central Park by the West Drive to Fifty-ninth street; back to Seventy-second street, and thence to the River-side Drive, where the riders dismounted and the wheels were stacked.

After arranging themselves on the side of Mount Tom the wheelmen were photographed. The line then broke up, and the run back was very informal.

THE BANQUET.

About 7.30 in the evening the wheelmen and their guests took their seats in the beautiful dining-hall of the Metropolitan Hotel. The banquet was excellent and well served. It was a most enjoyable affair. Many prominent New-Yorkers were present. After the dinner a number of excellent speeches were made, a full report of which will be found in the body of the magazine.

BUSINESS MEETING OF TUESDAY.

At about 10.30 the next morning a small company assembled at the Riding School, according to adjournment motion of previous day; but as a quorum was not present, no business was done. Still, a vote of thanks to Mr. Mason for the use of the room was passed, with which was coupled an expression of sympathy for Mr. Mason in his illness. The plan of holding a special meeting, at which unfinished business should be taken up, was also discussed informally, and to most of those present the plan seemed feasible and necessary.

With this meeting virtually ended the most successful meet the League has had, though men in knee-breeches were quite numerous in New York for several days after.

NOTES.

Sunday *Mail and Express* contained an editorial advocating freedom of the Park to bicyclers.

The *Telegram* said Commander Beckwith's staff mounted "silver-plated wheels."

Mr. Dunlap, of the Citizens' Club, a man sixty years of age, rode in the parade.

Rev. George Pentecost, of Brooklyn, and Mr. George Davis, of Cincinnati, were the heavy men of the procession, each weighing over two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

S. Conant Foster, in the old Mercury costume, — purple Jersey, white knee-breeches, and purple stockings, — attracted attention.

Karl Kron, the great representative and exponent of the unattached, and his little forty-six-inch, were in the last division.

Ex-Secretary Sholes was called the handsomest man in the parade.

The Massachusetts Club were praised, in several of the papers, for their fine appearance and good riding.

The Capital Club also received great praise, being denominated "the best-drilled club in the country."

Elliott Mason, of the Citizens' Club, was unable to attend the meetings and parade on account of injuries received at the hands of some roughs, who, but a few days before, attempted to force their way into his sales-room and riding-school.

The "Official Programme," published by Oliver & Jenkins, and edited by Mr. Jenkins, was a happy thought. Being filled as it was with all necessary information about the meet, the city, etc., it lessened by far the trouble and inconvenience of the visitors. Every essential point was made plain.

In Central Park at Last.

ON the 8th of June a telegram was received in Boston from B. G. Sanford, secretary of N.Y. Division of the L.A.W., stating that the west drive of Central Park had been granted to bicyclers, "with certain restrictions and a special permit." This is but the beginning of the end. The influence of the meet is being felt already. This item was received just in time for this issue, and we could not learn the particulars before going to press.

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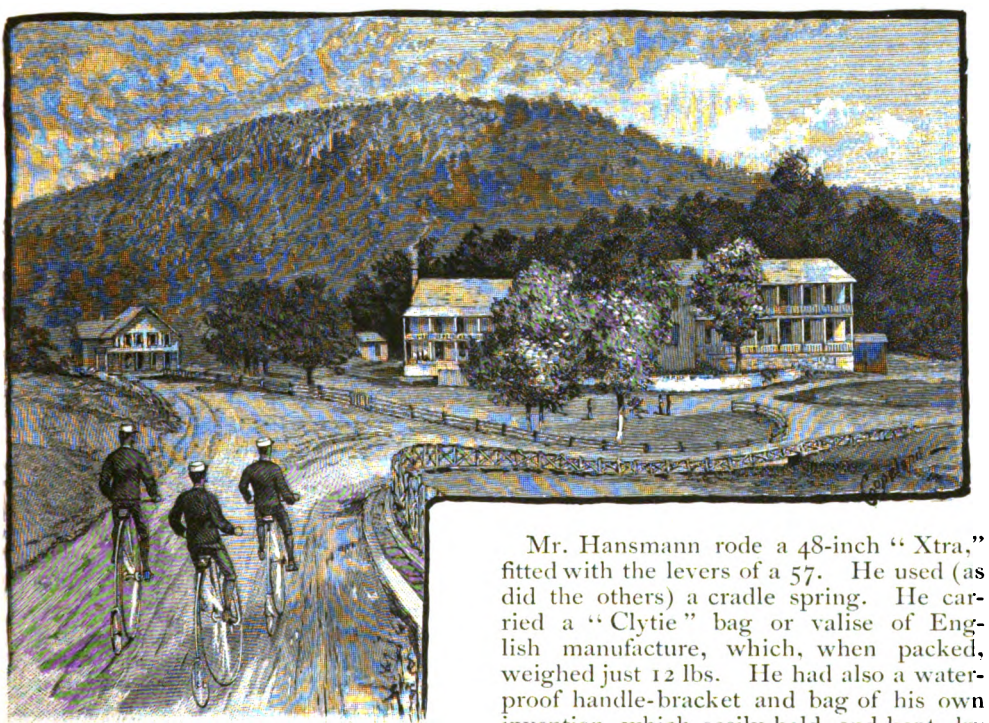
THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1883. No. 5.

A TOUR TO THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

THE publication of an account of a trip by three Philadelphians, in the Valley of Virginia, brought to the attention of many riders the attractions of that region for the enthusiastic wheelman. The novelty of continuous good roads, supplemented by the prospect of visiting the Luray Cave and the Natural Bridge, and of viewing the mountain scenery of the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies, induced Messrs. Max Hansmann, Clarence G. Allen, and L. W. Seely, of the Capital Bicycle Club, of Washington, to plan a three weeks' tour with the Natural Bridge as the objective point. The proposed route embraced about five hundred miles of bicycle travel, in a large portion of which, as we subsequently learned, no machine had ever been seen. The members of the party were all riders of several years' experience, and their preparations as to equipment were most complete.

A brief description of the outfit may not be uninteresting, since it was the result of careful consideration, and proved in every way satisfactory.



NATURAL BRIDGE HOTEL.

Mr. Hansmann rode a 48-inch "Xtra," fitted with the levers of a 57. He used (as did the others) a cradle spring. He carried a "Clytie" bag or valise of English manufacture, which, when packed, weighed just 12 lbs. He had also a waterproof handle-bracket and bag of his own invention, which easily held and kept dry a coat tightly rolled. An amateur photographic outfit (Walker's), with folding tripod, and conveniently carried in a small satchel, was suspended by straps from his shoulders like a knapsack; and the total weight of his outfit was 79 lbs; machine (with handy bag), 59 lbs; "Clytie" 12 lbs; handle-bag 3 lbs., and camera 5 lbs.

Mr. Allen rode a 52-inch full-nickelled

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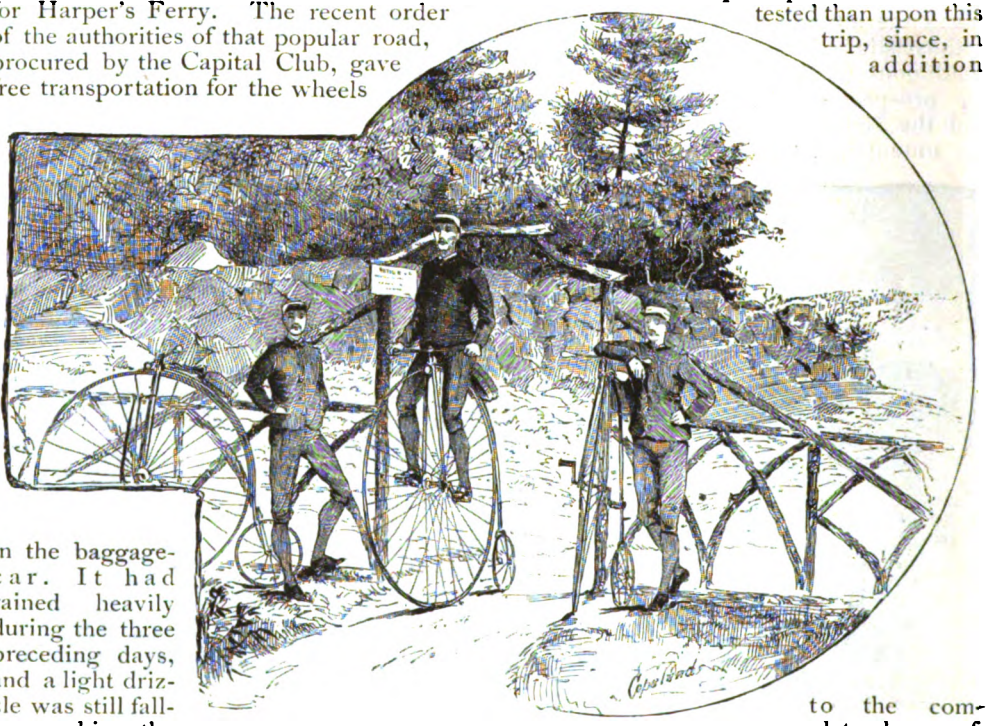
machine, by Bayliss & Thomas, made specially with an exceptionally rigid wheel having 84 spokes. He carried an ordinary M.I.P. bag, weighing 8½ lbs. when packed, and his outfit complete weighed 59 lbs.

Mr. Seely used a 56-inch full-nickelled machine, made to order by Singer & Co., with balls to both wheels, and H. and H.'s ball-pedals. It was, however, the lightest wheel of the three, and, with 8½ lbs. M.I.P., and 3-lb. bundle on the handle, weighed 58 lbs.

The party left Washington on Monday, Aug. 28, by the Baltimore & Ohio R.R., for Harper's Ferry. The recent order of the authorities of that popular road, procured by the Capital Club, gave free transportation for the wheels in the baggage-car. It had rained heavily during the three preceding days, and a light drizzle was still falling, making the road rather heavy for a start. However, after a lunch at the Mountain View House (which is not recommended), a start was effected at 1.30 P.M. Before reaching the Charlestown pike, the steep ascent known as Bolivar Heights must be walked, the rise being several hundred feet from the river to the summit of the hills which shut in the Potomac, and form the famous gorge of Harper's Ferry.

The riding costume of the party was the regulation uniform of the Capital Club, — dark blue coat, knee-breeches and stockings, white flannel shirt, and white naval cap. Mr. Hansmann substituted an extensive cork helmet for the latter article. On the road, however, we never used the coat, but, rolling it into a tight bundle, wrapped it in oil-cloth, and either secured it to the handle-bar, or suspended it from the shoulders; and I would here suggest that the makers of Lamson's luggage-carrier should use stiffer wire, since I found that frequent straightening of the shank was necessary, the leverage exerted by the bundle being sufficient to bend the wire behind the head, allowing the whole bundle to drop forward. The leather straps also are of very poor quality.

The remarkable carrying capacity of a "Multum" was, perhaps, never better tested than upon this trip, since, in addition to the complete change of under-clothing, stockings, and night shirt, ordinarily taken, each carried an extra pair of knee-breeches, a clean white flannel shirt, and a pair of patent-leather slippers or pumps; and no man who has not tried to put thirteen things where only eleven can possibly go — *and succeeded in doing it* — can appreciate the difficulty of packing those bags every morning. Tight rolling and plenty of rubber bands, however, always accomplished it successfully.



ON TOP NATURAL BRIDGE.

The road to Charlestown, West Virginia, would be excellent in dry weather; and, even in its heavy condition, the nine miles were made in about an hour and a half.

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CASCADE NEAR NATURAL BRIDGE.

Friends in Charlestown persuaded us to stay until the following day; and the hope of clearing weather was amply justified by the bright sunlight and rapidly drying road that greeted us on the following morning. Carter's hotel is recommended.

On Tuesday, the 29th of August, a start was made for Winchester *via* Berryville. The road was a solid pike, hilly, and with some loose stone upon it. Three miles from Berryville, Hansmann's "hopper" broke its neck, and the services of a good Samaritan and his mule-team were secured to transport the wreck to Berryville (12 miles from Charlestown). The backbone was expressed at once to Washington for repairs, and at 4 P.M. Messrs. Allen and Seely started for Winchester, 11 miles distant, leaving their companion to follow by a private conveyance. The road to Winchester was almost level, and very hard and smooth. Delay, however, occurred at the Opequan river (locally known as the "Peck'-an"), swollen by rain, and running directly across the road, hub deep, and fifty yards wide. A benevolent stranger ferried us across in his wagon, and in a very short time we arrived at Winchester, and stopped at Taylor's Hotel. The best that can be said for this house is that its rival is worse.

Instead of passing two miserable days in Winchester, while waiting for the backbone, we were fortunate enough to meet some most charming people, whose kindness and courtesy we can never forget, and who made our enforced stay in their city the pleasantest part of the trip. In the evening we attended a fancy-dress party in our uniforms, which harmonized well with the other costumes. On the third day the backbone arrived, and the "hopper" was itself again. Leaving Winchester at 4 P.M., we reached Strasburg (18), at 6.30. We were now on the Valley pike proper, which was in excellent condition, with the exception of a few spots where new material was being laid. We crossed Cedar creek near Strasburg (scene of the battles), and took a photograph of the beautiful valley with a mountain background, where we found that the process of setting up and replacing the camera, and taking a picture, occupied about fifteen minutes. We stopped in Strasburg at the Chalybeate House, the excellent meals and clean and well-kept rooms of which were fully appreciated.

According to the account of the Philadelphians, the road from Strasburg to Mt. Jackson (24 miles) is very hilly. Mr. Hansmann, however, loaded as he was, rode every hill, and Mr. Seely riding his "56," with five-inch cranks, all but one. An excellent dinner was served at Wilson's

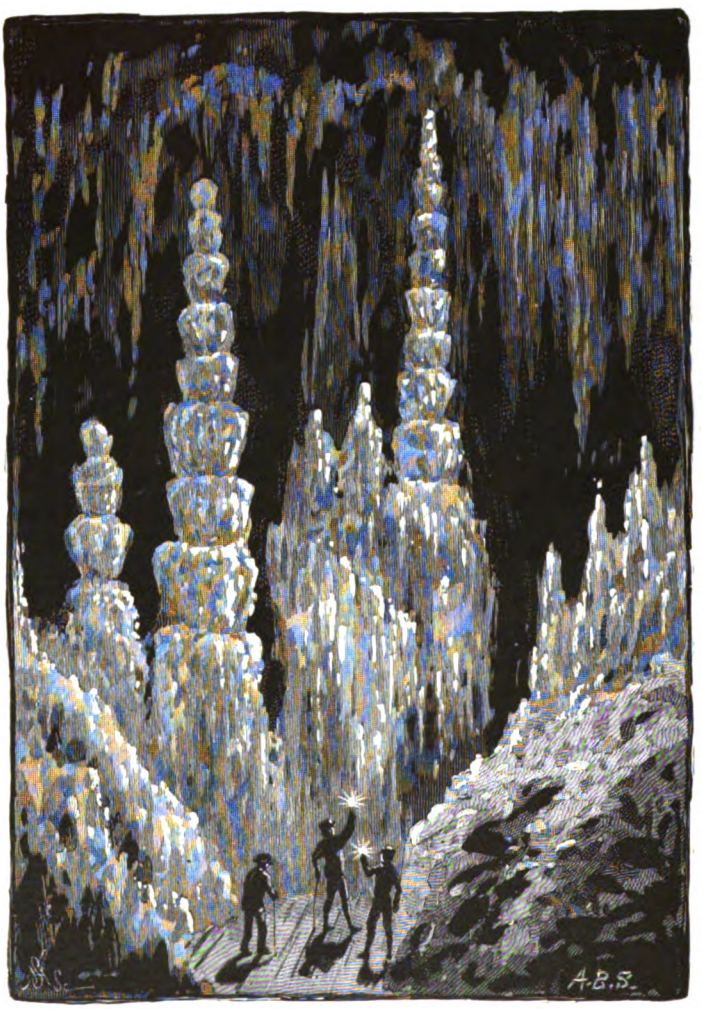
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Hotel, Mt. Jackson, the eating station for the Valley branch of the B. & O. R.R., and a reduction from the regular rate of 75 cents was made voluntarily.

We intended to spend the night at Newmarket (7 miles from Mt. Jackson, 31 from Strasburg), but were advised on the road to turn east at Newmarket, and ride two miles further on the Luray road to Valley View Springs, on the Massanuttou Mountain, and in the Newmarket Gap. We did so, accordingly, and at Newmarket turned off across the valley.

Newmarket is on quite an elevation, and the descent into the valley was accomplished by two of the sharpest hills any of us had ever ridden.

Half a mile up the mountain brought us to Valley View,—which we reached at supper-time. On Sunday, the 3d, we intended to break the Sabbath and continue on to Luray; but nature decided otherwise, for a succession of showers set in, and we decided to remain at Valley View during the day. Breaks between the showers enabled us to get a panoramic view of the Valley in a series of photographs. Its width at this point is about twenty-five miles, and our western horizon extended nearly one hundred miles.



LURAY CAVE.

On Monday the 4th of September we climbed laboriously to the top of the mountain, the road being hard and smooth, but the grade of 1 in 7 or 8 being unridable for any distance. A forty minutes' walk brought us to the summit, where we stopped to see that our brakes were in order, and then commenced the descent. That was a memorable piece of hill-riding! A shower had passed over shortly before, making the road-bed wet; stones of all sizes lay around promiscuously, sharp turns occurred at short intervals, but over all was the grade — at least 1 in 8 all the way down. The bottom was securely reached, every foot having been ridden without a dismount by two of us, and the cyclometer showed the distance from the summit to be just two miles and a half. We found, on inquiry, that one party of bicyclers had been over before — in a wagon. Luray is seven miles from the foot of the mountain. The first three miles, to the north fork of the Shenandoah, is over an excellent road. The road-bed for the last four miles, however, is composed of loose stones, treacherously imbedded in the soil; the hills are many, and very steep, and great care must be observed in riding. We reached

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Luray at 12.30, and rode down the almost perpendicular hill upon which the main street is built (one of the party rode up this hill on the following morning), to the Luray Inn, the luxurious appointments and excellent *cuisine* of which equal those of any hotel in the country.

We visited the cave, and came away bewildered. Repeated visits are necessary to give the mind a clear conception of individual objects in that wonderful place. The first impression is chaotic.

We left Luray Tuesday morning, and repeated our experience of the preceding day, — walked to the summit and rode down the opposite side to Valley View for dinner; at 3 left for Newmarket, where we struck the Valley pike again, here in magnificent condition. We made the first ten miles without a dismount, in just one hour; and, although the road became hilly, we reached Harrisonburg (18) in 2 hours 18 minutes. Stopped at Revere House, and found a solitary resident 46-inch wheelman.

The bicycle journey of the Philadelphians ended at this point; so we had no accurate information concerning the road to Staunton. Though not as good as some portions of the Valley pike, it is all ridable. Staunton (26) was reached in about three hours and a half, and the Virginia Hotel proved excellent. A satchel met us here with a change of clothing and the laundry of the hotel was put in operation at once.

Staunton is built upon four times as many hills as Rome, and the solitary bicycler of the place is certainly a wheelman under difficulties.

Being awakened by rain that night, we were prepared for the wide expanse of mud which surrounded the hotel the next morning. A council of war was held, and, though Lexington (the next large town) was 36 miles away, and the road of red clay, we decided to push on. When I say that in three hours we had made just 12 miles, some idea of the quality of the road may be formed. Great quagmires and mud-holes abounded, like those described by Dickens in his account of a Virginia stage-ride (*vide* "American Notes"). At such times we would lift the machines bodily, and carry them through the mud to a more solid surface. From Greenville (12), which we left at 2.25, the road improved somewhat, and on arriving at Midway (18), we found that we were making six miles an hour, the road being now comparatively dry. The hills, however, were steep; but the exertion of riding them was amply repaid by the magnificent views of mountain scenery that greeted us from each summit. We reached Fairfield (24) at exactly 4.30, and found a pike road from that place to Lexington (36). We dismounted in front of the National Hotel at 6.24, having made the 24 miles from Greenville in just 3 hours 59 minutes. After the hard hill-pulling and rough roading, which made us consider our time creditable, it was very pleasant to find that a person with a bicycle (whose name we have preserved for future reference) had arrived in Lexington, on his machine, a month before, claiming to have made the 36 miles from Staunton in three hours. Individuals of this stamp do great injury to the cause of bicycling, by raising false impressions in the minds of ignorant people concerning the capacity of the machine; and any attempt on the part of an honest rider to remove such impressions always results in establishing a conviction of his inferiority in the popular mind. Of course no rider would believe that 12 miles an hour could be made over such a road; but, unfortunately, there are no riders in this part of the country.

On the morning of the 8th we were invited to give an exhibition on the parade-ground of the Virginia Military Institute, but were obliged to decline, as the threatening weather made us anxious to push on to the Natural Bridge, now only 15 miles away.

The road is almost indescribable. It had rained during the night, and the tenacious red clay was at its worst. Collecting in the rear forks, and beneath brake and leg-guard, it would stop the wheels, making riding impossible, and walking an effort.

As we ascended, however, we seemed to have passed above this shower, and the road became comparatively dry. It was a wild and desolate country, and the road ran through long stretches of wood, with here and there a negro cabin with its scanty corn-patch and invariable cluster of coal-black pickaninnies, whom our appearance usually deprived of all power of speech, and even of motion. We cannot recommend this road to touring wheelmen, and are inclined to think that our veracious friend showed his wisdom in leaving his wheel at Lexington and adopting the more prosaic wagon to reach the bridge; though, in a rider of his extraordinary powers, such a course may seem a little peculiar.

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We reached the end of our journey at 1 P.M., ours being the first bicycles at the Natural Bridge. The accommodations at the hotel are excellent, and the proprietors, Messrs. Spaulding & Duehay, both young men, respectively from Boston and Washington, were exceedingly courteous and hospitable. We remained until the morning of Sunday, the 10th September, making many photographs, and, of course, taking the wheels across the bridge. We decided to take the Shenandoah Valley and Chesapeake & Ohio railways to Staunton, 65 miles, as it would be a useless exertion, in the face of a threatening north-east storm, to ride a second time over the rough roads of the past two days.

The railway station is at Glenwood, 3 miles from the hotel, and over a kind of "self-made" road, the roughness, steepness, and general depravity of which can hardly be described. It must be seen and felt to be appreciated.

Staunton was reached in the afternoon in a pouring rain, too late to ride any farther that day.

On Monday, the 11th September, we left Staunton for Harrisonburg in the face of a driving rain and a sharp north-east gale, which at times absolutely brought us to a stand-still. The creeks were high and swollen, and fears were felt for the safety of many of the bridges. We crossed one with a foaming torrent within a foot of the timbers, and rising rapidly, while a swift stream was already running past at one end, cutting us off. There was nothing to do but ride through, which we did safely, though the sensation of passing through the yellow rushing water was anything but pleasant. We arrived at Harrisonburg (26) at 2.30, having been five hours on the road. We were, of course, wet to the skin, and, having had nothing to eat since morning, were ready to dine — to put it mildly. Hastily rubbing the moisture from the nickelled machines, we covered them with a coating of coal-oil, — the "hopper," being painted all over, was seldom fortunate enough to get a cleaning. Then to strip and rub briskly, and to put on dry clothing throughout, was the work of a short time, and we were ready for the dinner which had been hastily made ready for us. We were pleased to find that the bags preserved their contents in a perfectly dry condition, though subjected to steady rain for five hours.

During the night it cleared; and as we left Harrisonburg the sun was shining brightly, and the air cool and bracing, though a strong head-wind prevented fast riding. What might be called the "recuperative powers" of the Valley pike were well displayed here. The heavy rain of two days had not affected its surface, which dries like concrete. At various points it is the perfect road, hard and smooth, without dust in dry or mud in wet weather, and with never a rut to be seen. We passed through Newmarket (18) at 12 exactly, and reached Mt. Jackson (25) at just 1. Dinner being delayed, it was 3 o'clock when we left Wilson's hotel. Our enemy, the head-wind, left us here, and we ran at an 8-mile pace with ease. Long stretches of level afforded many opportunities for fast-riding, while there were comparatively few hills to pull, Mt. Jackson being several hundred feet higher than Strasburg, our destination. Near Strasburg Mr. Hansmann had the misfortune to break his cradle-spring at one of the coils. He ingeniously repaired it with a block of wood, and rode over 60 miles on a saddle as stiff and unyielding as his backbone. A new spring met him at Hagerstown. Entered the "Chalybeate House," Strasburg, at 6.25, 3 hours 25 minutes from Mt. Jackson. This was our longest day's run, — an even 50 miles, — and the time on the road (including various short stops) was 6 hours 50 minutes.

On the morning of the 13th we ran to Winchester (18), and spent the afternoon with our friends there, and on the following day left Winchester for Martinsburg, W. Va. We thought our experience had taught us what a good road was; but the pike between Winchester and Martinsburg was a revelation. There is hardly a hill worthy the name, and for miles the road is a dead level, running through a beautiful and fertile country, and provided with plainly-marked mile-posts, which had a most encouraging way of coming past every five minutes and a half.

We were delayed at Bunker Hill (12½) by having to cross a river on a narrow foot-bridge, and by one of us snapping a spoke, which "snarled up" in the rear wheel, and required some time to disengage. The ten miles from Bunker Hill to Martinsburg were run in just 50 minutes, and the entire distance of 22½ miles in 2 hours 17 minutes; actual riding time, 1.57.

Martinsburg was alive with visitors, the county fair being in progress; and, on running our machines into the Continental Hotel (by the way an excellent house), the

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first objects that met our view were three machines standing against the wall. Their shining spokes and general come-over-by-train air emphasized very strongly the dusty but still business-like appearance of our heavily-laden machines. We soon discovered the riders, — three gentlemen from Hagerstown, who had come by train to take part in a bicycle race that afternoon at the fair grounds. A half-formed intention of entering was removed at once, on learning that they were to race for *cash*,— ignorant, as it seemed, of the blasting effect on their amateur standing. Apparently, however, they took no stock in the warning which we gave with the best possible intentions. We went out to the grounds, however, and saw a mile heat run and won in 4.30.

We left Martinsburg at 3, and found the road hilly to Falling Waters (7). From here to Williamsport (12) it was in fair condition. If preferred, the towpath of the C. and O. Canal may be taken from Falling Waters to Williamsport, and we were informed that it is usually in fine condition.

A long delay occurred opposite Williamsport while being ferried across the Potomac, here a swiftly-running stream two hundred yards wide. From Williamsport to Hagerstown (19) the road is hard pike, in excellent condition. The Baldwin House at Hagerstown compares favorably with any first-class hotel in any city. We found Messrs. Sipe, Cramer, and Updegraff, of the newly-organized Hagerstown Bi. Club, very kind and obliging, and take this opportunity to return our thanks for courtesies rendered by them.

Wishing to see as much of Hagerstown as possible, we remained there until 1 P.M. on the 15th of September, when we started for Frederick, on the old National pike. Reached Boonsboro' (10) in 1 hour 18 minutes, and had lunch at Nyman House. A mile further brought us to the base of the South Mountain. This ascent might be ridden (and was for a considerable distance by one of the party); but it is two miles to the top, and walking is preferable. Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren has a fine place at the summit. The desperate battle of South Mountain was fought in this gap in 1862, and we found afterwards that we crossed on its twentieth anniversary. Powerful braking was necessary on the descent into the Middletown Valley, across which the road ran 8 miles to the base of the Catoctin Mountains, up which we walked. A magnificent view of the valley and the mountains in the background is obtained from the summit, and to the east may be seen the spires of Frederick, rising

> "Up from the meadows rich with corn,
> Clear, in the cool September morn."

We descended the "mountain wall" thinking of Lee, and his "famishing rebel horde," and wondering what his sensations would have been, if mounted on a "56" with saddle set close to the head, and a rear wheel feeling remarkably light. From the base of the mountain to Frederick there are 3 miles of perfect road, but we cannot recommend the cobbles in the Frederick Main street. The City Hotel is excellent.

On the morning of the 16th we left Frederick, and soon crossed the Monocacy on a bridge of solid masonry, built in 1811, and having a dedicatory inscription upon a curiously built stone vase. The pike is in fair condition, but very hilly, and every few miles we pass relics of the old coaching days, when the National pike connected the East and West, and offered the only means of through transportation. The old brick buildings, formerly taverns, with their half-ruined outhouses, still remain. One in particular had most elaborately carved door and window frames, and looked good for another century at least. We got a good dinner at Poplar Springs (18) and then pushed on for Ellicott City. The road gradually became poorer, and our worst enemy — loose stones — appeared in profusion. Three miles from Ellicott City we passed Carrollton, the old seat of "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," now owned by his descendant, the Governor of Maryland, whom we met on the road, and with whom we had a pleasant conversation. We reached Ellicott City (36 miles from Frederick), and found the meals at the Howard House excellent. Here the direct pike to Washington joins the National road. Baltimore is nine miles to the east.

On leaving next morning we found that the road from Ellicott City to Washington was in very bad condition, and not only rough but very hilly. It finally brought us into the woods, where it seemed to be totally disused. It ran among rocks and boulders, and down precipitous descents, and finally having become a mere trail, led us to the bank of the rapidly flowing Patuxent, the former means of crossing

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which were represented by a stone abutment, and the remains of some bridge-timbers stranded on a rock in the middle. It was clear we had lost our way, but we decided to go on. Off came shoes and stockings, and, wading across, we found the water only about two feet deep, but very swift. We crossed safely, the cool water being very refreshing. None of us will ever forget the hill that leads from the Patuxent to the level of the surrounding country. It was about ¾ of a mile long, and a comparison of its grade with that of an ordinary flight of stairs would, I think, be disadvantageous to the latter. It seems impossible that a horse could pull a loaded wagon up such a grade; yet hills of this kind are frequent in the South.

On reaching Burtonsville (14), a town consisting of a store, and a house, where the customers reside, we struck the main road again, and found that our trip through the woods had cut off about four miles, so that we were only 18 miles from Washington, instead of 22. Although it was Sunday, the good wife of the storekeeper gave us what she had, and overwhelmed us with protestations that 33⅓ cents apiece was entirely too much for it.

The road from Burtonville was fair, and we were able to ride at reasonable speed for the first time this day. At Sligo we struck the Seventh-street road, and felt at home, and a half-mile further crossed the District line. Near Brightwood (3 miles from Boundary st.) we were met by an enthusiastic crowd of Capital men, who escorted us into town and to our respective homes; and so ended our trip.

We give below a table of routes and distances, and should add that, to any wheelman who may desire further information about this region, who will address L. W. Seely, Lock Box No. 1, Washington, D.C., we shall be most happy to furnish it.

SUMMARY.

1st day, Aug. 28. — Harper's Ferry to Charlestown (9); hard pike. Carter House.

2d day, Aug. 29. — Charlestown to Berryville (12); dinner at Old Virginia Hotel. Berryville to Winchester (23); hard pike. (32.)

3d day, Aug. 30. — At Winchester; a short ride of 7 miles.

4th day, Aug. 31. — At Winchester.

5th day, Sept. 1. — Winchester to Kernstown (4); Stevens City (7); Middletown (12); Strasburg (18); hard pike. Chalybeate House. (57.)

6th day, Sept. 2. — Strasburg to Tom's Brook (6); Edinburg (8); Woodstock (12); Mt. Jackson (24); dinner at Wilson's Hotel. Newmarket (31); Valley View Springs, Luray road (33). Hard, level pike to Newmarket. Between Strasburg and Mt. Jackson, hilly. (90.)

7th day, Sept. 3. — At Valley View Springs.

8th day, Sept. 4. — Summit of Massanutton (2); base (4½); Massanutton P.O. (8½); ferry; good dirt road to this point. Luray (13). Last five miles could hardly be worse. Luray Inn. (103.)

9th day, Sept. 5. — Massanutton (5): Valley View (13); dinner. Newmarket (15); Lacy Springs (24); Harrisonburg (33). We stopped at Revere House, but Pollock Hotel was afterwards strongly recommended to us. Road, hard pike from Newmarket. (136.)

10th day, Sept. 6. — Mt. Crawford (8); Mt. Sidney (13); level. Staunton (26); latter part very hilly. Virginia Hotel (162). End of the Valley pike.

11th day, Sept. 7. — Greenville (12); red clay mud; would be a fair road when dry. Midway (18); Fairfield (24); right among the mountains. Lexington (36); National Hotel. (198.)

12th day, Sept. 8. — Natural Bridge (15); no towns; hills very steep; road, red clay, and when wet indescribable. (213.)

13th day, Sept. 9. — At Natural Bridge.

14th day, Sept. 10. Glenwood station (3). (Train to Staunton *via* Waynesboro' Junction.) (216.)

15th day, Sept. 11. — Staunton to Harrisonburg (26). (242.)

16th day, Sept. 12. — Mt. Jackson (25); dinner at Wilson's Hotel, Strasburg (50). (292.)

17th day, Sept. 13. — Winchester (18). (310.)

18th day, Sept 14. — Bunker Hill (13); Martinsburg (23); hard and level; no hills; dinner at Continental Hotel. Falling Water (30); hilly and rough. Williamsport (35); fair. Hagerstown (42); hard pike, with some hills. Baldwin House. (352.)

19th day, Sept. 15. — Boonesboro' (10); hard and level; Summit of South Mountain (13); Middletown (15); Summit of Catoctin (23); Frederick (27); City Hotel. (379.)

20th day, Sept. 16. — No. 4. (7); Poplar Springs (18); dinner at hotel;

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Lisbon (10); Carrollton (34); Ellicott City (37). Rough pike, with frequent hills. Howard House. (416.)

21st day, Sept. 17. — Burtonsville (14); Sligo (23); Brightwood (26); Boundary street (30); Club-room (33). (449.) To Burtonsville road simply horrible.

It may be proper to add that the expenses of the trip averaged less than $3.00 per day. At all hotels, except Luray Inn and City Hotel, at Frederick, an uniform charge of 50 cents is made for lodging or for any meal. No attempt was ever made to collect toll; nor on our extra 130 miles of railway travel were we ever asked a cent for bicycle transportation; and we therefore hold up the Baltimore & Ohio, the Chesapeake & Ohio, and the Shenandoah Valley Railroads as bright and shining examples of what railways ought to be.

We had some trouble with horses — never with their drivers; and the reputation of the Virginians for courtesy and hospitality will never be lost if all touring bicyclers are treated as we have been.

L. W. Seely.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Sept. 30, 1882.

AT EVENTIDE.

WHEN golden sunbeams gleam athwart the sky,
Like Daylight's armies hastening to the sun,
On pinions, swift as light, I seem to fly,
Among the shadows, till the day is done.

My steed of steel, beneath me, seems to know
The joy intense which thrills in every nerve,
And, like a maiden proud her grace to show,
From each obstruction doth unbidden swerve.

The god of day, at the horizon's rim,
Seems lingering there, to watch my silent flight,
And o'er the hills, as though in fear of him,
Peeps the pale moon, the silvery queen of night.

Between these two, the almost silent sound
Of yielding tire, among the drifting leaves,
Sings lullaby, as gliding o'er the ground
I seem to dream, — so well delight deceives.

The shadows lengthen, and the far-off west
Is glowing with the last long kiss of day.
The song birds, twittering secrets in the nest,
Forget to listen, as I wind my way.

And now a truant squirrel hears my call,
And scampers off, beneath his bushy tail,
Or runs a race along the rough stone wall,
And hides, at last, within a hollow rail.

Oh! Nature finds within the wheelman's heart
An echoing chord for every living thing.
At her command the warm blood seems to start
Through every vein. He cannot help but sing.

And through the stillness, on his homeward way,
The rich notes of his ringing, manly voice
Burst forth, for very joy, into a lay,
Whoever hearing must with him rejoice.

James Clarence Harvey.

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'CYCLING IN FRANCE.

[*Continued from Vol. 1, No. 4, page 307.*]

It is rather a long time ago since I left French bicycling, — given up for the miseries of war life. I think it is quite time I should resume my subject, and come to the more pleasing ideas contained in the word "Bicycling."

Of course such a disaster as we experienced in 1870 cannot be sustained by a nation without putting a check to all things that are not strictly necessary, — and 'cycling is among them, alas! Where is the money to buy an expensive wheel when you have experienced the hardships of a long campaign, — when, may be, you are out of a situation, and have to pay, nevertheless, heavy taxes for the past foolishness of fighting? You, who have had your war of secession, may gather from the ruins it left with you, some thoughts of what calamities our great defeats had plunged us into for a long while to come.

In the season that followed the war in 1871, only a few unimportant races took place, mostly in the suburbs of Paris. Our best men had left the saddle, never to be seen on the track again; among them the Moret, the Castera, the Bon. Mr. Ch. Thuillet is an exception, for he won a race on the road from Paris to Versailles in forty-four seconds, over his brother T. Thuillet and M. Colvin by two and six minutes respectively.

In the provinces only one race is worth quoting at all; it was organized by the *Veloce Club Bisontin*. Though no Parisian went to it, practically the French championship of 1871 was run there, through the best runners from Lyons, Messrs. Charlet and Viennet, the champion of Marseilles, M. Rousseau, and the one from Besançon, M. Gaiffe, meeting there. The competition was very warm. At twelve hundred metres M. Viennet arrived dead heat, with Mr. Rousseau; but this last gentleman defeated everybody in the longest race for speed, and may be classed as the champion for France for 1871.

The performance of Mr. Gaiffe who did 36 kilometres in 1 h. 46 min., may be mentioned.

There were hardly any improvements made in that year in the manufacturing of French machines, which may be said to have remained stationary both as regards weight and height.

Until now, the French bicyclists had had a newspaper entirely devoted to the furthering of their sport, — "*Le Vélocipéde Illustré*," — out of which scattered, soiled, and half-torn leaves, I have tried to resume as shortly as possible, whatever has happened in those ancient times that may interest your readers. But now my task becomes harder. The small number of amateurs in our sport has caused all literature to cease entirely on our cherished subject. All records of what took place in the following years are gone, except in the memory of a few 'cyclists, now dead for our pastime, whose whereabouts are very difficult to be found out.

A few races took place, however, specially around Paris, mostly organized by the almost defunct society called the *Velo-Sport de Paris*. And you may depend upon me to send THE WHEELMAN whatever scrap of information I may catch sight of about that period of darkness whenever I have the chance to meet such a veteran.

However, bicycling far from being forsaken, was soon coming up again, though exceedingly slowly, through, I think, political events, which did not allow of enough certainty in the future for people to think much of enjoying themselves. Nevertheless, what with the great improvements in the construction of machines realized in Great Britain, and the stimulus given to our sport by the more and more numerous amateurs of that country, the French bicycles, mostly made by M. Meyer, and the French amateurs began to follow the wake left by the English.

An event which created not a little sensation in our little world of wheels was the means of waking our 'cyclists to life again. I refer to the grand races which took place at Lyons on the 22d of May, 1873, and which brought on the same field such men of renown as Moore, of Paris, John Keen, of England, and C. Thuillet, of Paris, — this last runner a Frenchman, certainly getting to the fore among racers. As a proof of it he defeated the *Marseillais* M. Rousseau, the champion of

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1871, as we have just seen, in the 1,800 met. race by nine seconds, doing the distance in 4m. 20s. In the next race, 2,000 met., out of a field of fifteen competitors, Moore came in first in 4m. 37s. only, mounted on a 1 metre 30 centimetres machine, a height considered something of then in France, the second man being Mr. Viennet, of Lyons, 6 seconds after, astride a wheel of 1m. 13c. only; while Ch. Thuillet was only third, 2 seconds behind, on a 1m. 15c. bicycle.

The next race (2,500 met. and sixteen starters), was *the* race of the day, six hundred francs being given to the first man. Keen, mounted on a 1.48 metre velocipede, — the largest wheel seen in France yet, I believe, — competed, but could not beat Moore, who landed himself a winner in 4m. 39½ s., Keen being 9½ seconds behind, while Thuilet was 6m. 4s. on the job. In the *Course d'honneur* which followed (3,000 met.), between the two champions, Moore again carried off the gold medal, together with the honor of being the champion of France, in 6m. 6s., Keen being only half a second behind.

The next year, 1874, only saw the reorganization of the *Velo-Sport*, of Paris, on a sound basis, which promised well for the future of bicycle-racing in France.

P. De Villers.

CYCLING IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE sport of cycling in this colony has made great strides of late years, and every day new men take to riding the fascinating wheel, — either bicycle or tricycle. The few bicyclists in Dunedin, Otago, about the beginning of 1879, began to think of forming a club, but the Christ Church (Canterbury) men were beforehand with them; and in April, 1879, the Pioneer B.C. was formed, the Dunedin B.C. being formed in August of the same year. The beginnings in both cases were small, — the number of members in both cases being about a dozen; but, working on, the clubs held together, and now are both about fifty strong. Besides the Pioneer B.C. in Christ Church, there is the Christ Church B.C., formed in the first instance by members leaving the Pioneer. In Dunedin there is only the one club; but within ten miles there are two more, — the Taieri B.C. and the Mosgiel B.C., both in the Taieri Plain, strength about twenty and fifteen respectively. Then there are clubs in Oamaru, Wellington, Nelson, Auckland, and numerous unattached riders in all the towns. The New Zealand Cyclist Alliance has lately been formed after the models of the Bicycle Union and League of American Wheelmen. The first meeting was held in Christ Church, under the direction of the Pioneer Club, on 30th October, 1882. The first general meeting was held in January, 1883, and officers were elected, rules printed, and other business done. Mr. J. F. Norris being obliged to retire from the honorary secretaryship, which he had taken *pro tem.*, Mr. E. H. Burn, of the Dunedin B.C., was elected. Mr. G. B. Hill, of the Pioneer B.C., was elected honorary treasurer. Mr. H. W. Wynn-Williams, M. H.R., is the president, and Mr. E. B. Cargill (President of the Dunedin B.C.), vice-president for Otago. The Alliance is now the ruling body for wheelmen in New Zealand, and already is taking action on by-laws, amateur status, and other vital matters.

To come to the conditions of the country, — specially speaking of Otago and Canterbury, — Canterbury is mainly flat country, speaking from an Otago point of view, although some good hills are to be found in the province. Wheelmen there have more roads to traverse than their Otago brethren have, and none of them, excepting one through Banks' peninsula, nearly so rugged as the Train Trunk road in Otago. In Otago, hills abound from the Horse Range to Saddle Hill, about fifty miles. There is not much other kind of country; and in this stretch of road the best (?) hills are situated, long inclines are the rule of varying grade up to, — well, it is hardly safe to say what, — but steeper than one in eight, at any rate. It is not usual to ride *all* of these hills. One or two are generally found quite sufficient in a day's journey, — the rest will be walked up. Dunedin is situated about ten miles from the southern end of this stretch of road; and to ride more than about six miles in the same direction on the level is not possible. North of the town rises Mount Cargill, — and over a shoulder of the hill goes the road south, — are Hillside (a little one) and Look-out Point, and, further off, Saddle Hill. It is

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a feat which comparatively few can boast of, — riding from Dunedin to Mosgiel, on the Taieri Plain, without a dismount; and still fewer can say they have ridden back without a dismount. Still some have done both; but the man has yet to come who has done both in the same day. The Dunedin men, taken as a whole, are plucky, hard riders, — thanks to their beloved hills. The only level ground of any extent near Dunedin is the Taieri Plain, the northern part of which is cut up by good roads; and farther south, some thirty miles away, is the Tokomairiro Plain, with level roads also. Then hills come again, with variations, right down for seventy miles farther, then fairly level country to Invercargill, one hundred and thirty-four miles. North from Dunedin are hills, also with variations as far as Oamaru, then the country gets flatter till a hill becomes a thing to be wished for as a change. With the exception of a few hills near Timaru, the country is flat from Wartaki to Christ Church, 157 miles, and is very monotonous to travel over. Mr. Norris (Pioneer B.C.) is the only man who has ridden the whole way; and when he did the trip it rained nearly the whole time. The trip was *very* enjoyable. Roads are in many places in a state of nature or worse; and, since coaches have been driven off by the railway, those roads which are macadamized have got very rough. However inch tires and good springs, with pluck, will carry a bicycle over worse roads than Otago and Canterbury ones.

E. H. Burn,
Dunedin Bicycle Club.

DEACON GUMMIDGE AND THE WHEEL.

THERE was a good old Deacon, Deacon Gummidge was his name;
He'd scarcely any beauty and very little fame;
His health was firm at sixty-eight, his disposition fair,
Of true-blue Deacon's firmness he possessed a double share.

One evening in the autumn he and Betsey sat at tea;
There were only two at table, though there formerly were three;
But John, their son, had married and moved away from home,
So the Deacon, he and Betsey, were living here alone.

"I've been thinkin' that our minister is fallin' off from grace,"
The Deacon spoke with sadness; there was pity in his face;
"Been minglin' with the worldlin's, so it's whispered 'round the town,
Engagin' in their pleasures, which we're laborin' to put down.

"The other day I saw him out a-ridin' on a wheel,
A-goin' it like lightnin' on a thing that's made of steel.
For my part, I felt sorry, for it seems so out o' place
For one who preaches Sundays to be off on sich a chase."—

"Well, dearest, I have noticed," the good Deacon's wife replied,
"That times has got some different since I became your bride,
And you was young and spunky, and would never be outdone
By anything created, good or bad, beneath the sun.

"You used to drive old Jack till I was skeerd a'most to death,
A-holdin' on with one hand and a-holdin' of my breath,
Right down a-past the meetin'-house where Uncle Si was laid —
It seemed as 'twasn't just the thing for one who spoke and prayed."

And then there was a silence. Sixteen weeks have sped away,
While sixteen times the Deacon, on the morn of Sabbath day,
Has heard the Pastor preach the Word with no uncertain sound;
But every time one hearer with the wheel objection found.

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In March the Deacon went to town to visit John, their son,
But Betsey stayed at home to see that everything was done,
The cows were milked and foddered, the hens shut up and fed—
The partner of her life, meanwhile, in wisdom's ways was led.

On Sabbath morning promptly, John, his wife and little boy,
With grandpa in his Sunday-best, and bosom full of joy,
Sat down in church. The people came. 'Twas almost like a crowd.
The preacher spoke with power; and the Deacon, he allowed

That preaching such as that would do the hardest sinner good,
It wa'nt much like the worldly talk that he for months had stood,
And 'twa'nt no use for any man to try to make him feel,
Who six days of the week was seen a-ridin' of a wheel.

They smiled across the table, for there plainly was a joke,
But neither, for their father's sake, a word about it spoke;
The fact was, though, the preacher, with his message sweet and keen,
Got half his inspiration from a fifty-inch machine.

The next day Deacon Gummidge and his grandson went to walk,
And grandpa was delighted with the little fellow's talk,
And asked him what, when spring came, he'd be likely most to need:
But Johnnie wanted nothing but a new velocipede.

"And I know where they keep 'em, — it's the nicest place in town;
They have some monstrous big ones, and then they run way down
To little ones for babies that's no bigger than our Dot,
And I should think we'd better go and see what they have got."

The innocence of Johnnie led the Deacon to the hall,
Where bicycles and tricycles and 'cycles, great and small,
Displayed in stately order, were but waiting to be sold;
And the end was Johnnie triumphed, and the Deacon paid in gold.

"Ah, Deacon Gummidge, I believe; at worship yesterday—
Yes, saw you with your son. You couldn't hope to get away
Without a word of welcome from a brother Deacon. So
Then you are interested in this 'iron horse,' you know.

"Well, sir, we sell them now, I guess, a thousand at a time;
The way the people take to them is perfectly sublime.
Our editors and preachers, lawyers, doctors, young and old—
Why, *you* have just the figure, if you'll let me be so bold.

"Here's lot's of fellows of your age — at forty — forty-five —
Who keep their handsome horses, and when they like can drive;
But just, as no doubt you, sir, impatient with a team,
Want something that can travel off a little more like steam.

"This way. Now that machine will last a hundred years or so,
And you would look first-rate on it. I'd sell that very low —
Come, James, just help this gentleman to mount and take a turn —
The motion is quite easy. Yes, that's it. You soon will learn."

. . . . . .

"Well, if I ever, Gummidge, dear! You've been away so long!
I couldn't sleep for thinkin' how as somethin' must be wrong;
You never stayed away like this since first we were engaged."
The Deacon had got home and found his Betsey quite enraged.

When once he learned the movement of the big and little wheel,
The thrill of joyous youth that skipped from finger-tip to heel,
The graceful, floating motion, like an eagle in the air,
'Twas too much for the Deacon, and he said he didn't care.

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If people would be foolish he would show them that at least
There's no more sin in riding on a wheel than on a beast.
He ordered one marked "Gummidge, Gummidge Corners, by express."
"C.O.D.?" "Yes, I'll pay you there, if you'd as soon, I guess."

"I'm going to the Corners, wife, to get them scythes and hoes,
And other things, I bought in town. You'll sit up, I suppose,
Till I get back. Or you can leave the kitchen good and warm,
And go to bed; and if I'm late it won't be any harm."

Ah, Deacon! Mrs. Gummidge, in her artlessness, don't know
How you from fullest confidence in ten short days could grow
To be a gay deceiver who, on doubtful pleasure bent,
Would never dare to tell her how much money he had spent.

After that the Deacon foddered every night just after eight;
It often took an hour, and that made it very late;
Besides he came in heated and as cross as he could be.
What on earth he had been doing was what Betsey couldn't see.

If only she had seen him! There's the barn floor swept and clear;
The Deacon in his shirt-sleeves, for a Deacon acting queer —
His aged form all tremor; every stiffened limb ashake;
His face drawn down in bitterness as if his heart would break.

He's leaning in the corner with his hand pressed to his side,
And now he's muttering something mad, like this, "I'll learn to ride
The thing, I will, or else I'll bust its head ag'in a wall —
Oh, what a hump it gin me! and sich a busted fall!"

A week and more the Deacon limped and groaned till Betsey said
He must have a poor man's plaster for his side and go to bed;
The rheumatiz was dreadful to get settled in the spine,
And Bright's disease was fataler. It might be a decline!

The bicycle was lying in an empty covered bin
Locked up. The first of June the roads are good; the moon's in
Her second quarter. Deacon Gummidge is around again —
To-night he rides by moonlight down the hill behind the glen.

With what strange obstinacy will a good man play the fool,
When he submits to prejudice and vanity's misrule!
There's Gummidge, old, rheumatic, stiff, and nearly three-score-ten,
Determined now to do what he condemns in younger men.

A little after sunset — not a word to Betsey said —
The Deacon, like a culprit, creeps around behind the shed,
Gets out his new machine, and off across the orchard steals
To reach the road whose slope he thinks is just the thing for wheels.

And somehow, after trying long, with aid of stump and stone,
Astride the wheel the Deacon sits by moonlight all alone;
The thing is moving of itself, and gliding down the hill;
The rider, coatless, hatless, cannot stop it if he will.

The hill was steep, the speed increased, 'twas flying through the air.
Oh, how he flew! His eyes stuck out; his face looked like despair.
He stared ahead 'way down the hill, and there amazed descried
His Pastor, who that moonlight night himself had gone to ride.

. . . . . .

A heap of stones beside the road — a badly smashed machine —
An aged Deacon, bleeding, bruised, all doubled up between —
A good Samaritan, who bathes the venerable head;
Then takes him home to Betsey's arms, and helps him into bed.

Onesimus.

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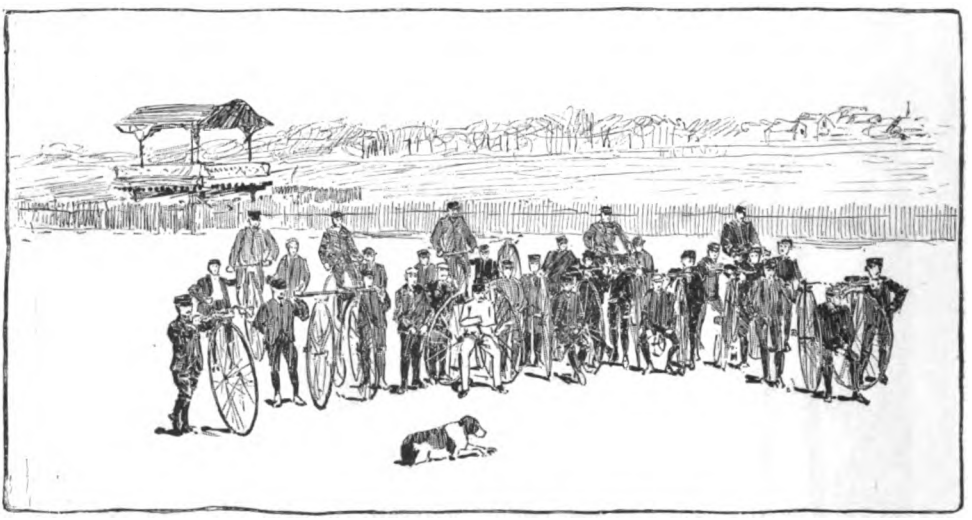
THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.



GEORGE M. HENDEE.

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On the evening of the 6th of March, 1880, on the south-east corner of Main and Bridge streets, in the city of Springfield, might have been seen five young men earnestly discussing some subject that seemed to interest them very much. These five young men were bicyclers, and constituted the entire wheeling element of Springfield. They were seriously discussing the advisability of forming a club, and would, in all probability, have completed the preliminary arrangements then and



THE SPRINGFIELD CLUB.

there, had not an all-important limb of the law gently reminded them to seek less public quarters. But the idea of forming a club had taken hold of them strongly, and later on we find them in the janitor's room of the Bridge-street skating rink, more engrossed, if possible, than before in this same subject. They talked until 2 o'clock in the morning, but finally left without any definite action being taken.

It might be well to say here that it was a much more difficult matter to form a club in Springfield than in Boston. The bicycle was looked upon as a positive nuisance at that time; and, although there were but five in the city, they were quite generally regarded as five too many.

On the 6th of May, 1881, a meeting was held at Peabody Guard Armory by those persons interested in bicycling, for the purpose of organizing a bicycle club. The fire that had been smouldering for just two months, from the date of first meeting, was now in a blaze, and, for a time, threatened to consume any amount of public disapproval and prejudice. At this meeting the following gentlemen were present: Linwood Morgan, Edward C. Johnson, F. J. Bradley, *Charles K. Ferry, *S. J. Billings, *Henry E. Ducker, Edward C. Dumbleton, *Charles E. Whipple, and G. G. Bloomer.

All of these gentlemen signed the following call for a bicycle club, viz.: —

We, the undersigned, do hereby organize ourselves into an association to be called The Springfield Bicycle Club.

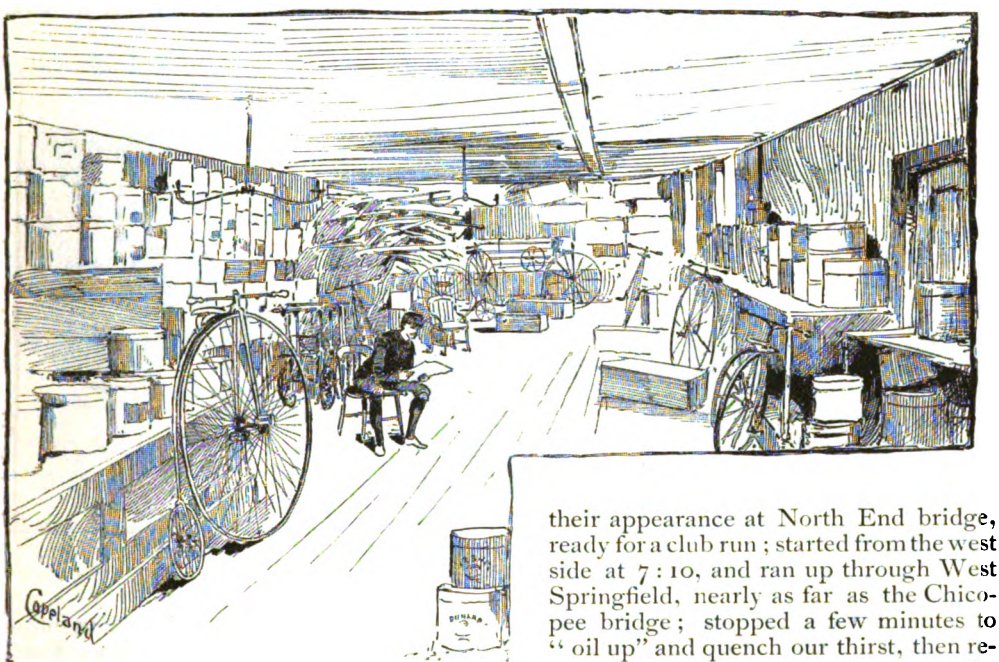
Mr. S. J. Billings was chosen temporary chairman, and Mr. Charles K. Ferry temporary secretary. A committee was appointed by the chair to nominate officers, which resulted as follows: President, S. J. Billings; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. K. Ferry; Captain, Linwood Morgan. These were unanimously elected; and, after appointing a club run, to start from North End bridge, May 11th, the meeting adjourned.

The Springfield club is nothing if not enterprising. It is only necessary to look back on the secretary's book to May 6, 1881, and then turn the leaves to May 6, 1883, to see that the Springfield club has a record it may well feel proud of. The initiation fee at date of organization was one dollar, and quarterly dues were twenty-five cents. To the average wheelman this may seem very small, but at that time it was seemingly large. The club, even at this early date, recognized one very important thing, — that of making expenses very

* Present members.

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small. Club-rooms, or even a club-room was at that time not to be thought of, and the members met at their respective homes at different times for their regular meetings. This was done for over a year and a half, in order to cut down expenses. And I think I can truthfully say that never, under any circumstances, have I known of meetings of this kind conducted in so business-like a manner, and in such thorough good order. Every member then seemed to realize fully the extent and importance of the organization they were laboring so hard to perfect, and any deviation from set rules was not tolerated for an instant.



OLD CLUB ROOM.

It was noted from the beginning that the local papers were very kind to the "bicycle boys," as they were then generally called; and this they have continued with the very best and kindliest of feeling, and the Springfield club owes much of its present success to the fair and impartial manner in which it has been treated by the city papers. Of course, at the beginning, it was a matter of option; they could very easily have followed the dictates of many chronic grumblers, and made it decidedly unpleasant for us. It is not likely that they could have effectually discouraged us; but, at the same time, they might have made the sport look so unpleasant that we would, of necessity, have remained quiet, for a time at least.

The first club run, which was called for May 11, 1880 (five days after organizing), was a very suggestive one, and resulted as follows (I quote from club record): Wednesday evening, May 11, eight wheelmen, the total membership of the club, made their appearance at North End bridge, ready for a club run; started from the west side at 7:10, and ran up through West Springfield, nearly as far as the Chicopee bridge; stopped a few minutes to "oil up" and quench our thirst, then returned over same route, cyclometer registering five miles. This run was the cause of so much favorable comment generally that others immediately joined the ranks. On the 27th May, 1881, a meeting was called by Secretary Ferry, at the Bridge-street skating-rink, for the purpose of adopting by-laws, and determining upon a suit. None as yet had the hardihood to appear in knee-breeches. At this meeting Henry E. Ducker, Edward C. Dumbleton, and Linwood Morgan were appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws. This resulted in the adoption of the present constitution and by-laws of the club, which are very concise and simple, and at the same time seem to effectually cover the whole ground.

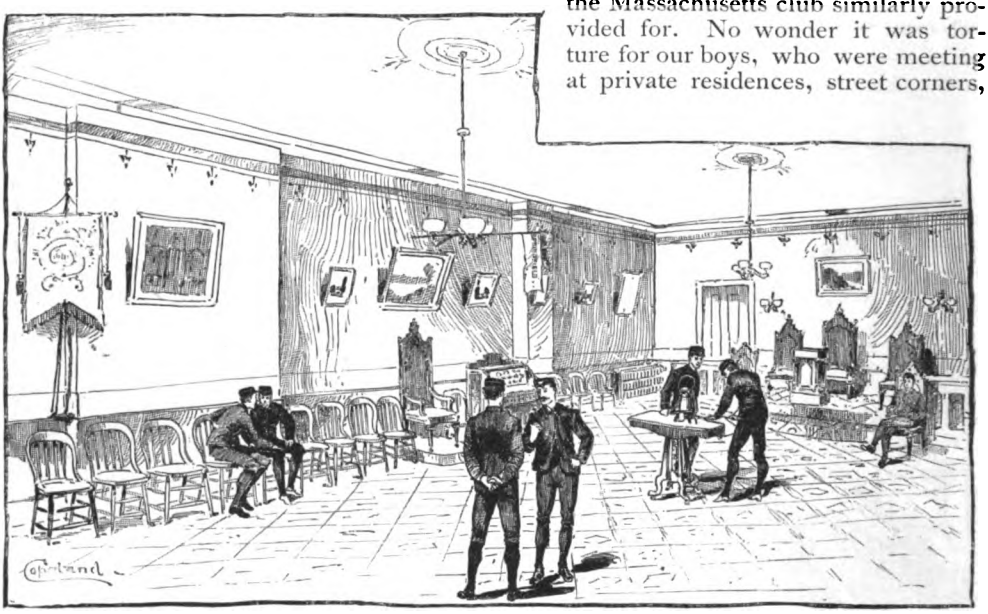
The club uniform adopted consisted of the following, viz.: Gray shirt, blue knee-breeches (no coat), gray stockings, low canvas shoes, and gray hammock hat. This outfit is in striking contrast to the regularly adopted uniform, which consists

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of black broadcloth coat and pants, with gold cord around cuff of coat and down outside seam of pants, black worsted or silk stockings with low black shoes, and low-crowned cap with small visor with S.B.C. worked on in front. This suit was adopted by the club on the 7th of November, 1882, and since that time various other clubs — mostly local — have adopted the same uniform. Previous to the 7th of November the club had kept faithfully to the old uniform; and although the street *gamins* rudely criticised the hammock hats, and although the fair sex were not lax in condemning them in language not too obscure, and although the wearers were often accused of frightening "horses and babies" with them, nevertheless they stuck bravely to them up to the time of their first public exhibition, and then, with compulsory persuasion, they discarded them for something worse. After a brief existence of two months these succumbed to the fate of their predecessors.

As early as July, 1882, the club-room agitation began to work, and although our membership at that time numbered but twenty-three, and our quarterly dues were seventy-five cents, it was thought by many of the members as feasible, although it must be confessed that these members were oftentimes too sanguine.

To be without a club-room was quite a drawback, particularly when we considered the old Boston club, so nicely ensconced in their commodious quarters on Tremont street and Union park, and the Massachusetts club similarly provided for. No wonder it was torture for our boys, who were meeting at private residences, street corners, Main-street basements, and various other places. No wonder Secretary Ferry often looked tired and worn out, though he was never heard to complain, as he came along with his book of records under his arm, never knowing whether a nail-keg, dry-goods box, or a sitting-room table was going to serve him as a desk. And no wonder the record of headers reached such alarming proportions that first year, when the club averaged three per man every day, caused by perambulating over dark streets on the homeward journey after having attended the meetings. But, nevertheless, these minor disadvantages, I think, like everything else, served to awaken a deeper feeling and a more widespread enthusiasm than if the meetings had been held in the costliest of club-rooms.

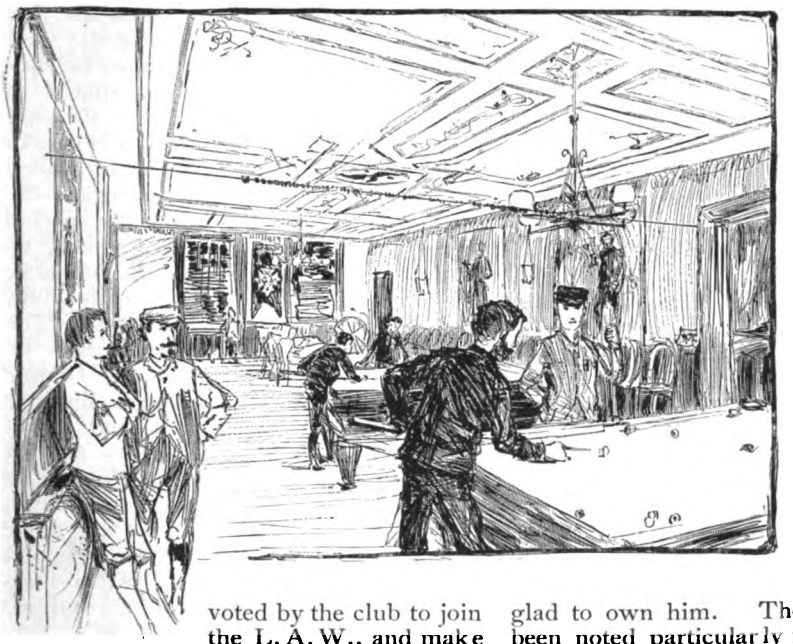


ASSEMBLY ROOM.

On the 6th of March, 1882, at the annual election of the club, Henry E. Ducker was chosen president; Charles K. Ferry, secretary and treasurer; Charles E. Whipple, captain; James M. Graves, bugler.

At this meeting, also, it was unanimously

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READING ROOM.

voted by the club to join the L. A. W., and make the Springfield club a League club. It was also incorporated in our by-laws that every applicant for membership must join the League. It has always been conceded by the club, as a club, that the League ought to have all the support that any club can give it.

The 10th of May, 1882, at a meeting called specially for the purpose, a committee, consisting of Henry E. Ducker, Charles K. Ferry, and A. L. Fennessy, was appointed to make all arrangements for the grand tournament which was held in this city 20th Sept., 1882, and which has since become so famous. These three gentlemen appointed various sub-committees, and under their sole management the exhibition was successfully carried through. There were present at this tournament over 12,000 persons, and the expenses in the aggregate amounted to $3,128.43. The records broken were the one, two, and five-mile amateur. In the 20-mile professional race of Prince *vs.* Mellen and Harrison, who alternated every 5 miles, Prince won, making the 20 miles in 1 hour 8.10¼. In the evening, at the rink, Harry Tufts took the first prize, fancy riding, and C. S. Howard, of Boston, the second prize. The Columbia Bicycle Club of North Attleboro' took the prize for the best club drill.

Geo. M. Hendee, who now holds the one and two mile League championship medals, and who is proving himself to be a very fast rider, made 2.55 in the one-mile race at this meet, although Frank Moore, who was hard pushed by Hendee, made the mile in 2.54¾. Hendee has always been a very active member of this club, and, although his racing career has been very brief, at the same time it has been very successful, and Springfield is glad to own him. The club has never been noted particularly for its great number of racing men, and, aside from Hendee, has no particularly fine riders. Master Geo. H. Nash, the youngest member of the club, has developed remarkably as a fancy rider, and bids fair to be quite a formidable rival to Rex Smith.

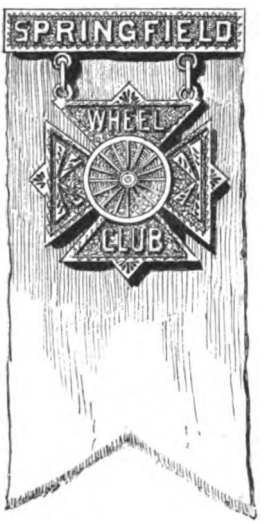
The club has won two prizes, one a handsome banner, and the other a silver ice-pitcher, — both for club drills, — and both of these prizes now occupy a conspicuous position in our club-room.

On the 20th Oct., 1882, when Hendee brought the one-mile championship to Springfield (having won it from Frye), he was met at the depot by the Springfield club, and escorted to the Haynes Hotel, where an elegant supper had been prepared, and here it was that his first victory was celebrated. On this occasion, also, an elegant diamond L.A.W. pin was presented to our genial and well-loved former secretary, Charles K. Ferry, in appreciation of his untiring effort and faithful perseverance in laboring so hard to make our tournament the grand success it really was.

On the 7th of November, 1882, a committee of three, consisting of Wilbur N. Winans, M. D. Gillette, and Henry E. Ducker were appointed by the club to look up club-rooms. It was finally decided that the club must have some kind of club-rooms in which to meet; and, as our club was constantly increasing, it really became an imperative necessity, and it was therefore the opinion of all that something must

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be done. At the next meeting, when this committee made their report, it was learned that no place could be secured, and we were once more thrown back in the old rut, — for the time being at least. But on the 5th December another committee was appointed, consisting of A. L. Fennessy, Fred L. Calkins, and Charles E. Whipple. These were given full power to lease rooms for the club, and a week from this date the present rooms were secured.



BADGE.

The whole of the second floor in the Massachusetts Life Insurance Co.'s building is occupied by the club, and it has been fitted up at an expense of nearly $1,900. The rooms are open at all times to visiting wheelmen, and a janitor is always on hand to welcome our 'cycling friends.

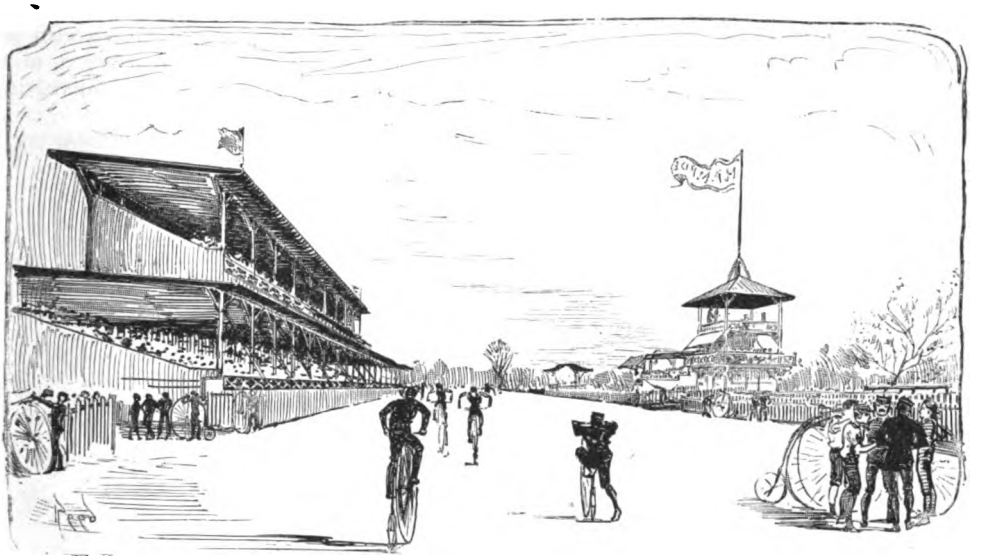
The club met its first severe loss on the 5th day of December, 1882, when its faithful secretary, Charles K. Ferry, handed in his resignation. This was a matter which every man regretted very much. Probably no man in the whole club, save, perhaps, President Ducker, had done more for us, and had been so earnest and enthusiastic, and carried with him such an amount of good will as Mr. Ferry. He was one of its founders, was its first secretary, and was first in everything that tended to help and improve the club. His resignation was not accepted, however, until it was learned that private interests were so pressing as to compel him to withdraw. He was at once made an honorary and life member by the unanimous vote of the club, and is the only man who has that distinction. A. L. Fennessy was elected secretary at the next meeting. In addition to the famous tournament given Sept. 20, 1882, the club has also given several very fine entertainments, which have been a great success, both socially and financially. The last given, Feb. 22, 1883, at City Hall, was the event of the season, and brought out the best audience ever seen here at a public party. It has always been the aim of the club to do what it did well; and probably to this it owes much of its success. Expense has never been spared to give a really good thing, and once the confidence of the public is gained, it is easy to maintain it. The club has never prided itself particularly on the aggregate distance of miles covered during any period of time; and up to the time of writing no records have been kept, although I believe we have done our share of road-riding, but have never made any long runs. The longest distance made by any member of the club was made, I believe, by George M. Hendee, who covered the distance from here to New Haven and return (about 112 miles) in 11 hours and 23 minutes. Hendee has made the run to New Haven in 5 hours and 20 minutes. Most of the long-distance runs are made on Sunday, although the club never goes out as a club on Sunday, but imposes no restrictions upon its members. It is left optional with them, and, as a consequence, very little is said about Sunday riding; and when members of the club do appear on Sunday it is rarely in club uniform. Previous to May, 1883, nothing was ever said or done by the city authorities to regulate the practice of riding on the streets within the city limits. Since that time, however, the question has been very thoroughly aired, and the result has been very beneficial. It was attempted by the board of aldermen to pass an ordinance requiring wheelmen to dismount at a given signal or be fined $20; this was fought vigorously by the club, and never passed the Common Council.

The club was presented individually, by Mr. H. H. Bigelow, of Worcester, on the 30th June, 1882, with the present club badge, in appreciation of services rendered. On the 5th of April, 1883, the quarterly dues of the club were advanced from seventy-five cents a quarter to a dollar and a half a quarter. The club has been specially favored by the abundance of voluntary good-will shown its members wherever present. And too much cannot be said of the kind treatment and generous hospitality always evinced by the local clubs, and also by the Worcester and Æolus wheelmen, of Worcester, and the Ixion Club, of New York; the latter club, particularly, has always manifested the very kindliest and friendliest feeling for us, and has done much to promote all the enterprises the Springfield club has been en-

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gaged in. Early in the history of the club it was deemed advisable and definitely settled upon, that none but strictly moral and desirable men would be admitted; and this rule has been rigidly adhered to, although at times it has made some feeling. A bicycle club, like any other organization, must have good, solid material wherewith to work, in order to be successful, and it is questionable policy to deviate from a rule that has been so eminently successful. At time of writing, the club has on its membership roll seventy-four active members and one honorary. It may be well to note here that the average age of these members is twenty-three years, — probably the youngest of any club in the United States. Of course, the club has no means aside from individual support to maintain so large an organization, and it has been very close sailing, many times, to make both ends meet. Its members, mostly clerks, salesmen, etc., of necessity object to long-distance runs, which have been so popular with the Massachusetts and Boston clubs. It is not always an easy matter for them to leave their business even for a day; therefore the captain of the Springfield club has never called an all-day run, although I can readily vouch for its being greatly enjoyed were it ever deemed advisable to do so. One of the first things to be incorporated in the by-laws was the clause forbidding all its members riding on sidewalks within city limits, and a deviation from this renders a member liable to expulsion. There have never been any quarrels of any kind in the club. The only time there was imminent danger visible was when it was vainly tried to make it compulsory for members to appear in other beside club uniform when riding on Sunday. This gave rise to considerable discussion, which resulted in a suggestion by the secretary that members should, as far as possible, avoid using their regular uniform on Sunday. This was very generally approved of, and there the matter dropped.

The Springfield club has always been very active, and has done much to pro-



HAMPDEN PARK.

mote bicycling. Its members have always considered it impossible to do too much for the cause.

The total expenses of the tournament held in September, 1882, aggregated more than $3,100, which sum was guaranteed by thirteen of the twenty-three members then belonging to the club. The net profits of the tournament amounted to $711.96.

Sometime in February, our energetic president, Henry E. Ducker, conceived the idea of holding the largest bicycle meet ever held in the world, in this city, some time during the fall of 1883. This was thoroughly and enthusiastically discussed by the members of the club. The plan was to hold a three-days' meet here, and make it an object for wheelmen to come here from all parts of the world. This was put to the club on the 5th day of April, and it was voted to expend $10,000 on it,

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and make it the event of the year, and the largest tournament ever held. A guarantee fund was immediately taken from members, and $5,000 at once secured, ten per cent. of which is paid into the treasury on the tenth of each month, beginning with April. A monthly paper has also been issued by the club, giving all the details of the grand event, and is sent free to every known wheelman in this country, and to many in England, Canada, etc. Some of the swiftest flyers from the other side of the pond have already been secured, and probably the largest delegation of cycling lights and racers, etc., ever seen, will be at Springfield in September. The Springfield club is young and vigorous. It means to do all in its power to make bicycling a favorite sport; it looks to other clubs for their hearty support and cordial coöperation. It means to do what is best suited to serve the national interest, and at the same time promote its own. It deems it essential to make its most powerful appeals to its own members, but it is necessary also to have the good-will and encouraging words of others who are enthusiasts like ourselves. Without these our course would necessarily be slow. Of these we feel assured. We know of what material the average wheelman is composed, and that his heart lies next his hand, and when you grasp one you touch the other. The Springfield club, I hope, is no exception; and after years have passed, and our club has spent all its energies, and others with larger numbers and more enthusiastic members have risen up and taken our place, then we will feel amply repaid if we are remembered, and a kind word spoken in behalf of the Springfield Bicycle Club.

A. L. Fennessy.

SONGS FOR 'CYCLERS.

No. 1. *Air Wheels.*

SOFT and still valley and hill
  Melt in the evening shadow,
Away behind the western wind
  Creeps across the meadow;
We'll leave it far behind, boys,
  The roads are smooth and fair,
O'er hill and hollow, the breeze may follow,
  Follow, follow — air.

Far away, breaking its way
  Out from its tunnel quiver,
The railroad steed with arrowy speed
  Sweeps by the quiet river;
It leaves us far behind, boys,
  We straggle away in the rear,
Let it go! let it go! to beat it you know
  Our wheels should be made of — air.

Loud, then soft, struggling aloft
  Over the trees and bushes,
The silver notes of the bugle float
  And melt among river rushes;
That means we're near our goal, boys,
  And friends are waiting there;
Press hard on your wheel, there's the music of steel,
  And a rushing of — air through air.

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No. 2. *Night Lights.*

FAR on the winding road,
Wavering slow,
What is that flickering,
Fast-flitting glow?
Stars softly showing,
Lights shyly glowing,
Through trees where blowing
Winds whisper low.

Hark! on the soft-breathing,
Half-broken breeze,
Tired with blowing through
Leaf-laden trees,
O'er the woods sleeping,
Music comes creeping,
Voices are keeping
Time to the breeze.

Out from the Sumac shade
Glide flashing wheels,
Twining through airy spokes
Melody steals;
'Cyclers are singing,
Wild notes ringing,
Deep voices flinging
Up music of wheels.

No. 3. *On the Road.*

AWAY we go on our wheels, boys,
As free as the roving breeze,
And over our pathway steals, boys,
The music of wind-swept trees;
And round by the woods and over the hill
Where the ground so gently swells,
From a thousand throats in echoing notes
The songster melody wells.

Along we speed o'er the road, boys, —
The road that we know so well;
Those oaks know the whir of our wheels, boys,
And they welcome the 'cycler's bell;
And down in the hollow the streamlet flows
In rollicking humor along;
While flinging its wavelets' cadence up
To challenge the 'cycler's song.

Above us we feel in the air, boys,
A spirit that's kin with ours, —
A spirit that gives to our life, boys,
The brightest of earth's best flowers;
For the health and strength that are beauty's own,
That are stamped with Nature's seal,
Are securely bound and circled round
In the spokes of the flying "wheel."

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No. 4. *Souvenir.*

CYCLE! cycle! trusty cycle,
How I dearly love thee,
Flashing, glancing out as bright
As any star above me;
Far away, and farther, farther,
You will bear me fast,
Till receding Boston's turmoil
Dies away at last.

Cycle! cycle! my own cycle,
You and I are flying
Faster than those city echoes
Far behind us dying;
Then away and over hillside,
Climbing like a feather,
Or, as lightning rushing downward,
We will roll together.

Cycle! cycle! we have wandered
Many a mile together,
We have tasted summer sunshine,
Storm, and winter weather,
And I think as through the starlight
Slowly now we glide,
Through our spokes north winds have whistled,
Western winds have sighed,
Now, where Boston's breeze is blowing,
England's breezes died.

Ninon Neckar.

RONDEAU.

HER shady porch, with one big chair,
And she reclining idly there;
While on the door-step at her feet
I sit and watch her, Marguerite,
The daisies' queen, bright-eyed and fair.

Our tricycles, a dusty pair,
Stand in the drive neglected, where
We left them for this cool retreat,
Her shady porch.

The summer's soft, sweet-scented air
With lazy kisses stirs her hair,
And fans me on my lowly seat,
As, looking up, her eyes I meet,
And bless the fate that lets me share
Her shady porch.

Dudley C. Hasbrouck.

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A SHADOW LOVE.[1]

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

Author of "Louise and I," "John Ascott's Danghter," etc.

XX.

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long, delighted,
The stranger fain would linger on his way!"

WHETHER or not George Thorne was mistaken regarding the state of feeling existing between Edwin Hoyt and Miss Mayne, there was no denying the fact that since their moonlight walk at the hotel on the Drachenfels, Hoyt had been more exclusively attentive than ever.

George was almost angry with Ruth. The fact that she allowed Hoyt's attentions at all was sufficient proof that they were not unwelcome. He never paused to consider how far he was influenced by his own feelings, but grew more foolishly jealous as each day revealed to him new marks of preference for his rival. He felt Hoyt *was* his rival, and yet he was ashamed to acknowledge such a thing even to himself, for he knew the girl had only treated him with such consideration as custom sanctions between those known to the world as "good friends."

The fact of the doctor's attentiveness to his sister may have influenced him to a certain extent, and suggested to him the idea of making it exclusively a family affair. Still, this is mere conjecture, for it is more than likely that Ruth's sweet face and charming manners were alone responsible for the "vague unrest" which of late filled his waking hours, and that he had simply lost his susceptive heart, as many another man had done before him. As a result, he was piqued, though the only visible evidence of such feeling was a slightly cooler manner towards Hoyt, and a studied indifference in the presence of the lady. Then he was thrown more than ever into the society of Professor Gantier, and, in time, learned that the old scientist held the same indefinable distrust of Hoyt which he himself entertained. The professor had observed nothing in particular in the man's conduct toward Miss Mayne, but after George had called his attention to marked evidences of preference, upon several occasions, the old Frenchman's eyes began to open, and he saw, or thought he saw, slight proofs of growing affection upon one side, and perhaps both, which set him to thinking. However, the professor was too politic to let his feelings influence his actions in the least, and he preserved his usual warmth and placidity of manner toward every member of the party, as though each was an object of most sincere regard.

For over a week the tourists loitered amid the picturesque beauties of the Rhine, ere they turned their faces homeward.

"Here Ehrenbreitstein with her shattered wall,
Black with the miner's blast upon her height,
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball,
Rebounding idly on her strength, did light;
A tower of victory, from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain."

And just across the river, where the sparkling Moselle comes dancing down from vine-clad hills and fertile valleys to meet the Rhine, Coblenz, with its church of St. Castor, its beautiful palace, — the summer residence of the Queen of Prussia, — and below it the old boat-bridge. Or, farther on, Stolzenfels, with its massive round towers, dating back six centuries, the summer home of the German Emperor; Marksburg, its castle perched high in air, which, as the guide-books tell, is the only one upon the Rhine never destroyed.

And then the Rhinefels, with its magnificent castle-ruins and rare views; and still farther up the river, and to the east, the Katzenelbogen, the Lurlei and the sunken ledge, where, as the story goes, Hermann was lured to his death in the surging waters by the enchanting songs of the fairy "Lore." Then Schönburg, Gutenfels, Stahlberg, Nollingen, Reichenstein, — all picturesque sites of old crumbling ruins, the last named being the haunt of the Rhine robbers. Above Rheinstein, the scene of the legend of Gerda, is Ehrenfels, from whose terraced slopes flows the golden Rüdesheimer. And now the river narrows at the Bingerloch, and the famous

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mouse tower is passed, where, it is told, in the tenth century Archbishop Hatto stored his grain in time of famine, and was gnawed to death by mice.

At length the lovely Bingen comes in view, —

"Sweet Bingen on the Rhine,"

nestling by the placid river's side, in the midst of beauty and verdure, while the gray hills beyond look down upon the quiet town like watchful sentinels. Again the river broadens, the hills sink back into the distance as the steamer glides onward amidst fair islands, and the landscape stretches away on either side in level, cultivated fields. The picturesqueness of the Rhine is now passed, and, in another hour, the journey ends at Mayence.

Here the tourists lingered for a couple of days, for there is much of historical interest connected with the old city, — an important Roman stronghold before the Christian era, — besides numerous fine buildings, works of art, and collections of Roman antiquities.

It had been the doctor's intention to spend a day at Heidelberg, only two hours' distant from Mayence by rail, to give opportunity for a visit to the Heidelberg castle, one of the most extensive and magnificent ruins in Germany, and after another day in Strasburg to proceed at once to Paris. But neither the doctor, the professor, nor Mr. Hoyt were in any haste to see Paris, and the suggestion was made to extend the tour into Switzerland, at least as far as Lucerne.

George Thorne was adverse to the proposition, and Grace said "No" at once, pleading lack of time. Thinking, perhaps, that another and a more imperative reason had influenced the Thornes in their decision, the doctor did not urge the matter, but planned for an immediate return. But he was not satisfied, and on the evening previous to departure succeeded in making another arrangement, pleasing to the other members of the party, particularly so to Edwin Hoyt, and quite satisfactory to himself.

"I am sorry our pleasant vacation will so soon be over," he said to Grace, as they lingered at the supper table.

"Yes, it has been very pleasant to me," she answered, reflectively, "and to your thoughtfulness and consideration much of its enjoyment has been due."

She paused and looked down to her plate, while the doctor balanced a spoon upon the edge of his teacup. Twice it slipped into the cup, and at the third trial fell with a ringing clatter into the saucer. Grace glanced up quickly. The doctor pushed the cup back upon the table, and, meeting her gaze, replied to her remark, —

"As to that, Miss Thorne, it is hardly worth mentioning. If the end is gained, the means employed is of slight moment. At least you will return to Paris with some color in your cheeks, even though the sketch-book *has* been rather neglected, and that alone is worth all the effort it has cost." Then he began playing with the teaspoon again, and added, "I assure you rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes are very becoming to you."

Grace blushed as she answered,—

"O doctor, you will make me vain if you go on with such open flattery. Really the conversation is growing frivolous."

"Then let us be sensible, and tell me truly, *are* you so very anxious to return at once to Paris?"

Grace smiled as she evaded the doctor's gaze, and with her napkin brushed the bread-crumbs near her plate into a neat little pyramid.

"That is not fair," she said, in a moment. "Of course, this dreamy, *dolce-far-niente* existence is very delightful, especially with so many agreeable companions; but then, you possibly may not have forgotten that I am striving to become an artist, and I must no longer play the spendthrift with my little store of golden moments."

"Neither is it well to play the niggard," her companion answered, pleasantly. "However, you have not wholly neglected the pursuit of art, after all. There was the Brussels museum, and yesterday the palace" —

"Oh, no! — and my sketch-book has been filled, too — with caricatures," she interposed. "But I regret now that we made no stay in Cologne, for the professor tells me there are several quite celebrated pictures there; then at Dusseldorf there is a collection of nearly fifteen thousand drawings by the old masters."

"And you regret not seeing them?"

"Yes; I am sorry now we missed the opportunity when we were so near. It was my own fault, however."

"Then we must surely return to Paris by way of Cologne, and spend a day in Dusseldorf *en route*," the doctor proposed.

"Oh, not on my account!" Grace exclaimed, in real opposition; "besides you

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know Mr. Hoyt is anxious to see the famous clock of Strasburg."

"A fig for Mr. Hoyt's wishes!" he responded, warmly; "there is nothing at all noteworthy in Strasburg, except the cathedral, and it may be omitted without a thought. As to Heidelberg, the city is only a two hours' journey by rail; we can reach there in the morning, visit the ruins and the University, and then arrive at Cologne before the hour for retiring."

"But what will the others think of the proposition?"

As she seemed to be considering the matter seriously, the doctor replied accordingly, —

"Oh, Ruth and the professor will not care either way; your brother, of course, will desire to please you, and Mr. Hoyt, being very much in the minority, will come over to the majority quietly and sensibly. So you see we are already of one mind."

"I will think of it," Grace answered, reflectively, rising from the table.

Then the doctor pushed away his chair, as he replied, —

"Oh, certainly, you may *think* of it, though the matter is already decided."

He was in a very happy frame of mind to-night, for during the entire day Grace had been quite agreeable and friendly, more so than at any time during the tour. Not that she had ever been positively unfriendly, though he was able to recall numberless occasions when she had treated his thoughtful attentions with seeming indifference, and made careless remarks, which had wounded him deeply. At times he felt he had won her love, and that her seeming indifference was a result of the struggle against it; and then, again, the case seemed so utterly hopeless he despaired ever of being more to her than a passing friend.

Yet through it all he was so kind, so patient, and considerate, that unwittingly he was forging a chain of love, binding their hearts with links too strong to be broken. She herself knew how well she loved him, and how bitter had been the struggle with her own feelings. She knew why she had made so many slighting remarks and acted so indifferently toward him in return for so much kindness; and if his heart had felt her cruel wounds, hers had ached that she had caused him so much pain.

"Yet why may I not love him?" she had asked herself a hundred times; "for he is noble, and manly, and good, and loves me so tenderly. Then Ambition had answered, "Because you have consecrated your life to art," and Pride whispered, "Because you have boasted such strength, in your devotion to art, that to surrender now would but be a humiliating acknowledgment of your weakness."

The tour of the Rhine was a thing of the past; they were to return to Paris in a few days, and the thought of her wounding words, upon the many occasions when she had hurt his feelings, now smote her conscience. This morning, therefore, she had resolved to make partial amends by being more kindly disposed toward her friend, at least during the remainder of the journey. That she would be able to appear friendly, even to respectful familiarity, without revealing in the slightest degree her true feelings, she felt perfectly confident. As she reasoned upon it, the effort would continue but for a few days, and once again in Paris a different state of things could be speedily inaugurated.

How well she had succeeded with this affectation of disinterested friendship during the first day of her resolution may be better understood from a knowledge of the doctor's feelings to-night as he arose from the supper-table, for at last he thought he saw a faint ray of hope.

He carried his point completely regarding the change of plans. As might have been supposed, Hoyt grumbled somewhat at being obliged to miss the Strasburg cathedral, and at having to return by nearly the same route taken in coming. But he gave up quite gracefully when he learned that Ruth favored visiting Cologne, and readily fell in with the new arrangement. In the past week Ruth had succeeded in getting up quite an interest in Charlemagne, — one of the professor's heroes of antiquity, — and above all things she desired to visit Aix-la-Chapelle, so fraught with associations of the great emperor and hero of chivalric romance. Therefore, Hoyt was very willing to go to Aix-la-Chapelle, or even to Constantinople, if she willed it, and especially if it would serve to prolong their homeward journey. Hours were precious, time fleeting, and Ruth Mayne growing more charming day by day.

Wellford's name was never mentioned now. During the first weeks of his absence the doctor had frequently spoken with surprise of the Englishman's failure to write; but, as days went on and still no word came from him, he had quietly dis-

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missed the subject from mind, concluding that the young man's friendship was of that convenient sort which can be forgotten when there is nothing further to be gained by it. Ruth had shared her brother's feelings in the matter, if, indeed, she had not in a measure influenced them; and while the thought pained her that she had been so disappointed in Wellford's character, she knew it was better to be undeceived, even though they never met again.

The visit to Heidelberg was unsatisfactory in every respect. In the first place, the time was so limited every member of the party, save the old scientist, felt in haste. He was never in a hurry, however, and on the present occasion sought out an old friend connected with the University, one Prof. Jungfrau, and the day was passed very pleasantly.

Not so with his companions. Grace was too fatigued to attempt much in the way of sight-seeing, and decided to spend the time in sketching about the old castle ruins. She was in a hurry, however; the colors refused to dry rapidly, and, after an hour's "fussing," she spoiled her picture completely. The doctor said all the nice things that could be said under the circumstances, urging her to try again. But she had lost the "feeling" and her temper at the same time, and the second trial proved worse than the first. Then she quietly tore the two sheets to bits, scattering the fragments to the winds, after which she placed her brushes in the color-box, with great deliberateness, shut down the lid, and announced that she was ready to be conveyed to the station. It lacked over an hour of train-time, however, so, securing a carriage, the doctor drove through the one street — about three miles in length — of which the city mainly consists, visited the *Molkencur*, from which a fine view of the surrounding country was obtained, and then returned to the hotel, and subsequently to the station.

Ruth, Mr. Hoyt, and George Thorne, like true Americans, set out to *do* the town after the most approved fashion of a Cook's touring party. The very ordinary-looking University buildings, the Church of the Holy Ghost and Saint Peter; the splendid castle ruin, with its blown-up tower, the fountain, the chapel, and the famous Heidelberger Fass or wine tun, and a score of other points of interest, were all hurriedly visited before the day was half gone.

Then Hoyt made up his mind to a quiet stroll somewhere with Ruth, for the remaining hours of their stay, and gave George a delicate hint to the effect that "two's company," etc., the aphorism is a little threadbare; but the young man, not to be driven away by such means, simply remained, while each did his utmost to spoil the other's enjoyment. Ruth failed to observe all the by-play, but she saw enough to realize what was going on, and, entering into the spirit of the rivalry, quietly amused herself at the expense of the two gentlemen.

She liked both. Hoyt was the more brilliant, and perhaps made a greater show of attention; but George was naturally good at heart, and his kindness was more spontaneous. In a different way, therefore, each contributed to her pleasure, though Edwin Hoyt shrewdly managed to monopolize the greater share of her companionship.

Although, of late, the doctor had given himself much to the society of Grace Thorne, while it is not chronicled in this narration of events, he by no means neglected his sister. He was fully observant of everything transpiring about him, for the various members of the party were thrown together during many hours of the day, and, while he said nothing, and appeared to see nothing, he kept himself perfectly well informed. Not that he distrusted Hoyt, exactly, — the feeling was less strongly defined, — but he was not quite sure that he perfectly understood the man's character.

In Cologne the usual round of sight-seeing occupied the tourists during the twenty-four hours of their stay. The professor was urged by the doctor to accompany the party in their rambles about the city, but declined at the last moment, offering as an excuse a prior engagement at the Museum of Mediæval Antiquities. He neglected to state, however, that his engagement was with George Thorne, whom he had prevailed upon to accompany him. The old scientist cared nothing for sight-seeing, — it was an old story with him, — and he knew beyond doubt that his society was not at all essential to the happiness of either Grace or the doctor, while Ruth and the dark-haired American were now something more than subjects of speculative consideration.

As a result, the party of four became couples quite early in the day, their paths quietly diverging in the most natural manner.

Ruth was not blind to her brother's

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attachment for the pretty artist. She had known of it from the first, and had been cognizant of its steady growth, though no word upon the subject had passed between them since the occasion of the doctor's visit to the Luxembourg gallery. She knew, too, of what depth of love he was capable, and hoped that his feelings were reciprocated, for she recognized in Grace a woman who could fill a wife's place in his affections more fully than any he had ever met before. Fred was her hero. She was the youngest of the family, as he was the oldest, and she had been his favorite sister, and the object of his warmest sympathy and love, longer than she could remember. Ruth felt he must marry some time, — though of late years there had seemed to be more or less doubt about it, — and it was natural she should wish for him the very best wife in the world. At the same time it was remarkable that for once she had not allowed her family pride, usually strong, to influence her in the least in the matter of his choice.

She felt that Grace was a woman of strong character, and one who would always be able to command a husband's respect; her tastes and the doctor's were similar, while, in temperament, they were quite unlike, and she knew it would be a true marriage, should Heaven will that it come to pass.

The day in Cologne was passed in very nearly the same routine with which the two days had been occupied in Brussels and other places, though Grace and the doctor found fewer pictures with which to interest themselves, and Ruth, a cathedral far surpassing in grandeur anything of the kind she had ever seen. The collection of ancient and modern paintings in the Museum, while of passing interest, were of minor importance, and those scattered through the half-dozen or more ecclesiastical edifices were early visited, and the doctor and his companion found their resources for art enjoyment suddenly exhausted.

It was the middle of the afternoon; they were in the cathedral, and, wearied with seeing so much, Grace sank down upon a seat in the choir, while the doctor was still viewing a series of wall paintings upon the screen surrounding the stalls.

"What expressionless faces!" the girl remarked, languidly, turning toward the pictures. "They must be very old works."

"Yes, they are claimed to have been produced early in the fourteenth century, though it is thought by the best painters of the time." Then the doctor smiled, as he added, reflectively, "In that conventional period evidently little time was wasted in careful modelling."

"Still, the artist must have had a fair knowledge of form," Grace suggested, "for the proportions are quite good, and there is considerable action."

The doctor assented, made a criticism or two regarding the draperies, and some minor points in the paintings, and relapsed into silence. He stood very erect as he continued to survey the pictures, his hat held carelessly in his left hand, the arm hanging at his side, while his right arm rested easily behind him. In the subdued light his figure was very striking, and, as Grace turned from the paintings and allowed her gaze to rest upon his finely-shaped head and splendid features, her face lighted with admiration.

How distant their relation! — only a chance acquaintance, yet how near to her! — a kind and considerate friend, whose only happiness seemed to be in making her happy. She was still gazing at the doctor intently, when he suddenly turned, and their eyes met. For the moment no words were spoken, though the girl glanced to the floor as she changed color slightly, but immediately recovered her self-possession.

"You are tired, Grace," he said, kindly, drawing to her side.

"Yes, I am a little tired," she replied; "we have seen so much since leaving Paris, and it is such hard work viewing pictures!"

"Perhaps it will be best to return to the hotel at once." The doctor had commenced putting on his gloves.

"Oh, no, that would be very unwise," she insisted; "we have not seen the half of the cathedral yet."

"But we can finish to-morrow," he urged in reply, looking up from his occupation.

Grace smiled, as she answered, "To-morrow? Why, to-morrow morning we are to leave for Dusseldorf! Have you forgotten?"

"Not at all," her companion replied. He was endeavoring to force an obstinate button into place. "If it will add in the least to your pleasure to remain, a delay of one day is a matter of *slight* importance."

Grace knew he meant it, and, as such a thing was not to be thought of, she answered quite positively, "By no means,

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doctor! I insist upon it — we cannot alter our plans in that manner for a mere trifle." Then she added, languidly, "I am not *very* tired; I can rest here quite comfortably." Once more she turned toward the pictures, surveying them in a preoccupied manner, while both relapsed into silence.

The doctor finished buttoning his glove, stood a moment beside his companion, looking at her intently, and then quietly seated himself at no great distance.

Grace was more fatigued than she was willing to admit, or even than the doctor knew, with all his solicitous regard and watchful care over her. She was going beyond her strength; she knew it herself, but the present experiences were so delightful she took no thought for the future, following blindly the path of pleasure, wheresoever it might lead.

Like a dream the occurrences of the past few days arose before her now, as she remembered how filled with joy had been every hour. Her eyes were turned toward the pictures, telling of an age as dim and shadowy as themselves; but in her revery, other, brighter pictures shone before her, as she reviewed the weeks since she had met this courtly gentleman whose kindness had been even greater than a brother's. She had grown to regard him as a friend, whose kindness, whose companionship and protection were offered and accepted as a matter of course; then, as the thought flashed upon her brain how lately they had been strangers, — for an entire summer is but a brief limit of time, — and the full realization burst upon her overwhelmingly like the onward rush of a flood-tide, she was conscience-smitten. She recalled that bright day at Fontainebleau, and the brave words she had spoken in the park of her determination to fight the world alone; and now, as she thought how easily inclination had led her to think of other things, and how blindly she had walked into the very toils an unkind fate had spread in her pathway, she was filled with sudden bitter regrets.

"It is hard work viewing pictures," the doctor began, reopening the conversation. "In my zeal to show you everything in which I thought you might be interested, I fear I have acted unwisely, if not selfishly."

"You have been very kind," she answered, with nonchalance.

In her heart she meant it, and longed to express it in manner as well as words; but, filled with rebellious thoughts, she only stared vacantly at the pictures.

"It is a pleasure to hear you say so," the doctor returned, without appearing to notice her manner. He could not help regarding it, however, and, mistaking her entirely, attributed it most charitably to fatigue. He continued: "Now, if I were an enthusiastic young lady artist, with more ambition than strength, do you know what I would do?"

She looked toward him, and, smiling faintly, said, "How should I?"

He smiled in turn, and answered: "In my devotion to art, health should have first consideration. I would heed the advice of a good friend, even if it delayed a pleasure party all of twenty-four hours."

"You are making fun of me, doctor." She threw herself into an attitude of proud defiance, and continued: "As you say, I *am* only a woman, with more ambition than strength, but you might have added, 'and wilful and headstrong.'"

"Then all the more you need the counsel of a good friend, — a mental balance-wheel, as it were, to keep the machinery of your ambition under proper control."

In her present mood the direction of the conversation was unfortunate, but, the subject entered upon, Grace was ready to follow it to the end.

"That comes almost as a satire, Doctor Mayne, considering the manner in which the last three days have been spent. Why, I have forgotten ambition and art itself, — unless viewing pictures may be called art, — and like a butterfly have given myself up to the pursuit of pleasure. And now that I have allowed myself to be led away into greener pastures, and become wearied with the diversion, as a remedy you counsel positive idleness."

"Why not? There is nothing inconsistent in striving to be a good artist, and, at the same time, in finding a reasonable enjoyment in life by giving one's self occasional play-days. In the end it is a positive gain."

"Not if the allurements of the one overbalance the devotion to the other."

The doctor had been standing before his companion, but he now seated himself beside her, and continued the conversation, —

"I have been pursuing pleasure all my life, like the butterfly, in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and amid the fairest flowers; but, like that belted marauder, the bee, I have neither forgotten the business of life nor the empty storehouse. There is a knack in doing things easily and pleasantly which is well worth knowing, I assure you."

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As Grace did not reply, he continued: "With your enthusiasm and your talent I do not wonder at your ambition, and I respect your determination to win a name in the world; but where is the enjoyment of fame with wasted strength, or a broken constitution? If you are wearied with the diversion, as you term the present occupation, it has been a source of positive delight to me, because you have appeared to enjoy it so thoroughly. I think, had vanity tempted you to look into the mirror this morning, you would have seen a brighter pair of eyes and rosier cheeks than your Paris mirror has shown you in many a day. Am I not right?"

"Yes, I have enjoyed it," she replied, "just as boys enjoy stolen fruit — under the shadow of a speedy retribution."

"*Do* you really mean this?" the doctor questioned, earnestly.

Grace turned quickly, for the tone of the voice surprised her. She thought the lines in the face before her were more severe than she had ever seen them, and he met her gaze so firmly, yet with such a kindly expression in his eyes, she involuntarily shrank from looking into them, and glanced down to the floor. Under most circumstances the question would have simply implied that he doubted her words, and she would have answered it in a manner fitting to wounded pride; but now it was as though the doctor was reading her very mind. She was confused and annoyed, and for once her proud spirit bowed before a master spirit.

"Do I really — mean — this"— she repeated, with hesitation; "why not?"

"Do you remember our conversation in Fontainbleau?" the doctor went on. "It was a new experience to find myself face to face with a woman having a purpose in life, — young, admired, with capabilities for the highest enjoyment of the world's pleasures; one who might reign a queen in the heart of any man, yet one willing to sacrifice all through an enthusiastic devotion to art, and become a recluse. I admired you for it, while it pained me to see how willing was the sacrifice, and how great the world's loss. Then there came a feeling that perhaps it was the glamour of success which had allured you.

"I know you far better now, and I have discovered a depth to your nature which enables me to understand more fully the intensity of your feelings, but I yet fear you have not fully counted the cost."

The doctor paused, but his companion was still gazing at the floor.

"Grace," he pursued, inclining his head toward her, and speaking more earnestly, "I think I have discovered something else."

Again she turned suddenly, and gave a searching glance into his face.

"That I have 'more ambition than strength,'" she said, with a forced smile; then added, almost defiantly, "and more *pride* than ambition."

"Yes, that is precisely what I would say," he replied, "though I might word it differently. I have discovered what no one can feel more keenly than yourself, that your sacrifice, far from being a willing one, is a constant bitter struggle, and that ambition cannot ease the heartache or drive away womanish tears. I know, too, of what intense enjoyment you are capable, not only of the world's pleasures, but of those deeper, calmer delights which spring from a realization of perfect love. But, as you say, pride is greater than ambition. You are not equal to the struggle; cast away both, and while you may still dream of bright success in the pursuit of your loved art, let me be ever near you, to help you bear your disappointments, — a true and trusted friend."

Oh, the bitterness of love! What pain, what heartache, what anguish, must poor, misguided mortals suffer in its name! How she yearned for sympathy, and longed to take the proffered hand of this noble-natured gentleman, and with a word end the anguish and the heartache of which he had so truly spoken! A sudden mist came into her eyes, her breast heaved with emotion, and then she grew strong again.

"No, no," she whispered; "such life is not for me. There are thousands of women in the world who were born to fill blissful homes with the spirit of their beautiful lives. I am none of these, though I am a woman with a woman's heart, a woman's susceptibilities; with a power to love, and perhaps a yearning to be loved by the good and true, but with a burning ambition to accomplish the high purpose to which I have consecrated my life. Such is the pathway Heaven has laid out for me to follow; and with a woman's unflinching courage I must follow it to the end."

That night the doctor sat by the open window of his room at the hotel far into the little hours. And when the moon rose from behind the dark outline of the old cathedral, limning with silvery whiteness

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flying buttress, pinnacle, and spire, he awoke from his revery.

"Yet I will win her!"

XXI.

"Oh! I am fortune's fool!"

A MONTH has passed since the occurrences of the last chapter. A brief period in the calendar of a year, but, viewed retrospectively, by the chief actors in our drama, an age filled with varied and perplexing experiences.

When Grace returned to Paris she resolved to waste no more time in idle visits to picture-galleries. She wished the doctor to feel that they were still good friends, however, if only to show him how thoroughly she had been mistress of her own heart, and, for a time, endeavored to receive his occasional friendly visits as though that strange episode of their afternoon in the Cologne Cathedral had never occurred.

That she failed signally may be accepted as a natural consequence; for, though studying well the part she desired to play, she was no dissembler, and the thin disguise of affectation only made more apparent the state of feeling she wished to conceal. It came as a revelation to the doctor, and while every hour in her company was a season of delight, and every hour away from her a period of impatient waiting, he respected her feelings, and many times denied himself the pleasure of her society when there was no other reason for his having done so. Otherwise she saw no change in him, save that he appeared very thoughtful at times, and the pressure of his hand seemed more as in the earlier days of their acquaintance.

It was useless, however, to fight against fate. The more she wished to forget herself and him, in hard work, the more constantly she kept him in mind, and the more anxiously awaited the hour when she should see him again. And so the miserable days crept by, until, at length, she gave up in despair, and, telling her brother she was tired of Paris and picture-galleries, and of study, announced her determination to return to America at once.

George Thorne's surmises regarding Ruth and Mr. Hoyt, which had been breathed into the professor's ear from time to time during the Rhine excursion, had not been whispered in vain. The eyes of the scientist were suddenly opened, and he noted much in his quiet way, which, under other circumstances, would have escaped his observation entirely. He was very fond of Ruth, because she always appeared so interested in his occupations, and argued so fearlessly with him, and refused to accept his conclusions so positively when at variance with her own, unless the supporting facts were likewise presented; and he felt more than a passing interest in her welfare. He rather liked Hoyt, too, because the gentleman was so very respectful and friendly, and was given to such delicate flattery; and that the two young people should so often be thrown together in his society was nothing remarkable.

But he had never dreamed of a growing attachment between them, for he had planned it all out very nicely that Ruth and Wellford, having met and become interested in each other, as a logical sequence should some day be married. So the love-making went on under his very nose, — at least George Thorne called it love-making, though George himself made the most of every opportunity in the same direction, — and as it still continued after the return to Paris, the professor, urged on by the rival, at length made up his mind that something must be done at once for the absent Manning. He had promised to keep his friend posted regarding the movements of the Maynes, but thus far there had been no opportunity to open the correspondence, — and the scientist detested letter-writing. However, the time had now come, and after pondering the weighty matter in his mind a day or two longer, to get it into proper shape for presentation, the old Frenchman wrote to his English friend as follows: —

> You should return to Paris at once, if you would have a care to that which affects your future happiness. It is not for me to write much in a letter, — for one may speak more than he should commit to paper, — but, in any event, I feel that you should know the truth. Mlle. Ruth Mayne doubtless has not yet forgotten her absent friend, though of late Monsieur Hoyt has been *very* kind to her; but, in the event of a long-continued absence, there may be cause for lasting regret when it is too late to make amends.
>
> With the highest regard for your well-being and happiness, my dear sir, accept the assurance of my most distinguished respect.
>
> HENRI GANTIER.

After the letter had been sent the professor felt better. He had performed an act of most disinterested kindness for an absent friend, and he now experienced an inward satisfaction at the thought of Hoyt's chagrin when his old companion should

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suddenly appear to him, and of Ruth's surprise and delight at once more meeting her pleasant English acquaintance.

He waited the usual length of time for Wellford s answer, but, receiving no reply, inferred that the young man was on his way to Paris, and would answer in person. A week went by, and still no word. The professor had become quite anxious, and was considering the expediency of writing again, when, one morning, he was delighted at receiving a letter bearing the Leeds post-mark. He hastily broke the seal and read as follows: —

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: — Your very kind note is received, and I have been endeavoring to reply for some days; but you will understand better when I tell you that my dear father is but just alive. What you write is most unwelcome news, and, coming at this time, when oppressed with a crushing weight of anxiety and care, I am almost beside myself.

But to think that Ned Hoyt, my touring companion, and a trusted friend, could act so basely! Can you not help me while my hands are so completely tied? Can you not say something to Ruth by which she may know how much I still think of her? Tell her I shall soon return to Paris, and perhaps the thought of me may revive something of the sentiment with which I am foolish enough to believe she regarded me when we parted. I hope for the best, and shall try to see you soon; but the future looks *dark*.

In haste, yours respectfully,

WELLFORD MANNING.

They were bitter hours of watching and waiting and hoping which followed the sending of this letter. For days Mr. Manning, senior, lay in an unconscious stupor, while Wellford, pale and care-worn, flitted between his father's sick-room and the dreary office of the mill, — now whispering a word of hope to his mother and sister, now giving directions or dictating business correspondence, and, in the brief moments snatched for bodily rest, thinking with aching heart of his loved father, or that other dear one whose face haunted him only as a shadowy memory.

But one night, as sleep came to his heavy eyelids, he dreamed he was in Paris, and with Ned Hoyt was bounding along the pretty roads beyond Courbevoie upon his bicycle, singing with joy, as blithe as a bird, for his heart was overflowing with happiness. And then he espied Ruth, with the Doctor and Grace and George Thorne, in a carriage just in advance of them, and, touching his bell as a signal, he spoke her name and with a joyful exclamation dashed after her before his friend could know of his intention. She heard the signal, and, looking back toward him, smiled as she beckoned him to come to her; and then he seemed to be flying after the retreating carriage upon the wings of the wind; faster and faster moved the pedals of his machine as the swift-revolving wheel bore him onward and onward, while the carriage still retreated, and the hand still beckoned him to come. There was a smile upon her face, but he thought he had never seen it so pale.

Then a sudden chill crept over him, and, pulling upon the handle-bar with all his strength, he pressed madly forward till the smooth road-bed seemed a swiftly moving plane. He called the name of her he loved so fondly, — there was an ominous click, a crash, — it grew suddenly dark, — then he opened his eyes and the superintendent of the mill was bending over him.

"Wellford, come quick; your father is dying!"

Two weeks later the young man occupied a seat in a Midland railway carriage *en route* to Paris. The sky was a leaden gray, and the raw October winds in fitful gusts swept against the window, and wailed mournfully through the crevices 'twixt sash and casement, sobbing piteously, while the rumble of the train smote upon his ears in direful monotony. On either side the brown fields or bleak moorland stretched darkly away to meet the low horizon, the stricken vegetation and withered rustling leaves telling, pathetically, the story of the cycling seasons' changes.

Filled with sad and gloomy thoughts, Wellford reclined in the corner of the seat, his railway rug wrapped closely around him, while his eyes wandered absently over the cold, cheerless landscape. There was plenty of time for thinking now; and, like a train of attendant spirits, all the hours since he had left Paris came trooping through his brain. Then, as the recollection of his recent bitter bereavement came freshly into mind, and he lived over again all the painful experiences of the last few weeks, he sighed heavily, and turned his face farther toward the window, to hide the tears which gathered in his eyes.

This was the journey to Paris for which he had waited through weary weeks with such anxious longing, — the journey which would bring him once more face to face with Ruth Mayne; it seemed as though he were going to her funeral.

But he was his own master now. Against inclination, happiness, all, he had

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done his whole duty toward his father, even at the risk of losing the love of one whose love had been almost his own for the asking. He had tried to interest himself in business, and in the dreary mill, because it had seemed best that he should do so, while the wish to enter the charmed circle of the world of nature lived with him as a faded dream. Now all that was changed. The duty was to himself, and he marvelled to think how the simple fact of possession could make such a difference in his feelings, or bring the mill interests into such close identity with his own. With means at his disposal, what might he not do now for the good of science? Surely Professor Gantier had mentioned to him the names of men, eminent in scientific research, who earned their bread and butter in professional pursuits; and why might he not do even more, under the circumstances?

Arriving in Paris, he proceeded at once to his old lodgings in Rue l'Echelle, and inquired for Hoyt, but was astonished to learn that he had changed to other quarters. George Thorne and his sister had also quitted the hotel; nor could he learn where any of his friends were at present located. Then he thought of Doctor Mayne; but, remembering that the doctor had never noticed his letter, written a few days after returning home, or sent him a single message in all the weeks of his absence, he decided first to call upon the professor.

The scientist was not in when he reached his lodgings; but, at the porter's suggestion, he went up to the cosey library to wait for him. He had been sitting alone but a few minutes when he heard a quick step upon the staircase, and in another moment a familiar face, preceded by a cloud of cigar-smoke, was thrust through the half-open door-way.

"Well, I'll be dashed if this isn't a genuine surprise! How are you, Manning? Give us your hand. But Lord Harry! what's the matter with you? There is no more color in your face than a wax doll's with the paint rubbed off, and you look as spare as a crow before corn-planting. Haven't been sick, I hope? How's Hoyt?"

Wellford shook hands cordially, and when there was a pause made reply.

"I've not seen Hoyt since midsummer. I have just returned from England."

"Why, you don't say so! and I only returned a couple of days ago. I've had a magnificent time in London too; splendid company, — all influential men, who have come over on a kind of semi-official lark, and — mum's the word! — but I've the prettiest kettle of fish cooking that could be imagined, and next week I'm going home to put on the finishing touches. Nothing less than twenty-five hundred this time; a perfect sinecure and plenty of vacation, with a month in the fall for party work on the State elections. I'm modest, but I always know what I want. I wish I had the keys to the professor's bookcase."

Then he looked with longing eyes toward those interesting volumes, "Agriculture and Geology of Maine, Second series. 1862."

It was twenty minutes or more before the professor returned. Not having been advised before entrance that friends were awaiting him, he walked into the room most leisurely; and, being near-sighted, had taken several steps across the floor before Wellford was observed.

"My dear boy, how glad I am to see you!" he exclaimed, rushing forward and embracing his friend warmly. "But how old you have grown in a few months, and how thin and pale you are! — and, oh, I have such unhappy news for you!"

Wellford made a rapid gesture with his hand to attract the professor's attention, and prevent him from saying more.

"I could not come till now," he responded, speaking low, then turning toward Wilson he said, in his usual voice, "Here is another old friend whom you have not yet seen."

"I was wondering if the professor would ignore me altogether," Wilson observed, coming forward to meet him; "but I'm right glad to see you, Gantier, nevertheless."

The Frenchman extended his hand cordially, and though the conversation, for a few minutes, seemed quite animated, the American felt the restraint his presence imposed upon his companions.

To Wellford every moment was an age, and he prayed inwardly that Wilson would take his departure speedily, for he was faint with apprehension of some distressing intelligence. What was the unhappy news his friend desired to tell him?

"No, I won't sit down again, professor," Wilson continued. "I've been here too long already. I only called to let you know of my return, and to inform you that I'm going back to America next week 'for good and all,' — that is, for my *good*, and for *all* I can make out of it."

"Then you will come in again before you go," the professor urged cordially,

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"perhaps give me an evening, for I want to talk with you."

Wilson replied affirmatively, thanking the scientist, and then turned to Wellford.

"And I must see you again, Manning, and I want to catch a glimpse of Hoyt, too, before I leave town. There, I'm off! Good by! Come around to see me, both of you; I'm at the old place."

As soon as they were alone the old Frenchman drew Wellford to a seat beside him, while he hesitated, as though thinking how it would be best to open the subject.

Then the Englishman broke the silence by asking eagerly, —

"What is your unwelcome news? Is Ruth — *well?*"

"Yes, she is well, but no longer in Paris."

"No longer in Paris!" the young man echoed in astonishment.

"As I wrote you yesterday, though, of course, you cannot have received my letter, they sail for America to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he whispered, growing paler, "and Hoyt" —

"Yes, your friend accompanies them."

[To be continued.]

BALLAD.

THE lady sits by her casement high
And looks at the pale, pale moon.
The wind sweeps past like a mighty sigh,
And carries into the night a cry, —
"Come quickly, my love; come soon!"

The storm-clouds rise in the starless west,
And the lightning revels above,
But teardrops fall on the lady's breast,
As she falters, by numberless fears oppressed,
"Why tarriest thou, my love?"

Oh, the bicycle's swift and familiar the track,
And the rider is humming a tune —
What shot through the gloom like a meteor black?
In the murmuring brooklet he lies on his back,
And looks at the pale, pale moon!

G. F. C.

A TWILIGHT REVERY.

WHEN the sombre shades are falling,
And the night-winds softly blow;
When the whip-poor-will is calling,
And the loved mate answers low;

When the bees and flowers are dreaming,
And the earth has sunk to rest —
Silvery moonlight mildly beaming —
Dead the fire-light in the west;

Then my heart o'erflows with gladness,
Blissful visions o'er me steal, —
Gone with day all care and sadness,
Welcome, joyful night, a wheel!

Charles Richards Dodge.

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A MEDICAL SYMPOSIUM.

The Bicycle and Tricycle as Aids to Health and Recreation.

BY GEORGE E. BLACKHAM, M.D., DUNKIRK, N.Y.

(*From the Gospel of Sanitary Science.*)

THE number of American men and women who suffer from indigestion, sleeplessness, neuralgia, and the uncounted host of disagreeable symptoms vaguely classified under the head of "Nervous Troubles," is truly great.

The question of remedies for these affections is one of the most perplexing that confronts the practising physician, for sleeplessness narcotic drugs, such as opium and its derivatives, morphia, etc., or the even more insidious chloral hydrate, can hardly be prescribed with safety. The condition is essentially a chronic one, and the danger of making slaves to the opium or chloral habit is great. For the digestive troubles we have various preparations of the digestive ferments, such as pepsin, pancreatin, etc., their compounds, and various attractive and costly elixirs containing them. While it is true that temporary benefit is often experienced from their use, it is equally true that their effects are too often only temporary. For the nervous troubles we can go up and down the gamut of nervines, nerve foods, phosphates, etc., often with benefit, but too often without effecting permanent cures. The trouble is, that while all those remedies, when properly used, are valuable for the relief of prominent symptoms, they do not reach the underlying causes of all these varied troubles. And this leads us to search out the cause.

Of course the causes are various, but in a large proportion of cases we can trace the trouble to two leading causes: overwork, especially brain-work, and lack of fresh air and exercise. The struggle for existence is so sharp that men have no time for anything but the pursuit of gain. The merchant in his counting-room, the lawyer in his office, the clerk at his desk, the mechanic in his shop, all keep their brains wrought up to the highest tension; the apartments are too often ill ventilated and the temperature unnecessarily high. The consequence of all this is, that respiration is badly performed, the circulation becomes feeble and irregular, the unused muscles grow flaccid and weak, and the nervous apparatus, stimulated to excessive growth at the expense of the other departments of existence, grows rank and weedy, but with an imperfect, though excessive development, like a potato-sprout in a cellar. The balance of the physical functions is destroyed, and the whole machine runs irregularly and fitfully.

What is the remedy? Why, to restore the balance; to *recreate* the enfeebled tissues; to promote the removal of the old and their replacement with new and better tissues.

For this purpose we have two sovereign remedies, oxygen and sunlight; and in order to avail ourselves of these we must make use of another, — exercise — muscular exercise.

When we move a muscle we consume a portion of it, and this creates a demand for renewal. The absorbents take up the used-up material and the blood naturally flows more rapidly to the part bearing supplies, to make up waste; this tends to quicken the circulation, and the blood passes more rapidly and forcibly into the lungs, which, under this stimulus, expand more fully, giving better opportunity for the passage of carbon dioxide (carbonic acid) *from*, and of oxygen *to*, the blood.

The increased demand upon the blood for new material calls for increased supplies of new material for it. The digestive organs feel the demand, and appetite is created or increased; and so the circle of cause and effect runs through the entire mechanism. At the same time, by exercising the muscles, we relieve the brain of the excess of blood, — which has rushed to it to supply the waste caused by excessive use, — and blood of better quality, though in smaller quantities, passes to it, rebuilding it more effectually while in a state of comparative rest. The law of life and growth seems to be *alternation* of rest and exercise. Excessive rest leaves old material in place and the part degenerates; excessive exercise causes excessive waste and the part degenerates. We must restore the balance by giving rest to that part of the system that is over-exerted habitually, and exercise to those parts which are habitually under-exerted.

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The average American man and woman of the middle and upper classes of society, as a rule, habitually over-exert their brains and nervous systems, and under-exert their muscles; hence, for them, the remedy is to exert their muscles and rest their brains. Hence, again, we must supply them with some form of exercise which shall exert their muscles, rest their brains, take them into the open air and sunshine, and at the same time be agreeable and attractive.

The relatively small values of the various forms of exercise which are used in-doors, and merely as exercise, is due, I think, to the fact that they fulfil only one or two of these indications.

They do exert the muscles, and, in so far, are beneficial, but being in-doors, the increased air-supply is not of first-class quality, and therefore not of first-class recreative power, and not being interesting and attractive in themselves, require much perseverance and steadiness of purpose to keep them up Now, among the methods of exercise which fulfil *all* the above requirements, walking and horseback exercise have long held, rightfully, the leading places. A daily morning walk, *after* breakfast, is a delightful stimulant and tonic, and a horseback ride is even better, as including some healthy excitement, and giving a wider range of territory and greater change and variety of scene.

The trouble with walking is, chiefly, that, on account of the limited speed, we cannot cover ground enough to secure constant change of scene, and tramping over well-trodden paths gets monotonous and wearisome. The trouble with horseback riding is that many of those who need it most cannot afford to keep a horse fit for the saddle, nor the time required to get him ready for the ride and to care for him afterwards. If we could get a horse that would live on nothing, would always stand ready saddled so he could be mounted, and the brief leisure of the busy merchant or lawyer be utilized in riding instead of getting ready to ride, — that could be hitched up at the end of the ride and left till wanted without having to be rubbed down, fed, and watered, — *then* we might hope to induce busy men to spare some little time for exercise and health.

Well, such a steed is obtainable, — a steed whose first cost does not exceed that of a good ordinary saddle-horse, who needs as food and drink only a few drops of oil once a week or so, — a steed that on good roads will carry you from fifty to one hundred miles in a day, — a steed that stands always saddled and ready to mount.

In the bicycle we have this ideal steed, costing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, new and first-class, easily mastered by any man in possession of his faculties, costing his happy owner little or nothing beyond the first investment. We have in it a means of exercise and recreation absolutely unequalled. Perched upon the slight saddle, gliding easily and rapidly over a good country road, the bicycler exerts moderately and gently nearly every muscle in his body, the blood flows faster through his veins, his lungs expand under the delightful stimulus and bring great drafts of pure air to vitalize the blood. The rapidly changing scene delights the eye and refreshes the weary brain, and the rider learns what *recreation* means. Dyspepsia disappears, insomnia vanishes, the muscles harden, the chest expands, the whole being dilates, and, for the nonce, it is a delight to be alive. The brain and nerves rested, tranquillized and refreshed, work more steadily, swiftly, and clearly, and the ideal of *sano mens in sano corpore*, — a sound mind in a sound body, — if not absolutely attained, is at least approached.

Of course there are objections to this ideal steed, the chief of which are: 1. It is difficult and dangerous to learn to ride. 2. It is not suitable for ladies. 3. It has very little luggage-carrying capacity. 4. You cannot stop without dismounting. 5. It requires good, smooth roads.

To the first of these objections I reply that it is by no means so difficult to learn to ride as it looks, and danger is chiefly due to recklessness. The other objections all hold good as to the bicycle, but are completely overcome in the tricycle, which is also more easily mastered than the lighter, swifter, and more graceful bicycle. The fifth objection is harder to dispose of, but it is not so great as it seems at first sight. The better the road the better the riding is, of course, true; but a 'cycler can go wherever it is pleasant to ride in a light buggy, and over the fair average country road, from May to October, there are relatively few horses which can "stay with" a skilled 'cycler on an all-day run.

To the weary, nervous, dyspeptic brain-worker, the housed-up woman with her headaches, backaches, and what not, I would say, get a bicycle or tricycle, learn to use it, and ride out into God's sweet sunlight and open air, — ride out of "doubting-castle," out of the clutches of "Giant

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Despair," go in for recreation, make anew the worn or rusted muscles and nerves, and be happy, so far as happiness comes from good health and good appetite and sound sleep and a clear head.

Don't expect to ride a hundred miles the first day, and don't ever try to go further at any one time than you can do without undue fatigue. You will find your powers increasing, and your health improving, and the fresh air, sunlight, and pleasant exercise are the best, as well as the cheapest, tonics.

The Bicycle. — Its Advantages as a Means of Locomotion Adapted to the use of Physicians, etc.

BY G. E. CORBIN, M.D., ST. JOHNS, MICH.

(*From the Medical Age.*)

A dozen or fifteen years ago the "two-wheel velocipede," propelled by crank action, was introduced into America from Europe. For a short time it awakened much interest, but the idea of its being a real substantial aid to locomotion was soon abandoned, and its use was surrendered to children, as a mere toy.

This judgment was just, for the position upon the machine, with the body erect and the legs extended horizontally forward, made its propulsion laborious.

From this crude beginning has been constructed the bicycle, so arranged as to sustain the weight of the rider but slightly posterior to the axle of the front wheel, which possesses a radius but little less than the length of the leg of the rider. In this erect position most of the weight of the body can easily be transmitted to the cranks for the purpose of propulsion.

If *all* the weight were sustained by the feet, and thereby transmitted to the cranks, it would require no more muscular exertion than would walking with the feet equally wide apart, a distance of ten or twelve inches. The expenditure of such an amount of power, however, is never required for its propulsion, excepting in the act of climbing hills, or wading through sand or mud.

On smooth, hard, level roads, two-thirds of the weight of the rider may rest easily upon the saddle, and the other third alternating from one pedal to the other will rotate the wheel with ease and speed. One-third of the weight of the body thrown upon one foot while describing one-half of the circumference of a circle ten or twelve inches in diameter will propel the vehicle, and convey the rider to the distance of one-half the circumference of the larger wheel. On a 54-inch wheel, the average size ridden, this slight effort will convey the rider a distance of about seven feet. In other words, thrusting the foot through a space of from ten to fourteen inches, with a power sufficient to sustain only one-third the weight of the body, will convey the rider a greater distance than will three full steps of a pedestrian while sustaining the entire weight of the body.

This theoretical view is confirmed by actual experience. On good roads I can ride my bicycle ten miles in less time and with less exertion than are required for me to walk three miles. That ambitious young riders cover from fifty to one hundred miles daily, for many days in succession, is undeniable. That a light, graceful vehicle, possessing such advantages, can and will become a useful aid to physicians, as a means of locomotion, can scarcely admit of a doubt.

This in no way implies that human muscle is to be substituted for "horse flesh."

The exercise of a short ride in an easy carriage is only passive. Notwithstanding the long daily rides of many physicians are laborious, the weariness is produced by a long-continued series of concussions and oscillations that do not inflate the lungs, expand the chest, and exercise the muscles to the best advantage.

In this condition, both pleasure and rest may be secured by a thirty or sixty minutes' ride upon the bicycle, and it may just as well be taken in visiting patients as otherwise. Physicians, dentists, and others who are confined closely in offices, school-rooms, counting-rooms, etc., will find the bicycle a very fascinating and beneficial means of exercise. Its skilful use can be speedily and easily acquired.

Its use requires just enough attention to divert the mind from the excessive strain of business, and this is no small point gained.

With most persons it can be sufficiently used without interfering with regular hours of business.

Its use inflates the lungs, expands the chest, exercises, develops, and strengthens every muscle in the body.

To those who (if any such there be) imagine that bicycle-riding does not fully comport with the dignity of their stations, I would suggest that whatever in the way

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of garb, vehicle, instruments, or appliances is most appropriate for the occasion; whatever will most effectually and easily accomplish any worthy object sought is entirely justifiable, and can, by no possibility, detract from merited dignity.

Concerning the bicycle I do not speak from theory alone. I was half a century old before I ever mounted one, and am now riding mine for the third season, and with much individual benefit. I have ridden my bicycle with ease and pleasure twenty-five miles in an afternoon, over our country roads, which are not the best, making several professional calls during the time.

To my professional brethren I would say, test the wheel for yourselves.

The Bicycle and Tricycle for Physicians and Patients.

BY CHARLES A. KINCH, M.D.

(From the New York Medical Journal.)

The parade of nearly nine hundred bicycles and tricycles in New York, about a month ago, and the opening of Central Park for riding on them at certain hours of the day, turn afresh the minds of the people and the profession to the merits of these instruments.

In England and Ireland the use of the bicycle is quite common among professional men, clergymen making their parochial calls, and doctors, their professional ones, by its aid. Some physicians turn their horses out to grass in the pleasant season, and others keep but one, supplementing his work by a well-selected bi- or tricycle. The number of those who use these machines in Great Britain is estimated by "tens, perhaps hundreds, of thousands" ("Brit. Med. Jour.," 1878, vol. ii.), and the number in the United States and Canada is thought to exceed twelve thousand. The League of American Wheelmen was organized in 1880, "to promote the general interests of bicycling," and its membership is being rapidly recruited, — the advantage of its store of information concerning the best roads, and the rights of wheelmen, being apparent to every one who rides.

The bicycle is a wheel supporting a saddle, upon which the rider sits erect and evenly balanced, just behind a vertical line drawn through its axis. The wheel, having cranks at the extremities of the axle, is propelled by the foot with a motion analogous to walking. The machine is guided by means of a handle-bar, about two feet in length, placed conveniently in front of the saddle, transversely to the line of motion. A small following wheel bears a part of the weight. Only when in motion can the upright position be maintained.

It is evident that the size of the wheel is limited by the length of the rider's leg. A man of average weight and height, whose "leg-measure" (from perinæum to sole) is thirty-three inches, will ride a wheel of fifty inches diameter, or seventy-eight and one half inches half-circumference. The same man in walking will take a thirty-inch step. With every tread on the wheel he advances two and a half times as far as in walking. In walking, too, the weight is supported by the legs; on the wheel by the pelvis. The advantage of momentum is more direct in the new mode of progression. "Only during about one-third part of the journey is the machine propelled by the rider's own power. On the level, the muscular exertion is almost *nil*, and on a decline absolutely *nil* — the body is resting. Hence it is left for the inclined part only of the road for real work. And here, again, if the hill be steep, the muscular power is saved, in that it is varied by a dismount and a pleasurable walk to the top." (W. W. Hardwicke, "Brit. Med. Jour.," 1882, vol. ii., p. 244.) The theory is more than realized in practice. Mr. A. S. Parsons, when a beginner, wrote: "In going back and forth from my house to business, I made the distance easily in eight or nine minutes, which the fastest walking can only cover in twenty minutes, and for the first time in my life wished it was longer." "A country surgeon" ("Lancet," 1874, vol. ii, p. 145) says: "My usual pace is ten miles an hour." Mr. W. W. Hardwicke (quoted above) says: "Practical experience teaches me that I can ride from fifty to seventy miles a day, and carry a reasonable amount of luggage without much fatigue."

The bicycle has covered a mile in 2.42, and made twenty miles within an hour. ("Bicycling World Supplement," April, 1883.)

Every summer witnesses an increasing number of touring bicyclists, who, ignoring railroads and despising horses, make trips as far as to Boston and return, spending their vacations in this way. Riding at leisure, and stopping at will, they gain the most intimate acquaintance with the country they traverse and the people they meet.

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Concerning the moral tendencies of bicycling it is sufficient to say that no sport can be more antagonistic to the vice of drinking than this. For few take an interest that are not practical bicyclists. In fact, the fascination is irresistible. One must learn to ride, and riding requires a steady head. *No drunken man can maintain his balance.*

The character of the exercise which bicycling affords is well described in an article on "The Effects of Bicycling on the Health," in *Physician and Patient*, April, 1880. It is too long to quote here, but the substance is this: that "the exercise is varied and well distributed," and "taken in the open air and sunshine." It strengthens the arms and broadens the chest. It develops the muscles of the back, loins, and legs. If, through too long riding, or exposure to a draught of air when heated, the rider is lame, he is lame in every part. Arms and legs and back are alike affected.

A few years ago it was noticed in England (for they have been riding longer there than here) that many 'cyclists were afflicted with hernia. This led to the inquiry whether the exercise favored the production of this malady. Robinson has reported a case (*Lancet*, 1882, vol. ii., p. 472) in which a competitor had to be lifted off his machine. The hernia was easily reduced, but he was violently sick. Very many letters were written to the *Lancet*, almost unanimously expressing the opinion that it did not favor or induce rupture. Indeed, three cases of ruptured persons riding, and under the observation of qualified medical men for a considerable time, were detailed. (*Lancet*, 1879, vol. ii., p. 968; *Ibid.*, 1882, vol. ii., p. 337.)

Racers and hill-climbers are found to suffer from varicose veins, and this subject has been discussed in the British journals. The pith of the discussion is given in the following words of Mr. John Lowe (*Brit. Med. Jour.*, 1881, vol. ii., p. 144): "I deny that bicycling can produce a varicose condition of the veins of the leg without a preëxisting tendency in the man to become varicose. Given this tendency or diathesis, moderate bicycling will strengthen the coats of the veins in proportion as it improves the general health; but, the moment moderation is exceeded, an element of danger usurps the place of safety." Mr. C. W. Robinson says (*Ibid.*, 1882, vol. ii., p. 472): "It is most noticeable in those who do any large amount of running or walking." Mr. Robinson also calls attention to the fact that "varicocele is made worse if the person so affected take an undue amount of exercise, but not so under any moderate amount."

Bicycling may be prescribed for many to whom horseback riding would be advisable. The bicycle has this prime advantage over the horse, that it is not owned and operated by a separate intelligence. The machine is under the rider's perfect control. He may ride fast or slow, easily or with effort.

The accidents which befall 'cyclists are few and trifling. They occur mostly to learners and racers. An instructor in this city, of much experience, told the writer that he knew of but one man who had been seriously injured. He was an enthusiast, fifty years of age, who, as soon as he unboxed his new machine, mounted it at the top of an incline, contrary to instructions, and it ran away with him. Putting on the brake suddenly, he found himself several yards in front of his wheel, with multiple fracture of the forearm.

When the wheel meets with any obstruction upon the road, either unobserved by the rider or thrown by some mischievous urchin, the rider is pitched forward upon his hands and knees, in the same way as if he had stumbled while running upon his feet. This is called "taking a header." The wrist is sometimes sprained in these involuntary dismounts, but the rider is never seriously injured, unless he is going at an inordinate rate of speed.

There are machines of peculiar construction, in the use of which, it is claimed, "headers" are impossible

The tricycle can not become popular in this country until our roads are brought more nearly to a state of uniform perfection. This consists of two wheels, side by side, between which the rider sits and propels them by a crank motion with his feet. A third, or steering-wheel, is placed either in front or behind. In England they are fitted up for physicians' use with lamps, bells, pouches for drugs or instruments, and umbrella-sockets. A considerable correspondence in the *British Medical Journal*, 1882, vol. i., indicated that the average speed of these machines was seven miles an hour. "At the Hammersmith Police Court" (*Brit. Med. Jour.*, 1882, vol. ii., p. 825) "a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons appeared to answer a summons for furi-

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ously riding a tricycle, and was fined. . . . When a mounted constable has to gallop his horse to overtake a tricycle, it is obvious that the tricycle in question is going at a rate exceeding six miles an hour." Mr. Westropp writes (*Brit. Med. Jour.*, 1879, vol. i., p. 795): "I can travel eight miles an hour, and can ride thirty or forty miles with enjoyment and little fatigue."

The tricycle is available for ladies. Recently a woman is reported to have travelled from Liverpool, Eng., to Newcastle and back, a distance of one hundred and two miles, in sixteen hours and a half. But more moderate use of this vehicle by ladies, whether in good health, or semi-invalid, or crippled, is to be commended. Mr. Arthur Kempe (*Brit. Med. Jour.*, 1881, vol. i., p. 582), and a correspondent signing himself "Nestor" (*Ibid.*, p. 539), advocate the tricycle for females to whom gentle out-door exercise would be advantageous.

The only expense of a bicycle or tricycle is its first cost. A bicycle costs from $100 to $160. A tricycle costs from $135 to $180. They are made chiefly of steel, with thick rubber tires. It requires no feeding or shoeing of horses, and is always ready.

The comfort and pleasure which well-fitted glasses give to ametropic eyes cannot be told in words; no more can be revealed, to one who has not tried, the value of a machine which multiplies his locomotive powers by three, and transfers a due proportion of the work he does from his lower to his upper limbs.

256 WEST FOURTH STREET, June 18, 1883.

Physicians and the Bicycle.

BY J. F. BALDWIN, M.D., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

(*From Columbus Medical Journal.*)

It may be regarded as settled, by the universal agreement of all wheelmen, that a man can, on fair roads, make forty to fifty miles a day on a bicycle, and be no more fatigued at the close than if he had ridden an easy saddle-horse the same distance. Under special circumstances a hundred miles a day is no very unusual feat, while nearly double this distance has been accomplished. The ordinary speed may be placed at eight miles an hour, though ten is easily made, and even twelve.

Light packages, such as instrument-case, medicine-case, umbrella, rubber coat, etc., can be carried, attached to the handle-bar.

For night-riding, the lamp with which they are provided renders their use entirely free from danger.

The cost of a machine, of average size and medium finish, is about $125. Five dollars a year will pay for oil and all probable repairs. If any part becomes worn out or broken it can be quickly and easily replaced by a new one, as all parts are machine-made and interchangeable. The entire machine, being either plated or enamelled, is protected against rust and is easily cleaned.

Such is the bicycle and its capabilities, and we now propose to consider, as briefly and practically as possible, two distinct subjects: 1. The use of the bicycle by physicians; 2. The use of it by patients.

1. For professional use the bicycle has its advantages and its disadvantages. The question was thoroughly discussed two years ago, in the *London Lancet*, and *British Medical Journal*, and the testimony of the scores of physicians then using it (or the tricycle) was overwhelmingly in its favor. Since that time its use by medical men has largely increased in Great Britain and on the Continent, and it is beginning to come into use in this country.

It can be used whenever and wherever driving is pleasant. It cannot, of course, be used where hills are very numerous and steep, though reasonable inclines offer no obstacle, nor can it be used when roads are very muddy or sandy. But in most parts of the United States, and especially in the level or rolling regions of the great West, the bicycle can be profitably used during about eight months of the year. It requires no stable nor groom, eats nothing, is always ready, is never sick or lame, shies at nothing, and will not kick nor run away.

On the other hand, and in contrast, a fair horse (we say nothing of buggy or harness or repairs in this comparison) costs in this city $175; board for a year, $216; shoeing, $18; while the risk of disease, accident, and death is by no means inconsiderable. For eight months of the year, therefore, the expense account is vastly in favor of the bicycle. During the remainder of the year a horse must be owned or hired.

As to safety, the learner on the bicycle, as on the horse, is apt to have a few

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tumbles, though many escape even these, but a serious accident is almost unheard of, while practice soon renders falls almost impossible.

But some may say the physician who uses a bicycle loses dignity and reputation. If that were true it would certainly prove a serious objection; but it is not true, at least here in Columbus, nor in England, nor on the Continent; if it is true anywhere we have yet to hear of it. The objection is purely an imaginary one. It is infinitely easier to ride a bicycle well than a horse; and even a fair rider is never undignified. The Massachusetts Bicycle Club is largely composed of business and professional men. The average age is over thirty years, and of twelve members who recently took a breakfast "run" to Waltham, all but one wore a beard, and the average age was thirty-seven, — the youngest being thirty and the eldest fifty years of age.

What has been said of the bicycle applies almost equally well to the tricycle. The latter is a trifle heavier, but requires absolutely no skill to ride with safety and ease, while its speed nearly equals that of the bicycle. Prof. Nulle, of Hillsboro', O., after a month's use of a tricycle, writes that he "made a long and hard trip of thirty-two miles over an extremely hilly and rough road, in four hours and thirty minutes, — an average of about seven miles per hour."

For the use of middle-aged and elderly physicians, who are beginning to distrust their vigor and activity, the tricycle is certainly most admirably adapted, and it is undoubtedly superior to the bicycle for city practice, where one is obliged to stop frequently, and where it is occasionally desirable to use the sidewalk. It is, however, inferior to the bicycle, for country practice, in two respects: the latter is lighter and runs easier, which tells in a long ride; and it makes but a single track (while the tricycle makes three), which enables it to run nicely, when the centre of the roadway is rough, in the smooth track made by wagon wheels.

For the young physician just starting in practice, or for the established physician, who desires to save the expense of keeping an extra horse, or to send his horse out to grass for a few weeks or months — the bicycle offers a solution of the problem; while those provoking calls that are forever coming in just after one's horse has been sent to the stable; night calls; hurried calls, when to wait for the horse to be hitched up may mean a fatal issue; tedious labor cases, — all these call into use, and very pleasant and profitable use, the ever-ready wheel.

2. For the use of patients who need exercise there is probably nothing superior to the bicycle, — nothing equal to it, save the horse.

True exercise, in the ordinary use of the term, involves recreation, and consists of several elements. *It must give pleasure;* the calisthenics, or "constitutional walk," of the Young Ladies' Seminary, performed under the eye of the teacher, and in a mechanical, perfunctory way, is almost worthless. "The stimulus of a pleasant pastime enables a man to beguile himself into about ten times as much exercise as he could stand in the Turner-Hall. The visitors of a hygienic gymnasium take their turn at the horizontal bar as they would swallow drugs: they know that it is the lesser evil; that the road to Styx is the alternative; they intend to come every day, but the intolerable tedium of the exercise soon shakes that resolution, and nine out of ten hygienic gymnasts will soon find or make a pretext for discontinuing their visits." (Oswald.) *It must not require mental exertion*, at least not similar to that of the working hours. *It must not be excessive*, nor too violent: forced marching, hard rowing, heavy lifting, all tend to hypertrophy of the heart, and noted athletes are very liable to heart and lung diseases. *It must not be taken too hastily:* "health lifts," and similar devices for taking a large amount of exercise in a limited time, are an utter abomination; they strain the muscles, but do not exercise them. Time must be sacrificed in order to get the full effects of exercise. *It should be in the open air:* the wounded in carefully constructed hospitals have frequently, after a great battle, had a higher mortality than their comrades, who were crowded out into tents and open sheds.

Exercise acts beneficially in two ways, and only two (Prof. H. C. Wood): 1. By increased action of muscles, an increased amount of effete matter is thrown into the blood and oxidized, while fresh matter takes the place of that thrown off, and is even deposited in excess. Hence open-air exercise, where the oxygen is purest, and in largest amount, is the most valuable. 2. Exercise restores or maintains the balance of circulation. The brain, gorged

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with blood for hours, is materially assisted in relieving itself of this congestion by the increased demand for blood coming from the exercised muscles. So, too, with a congested stomach or liver — as in dyspepsia; or rectum — as in hemorrhoids.

Opinions differ as to the amount of exercise a robust man should take. Prof. Parkes, the eminent English sanitarian, estimates a hard day's work as equivalent to lifting three hundred tons one foot high. Prof. Joseph G. Richardson thinks a healthy man should take exercise equivalent to half a day's work, which, on the basis above given, would be equivalent, in addition to the performance of ordinary duties, to walking six miles a day. The same authority estimates that a person riding on horseback inhales about four times as much air as when lying down.

With this understanding of exercise, we are prepared to admit the correctness of the popular verdict that horseback exercise most fully meets the requirements; premising, however, that the *steel* horse of the 'cyclist is included. The exercise is pleasant — nay, it is exhilarating, fascinating. As the muscles are brought into play, the mind rests, is recreated. The exercise is not excessive, and cannot become violent; there is no sudden twisting of joints, or straining of muscles. It is in the open air, and the rider has increased his breathing fourfold. The blood becomes charged with oxygen; the effete matters thrown off from the acting muscles are rapidly destroyed; new material is demanded by the tissues, and the sense of appetite indicates the readiness of the stomach to meet the demand. The rider sits erect, with chest expanded and head thrown back, while every muscle in the body is brought into a pleasant state of activity, contraction and relaxation succeeding each other with each alternate thrust. The invalid, taking his morning walk, uses merely the muscles of his legs; those of the body are only used enough to maintain the erect posture, and the arms swing listlessly, while there is an entire lack of that feeling of conscious exaltation which so adds to the pleasure of the rider, and is so important an element in exercise. Put the same invalid on a bicycle, and the effort which he before put forth in walking will now propel him at an easy gait, while the muscles of his arms and chest are brought into play, as well as those of the back and abdomen. In the first case, he returns with his legs weary, but with the rest of his body too little affected to be materially benefited. In the second case, his legs are not tired, but he feels that his whole body is refreshed, pleasantly and uniformly, while he has received at the same time a mental impetus, such as no pedestrian ever enjoys.

Comparatively few invalids can afford the expense of keeping a horse; while nearly all can afford the outlay for a bicycle. Men of sedentary habits or in-door pursuits — such as ministers, lawyers, teachers, clerks, book-keepers — with their muscles flabby, heads heavy, tongues coated, stomachs weak, appetites poor, bowels constipated,— all these may find relief or cure — as those who have tried it have found — in the bicycle. Let those who doubt this statement appeal to any bicyclist. For children and ladies, and for men too old or weak to use the bicycle, the tricycle offers equal advantages, as well as for invalids who are convalescent, but yet too feeble to manage the former.

As giving point to what we have written in regard to the therapeutic value of the wheel, the brief report of a case or two will not be inappropriate:—

Case 1. H. G. C.; aged 26 years; physician; single; height, 5.10; some phthisis on mother's side; weight, January 1, 1883, 116 pounds; was losing flesh; slept badly; no appetite; coughed a great deal. Becoming anxious, he consulted various eminent physicians, both at home and in the East. Among those consulted were Prof. Armor, of Brooklyn, who found a deposit at apex of right lung, and Prof. Flint, who detected the same and pronounced it *tubercular*. Prognosis, unfavorable. Was advised to give up practice, and travel for his health. Instead, however, he came home and bought a bicycle. He rides it in making his calls, keeping no horse. His cough is gone; he sleeps well; his appetite is fine; he weighs 126 pounds; and no deposit can now be detected. He is enthusiastic in his praise of the bicycle, and a strong believer in bicycle therapeusis.

Case 2. F. W. F.; aged 25 years; book-keeper; just married; height, 5.6; weight, 125. Two years ago he was feeble; too weak for any active exercise; constipated; poor appetite; subject to headache; in poor condition generally, though not the subject of any actual disease. He has now ridden a bicycle for two years. His general health is perfect; bowels regular; sleeps fine; muscles well developed; rode 105 miles in one day last fall; as to his

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eating, he is said by the other members "to have the smallest wheel and biggest appetite in the club." He, too, is an enthusiast.

These two cases are not particularly different from others that might be reported from our Columbus club. Indeed, there is not a member who has not been physically benefited by his use of the wheel.

In what has gone before we have endeavored to keep within the bounds of truth — to understate rather than overstate as to the real value of the bicycle; yet we think we have shown two things: that the bicycle, or tricycle, can be practically and profitably used by physicians as an adjunct to, or even in place of, the horse; and that it solves, beyond any question, the problem of exercise for a very large class of our patients. It is something which nearly every physician should possess, and something which we not only can, but should recommend to essentially all classes of patients who come to us for advice concerning such ailments as are the result of lack of proper exercise.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

A Sportsman's Studio.

THE following is a pen picture of the delightful room whose interior is familiar to the readers of that charming book, "Canoe and Camera." It is the sanctum of Thomas Sedgwick Steele, the author of that book; and our readers will agree with us that the collection of camp-life mementos gathered here may well incite others to preserve some tangible reminders of their sporting travels.

The apartment is light and airy, handsomely frescoed in Pompeian red and brown, with a good reflecting ceiling of blue; and, forming a sort of bordering, is a series of inscriptions, not only recalling enjoyable hunting trips of the past, but suggesting series of articles contributed to the press of the country from these various localities during the past ten years: "Camp Life on the Indian River, Fla.," "Trout Tales from Maine," "Lake Superior Reminiscences," "Etchings from Florida," "The Rangeley Lake Regions."

First to attract the attention of the sportsman is a full buckskin hunting-suit, even to the boots, and with the short pistol and hunting-knife in their belt. The hat of cork bears the mark of its Chinese maker. Of rifles, etc., there are about a dozen, including a trusty sixteen-shot magazine Winchester, a long range Sharps, a 32-calibre Stevens, a splendid London twist double-barrel fowling-piece, and smaller rifles intended for target or sporting purposes alike. Revolvers, a half-dozen or more, complete the armament, if we may except the cases of brass cartridges, and the polished tools for dismounting and cleaning the weapons. A leather case, five feet long, envelops fishing-rods of that trustworthy material, split bamboo — lithe, slender things which the novice would discard as too weak to land a chub, but which, in the hand of a skilful angler, will bring a ten-pound trout to the net, and bear no mark of the strain. A fanciful little rod, jointed, of Japanese make, extends its taper over the middle of the apartment, and from a bit of a line is suspended a snow-white dove, stuffed. Reels are at hand with silken or hemp lines, and portfolios filled with hooks fitted with flies of plain or startling hues, which tempt or fail as that most captious fish, the trout, may fancy the color of the meal. Thus have been named in brief some of the implements which the sportsman uses; now for some of their results. In this branch the object appears to have been to preserve only a few of the curiosities. Two pelican heads and a preserved skin of that bird, a white ibis skin, and a stuffed snake bird from Florida (a long, lank fellow, who swims with astonishing rapidity under water), are reminiscences of a Florida tour, and serve to illustrate the character of the collection which is just begun. That the pursuit of those speckled beauties — trout — is a favorite pastime is apparent in several charmingly executed trout sketches, for the gentleman who captured the fish adds to the skill of the angler the infrequent ability of placing upon the canvas the forms and colors of his captures. A six-pounder, life size, upon birch bark, attracts the attention, and upon an easel and elsewhere around the apartment are finished or unfinished oils picturing this handsomest of fish. At present, existing in contemplation only, is a series of pictures of Rangeley Lake (Maine) trout, from five

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to ten pounds in weight, to be packed in regular order upon a part of the wall now devoted to varied sketches.

Although only an amateur in the use of the brush, Mr. Steele has won laurels in various Academies of the country of which the professional might justly be proud, his trout pictures being accepted and "hung on the line" in the Brooklyn, N.Y., Academy in 1875, and at the National Academy of Design, New York, in 1876.

Passing from matters of interest more particularly to sportsmen, may be noted some features and odds and ends which add to the varied attraction of the place. A desk in the centre of the room, over which is suspended a large gas-light, the centre-piece being a decorative effect of palette and brushes, has a shelf of the works of the best writers upon sporting topics, most of them with the "Author's compliments" on the fly-leaf, and just to the rear of this a window alcove is filled by a cushioned couch with elevated pillows, where, as the cooling evening breeze fans the cheek, a good Havana and its accompanying newspaper are calculated to secure a pleasant hour of rest after the heat and toils of the day. Close at hand lies a complete file of the best of sporting journals, the *Forest and Stream*, on whose pages appear many sporting sketches from the pen of the gentleman whose resort is here described.

In addition to the above traits, Mr. Steele combines the skill of a photographer to that of an author, producing the originals from which accurate illustrations for his work are produced. One corner of the room is occupied by a red tent six feet square, which by a series of pulleys can be raised and lowered at will. This contains rubber trays, syphons, chemicals, etc., which are useful in the development of photographic plates. To the left stand two cameras of varied sizes, their weather-worn leather cases underneath, suggestive of hard usage on canoe tours, while in various portfolios are endless photographs, the pictured results of these excursions. In fact, a visitor to the studio, with this author as guide, can tread the palm groves of Florida, or canoe five hundred miles of Maine's forests.

A fifteen-foot folding canvas canoe, an important factor in the "Canoe and Camera tour," occupies the greater part of the east side of the room, while the floor is carpeted with mats of bear, fox, wild-cat, seal, and raccoon skins captured in the chase. A snow-white tent securely rolled into one corner suggests the independent domicile of the camper-out, while the snow-shoes resting beside it make one desire a choice of seasons.

Turning to the curiosities of the apartment, a corner with an easel in the foreground holds a strange and picturesque collection, — a landing-net, a wicker fish-basket, surmounted by a trout picture, a framed copy of the rules of the Hartford Game Club, a rifle and cartridges, a national flag, portfolios filled with sketches, collars which suggest tramps, with favorite hunting dogs and a variety of minor articles pleasing to a sportsman eye. Two flint-lock muskets crossed against the wall near by suggest the arms of our ancestors, while beneath are a fine pair of deer's antlers from the Lake Superior region, and crossed sabres over a window are relics of the late French and Prussian contest. Dried palmetto leaves recall the sunny South, and a picture of the yacht Madge, a delightful voyage in company with the New York Yacht Club. Curiosities in pipes include one of Indian workmanship picked up in the woods of the Lake Superior region, and a black bogwood pipe bears upon it the shamrock and heart of Erin prettily cut. A large case of minerals supports another containing stuffed birds, skulls and teeth of animals, collected and prepared by the author. Foils and masks suggest the once popular fencing exercise, and a "Jack" (a kind of lantern) stealthy canoeing in night pursuit of deer, fascinated by its gleam. Three great ledgers, converted into scrap-books, record the events of the late war, and other important events in our country's history for the past twenty-five years, clippings having been made from Hartford newspapers.

Last to mention, but none the less important, is a full chest of tools for light work on wood or metal, the convenience of which will be appreciated by every gentleman, in keeping in repair the implements of sporting life.

These are a few, but not all, of the articles which this author's sanctum contains, and amidst their association, and under their influence, Mr. Steele writes his books and compiles his maps for the canoe tourists of Northern Maine. — *Exchange.*

Another First Ride.

On the 16th of June, 1881, two bicyclers were seen to leave the school on Broad street, on their way towards Green street,

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with the expressed intention of reaching Fairmont Park by way of the "Green-street entrance." I say that they were seen, and that they were bicyclers. Of the truth of the first statement I am willing to make oath, and of the second I submit in evidence that the two young gentlemen had practised daily at the school for two weeks, and were reasonably proficient in the hop, *step*, and jump mount; were able to propel their instruments around corners with a reasonable immunity from aggressive posts, and could, if not too much hurried, dismount with considerable safety. Upon these facts the claim to share in the brotherhood rests. Every bicycler knows the difficulty experienced in crossing Callowhill street where the Reading railroad controls both that and Broad street; how the tracks are always adjusted to the skill of the rider; and how the depressions are narrow and deep in direct proportion to one's confidence. Knowing these facts, the two friends determined to dismount and walk over. But the procession had become ragged and disconnected before reaching this point. The unusual jar from the Belgian blocks had winded one voyager, — some distance back, and he had fallen to rise again. The other held up; but his track resembled the trail of a serpent suffering intense pain. After crossing the railroad the pavement seemed more inviting than the street, especially as neither had ever attempted to mount before on the road. This, however, appeared like yielding to temptation, and Edgardo, remarking that he had come out to ride on the road, put his left toe on the step, grasped the handles, and began that series of graceful propulsion with the right foot that always excites admiration in the street. After proceeding in lively fashion nearly half a square, and increasing his speed with a final effort, he lifted himself toward the saddle. But his ambition was too great, he never rose to that bad eminence. The machine, suddenly deprived of its propulsive force, turned weakly on one side, and Edgardo, his face wearing the placid smile of the lost, turned to Reginald for counsel. In view of the rapidly accumulating public interest in their movements, it was hastily decided to walk to Green street and try that thoroughfare. Now every one knows that more bicycling souls have been lost in that portion of Hades between Broad and Fifteenth streets, than in any other part of Lucifer's dominions, and that the wayfaring man is a fool who errs therein. However, Edgardo and Reginald, feeling somewhat secure from public gaze, essayed to mount once more, assisted by a friendly crossing of wide stone. But their success was of short duration. Two claps, like whip strokes, were suddenly heard, and to this day it is uncertain which fell first. Another trial brought the machines facing the wrong way like the unwilling horse; a third attempt drew Edgardo's blood. At this point suppressed laughter was heard in the rear, and Reginald's blood froze in his veins as he recognized a well-known voice remark, that the owner thereof was taking a little drive with her papa, and she enjoyed it very much. It would never do to acknowledge defeat; so, assuming a nonchalance towards the unhallowed ground, the merry riders agreed to take the pavement; but even here fate was obdurate. Reginald cast a shoe at the fourth attempt at a mount, and in the fifth his bicycle struck a lamp-post with a thud that shivered the glass; the music in the rear being still quite audible.

It would take too much time and space to tell how, between leading their steeds and alternate hopping and vaulting, they finally reached the park. Edgardo states that he made three miles on one foot during that memorable passage, but as the distance is only a little over a mile his estimate suggests the possibility of a personal equation.

Once within the park, confidence rapidly returned; mounting with only two halts the riders proceeded side by side, happy that their trials were well over; but a guard with a whistle brought them back to earth. They were then informed that bicyclers might ride upon a by-path of gravel, but not on the regular roadway. It would be useless to follow them, halting when they stopped, going when they went, until they reached the Centennial buildings. It will suffice to say that before sundown they had even penetrated as far as the Lancaster pike, — that paradise of bicyclers, — and that their first out-door ride, now only an amusing recollection, has since been reproduced many times in reality.

A New View of the League Meet.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is responsible for the following original remarks, which appeared editorially in the columns of that paper. Such kindly and encouraging remarks should not go unnoticed by the very class for which they

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are intended, and therefore I give your readers the benefit of them: —

The fondness of young men, and older ones too, for processions, organizations, leagues, and association machinery and ceremonies of all kinds, furnishes a field for philosophical speculation. Whenever the slightest pretence exists for anything of the sort, it is pretty sure to be taken advantage of. Men will play soldier on the smallest provocation. There appears to be something satisfying in the operation. And if, like the Knight Templars at times, they can ride horses, and carry swords, the gratification is as immense as that of a peacock in its tail. There is some utility in a militia organization. In that case there is a fair excuse for wearing a uniform and feeling important. So also is there in base-ball clubs, and in general leagues of clubs. Likewise is there reason for yacht and other boat clubs. All these things subserve a purpose of enjoyment that can be understood. Something can be done better with than without them.

But as to the latest prominent innovation in the organization and display line, which is that of the American wheelmen, or bicycle riders, it is a little hard to find a dignified excuse for it. This seems to spring from an almost pure and unadulterated unreasoning instinct which it is difficult to give a name to. Possibly it may be claimed that wheelmen are oppressed by local laws, and must combine to defend their rights; but it must be confessed that the end in view is a pretty small matter to justify all the fuss and feathers that appear above the surface. Just why a man should feel himself a little bigger than usual because he has some kind of uniform on, and bestrides a bicycle in a large procession, without any definite object in view, we are unable to say. But he does, and even travels hundreds of miles to enjoy the sensation. There has just been a "meet" of bicyclers in New York from all parts of the United States, which has paraded in the public places, and got itself illustrated in the pictorial papers.

If the gathering was ostensibly, as it really is, one for pleasure, there would be less occasion to remark upon it, but we never recollect seeing a uniformed bicycler travelling, either in procession or otherwise, without that peculiarly high, stern, and determined expression which seemed to signify that he had the weight of nations resting on him, and did not quail at what he had to go through. The picture in *Harper's Weekly* of the procession of wheelmen would indicate that the riders had a regular "charge of the six hundred" before them. Every man of them, judging from the medals on their breasts, has performed some heroic act, and they are literally an army with banners. The fact is that they are simply taking a ride and showing themselves off. This is all there is to it, and there is not the remotest occasion for such a tremendous amount of solemnity. We have not the slightest objection to displays of the kind. It is enjoyable to witness them. The event is simply to be noticed as one of the numerous signs that men are simply grown-up children, and like to parade and strut, and pretend to be something more than they are.

Shall the Bicycle be used on the Sabbath?

THE world is rapidly increasing its facilities. The past hundred years have revolutionized our style of living, travel, and communication. Steam, electricity, the telephone, and the bicycle bring time and distance greatly under man's control.

But the wide paths of profit and pleasure opened to us by these discoveries and inventions are beset by serious temptations, the greatest of which is that of Sabbath-breaking.

The question now raised by thousands of riders is, "Shall the bicycle be used on the Sabbath?"

At present, the bicycle has its own way to make in the world; it is looked upon by the majority of persons now as simply a means of exercise and enjoyment, and so is closely associated with pleasure-seeking. Until that day has passed, — until it ceases to be regarded as a luxury and has become a necessity; indeed, until it has taken the place it seems destined to fill as the poor man's carriage, the rich man's convenience; until it has become the swift steed for messengers, doctors, and travellers; in fact, until it becomes as common a sight as the doctor's gig, the minister's carriage, the messenger's horse, it cannot be used on the Sabbath, *even for church-going*, without exciting prejudice and having "the appearance of evil."

There may come a time, and perhaps it is not far distant, when near the country churches will not only be provision made for the shelter of the teams which have brought the people from a distance to the house of worship, but for the bicycles also, which have saved time and strength form-

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erly expended in a long and tedious walk, or in harnessing and unharnessing the faithful horse, that has already worked six days and needs the day of rest.

Time will settle this question, and in such a manner as shall help men to keep the Sabbath, by *less* work for man and beast.

But the young man who leans upon his bicycle, on a clear Sabbath day, when earth and sky are flooded with beauty that seems to invite him out into the glad world, asks, "Shall the bicycle be used on the Sabbath?" with a different meaning. To him it means: "What *harm* can it do to spend the day on the bicycle instead of at church or at home? I disturb no one; I weary no one. Silently, swiftly, I go into the cool streets, or far away to the sea, and study God through nature."

Young men, swiftly as your shining wheels may turn, they never can overtake lost time and lost opportunities. Greater than nature's book and nature's laws is the Book of books, and its law: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it *holy*." Here, knights of the wheel, is an opportunity for self-sacrifice for the cause of principle.

A Bicycle Incident.

RECALLED BY READING C. E. PRATT'S STORY.

A race for a ribbon, a race for a bow, —
Five men are in line, and away they go.
Now, while they go rushing and tearing along,
With the flashing spokes singing the racer's loved song,
Just listen, I'll tell you the reason, old son,
Why a blue ribbon beckons those bold riders on.
You see the brown Jersey right there by the tent,
'Neath that white ostrich feather so gracefully bent.
That's Annie, the Queen of the day, —
See! she's shaking the ribbon this way.
You know her, you lucky old "son of a gun!"
She's the jolliest girl, — and I for one
Will swear she's the handsomest — Robinson does? — under the sun;
And she's to present the blue ribbon.
The ribbon, you know, is our annual prize;
One mile is the distance — how Robinson flies!
And the winner receives the ribbon, you know,
From the Queen of the day, whom you also must know
Is the prettiest girl in town;
At least on the present occasion she is, —
Ha! there's Robinson in, and the ribbon is his.
See! Annie is bending down;
She pins the ribbon — "By George!" she is
A queen, though she wears no crown.

NINON NECKAR.

Fortune and her Wheel.

AMONG the favorite subjects of poets in every century, at least since the birth of the fable, has been that of "Fortune and her Wheel." Many of their lines now read as if written by votaries of the modern wheel. One modern song occurs to me which I have never seen quoted in this connection, and upon which, I believe, the ingenious author of the "*Lyra Bicyclica*" has not yet made an "amusing raid," as the ingenuous advertisement of said book reads. I refer to song of Enid (Tennyson's) which falls upon the ear of the wandering Geraint, and attracts him to the "nest." We excerpt a few lines: —

"—— turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud!"

"Smile and we smile, the lord of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own lands;
For man is man and master of his fate."

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud."

An extract from the "Song of Fortune" by Calvalcanti, a friend of Dante, may not be uninteresting in this connection. It is from the translation by Rossetti: —

"Yea, and even yet remember heedfully,
How this, my wheel, a motion hath so fleet,
That, in an eyelid's beat,
Him whom it raised it maketh low and vile."

In the literature of the middle ages, the "wheel," in this sense, figures quite prominently; no verses could be more applicable to our sport than the above.

I send you the following clipping from the Washington *Evening Star* of July 3d, regarding the Lane-Chapman case referred to in your news columns: —

"The matter came before Judge Snell this morning, who decided the case as follows, after hearing all the evidence: In consideration of the fact that Mr. Lane had sustained only slight injuries, and that the damage to the bicycle could not be considered in a case of assault, a nominal fine of ten dollars was imposed. The amount of damages for injury to the bicycle, however, is a matter for after consideration by civil suit. The judge, in imposing the fine, stated that, in the eyes of the law a bicycle is a carriage, having in common with other carriages equal rights to the

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streets and highways, protected by the same laws, and their riders amenable to the same road laws governing the drivers of other vehicles. The decision was also given, that, while the law defines exactly how carriages (or bicycles) shall pass each other in an opposite direction, that in passing in the same direction it is allowable to pass upon either side which offers the least obstruction or gives the most open way; and after the carriage or bicycle behind has indicated the course by starting upon it, the carriage in front must not obstruct the way. When a man driving a team turns out of his course to obstruct the course of a bicycle he does so at his peril. Where the way was open upon both sides, usage, however, require that the party in the rear desiring to pass shall do so on the left."

SPEECHES MADE AT THE BANQUET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN, MONDAY, MAY 28, 1883, AT METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY.

[Continued from July WHEELMAN.]

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, we have with us to-night the company of a gentleman who represents the various other sports, or, rather, the organization which we sometimes call the N. and four A's, which has a kind of general oversight over all the sports, including bicycling, — a gentleman who has extended many courtesies to the League of American Wheelmen and its officers, and who represents a body of men who have been very kind in their spirit toward the new sport, and we shall all take pleasure in hearing a few words from Mr. A. H. Curtiss, the President of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America. (Applause.)

Mr. A. H. CURTISS. — Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I thank you on behalf of the National Association. We are in very close relationship with the League of American Wheelmen. When bicycling was first a new thing in this country the National Association took it under its wing, like a hen with a brood of ducks, and protected it and legislated for it until it was large enough to take care of itself, and you see what a great organization it has become. The greatest event, I believe, in the history of bicycling will be when we get into Central Park. It looks now as if we would be there before very long. There is no reason in the world why Central Park should be restricted to nurses and lovers, and athletic sports kept out, and we athletes want to go there with you. If we cannot get there one way, we can another. We are a strong body. Take us consolidated altogether, and we command a great many votes, and votes go a great way in this country. I think that if we make a little deal with the politicians it wouldn't be very long before we would be riding through Central Park, and having our athletic games there, — base-ball, cricket, and various other sports, — and that it wouldn't be very long, if we only start the move, before you will have both the Republicans and Democrats running after the "wheel" votes. I have never yet myself been able to gratify the desire to become a bicycler, although I have desired for many years to learn the game, but all my time has been taken up by other sports. But, gentlemen, at your next annual dinner I hope to be present, not as your guest, but as one of the League of American Wheelmen. (Applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, owing to the fact that our proceedings — the "stuffing" part of our pro ceedings — were continued up to an hour or an hour and a half later than I had anticipated, I have been compelled to smash my beautiful slate, all pencilled out here, in which I intended to sandwich a wheelman between every two guests who should speak, and so, as I reminded you in the first place, I have been keeping up a continued irregularity and series of surprises. I propose now to break the dull prose monotony of the speaking we have been having this evening by introducing a poet. Mr. J. C. Harvey has a poem which I am sure will entertain you.

Mr. HARVEY. —

That chandelier looks mighty far away.
I fear, however, the remarks I have to say
Will hardly fill this wide and spacious hall;
But there is no back out when wheelmen call.

(Applause.)

It is usual, in times like this, I think,
To rise, then bow, then clear your throat, and drink.

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I take advantage of this custom old,
To pledge the wheel that we so dearly hold.

And that good fellowship which comes with wine,
I trust will pardon every halting line.
The wealth of love we cherish for the wheel
Would never smoothly flow from pen of steel.

Too slow, too labored, is the metal pen,
In this fast century, for the thoughts of men;
We needs must have an eagle's quill,
With speed and strength acquired in many a flight.
With such pen, inspired by this repast,
Which turns my head, — for poets usually fast, —
We need for paper that which can be ours,
The snow-white petals of the spring-time flowers.
And as for ink, I'm sure your choice is mine:
What else would do on such a theme, but wine?
When, bruised and battered on some country road,
My bones have been like wheat or barley sewed,
I should perchance, in my unsteadier years,
Instead of wine have chosen bitter tears.
But vanished now are all those aches and pains;
While they have fled the country road remains,
To cheer the wheelman as he rolls along,
And wakes the sunset echoes with his song.
A country road suggests a thousand things, —
A thousand memories of the past it brings
To wheelmen's hearts, — the south wind in the trees,
The rippling brook, the busy hum of bees,
The chirping squirrels, birds twittering in their nests, —
All these, and more, a country road suggests.
Perchance the moon soft shining in the skies,
Perchance the love-light in some maiden's eyes,
Or else perhaps some unrecorded run,
A melon-patch, a farmer, and a gun.

(Laughter.)

It might suggest — what might it not suggest?
I could go on till night had gone to rest,
And day awakened, ere I reached the end.
Nay, do not pale, the kindly gods defend;
I would not dare your patience so to test,
For countless memories in each wheelman's breast
Will call to life past joys almost divine
With subtler skill than feeble words of mine.
Were mine the task to give a golden crown
To him who seems most worthy of renown;
Were mine the task to give a golden prize
To him who seemed most worthy in my eyes,
My mind should be toward park officials bent,
And yield the prize to the heart that did first relent.

(Laughter.)

Soft blandishments his ear should open wide,
And into it a rapid, rushing tide
Of eloquence should pour until he cried, —
"Take all the whole broad universe and ride."

(Laughter.)

Right-minded men, I ask of you to-night,
Why vicious horses, that both kick and bite,
Can use the park for needful exercise,
While we gaze o'er the fence with wistful eyes?
Our steady stallions never misbehave,
And yet they're snubbed — 'twould make St. Peter rave.
Our race is for right; the park gates must come down,
Or with your toughened sinews sack the town.
Perhaps I am too warlike for the time;
But blood and thunder will work into rhyme
When those who should be blessed with Argus eyes
Forget to grasp what might become a prize.
Our lengthy marshal's lofty altitude
Permits him, like an old hen over her brood,
To keep an oversight the whole park o'er,
If he might ride at will his sixty-four.
But no; some son of Erin, green and raw,
Restrains him by the majesty of law;
And they forget his smile, so broad and bright,
Would save the expense of the electric light.

(Laughter.)

But personalities are out of place, kind friends, just here,
And, with whatever grace I can command I start, where I began,
And take a tumble, as a wheelman can.
The wheel is not, as many think, a toy, —
A thing of beauty is an endless joy,
'Till death o'ertakes us on the shadowy brink:
And even then a passport, I think, to realms above,
Where wheelmen all will dwell.
I don't know of one who would feel at home in any other locality.

(Laughter.)

And it is a theory held, with due respect for ancient things,
Of whatsoever sect, that old Elijah, whom the ravens fed,
Was of his age three thousand years ahead;
And when he left this world to go up higher,
It was not within a chariot of fire,
But on a bike, which wheeled him out of sight
So swiftly he couldn't sell his patent right.

We sail the seas on bicycles marine,
And wheels aerial will again be seen.
It is not absurd, — one thing alone remains,
Supply with cash a few inventive brains,
Then advertise a cloud-land roadster which combats
The whirlwind with its patent switch.
I wish to ask, with deference polite,
Who ever knew League wheelmen to get tight?
To ride the wheel requires a sober man;
You're thus reformers on the temperance plan,
Exceptions to all general rules, I fear,
Must be allowed, if League meets once a year,

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And for one day one by-law it will repeal,
Should any man too often toast his wheel.

(Applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, when our case, or little difficulty — technical difficulty — with the Park Commissioners was pending, there was one true witness called on behalf of the wheelmen whose testimony was so straight and direct that the corporation counsel did not cross-examine him. I have always thought that we lost something by that, and I am not sure but we lost the case. Sometimes a good cross-examination for the other side will win a case. Perhaps Mr. Wetmore will allow — But that witness was Mr. Clarkson N. Fuller, and I would rather like to cross-examine him to-night, and I would ask him the leading question what he has to say for wheelmen that he didn't say before the referee?

Mr. FULLER. — Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I am not easily surprised or embarrassed only when it is getting late, and I have but a few words to say to you after the sensible remarks that you have listened to, particularly from the reverend gentleman, Mr. Pentecost.

I was proud of you to-day. I was glad that I defended you before the referee, and I never could see any good reason or never heard any good reason given why wheelmen should not go into the Central Park as well as anybody else. (Applause.)

I believe you have just as clear a right to ride on your bicycles through the Central Park as I have to ride in my wagon, or any other man. (Applause.) But we fought in New York for twenty years for rapid transit before we could overcome the prejudice against it. But rapid transit is an accomplished fact to-day, and the elevated railroads are carrying a quarter of a million people daily; they are employing three thousand seven hundred men, running three thousand five hundred trains a day, making fifty thousand stops, and carrying equal to ninety million people a year, without the loss of a single life, through the neglect of the roads.

Now, you have got to count on public opinion. You should not be satisfied to lie in the sight of the promised land — not until you possess it; and I hope you will not be forty years in reaching it, as the Israelites were in being led through the wilderness. The Park Commissioners should not only open the west side drive to you, but they should open the east side, and throw open every gate in the Central Park, and allow you to go in and come out when you please, just like everybody else. (Applause.) The Park Commissioners, I think, will be backed up by public opinion in throwing open the Central Park next year, and allowing you to come and go when you please and where you please, and I'll tell you how.

A young sport went from the city of New York up to the river St. Lawrence to hunt beaver, and he was telling of his exploits in the country-hotel one night, and, said he, "You ought to have seen my dog chase a beaver across a certain stream and up a tree." (Laughter.)

An old sport sat there. "Why," said he, "you darned fool, a beaver can't climb a tree." (Laughter.) "But, my good sir," said he, "the dog was so close to him he *had* to climb." (Prolonged laughter.)

Now, public opinion is pressing these Park Commissioners so closely, and you wheelmen bringing up the rear, "they have got to climb." (Applause.)

Talk about frightening horses! There isn't a man on New York island that has ridden as many miles for the last twenty years, in Central Park, as I have, and I have driven all kinds of horses, from one to four, and I never saw one yet wink at a bicycle. (Applause.)

Why, the Park Commissioners allow goats, harnessed to wagons, in Central Park, and I had a regular race down the west-side drive one afternoon, trying to get away from some wagons drawn by goats, — and the goats got the best of it. (Laughter.)

I have had my horses frightened at baby-wagons; I have had them frightened at dudes in their carts. (Laughter and applause.)

Why, I met a gentleman and lady in a high cart, with a tandem team, the other day, and they had to go around Central Park to turn around. (Laughter.) The gentleman sat about three feet above the lady, and, with a heavy bass voice, he was talking down to her wow-wow-wow, and she answering wee-wee-wee. I thought it was Punch and Judy on wheels coming down. Well, what is a bicycle, compared to such an exhibition in the Central Park, for horses to frighten at?

A VOICE. — You are right. (Laughter and applause.)

Of course I am right. Experience always makes men right. There is nothing like experience in these matters. You gentlemen should not feel discouraged because you have not yet been permitted to go on to the eastern side of Central Park.

I heard many compliments paid to your riding by ladies. I heard one paid to the Rev. Pente-

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cost, and I wasn't aware it was the gentleman until he got up to-night. I see by his calves it is the same man. (Laughter and applause.)

As a gentleman remarked this afternoon, "Some of these riders have splendid calves." "Well," I said, "the calves are not all on bicycles; there are a good many off, and I think sometimes they ride to show their calves." (Laughter and applause.)

Do not feel discouraged. You are going to succeed with the Park Commissioners, and another year you will come here, and we hope you will. They will open the park, and we will have Brooklyn Prospect Park opened up, and you can ride down to Coney Island and back, and go wherever you please. But you have got to conquer public opinion; and the exhibition of riding that you have given us to-day has opened the eyes of some of the objectors to the bicycles here. It isn't a great while ago that one of the distinguished residents near the park came to me and wanted me to sign a petition that bicycles be not allowed in the Central Park. Said I: "I would just as soon sign a petition to prevent you riding in Central Park in your carriage as I would to prevent a bicycle." (Applause.)

It is not your privilege, it is your right, to go into Central Park. (Applause.)

These bicycles are a splendid piece of mechanism. They never get spavined nor broken, and they go just so long as the driver wishes to drive it. I wish it were so well with all kinds of horses, flesh as well as steel; but that isn't the case.

Another thing,— these bicycles are doing good. The moral benefit is excellent. Why, my friend Bourne here goes on his bicycle all around the country, through the Eastern States, as David used to sing, "Through to Jerusalem," and the men, and women, and children, and maidens particularly, and they are delighted to have him go there. He frequently rides up by my house, and I know several young ladies that are waiting for him every day. (Laughter.) And I say, to his credit, that he is an excellently behaved young man. (Laughter.) And I watched all the company to-day, and I didn't see a young man do a thing unbecoming a gentleman, and I was glad of it. (Applause, and cries of Hear! hear!) I saw you all made an excellent impression, and the only derogatory remark I heard was from a young lad from the juvenile asylum, when he saw Mr. Pentecost, he said: "See Fatty on a bicycle." (Laughter.) But he really enjoyed it.

So I say, young men, keep up your riding. It is good for you physically, and, as the Rev. Mr. Pentecost said, mentally. It is innocent amusement. It is beautiful amusement, and the only objection that I have to it is that you can't take young women along. I like to ride with young ladies, I must admit. (Laughter.)

I wish some ingenious mechanic would invent a bicycle on which you can take a young lady riding.

A VOICE— Tricycles!

I believe the ladies will ride tricycles; and it is the healthiest exercise they can have, and it is the most healthful exercise you can have.

Now go on in your good work; and, instead of there being a thousand, I hope that on your next visit you will have five thousand as fine-looking and as well-behaved men as you have had to-day. (Cries of Hear and applause!)

Mr. PRATT. — I propose three cheers for Mr. Fuller.

(Three cheers.)

Mr. PRATT. — I don't know how it is in New York, but in Boston we should call it a pretty late hour now, and I have not got quite through with our guests, — pretty near it, — and we certainly want to hear something from the C.T.C., and we want to hear something from the board of officers, and we want to hear something from several other sentiments which I had prepared, and had several gentlemen all ready to respond, and loaded up to the muzzle, and perhaps one or two variations; but, by permission of the President, I am allowed to put it to vote as to whether you will stay longer and enjoy more of this sort of thing, or whether I shall turn over the reins again to the President that he may dismiss the company. All in favor of staying longer, and hearing more, will say Aye. Carried.

I propose the sentiment: —

To our International relations, the C.T.C., and other cousins.

And I am going to call upon a gentleman who represents in this country the largest foreign organization, — the largest bicycling organization in the world, — to speak for all our brother associations, so to speak, of which there are now several. I ask Mr. Frank W. Weston, or "Papa Weston," as he is called more familiarly, to say what he has to say for our foreign relations.

Mr. WESTON. — Mr. President and gentlemen, I do not know how it is, but listening to the speeches here to-night, which I have enjoyed as much as most of you, I am reminded of the story of the Dutchman, who remarked, upon a memor-

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able occasion, "I vas so glad I vas here." You remember it, do you not?

I am very glad to be at the fourth annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen. (Applause.) But, up to the present time, I have not quite forgiven our illustrious toast-master for one thing, — because I think he took a mean advantage of my absence in England to form the League of American Wheelmen without my assistance. At the same time, I feel anything but disappointed. And I remember how, on the 5th of April, a party of us on the steamer, — we were just coming into sight of the land, and we remembered the date when the League of American Wheelmen was going to be formed, and we drank to the health of the organization, which did not then yet exist, but which was to exist; and since that time I do not think there is a member of the League has watched the course of this organization with more interest than I have. Our worthy toast-master was kind enough to remember me, and give me an early place in the membership of the League. I believe, of all the organizations which have been formed since the history of the "wheel" in this country and others, there is not an organization which is going to carry greater weight, or do more good, than the L.A.W. The L.A.W., some of these times, when it arises out of some trifling dissensions which now obtain in its midst, will become the largest and best organization, and your efforts should be to that end.

I stand here as a member of the C.T.C., and also as a member of the L.A.W. I wear the New York gray uniform, and I intend to stick to it. (Applause.) I wear the New York badge, and I always intend to keep that out. (Applause.) I assume to stand for the International organization. I only know of two others, — one is the French, and the the other is Dutch. I, unfortunately, do not belong to either.

(Most of Mr. Weston's speech was inaudible to stenographers.)

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, Mr. Weston has referred, in his playful way, to my meanness, and I wish to report that it was a piece of Frank Weston's skedaddling that led him away from the Newport meet to England. And I am afraid that it was out of the very largeness of his heart, and the broadness of his interest in wheeling, that he has been led to devote more of his time and attention and interest to the C.T.C. than he has to the L.A.W.; and thereby we Americans have been very much the losers. (Applause.) However, I was almost ready to ask him the question, What does he want? Mr. Weston, we all know, has the honor of being the promoter of the first bicycle club in America, and the promoter of the first importing house for furnishing modern bicycles.

Mr. Weston has also been first in promoting the international organization, of which he is so faithful an exponent; and, in fact, I think he has done enough already, and if there is any possible opportunity in the future to steal a point on Frank Weston, I advise every one of you to take advantage of it. (Laughter and applause.)

But, not to delay you any longer myself, it is very much our wish, I am sure, to hear to-night something said on behalf of the Board of Officers of the L.A.W. and their critics, and there isn't anybody who can speak better for them than our retiring corresponding secretary, Mr. Sholes.

Mr. SHOLES. — Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the League, I will not advert to the surprise, which you must appreciate was very natural, at being asked to speak at such a splendid gathering as we have here to-night; and I fear that if, when I received the first telegram from President Miller, on the first of last December, asking me to fill the position which it was afterward a pleasure to accept, — if I had read in the constitution of the League that it required a speech from the corresponding secretary at this meeting, I should have been tempted to decline the honor, and to thank you sincerely for the honor of speaking here to-night. And, although the subject is a somewhat difficult one to refer to, and hard to analyze, I must say that I always thought that if our friends were endeavoring to bring out the latent energies of the League by referring in criticisms, more or less severe, to deficiencies perhaps, — that if they had appreciated the amount of quiet work that is being done by the officers of the League, they might look upon us with a little more generous eyes, perhaps.

We have passed through a season of trial, undoubtedly; and how successful the lessons learned will be to the League only the future can tell. Experience is a severe teacher, but we are certainly profiting by it. Though our bark bears evidence of struggles during the past two or three years of the League organization, she still sails on successfully, and will sail on for any number of years to come, we hope. It needs the hearty, earnest work of every individual member of the League to succeed. Not only your officers must work, but every individual member; and when this is accomplished we will have reached the

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point of being above critics, who have, I think, been only kind to us in showing our little shortcomings, and from these we can learn some things by which to place ourselves in a much better position. And, as I looked around to-night upon the gentlemen of more mature years who will be in our councils, and help us with their advice, which only mature years can grant and give, I can look forward with a great deal of hope for the future of this League.

The gentlemen have referred very pleasantly — and I must leave it in their hands — to the success of this meeting. We come from Ohio, — eighteen of us, — nearly a thousand miles, to help you to gain this Central Park (which, of course, is one object of the League), placing the bicyclers in a pleasanter aspect before the public in New York, and we wish you success; and, if the question of success depends upon our efforts, we will come a thousand miles again. (Applause.) We wish you success, and we ask you, gentlemen, and every individual member of the League, especially here in New York, — and we know we shall have it, — to join with us, and say in spirit, "Sail on, O Union, strong and great." (Applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — I am sure we all respond heartily to that sentiment.

Well, gentlemen, there was a handicraftsman in Boston in early colonial days, who was a maker of different kinds of machines, who was employed by the town of Boston to make the stocks for the public market-places, and he was condemned to be exposed two hours in his own stocks for having made an exorbitant charge.

Now, Col. Pope has been condemned to-day to ride his own machine with so many of the rest of you; and perhaps he has been punished enough to-day without being called upon to make a speech to-night. You always have him around with you wherever there are any meetings of wheelmen, and I am sure you always will as long as he keeps the interest in wheeling generally that he has now.

There are several others whom it would have been pleasant to have called upon. We have among us our ex-Commander Weston, whom I expected to call upon in connection with the toast of the board of officers; and our ubiquitous traveller — you might almost call him the great American traveller on the bicycle — Karl Kron, whom I thought possibly we might hear on behalf the critics. And I also had a toast down to our consuls, — that picket line of our army that is spreading out all across the continent, doing the hard, telling work for the League, which they seldom get credit for, — who are not represented in our parade, and are not represented here at our dinner, — who are not represented in our board of officers, except in that general way in which all members are represented by our august board of officers. And I thought it would be pleasant to hear from our racing and touring members. There is our old friend Bentley, who tours it all up and down the country, and weighs almost as much as Mr. Pentecost. There is our old racing man, who has carried his wheel to the front so many times, and won almost as many medals as almost any other, Mr. L. H. Johnson. (Applause.) And, later still, others: Dr. Coleman, also of the city of New York, who has, I believe, put himself on record as the longest traveller on the bicycle in America recently. There are the 'cycling clubs, that are so handsome and do so handsome. I thought likely we might call on Mr. Conkling, President of the New York club, Mr. Everett, Captain of the Boston Bicycle Club, and several other gentlemen here who represent large clubs; and then there is the 'cycling press, which gives us an opportunity "to see oursels as ithers see us" — or at least as the 'cycling press sees us. And I thought we might like to hear from our friend who makes so handsome a magazine for us, and who has lately come forward into magazine, the literary work, for THE WHEELMAN, Mr. McClure. And then there were the ladies, for whom we shall soon have to have toasts, if we do not now, at our dinners. (Applause.) I thought it hardly becoming, although it was very pretty in itself, for our New York club to man their sociables entirely with gentlemen, and that it might have made them look so much more picturesque in the parade by having them have a sufficient number of them filled in the parade, as they usually have, with a lady on one of the two seats. I believe they have two or three that they man and woman, so to speak, in that way. So you see there is a great deal that is left out. But I cannot continue to carry the responsibility of protracting this session any longer. I have thought it possible that I might squeeze a song out of Mr. Bourne (Applause) and Mr. Oliver, both of whom could entertain us very nicely with a song if they would be so disposed.

But, gentlemen, thanking you for your kind attention and your very efficient aid, enabling me to get through so well with the management of so large a room full, and so imposing an array of speakers, without, I trust, too much feeling that I have omitted all the best and

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called on all the poorest, I resign this position to your worthy President. (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. President, you will allow me to say, while Mr. Oliver is getting ready for his song, that I have here letters of regret, which we had not time to read, from Whitelaw Reid, from ex-President Grant, from Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, from Judge Lawrence, from Governor Cleveland, from Hon. John Kelly, from William
from Col. Emmons Clark, of the Seventh Regiment. Telegrams from Mr. Henry Bentley, and from Woodside, Morgan, and Miles; and also a letter of regret from Corporation Counsel Andrews; some of which express sentiments of very warm regard, and a good deal of regret at not being able to accept the invitation, and all of which are very polite and kind to the Association.

The PRESIDENT. — I wish to call attention to this valuable souvenir of the meet that has been presented to us by the publishers of THE WHEELMAN, and I trust that no gentleman will leave the room without taking it with him, as a memento of this occasion.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

WE invite the earnest coöperation of bicyclers and tricyclers to make this department helpful, valuable, and authoritative.

Questions which demand immediate answers will be answered by mail.

All questions of general interest will be answered in the Magazine.

Questions relating to the choice of machines, and all questions which involve only matters of personal preference, will be answered neither in the Magazine nor by mail.

Correspondents are asked to follow the ordinary rules of newspaper correspondence. Questions to insure insertion in the current issue must be made not later than the fifth of the month.

Question 11. — What is the difference between the B U. and L.A.W. definition of an amateur?

Answer. — The only difference is that the English rule specifies that one who receives money for teaching bicycle-riding is a professional. In England, a man who has taught one person how to ride, for money, or, in order to effect the sale of a machine, is a professional. In America, if the rule is logically applied, only one who *earns* his *living* by teaching is a professional.

The L.A.W. definition is as follows: —

25. (*a*) An amateur is a person who has never competed in an open competition, (*b*) or for a stake, (*c*) or for public money, (*d*) or for gate money, (*e*) or under a false name, (*f*) or with a professional for a prize, (*g*) or with a professional when gate-money is charged; (*h*) nor has ever personally pursued bicycling or any other athletic exercise as a means of livelihood.

26. Bicycle manufacturers, importers, dealers, and agents, as such, are not to be considered as professionals, unless disqualified under preceding rule.

The B.U. definition is as follows: —

A bicyclist forfeits his right to compete as an amateur, and thereby becomes a professional bicyclist, by —

Pursuing the art of riding the bicycle, or any other athletic exercise, as a means of gaining a livelihood.

Riding the bicycle, or engaging in any athletic exercise, for a money prize, or for gate-money.

Accepting remuneration for riding the bicycle, or for engaging in any athletic exercise.

Accepting payment for training or coaching others for bicycle-racing, or for any athletic exercise.

Receiving payment for services personally rendered in teaching bicycle-riding.

Competing with a professional bicyclist in public, or for a prize.

Bicyclists are cautioned that pace-making will be considered as included in the term competing, according to preceding rule.

Question 12. What is the slowest time on record?

Answer. 14m. 32s., made by C. S. Howard, Capt. Boston Ramblers, timed by W. D. Wilmot.

Question 13. Are there any double, or combination riders of note except Wilmot and Alden?

Answer. None of any note that we know of.

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EDITORIAL.

Track Measurement.

TRACK measurement is a subject which has been much mooted in bicycling circles this year, and may yet bear some suggestion. On this, as on so many things, confusion sometimes results from misunderstanding of conditions and terms intended, and sometimes from a failure to go below the surface of things. As generally discussed, the subject takes the form of "How far shall the track be measured from the pole?" A hatter might as intelligently ask, "How far shall I measure your hat from the brim?"

A racing-track consists essentially of an endless surface, with inside and outside boundaries. The mile is taken as the unit of distance, and so the "length" or "measurement" of the track is usually a multiple or division of a mile, — a quarter-mile, or a half-mile track, for instance, — or should be for accuracy. The length or measurement of a track should be, therefore, an endless line of a determined length and direction on the surface; and the boundaries of the surface ought to be fixed with reference to that line, not that line with reference to the boundaries.

In constructing a new track, the length and direction of that line, or, in other words, the size and figure being first determined, the inside boundary, or curb, or "pole," would be laid inside of it a certain distance, and then the outside boundary would be assigned for width of track. Thus the measured line of the track is the one from which all others are laid off, and the question at issue is really reduced to an inquiry as to how far inside the measured line shall the inner curb be placed.

In considering tracks already laid, — trotting and athletic tracks, — the question is really the same; provided, of course, that honesty of arrangements is intended to be regarded. The trotting-track has, by rule, the inner curb three feet inside the measurement line, and athletic tracks having it eighteen inches inside, generally. With bicycle tracks there is no uniformity (though it appears that the most authoritative construction abroad has the pole twelve inches inside), and but few have been constructed.

The correct allowance is very nearly a matter of mechanical demonstration, though it would be well to have a conventional standard. In fixing this it should be considered that the *line* of the track must be an honest length, and that the winner should ride its full length. If he rides on it, then there may be an allowance of six or eight inches for wavy variations of the course of the wheel, say four inches inside the line; and, as a further allowance, that the rim should not touch the curb-rod, in the haste of a race, say six inches; so that the track surface should be smooth and clear for at least ten inches inside the line. If the curb or "pole" be a sod, or low board, twelve inches is therefore a fair allowance, — provided there is no obstruction above. But now comes another consideration. On either side the rim of the rider's wheel is a part of the rider and machine, — four inches of axle, four of pedal, and more of handle-bar and elbows, — or from eight to sixteen inches. An allowance for this should be made in placing a fence, to keep back spectators and for other purposes. So, also, an allowance should be made for spectators (if admitted inside) leaning over or reaching through the fence or rail, for the safety of the rider. Any rider, moreover, will be shy of riding very near a fence.

On a track well arranged, therefore, the inner curb should be low, and twelve inches inside the line, at least, and not more than eighteen; and the fence should be set at least sixteen inches inside that, and preferably three or four feet. If the fence be set directly at the inner curb, then it should be, as we have seen, from twenty-eight to thirty-six inches inside. For this reason it is probably true that, on trotting tracks where the fence is at the "pole," the rider keeps necessarily pretty near the measured line. But on other tracks, where the fence is some distance within the inner curb, or, like that at Beacon Park, has no fence at all, but where the rider can keep near the low sod or "pole," the latter should not be over twelve inches inside that line. And it will generally be found less troublesome as well as more correct, in arranging races on existing tracks, to determine the place of the "pole," or a line within which the competitor cannot ride, than to change the measurement line of the track, and so disturb the starting or finishing lines of the races, or make either a long or a short course.

Bicycling in the West.

THE outlook of bicycling in the West is highly encouraging. There are many obstacles and drawbacks to its growth which are not found in

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the East. The population is smaller and more widely scattered; the roads are newer, and, as they have received but very little attention, comparatively, they are much poorer; the sport is not so widely known nor so favorably regarded as in the East. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, the characteristic energy of the people is asserting itself, and the coming generation is to be a generation of bicyclers. There are many reasons for believing that the West will shortly lead us in this as in other respects. The people are more energetic and enthusiastic. As the country grows older, and the roads are improved, the riding will be better, because the country is more level. Wages, generally, are higher than in the East, and living no more expensive, and clerks, salesmen, book-keepers, and salaried men generally, who form by far the largest part of the bicycling fraternity, are better able to indulge themselves in the luxury of a wheel. One encouraging feature is very noticeable, — all are buying the best wheels only. In the place of the cheap, painted machine, full-nickeled or nickeled and enameled machines of the best grade are now being substituted. This is undoubtedly a move in the right direction. It is the experience of all good riders that the best machines are not only the most satisfactory, but in the end the cheapest.

New clubs are being formed in many places, and plans are being made for tours, races, tournaments, etc. The Champion City Club, of Springfield, O., go into camp for two weeks this summer. The Milwaukee wheelmen take a week's tour through the most picturesque part of that exceptionally beautiful state, Wisconsin. It was the Chicago wheelmen who projected the Canada tour. St. Louis has a large number of enthusiastic riders; Louisville and Cincinnati possess some bicycling athletes, who are anxious to measure their strength and skill with our best Eastern men.

The sport is still young, and the proportion of the population that rides is smaller than it is in the East; but it is growing with amazing rapidity, and promises soon to assume colossal proportions.

WHEEL NEWS.

Race Meeting of the Capital Club.

THE recent spring races and meet of the the Capital Club, which took place in Washington, June 11 and 12, were more successful than those of any previous year.

The unfortunate accidents at the June meet of 1882 caused a general feeling among the club members that Iowa Circle, with its limited space and dangerous concrete pavement, must be abandoned; even the "White lot" track, near the Executive Mansion, was deemed little better, from the utter impossibility of clubmen or policemen to control a Washington crowd at a free show, with its large proportion of the darkey element.

Recently, however, the club was able to enter into an arrangement with the management of the Athletic Park, which has secured to Washington City a superb quarter-mile cinder track, — a quadrangle with round corners, — which Mr. Prince thinks by September will be the fastest and finest track in the country. The park is within the city limits, easily accessible by two lines of horse-cars and concrete pavements; it is surrounded by a high board fence, and within the enclosure are dressing-rooms, with grand and other stands capable of seating over five thousand people.

One of the first conditions of a successful race meet — a suitable place — having been provided the club went to work in earnest, and the race committee and the management of Athletic Park are certainly to be complimented on the result.

The track being new was necessarily heavy, a drenching rain the night previous to the opening day not helping it materially; and to these drawbacks alone, which time will remedy, was due the poor time recorded.

FIRST DAY'S RACES.

The parade formed at 3.30 in front of the club head-quarters, the following clubs being represented: The Capital Club, with forty-six men in line (which beats the record); the Maryland Club, the Washington 'Cycling Club, the American Star Club, of Smithville, New Jersey, and other visiting wheelmen, with a considerable body of local "unattached" riders. There were one hundred and thirty-nine men in line, and the procession arrived at the park a little after 4 o'clock.

While the wheelmen were *en route* to the park the crowds were rapidly gathering within, the grand stand soon being filled with Washington's best people, with the beaux and belles present in large numbers. The park presented

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a very brilliant appearance. The numerous flags with which the stands were decorated floated gayly in the pleasant south-west breezes that made the temperature delightful. The band-stand in the centre of the field, occupied by the marine band, in scarlet uniforms, was completely covered with small national flags, making a fine effect of color. The uniforms of the various clubs showed to advantage as the men gathered in groups in the centre field; and the long line of glistening machines stacked opposite the band-stand only heightened the effect of the gay scene.

The first race on the programme was five miles for the championship of the Capital Bicycle Club. The starters were J. McK. Borden, T. A. Berryhill, Leland Howard, and B. W. Hanna. Lap after lap the machines flew around in a bunch, and it was anybody's race for a long time. After passing into the first lap of the third mile Howard dropped out, his leg muscles having stiffened considerably. The other three kept on, and on the last two laps of the last mile the pace was quite fast. Borden, who had led slightly during seven laps, drew away, however, and won splendidly in 22.56; Berryhill second, in 23.05½.

The prize was a beautiful cup of hammered silver, shell pattern, with "Capital Bicycle Club" and a mounted wheelman upon one side in relief; value, $75. It must be won three times to be held, and was presented by business men of Washington, through Mr. Flint, of the Capital Club.

The second race was a mile, for members of the Maryland Club of Baltimore. The starters were E. R. Jones, J. Y. Lord, Joseph D. Chesney, E. S. Schon, J. Day Flack, J. Edward Ducker, T. Stran, Charles Stran, and L. S. King. At the start Lord led, and went the quarter mile in 1.02½; but Flack caught up, and was never headed, winning in 4.10. E. H. Schon second, in 4.16¾; Charles Stran third; the others strung out.

The third event was fancy riding by Seward Beall, of the Capital Bicycle Club, J. E. Taylor, instructor at Scribner's Agency, and Bert Pressey, of "Star" renown. Mr. Pressey carried off first prize, and Mr. Taylor, who did remarkably well, the second prize. Mr. Beall makes no pretension to being a trick rider, but nevertheless went through his part of the programme very gracefully, and won a fair share of the applause bestowed upon the three riders.

The fourth race was a quarter mile for members of the Capital Bicycle Club. The contestants were J. McK. Borden, W. F. Crossman, and Seward Beall. Borden had the race from the start, never being headed, and won easily in 55⅝; Crossman second, in 55½; Beall third.

Fifth event: a slow race by Messrs. Beall, Howard, Davis, and Lewis, Capital Bicycle Club. After a false start and a second trial Mr. Beall won by the others falling out.

The sixth race was a mile handicap, open to all amateurs. The entries were J. McK. Borden, of the Capital Bicycle Club (scratch); Frank T. Howard, of the Ixion Club, of New York (scratch); C. H. Chickering, of the Star Club, of Smithville, N. J. (60 yards); T. A. Berryhill, of the Capital Bicycle Club (80 yards); J. Edward Ducker, of the Maryland Club (100 yards); J. Day Flack, of the Maryland Club (100 yards); R. F. Foster, of the Incurable Order of Bicyclists of Baltimore (100 yards); L. S. King, of the Maryland (100 yards); J. D. Lord, of the Maryland Club (100 yards); and J. C. Smith, of England (120 yards). Being a handicap, the race was necessarily of the follow-my-leader sort. Mr. Flack quickly drew away from the 100-yards starters and soon overtook Mr. Smith.

The two leaders were never headed, but the race for third place was particularly exciting. Mr. Howard, who started from scratch, caught up to the riders in front of him, and after hard riding won the honor. Flack was first in 3.42, J. C. Smith second, in 3.47, and Howard third, in 3.48¼.

After crossing the wire, Mr. Howard fell and was slightly injured, but was able to ride in the second day's races.

The silver-mounted leather medal presented by Mr. Chris. Abner, to be given to the most graceful rider in the street parade, was awarded to Mr. Charles McCook, of the Capital Club. The judges were limited in their final consideration to the following riders: Capt. L. W. Seeley, Mr. McCook, Mr. Frederick D. Owen, Mr. Charles M. Lewis, and Mr. Clarence G. Allen, and the winner was decided by drawing lots.

SECOND DAY'S RACES.

The weather was fine, and another large audience gathered, in which the ladies seemed to predominate; many notable people were present, and on the grand stand, both above and below, nearly every available seat was taken long before the races were called.

The first race on the programme was a two-mile handicap, open to all amateurs. The starters were F. T. Howard, of the Ixion Club of New York (scratch); J. McK. Borden, of the

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Capital Club (scratch); C. H. Chickering, of the Star Club of Smitherv.lle, N.J. (60 yards); T. A. Berryhill, of the Capital (100 yards); G. R. Evans, of the Incurable Order of Bicyclers of Baltimore (120 yards); R. P. Foster, of the Incurable Order (120 yards), and D. E. Williams, of the Incurable Order (120 yards). A good start was made, and at the half lap Berryhill made a strong spurt and gained the lead, progressing finely, with the race decidedly in his favor. A soft spot at the turn, approaching the judge's stand, dashed his hopes, however, and he came to earth, badly injuring his right foot. The other riders passed him without accident, and the next three laps were run with no perceptible change in the position, Chickering being in the lead. Howard, who with Borden was last of all the riders, began to ride rapidly at the beginning of the second mile, and overtook those in front of him one by one, until he was on even terms with Chickering. The race between the pair was very exciting, but Howard's superiority was soon evident, and he won with ease in 7.24½; Chickering second, in 7.37⅘; Borden third, in 7.38.

The second event was the first heat of the three-mile professional race. Entries: J. P. Prince, formerly of Boston; H. W. Higham, of Nottingham, England; F. S. Rollinson, of New York, and Thomas Harrison, of Washington City. As a matter of course the interest was centred in the champion, who gave a very pretty race up to the ninth lap, when Higham took an ugly header at the exact spot where Berryhill fell out. Higham remounted amid lusty cheers, but failed to gain his lost ground. Prince won easily in 11.20, with Higham second, in 11.43, Harrison third, in 12.30, and Rollinson beaten by ⅘ of a mile.

In the race for novices, open to all amateurs, the starters were B. W. Hanna, of the Capital Club; E. A. Newman, of the Capital Club, and O. F. Oswell, of the Capital Club. Hanna took the lead at the start, and was never headed, winning with ease in 3.58½, Newman second, in 4.03¾. Oswell dropped out on the last lap.

The boys' race, half-mile, was won by Tom Finley, on a "Star" machine, Frank Primble coming in second, and C. Hopkins third. Finley's ime was 2.03, and Primble's 2.05¾.

The second heat of the professional race now followed, Higham receiving considerable applause, as the men appeared, for his plucky manner, despite of his severe fall. It was a closely-contested race to the finish, both men being roundly cheered; but was won by Prince, after a piece of splendid work, which called forth the greatest enthusiasm, in 11.33; Higham won second, in 11.35; Harrison third, in 12.23¾; and Rollinson, in 13.35.

An announcement was then made from the grand stand that Mr. Higham had challenged the American champion to ride him any distance for $500, or any amount, within thirty days, in Washington City.

Then followed the Capital Club drill, Capt. Seeley and Messrs. Loomis, Hanna, Lane, G. M. Smith, Rex Smith, Beall, and Davis participating. The drill was practically the same in evolution as the one given so successfully last winter at the skating-rink, and won great applause for precision as to time and motion.

The starters in the mile handicap (C. Bi. C. members only) were Borden (scratch), Hanna (60 yards), Howard (60 yards), and Newman (100 yards). Newman led around the first lap, but at the commencement of the second was overhauled and passed by Hanna, who was never headed again, winning in 3.31; Borden second, in 3.40; Newman third, in 3.41; and Howard last, in 3.43.

Mr. Rollinson then gave a very funny exhibition of the experience of a beginner on the bicycle, which called forth an *encore*.

The day's races closed with a half-mile ride-and-run race, in which the starters were little Tom Finley, H. G. Davis, C. H. Chickering, J. D. Lord, C. M. Lewis, and Seward Beall. At the start there were several tumbles, but no injurious ones. At the jump off on the back stretch all got to the ground together, but in endeavoring to remount several more fell. The race dwindled down at last to Master Finley and Seward Beall, and was very exciting. They jumped off and remounted together, and for the last half lap it was very close, but little Finley on the "Star" went ahead, and won in 2.27½, Beall second, in 2.34.

The prizes were gold medals to first and second in all the amateur races, except the boys' race, in which the medals were silver. Money prizes were paid to the professionals as follows: Prince $100, Higham $75, Harrison $50, and Rollinson $25.

Our account of the banquet and reception, which fittingly closed the race-meeting, is taken from the *Washington Republican*: —

"At night the Capital Bicycle Club entertained the visiting wheelmen at dinner at the Riggs House. The dining-room was tastefully decorated and the *menu* was elaborate. There were about fifty persons present, among whom were

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President Howard, Capt. Seeley, Messrs. Donn, Flint, Beall, Gordon, N. S. Owen, F. D. Owen, P. T. Dodge, Chas. R. Dodge, Cram, Lane, McCook, and Borden, of the Capital Club; Capt. Penniman, Messrs. Schone, Clark, Chesney, Lord, Price, Trego, and Griffiss, of the Maryland Club; Messrs. Hall, Pressey, Chickering, and Finley, of the Star Club, of Smithville, N.J.; Mr. Howard, of Columbia College, N.Y.; Col. F. A. Seeley, Mr. C. E. Hawley, F. W. Rollinson, H. W. Higham, J. S. Prince, and Tom Harrison.

"After the solids were removed, President Howard, of the Capital Bicycle Club, made an address, in which he said that after a very successful race meeting and a good big dinner the guests were all probably in a proper frame of mind to talk the thing over. He welcomed the visitors, and expressed great gratification in having been enabled to do so.

"He then introduced Col. F. A. Seeley, who made a happy address. He dwelt particularly upon the advantages wheelmen had in Washington, and added his hearty welcome to that of the president. The toast, 'The Maryland Club,' was responded to by Acting Captain Penniman in a pleasant manner. The toast, 'The Star Club,' was responded to by Mr. Hall.

"Mr. Charles R. Dodge made some remarks about 'Wheel Literature,' Mr. C. E. Hawley on 'The League of American Wheelmen,' Mr. Higham on 'English Wheeling,' and remarks were made by Capt. Seeley, Mr. H. S. Owen, and others. The banquet was concluded by the club hymn, '*Vive la Chat*,' and the Maryland boys were escorted to the train by a delegation of 'Capitalists.'"

Prince-Higham Races.

THE first of the series of races for the championship of the world took place at Athletic Park, in Washington, on the 30th of June. Despite the threatening weather and the showers of the early afternoon, one of the largest concourses of people ever seen in the park had assembled before 5 o'clock, when the races were called.

The first race was a two-mile handicap, open to all amateurs, the starters being B. W. Hanna, Capital Club (scratch); J. C. Smith, England (50 yards); J. Ed. Taylor, Washington City (80 yards); C. Frazer, Bustleton, N.J. (80 yards); E. A. Newman, Capital Club (80 yards).

The race was easily won by Mr. Frazer, who rides a "Star," in 7.0¼, Mr. Hanna coming in second in 7.45, followed closely by Mr. Smith. Prizes, gold medals.

Then came the fancy riding of Rex Smith, of the Capital Club, who as usual went through with his unique exhibition gracefully and easily. After performing many of his well-known feats, including the one-wheel riding, forward and backward, the exhibition closed with the cigarette trick, performed for the first time in public. The hub lantern having been lighted, he mounted, came to a standstill, climbed down upon the right side of the machine, balanced and held himself in position while the lantern was opened, the cigarette lighted, and the door closed again, then back to saddle and rode off. The feat was performed most successfully amid rounds of applause. Prize, a silver bowl of elegant design, ornamented with strawberry leaves and fruit of oxydized silver in relief.

The third race was a one-mile handicap, open to Capital Club members only. The starters were L. W. Seely (scratch); B. W. Hanna (scratch); Seward Beall (60 yards). Won by Mr. Hanna in 3.04½, Mr. Seely coming in second with a record of 3.46½. Prizes, gold medals.

Prof. Rollinson then amused the company with his side-splitting "Trials of a Beginner," which was well received.

The fifth and closing event was the five-mile contest — first of three races, 5, 10, and 20 miles — for the championship of the world and a purse of $500, which proved one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed in Washington. Higham made a splendid spurt from the start, — he having won the choice of position, — and succeeded in holding his place, with Prince only a few feet behind, until the fourth lap, when the American champion, with one of his magnificent "bursts" of speed, shot forward and left the Englishman several lengths behind. This was the signal for tremendous cheering from the stands, which was continued for nearly the entire lap. At the sixth lap Higham again took the lead, with more cheering, Prince pressing him hard, as the ground was sturdily fought to the nineteenth lap. Prince had made two or three attempts to once more gain first place, but it was not until the men had reached the side stretch, just before the finish, that the American forged ahead with tremendous power and once more took the lead. As the wheelmen came round the turn the excitement of the multitude rose to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; the crowd came to their feet in a body, while the cheers and yells were deafening. Ladies and gentlemen rose *en masse* on the grand stand, climbing

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upon the chairs and railing. The side stands were emptied in a twinkling, all barriers broken down, and the crowd surged over the intervening grass plot, and out upon the very track, closing in upon the wheelmen as they shot over the line with the American victorious. Time: Prince, 18.47⅘; Higham, 18.48⅘.

The excitement did not abate here, for the exultant crowd rushed down the track, and, shouldering the victor, bore him triumphantly back to the judges' stand, where three cheers were given for the American champion. In the absence of Fred Jenkins the referee was Mr. Leland Howard, representing the *Wheel*. The judges for Mr. Prince were Messrs. Phil. T. Dodge and Wagner, of the Capital Club, and for Higham, Messrs. Scribner and Hart, of the Washington 'Cycling Club.

The second race of the series, twenty miles, will take place in Rochester, N.Y., July 9th, and the third, of ten miles, either in Providence, R.I., or in Washington City. The condition of the track had been greatly improved since the Capital Club race meeting, but still was not up to the standard of a fast track. It is growing better, however, each week, and by fall will be in superb condition.

NOTES OF THE RACES.

The general impression prevailed that Mr. Frazer was given too much handicap, and should have started from scratch. He sent on no record with his entry.

Prof. Douch and his orchestra occupied the band-stand and enlivened the races with excellent music.

Prince entered the race at 164 pounds, and Higham, who had reduced himself by severe training 16 pounds, entered at 169 pounds. Both men were in splendid condition.

The American champion wore blue and white with red short stockings, and the Englishman white. The men also wore silk sashes with the stars and stripes and the British flag, respectively, which added not a little to the enthusiasm of the multitude.

It is worthy of note that the first two miles run by Prince and Higham yesterday were made in 7 minutes and 13 seconds. In the two-mile handicap Fraser rode the same distance in 7 minutes and ¼ second.

Mr. Berryhill was out again at the professional races on the 30th, he having very nearly recovered from his painful injuries received at the time of the race meeting three weeks before.

The Hampton Court Meet.

THE Englishman's favorite topic is the weather. I feel it therefore to be my bounden duty to preface my remarks with this subject. I think I may safely say that for the Great Metropolitan Meet to be a success the state of the elements *must* be fair. London is such a big place, and there are so many miles of roads to be crossed before reaching the parade ground, that a few drops of rain would deter many hundreds of wheelmen from essaying to trundle through the interminable streets when it is scarcely possible to keep in the saddle, owing to the greasy state of the pavements.

But luck was with us again, for a fine day has once more marked the great assemblage of wheelmen. The sun showed itself but seldom, but, taken on the whole, the weather was as suitable as one could wish, especially when one considers what an awful climate ours is.

The eventful day having at length arrived, London showed early signs that all was astir in the wheel world. Here and there bicyclists were to be seen riding to their business in uniform; there were bicycles in carts, bicycles on cabs, and bicycles on tram-cars. Between 2 and 3 o'clock the city men were leaving their offices, and we were soon on the move. The day commenced, of course, with the terrors of Cheapside. The ride through this crowded thoroughfare was likened, by one man, to a mixture consisting of an exhibition of fancy riding, a slow race, and a mounting and dismounting competition. However, it is got through at last, but no pace can be put on till we have slowly passed by the "Cycle Market," on Holborn Viaduct, threaded our way down Oxford street, turned down Park lane, and got towards Hammersmith. We have smooth wood pavement under our tires, but we must be careful, for we are going through the domain of the anti-cycling Paget. 'Cycles are now observed in great numbers, and by the time Kerr Bridge is reached the scene is decidedly of a wheely nature. "'Arry" is observed as of yore, perspiring very much on his 70-pound machine; but, alas! he no longer rides the typical boneshaker. We have no difficulty in leaving him behind, and now make our way round by the famous Kerr Gardens and on to Richmond, whose narrow streets have to be carefully ridden. We are here joined by a number of men who have come with their machines by one of the special trains run for the occasion. A kind of race now takes place, and after rushing pell-mell through Twickenham and

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Teddington we arrive at the gates of Bushey Park. The spin through the lovely chestnut avenue is greatly enjoyed, but has to be hurried over, for everybody is racing to get first to the goal. We pedal thoughtfully round the "classic" ground of the Diana Fountain, where, in days gone by, the meet of hobby-horses took place, and in a twinkling we have arrived at the Lion Gates. The first object of interest is the head-quarters of the City of London Bicycle Club. They have taken possession for the day of a small hotel, and what with a balcony for visitors, red drapery everywhere, the union jack, and the stars and stripes, they have made a usually quiet place look quite smart.

The Green has a very animated aspect, and the clubs are pouring in to take up their places on the stations assigned to them, — and it is not a very easy matter to find out the position of your respective club. One youth climbs up a lamp-post, to overlook the scene, in order to discern the whereabouts of his comrades.

But the starting-time is drawing near; so a few of us run back again through the park in order to get a quiet point of vantage from which to view the procession. We take up our stand in the road, a short distance beyond the gates, and then watch anxiously for signs of the "mighty host." The first to come in sight are the venerable black-uniformed Pickwickians, with a muster of twenty-six. The Middlesex follow, and then come the St. Georges, "dressed up to the nines." A few more, and the brown-clad Canonbury come forward, led by Mr. John O'Groats Harman. The Clarence, the Chiswick, and the Brinton have hardly passed when the sound of a big drum is heard; 'tis a regiment of volunteers marching straight into the 'cyclists' ranks. The road is narrow, confusion reigns, and two or three riders topple off. But all is well. The warriors kindly oblige by marching in the ditch, and leave the road to the "proceshists." The men in front not having got over the excitement, slow racing ensues, — an accomplishment, by the way, which seems absolutely necessary on these occasions. Twenty-one Lewisham men and the Kildare go by at a funeral pace, then the St. James, the Albion, and the Overton. The pace begins to mend, and club after club sails by. Cheers and yells of recognition are heard as spectators recognize their friends. Another good muster is seen in the Surrey United, with twenty-six men, but they are outdone by the City of London, with thirty-four. Twenty-two London Scots, riding in fine style, are presently followed by thirty-nine Brinton Ramblers, who certainly make about the finest show of all. More small clubs and fourteen Ferrtowers come by. (Where are those "knobby" jockey caps?)

The Waverley with a very small captain, the Victorian, the Clapham Park, the Turnham Green, etc., swing by steadily. The spectators now begin to feel the want of a little variety; their wish is gratified, for the Metropolitan clubs have at last gone by and the 'Cyclist Touring Club comes tooling along, with Lacy Hillier attired in the new uniform, but without the wonderful helmet. It is now the turn of the country clubs, and a fine show they make. The Portsmouth, with twenty-one members, covered in dust after their long ride, are as smart a looking body of wheelists as we have yet seen. They are beaten, however, in point of numbers by the Brighton Wanderers, who muster twenty-two men. The rest of the country men pedal along in good form and are followed by about two hundred of the "unattached." These as usual furnish a good deal of amusement for the public. Here is the "'Arry" fraternity in full force — one individual we notice in a choking condition with a "Masher" collar. A gentleman who has the greatest difficulty to get his feet to reach the pedals, and another who is doubled up like a trussed fowl on his diminutive machine, come in for much chaff as they ride by in company. The motley crew has at length scrambled away, and the proceedings wind up with a very poor show of tricyclists, the West Kensington being the only club with anything like a muster. This is, of course, accounted for by the fact of the three-wheelers having arranged a meet of their own, to be held on a future date.

We now slip through the avenue into the town again. The foremost clubs in the procession have already returned, and the hotels are all full — jolly for the other men who will not have finished their journey for some time. They can, however, be easily accommodated, for there are plenty of good inns in Twickenham, Teddington, and Kingston — all a short distance off.

'Appy 'Ampton is full of gayety, and presents a very bicycular appearance; even the nigger minstrels have bicycle advertisements stuck in their hats. Much bugling is going on, most of it very jerky and weak. 'Cycles are observed leaning against the walls of nearly every "pub." The policemen who came from London to keep order are now off duty and are beginning to get very jolly. A curious thing happened in connection with these minions of the law. A gentleman had his pocket picked; he collared the thief and handed him over to some bobbies; but being

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strange to the locality, they had regretfully to announce the fact that they really couldn't find the police station! As the twilight draws on machines are oiled up, and preparations are made for departure. Drags with club visitors begin to fill, — one wagonette has a load consisting solely of pretty girls. How jolly it must be to belong to the club that brought them! More bugling, and riders begin to move off in all directions, many of those whose way lies through the park having a friendly race down the avenue. As we take our departure we are met by a woful sight, — it is a fly bearing the smashed remains of a gorgeous Premier tricycle.

It is getting dark and the lighted lamps have a pretty effect as the 'cyclists spin merrily home. Richmond will for a good many hours resound with the tinkling bells, for many of the clubs will keep up their social revelry till far into the night.

The Hampton Court Meet is over, and is almost unanimously adjudged to be a success. The total of the number present showed a decrease of five hundred as compared with last year. This may be accounted for in various ways, — the date fixed was so soon after the Whitsuntide holidays; the establishment of small meets in the various districts of London, and last, but not least, the grave dispute over the balance-sheet of the committee of last year's Meet. Some critics regarding these figures say that the sport is on the decline; the *Meet* may be on the wane, but bicycling never!

Whether or not these monster wheel assemblages are popular among the 'cycling fraternity, few of those present at this year's gathering have other than pleasant memories associated with it, and wheelmen should consider themselves lucky if the current of life flows with them as smoothly and merrily as did the Hampton Court Meet of 1883.

MESSRS. Prince and Higham have taken up their residences in Washington. The American champion has opened a cigar store on Ninth street, and the English champion takes charge of the repair department of Scribner's Bicycle Agency. So the question of the future residence of Mr. Prince is at length settled.

At the close of the Prince-Higham races, as the Capital Club was proceeding down Ninth street, the riders were seriously annoyed by three men in a light road-wagon, who persisted in breaking up the procession. Turning into Rhode Island avenue, which chanced to be completely cleared of vehicles, and of ample width, the same annoyance was continued until Mr. F. R. Lane was thrown and his machine badly wrecked. The driver at once attempted to get away, but was overhauled by club men, and arrested, and as he was unable to deposit the $100 collateral demanded in this case, he was committed until Monday morning, when the case went before Judge Snell, of the police court, and was decided in favor of Mr. F. R. Lane. A civil suit will follow for the value of the bicycle.

Racing Notes.

THE first annual races of the Kings County Wheelmen were held Saturday afternoon, June 23d, on the grounds of the Williamsburg Athletic Club. The half-mile dash was won by Edward Pettus in 1 min. 42⅛ sec.; W. D. Bloodgood won the 100-yard slow race in 4 min. 6⅛ sec. The two-mile handicap was won by J. M. Austin, with a start of 300 yards, in 6 min. 55 sec. E. Pettus took the twenty-five-mile race in 1 hr. 47 min. 41 sec.; H. J. Hall second, E. Fish third.

THE bicycle races at the annual exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society, which is to be held at Manchester, N.H., September 4, will consist of a two-mile race for three prizes, valued at $75; one-mile race for three prizes, valued at $60; one-half mile race for three prizes, valued at $50. The races will all be best two in three heats, and will be run under the auspices of the Manchester Bicycle Club. Previous to the races there will be a parade of all the wheelmen present, as at Worcester last year.

THE Capital Club, of Washington, D.C., held a two days'-race meeting June 11 and 12. Races for the first day were as follows: —

Five-mile race for the championship of the Capital Club. Won by J. McK. Borden, in 22.56.

One-mile race for members of Maryland Club. Won by J. Day Flack, in 4.10. The fancy-riding contest was won by Burt Pressey, on a "Star."

One-quarter mile race for members of Capital Club. Borden first, in 55⅛.

One-hundred-yards slow race was won by Beall.

One-mile handicap, open to all amateurs, was taken by J. D. Flack (100 yards), in 3.42.

Races for the second day were: —

A two-mile race, open to all amateurs. Won by F. T. Howard; time, 7.25½.

Three-mile heats for professionals, best two in three. Entries: J. S. Prince, Boston; H. W. Higham, Nottingham, Eng.; F. S. Rollinson, Boston; Thomas Harrison, Washington. First

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two heats were won by Prince, in 11.20 and 11.33.

One-mile for novices was won by B. W. Hanna, in 3.58½.

One-half-mile for boys was won by Finley; time, 2.3.

One-mile handicap, for members of Capital Club, was taken by Hanna (100 yards); Borden (scratch) second; time, 3.31.

The last race was one-half-mile ride and run. Finley first, Beall second. No time was taken.

J. DAY FLACK won the ten-mile race for the championship of Maryland, at Druid Hall Park, June 23, in 38.31½.

IN the championship races of the N.A.A.A.A. and the L.A.W., Geo. M. Hendee, of the Springfield Bi. Club, won the mile and two-mile bicycle races in 3.36⅘, and 6.47⅕. Chas. A. Reed, of the New York Athletic Club, won the five-mile race in 17.37⅘.

RACES under the management of Lancaster (Pa.) Bicycle Club were held at the Lancaster Driving Park. One-mile race was won by J. O. George in 3 min. 28½ sec. Two-mile race was won by W. B. Youngman in 7 min. 26 sec. The five-mile race was won by J. G. Shink, who was the only one to finish. Time, 17 min. 36¼ sec. George took the three-mile race in 11 min. 27 sec.

THE Fostoria (O.) Bicycle Touring Club gave races July 4.

THE Essex Bicycle Club had an informal run from Newark to Long Branch, N.J., to take place on the 3d July. Outside clubs and bicyclers were cordially invited to participate.

THE Boston and Newton clubs held their races at Beacon Park June 30. The track was in excellent condition, and the only drawback was a strong east wind. The first race was a 1-mile handicap for members of the Boston Club; won by I. W. Rich (200 yards) in 3 min. The second was a 1-mile race for the championship of the Newton Club; won by H. D. Corey in 3 min. 26¼ sec. A 1-mile handicap, open to all amateurs, was won by C. F. Haven (110 yards) in 2 min. 59 sec. The 3-mile scratch was the best race of the day, and was won by Corey in 10 min. 7⅛ sec. The next event was a 3-mile tricycle race, open to all amateurs, and was the most interesting tricycle race ever witnessed in this country. W. B. Everett won in 4 min. 32 sec.; F. Morris second, in 4 min. 32¼ sec. The sixth and last event was a 5-mile race between E. P. Burnham and Theo. Rothe. Notwithstanding the fact that Burnham had his arm broken but a short time ago, he decided to run and won easily, although handicapped 900 yards. His time for the 5 miles was: 1 mile, 3.07; 2 miles, 6.32; 3 miles, 9.58; 4 miles, 13.45; 5 miles, 17.20.

Foreign.

F. WOOD, Leicester, England, won the fourth race for the 20-mile professional championship, on Saturday, June 9; time, 1 hr. 6.46⅕: Howell second; Lees third.

THE sixth race for the twenty-five mile championship was decided on the Leicestershire Cricket Grounds, England, May 12. Howell won, with Wood second; time, 1 hr. 24.16⅕.

AT Belgrave Road Grounds, 15 May, M. J. Lowndes, of Coventry, defeated Frank Moore and C. D. Vesey in a 10-mile tricycle race, and took all the records for the ten miles. His time was as follows: 1m., 3.11; 2m., 6.28; 3m., 9.49; 4m., 13.12; 5m., 16.24½; 6m., 20.17; 7m., 23.43; 8m., 27.25½; 9m., 30.47; 10m., 34.03. Moore (2), 36.51½; Vesey, (3), 36.59½.

State Divisions.

THE secretary of the New Jersey Division has issued a call for the names of all wheelmen in the State.

A MEETING of League members was held in St. Louis, June 22, for the pnrpose of forming a State Division.

THE members of the League in Ohio will meet at Columbus, August 27, for the purpose of forming a State Division.

THE League of New Hampshire Wheelmen has reorganized under the style of the New Hampshire Division of the L.A.W.

OFFICERS of the State Divisions and others interested are invited to send to THE WHEELMAN all items of general interest relating to their respective Divisions.

THE Massachusetts Division met at the New Marlboro' Hotel, June 13. A printed copy of the by-laws adopted will be sent to each member. F. P. Kendall was elected secretary; C. P. Shillaber was elected treasurer.

THE Michigan State Division, organized May 30th, at Detroit, elected the following officers: President, J. E. Beal, of Ann Arbor; secretary, W. C. Marvin Ovid; treasurer, C. E. Gorham, of Marshall. The organization is complete in all respects, and is very active.

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THE Pennsylvania State Division of the League was organized June 15, with Chief Consul George Sanderson, Jr., in the chair. Victor M. Haldeman, of the Marietta Bicycle Club, was elected secretary. Arthur MacOwen, of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, was elected treasurer.

Clubs.

[CLUB secretaries are invited to furnish news for this department.]

THE Rochester Bicycle Club held a tournament July 4.

THE Troy Bicycle Club held a reception at Music Hall, June 25.

THE annual encampment of the Champion Bicycle Club, Springfield, O., took place July 6.

THE Genesee Bicycle Club, of Rochester, went to Lockport July 4.

THE Rochester and Genesee clubs have each a race track almost completed. The Rochesters' track is eight laps, and the Genesees' track is a half-mile.

OFFICERS of the Rockingham Bicycle Club are: President, Frank J. Philbrick; Secretary and Treasurer, A. H. Sides; Captain, W. W. McIntire.

THE St. Paul Bicycle Club was organized June 11. Officers: President, A. F. Merrill; Captain, Fred. S. Bryant; Secretary, E. F. Wells. There are eighteen members.

THE Brockton Bicycle Club was recently organized with twelve numbers and the following officers: President, Geo. B. Mason; Secretary and Treasurer, W. S. Noyes; Captain, Chas. H. Johnson.

THE Minnesota Bicycle Club reorganized June 16, under the name "Winona Bicycle Club," with sixteen members and the following officers: C. H. Porter, President and Captain; R. E. Tearse, Secretary and Treasurer.

THE Williamsport Wheel Club was organized June 20, 1883, with head-quarters at No. 32 Willow street, with the following officers: President, R. W. Gibson; Vice-President, E. A. Cornell; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles V. Runkle; Captain, Jo. Schneider; First Lieutenant, Josiah Howard; Second Lieutenant, J. W. Bowman; Club Committee: President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer (*ex officio*), Bart. Brown and J. W. Bowman.

A NEW club — Columbia Wheelmen — was organized at Stockport, New York, June 19, with eleven members and the following officers: President, A. E. Heard; Secretary, R. B. Reynolds; Treasurer, F. C. Kittle; Captain, Joshua Reynolds.

THE Oshkosh Bicycle Club is composed of thirteen members, with numbers being added from time to time. The officers are: Captain, Al Koch; Secretary and Treasurer, W. L. Doughty; sub-Captain, Frank Gates; Bugler, J. A. Hinman. Monthly meetings are held.

A BOSTON wheelman, writing from Denver, Col., says: "The roads in and about Denver are splendid, quite as good, I think, as the roads of Boston. The Denver Bicycle Club numbers some fifteen members, and there are from fifty to seventy-five wheelmen in the city."

HEIGHTS' WHEELMEN. — A Bicycle Club was organized in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 18, 1883, known as the Heights' Wheelmen. Officers elected were: President, E. J. Milhau; Secretary and Treasurer, F. L. Dunnell; Captain, J. C. King; sub-Captain, A. R. Dunnell. The uniform adopted was dark blue knickerbockers and coat, white flannel shirt with blue lacing, and cap with visor. The club-room is in the Hamilton Building, 44 Court street, room 60.

SALT Lake City, Utah, has a flourishing bicycle club of twenty members, officered as follows: President, Geo. J. Taylor; Vice-President, Wm. McClelland; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles Howe; Captain, D. L. Davis; sub-Captain, Heber Cutler. Their uniform is blue throughout, excepting the cap, which is of some light, gauzy material, and helmet-shaped. Entrance fee is $3.00, and annual dues the same.

They have two handsome medals: a gold one, representing a bicycle in miniature, and valued at $50, and a silver one valued at $25. These are first and second prizes for the quickest mile. The gold medal must be won five times and the silver one four times before they become the property of the successful competitor. The fastest mile yet made is 3.20 on an eight-lap track; but they are now constructing a seven-lap track on which they expect to make better time. The base-ball, cricket, and bicycle clubs united under the name of the Salt Lake Athletic Association.

Recently President Taylor, Capt. Davis, Wm. Wood, Jr., Fred Pierce, and Geo. Thatcher, Jr., made a trip from Salt Lake City to Ogden. The distance is about forty-five miles, and is, with one exception, the longest run ever made in Utah. The return was made by rail.

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NEW LONDON, a place of 1,200 inhabitants, is having a boom in the bicycle line. A club was organized on June 20, with a membership of nine. Officers as follows: President, George W. Runyon; Vice-President, Dr. C. T. King; Captain, Asa Dolph; Lieutenant and Bugler, Ray Van Vecten; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles B. Messenger. Uniform: navy-blue cap, navy-blue coat and knee breeches, maroon stockings, low-cut shoes. One American "Star" is ridden.

A STATE division of the L.A.W. has been formed in Illinois. There are now State divisions in New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts.

CITIZENS — New York. The following officers were elected at the annual meeting, June 12: —

President — Rev. Thos. McKee Brown.
Vice-President — Fred. G. Bourne.
Captain — Dr. N. M. Beckwith.
First Lieutenant — Geo. E. Dunlap.
Second Lieutenant — Wm. A. Bryant.
Secretary — Thos. C. Smith, 40 Warren street.
Treasurer — Frank J. Pool.
Bugler — C. H. Schmidt.

Executive Committee — President, Vice-President, and Secretary (*ex-officio*), Geo. A. Wells, John C. Gulick, W. H. Book, and Richard Nelson.

The club will probably erect a new club-house on Fifty-eighth street, near Eighth avenue.

A CLUB was organized at Stockport, N.Y., June 19, under the name of "Columbia Wheelmen." The following officers were elected: President, A. E. Heard; Vice-President, C. R. Vaudecam and F. A. Reynolds; Treasurer, F. C. Kittle; Captain, Joshua Reynolds; First Lieutenant, George R. Camp; Bugler, John C. Kittle.

Through the kindness of Mr. Joshua Reynolds the club was offered the use of his spacious music-room for a club-room, furnished with a piano and other pleasant accessories. Adjoining the house is a fine, hard, oval drive surrounding a flower-garden, and one-twelfth of a mile in circumference, convenient for practice. Close at hand are a tennis-court, croquet ground, and swings. The members are active young men.

The Peoria Bicycle Club has reorganized under a new constitution, and is prospering more than ever. They have secured for head-quarters the Academy of Music, which will not only furnish them spacious apartments for wheels, lockers, and assembly-room, but also a very large and well-arranged hall for riding purposes. The hall was built to seat five thousand persons, and has a good stage, gallery, etc. They have now in the process of construction a four-lap cinder path, to be sixteen feet wide. An amphitheatre, capable of seating two thousand persons, is already on the grounds. The club uniform is dark blue throughout, trimmed with gold, with a cap like that worn by the Massachusetts Club. At the last meeting they held their annual election of officers, and the following was the result: President, W. T. Irwin; Vice-President, M. H. Hewett; Secretary and Treasurer, H. G. Rouse; Captain, Chas. F. Vail; First Lieutenant, F. H. Pierce; Second Lieutenant, F. W. Koetter; Bugler, H. E. Hardin.

ON the 17th of June the Ramblers had called a run to Gloucester. The day opened with rain, and of the forty odd wheelmen who had signified their intentions of being present about twenty only appeared. At 10.30 it began to clear up, and a start was made, under command of Captain Howard.

At Somerville they were driven to seek the shelter of a barn, on account of the disagreeable drizzle which had set in. This soon ended, and the party again set out, reaching Malden at noon, where they were joined by members of the Chelsea Club and others. The route now lay through Malden, Maplewood, Cliftondale, Saugus, and Lynn, reaching Lynn about 1 P.M., where a halt to "oil up" was called. Salem was now the objective point, and was reached all the sooner from the fact that a good dinner awaited them there. A mile or so from town they were met by a delegation from the Hawthorne Club, and Messrs. Webber and Parsons, of Gloucester. At 4.30 they set out again from Salem, passing through Beverly and Manchester, where the Hawthorne Club delegation left them, and soon arrived at Gloucester, where they were met by an enthusiastic delegation of citizens. Monday morning the party proceeded to Bass Rock and were photographed. This occupied so much time that it was decided to return to Salem by rail. Six Ramblers and three Hyde Park men, however, rode back on their wheels, making the distance in 1 hour 25 minutes. The schedule time for trains for the same run is 45 minutes. At 3.30 the party left Salem, and accomplished the distance to Boston, 27 miles, in 3 hours, riding the entire distance in club order and without a dismount. The run was thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated, and was voted a success.

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COL. A. A. POPE sailed for Europe July 14. He will join Frank Weston in England and attend the great meet at Harrowgate. He will spend most of the summer in Switzerland.

THE trip through Maine was a complete success in every way. Mr. Henry Sandham accompanied the expedition, and will make over fifteen illustrations. A fully detailed account of the trip, profusely illustrated, will appear in the Christmas number of THE WHEELMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 7, 1883.

The Wheelman Publishing Co.: —

GENTLEMEN, — On reading my article in the July number of THE WHEELMAN, I was surprised to discover that, by some mistake, one of our leading clubs had been left out of the list of clubs. I refer to the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, which was organized in West Philadelphia, Aug. 3, 1882, with six charter members. The club now numbers forty men, and has the best appointed club-rooms in the city; they are located near the park, and their club-runs are largely attended and frequent. They are a *live* club, take an active interest in the L.A.W. and all bicycling matters, and if any of your readers would like to *see* them, let them turn to page 263, in the July number, and they will there see the "Pensy" as they appeared in the bi-centennial meet; or, if the reader be a bicycler, let him call at 1232 North 41st street, and I can say from experience that he will be most cordially received.

You will please make this correction, and oblige Yours very respectfully,

H. B. HART.

BY permission we print the following letter from Mexico: —

CITY OF MEXICO, June 10, 1883.

MY DEAR COLONEL, — I have delayed writing you in order to be able to tell you something about riding here. I did not receive my machine until last Thursday. It came as baggage with me on the steamer, but at Vera Cruz we parted company, and I had it sent up here by freight. It took longer to get it from Vera Cruz here than from New York to Vera Cruz. I was surprised at the duties at Vera Cruz, and very agreeably. They charge by weight instead of *ad valorem*, the schedule being nineteen cents a kilogram, which made it a little over $14; probably less than one-half the duty they would have charged at our own custom-house. The machine arrived in perfect order — a faultless beauty. That very afternoon I tried it in the Alameda, a beautiful park about the size of the Public Garden, with hard, smooth paths. It was admired pretty generally, you may believe. There was a crowd out, for there was music in the park. But a characteristic of the Mexicans is an innate courtesy, and even the most ragged and dirty do not make loud or rude remarks. The next morning I went out on the Paseo, where there was splendid riding. I have not yet been out to Chapultepec, for it was too muddy when I intended to go. I drove out there one morning, and it is a noble place. There is a splendid lot of material for the article I mean to write for THE WHEELMAN, and my camera will help me. It is now the rainy season; every morning is the clearest of sunshine and sparkling air. Then in the afternoon it clouds up and generally rains an hour or so. The rains will be harder in about a month. We know just what weather we may expect, and the rains are not unpleasant. *Hot* weather is unknown here. The roads are now too muddy for outside trips, but it is good on the Paseo to Chapultepec. There are two or three other machines here; young Zamacona, son of the former minister to Washington, has one. I hope to be able to get up some enthusiasm. I look forward to your coming next fall, and the pleasure of a run with you. Most sincerely yours,

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

English Notes.

AT last the Londoners have had a taste of fine weather, and they took advantage of it, too, while it lasted; but that, alas! was not for long, for the rain is again coming down in a steady, continuous drizzle, and the roads are like rivers. On the few sunshiny Saturdays allotted to us the suburban roads were thronged with bicyclists and tricyclists. Several bad bicyling accidents have happened, — in two instances proving fatal, — one rider dying of tetanus, brought on through an injury to the hand. The majority of these calamities were caused, no doubt, by the riders attempting too much before getting into good form after their winter inactivity.

The growth of tricycling is really wonderful, and there is a noticeable improvement in the way people ride. In the days gone by the three-wheelers had to be pushed up Barnet Hill; now even the lady riders can pedal up as fast as the bicyclists, — aye, and a good deal faster, in some cases. The members of the North London Tricycle Club think nothing of rushing up Muswell

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Hill, and this is a hill which, a year or two ago, could be ridden by only a few bicyclists.

In the course of a lecture delivered a short time back, at the London Institution, Professor Ayrton exhibited his electric tricycle. It ran very well, and seemed under complete control; but the accumulators and the mechanism are equal to one man's weight alone. This is a serious consideration at present, when there is such a craze for excessive lightness. The electric lamps which are fitted to the machine were the great feature, and it is expected that this part of the idea will soon be taken up.

Several riders have lately been prosecuted for path-riding, and a tricyclist has been fined for *pushing* his tricycle on the path, because the road was too stony to ride on. This seems very arbitrary, but it is perfectly legal. The writer was once threatened by a "bobby" with prosecution for pushing his "jigger" on a lonely path when the road was half a foot deep in mud. What will the patrols do under these circumstances if they are ever mounted on wheels?

The *Cyclists'* Touring Club is now firmly established, with offices in London, and a paid secretary. The Club will shortly be registered as a corporate body, — a proceeding which will enable it to prosecute in case of any defalcations, such as marked the career of the late secretary. The new uniform is universally admired, and many rolls of cloth have already been sent out from the offices. Among the applicants for membership a good many ladies are noticed. This shows how enthusiastic the fair sex are getting with regard to the sport.

Mr. A. Nixon, of John-o-Groat's to Lands-End fame, claims to have ridden 48 miles on a tricycle in 3h. 34m. A great many people don't believe it. M. J. Lowndes' time for 50 miles in the 1882 road championship was 3h. 47m. 40s. (five minutes slower than Nixon's alleged time). Lowndes has, consequently, challenged Nixon for any distance from 1 to 100 miles for a prize, value £10 to £20. Mr. Nixon's time in the 50-miles championship was 4h. 3m. for the 48 miles. He will have to accept the challenge if he wishes to vindicate his claim to the record, as he can only bring forward the testimony of friends as proof of his ride on the Brighton road.

The Surrey B.C. held their spring meeting on April 28; and, although wet weather spoiled the condition of the track, some good racing took place. Mr. Coleman, the handicapper, made rather a hash of the one-mile handicap, as the race was entirely confined to the long-start men, the back markers not having a chance. The ten-miles scratch race for the challenge cup (to be won three times in succession) brought forth a splendid struggle. The winner, Mr. N. Gaskell, rode grandly, and well deserved his victory. He has now won the event for the second successive time. Frank Moore, of Birmingham, came in third, and is evidently a long way behind his championship form.

Riders are now looking forward to the Hampton Court Meet, which, in spite of persistent opposition by some of our largest clubs, will once more be held. The date is fixed for May 19. The committee should certainly devise some means of keeping the clubs together as they ride in procession. There was no regularity at all last year, there being sometimes three or four minutes' interval between two clubs. This, it is needless to say, made the spectacle very dreary and uninteresting. The captain of each club will this year be required to wear on his machine a number corresponding with the programme, — a very good idea, doubtless, but rather suggestive of the manner the bullocks are ticketed at the cattle-show. Surely it would be far better if the captain were required to have the *name* of his club on the machine.

The Whitsuntide holidays are rapidly approaching; and, as our racing men are as rapidly getting into form, we should be able to tell by Whit-Monday the most likely men for the championships. Plenty of touring will, of course, be indulged in, "provided only," as the lawyers say, that the prayers of the 'cycling fraternity are able to influence the terrible "god of the watering-pot."

THE following are the rates for transporting bicycles in England, as luggage, at the owner's risk: —

	s.	d.
Under 50 miles,	1	0.
Over 50 " under 75,	1	6.
" 75 " " 100,	2	0.
" 100 " " 150,	2	6.

THE Oxford *vs.* Cambridge University races for two, ten, and twenty-five miles, resulted as follows: —

Two-mile race, W. F. M. Buckley, Oxford. Time, 6m. 37s.

Ten-mile race, W. F. M. Buckley, Oxford. Time, 32m. 46⅘s.

Twenty-five-mile race, W. K. Adam, Oxford. Time, 1h. 27m. 12s.

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WE give the following table of the fourth race for the twenty-mile championship, held at Leicester, June 9. The contestants were Howell, Lees, James, and Wood: —

Miles.	h. m. s.	Leader.
1	0 3 6⅛	Howell.
2	0 6 2	"
3	0 9 12	"
4	0 12 29⅛	"
5	0 15 39	"
6	0 19 2½	"
7	0 22 25	"
8	0 25 45	"
9	0 29 14	"
10	0 32 42	"
11	0 36 0	Wood.
12	0 38 52	Howell.
13	0 42 15	Lees.
14	0 45 28	Howell.
15	0 49 0	Lees.
16	0 52 26	"
17	0 56 22	"
18	1 0 7	"
19	1 3 47	"
20	1 6 46⅕	Wood.

MR. John Hawkins, Jr., in company with a friend on a "sociable," made 162 miles in 23½ hours.

SIR S. Lumley, the British Minister at Brussels, has just purchased a front-steering, double-driving tricycle. He will shortly leave for Rome, where he will represent the British government as ambassador.

The Wheel in Canada.

ON Monday, July 2, 1883, the most important event in matters bicycular which Canada has yet witnessed will take place in London, Ontario. On that date the first meet of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association will be held, and promises to be a great success. Established in September, 1882, the Association has done little since then but grow in strength, preparing itself for the work which is awaiting it. On the 2d of July its mission will be placed clearly before it, and the real practical work of the Association will begin. At present governed by a Constitution and Board of Officers merely provisional, on the day of the meet all things will be made new. Already the Association roll contains one hundred and fifty names, and it is confidently expected that by July 2 the list will reach three hundred. Whether members of the Association or not, at least that number of wheelmen will take part in the parade on Dominion Day. But few people outside of the Province of Ontario have any idea of the popularity and extent of bicycling in the Western peninsula of Canada. The League of American Wheelmen having found but few adherents in Ontario, we have lost the benefit of the advertising and notoriety which such a connection would have granted us. States with but a tithe of our number of wheelmen have become recognized bicycle centres. But our day is breaking. We look forward with complacency and self-satisfaction to the report which the Chicago boys will carry home after their trip through Canada in July. We believe they will be but the first low wash of waves where soon will roll a human sea on wheels. This is a confidence begotten of good roads, good wheels, and plenty of riders. We have been modest, — too modest, perhaps, — in laying our claims as a wheelman's paradise before our American cousins. Perhaps we didn't appreciate our blessings ourselves. But we commenced to realize them the other day, when an advance guard of the Chicago Club invaded Canada on a reconnoitring expedition, and, after spying out the richness of the land, departed in a state of bewilderment; they couldn't understand why every inhabitant of Canada didn't ride a wheel. Well, we have six or seven hundred in Ontario who do so now, which means that six or seven hundred men are talking "bicycle" to as many of their friends as will listen, and the consequences are not far away.

The cry has gone forth, "Come over and help us" to enjoy our roads and our scenery. We will make you welcome. Come over on July 2, and see what a display of bicycles and bicyclers this "jumping-off place" can produce.

THE Queen's birthday was celebrated by the wheelmen of Orilla, Canada, by a series of sports, including bicycle races.

THE Forest City Club, of London, Ont., has sixty members, and is one of the most prosperous clubs in Canada.

THE Brantford (Ont.) Club held a "tournament" June 16.

New Zealand Notes.

BY PEDALPIN.

THE various clubs of New Zealand are at present in different stages of prosperity. As is natural, the clubs in the cities have the advantage over country clubs, and the further South the

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club hails from the more prosperous and energetic it seems to get. To begin with Auckland, which has, I think, a club. I have had no communication with any members thereof, so cannot authoritatively state any thing about it; but 'cycling lately got a damper in Auckland through a judge giving an order that there was to be no 'cycling in the streets. Under what act, law, or statute this order was given I do not know, but I very much question the legality of it. Auckland is famous for its beauty, and if only as favored in the matter of roads, wheeling would flourish.

THE Oamarn Club, some 13 or 15 strong, was formed about eighteen months ago, and has not done very much yet. There are good roads about Oamarn, and they hope to get a racing track in time.

CHRISTCHURCH, the city of the plains, has the honor of possessing the oldest club in the Colony, the "Pioneer." The surrounding country is flat, and there are any number of 'cyclists. As regards roads, the Christchurch men have the pull over any other town in the Colony. The Pioneer Club, some 50 strong, holds a race meeting once a year, to which all N.Z. 'cyclists are invited, and generally encourages 'cycling. Numerous athletic sports are held during the year, and almost always bicycle races are included in the programmes, and things generally are most favorable for 'cycling.

THE Taieri Club is about 20 strong, and has its head-quarters in Mosgiel, a township in the Taieri County, 10 miles south of Dunedin. The club is vigorous, and possesses some good riders, one of whom, Oliver, gives the present holders of records all they can do to beat him. The club work in conjunction with the Cricket Club, and have the use of the pavilion and cricket ground track.

THE Mosgiel Club has head-quarters also at Mosgiel, is about 12 or 15 strong, and, being a new club, has not done much yet.

THE Dunedin Club, the second oldest in the Colony, has its head-quarters in Dunedin, and in spite of unfavorable surroundings in the shape of bad roads and steep hills, is in a very flourishing state. The members number about 50. They have a club-room and a bicycle for beginners to learn on, and are in a very fair condition financially. They hold an annual race meeting, and during the season have several evening meetings, which are much enjoyed and are a great success. Club-runs are held fortnightly, leaving the intervening Saturdays for private runs, — a plan which works well.

A GOOD many Dunedin men belong to the C. T. C.; about 15 have joined this season and more are joining, including several ladies.

THE governing body in New Zealand is the N.Z. 'Cyclists' Alliance; Secretary, Mr. E. H. Burns, P. O. Box 309, Dunedin, and the principal southern clubs have all joined it, making some 120 members. In the next season I expect all clubs will join.

WELLINGTON, the seat of government, possesses a club, but that is all; what the clubmen do I cannot find out. Roads are not very plentiful, and hills are.

E. H. B.

DUNEDIN, May 17, 1883.

DUNEDIN, N.Z., April 20, 1883.

To the Editor of The Wheelman, Boston, Mass., U.S.:—

MY DEAR SIR, — I dropped you a line last mail, and have only time to do the same this time, pressure of office-work being the reason.

Since I last wrote (March 22), things have been rather dull, as we have had every Saturday wet, which is rather afflicting, as darkness comes on about 5.45, which leaves us no time for spins after office hours.

Last night, when two of our men were down "spinning" on the Oval (our only track) some blackguard, after they had been round two or three times, placed a panel of the three-foot picket-fence, which had been removed to let carts pass, right across the track, and our two unfortunates went straight into it. Both were badly knocked about, one man breaking his arm, while the coward who placed the barricade across cleared out. We want to know that man, and if he will only call at the club-room will reward him for his ingenuity.

Our district council of the N.Z.C.N. met for the first time on Tuesday evening last. It at present consists of the vice-president of the Alliance, four delegates from the Dunedin Bicycle Club and one from the Taieri Bicycle Club.

He got a good lot of business done, deciding to get By-laws adopted everywhere if possible, and to work up championships, tracks, etc. At present we have plenty of good promise for next season. New men are joining our ranks every day, and importing fresh enthusiasm. Next season every club will have its race meeting,

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and the Alliance its championship, so that racing will go ahead. A new club is in process of formation, this time at Invercargill, in the extreme south of the island. As the surrounding country is flat and roads are fairly good 'cycling should flourish.

I am expecting to hear from you next mail, and am delaying filling your waste-paper basket till I do hear.

In the meantime, believe me,

Yours faithfully,

E. H. BURN.

"*Pedalpin*."

Letter from Germany.

UNTERSTRASS, ZURICH, June 14, 1883.

You must have thought bad things of me that I left your very kind letter so long unanswered; however, press of business and lack of events prevented me from doing that agreeable duty sooner.

You will have read in the '*Cyclist* the result of the first annual championship races of the N.V.B., at Hanover, on Whitmonday, which proved a grand success in every respect. About four thousand spectators witnessed the events. At the annual general meeting no matters of external interest were discussed, so I need not "*ennuyer*" you with details.

When you receive this the spring meeting of the Bi. Club, Munich, on June 17, will belong to the past, and those of the Carlsruhe Bi. Club (Baden), on the 8th of July, will be in close proximity. This will be the *début* of this enterprising club, and will probably turn out to be a success. There was a lamentable lack of good racing paths in Germany till now, and only the Munichers have a specially laid-down track for themselves. In consequence, no good times have as yet been made in our country.

The weather having been decidedly wet since I have been staying at the lovely banks of the green Zürich-See, I have not taken extensive tours as yet, so cannot venture to trouble you with reports in this line; but I have already become convinced that it is the wheelman's paradise here, as near perfection as it can be. Splendid roads, smooth and level, are leading round the lake, the length of which is about twenty-four miles, and it is glorious to have a short spin in the fresh evening air when the ringing of the evening bells is floating over the water, and the last rest of daylight gilds the western sky and brings the waves to seem like fluid fire. However, excuse me, I have been talking phantastically, and I am afraid you will laugh at me, "silly German."

Believe me, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

CHAS. LUCK,

H.V., N.V.B., E.B.C., C.T.E.

BOOK NOTICES.

Authors and Publishers.[1]

THIS book discusses in a pleasing, comprehensive manner the various processes by which a manuscript is transferred from the privacy of the author's desk to the publicity of the reader's library. It aims, in a friendly manner, to point out the mistakes into which a literary man, unused to the forms of business, is liable to fall, and it shows how these mistakes may be avoided. It gives the laws and method for securing copyright, discusses the mechanical processes of book-making, the various methods of selling books, and incidentally reveals the whole machinery of advertising and selling. It devotes a chapter or so to "editors and the periodical press," and gives hints alike to writers and editors and publishers. It shows the common errors into which young authors fall, and discloses the extreme difficulties which beset the path of the novitiate in the uncertain paths of literature. In comparing the profits of author and publisher it also shows how meanly paid the makers of a literature are. It appears that no class of business men run such risks as publishers, and that no class of workers are so poorly paid as authors. A respectably skilled mechanic can earn more than a good writer, while the manufacturers will easily amass more wealth than the publishers. At the same time one sees how both author and publisher have a reward that far surpasses money. Altogether the book is just the thing for young writers and young editors. If one follows its teachings he will not force himself into literature, and, if once there, he will avoid many disagreeable mistakes.

[1] Authors and Publishers. A Manual of Suggestions for Beginners in Literature. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

Memoirs of John A. Dix.[1]

IN two large, substantial volumes, well printed and splendidly and substantially bound, is told the story of one of the most remarkable of the public men of the past half century. A good index adds to the

[1] Memoirs of John Adams Dix. Compiled by his son, Morgan Dix. With portraits and illustrations. In two volumes. 8vo, cloth, gilt tops, $5.00. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

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convenience of the work. The first part of the first volume is purely autobiographical, and brings the history of Mr. Dix's life down to 1821. This portion of the work is very interesting, and is narrated in a sober, earnest manner that is at once pleasing and convincing.

For more than half a century General Dix was one of the most commanding public men of the nation. Perhaps the most remarkable fact about his career was the freedom from suspicion even. Public-spirited and upright to a most remarkable degree, he was invariably the powerful enemy of fraud and incompetency. He stood as firm as granite. His convictions were usually liberal and just, and he followed his convictions most closely and firmly. Even while postmaster of New York city he resisted stoutly and successfully the demands of party assessors. At the same time he was an ardent partisan. This record is the product of filial affection and tenderness. It is almost autobiographic in its interest and completeness. It was fitting that the record of one so distinguished for purity, ability, and prolonged and effective public service, should have such a splendid monument to perpetuate his name. The work forms one of the most valuable and readable of the recent contributions to our national history. It is, at the same time, a most inspiring and helpful book. It is the record of the most trying days of the nation, of the course of the government, and of the nature of public life at that time. And it is this record, not seen by the dull, impartial eye of the mere historian, but from the stand-point of one of the most interested and intelligent and powerful actors. The books are printed on heavy paper, with large, clear type, and form a large and beautiful addition to one's library.

Concord Lectures on Philosophy.[1]

THIS is a neatly bound book of one hundred and sixty-eight pages; but the page is so large that it contains as much matter as an ordinary-sized book of four hundred pages.

It contains abstracts of all the lectures which were delivered in the summer term of 1882, revised by each lecturer and formally approved by the officers of the school. An historical and descriptive sketch forms the introduction, — showing the plan and success of the school; and a brief biographical notice of each lecturer gives the essential facts which the public will be interested in knowing. A reprint of the programmes of the three preceding years indicates the work done at the school previous to 1882.

Over fifty essays and poems are contained in this volume. The poems include Mr. F. B. Sanborn's ode in memory of Longfellow and Emerson, which was read at the opening of the school; Mr. A. Bronson Alcott's "Ion; A Monody," in memory of Emerson, which was read upon the day devoted especially to a commemoration of Emerson; and a brief poem by Mrs. Martha P. Lowe, which was read on the same occasion.

A special feature of the volume is the proceedings of the Emerson day, a valuable part of which was the paper of Dr. William T. Harris upon the "Dialectic Unity in Emerson's Prose." A detailed abstract of this is presented, as it furnishes to the reader unfamiliar with Emerson's style the key which makes intelligible much which he would not otherwise understand. Dr. Harris does not find Emerson's prose disjointed, as many complain, but he regards it as bound together in a perfect unity. Mr. John Albee presents reminiscences of Emerson; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Edna D. Cheney relate anecdotes of him; the Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol dwells upon his excellences as poet, philosopher, and man; and others, with peculiar qualifications, add their tribute of criticism, friendship, or eulogy.

Hot Plowshares.[1]

IN this novel Judge Tourgee has given some fine types of character, and his touches of description are so graphic that the personality of his persons stands out clear and unmistakable, while their characteristics, as developed in conversation and action, grow consistently distinct as the story advances.

"Hot Plowshares" is full of power and vivid interest, sterling sense, happy wit, admirable characterization, striking incident, and well-wrought plot. It is a genuine novel; but it is more than a novel: it reproduces the inner life and motive power of the decade previous to our civil war — the profoundest experience which our people and our land have passed through.

An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.[2]

THIS is decidedly the best book of travel of the season. One cannot read five pages without an ardent desire to meet the genial, warm-hearted, and jovial Scotsman, who seems overflowing with the milk of human kindness, purified by the burning enthusiasm of a most rich and impulsive nature. The man is greater than his story, and his deed is ennobled by the motive. It was certain that such a man could collect a party of friends who would be thoroughly congenial. The journey was made in a coach-and-four from Brighton to Inverness, making a trip of over eight hundred miles, occupying the choicest portion of the English summer, from about the middle of June to the first week in August. Mr. Black, whose "Adventures of a Phaeton" had confirmed a

[1] Concord Lectures on Philosophy. Moses King, Cambridge.

[1] Hot Plowshares. A Novel. By Albion W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," etc. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. 1883.

[2] An American Four-in-Hand in Britain. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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day-dream of the author's to take just such a journey, was to have witnessed the start, but was late by a few minutes. The journey lay through the most picturesque and lovely portions of England and Scotland. The party visited schools, universities, abbeys, cathedrals, saw many of the noble and brave of England. The entire trip was a continual series of delights and pleasures. The author writes in a most charmingly full and confidential manner, throws in bits of sentiment and morals and moralizings as choice as his humor, and all in that richly overflowing way that suggests a most companionable and lovable man, loving and dearly beloved. We shall not tantalize the reader by any further description. If you want a thoroughly enjoyable book, that is full of life, and pleasure, and philosophy, in the concrete, buy or borrow this book and read it.

An Inland Voyage.[1]

THIS is a most delightful series of sketches about a canoe voyage made by the writer and a friend. They make their way slowly through Belgium and the northern part of France; from Antwerp up the Scheldt; thence by the canals and the river Sambre to Etreux; then, after a short carry, they embark in the Oise, and float in the most *dolce far niente* manner down this beautiful stream to Pontoise, where the voyage ended. The book is written in charmingly frank style. Its suggestive sketchy descriptions are sprinkled with happy sayings thrown in, in an unconventional manner. The book is very pleasant reading, bright, original, and touched here and there with penetrating appreciative humor.

Oliver Cromwell.[2]

CARLYLE was the first man to bring to the light the character, if not the life, of Oliver Cromwell, and to Carlyle's works all who wish an intimate and thorough knowledge of the man must go. No amount of descriptive writing taste can take the place of those letters and speeches; they are invaluable to the student of English history during the turbulent times of the strife between Round Head and Cavalier. But to ordinary readers these will appear long drawn out and stupid; they wish shorter roads to an understanding of the character of the Protector.

To satisfy this want seems to have been the aim of Mr. Picton in this volume. The book is dependent upon the work of Carlyle, and contains no original historical matter, except a few facts furnished by one or two other modern scholars of that period of history. It is a plain narrative of the life of the man, and an exposition of his mission. As such, it is undoubtedly the best at present accessible. There are a sufficient number of extracts from Cromwell's letters and speeches to show his quaint style and stern habits of thought.

Books and How to Use Them.[1]

THIS attractive little volume is intended to meet the demand for a book on books that shall tell clearly, concisely, and practically, the best ways and best methods of reading, the places and times for reading, the best classes of books to read, and the manner in which best to get access to the knowledge contained in books housed up within the walls of a public library.

The reading of one subject and of many subjects; reading for pleasure and for profit; reading fast and slow; attention in reading; habits of reading and how acquired; reading what you like; skipping, memoranda, note-books, marginalia, and all of the many methods of reading and memorizing are very thoroughly gone into in the various chapters. The concluding chapters on "Bibliography" and the use of the "Public Library" are particularly valuable. The practical explanation of the manner of using reference books cannot fail to be instructive to the reader and student, and the whole process of securing all the literature of a given subject in a public library is practically illustrated. One of the subjects the author takes for illustration is the literature concerning the poet Shelley. Nine men out of ten with free access to the shelves of the Astor Library might roam around among the books for weeks and not find more than one or two lives of him. Mr. Van Dyke shows how a hundred volumes containing lives, monographs, reviews, memorials, narratives, conversations, estimates, characterizations, etc., can be gathered together in half an hour.

The American Citizen's Manual.[2]

THIS work, of one hundred and forty four pages, sets forth clearly and succinctly, and in an elementary manner, the organization and mode of action of government in the United States. The National and State governments are separately discussed, the special functions, limitations, and mutual relations defined. Local governments, including county, township, and school district, are classed as being a part of State governments, and the peculiarities that prevail in different sections of the country are also fully set forth. A chapter devoted to the Electorate discusses suffrage, caucuses, primaries, and all the machinery of elections. The last chapter discusses the civil service. This forms a most interesting portion of the

[1] An Inland Voyage. By Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

[2] Oliver Cromwell; the Man and his Mission. By J. Allanson Picton. With Steel Portrait. New York: Cassell, Petter, Gilpin, & Co.

[1] Books and How to Use Them. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.

[2] The American Citizen's Manual. Part I. Governments (National, State, and local). The Electorate; the Civil Service. Edited by Worthington C. Ford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

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book. Considerable fulness is manifest in the discussion. The writer evidently believes in civil-service reform.

The World's Foundations.[1]

"THE World's Foundations" is meant to be a companion volume to the author's previous book on astronomy, in the domain of the sister science, geology. It is written much on the same plan, and is intended for the same class of readers, that is, for beginners. The book throughout evidences the careful work of a proficient, efficient, and conscientious writer. It is intended for beginners, but many who have already taken a course in geology will find it not only interesting, but instructive as well.

Not the least useful thing in it is the index which accompanies it. Although brief, it is exceedingly comprehensive.

The book is handsomely printed on fine paper, and substantially bound, and ought, from its useful character, to have a large sale.

Sun, Moon, and Stars.[2]

As Prof. Pritchard says, in his pleasant preface to this book, it is often puzzling to answer the question: "Can you tell me of any little book on Astronomy suited to beginners?" But this book furnishes a ready answer to such a query. The story of the Kosmos is told with a charming simplicity, giving the general truths relating to the solar system. The poetry and prose of Astronomy are woven into the story in a pleasant style and with sufficient accuracy of outline. This little book is a valuable one to put in the hands of children, for whom it is especially adapted.

Led-Horse Claim.[3]

THE "Led-Horse Claim" was in Colorado. It joined the Shoshone claim. We find Conrath at the head of one, Hilgard the other. These men, representing two opposing elements, directing and protecting their various interests, come in contact. Disputes as to the boundary arise. At this point Cecil is introduced. She is the sister of the superintendent of Shoshone, beloved by Hilgard. From this is woven the fabric, at once attractive and beautiful. We notice each event as related, witness each new development, and plainly see that sad tragedy which robs the heroine of a brother and banishes her lover. We watch each change, and, almost without a shock, see the burden borne to its last home.

There are no startling disclosures, no wild scenes. The climax is managed with a masterly hand, and the meeting we feel to be the result of — we had almost said Fate — necessity.

Mrs. Foote began as an illustrator of the stories of others. She has certainly not outstepped her realm when she takes the pen as well as the pencil. Written, it is true, to appear as a serial, it loses none of its grace by appearing in book form.

Wanda.[1]

UNDER the name of "Wanda," Lippincott has published a translation of Ouida's latest effort. It shows no new development of the author's powers, but contains many passages in her best vein. The book is printed on poor paper, and is bound in paper covers.

Wealth Creation.[2]

AN American edition of this work by the English economist, Augustus Mongredien, has just been published with an introduction by Simon Sterne, author of "The Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States." Mr. Mongredien, though belonging to the commercial class, has done what many of that class never do. He has gone behind the formulæ of trade and mastered the principles as now understood. In a clear, masterly manner he presents his views upon the subject in hand. He demonstrates plainly the nature of wealth and its laws, and shows the effect of the increase of wealth upon society. Mr. Mongredien has done an excellent thing for the dissemination of sound economic doctrines, by writing this volume, dealing with the most important facts and principles underlying the science of political economy.

Days with Great Authors.[3]

THE author opens the book with very pleasing personal recollections of Charles Dickens. To the great novelist is paid a fitting tribute by a dear friend. The great, tender heart, the noble, wise mind, the nature overflowing with love for his friends — and for all the creations of his fancy; in short, the *man* Dickens, as he wrote and loved, are fairly characterized in glowing language. We are told that "if he invited a friend to his house, and it was at a distance, he would write the most minute directions — a way-bill — and enliven every milestone with a point of humor or a happy suggestion of pleasure to come out of the excursion."

[1] The World's Foundations; or, Geology for Beginners. By Agnes Giberne. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway. 1883.

[2] Sun, Moon, and Stars. A Book for Beginners. By Agnes Giberne. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1883.

[3] Led-Horse Claim. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

[1] Wanda, Countess Von Szalras. A Novel. By Ouida. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1883.

[2] Wealth Creation. By Augustus Mongredien, author of "Free Trade and English Commerce." With an introduction by Simon Sterne. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. New York, London, and Paris.

[3] Days with Great Authors; comprising choice selections from Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Wm. M. Thackeray, and Douglas Jerrold. With Biographical Sketches. By Blanchard Jerrold. Illustrated. New York: R. Worthington, 770 Broadway. 1883.

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As a speaker, Dickens would have established a splendid reputation. Some of his more characteristic speeches are here given. Very touching are the words of Dean Stanley over the grave of his friend.

Lovers of the Waverley novels will be delighted with the noble characterization of Scott given in this volume. "Scott's head was on fire with chivalry. He glowed at the name of Montrose, with his victorious Highlanders." The early life of Scott, his immense literary labors, his warm friendships, all interwoven with accounts of the circumstances of his different novels and poems, are graphically and fully described.

The most interesting portion of "A Day with Thackeray" is the chapter devoted to his letters. They are a key to the tender and livelier side of his character.

Speaking of Douglas Jerrold, the son says, "He was a man of the simplest habits, with the nature of childhood as fresh in him in his fiftieth year as when he first looked over the broad sea from a Sheerness garret and saw the great war-ship dip under the horizon, — going, he longed to know whither. My father, the subject of this memoir, would have been remarked anywhere, not for an eccentricity, but for a simple freshness of manner, — the manner of a country gentleman brightened by the sea. All his life the boy shone through the man."

This is a very large book, — is really four books, and is full of rich personal reminiscences of the literary giants of the last generation.

Fanchette.[1]

"FANCHETTE" is one of the latest issues of the *Round Robin Series*. It is a somewhat indifferent novel, containing some good characters, some highly colored incidents, and some very conventional situations and persons. The foreign adventurer this time is a nihilist, a slight variation to suit the times. The scheming mother is about as usual. One of the heroes reveals himself to his friend as the Rajah of Rabul, and tells a wonderful tale of his life. Fanchette, herself, is a bright, sparkling character, and does much to redeem the book.

Ingersollism.[2]

THIS lecture, which has been heard from a hundred rostrums East and West, and which has now been withdrawn from the platform only that it may appear in the more permanent and available form of the printed page, boasts no attempt at new doctrines, and essays no purely ministerial or pulpit argument. It is, rather, the plain, straightforward statement of a layman's reasons, based upon common-sense, and the experience of business and professional men, for not accepting the theories of the great apostle of Infidelity.

[1] Round Robin Series. Fanchette. By One of her Admirers. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

[2] Ingersollism. — From a Secular Point of View. By Hon. George R. Wendling. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co.

Lowell Birthday Book.[1]

WE know of but few writers to whom the term "quotable" is so eminently applicable as to Lowell. His poems and prose writings are full of lines and sentences so rich and suggestive that they at once arouse trains of thought in the reader. These qualities make this little volume of extracts from Lowell very satisfactory. It follows other books of the same sort as to general style and arrangement, giving birthdays of noted personages, with blank spaces for additions.

European Breezes.[2]

THIS is a little book of bright, fresh sketches of travel. Though going over old ground, the writer, by her pleasing, sketchy style, has managed to produce a very readable volume. The introduction is especially delightful, while the pages that follow are full of interesting bits of information, bright fancies, charming descriptions, and pleasant little incidents of travel. The chapters devoted to general remarks upon routes, expenses, and such matters, contain many sensible suggestions that will be useful to those contemplating a similar tour.

A Summer in the Azores.[3]

A PERUSAL of this little volume will prove to any one that the Azores is a most delightful place to spend a few months. Being out of the beaten track of travellers, everything is novel and interesting. As but little has been written descriptive of sights and scenes in these islands, this book will be very acceptable. In a simple, natural style, the writer describes the voyage, the ports, peasant life, and the scenery among the islands.

From Ponkapog to Pesth.[4]

THE reader will probably not find Ponkapog set down in any but the very latest gazetteer. It is the Indian name of a little New England village from which the writer sallied forth a while ago on a pilgrimage beyond the sea. Ponkapog scarcely merits a description; and Pesth — the farthest point east to which his wanderings led him — has been too often described. He is thus happily relieved of the onus of making strictly good the title of these papers, whose chief merit, indeed, is that they treat of neither Pesth nor Ponkapog.

This collection of light, graceful travel sketches makes very pleasant reading. The author writes collectively, but particularly and descriptively. The papers are infused with an agreeable, penetrating

[1] Lowell Birthday Book. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1883.

[2] European Breezes. By Marie J. Pitman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882.

[3] A Summer in the Azores. By C. Alice Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882.

[4] From Ponkapog to Pesth. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1883.

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humor that delights in strange contrasts and grotesque situations. Speaking of the custom across the water "of making so much of the dead," he says: "It would be an interesting operation, if it were practicable, to draw a line between the local reverence for the virtues of the deceased, and the strictly mundane spirit which regards him as assets." In the chapter on Beggars, — professional and amateur, — are many examples of Mr. Aldrich's manner of lighting up a subject by some humorous general expression. "I have known even a less compromising thing than a turn of the eyelid to establish financial relations between the stranger and the native." Upon one occasion the writer gave a group of beggars "nothing but a genial smile, which they divided among them with that resignation which seems to be a national trait."

"Some one" is "that anonymous person who is always saying the wisest and most delightful things just as you are on the point of saying them yourself."

Through One Administration.[1]

No one can doubt Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's powers as a writer of fiction, even though her last novel be the only one read. It is full of evidences of her abilities. The style is ready, firm, and shows easy self-possession on the part of the writer, qualities essential in a novel. But we cannot but wish that she would pour her native talents in different moulds, with results more pleasant to behold.

"Through One Administration" is full of morbid analyses of motives and situations. Indeed, the whole book is a situation the portrayal of which cannot be productive of good.

A Fashionable Sufferer.[2]

THE satire of "A Fashionable Sufferer" is delicate and the moral wholesome. Dealing with certain fashionable and social exaggerations and weaknesses, these "chapters from life's comedy" are written in a delightful, light, half-cynical style. Just enough cynicism to put them in their true light, and just enough semi-earnestness to make them appear real, — all being tempered by a humor which shows social absurdities in such a light that one is forced to smile at them in a sort of a friendly manner, knowing that they are only external. The book consists of conversations between "The beautiful N. E., a nervous exhaustionist and modern invalid," and her friends, the chief of whom is Mr. Cynicus Dodge, a rich "society man" with "positive views" and great experiences, and a few "papers," stories, and a lecture, of which this same gentleman is the admired author. "The beautiful N. E." is just well enough to go to the opera, and just sick enough *not* to go to church; she delights in lying upon her cushioned couch thinking what she would do if she were only "strong" like "other people." Mr. Cynicus Dodge is something of a pessimist for a society man. The indefinite, melancholy melody of "modern poetry" does not suit him; he does not believe very strongly in "flirting" and has a number of other infidel eccentric theories. He reads to his lady friends, while summering in Triccet-Kennoc, "some portions of a curious MS. found in a chamber of an unknown gentleman who sighed himself to death last winter in the fourth story of No. 149,763 Walnut street, Philadelphia." This is a tale of the inconstancy and infidelity of women who forget their murmured vows after six months' separation from the recipient of their flattery. The moral of the book is traced up in a vivid manner by the recovery of "the beautiful N. E." upon her betrothal to Cynicus Dodge.

Illustrations by the author, drawn in his peculiar and delightful style, are sprinkled through the volume and add much to the pleasure of its perusal.

In the Olden Time[1]

Is faithful in spirit to the time with which it deals. It is a tale of Germany at the time of the Reformation, when the conflict between church authority and the spreading spirit of freedom of opinion was taking form and growing strong. Barons, maidens, priests, grooms, and peasants walk its pages, representatives of all the classes of the times. In the plot are chivalrous, noble deeds, as well as burnings, battles, and torturings. It is a strong, healthful romance, taking the reader away from the ultra-realism of to-day, showing some strong true characters.

Minor Notices.

"Paul Dreifuss" is the title of a tasteful little volume, by John W. Allen, Jr. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. 266 pp. $1.00.) It is a description of a trip to Europe of a middle-aged, philosophically-minded gentleman, whose home is on the banks of the Hudson. The book is full of quaint observations, pleasing criticisms of men and things, and the brighter phases of talk and travel. Without obtruding personal views, the author discusses, in a clear, interesting manner, the various social, religious, political, and personal problems that interest mankind in every clime.

"On the Wing" (Lee & Shepard, Boston) is a bright, fresh narrative of a trip from Boston to San Francisco. It was evidently written for a Boston paper; not that it is at all newspapery, but it has the air of catering to a Boston audience. The writer was amazed at the nascent civilization of the great West.

[1] Through One Administration. By Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company. 1883.

[2] A Fashionable Sufferer, or Chapters from Life's Comedy. By Augustus Hoppin, author of "Recollections of the Austin House." Illustrated by the author. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1883.

[1] Leisure Hour Series. In the Olden Time. By the author of "Noblesse Oblige," etc. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1883.

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Like many others she had not anticipated much refinement, and was surprised to find signs of culture, even in San Francisco. The book is all the more readable from its very freshness. The style is pure and pleasing, and it is full of bright bits of out-of-the way information and news.

"Au Bonheur des Dames" (Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia) is the latest of Zola's novels. It purports to be a realistic representation of life in the great shops of Paris. It may be true to life. If so, life is terrible in Paris. It may be the idea of the author that people ought to learn about life as it is in Paris. If so, we must differ from the author. The book is heart-sickening, and saddening beyond measure. It gives one a moral nightmare. It is steeped in a vat of filth and crime, and is redolent with the very atmosphere of moral rottenness.

"The Bridal Eve" (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.) is the title of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's last "thrilling and absorbing" story of the good old-fashioned sort.

"Sam Hobart" (New York: Frank & Wagnals) was an engineer on the Boston & Worcester Railroad, — a man whose sturdy, Christian uprightness made him a good example of an influential man in an humble sphere, and whose life is worthy of such a record.

"The Advanced Question Book" (Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen) consists of a series of questions and answers, classified as "Literature," "History," etc.

"Deep Breathing" (New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.) treats of the subject as a voluntary exercise for promoting the art of song, and for curing weaknesses and affections of the throat and lungs, especially consumption. The book is translated from the German of Sophia Marquise A. Ciccolina. This is the first time this subject has received such attention, and the book is worthy of careful perusal.

"The Opium Habit and Alcoholism" (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.) gives complete diagnoses and treatment for those two diseases. It is a valuable and comprehensive work.

"Bird Bolts" (Boston: Geo. H. Ellis) is made up almost entirely of short, sketchy essays, reprinted from the Boston *Herald*. They are clever little articles upon current topics, full of sound observations, and written in a bright, pleasing style.

"What to do First in Accidents and Emergencies" (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son, & Co.) is a most practical little manual. It is a book that should be read, containing more and better advice than any similar book of which we know.

"The Bible Hand-Book" (Angus Hoyt. Illustrated. J. Fagan & Son, Philadelphia) is an elegantly printed and substantially bound volume of nearly eight hundred pages.

It compresses an immense amount of varied and instructive matter within a small compass, including a view of the evidences, the canon, inspiration, the principles of biblical criticism, chronology, the external helps drawn from profane history, geography, manners and customs, etc., interpretation of prophecy, and an examination of the characteristics of the various books of the Bible.

It is a valuable summary of information in the various departments of biblical study. Such a Hand-Book, ranging under the appropriate heads the results of investigation in a condensed form, so as to present a suitable outline for the student, and a guide for the class-room, has long been a *desideratum*. It will surely be a great help to students of theology, as well as to private readers of the Scriptures.

"American Cottages." (American Cottages, consisting of forty-four large quarto plates. William T. Comstock, architectural publisher, New York.)

This book contains original designs, from a number of leading architects, of medium and low-cost cottages, seaside and country houses, and also designs for a club-house, pavilion, school-house, and a small seaside chapel. Plans for the various floors are given, different views of the cottages, and a form of specification for cottages. The plates are well printed, on heavy paper, and the volume is substantially and elegantly bound.

"King's Pocket-book of Providence." The enterprising young publisher, Moses King, not satisfied with making handbooks and dictionaries of Boston and Cambridge, went over to Providence, and produced a real index-guide to that famous city. Everything of interest is fully treated. Bicycling comes in for its share. The subjects are arranged alphabetically, so that it is self-indexed. It is substantially bound, well printed, contains one hundred and twenty pages, and costs fifty cents.

From the press of P. Garrett & Co., Philadelphia, we have received "One Hundred Choice Selections." This is No. 21. It contains poems by such writers as John Boyle O'Reilly, George P. Lathrop, Edna Dean Proctor, etc.

"The Housekeeper's Year Book," by Helen Campbell (New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert), is a very useful and well-arranged little book, with practical and useful suggestions for marketing. The alternate pages are blank, and ruled for the household account of each day. At the end of the book are pages for memoranda, etc., etc. It is a most convenient and handy little book. Price, 50 cents.

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Every wheelman will be interested in the "Temperance Telescope," for it is by S. Conant Foster. It is in the happiest vein of the wheelman poet, and shows him in the rather unique character of a temperance reformer. It is aptly illustrated by J. Howard Doane. The poem descriptive of each picture seen through the telescope is a strong temperance lecture in itself. These "object lessons" will be found most interesting and instructive to all temperance workers. An appendix gives a large number of facts and arguments bearing upon different phases of the question. (J. H. Stearns, 58 Reade Street, New York.) Price, 25 cents.

"The Clarendon Dictionary," by William H. Brown and S. S. Haldeman, University Publishing Company, New York, is one of the most admirable compendiums of English speech which has come under our notice. It is very convenient in form; it is well bound, and printed in clear type in double columns. As a book of handy reference it has everything in its externals that could be asked for; and, as the work of two scholars, it rises at once out of the range of ordinary books of this class. It is what it claims to be, — a concise handbook of the English language in spelling, pronunciation, and definition, and is especially adapted for school, home, and business use. Into a small space it condenses the result of wide scholarship, containing many scientific and other words of recent use, and to be found only in late editions of the standard dictionaries. The vocabulary is printed in distinct Clarendon type, and the eye readily follows the line of words down the columns.

"The Woods and Timbers of North Carolina." By P. M. Hale (E. J. Hale & Son, New York). This is a very timely and suggestive book. North Carolina is exceptionally rich in forest. It speaks well for the public-spiritedness of Mr. Hale to collect and publish such a valuable and interesting work relating to matters so vital to the welfare of the State. This book is well printed on tinted paper, is handsomely bound in cloth, contains seventy-two pages, and an accurately and beautifully executed map of the State, with all the railroad routes defined.

Literary Notes.

A GEORGIA friend writes *The Continent* that the health of Mr. Paul Hayne, the poet, is by no means so seriously affected as has been supposed, — a fact which our readers will all be glad to learn. She tells also of a graceful tribute which Mr. Hayne lately paid to a lady who was for a short time his hostess. On the last night of his stay she said to him: "Mr. Hayne, I wish, when I am gone, you would write three lines about me for Henry's (her husband's) sake." The next morning Mr. Hayne handed her these lines: —

> "Three lines when thou art dead — it must not be!
> For never more couldst thou be dead to me!
> God's angels sometimes leave their native sky,
> But ah! my friend, the angels cannot die."

LIPPINCOTTS will soon publish an interesting volume, "Calumet of the Coteau, and other Poetical Legends of the Border."

THE interest manifested in England for the most notable American books has, within the last few years, increased to a surprising extent. The works of our best known writers are republished in London almost as soon as issued in Boston or New York, precisely as those of distinguished English authors are printed here. Not long ago Messrs. Macmillan & Co. brought out a cheap edition of Mrs. Burnett's charming story, "Louisiana." Though thoroughly American in character and scenery (which, perhaps, was one of its chief recommendations to English readers), it became at once an extraordinary success, and many thousand copies have been sold. Another American book which has achieved a deserved appreciation abroad is Mr. Cable's collection of short stories contained in the volume "Old Creole Days." The book was recently brought out by Mr. David Douglas in his series of exquisite little volumes, reprints from American books, in which already many of the best works of our modern fiction writers have appeared.

Harper's Weekly for June 2 contained a full-page illustration of the League parade.

JOHN WILEY & SONS will issue immediately the rearranged and revised edition of volume two of "Modern Painters."

It will be, certainly, a remarkable book, for it will contain Mr. Ruskin's criticism of his own work, and readers will find him as unsparing as heretofore.

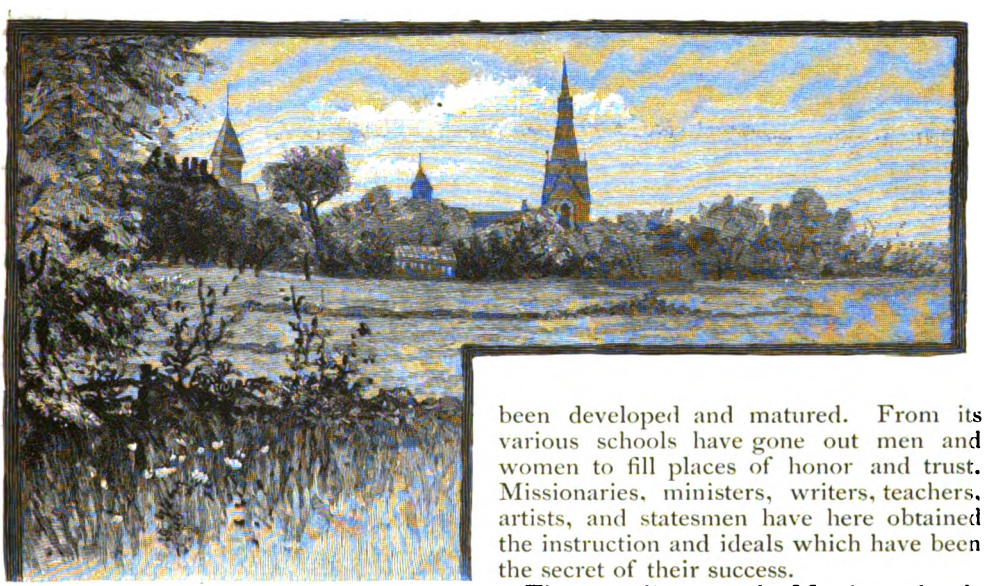
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THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER, 1883. No. 6.

A DAY IN ANDOVER.

Beyond the city's roar and din,
Its noisy strife, its want and sin,
The wheelman takes his gladsome way —
Leaves night behind, with shadows gray,
And in the rosy blush of morn
Speeds on in haste to meet the dawn;
Along the lowland meadow speeds,
Past vale and hill and dew-wet meads;
Against the cloudless morning sky
He sees the church spires lifted high —
Fair lies the town 'neath cooling shades,
Green are its fields, and hush'd its glades.
He hears the thrush's note afar,
Faint, fainter grows the morning star;
The dawn has come, and earth and air
Alike its brightness seems to share.



THE TOWERS OF ANDOVER.

EVERY New England town has its own individuality, some peculiar charm that endears it to the hearts of those who call it home, and that, magnet-like, draws back all who have journeyed far from its hearthstones.

When, in addition to natural beauties, the town has been blessed by the lives of great and noble men and women, when influential churches, and institutions of learning have been founded and fostered in its midst, the two elements, nature and mind, become so harmoniously united that the latter seems as much a part of the town as the former; the very air seems to induce one to study and contemplation.

While this is true of all our college towns, it is most emphatically so of Andover. It is a town of Schools, a centre of religious life and thought, a garden where many a choice young character has been developed and matured. From its various schools have gone out men and women to fill places of honor and trust. Missionaries, ministers, writers, teachers, artists, and statesmen have here obtained the instruction and ideals which have been the secret of their success.

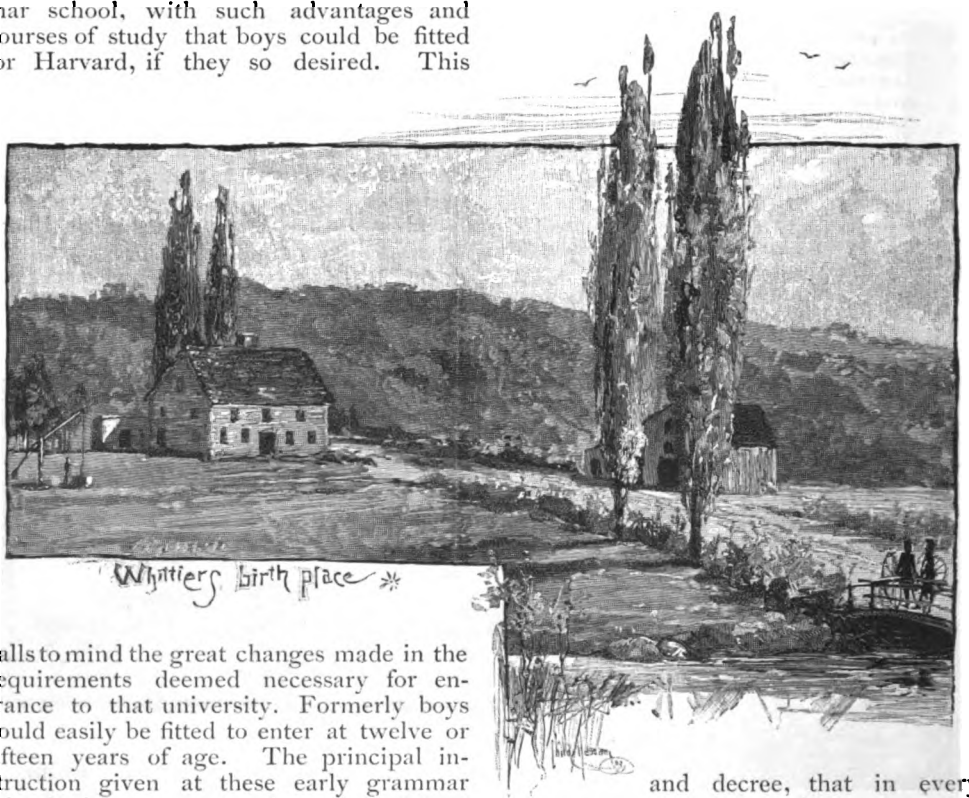
The town lies near the Merrimac, but is itself beautified by the little river Shawshine; the name is of Indian origin, and is said to mean Great Spring, though tradition seekers translate it into "Lovers' Path."

According to the "Historical Sketches of Andover" the township was purchased from an Indian sachem, Cutstamache, for six pounds and a coat. The tract of land then included the country between the

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Merrimac river, Rowley, Salem, Woburn, and Cambridge. This land was first owned by twenty-three proprietors; and, when house-lots were sold, farm-lands were given with each building lot.

A large number of acres were known as "common" or "individual lands," which were lessened from time to time by the sale of building lots to new-comers, until, in 1800, the remaining portion was sold and the money devoted to the establishment of free schools. As early as the year 1700 Andover provided for a grammar school, with such advantages and courses of study that boys could be fitted for Harvard, if they so desired. This



calls to mind the great changes made in the requirements deemed necessary for entrance to that university. Formerly boys could easily be fitted to enter at twelve or fifteen years of age. The principal instruction given at these early grammar schools, however, were the most common English branches. When the town had increased in numbers, but not in riches, the schoolmaster of "ye olden time" was compelled to teach in different districts of the town, a few weeks at a time. Later, small district schools were built, which gave the teacher the luxury of teaching at least one term in one place before he had to exchange his work for that in another portion of the town. The little children were sent to small day schools, where they were taught their letters, and also to read in the Primer, by women who bore the title of "School Dames."

Besides the "common lands" the people voted, in 1686, to reserve a certain "parcel of land" for a common sheep pasture. Herdsmen were hired to guard the flocks, and young boys and girls were also employed to assist the herdsmen. But it was to be a matter of "all work and no play"; throughout the long summer days nothing must tempt them to idleness, neither could they exchange merry words of greeting — for, alas! the court itself had placed its restrictions upon them in the following decree: "The court doe hereupon order and decree, that in every towne the chosen men are to take care of such as are sett to keep cattle, that they be sett to some other employment withall, as spinning upon the rock, knitting and weaving tape, &c., that boys and girls be not suffered to converse together."

When Andover had been settled for fifty years and had already done much for the social, intellectual, and religious advancement of its inhabitants, all seemed to be lost by the sudden belief in witchcraft, which took great hold upon the community. Men, women, and little children were accused of having learned the terrible art by which they could torment with sickness or

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disaster their innocent neighbors and friends. Imprisonment and hanging were resorted to, and some, to save themselves from torture, confessed to the crimes charged upon them; while others nobly denied the fearful stories told concerning their wicked power to exert charms and spells, or their midnight revels with "three hundred witches."

For a year or more the superstition held pastors and people alike; but at length those who had been most eager to persecute and condemn saw the matter in its true light, and Andover witches were never feared again.

Until 1780 slavery was practised to some extent; but the manner in which the early settlers of Andover treated their slaves is worthy of commendation, surprising as it is that Americans should have so early lost the idea of freedom — that which in its highest sense had been the cause of the pilgrimage from England to the New World. The "History of Andover," before alluded to, gives many instructive extracts from advertisements and letters concerning these slaves, as, for example, Cato's letter to his former owner, Rev. Samuel Phillips: —



BY THE ROADSIDE.

My present wish is that the Blessings of heaven may attend each family and all their lawful undertakings, also there children to the Latest generation, and I hope that I myself shall be with the rest enabled to live in such a manner that I being made meet may be admitted with you into that haven of rest where is no Distinctions.

Yours with respect,

CATO.

MAY 24th, 1789.

Nobly as Andover had borne its part in the French and Indian war, the town was truly democratic at heart, and gallantly withstood any efforts made by the English to deprive them of their "most valued privileges." The Stamp Act enraged them; but while seeking justice they would not condescend to the lawless outbursts of indignation so common in other towns. "The Boston Massacre aroused the whole country. Andover voted, May, 1770, 'to sustain Boston in repelling tyranny and oppression and establishing those rights which they are entitled to as men and Englishmen.'" When the time came for actual contest with the mother country, Andover was among the first to provide arms. "Thus high and clear rang out the voice of old Andover, among the very first to join, or rather to start the chorus that soon swells strong for liberty and independence." During the late civil war fifty-two brave patriots from the loyal town gave their life blood for a noble cause. Their deeds are perpetuated by Memorial Hall, which contains marble tablets to their memory. Here, also, is the public library of about seven thousand volumes. The building was erected at a cost of $40,000, and dedicated on Memorial day, 1873.

Andover township still extends over several miles of territory, but the portion of the town of greatest interest to the visitor is the streets where the various institutions of learning are situated. The town is twenty miles north of Boston, on the Boston & Maine road, and is built upon land so high that a fine outlook is afforded from several points.

As the bicycler approaches Andover and enters the upper end of Main street he is impressed with the peaceful quiet of the town which lies before him, beautiful in stately trees, long, broad streets, fine dwellings, and substantial public and

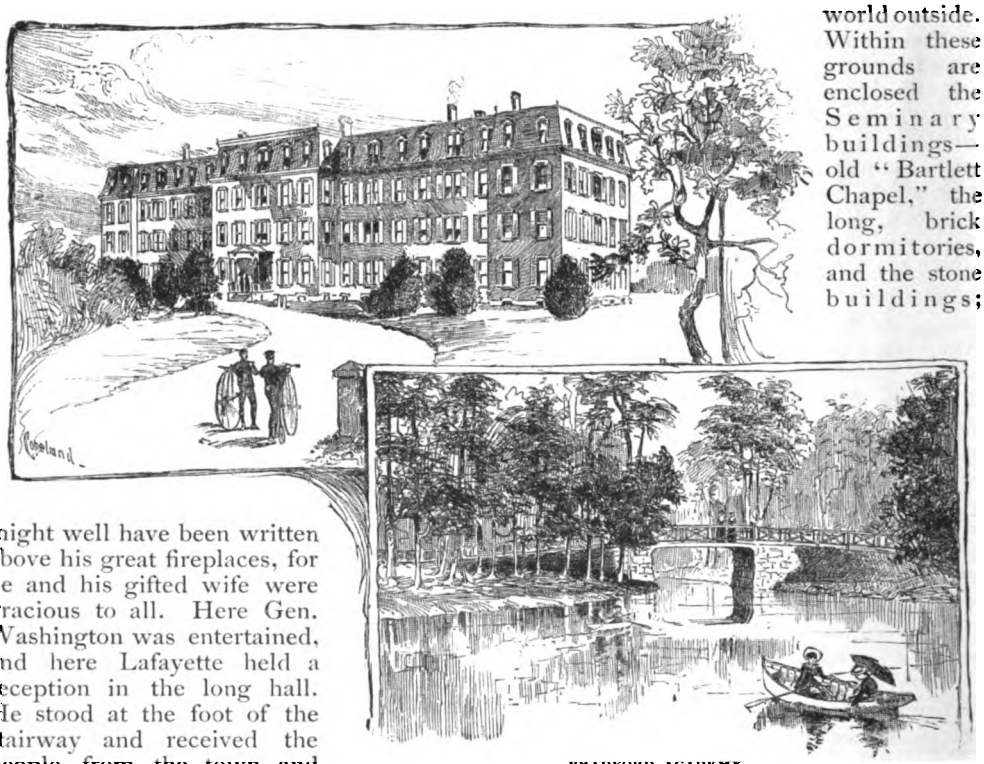
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school edifices, while against the sky the towers and spires stand out in bold relief.

Andover is emphatically a town of schools and of scholarly men and women, and the tourist's attention is at once attracted by places of historic or literary interest on either hand.

As he wheels down the broad street he passes on the left the ancient Mansion House, now the hotel, but a hundred years since the home of Judge Samuel Phillips, who first occupied it in 1782. During his life it was the mansion of the town; "welcome" might well have been written above his great fireplaces, for he and his gifted wife were gracious to all. Here Gen. Washington was entertained, and here Lafayette held a reception in the long hall. He stood at the foot of the stairway and received the people from the town and adjoining country, the crowd passing through the hall and out the door at its rear. The house still retains something of its oldtime appearance. Its ponderous door-key, weighing nearly a pound, turns in an enormous lock. One might fancy they were proof against the inroads of time, so well preserved are the great rooms with their deep window-seats, small-paned windows, and old-fashioned fireplaces. On the walls hang the mirrors still set in the old gilt frames. How many faces have they reflected! The hotel is now often crowded with guests, and the fair New England girl who, in these modern times, catches a glimpse of her bright reflection as she passes down the stately rooms, is not more beautiful than Madam Phillips' sweet, strong face, or the old-time beauties in their rich brocades.

On the right, a short distance from the hotel, are the grounds of the Theological Seminary, which extend some distance along the main street. The entire length of the green lawn is traversed by a wide gravel walk, shaded by great elms, whose gracefully interlacing branches form a Gothic arch overhead; and, as if looking out from some long cathedral cloister, one sees the world outside. Within these grounds are enclosed the Seminary buildings—old "Bartlett Chapel," the long, brick dormitories, and the stone buildings; more recently erected: Brecken Hall, the library building, and the "New Chapel," the crowning beauty of Andover Hill.



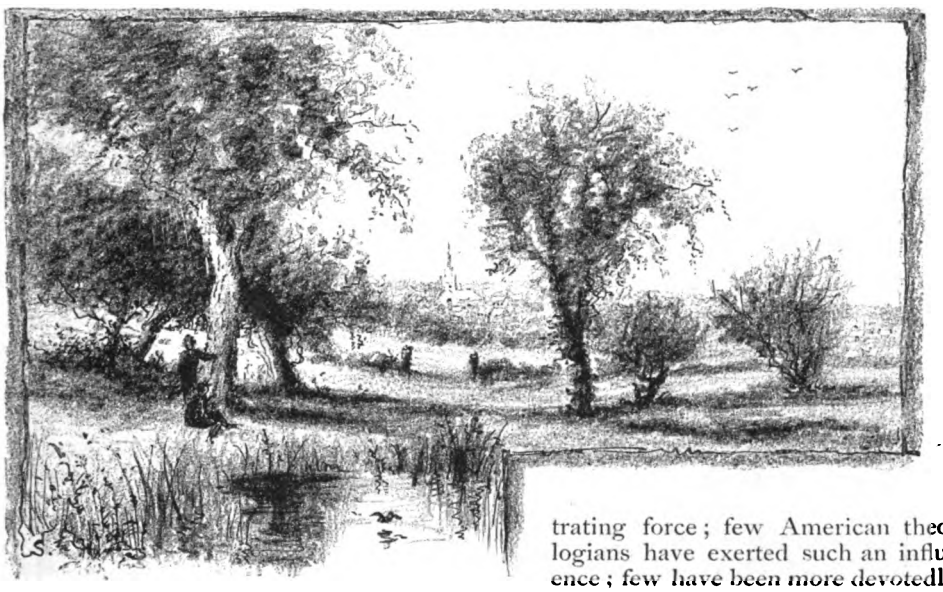
BRADFORD ACADEMY.

The Seminary was the outgrowth of Phillips Academy, and Madam Phillips was the first to donate money to this new and worthy object.

Many honored names have been connected with this institution. Dr. Woods, Rev. Edward Door Griffin, Prof. Moses Stuart, Prof. Austin Phelps, Prof. Edwards A. Park, and many others have, from this retired spot, exerted a world-wide influence. The library contains about 38,000 volumes, valuable manuscripts, and

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portraits and busts of historic value to the Seminary. The lower floor is devoted to geological cabinets, several zoological specimens from Palestine, together with



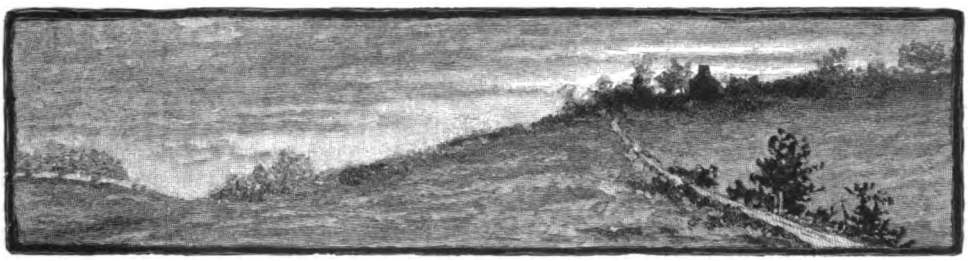
A VIEW NEAR ANDOVER.

Syrian antiquities of interest to the student of archæology.

Bartlett chapel, since the erection of the new chapel, has been devoted to recitation and lecture rooms. During term time, distinguished lecturers are listened to by audiences composed of theological students and citizens, and frequently teachers and senior classes from other schools in town.

No lecturer has ever filled the chair of theology with more ability than Prof. Edwards A. Park. Students from other seminaries have been drawn to Andover, in order to come under his clear and powerful teaching; while those who had the opportunity to hear him frequently were as unwilling to lose a single lecture as were the strangers who had come from a distance to hear his instruction. Few men have preached with such intensity and penetrating force; few American theologians have exerted such an influence; few have been more devotedly loved.

A moonlight visit to the Seminary grounds will well reward the visitor. A thousand leaves and delicate twigs cast their clear-cut shadows on the path below; the buildings loom up in the semi-darkness; in the chapel spires are alternately "ebony and ivory"; beyond "the arch" the town lies silent in sleep, and the whole picture is filled with peace and calm.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ANDOVER.

As one continues his journey through the main street he sees the "stone house," a charming old dwelling, with the sunlight flickering through the larch branches upon its yellow walls. Here Mrs. Stowe is said to have written part of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Leaving the main street, which leads to the business portion of the town, the visitor

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will, perhaps, follow the road which branches a little to the left, and is known as School street. Here are delightful homes, many of them occupied by trustees and teachers in the various schools. Here, also, on the left, is the far-famed Phillips Academy, founded in 1778 by Hon. Samuel Phillips.

It is the glory of our country that, next to religious freedom, it sought liberal education for the youth of America. With almost prophetic foresight they looked down through the coming centuries and realized the possibilities of the New World's greatness, and its future position among the nations of the earth. In the midst of early hardships, self-denial was practised, in order to lay broad foundations for the establishment of sound learning. It was no light thing to establish such schools as should, from their inherent power, grow with the growth of the nation; but this they did, and did most wisely.



THE OBSERVATORY.

"High education" for men and for women has never been hampered by these Christian pioneers; they framed the constitutions of the schools so grandly that they embraced all the true needs of a true educational system. Horace E. Scudder says of the founding of Phillips Academy, "It was an act of faith, of strong will, and high purpose."

Four years after graduating from Harvard found Samuel Phillips eagerly at work to give to others the advantages which he had been able to enjoy. Few were the fitting schools at that time, and where, thought he, could be a more fitting spot than Andover to locate a school for boys? And what better use could a young man make of his fortune, than to give it freely to such a cause?

Since its founding, Phillips Academy has had eight principals. Prof. Cecil F. P. Bancroft since 1873 has occupied the chair. The school has been greatly prospered, and has sent more young men to college than any other school in America.

At present more than two hundred and fifty boys are in attendance, coming from every State in the land, from Maine to California; also from South America, Asia, and various mission stations in different parts of the world.

The school is rich in endowments, aid funds, and scholarships. Recently a new brick building has been erected in the Academy grounds for the use of the students in the chemical department.

The Academy building is the fourth edifice used for this purpose. The first Academy building was a reconstructed joiner's shop, and could only accommodate about forty students. The second was built six years later, but was burned after it had done service for more than twenty years. The third building was also burned in 1865, and the present substantial building was erected immediately. It is built of brick with stone trimmings, and contains airy recitation-rooms, and a fine hall hung with portraits, where all public exercises of the school are held. Besides the classical department, there is a comprehensive English course, and the study of elocution receives especial attention.

At its Centennial, in 1878, there was a distinguished gathering of its alumni, and

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one of the most enjoyable occasions of the anniversary was the reading by Oliver Wendell Holmes of his poem on the "School Boy," which so vividly portrayed the life of a "Phillips boy" fifty years ago. It was here that Mr. Holmes made his early attempts at verse; here N. P. Willis also wrote; here Morse fitted for Yale, and Clark made his first attempt in the combination of a telescope "out of the broken dinner-bell from the common table." Hundreds of noble men scattered over the globe feel a thrill of pride at the very mention of "Old Phillips."

The streets of Andover are comparatively quiet during school-hours, for the business is centred at one end of the town and along the river where the manufacturing is carried on. But when the clock on the "Old South Church" points to the recreation hour, when books are laid away for a time, the stranger would be impressed with the amount of fresh young life to be seen in the classic town. Nearly three hundred young men pour out from Phillips Academy into the glad sunshine, each choosing his favorite pastime. Fast spin the bicycles down the long smooth streets; the school lawns are gay with tennis and ball players; while here and there are groups of friends resting beneath the old trees, or wandering towards the woods in search of natural history specimens. The theological students are among the pedestrians, and the young ladies from the Abbot Academy add brightness and beauty to the scene. The Punchard High-school scholars hurry past, with their arms full of books; a crowd of merry children from the graded schools make the air ring with their happy laughter, and little ones from the primary schools, with their tiny lunch-baskets and well-thumbed primers, are playing tag on their homeward way.

But the Old South clock watches all grimly from its lofty seat, and relentlessly ticks on towards the returning study hours, when all this moving panorama must disappear.

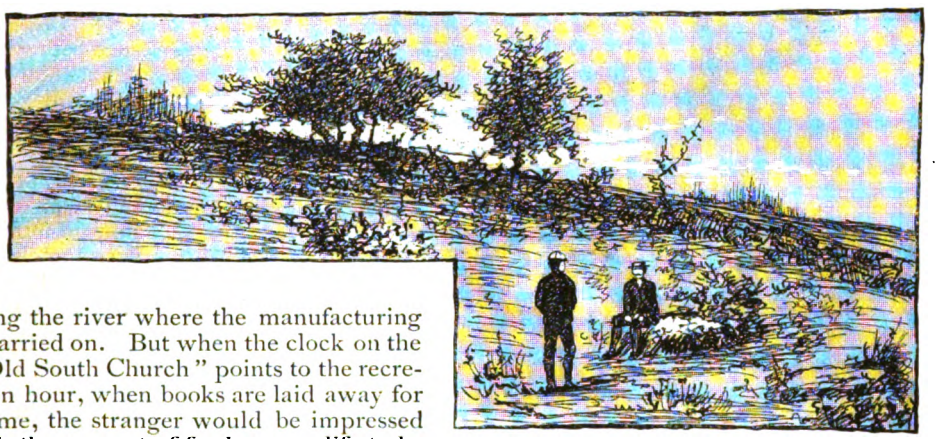
On the same side of the street as Phillips Academy is the oldest incorporated school, for girls only, in the country.

Abbot Academy was fifty years old in 1879, and the numbers of graduates who returned at this joyful occasion were in striking contrast to its humble beginning.

"Mrs. Sarah Abbot, the founder, shared the blood of the family to whom the two Phillips Academies owe their existence." "This quiet woman lives in countless homes."

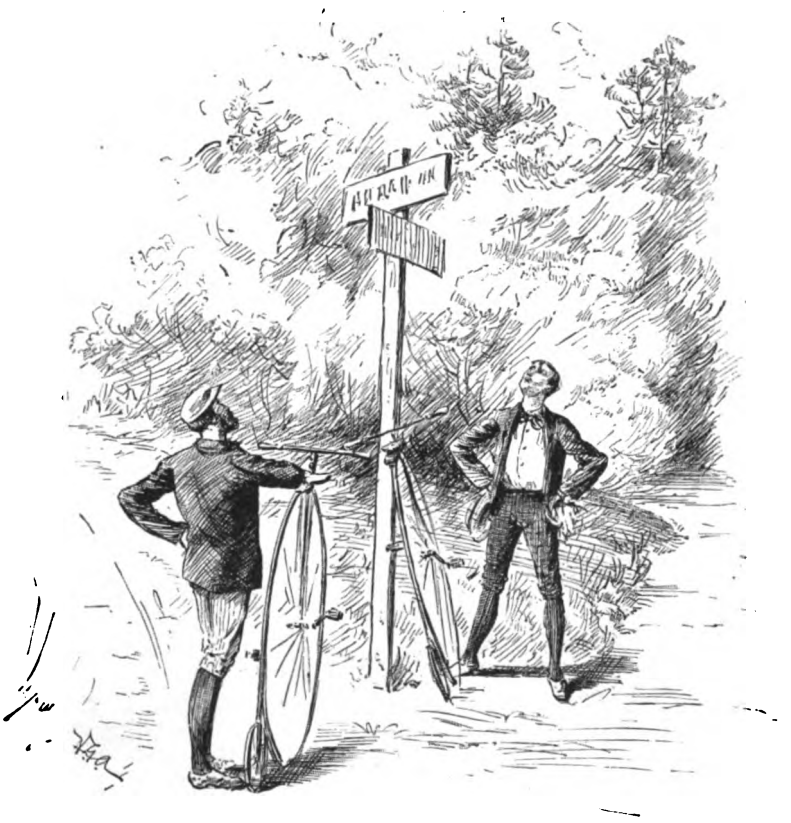
Bravely fighting against poverty and the strong prejudices against the higher education of women, Abbot Academy held its firm onward way. At first it stood almost alone, but though it has numberless sisters over the land, it still has a grand work to do now and in the future. Year by year pupils have graduated from this home-school who have fulfilled the aims of the founders, as expressed in the constitution: "The primary objects to be attained at this school shall ever be to regulate the tempers, to improve the taste, to discipline and enlarge the minds, and form the morals of the youth who may be members of it. To form the immortal mind to habits suited to an immortal being, and to instill principles of conduct, and form the character for an immortal destiny, shall be subordinated to no other call. Solid acquirements shall always have the precedence of those which are merely showy, and the useful of those which are merely ornamental."

The clause which suggests the line of



THE HILLSIDE.

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PERPLEXITY.

study reads as follows: "There shall be taught, in this Seminary, reading, spelling, chirography, composition, history, geometry, algebra, natural philosophy, grammar, etc., astronomy, sacred music, and such other sciences and arts, and such of the languages, ancient or modern, as opportunity and ability may permit, and as the trustees shall dictate." Many of the above-mentioned branches are now taught only in the preparatory department, while some of the studies, as composition, history, astronomy, physiology, music, and others, have been greatly developed. The "such other arts and sciences" have grown into a fine course of English instruction; the studies of literature, church history, and the "history of sculpture and painting," having been conducted in a manner superior to many institutions in the country. "Opportunity and ability" have afforded the study of both Latin and Greek, and French and German are studied under most competent teachers, and form the basis of the division of the school into families, those studying German living in the hall where German alone is spoken during all school-hours, and those studying French making a home by themselves also. The largest dwelling-house is Smith Hall, occupied by the principal and several other teachers, together with the seniors, and such other students as are not studying the modern languages.

The present buildings are four in number, surrounded by green lawns, well-kept walks bordered with flowers, and winding paths leading beyond the lawns to the grove whose cool shadows are a delight to the stranger as well as to the weary pupil. This grove is the home of unmolested squirrels, who have nothing to fear from the daily visits of the young ladies; here, too, come the early wild flowers and the birds, so that the members of the school find ample opportunity for exercise and enjoyment within the twenty-two acres of the Academy grounds, as well as in the groves and hills of the surrounding country.

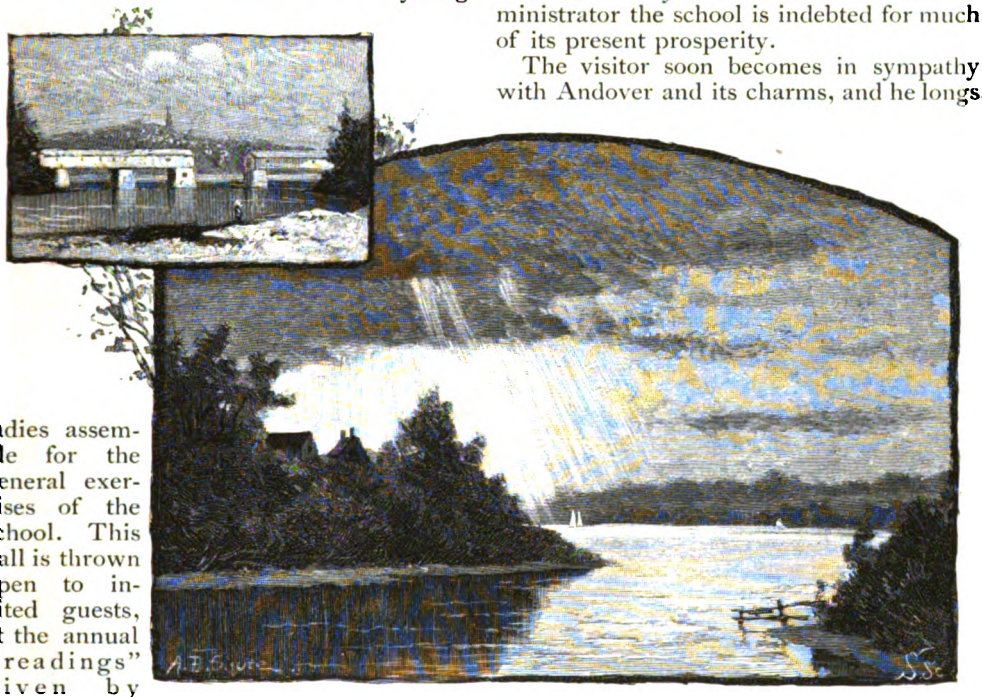
"Somewhat back from the village street" stands Smith Hall, while German Hall and French Hall are on a line with the other buildings on the street. During the summer their brown porches are festooned with woodbine, and the old Academy building, which stands between them, also loses its otherwise grave aspect, and is decked with clusters of red roses, which adorn the pillars of the piazza.

This old brick building has stood more than fifty years. It contains recitation-rooms, geological and zoological cabinets,

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a reading-room, complete illustrations for the study of physiology, and a students' library. Another small room is devoted to the elegant art library, and to the hundreds of pictures, including engravings, photographs, etchings, and heliotypes, used in the study of the history of art. This department owes its unrivalled excellence, among young ladies' schools, to the untiring efforts of the principal, Miss Philena McKeen.

The course of art is studied throughout the senior year, and thus the classes are prepared for foreign travel, or to appreciate all true art in our own country. Here is also the hall where the hundred young ladies assemble for the general exercises of the school. This hall is thrown open to invited guests, at the annual "readings" given by members of the Academy, who have received especial training from Prof. John W. Churchill, the instructor in elocution. At other times the room becomes a concert hall, and is crowded with citizens and pupils, who listen to recitals given by Carl Baermann, Perabo, Madame Schiller, and others.



ON THE MERRIMAC.

This old room has many choice engravings upon its walls; a bronze copy of Michael Angelo's Lorenzo de Medici, which stands upon a pedestal of Lisbon marble, and a vase of green bronze, a reproduction of the most celebrated of the twelve in the gardens of Versailles.

In the third story are the casts used by the drawing and painting classes, who have the advantage of instruction from Miss Emily A. Means. Here is also an observatory containing one of Clark's fine instruments, made for observations on the transit of Venus. It is hoped that, within a few years, the school will possess an observatory worthy this elegant instrument, in addition to other new buildings already contemplated.

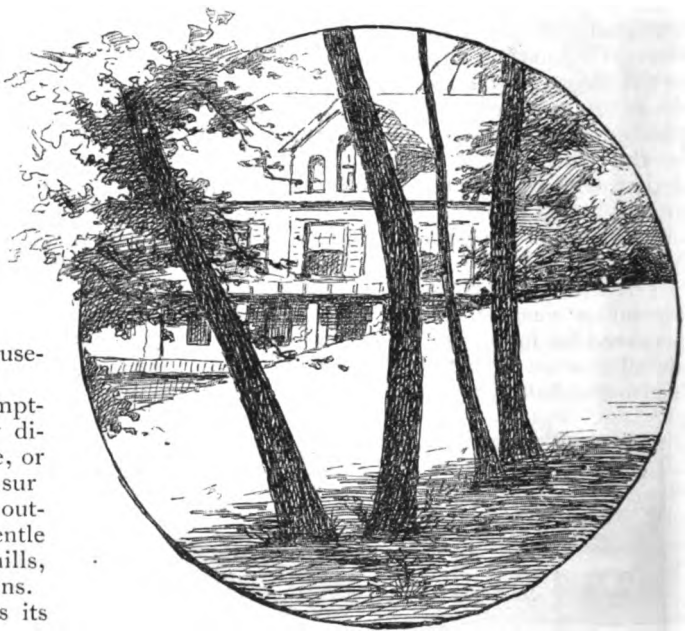
Abbot Academy has sent out more than three thousand pupils, many of whom were graduates.

For the past twenty-four years it has been under the wise guidance of Miss McKeen, to whose ability as an instructor and administrator the school is indebted for much of its present prosperity.

The visitor soon becomes in sympathy with Andover and its charms, and he longs to be admitted into the presence of those who do so much to make the place what it is. He finds the citizens to have inherited the talent of hospitality, and he is made welcome. Yet much as he may see of the external reasons for Andover's strength and influence, it is from the unvisited rooms, — the quiet studies, — that the greatest power has emanated. Joseph Cook has said: "Under the elms, on the hill in Andover, is a study in which a prayer-meeting was held weekly, to devise ways and means of doing good. Here originated the first religious newspaper." Here the Tract Society, and American Educational and Tem-

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perance Societies, have had their birth. Within these rooms words have been written that have moved the social, political, and religious world; plans for important institutions have been formed, and sermons written that have been burned into the hearts of men; and from them to-day come the writings of men and women whose names are household words.



ABBOT ACADEMY FROM THE GROVE.

In this beautiful town tempting drives extend in every direction along the river side, or higher and higher until the surrounding country lies outspread, beautiful in gentle slopes, fields, rivers, hills, towns, and distant mountains.

Here each season brings its own delights: —

Hardly has gone the snow,
When fairest flowers blow,
Winds whisper, soft and low,
Glad the clear streamlets flow,
Mosses and fern leaves grow
On either hand.
Scarce have we welcomed Spring,
And all the joy's she'll bring,
When sweet the wild birds sing
That Summer's come.
She clothes her days with light,
And the calm brow of night
She crowns with stars.

She, from her crimson throne,
Warned by the north wind's moan,
Hastens with tears.
Winter pursues her flight
And drops his mantle white
To aid his speed:
And on the earth 'twill rest
Till, at Spring's sweet request,
He lifts it up.

But, in Andover, there is an especial "witchery" in the springtime. So near



THE LONG POND.

Gay fall the changing leaves,
Ripe are the harvest sheaves,
Autumn her wand receives,
The golden rod.

do the meadows creep up to the town that a few steps brings one into the midst of nature's charms.

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One can wander by the hour through the grassy fields; here and there picturesque old apple-trees are brilliant with pink and white blossoms; here, under shining-leaved willows, is a brook that sings all day to itself among the ferns.

In the wood beyond are the early wild flowers, delicate as snow-flakes. Yonder is a sunny hill crowned with violets as blue as the sky above. 'Tis a pretty picture. Around the curve in the road dash a group of ladies on horseback; now they have dismounted, to pick great bunches of the sweet blue flowers; but, though they leave with their hands filled with the blossoms, yet the hill is as blue as before. The echoes of the horses' hoofs die in the distance, and the solitary wheelman once more takes in the bright scene before he hastens to visit the adjoining hills and groves.



PORCH OF ABBOT ACADEMY, WITH SMITH HALL BEHIND.

The path known as the "old railroad track" shows what nature's hand has done for what was once an iron road. Here the foot-fall is noiseless, because of the thick carpet of pine needles; ferns and daisies adorn the way, and a tiny rill trickles from the hill-side into the mosses.

Overhead the pines murmur unceasingly, now soft and low, like faintest whispers, and now, as the breeze sways the long branches, the sound gains in power, until it seems to be the song of waves that dash on a sandy shore. Darker and cooler grow the shadows; the sweet notes of the thrush fill the air with melody; the busy world is forgotten; but, suddenly, the vista ends, and, through a window framed by trees, trunks, and branches, one sees the landscape bathed in sunlight.

At one end of the town the Shawshine waters are utilized for manufacturing, and the noisy hum of the mills is in great contrast to the quiet, sluggish waters and wooded banks higher up the stream. Near Indian Ridge a bridge crosses the little river. At this point the banks are so densely covered with foliage that, at high noon, the waters catch but little of the sunshine, and move on darkly and silently; while, still higher up the stream, the waters seem to seek the light, and wind their way

> "With many a silvery water-break,
> Above the golden gravel."

Crossing the bridge, the road to the right leads past "Indian Ridge," a place of resort because of its wild aspect and fine old trees. It is of especial interest to the geologist, since the investigations of Prof. G. F. Wright have proved it to have been formed by glacial deposit. On the other side of the town is "Prospect Hill, rising four hundred and twenty-three feet above the sea." This is a bare, wind-swept prominence, and "is one of the highest points of land in the county, and belongs to a very remarkable class of elevations connected with the glacial period." Near the summit of this hill is Andover's oldest house. Its occupants must have been fully repaid for living on the heights, how-

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ever, for the views are wide-sweeping, taking in the plain below, the far-off towns and gentle slopes, and beyond them all the ocean seemingly stretching out to meet the sky.

A very pleasant expedition may be made a-wheel from Andover to the birthplace of Whittier. Leaving the town by a delightfully shaded road one soon comes to the fertile fields and shaded farm-houses of the Merrimac valley. The road reveals new beauties at every turn. At Bradford is located Bradford Academy, a school for girls, somewhat similar in its aims to Abbot Academy at Andover. Crossing the Merrimac on a fine bridge one comes to the populous, thriving town of Haverhill. Three miles beyond is Whittier's birthplace. It is a pleasant ride to this place from Haverhill, and can be accomplished in twenty minutes. The quiet beauty of this region has been the theme of poets and artists. The old house where Whittier was born still stands. It is situated at one side of a vast amphitheatre formed by high hills whose sides are sparsely covered with trees.

From Haverhill to Newburyport is a pleasant run of two hours. The first two or three miles are rather unsatisfactory wheeling, but from Groveland to Newburyport the wheeling is magnificent. This is one of the finest rides in Essex county. As the road sweeps around the bluffs of the Merrimac the river and valley present a scene of unsurpassable loveliness and repose. Farm-houses and neatly-kept fields dot the rising hills beyond, while here and there a cluster of houses indicate some quiet little village.

A quaint, delightful old city is Newburyport. A short ride from the depot along High street brings one to the pleasant home of James Parton. Here a pleasant hour may be spent in the large sunny study of the author, who is brimful of anecdote, wit, and reminiscence. Two miles farther, on the same street, towards Amesbury, is the beautiful island home of Mrs. Spofford. It is the central attraction of a scene of wild loveliness. The dark, rocky cliffs of the Merrimac, the broad, clear river, the ocean beyond; all the witching accessories of rare loveliness and picturesque wildness are found here.

As the journey is for pleasure and rest, it may be well to return to Andover by rail, where one may arrive in time to witness the magnificent sunset beauties with which this place is favored.

As the day ends the wheelman will take his farewell view of the town from Sun-Set Rock. He hastens his flying wheel as the shadows begin to lengthen, and, leaving the village behind, follows the country road a little way; then, dismounting, walks through field and wood until he finds himself facing the setting sun.

Before him is an amphitheatre of wondrous beauty. The whole landscape is flooded with golden light; but he forgets it all as he turns to the pictures in the western sky.

The broad sweep of the horizon has become a sea of gold upon which are floating cloud-ship with rosy sails and purple banners.

A long stretch of silver cloud seems like a glittering beach, and, high above, the deep blue seems to be the sky of that far-off sunset world.

And now the scene changes; fainter grows the rose and purple; but where the sun sinks are crimson banks of cloud; the golden glow has become pale green, and the valley lies in shadow. A hush is over the earth; not a sound comes from the village or from the wood; the crimson turns to gray; the light grows fainter in the west, and the evening star sheds its soft beams upon the peaceful village of Andover.

C. E. M.



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EXAMINATION FOR FRIENDSHIP.

Dost thou know the brooklet's song
Among the ferns?
Dost thou know the robin's note
When spring returns?
Dost thou hold the mountain's height
A friend most dear?
Dost thou love the stars of night,
So bright and clear?
Dost thou greet the autumn days
With welcome meet?
Dost thou count the daisy white
A flower sweet?
Dost thou look from nature fair
To Him above?
Dost thou read on every leaf
That God is love?

Greylock.

SONGS OF THE FOREST.

A mad cascade am I, am I;
I dance, I dance,
I fly, I fly,
Down from the mossy rocks so high,
Down to the stream below.

A sparkling brook am I, am I;
I laugh, I laugh,
I glide, I glide,
To lose myself in ocean's tide,
And mingle with its song.

An ancient pine am I, am I;
I grieve, I grieve,
I sigh, I sigh,
The sunbeams pass my branches by,
And sad winds dwell with me.

A flower fair am I, am I;
I give, I give,
I smile, I smile,
And breezes sweet my hours while
And steal a kiss from me.

Greylock.

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A MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE.

As soon as the roads have become "settled" for the season the great and still increasing army of bicyclers make their appearance, and each man, after a few weeks of exercise, parts with the extra weight he has gained during the winter.

Taking my place in this noble army rather early in the season, I soon recoverd from the first indispensable blisters, and began to renew my solitary travels. I had determined, for reasons of my own, not to take any all-day trips until the summer vacation; but a perfect day for riding occurring in the middle of May, and being afflicted with *ennui* at the time, I concluded to break my determination and go.

As just stated, it was a *perfect* day. The sun shone brightly, and a soft, cool breeze had sprung up out of the west. The trees, so long bare and brown, had already put forth their bright green foliage, so new and clean that each leaf actually shone. A gentle shower the night before had rendered the roads firm and hard, without dust or mud, a thing which the street-sprinkler, so dreaded by wheelmen, rarely, if ever, effect.

Taking a road which led toward the southwest, I soon left my accustomed haunts, and pushed ahead at a medium rate, enjoying the scenery, and the fresh grass, everywhere studded with dandelions. There were but few houses on this road, and soon even these disappeared, and the side of the road was touched only by pasture-lands and newly-ploughed fields. After riding steadily for about twenty minutes, I reached a place where the road branched. I dismounted, and, pointing my bicycle exactly between the two roads, I balanced it and took my hands away — it fell toward the right hand. I again mounted, and continuing on the road thus decided upon, I soon saw ahead an iron gate, swinging between two huge granite posts. To the right and left extended a high iron fence, along the top of which two lines of barbed wire were stretched. Nothing daunted, I rode through, as the gate was open, and found inside a finely-kept road bordered with shade-trees.

For upward of a mile, as I afterward calculated it, I traced this winding road without meeting a living soul, and my curiosity urged me to follow it and see where it led to, although the now-declining sun warned me to turn round and go home.

At last the level road ended, and a steep grade lay before me. The land beside it was yet steeper, and was cut into terraces covered with grass as green as emerald. I was obliged to walk up this hill, though the road was still good, and as I reached the top, after considerable exertion, several sights struck my eyes at once.

One of these was a magnificent view, which alone was worth coming so far for. Green hills bordered the horizon; nearer were woods, streams, and scattered villages, none of which were familiar to me. A mist rested on the far-off hills, and as I looked, it seemed to deepen. Soon, out of the west, rose a dense black cloud; on it came, higher and farther, till it hid the sun, and then the first drops of rain began to fall. Then I realized that I was in what might be called a "fix," and began to wish I had stayed at home. The rain fell faster, and I was looking about for a shelter, when I saw, half hidden by the trees, a large country-house, standing not a hundred yards from me.

Putting on my hat, with which I had been fanning myself, I started for this house, and when I had passed the interposing trees I saw that it was one of those large old-fashioned houses which were built more for the comfort of those inside it than for the pleasure of those outside — quite different from the prevailing style now. It had great chimney-stacks and sharp-pointed gables, and a broad piazza, shaded by vines, encircled it on all sides, giving it a cool and breezy, as well as comfortable look. On the west side of this piazza, seated in one of those easy bamboo chairs which make one rested even to look at, was a remarkably pretty girl of about seventeen. She had a book in her hand, but instead of reading it, she was looking out into the rain, day-dreaming about something, I dare say. She had not noticed me, I had come up so quietly.

I walked to within thirty feet of the house without disturbing her, and was beginning to wonder how I could attract her attention without startling her too much, when she turned toward me, and, without showing the slightest astonish-

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ment, invited me to come into the house until the shower should be over. I thanked her, and said I would not trouble her to move, as it would probably be over immediately. So I sat down on the broad sill of a window, and, having introduced myself, we opened a conversation which proved so interesting that I entirely forgot the time until an old clock inside the house struck six, slowly and deliberately. It had begun to grow dark; the rain continued as hard as ever. I heard a gong strike once, and the girl said, rising, "I'm afraid it won't stop raining to-night; hadn't you better stay here?" I willingly assented, and we entered the house. The front hall was finished in oak, in the most substantial manner, and had a round window of stained glass over the door. A large oil painting of the Yosemite Valley occupied one side wall, and at the end, contrasting strangely with the heavy, old-fashioned room, were the polished case and glittering bells of a telephone.

I was surprised to find a telephone in so isolated a house, and inquired if it were connected with the Exchange. Receiving an affirmative answer I, with her permission, rang the bell, and was soon talking with my friends at home, whom I relieved from anxiety and promised to return the next day. They asked me where I was, but I replied that I knew no better than themselves, except that the number was 8,216. Then bidding them good-by I followed my guide into the dining-room, and after a bountiful meal retired to rest in a room that, like the rest of the house, was lighted by gas; and I only had time to vaguely wonder how many miles of pipe it would take to conduct the gas thither before I went to sleep, and so tired was I that it was 9 o'clock when I awoke the next day. I found the ground-floor after some difficulty from the winding and twisting of the corridors, and also my fair hostess, who, in spite of my remonstrances, had a breakfast prepared for me, and the last thing I saw, as I whizzed down the hill on my homeward way, was that girl, sitting there in the same attitude as that in which I found her, looking as unconcerned as if entertaining benighted wheelmen were the commonest thing in the world. The sun shone as brightly as before; the same gentle breeze blew out of the west—I could easily imagine the whole thing a dream. I soon reached home, and received a volley of questions, none of which I could answer.

And now comes the strangest part of the whole affair. Three days afterward I started for the same place with the means and intention of paying for my night's entertainment, and not for that alone, as may be supposed. I penetrated without difficulty to the place where the branch road should have been, but—no branch was there! The road ended abruptly among trees that must have been fifty years old, and without nearly enough space between any two of them for a road. Not a trace of that lofty hill could I find,—the house, the road, the iron gate,—all had disappeared. I was obliged to return home, disappointed and greatly mystified. Many a time since have I gone to that place, and thoroughly searched the vicinity; but without success. Many a time have I searched the telephone-book for No. 8,216; but in vain. The operators at the Central know, or profess to know, nothing about the circumstance, which, I am now convinced, will always remain an unexplained mystery.

"*Forsitan.*"

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SEEK NOT TO RAISE TH' IMPENETRABLE VEIL.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.

A FORMLESS nothing, drifted to the strand
Of nowhere, on the coast of No-Man's-Land,
Gathered itself together, like the shade
Of a pale mist by pallid moonlight made,
Wavering and shivering as it felt a wind
Blowing where no air is, then stared behind,
With eyes like flitting ignis-fatuus flame,
Back toward the realm of life, from whence it came,
And writhed its ghostly hands, and seemed to gnaw
Its spectral lips with pain at what it saw.

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Being itself a bodiless naked soul,
Free from the elements which make us whole,
Even the texture of ethereal light
Is far too gross for spiritual sight,
Where vision, being thought, sees other mind
As body sees the body; thus refined
It knew the souls of those it left behind
Whom it had loved, and with its new sense caught
The very image of their secret thought.

It saw the widow kneeling by the clay
Of what she called her husband yesterday,
And wailing with a sad and bitter cry
Of helplessness and feeble misery.
Weeping the anguish of her empty heart
Which, shrunk upon itself, seemed rent apart,
Like long-indulged appetite, bereft
Of daily food, to pinching famine left.
She moaned the loss of love, which filled her life,
And kept her shielded from the harsh world's strife,
Without whose firm support she seemed a vine
Whose trellis, slipping from its tendrils' twine,
And fallen away, left it too limp to bear
The weight of its own roses in the air
Unaided. Then she blanched with petty fear,
That the dark future looked so bleak and drear,
And her weak feet must walk their way alone,
Bruising themselves on many a flinty stone;
To the soft ease she knew succeed the gaunt,
Penurious pangs of poverty and want;
And, oh! she knew not what, but dreaded worst,
Until she felt her very soul would burst
With dire forebodings, shadowy and dim,
Scarce ever thinking how it fared with *him*,
But wholly of her own, until she felt
Sorrow for her own sorrow, and would melt
Into fresh tears, and so would weep again
For pity of herself that so much pain
Should fall on one so feeble; but no care
Whether the parted soul such pain could share.

He saw his orphans grieving for their loss
With not a thought of his. Who now should toss
Them in the arms of love? Who now should care,
With ceaseless foresight, for their daily fare?
Who start them fairly in life's perilous race,
Training their feet to keep the winning pace?
And so they wept and made their childish moan
For pain they felt at parting. Not one tone
Of sympathy or grief in one who knelt
For any tie *he* missed or pain *he* felt.

He saw his friends, sad souls! and heard them think
As we hear speech; he saw them sorely shrink
Each from his special loss; how one would miss
His stanch support and ready wit in this,
And one in that, in business, pleasure, plan!
How church and party each would miss the man!
All mourned, alas! the things that he could do;
None mourned the thing he was — that no man knew,

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As now he could know them, else life would be
Unbearable. He heard the tolling bell,
And the choir solemnly singing, "All is well
With the dead who die in the faith."

It turned away
And with a writhing anguish seemed to say:
"The pain of death is nothing to the woe
Of unrestricted knowledge. Ye below,
Your highest good is that ye cannot know
Us or each other."

Looking back no more
It veiled its face, blew inward from the shore,
Like feather of a sea-fog from the strand,
And melted in the mists of No-Man's-Land.

ATHLETICS AND GYMNASTICS AT HARVARD.

THE athletic and gymnastic interests of the Harvard College students are virtually embodied in and controlled by the Harvard Athletic Association — familiarly known as the "H.A.A." The official director of the gymnasium, Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, is, to be sure, by his examinations, advice, and lectures, to a great extent the inspirer and leader of the men in their gymnastic exercises and physical training; but amongst the undergraduates themselves the organization known as the H.A.A. is an institution that bears about the same relation to the various minor athletic clubs of the college that the general Congress at Washington bears to the State Legislatures; or rather, since almost all of the students who practice field sports or engage in regular gymnastic exercise are members of the Athletic Association, we may liken said Association to the Athenian Demos, which made its own laws and voted on them without the intervention of representatives. In October, 1882, the H.A.A. published the following regulations of the Committee on Athletics, Dr. D. A. Sargent, Secretary: —

No College club or Athletic association shall play or compete with professionals. No student shall enter as a competitor in any athletic sport, or join any College athletic club as an active member, including Base-ball, Foot-ball, Cricket, Lacrosse, and Rowing Associations, without a previous examination by the director of the Gymnasium, and his permission to do so.

The Athletic Association — founded in 1874 — gives at present three winter exhibitions in the gymnasium, and two spring exhibitions on Jarvis field. The association also sends representatives annually to the Intercollegiate sports at Mott Haven. The exhibitions have become extremely popular, and it is difficult to get reserved seats for them, especially on "ladies' days." The Zuni Indians, who were present during the winter of 1882, manifested their pleasure in the daring and successful feats of the gymnasts by peculiar yells, described as being a kind of falsetto gurgles, rising shrilly above the thunderous applause of the rest of the audience, and hushing it into a silence of curiosity and wonder. The fencing, sparring, wrestling and running, the broad jump, running high jump, pole vaulting, putting the shot, throwing the hammer, throwing the base-ball, the bicycle races, — all these portions of the programme excite deep interest in the audience; but perhaps one of the most popular features of the exhibition is the "tug of war." In this sport a team of four from one class is usually pitted against the same number from another, and the game consists in one set trying to outpull the other. The contestants are ranged at each end of a rope; one, who is called the "anchor," having the rope tied around his body. At the signal they all drop, quick as thought, flat on their backs, and strain away at the rope in the position which gives them the best purchase and advantage. The way in which this "fall" is managed by either party is sometimes decisive of the game. In a close contest, the red ribbon in the centre of the rope will only move a few inches to one side or the other. Of course so nearly equal a match makes a more exciting game.

Lacrosse was introduced at Harvard in 1878, but only came into prominence in

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1881. It has had to overcome considerable prejudice and jealousy on the part of the other college teams, but has now fairly won a recognized position among university sports. The uniform consists of black and red striped jerseys and stockings, and black tights, and a white hat with red ribbon. One would think there was more exercise in Lacrosse than in base-ball, owing to the incessant running required as the light ball is hurled from one end of the field to the other by the long-handled snow-shoe-like bats. It is to be noted that the various brilliant costumes of athletic men add a good deal of color to the landscape of the Harvard College grounds, reminding one of the picturesque crimson doctors' gowns of Oxford, England. Especially is this true of the foot-ball team. It is a fine sight to see these nimble, limber fellows (they seem made of elastic steel or india-rubber), in their crimson-striped suits, bounding over the field or closing in solid phalanx around the ball, like Greek warriors fighting over the body of Patroclus, or Indian braves at play upon the prairies; splendid physiques, the lithe play of the muscles of the perfect legs and flexile waists, the swift run, the bending "dodge," the "tackle," the "touch-down" and the "rush," the tussle, the scrimmage, and the "pass." September 3d used to be the anniversary day for the foot-ball fight between the Freshmen and the other undergraduates. The custom became so inhumanly savage that the college authorities, in 1860, abolished the practice. In mock grief over this circumstance, the students held, that year, a foot-ball burial service on the Delta, where the game had always been played. They were outlandishly dressed, and marched in procession, headed by a drum-major in a bear-skin cap and holding a baton in his hand. Behind him came assistants with craped staffs and torches; two bass drummers, the chaplain in Oxford cap and gown, his brows and cheeks so puckered up as to give him the appearance of wearing goggles; four spade-bearers; six pall-bearers, with a long coffin on their shoulders, and last the entire Sophomore class, wearing crape tied around their left legs. When the Delta was reached, a circle was formed, and the spade-bearers began to dig the grave, plying their spades with vigor. While they were thus engaged the coffin was passed around that all present might take a last look at the deceased. An address and a poem were then read by the chaplain "in a mock-sanctimonious manner, amid sighs and sobs, and groans and lamentations, the noise of which might have been heard for a mile." After the coffin had been lowered and the grave filled, the following epitaph, inscribed on a black board in white letters, was placed at the head of the grave:

Hic jacet
FOOTBALL FIGHTUM
Obiit July 2, 1860,
Æt. LX. years.
Resurgat.

On the foot-piece were the words "In Memoriam," and a winged skull. While the grave was being filled, the class sang, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," a dirge, one stanza of which was, —

"O hapless ball, you little knew,
When last upon the air
You lightly o'er the Delta flew,
Your grave was measured there."

Football, unless played with great care, is too rough a game, and makes bad tempers. In the excitement of a match game one of the participants has been known to bite the arm of an opponent while they were scrimmaging.

Another picturesque game, practised in a slight degree at Harvard, is that Rugby sport, "Hare and Hounds." Only some half-dozen or so of runs have as yet been made in Cambridge. In December of 1882 a fine run of seven miles was made by twenty members of the Athletic Association. The hares first started off with their bags of white paper bits slung across their backs, and twenty minutes afterwards the hounds were let slip, with the "whipper-in," whose duty it was to keep them together. The course lay over fences, ditches, marshes, and through backyards, and frontyards, and fields, and was voted by those who participated in it to be the most fatiguing game they had ever engaged in.

One of the most popular games at Harvard now is lawn-tennis; the college greens are fairly covered with white tennis-tents on fair days. The white-flannel suits of the batsmen harmonize well with the netting, and give another pure tone to the color-scale in the landscape.

The bicycle club, founded in 1879, now counts more than a hundred members, and no exercise is more enthusiastically engaged in by the students than this.[1]

We come now to the Hemenway gymna-

[1] On account of the popularity of this sport at Harvard it has been decided to devote a separate article to it alone, which will appear in a future issue of THE WHEELMAN.

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sium. A generation or so ago the Harvard undergraduate took his exercise by the aid of the open-air gymnastic apparatus, located in the Delta, opposite the present Memorial Hall. On the same site was afterwards built the small, circular-angular gymnastic building, which has now in turn been abandoned for the beautiful new Hemenway gymnasium, erected in 1879 by the architects, Peabody & Stearns, at a cost of $100,000. The money was the gift of Mr. Augustus Hemenway, a graduate of Harvard, with the class of 1876. Mr. Peabody, one of the architects, was himself an active athlete while at Harvard as a student, and thus knew well the defects of the old gymnasium. "They who have inspected the best gymnasia in Great Britain and on the continent," says Blaikie, "as well as those at Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Yale, Amherst, and in New York, agree that, in scope and thoroughness of equipment, novelty of fitness of apparatus, in the arrangement of rooms for many sorts of exercise, yet with generous space for all, in ample dressing-rooms, facilities for bathing, in lighting, airing, heating, and the many things in such a place which look directly to making it at once peculiarly fit for its purpose, and peculiarly attractive to the student, no other gymnasium anywhere approaches it."

In the remainder of the present article I shall first give a description of the building and its general appointments; next, we will glance at the apparatus of the main hall, then come to the soul of the matter—the system and work of the director, Dr. Dudley A. Sargent.

The gymnasium is a large gabled and dormered brick structure, 125×113 feet in dimensions. It is built in the colonial style of architecture, and is trimmed in reddish sandstone, and roofed with red slate. A striking piece of ornamentation is formed by the college arms cut in gigantic relief on the front pediment. The building is entered from Kirkland street through an elegant porch, which in turn gives admittance to an inner vestibule.[1]

On the right is the business office of Dr. Sargent's assistants. This office, or reception-room, opens upon the long dressing-room, with its ranges of lockers for the use of the students practising in the building. In the basement a large number of lockers has also been constructed. The beauty of these latter is that their entire fronts are made of upright wooden rods, set far enough apart to insure free circulation, while through all the cases, up stairs and down, steam pipes are conducted for the drying of the perspiration on the men's suits. These features form a pleasing contrast to the same arrangements in most other gymnasia, where no heating or ventilation is provided for. When the building was opened there were four hundred and seventy-four lockers; but the demand for them was so active that the number has been increased to eight hundred and twenty-five, and some of them are used by two or three students in common, so that it is certain that the gymnasium is used more or less by from nine hundred to one thousand students during the year.

Near the dressing-room are two large and handsome bath and toilet rooms, with marble basins, hot and cold water, half-length and full-length soapstone bath-tubs, etc., etc. Here also is a wonderful bit of Greek and Roman luxury in the shape of a light and cheerful room, twelve by fifteen feet, finished with white enamelled brick, and furnished with shower-bath, vapor-bath, and needle-bath. By the latter one receives upon the body many little jets of hot and cold water which spring out of the pavement and the ceiling, and by their stimulating effect refresh the tired gymnast in a very agreeable manner. For these baths the special service of attendants can be obtained if desired. Every student who uses the gymnasium is expected to provide himself with a flannel shirt, a Turkish towel, a webbing-belt, and a pair of slippers. Those who have lockers in the basement are advised to wear heavy flannel ulsters to and from the bath-rooms. In every case students practising in the main hall are obliged to have the entire person covered.

One of the most interesting apartments is the Trophy-room, or what is called the "Meeting-room." This, like all other parts of the gymnasium, is finished in heavy oiled wood, is heated by steam, and is airy, high-ceiled, and well ventilated. Aloft, the beam-work is gay with flags of victory won on field or stream, and richly emblazoned with names and dates. Among the famous oarsmen whose names may be read here are Agassiz, Crowninshield, Loring, Watson, Simmons, Richards, Ban-

[1] In the hall in which the vestibule opens the bulletin notices are posted, and from one of these we learn that the gymnasium is open daily from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M., and from 3 to 5.30 P.M., and from 8 to 10 P.M., except on Saturdays when it closes at 1 o'clock. To the public the main hall is open daily, and the entire building can be inspected each Saturday from 1 to 2 o'clock P.M.

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croft, and others equally renowned in the annals of the college sporting world. In a velvet-lined case are preserved over two hundred base-balls won by the college nines. One of these balls is of solid silver set in a blue satin case. On each ball is painted the date of the game, the score, and the name of the defeated nine. Upon the walls hang photographs of famous old crews and nines, as well as marvellous representations of the muscular development of the human back. Ranged around the walls near the floor are thick wooden tablets, on which are inscribed by the Harvard Athletic Association the records up to date of the best annual feat in a variety of athletic sports, and with the record goes the name of the winner. Here, for example, we have the record of Mr. Evert J. Wendell. You will perceive that for three separate years he has won the 100 yards dash, and bettered his time on each occasion. In 1878 the time was 10¼ seconds, in 1880 it was 10⅛, and in 1881 ten seconds. In 1881 Mr. Wendell also won the 220 yards dash; time, 23⅓ seconds. In 1883 Mr. Arthur C. Dennison made the best running high jump, 5 feet 7¾ inches. In 1880 Colbert Thorndike made the one-mile run in 4 minutes 42⅞ seconds. Walter Soren, in 1882, leaped 9 feet 6 inches high with the pole.

The suite of rooms in the north wing, that corresponds to the trophy-room in the south wing, is used for the private office of Dr. Sargent, and for the examination and measuring of the students. Dr. Sargent's room contains an excellent collection of works on physiology, hygiene, and athletics; and in different parts of the room are measuring rods and gauges, and other testing apparatus.

Between the two wings, in the second story, is the long rowing-room, with its seventeen or more hydraulic rowing-machines. Descending now to the basement, you find yourself in a huge apartment divided into two great sections. One of these contains eight bowling-alleys, constructed in the finest and most solid style, with very narrow boards for the floors, and with every appurtenance for the handling of balls and pins, scoring, etc. The light is abundant, and the room is brilliantly illuminated at night by gas-jets. The other section of the basement, extending across the entire length of the building, has its sides and ends covered with heavy wire netting, and string netting inside of that. The floor is that of mother earth, for here, in inclement weather, base-ball, Lacrosse, and tennis are practised, and no broken windows are left to tell the story. Very few if any gymnasiums have such a playground as this under cover. Two adjoining rooms are devoted, one to sparring and one to fencing, and lessons in these noble arts are given by a special instructor for a money consideration. There is space in each of these rooms for half a dozen to practise at once. In the basement, too, are the engine-room and the store-room, where large quantities of duplicate pieces of apparatus are kept to be used in case of accident.

We come now to the grand main hall, — a room 115 × 84 feet, with a clear height of 54 feet from floor to ridge-pole. It is open to the roof, and the timber-work is of hard-pine nicely finished. "Look upward as high as an ordinary ceiling. What a vast net-work of iron frames and crossing-bars and rods, all seeming at first to be hopelessly entangled with each other, till they form almost a ceiling by themselves! But a moment's scrutiny shows that there is no confusion, that every appliance has its own space, in no way interfering with any other, and as fit for its work as skill and care can make it. Here hang stout cotton ropes and thinner hemp ones, all running high upward, knotted and plain, loose and taut; shinning-poles, polished by much wear; trapezes, single, double, long, short — all sorts; swinging-rings, some parallel, others in long lines away down to the other end of the hall; horizontal ladders, vertical ladders, sloping ladders, some down here by you, some away up there in the roof, everything almost that can be devised for him fond of climbing upward, each and all so secure that you scarcely think of danger, while by handy guys and sliding eye-bolts and beams you may haul out of the way or shift nearly any one of them in a moment. Huge mats a foot thick lie spread on the polished floor beneath ready for you to fall, while for the high and lofty tumbler there is a great broad net of stout cords stretched across the room, up several feet in the air, handy to catch him in his downward flight." The swinging-rings are of stirrup shape, and covered with rough white rubber, permitting a firm grip. "That broad board sloping sharply upward, set out there for a moment, is a spring-board made purposely for either high or long-distance jumping, where first you take a sharp run, then spring from this board with all your might and main; while over there

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at the corner is a glorious great stationary spring-board ten feet long, and resting on elastic bars inviting you to numberless sorts of leg-work. Parallel bars, — high, low, long, short, stationary, and graduating, — the vaulting horse, the horizontal bar, the vaulting bar and other substantial apparatus of many kinds, skirt the hall, everything in order, and each distinctly numbered." The greater portion of this beautiful apparatus is the invention of Dr. Sargent, and is the best of its kind in the world. It has been introduced into twenty-six different colleges and other institutions, including the Boston University, Boston School of Technology, Cornell University, Wellesley College, and others, and its adoption by other prominent colleges is under discussion. One thousand dollars' worth of the Sargent apparatus has recently been put into the enlarged gymnasium of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, of which Dr. Sargent is Medical Director. He has also introduced the apparatus into his new ladies' gymnasium in Cambridge. Concerning the apparatus as a whole (to repeat Dr. Sargent's words), it may be said that everything is arranged in a progressive series. It is possible for a person to pass from the simplest movement in calisthenics up to the most difficult gymnastic feat without experiencing lameness for a day. Easy adaptation to the capacity of the individual, and facility of application for remedying local defects and weaknesses, are the distinguishing characteristics of the Sargent gymnastic apparatus. The old gymnasia were filled with machines which were fitted only for persons of considerable muscular strength. But only one man out of five can lift his own weight, and for such a one to use heavy apparatus means injurious straining, and too great expenditure of nerve-power in the effort to keep the muscles up to their highest tension. Now, as in the case of some other inventions, the apparatus of Dr. Sargent was originally devised for another purpose than that of securing harmonious development by graduated exercises. "The desire to strengthen certain muscles, in order to accomplish particular feats on the higher apparatus, was the original motive of these inventions." Their other and now chief use was an afterthought.

There are in the main hall fifty-six numbered appliances, twenty of which are duplicated. In addition, all the old-fashioned apparatus that was valuable has been retained and improved upon. The gymnasium, as a whole, is large enough to accommodate two hundred and fifty men at a time, and everything has been planned to meet the wants of the greatest number.

One of the most important sets of apparatus is that of the chest weights; and in the printed prescriptions for exercise, given by the director to each gymnast, the weight-boxes appear most frequently. The variety of these in Dr. Sargent's system is very great. The weight-boxes, as their name implies, are longish boxes, say four inches in diameter, and containing each a greater or less number of square pound plates or flat cakes of iron, which are introduced or removed by raising a sliding door. These neat weight-box machines are well oiled, smooth-running, and almost noiseless, and form a great advance upon the old-style, rackety, wobbling pulling-weights. Some of those at the Harvard gymnasium have treadles attached to them, and almost every muscle can be called into play by one or the other of the weights. Apropos of this topic, the reader shall enjoy a bit of the vigorous English of William Blaikie, from whom I have already quoted. He is describing the Harvard chest-weights: —

> Step up on that high platform, and fit your heel into that canvas pouch; standing erect, now draw the heel steadily backward in a horizontal line, so lifting a weight-box at the other end of the rope. What is at work now? Your under-thigh, usually a neglected and undeveloped part, but most essential to a graceful step, swift running, or up-hill walking. Pull away, say fifty times, and you will find conclusively that just in your under-thigh you are getting tired — nowhere else. Step across now to this other canvas pouch. This time put, not your heel, but your toes and fore-foot, into it. Now keep pulling your foot forward horizontally, so raising the weight-box below and see; the front of your thigh, also the little muscle on your shin-bone, — the very parts so busy when you kick foot-ball, — are brought sharply into play, while the abdominal belts are far from neglected. Again, here you attack the weight-handles, scarce three feet from the ground. But as you stand facing them, and bending over so as to reach those low handles, then pulling them well out toward you, the small of your back suddenly telegraphs up that it is on fatigue duty. Step over a little to the weight-boxes, whose handles are four feet high, and as, facing these, you draw them out together, your whole upper back is busy, while your feet take an unwonted grip on the floor. Now turn, with your back to these handles, and pull them out past your sides, and you have the prince of chest-expanders, while you still get the old-fashioned regulation shoulder weights, though this time practically noiseless.

Another weight-box is used for developing the muscles of the neck, the performer resting the back of his head against a bandage of duck, and then pressing backward

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so as to raise the weights. The graduation of apparatus to suit different degrees of strength is well shown by the sets of parallel bars in Dr. Sargent's appliances. He begins with what are called at the Harvard gymnasium "wall parallels," because they are attached to an upright frame standing against the wall. They are made so as to rise and fall, being attached to box-weights. It would be severe work for a man of little strength to go to work on the ordinary parallels, since the muscles of the backs of his arms are little developed; but by the device of sinking-parallels, plus weights, he need not lift his entire body at first, but can lift as many pounds of weights as is desirable. He is next directed to sloping parallel bars, where the severity of the practice can gradually be increased. Finally come the ordinary parallels, where the strengthened arms can work with pleasure.

Another delightfully easy and comfortable piece of mechanism is the arm-chair-like machine, sitting in which and working the treadles at its foot, you build up the muscles of the front thigh and those of the calves. This device is much valued by those who walk, run, or row. Near this treadle machine are a couple of hand-developing weights. You turn a metal handle now to the left, and now to the right, and fairly laugh at the novel sensation of unused muscles brought into action in a way you had never dreamed of before.

Then there are devices for correcting any erratic twist or turn in one or both feet. There are chest-weights attached to ropes and pulleys, by working which you expand the chest and the lungs, open out the ribs, and stretch the muscles of the breast. There are sliding frames, upon which you lie back downward, and lift yourself and frame up at an angle of forty-five degrees. You are expanding your chest. In a few weeks men increase the girth of their chests by as much as four inches, by work on the sliding frame. Finally there are curving slat-boards, on which one reclines back downward, and lifts weights attached to ropes and pulleys. Besides all the devices that have been mentioned, there are, of course, the usual trapezes, turning-bars, Indian clubs, and other trappings appropriate to every well ordered body-school.

Having thus described the chief features of the gymnasium and its cardinal pieces of apparatus, it remains to say a word about Dr. Sargent and his common-sense philosophy of physical development. Dr. Sargent, a graduate of Bowdoin college, was bred as a physician, and has been for seventeen or eighteen years director of the physical culture of young men at Bowdoin, Yale, and Harvard, and in New York City. His tolerant and well-balanced mind, and personal popularity, well fit him for work among college men, who often require a little coaxing and stimulus to draw them from their studies, and who cherish an especial aversion for all *doctrinaires* and hobbyists, whether in hygiene, theology, politics, or "temperance." Dr. Sargent delivers, every Wednesday during a certain portion of the college year, lectures on physical culture. They are prized by the students, and are reported for the college daily paper. But his chief work consists in the physical examinations of the men who wish to engage in athletic or gymnastic exercise, and in prescribing for each the kinds of apparatus, and the general regimen necessary in his particular case. He has prepared an elaborate "Handbook of Developing Exercises" (Boston, 1882. 48 pp.), wherein a vast number of minute directions or prescriptions are printed in numbered and lettered paragraphs. The work is one of a forthcoming series on similar subjects. When a student comes to be examined, he is given one of these books with the prescriptions to be observed by him marked with a red pencil. In prescribing apparatus, Dr. Sargent indicates in each case the weight, number of times, and rate of movement adapted to the person's strength. The student who neglects this examination errs. For, as Dr. Sargent says, "The relative proportions of the different parts of the body; the undue development of certain muscles, and the relaxed and enfeebled condition of others; the comparative size of body and limbs; variations of height, breadth, weight, and muscular strength, from the normal standard for a given age, must all be taken into account in prescribing any useful course of physical training. This information, together with a variety of facts concerning personal history, bone and muscle measurements, and acquired or inherited tendencies to chronic or functional disease, shows at once the immediate needs of the person under advice."

During the past year Dr. Sargent has examined about one thousand students as to their physical status, and prescribed exercises accordingly. This Handbook also contains valuable remarks on diet, air,

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sleep, baths, and the like subjects, which are enlarged on in the annual course of lectures.

After the applicant for examination has stripped in one of the little private dressing-rooms, his health and muscular strength are tested in a variety of ways by means of the stethoscope, dynamometer, spirometer, etc., and finally he is given his prescription-card.

As an example of the prescriptions of the Handbook, take the following general exercise:—

When the muscles have been for a long time inactive, begin with light movements, and continue exercise for fifteen or twenty minutes only the first day. Increase the time and amount gradually, never reaching a maximum until nearly through training. Leave off exercise as gently as you begin. Never try to do your best in running, jumping, etc., or at feats of strength, until thoroughly warmed and limbered up. Do not exercise within two hours after eating, nor within a half hour before.

If much heated and fatigued, a gentle rubbing-down will tend to keep up the surface circulation, and prevent taking cold.

There is more common-sense and accurate physiological science compacted between the covers of this valuable little "Handbook of Developing Exercises" than one can readily find elsewhere in so convenient a form. It cannot too often be repeated that the central idea embodied in Dr. Sargent's system is the idea of graduated exercise. "In examining men physically," he says "one of the first things that impresses you is the vast difference in their strength and development. One man pulls himself up by his arms thirty or forty times and makes nothing of it, and another is unable to lift his weight once. One man has large legs but puny arms, and narrow chest; another has huge shoulders and spindling legs; another is chicken-breasted, hollow-backed, or lop-sided, and so on, representing every variety of form, every condition of strength and development." This being so, the idea is, not to adapt the man violently to a Procrustean system of appliances, but to adapt the appliances to him. If he is not strong enough to lift his own weight, he should have a weight that he can lift. If he is weak in any one set of muscles, he should have the means of exercising these before engaging in heavy general training. In this way harmony in function and symmetry in development are secured.

William Sloane Kennedy.

"GOOD-BY, ROB."

I MISS them, Rob, I miss them,
Those fields of sunny green;
The two soft, mossy, shelving banks
And the running stream between.
I see no more the wind-wave sweep
Across the fields of grain,
And the summer breeze, 'mid summer trees,
I will never hear again.

I see them not, I hear them not,
Those old-time friends of mine,
Who sang to me, as I to them,
Full oft and many a time;
For, went I fast, or went I far,
On horseback, foot, or wheel,
The cadence fresh from feathered throats
Would o'er my pathway steal.

I see no more the springing flowers,
That I have marked so oft,
Wake to new life, when summer blew
Her whispering breezes soft;
I hear no more, through whirling spokes,
Those soft winds swiftly play;
Far as they now are from me, soon
They'll farther be away.

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Reach me your hand, old friend, and let
Me say good-by once more;
I'm riding now, it seems to me,
Along a misty shore;
It's growing narrow, shelving down;
Rob! bring your lantern near,
Rob — say, Rob — when you next ride this road,
Keep your flame burning clear.

It's very dark, yes! and it's cold,
It's growing cold I feel;
I seem to grasp these handles hard,
They grip like frozen steel.
Ha! Rob, old man, I see the light,
It's burning bright and clear;
Your hand, old friend, we'll meet again
On a better road than's here.

Ninon Neckar.

THE CARE OF MACHINES.

In the famous article "A Wheel Around the Hub," which was given in number one of The Wheelman, one picture was entitled "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." In it, you will remember, the riders were walking and pushing their machines up a steep incline. This suggested vividly to my mind that our machines were in the same relation to us as our beasts, — ay, and faithful, long-enduring beasts at that, — and that they deserved at our hands the same care and attention as our horses.

Who would bring his favorite horse in after a long hot ride, and not have him groomed and properly stabled? or leave his handsome buggy with the mud to dry upon it? He who does would not relish what may be practical in the following suggestions; and if I can get a little extra care given to bicycles and tricycles in general, this article will have accomplished its mission.

Owing to the form and requirements of the bicycle the friction and strains are brought upon small parts and surfaces, consequently requiring the various parts each to be adapted to its purpose with unusual care and strength. The neck of the perch or backbone, though never more than five and a half inches long, must stand the weight of the rider, resistance of continual jars, and racking strains in all directions, while the forks must be connected to the wheels by bearings necessarily small, and the poor wheels, particularly the driver, must take all that comes, and be bitterly complained of if now and then one gives way! So we see that, even with the choicest care, the wear and tear from actual riding is enormous; so if, with such care, six or seven years of use are resisted, we have to thank the inventors and makers for the wonderful mechanism that grants such longevity.

In caring for your machine, roads, climate, and personal surroundings must, of course, be considered. Hilly, rough roads, cold weather, and a poor place of storage, are all against your wheel. Your first care begins when you learn to ride, — learn on "some other fellow's" wheel (provided you can find so accommodating a fellow); and, when once you know how to ride, falls should not be indulged in, — let the wear be simply friction. Accidents, of course, will now and then happen, the same as to a railway train or any moving object; but make it your constant thought that what damage does happen shall be accident, and not your carelessness.

Know your wheel. I find many who have ridden for months, even years, and who "swore by" the special make they were using, and yet knew nothing of taking it apart or putting together; they "had found holes for oiling, and, when anything got loose, screwed it up." When you get your mount don't be afraid to ask questions about it; have it thoroughly explained to you how to oil, to adjust the bearings, how the wear in the various parts is "taken up," how to take out the wheels, etc. I don't suggest that you immediately take it to pieces; but know *how*, so that when

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necessity requires it you can do so understandingly. When you do take apart, mark each piece, have a box in which to keep the bearing-balls, adjusting-boxes, etc. Keep all together, and see that they are put out of the way of the children, or any one of an "inquiring turn of mind."

Have an assigned place for your wheel, the same as you would for a horse; if a club man, in the club wheel-room, or, if not, a place in the house, shed, or stable, where it is thoroughly dry and accessible; if possible let this place be light, that you may see to clean and take proper care of it; before a run look over the nuts and dust-caps and see that all are tight; and after, turn it up on an Acme stand and clean it, — if a bright machine, use cotton-waste and oil; if nickel, a chamois skin and a fair portion of "elbow grease." If you have a neat, light place for your wheel, you will take more pleasure in looking after it; and the better order you keep it in the more you will enjoy riding it.

Tires. I have found that an ordinary gray para tire will last as long as there is any life in the rubber, — in an ordinary climate about seven or eight years. In our country the climate of the far West and South is most destructive to them. I have exposed a tire to the sun at 110°, and in winter to 3° below zero. The heat started the cement to running, and yet, with these alternating changes, this tire was run three years, and is now four years old and apparently good yet. So there need be no fear of your tire giving out; yet I would suggest that in winter you give it not the coldest place; a heated room preferred. It is safe to say that a rubber tire lasts about as long as a buggy-tire.

Cementing on the tire is very simple. Use any means to heat the felloe with the cement in it, place your tire in evenly and ride your wheel a few times to force it into place. Should your tire come apart at the splice, it must go to a rubber factory and be respliced. I have found none of the advertised rubber cements that would perform this service. Tires are now made continuous or of a solid mould, and the last-named difficulty will thus be obviated.

Care of the bearings. Use good oil, take four parts of sperm to one of parafine for a good lubricant, and use sparingly. I have run a wheel with balls to every part three hundred and twenty-eight miles with one oiling, and the second was on the seven hundred and fortieth mile; but distance is not a perfect guide, as it is better to oil a little and often. Yet I sincerely believe that most riders oil too frequently. "Now and then" fill your bearings with kerosene, and cut out any oil that may have become gummed. Keep your bearings tight, and the dust out. A little piece of kid over the vents and under the oiler-spring does good service, also felt washers on pedals and rear wheel. Keep the steering-bearings well oiled, and a drop at times on the spring-clip and spring-bolt.

Nickel. Don't suppose for a moment that nickel won't rust! It will, unless you are careful to polish it often. When it has been wet rub it well with an oiled cloth, and then polish with chamois-skin. Enamel is best for a lazy man, or one who lives or uses his wheel at tide-water; and for a tricycle enamel is preferable any way.

Storage. A bicycle can be kept nicely in a hall-way; but a tricycle must have more room, and a double door to admit it, as a house seldom has doors wider than three feet. I prefer my wheel to hang by the handle-bar, if possible, with both wheels clear of the ground.

If a bicycle is to be taken upstairs, take it by the handle-bar, in the position of "a header," and push it up, with the little wheel in the air; and to descend, the same position, letting the wheel down in front of you, holding it back by the handle-bar. I know some enthusiasts who keep their full nickel wheels in their parlors, taking them up and down stairs in this way.

Repairs. If so unfortunate as to break or damage your wheel, send it to a good repair-shop, where it will be trued or mended, usually at a charge of fifty cents per hour. If an ordinary "buckle" the average cost will be about three dollars. If you try your 'prentice hand you will probably fail, as truing a wheel requires one skilled in that particular branch. If you "buckle" your wheel on the road, get some one to give you a hand; usually you can spring it back in good enough shape to ride home.

Good repair-shops can be found in all the large cities, but, as you value your wheel, keep away from the "village blacksmith."

The best wheel made will "buckle" upon occasion. Your care should be to see that there is no occasion. The writer came to the above conclusion when he saw an express wagon pass over his wheel.

Transportation. By far the safest way to transport your bicycle is to ride it. Yet we all know this is not always practi-

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cable. A good crate will protect your wheel, and as one always comes with your bicycle, take care of it, and it can be used time and again. When a baggageman on the train takes your wheel go into the car and see where it is placed; no one has the same interest in it as yourself; a trunk resting upon the driver may do much mischief, while a cigar may drive away a baggageman's wrath. It is to the interest of wheelmen to show people how to handle machines. An expressman I have in mind broke his index finger by getting it caught between the spokes and fork; and to this day a wheel is his abomination.

Don't lend, don't borrow! Keep your wheel, like your tooth-brush, for your personal use. When a number use one machine you will find that the greater the number the poorer the care it gets.

A padlock and chain keeps the wheels from moving, and you have the pleasure of knowing that you carry the key.

When stopping on a run, stack wheels, always selecting for a partner one of about your size. If you must lean against something select a fence or tree, in place of a lamp-post or something stone or metal. When using an Acme stand, see that the iron bends are protected with something soft, so that it won't mar your nickel or paint.

I know the old maxim, that "care killed the cat," yet I believe she would have died any way; so I bespeak your good care for your machines, as the more they glisten, and the handsomer they look, the more admiration they create; and we all enjoy having our things admired. Though I may have brought nothing new to the notice of my fellow-riders, I trust that some beginners and new 'cyclers may get some good from this little article, which I have attempted to make practical.

Viator.

AN EARLY MORNING RIDE.

Away, away, my wheel and I,
The roadside fences past us fly,
With downward push and circling round
We scarcely seem to touch the ground.
The freshening breeze dissolves the mist,
Which rolling off the mountain kiss't,
That dewy kiss the mountain thrills,
And answers with a thousand rills,
Whose limpid waters leap and flow
Down to thirsty plains below.
Our quickening breath and bounding heart
Make us of nature feel a part;
The eye takes in the landscape wide
When out upon a morning ride.
How glad and gay the whole earth seems,
Emerging from the night's dark beams!
The birds, upborne on buoyant wing,
From tree and bush their anthems sing;
The lowing kine, in meadows green,
Beside our pathway often seen,
Look o'er with large and wondering eye
As we, all noiseless, pass them by.
The rising sun begins to throw
His beams o'er all the scene below,
And brightens as his glances pass
The dew-drop on each blade of grass.
The leaves upon the tree-tops high
Dance gayly 'gainst the bright blue sky,
Where fleecy clouds are backward drawn
Before the roseate ones of morn.

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The waning moon with faded ray
Retires before the orb of day.
With tightened hands and urging strength
We've gained the summit steep at length,
And from its top drink in the scene,
As fair as e'en the poets dream.
Here sparkling in the morning sun
How swift the river seems to run!
How smoothly o'er the dewy grass
The moving clouds their shadows pass!
How blue the sky! how green the trees!
How every object tries to please!
No hint is here of cent per cent,
No lawyers eager on the scent,
No criminal with fearful eye
Escaping from the hue-and-cry
With which man hunts his fellow-man,
Forgetful of the loving plan
The Master came on earth to teach:
"Have loving thoughts each one to each";
But soon with faces homeward turned,
With whirling wheels the ground is spurned,
And down the hill with flying pace
Lead Father Time a breathless race.
Turn, turn, my wheel, as free birds wing,
Thou bearest me like a living thing.
My pulses throb, my heart beats wild,
O'er this the nineteenth century's child.

James D. Dowling, Philadelphia.

A SHADOW LOVE.[1]

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

Author of "Louise and I," "John Ascott's Daughter," etc.

XXII.

"O swallow, swallow,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

"O swallow, swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And chirp and twitter, twenty million loves.

"O swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

"It is very good of you, Wilson, to delay a whole week on Mr. Manning's account, and I assure you he appreciates the kindness."

Wilson had dropped around to the professor's for a quiet conversation, and was about taking his leave.

A week had elapsed since the day of Wellford's call upon his old friend, when he had learned the unwelcome news of Ruth's departure from Paris,—and he was not now in the city.

At first stupefied by the professor's announcement, he had been overcome by feelings of disappointment and vexation. He considered the matter as coolly as the circumstances would admit, and then a sudden determination seized him to accompany Wilson to the United States, if the American would wait for him. Wilson expressed perfect willingness to delay a reasonable time, and the young man at once returned to England to prepare for the journey.

"Oh, don't speak of it, professor," the American replied in answer to the remark

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of the old Frenchman, "his company on the voyage will more than compensate the small inconvenience of the delay; besides, I want to know him better. I took a great dislike to him in Rome, and I fear did him injustice on more than one occasion. It is remarkable, though, how many sterling, good fellows get clear off their centres on the woman-question. And to think of his hunting the girl from Rome to Paris, and finally discovering her to be the sister of an esteemed friend, it certainly is romantic. On the other hand, I always took Hoyt for a shrewd fellow, — fully alive to the interests of "Number One," with very large capitals, — having about as much sentiment in his composition as there is real orthodox piety in mine, and this sudden development of affection of which you have just told me, *I* regard as simply *bosh!* He's so plausible, though, and carries himself with such complete *savoir faire* in all his undertakings, besides having the power to make himself very entertaining in society, there are few women who would not be deceived by him. But, professor, do you think Miss Mayne really cares for his attentions?"

"She has accepted his attentions, surely," the Frenchman replied; "she is sincerity itself, and I think nothing would induce her to marry a man whom she did not love and respect."

"Marry!" Wilson repeated with emphasis.

"I did not tell you," the professor continued, "that Wellford found a letter from Hoyt, on his return home, written *pour prendre congé*, in which he regrets not being able to stop in England on his way home, and states positively that he expects to be married in the spring."

Wilson gave a prolonged whistle.

"And that is why Manning goes to America," he observed, laconically.

The scientist replied evasively.

"He has long desired to visit America, and the care and anxiety attending the sickness and death of his father having rendered it imperative that he take a little rest before plunging into business again, now seems the favorable opportunity. I am glad, Wilson, that you are to be together on the voyage, and I hope you will not wholly lose sight of each other when the voyage is done."

Wilson had arisen to his feet, and remained standing during the professor's remark.

"Must you go?" the Frenchman interrogated, as he stepped to the book-case. "We have been so busily engaged in talking over this matter I have forgotten everything else, even my manners."

"Don't apologize, Gantier, you are politeness itself," the American replied, pouring out a stiff glass of "Agriculture and Geology." "Here's that your benign countenance — six *by nine* — may never lose its blush of unconscious innocence, or your sympathies for the sufferings of mankind — that's me — never suffer a decline. My first act, after returning to Washington, shall be to send you a case of genuine Baker whiskey, if there's any to be had between Seventeenth street and the Capitol. Good-by! I'll come in a moment to-morrow for the last word, and if there's anything I can do for you across the water, on my return, command me."

In a day or two Wilson proceeded to Liverpool, where he found his young English friend awaiting him, and the next day they sailed for the new world.

XXIII.

"What if she be fastened to this fool, . . .
Dare I bid her abide by her word?
Should I love her so well if she
Had given her word to a thing so low?
Shall I love her so well if she
Can break her word were it even for me?
I trust that it is not so."

On her return to New York, Grace decided to take a studio. Being late in the season she was not able to find just what she wanted, but rather than delay indefinitely, she took the best which was offered, locating herself in a building in the neighborhood of Union square.

The edifice had formerly been a church, but, "falling from grace," an army of builders one day invaded its once sacred precincts, and when the noise and dust of labor had subsided, floor rose above floor in long suites of rooms. And here, high above the tumult and bustle of the busy thoroughfares, under the very arches of the frescoed ceiling, their corbels and pendants, and the massive ornaments in stucco still intact, Grace found her studio.

Being much nearer heaven than the pavement of the street, it was a quiet, peaceful place when once the long flights of stairs that reached to it had been climbed, and she anticipated much pleasure in its seclusion. It had but one window — the upper portion of one of the Gothic windows of the former church, a massive mullioned affair coming to the very floor,

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but high enough to give good light with its lower half hidden by dark drapery.

As the visitor entered the room for the first time, and stood facing the window, he might for a moment readily believe himself in a tapestried apartment of some old castle of the middle ages. The wall upon the left, owing to the arched ceiling, was quite high, the light from the window streaming full upon it, while that to the right reached to a lesser height, and was much darker, a massive pendant dropping so low that it formed a kind of alcove at one side. Back in this shadowy recess, and partly hidden by a drapery screen, was dimly visible a divan covered with rich Oriental stuffs, and just above it, swinging at the end of a heavy chain, a Moorish lamp.

To the right of the doorway stood a black, oaken cabinet — one of Grace's European extravagances, and a souvenir of Florence — covered with quaint and costly bric-à-brac gathered in two hemispheres. In a corner of the room upon a round table were strewn in confusion photographs of famous pictures she had seen abroad. Several old-fashioned chairs occupied convenient positions around the room, and a chest of drawers, with brass handles — dragged from some ancestral garret in New England — completed the harmonious yet heterogeneous furnishing of the apartment.

It was a working studio, yet it was unlike any other in the great city, — unpretentious, striking, — just such a studio as a woman of Grace Thorne's individuality would possess.

In the first few weeks of its occupancy she did little else than to look over and arrange her sketches made abroad. Then she opened cases of older sketches, which had been packed away during absence, and a month passed before she really settled herself for work.

She was now thoroughly rested from her journey and her travels; the novelty of being at home after a year's absence had worn off, and full of enthusiasm, a somewhat ambitious undertaking possessed her, which, briefly stated, was to paint a picture for the American Society exhibition, opening in the early spring. For three seasons her canvases had graced the annual show of the "Academy," hung between venerable N. A.'s with "Hudson river" tendencies; or, flanked on the one side by disciples of the modern French, Americanized; or, on the other, by aspiring followers of no particular school; and she was now actually thinking of seeking entrance into the incense-laden, lavender-water atmosphere of the younger society's exhibition rooms, to which, it hath been whispered, high merit, not name or fame, is alone the "open sesame."

In the selection of a subject of her picture she was influenced by her individual feelings to considerable degree, far more than she realized, choosing for illustration a moment when a novice, about to take the vows, and renounce the world, is gazing through an open window upon a beautiful landscape stretching away before her.

It was a subject where might be depicted something of her own thoughts and feelings in her present life. For she had longed to enter the cloister of a career of art; to renounce the world with its insincerity, its vanity, and selfishness, and find supreme joy and happiness in the delights of a better and nobler existence; but the world was bright and fair, and among the few kindly mortals she had met in journeying through it, one, generous, unselfish and sincere, had asked that he might lead her down the flower-strewn pathway of a life of perfect love, her companion, protector, friend.

After fixing the subject well in her mind, and studying over the accessories of the picture for several days, she made a rough sketch of the composition, in charcoal, and then began to think about a model.

She recalled the many faces of the people who had posed for her, before going abroad, but as none of them were in the least like her ideal, it became necessary to seek a model among new faces. George spent a day or two in running around the studios of artist friends making inquiries, and was able to secure quite a list of addresses, and one afternoon the brother and sister met at the studio to make a selection.

"Now begin," said Grace.

She threw herself into a high-backed rocking-chair in an easy pose, and her brother opened his note-book.

"I am afraid you won't learn much from the descriptions, sis, they are so exceedingly vague; however, here is number one on the list: Sarah Towers, No. — East Eighty-ninth street, about 25, decided blonde with a *retroussé* nose, receding chin, and" —

"*No*," Grace interposed, decidedly.

"Kate Mulhany, No. — Eighth avenue. Large face and features, clear complexion, dark hair and eyes" —

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"Go on," the artist again interposed. "I must have a delicate face with some appearance of refinement; it must be interesting, and even pretty wouldn't be a positive objection."

"Then how is this: Guidetta Massoletti, possibly 22, large dreamy eyes, pretty mouth and chin, and dark olive complexion; good portrait model — charges 50 cents an hour."

George paused and looked up.

"Well, you may make a note of the address, George, though I had rather not have Italian features."

George continued, —

"Madelaine de Bourville, No. — Bowery, not over 25, regular features, oval face, fine, well-proportioned figure; an admirable life model. Send postal-card; but don't state business."

Grace shook her head.

"Then here's just the thing: Jenny Mason, No. — West Twentieth street, calls herself 17; interesting face, Grecian nose, small shapely mouth, deep-set, expressive eyes, and fair complexion" —

"There! that is more encouraging," said Grace, with satisfaction, "make a note of the address and see her at once."

"But wait a moment," the young man suggested, as he continued the description — "bleaches her hair and wears it banged."

The girl's expression changed. "Think of a nun with yellow hair, and *banged*," she exclaimed with disappointment. "Shocking! but I won't have a blonde under any consideration."

"Get her a brown wig."

"But her eyes are blue, ar'n't they?" the artist pursued; "dark hair and blue eyes wouldn't do at all."

"That's Hoyt's combination," said George looking up; "he surely thinks himself a beauty. But then, his are a grayish blue, and a cold, gray eye is my detestation. I can almost see the expression of Hoyt's, now, as he passed me on the street, with an unfriendly nod, on my last visit to Boston." Then, returning to his list of models, he continued: "The color of her eyes is not stated; but here is another: Christina Kaufman, Harlem" —

There was a gentle knock upon the door.

"Enter!" the sister called in a musical voice. The door opened softly, and as the handsome features of Doctor Mayne appeared to view, a look of mingled pleasure and surprise came into the girl's face.

"What a charming bird's-nest!" the visitor exclaimed, pausing in the door-way, "but there are far too many steps for you to climb, Grace. How do you do?"

Grace begged the doctor to be seated and motioned to take his hat.

"No, thank you," he said, "for I can only stay a moment. I felt that I must get a glimpse of the studio this afternoon, and see the artist, later, at home, — you will be at home this evening?"

Grace responded affirmatively, and in reply to a question, the doctor stated he had just returned from Washington, where he was examining some recently received collections at the National Museum. Then he added, —

"My coming to New York was quite unexpected, and I must return South immediately." He stepped to the wall upon his left and began examining the pictures. "It is only an aggravation to come here to-day when I can remain but a moment, yet to meet you in your own studio is a pleasure that I have looked forward to for many weeks with most delightful anticipations."

"There is little here that you will care to see, doctor," Grace replied, modestly.

"You will allow me to be the judge, — oh, this is charming!" he exclaimed, rapturously as his eyes fell upon Grace's draft of the composition for her picture. "A mere sketch, I take it, but *very* artistic and so suggestive. What is it, pray?"

Grace smiled as she stepped to the doctor's side, while his eyes still rested upon the sketch.

"Haven't you an idea?" she asked, pleasantly.

"No, truly; but it is very good; the pose of that figure is magnificent. Don't you think so, George?"

George expressed himself with his usual enthusiasm over his sister's work, and the doctor continued, —

"It would make a fine thing in oil. You must try it, and should it prove as successful as the sketch, it would certainly be worthy a place in either Exhibition."

Grace looked down to the drawing and was silent a moment, while she pondered in her mind whether it would be best to say anything about the Exhibition picture until it *was* a success, or, at least, until she had commenced it. Then she felt provoked at herself for being so politic.

The doctor had been studying the expression of her face, and when she looked up from the picture and met his gaze he smiled as he said, —

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"Perhaps I have anticipated you. Is this, then, the beginning of your Exhibition picture?"

"I am not so far along as that," she replied, half apologetically. "I intend to make an oil of the subject, however, and when finished there will be abundant time to think what is best to do with it."

"Well, paint carefully, and with feeling, and the picture will not fail to be a success, for inspiration lurks in every corner of your studio. I was sensible of its art atmosphere the very moment I opened the door."

"Doctor, you are making fun of me," Grace exclaimed, with well-assumed displeasure.

"I assure you I am speaking only the truth, for it is one of the most artistic studios I was ever in." He stepped to the cabinet and, noting several well-worn sketch-books upon a shelf, selected one and opened it. "How this little book carries me back to Paris," he said, with an expression suggesting a perfect halo of sunny memories. "Yes, this is the identical book. Grace, will you grant me a great favor?"

She advanced a step and leaned upon the back of a chair, while she surveyed the doctor wonderingly.

"Why, of course — that is — perhaps so; but you must name it first."

He turned the leaves slowly until he came to the clever caricature of himself which he had discovered upon the occasion of their visit to the Luxembourg gallery. "Won't you give me this little sketch? It cannot be of great value to you, but I should prize it beyond any picture in my possession."

George had opened a color-box, and was amusing himself in sorting the tubes of colors which somehow had become dreadfully mixed.

Grace really wished to give the doctor the picture, as he seemed so anxious to possess it, but she rebelled against the act of giving, for the same reason that she had said so many unkind things to him in past times, and so she stood in hesitation.

"Perhaps I will make a copy of it for you some day," she answered, lightly.

"But a copy never has the freshness and spirit of an original," he responded, almost pleadingly; "beggars should not be choosers, however, — I should dearly prize *anything* of yours, but nothing more than this little souvenir of our first acquaintance in Paris."

Grace saw the disappointed look which came over his features, and, listening to the promptings of a naturally sympathetic nature, she yielded the point at once. "Really, it is but a trifle," she replied. "I should not have acted so ungenerously." Then she called George to assist in removing the leaf.

"Won't you trust me to do it?" the doctor urged; he took out his penknife, and carefully removed the sketch, while George procured a piece of heavy pasteboard, and together they wrapped it up.

Since their return from Europe Grace had seen the doctor but once previous to this visit at the studio, and then he had spent only a part of an evening at her home. Just how far business had influenced his coming to New York upon either occasion, Grace had no means of knowing, though there was a lurking suspicion that she herself was in a measure the motive which had prompted his coming. She remembered that she had treated him rather coolly upon the occasion of the former visit, — that is, she had tried to do so, and had felt sorry for it ever since. But to-day she gave him a warm welcome, and not in words alone, for the expression of her face betrayed how pleased she was to see him, and, noting the change, the doctor gave himself new assurances for the future.

When Wilson called at the professor's to say good-by, on the eve of departure from Paris, the old Frenchman gave him not only messages for "Fred Mayne," but a package which was to be delivered in person, if possible. Reaching New York, private matters detained the American, and it was nearly a week before he was ready to accompany Wellford to Boston.

Upon arrival the young Englishman was impatient to look up the Maynes at once. Wilson, however, was more deliberate, and proposed that he himself should make the first call, and while attending to the professor's commission, acquaint the doctor and his sister of their friend's arrival in Boston, and find out "how the land lay." Wellford readily assented to the proposition, for, after all, it seemed the better way.

The professor had been careful to drop a number of sly hints to Wilson concerning the state of affairs, and the American determined that the interview with Ruth Mayne should result most advantageously for his friend. He was such a thorough man of the world, however, that, while his sympathies were with the Englishman, as long as there had been no positive engage-

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ment between Miss Mayne and Manning, he felt that Hoyt was not to blame for winning the girl's affections if he had done so honorably. It seemed, chiefly, a matter of preference, and, simply stated, a matter of preference for Hoyt rather than Manning. That was Charles Wilson's inner conviction; though a thorough politician as well as man of the world, he was ever ready to act against conviction to advance personal interests or help a friend.

Wilson made up his mind to call in the evening, and in the afternoon while sauntering up Tremont street, was about crossing to the Common, when a familiar form alighted from a street-car and approached the sidewalk.

"Why, Hoyt, how are you?" he exclaimed as they met. "I was hardly expecting to see you to-day of all men." He put out his hand cordially to his old acquaintance, and paused for a reply.

Hoyt touched his fingers coolly as he answered, "Mr. Wilson, I believe?"

"Believe? Thunder and Mars! don't you *know?* Of course its *Mr.* Wilson, though you weren't so devilish particular about the handle in Rome, or in Paris, either."

"When did you return?" Hoyt asked, frigidly, making an effort at politeness, the more marked from its very coldness.

"A week ago or such a matter, — but how well you speak your native tongue, *Mr.* Hoyt, considering your long stay in Par*ee!* I suppose you have not forgotten the Englishman?"

"The *Englishman?*"

"Look here, Hoyt, don't be a dashed fool I beg of you! When we were in Europe I took you for something better. You know perfectly well that I refer to Manning."

"Mr. Manning, oh, certainly. I have not heard from him in a long while. It was a mere travelling acquaintance."

"Oh, it was, eh? Well, *I* didn't care much for him in Rome, but I've had reason to change my opinion since, and I have considerable respect for him now. A sea voyage brings out a companion wonderfully I assure you."

Hoyt had seemed listless and impatient before the last remark, but he now turned sharply round with a look of eager interest.

"A sea voyage!" he repeated. "Is Manning here? What the deuce has brought *him* to America?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Oh, I'm not over anxious in the matter."

"Well, don't tell anybody, for it isn't generally known, but I think a Cunard steamer brought him to America." Hoyt's lips curled scornfully, but before he could reply his tormenter continued, "I think he has come over to look after some *mining* interests, perhaps *under*-mining the world might call it. But what is this report I hear of "an early marriage"? By Jove, Hoyt, but marriage is a good scheme for any man — who has nothing to lose and everything to gain. I congratulate you."

"Mr. Wilson, your remarks are quite offensive," Hoyt replied, angrily, "and as insulting to others as to myself; therefore I shall not remain to hear more of them. *Good*-morning." In another moment he was lost in the crowd.

"The devil take his bare-faced assumption," the ex-clerk muttered inaudibly, when he found himself alone. "Gantier was right after all — the man is nothing more than an adventurer." Then he gritted his teeth and strode on more rapidly. "Oh, ho, my fine fellow! the lion skin is far too small to hide your big asinine ears, and your bray would give you away the blackest night that ever gathered under a starless sky! But I'll take you down a peg yet."

Wellford awaited nightfall with burning impatience. He knew it was better for Wilson to call first, alone, particularly as he was sure of his friend's ability to bring some sort of order out of the chaos of uncertainty regarding the sentiments of the Maynes toward himself. If the doctor still regarded him kindly, and his silence had been due to some slight misunderstanding, Wilson was the man of all persons to learn his true feelings and clear up the mystery. As for Ruth, if he had indeed lost her love, there certainly was no help for it now; but notwithstanding the rumors of her early marriage, there was still a faint hope that she yet remembered him kindly, and that rumor might be in error.

At 8 o'clock Wilson started out to make his call. Wellford had preserved the doctor's address, and his friend had no difficulty in finding the place, but was astonished to learn that both the doctor and his sister were absent from the city. Further inquiry elicited the information that they had gone South, on a winter tour, and would not return before the middle of January.

Wellford felt himself brought up suddenly with a round turn, and in his chagrin

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and bitter disappointment, he accepted the situation most ungraciously.

"Well, there's no help for it!" Wilson exclaimed, when they were by themselves.

He threw himself into the largest chair in the room, and, straightening into a reclining attitude, with his feet toward the coal grate, looked into the fire. Then he put his hand inside of his coat, in the region of his heart, and muttered, —

"Just my cursed luck!"

"But you have done all you could in the matter, and I thank you sincerely for your kindly interest in my" —

Wilson laughed boisterously.

"My dear fellow, I do feel for you, believe me. I was only thinking of my own cursed luck, however, in being entirely out of cigars." He felt in his pockets again. "Yes, it is hard luck, Manning, for it has left you in the precise fix of a government clerk in midsummer, with a discharge, and his 'influence' in Europe." He placed a toothpick between his lips, and, chewing upon the end of an imaginary cigar, in silence, for a few moments, continued: "That reminds me, I'm due in Washington the first of next week. You ought to see something of this great and glorious land, and as you *can't* see the Maynes for the present, it won't be a bad idea to begin at the nation's capital. Congress will soon be in session, the city full of visitors, and the American eagle rampant. What do you say?"

Wellford hesitated, and his friend resumed, —

"You will have an opportunity to meet people from every part of the country, or the world, and I will agree to give you a better insight into the beautiful but complicated machinery of American politics in a week than you could learn in England in a lifetime. And then the streets! Why, Washington is a bicycler's paradise! They weren't doing much with the things when I was living there, but I'll warrant half the Government clerks have got them now, and, doubtless, the President rides his wheel about the White House grounds every morning, to get up an appetite for breakfast." Then he looked into the grate again. "Manning, I've got to have a cigar."

He arose from his chair, touched the bell-button, and, taking off coat and vest, threw himself upon the bed.

"I saw Hoyt upon the street to-day," he continued.

"Ned Hoyt!" Wellford exclaimed in surprise. "Is he in Boston?"

"Yes, d—n him! he's in Boston. Do you know what he's up to?"

Wellford came to the foot of the bed.

"Up to?"

"Look here! If there's any less friendship between yourself and Doctor Mayne than existed when you parted from him in Paris, it's all that infernal whelp's doings. And as for Miss Ruth Mayne" —

"Mr. Wilson, what do you mean?"

"He has simply frozen to the Maynes because they have wealth and position, and because his acquaintance with you gave him opportunities which he could meanly take advantage of; and now that he thinks he is going to marry the doctor's sister, he is putting on more airs than the chief clerk of some petty bureau in a government department. Why, what do you think? he actually tried to snub me this morning, — me, *me!* Godfrey! how I wanted to kick the man!"

There was a knock, and the bell-boy stood waiting at the door. Then Wilson arose and gave his order.

"Bring me half a dozen of those cigars I had last night, — Chimes of *Normandi*, or some other opera *puff*, — and two bottles of ale, — Bass ale, — you'll have ale, won't you, Wellford? — of course you will, and — while you are about it, John, bring me a whiskey straight; — that's all." Then he threw himself back upon the pillows again.

"Where was I? — oh, yes — Hoyt was regularly taken aback when he heard that you were here, — changed his whole tune in ten seconds. I tell you, Manning, as sure as fate, he is going to hear from the opposition. I've a little private axe to grind, and if I can sharpen it on the doctor's grindstone, punish Hoyt, and do you a good turn all at the same time, I shall retire with the consciousness of having performed my whole duty, and with a feeling that virtue is its own reward."

Wilson had put the matter so strongly that the Englishman was thoroughly convinced that Hoyt was a better friend to himself than to anybody else in the wide world, still, Wellford was inclined, at first to excuse, or, in a measure, endeavor to explain his old friend's conduct. They talked until it was quite late, however, and then the American swallowed the last of the ale, lit a fresh cigar, and with a pleasant good-night, retired to his own room.

The next day they departed for Washington.

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XXIV.

"A millstone and the human heart are driven
ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must
themselves be ground."

DURING the first few days of Wellford's stay in Washington he had tried to make the best of the situation, and devoted himself most assiduously to the occupation of sight-seeing.

He had lost himself in the corridors of the Capitol, gazed from its lofty dome far down the broad Potomac, or, across its malarial marshes, upon the red hills of Virginia; he had been led through the "stately" rooms of the White House — those usually shown to visitors — and wondered at their palatial poverty, — or, in mistaken innocence, surveying the placid features of Mrs. Hayes, reflected that Martha Washington was not such a striking woman after all. He had seen fortunes made in an hour — on a government printing press, behind iron lattice work; gazed at the bleached and shattered bones of a nation's heroes — suspended upon brass-wire and labelled; wandered through the National Museum, and sighed for the company of Professor Gantier or Doctor Mayne, to explain its wonders; stared at the huge unfinished monolith by the river-side, and reflected upon the greatness of him

"First in war,
First in peace,
And last to get a monument";

and, finally, had found himself in a bicycle salesroom negotiating for the loan of "a good English mount," with a prospect of securing only a "'hopper," or a standard machine of "some blarsted American manufacture."

Then he took a wider range, and once more firmly seated upon the "pig-skin," rolled through the lovely winding roads or shaded bridle-paths of the Soldiers' Home; climbed the hills to Brightwood, or dreamed away an hour in revery upon the hights above Georgetown, while gazing at the entrancing landscape sweeping away to the southward; the valley of the Potomac, lying between wooded hills; the broad river shimmering in the sunshine like a sleeping lake, — growing darker and more gray as it faded away into the purple distance; or the near city, with its miles of red brick surrounding the white towering land-marks of a nation's growth. And then the mile "coast" back to the smooth pavements again, speeding before the nipping breath of the north-wind.

One afternoon while returning from one of these solitary runs, he encountered a wheelman in dark-blue uniform with nickel buttons, naval cap, and silver cord, whom he at once took to be a clubman. Upon the cap was a badge, a wheel, and monogram; but he was particularly struck by the well-known escutcheon of the "Bicycle Touring Club," and claimed a brother at once.

For Wellford it proved a fortunate meeting, for though his little wheelman friend afterward explained to him, in strict confidence, that he had never been outside of his native land, he was, nevertheless, a very enthusiastic "B.T.C." member, as well as member of the home club, and through him Wellford found a host of friends at once.

Tired of viewing the city for the mere excitement of sight-seeing, — while never forgetting for a single moment the one object of his coming to America, — he was ready to plunge into any excitement which for the time being would serve to kill time, or take his mind from himself and his disappointments. So he gave himself up to his loved sport with a reckless abandon which threw all former experiences of bicycling enthusiasm far into the shade. He found the club at the nation's capital composed of gentlemen in every sense of the word, — sterling good fellows, scientific men, professional men, literateurs, and men of business, besides manly youths whose genial companionship was a pleasure to any sterling fellow of twenty-two, and for days he almost lived in the saddle.

Wilson was delighted that he had found so many new friends, for the American was too busy looking after his promised appointment, and making himself "solid" with the new members of his State "delegation" to give the Englishman much of his society; and he knew nothing could be done concerning the Maynes until time for their return to Boston. Notwithstanding the "bicycle diversion," as Wilson termed it, Wellford counted the days until his return to the eastern city, and many an afternoon of most hilarious sport was followed by an evening of deepest despondency.

The Christmas holidays had now come. The weather had been unusually fine through the fall, and the roads were still in good condition, harder and smoother perhaps than a few weeks earlier when there

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had been one or two light snow-storms. On the 27th there was to be a ten-mile "run" to the famed Cabin John Bridge, — one of the finest arches of cut stone in the world, and a noble monument to engineering skill, — and, as a matter of course, Wellford was invited.

On that very day Charles Wilson received his long looked-for appointment, with orders to report for duty immediately after New Year's. A special agent's commission, with a salary of two thousand five hundred and travelling expenses, was sufficient to put any man of a roving disposition in the best of humor, and he proposed to his friend a quiet New Year's dinner for two, at Wormley's, with all the "fixings."

In the afternoon an early start was made from the club-rooms, about a dozen wheelmen participating. There was the lithe and graceful Captain Jeans, sitting his 56 like a veteran, and beside him Bugler Mocks, his cheery face wreathed in smiles, like frozen sunshine; there was President Leland, — compact as a Yale racer, — just recovered from his "last" tumble, and beside him, on a borrowed English mount, the genial Manning. Then came Kroquil, who writes for the papers, wears his hair long, and rides a 56 that is too small for him; and the "clothes-pin," who rides a star, tells an inimitable story, and is an authority on the mechanism of any bicycle. Following was Molay, the scribe, prim and paternal, and the "widow," guileless as an unpaid bill for back dues; "Tip-con," with English tendencies and build, and the "Cricket" on a $200-'hopper, which caused one to wonder how so little man could get away so rapidly with so much machine. "There was Harry-the-Daisy," — him of the "B.T.C.," fresh as an opening bud of spring-time, and the original and only Rex, who has been known to ride for miles on the top of a Virginia rail-fence, and attempt to run up a telegraph pole to try the wires.

A spin of ten minutes through the crowded thoroughfares of the city, the Rock Creek bridge is crossed, and they are now gliding through the venerable Georgetown, — "head waters of sloop navigation"; eight minutes more they strike into the river road, and a half mile farther on come to a dismount at the foot of Reservoir hill, with its coating of very loose macadam. Reaching the summit, a halt is made for a few moments to give time for the stragglers to come up, and then, mounting, all speed forward again, riding by twos.

The hard, unyielding clay, with its underlying rock bed, is as smooth as a pavement, and, notwithstanding the course is against the north-west wind, good progress is made. At first there is a gentle upward grade, until the summit of the ridge is reached, and then the road winds along for miles as level as a railroad embankment. To the right the landscape rolls away in the umber and rust-red of ploughed ground, with desolate fields of corn-stubble intervening, — the hard, uncongenial soil worn into gullies by the autumn storms; or, a little farther on, there are sparse woodlands, a few tall oaks at long distances apart, seeming to guard the roadway, as in those dark days of '63; and then unbroken fields come into view, the scant herbage, brown and withered, and the blackened stalks of iron-weed or mullein standing gaunt and stiff in the places where they died.

To the left the land falls away abruptly for many hundred feet, rising again more abruptly, and through the wild, wide gorge thus formed creeps the winding Potomac. The Virginia shore is grandly picturesque; there are ragged cliffs and sheer precipices, and the heavily wooded Virginia hills, rising above the surrounding landscape, only make the narrow river, far below, seem more insignificant than it really is. The view is magnificent even in winter; but what must it be when these brown hills and gray woodland slopes are clothed with the tender green and soft purple of the early spring-time; when a thin mist, at morning, hides the muddy murky stream which comes roaring down from the far-off Blue Ridge; and the rocks and crags and rain-washed clay-banks, as they lie in the warm sunlight, put on a thousand rich and pleasing tints; or, when more obscured and hidden, serve to fill in the darker shadows of the picture.

The wheels move briskly on. Another reservoir basin is reached, with tower-like structures of stone rising as landmarks, for the roadway is but the covering to the great aqueduct, bringing down the water-supply of the nation's capital. At no great distance beyond the road swerves sharply to the right, a wooden bridge is crossed, spanning a deep ravine, and then begins another ascent which taxes the energies of the best hill-climbers. The road is smooth and straight now for half a mile, and from the higher elevation the valley of the river strikes one more grandly.

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And now the country to the westward appears a vast unbroken wilderness, ridge lapping ridge as the river winds in and out, until its course is only definable by slightly deeper depressions in the changing landscape. And in the distance, cold and dark, rise the far-off purple peaks of the mountain range.

Then comes the descent of a breakneck hill, bristling with loose macadam, and at its base so generously poulticed with sand that attempting to ride it can be called anything but a pleasurable undertaking.

But it's easy enough, with a little care, —
The hill is steep, you must hold her square,
And ride on your toes, or the "one wheel act,"
Or the ground, may prove a grim, hard fact.

I've done it at last, — that act of grace,
But it's *rather* rough on the hands and face, —
A sickening sensation of rising hair,
And the little wheel wildly floats in air.

Ah, me! what were sunshine without shadow, joy without sorrow, love without heartache, or life without experience! A sometime dream of mingled anticipation and imperfect realization, — then, when the skies are fairest, the shadow falls, and — *hic jacet.*

Two miles of embankment follow, with almost as many curves as a mountain streamlet, and at length the red-stone parapets of the bridge burst upon the view. The hotel is just upon the other side; the bridge is paved with asphalt, and, with the captain's order to ride at ease, there is a magnificent rush of whirling, glinting wheels in a devil-may-care, pell-mell, mad-cap race for the piazza.

Half an hour later when hot sandwiches of fried ham (*à la* "my Maryland") had been washed down with liberal allowances of the Teutonic beverage, the *vin ordinaire* of the average thirsty American nowadays, — an old country farmer, with mule team and rickety Virginia wagon "brought up" at the doorway.

He had turned out to let the wheelmen pass, several miles back upon the road, so he at once became quite talkative. The usual stereotyped questions were asked and answered, the subject of costume came up, and Kroquil, with his usual exuberance of enthusiasm on this subject, declared there was nothing in the way of dress to equal it.

"So natty, so comfortable, and complete!" exclaimed Kroquil.

"Yea-as," drawled the farmer, looking at his own clay-daubed, cowhide boots, and measuring Kroquil from head to foot, while his eyes leered wickedly.

"Everybody should wear them," continued the wheelman, "at least everybody *would* wear them if they only knew how comfortable they were."

"Yea-as, I reckon!" A fiendish grin.

"Oh, but they make a man look so well," pursued Kroquil. "Why, I look fifty per cent. better in uniform than in my other clothes."

"Don't doubt it, mister," another wicked leer; "but how like h— you must look in your other clothes."

Alas, poor Kroquil! he rode home at the tail end of the procession, sat upon, dejected, crushed.

If ever Charles Wilson regretted not being a wheelman it was this afternoon as he paused on the steps of the Treasury to view the little procession of wheels which flitted by, like moving spider-webs, on their way to the Bridge. Wellford caught sight of him, and, waving his hand gracefully, greeted him with a cheery salutation, which the American cordially returned. He watched the wheels until they passed the Art Gallery, and had vanished into the whirl and bustle of the Avenue beyond it, and then, slowly turning about, made his way into the building. The official he had called to see was out of the room for a few moments, and to occupy himself, Wilson took up the morning paper. After glancing at the political news, he was about to throw it aside when the name Mayne struck him familiarly, and he paused to read the local in which it occurred. It was only the brief notice of a meeting of the Biological Society, at the National Museum, on the previous evening, and among the papers read was one by Dr. Frederick Mayne, of Boston.

It was a surprise to Wilson, but he knew now that Wellford's friends were in Washington. He transacted his business as soon as possible, rushed out upon the avenue, and, calling a carriage, was driven at once to the National Museum. He was not successful, however, in finding the doctor; but from one of the *attachés* of the Museum, he obtained his residence address, and drove back to the city. Going around to his hotel he secured the package intrusted to his care by Professor Gantier, and was immediately driven to the number indicated, a residence on K street; but here he

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was again disappointed, as the doctor had not returned since leaving the house in the morning, and upon inquiry for Miss Mayne, he was chagrined to learn that she was spending the afternoon with friends in another part of the city, and was expecting to attend the opera in the evening. He left his card, however, promising to call upon the following day.

But it was a gratification to learn that the Maynes were in the city, and the thought of Wellford's surprise at the good news brought him pleasurable anticipations. He returned to the hotel, and, after obtaining an evening paper, and lighting a cigar, seated himself at a window of the reading-room to await the Englishman's arrival.

It was quite dark when Wellford returned from his bicycle run to Cabin John Bridge. He left his machine at club headquarters, and, hastening to the hotel, found Wilson patiently awaiting him, perfectly enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"So you have had a splendid time, and the Washington boys treated you A No. 1," said he, drawing up another chair. "Just like them, just like them. I am not acquainted with a single man in the company, but I know they are good fellows from principle."

Wellford expressed himself still more enthusiastically, and closed with the announcement that he was actually dying with hunger, and proposed going to dinner at once.

"Yes, I do perceive a kind of wolfish expression in your eyes, now that you mention it," Wilson continued, "and Washington *is* noted for hungry people, particularly office-seekers, but — yes, let us go into dinner by all means, for I've grown suddenly hungry myself."

It was Wilson's intention to tell Wellford of the presence in the city of Dr. Mayne and his sister as soon as he returned, but the Englishman's sentiments were so ravenously dinnerward after his twenty-mile ride, he coolly kept it in reserve, and talked of everything else under the sun, while his companion went through five or six courses, with three kinds of dessert, and sent for a second cup of French coffee.

After dinner they walked into the lobby together, and the American was on the point of relating his afternoon experiences, and informing Wellford of the glad surprise which awaited him, when, glancing toward the news-stand, an illuminated opera poster attracted his attention, and he paused. In another moment he stepped to the counter, purchased tickets, and, without a word as to the presence of the Bostonians in the city, invited Wellford to accompany him to the performance.

Wilson could not himself have told why he changed his mind so suddenly had he ventured to do so, and he did not explain to Wellford why he left his seat between all the acts, and stared so hard at people on his way to the rear of the auditorium, for he certainly did not cross the threshold of the lobby once for mixed candies or gum-drops.

But when the opera was over, and himself and Wellford had reached the sidewalk, he felt he was paid for coming, as he glanced up quickly, just in time to perceive a carriage door closing upon a gentleman and lady, whose faces, 'neath the bright electric light, were very plainly seen and very familiar.

The lady's features were unmistakable, notwithstanding Wilson knew them only as they appeared upon a splendid photograph, — and her escort was George Thorne.

(To be continued.)

THE WHEEL OF LIFE.

I.

Flying wheel,
Clod of clay,
Senses reel —
'Lackaday!

II.

Thus in life:
Vain our trust —
Ends the strife
In the dust.

Arthur Penfield.

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HEALTH AS A PULPIT FORCE.

A LITERARY celebrity, whose name has temporarily escaped the writer, has said that the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal. That saying would doubtless have been approved as a faithful one in the groves of the Cephissus, for Greek art made bodily health the very pedestal of spiritual beauty. A blow from the fist of the Venus of Milo, ineffably fair and spiritual as she is, could not be lightly esteemed. While the heads of the caryatids on the Arcopolis show perfect feminine refinement, they hold up the marble beams of the Erechtheum's entablature as steadily, as unweariedly, to-day, as when long ago Paul waved his hand toward them from Mars Hill. Would the yellow tinge of some antique statue of Jupiter give any eye a suggestion of jaundice? Would the wrinkles across the brow bring to any observer's mind the thought of malaria or dyspepsia? Nay, verily. The Greek thought a well, strong body a good enough house for a god to dwell in.

Now, what Phidias demanded for that higher realm above the roofs of Athens, modern society requires for the intellectual life, that acropolis among human employments, that is to say, perfect physical development. We know that the more delicate and accurate the work which the astronomical observatory calls for, the more massive and complete must the foundations of the building be. In like manner, it is getting to be understood that the best intellectual work is done by the men who have the best physical under-pinning for their brains. Bismarck's diplomacy and Bismarck's noble physique must be thought of together. Gladstone's ax at Hawarden, it might be said, had something to do with the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the late wonderful Midlothian campaign. Wellington, gazing one day at the rough and tumble exercises of the boys at Eton, was heard to say, "It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won!"

But the pulpit, not less than the senate, the field, the bench, the counting-room, calls for rugged health. The composition and delivery of good sermons exacts the severest brain-work; the burden of pastoral care, especially in revival seasons, bespeaks a nervous system tough as steel. So vulgar a matter as digestion is often as closely related to ministerial success as the vulgar granite in the piers of the East River bridge, emerging from the muddy tide, is related to the gossamer web of steel hanging mid-heaven. The secret is abroad; official boards grow more shy every year of the pale-faced minister. The names of the most eminent divines of other denominations, such as Spurgeon, Parker, Farrar, John Hall, Phillips Brooks, W. M. Taylor, Beecher, Storrs, suggest men who could hold the plough-handles of Cincinnatus, or, at Achilles side, chase Hector three times round the walls of Troy. Our own itinerants of other days, too, had keen appetites, good circulation, and knew next to nothing about biliousness or malaria. We are frequently told that there was fire in their preaching; but who will deny that a large part of the fuel came from the oxygen they breathed in from their long horse-back rides? They had astonishing powers of endurance for the labors and excitements of week-day preaching of protracted revivals and great camp-meetings; but who does not understand that these sons of Anak drew their strength largely from their so-called "exposures" to sun and wind, and their hard exercise in the saddle?

Religious weeklies are, therefore, seldom doing a holier work than when addressing exhortations to their ministerial readers on the subject of bodily exercise. One of the most famous and useful men in the Methodist pulpit east of the Alleghanies came last autumn to the very brink of physical bankruptcy because of his habitual neglect of the clayey tenement. A well-known New York editor, a frail and somewhat consumptive-looking man, recently said that the chief secret of his passage through an appalling amount of brain-work last year was the habit he has of taking a walk in the open air on the appearance of the first symptom of cerebral weariness.

While revolving this problem of ministerial exercise, at the beginning of last summer, my eyes lighted upon an editorial notice of Dr. Edwards' bicycle tour in Europe. I asked myself, if the Trosachs can be visited on the steel horse, why not the Berkshire hills? Investigation led to the purchase of an imported English machine. A fortnight's

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practice, an hour each day, on Brooklyn pavements and in Prospect Park, brought increasing delight, complete mastery of the new steed, the August vacation, and the beginning of a definite tour. The swift "Mary Powell" landed me at Rondout, and thence along the eastern shore of the river to Hudson and Albany, and thence to Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester, Boston, and Hamilton Campground, a distance of two hundred and seventy-two miles; "the wheel" was my only conveyance.

I had been acquainted before this with some exceptional methods of locomotion, and had taken a few rare excursions; I had been hoisted by water-power out of the gulf at Niagara; had felt a train inside a mountain tunnel, near Pistoja, playing at "snap the whip"; had known the thrill of a *glissade* astride an alpenstock down the icy Breithorn; had leaped, as with the strides of a giant, from top to bottom of Vesuvius' ashy cone; had glided on the back of a blooded donkey, over whose speed I had no control, through the crowded bazaars of Cairo; had run a horseback race with a clerical friend near ancient Jericho; had carried a knapsack through many a sweet Swiss valley; but the skimming of the bicycle, with noiseless foot, Camilla fashion, past the rich farms of Dutchess county; the graceful and rapid descent of the rubber hoof from the summit of Pittsfield mountain into the streets of the fair town of the same name, six miles distant; the first sight of the majestic Connecticut, at Springfield, when every sense was alive with the glow of exercise; the tireless flight along the banks of the Chicopee, staid and grave river, like the English Avon, hushing all its merriment as it approaches Shakespeare's resting-place; the joyous run through the Judea-like hill country west of Worcester, and over the magnificent roads of Middlesex county, till the gilded dome of Boston State House burned on the horizon, were experiences decidedly novel and refreshing.

A year's subsequent use of the new vehicle has confirmed my first impressions as to its practical value for preacher and pastor. It is no longer a whimsicality, but has become an established and sober factor in the round of professional work. My cyclometer shows that I have traversed during the year a distance of one thousand four hundred miles. On many a bracing morning have I glided forth, with the poise aud buoyancy of a bird, into oxygen and sunshine, and returned to breakfast from a nine-mile ride, in a state of physical exaltation which is to the body what prayer is to the soul. Many a perfunctory Saturday afternoon's walk for walking's sake, that seldom took me beyond the limits of brick and mortar, has latterly become an airy flight into the silence of country roads and the pageantry and pomp of suburban forests. On many an ordinary afternoon, crowded with pastoral engagements, has my ten-mile pace made practicable visits, otherwise wholly impracticable, to the bedside of distant invalid members. My steed of steel, though at the outset somewhat expensive, never neighs for provender, has rarely sent me sprawling on the ground, as John Wesley's horse once sent Adam Clarke, with a miscellany of exegetical works flying in all directions, and, best of all, has not a little augmented that "natural force" which the Scriptures speak of admiringly when alluding to Moses, and which, as every body knows, is subtly but vitally related to pulpit force.

Rev. Marcus D. Buell.

TRAILING-ARBUTUS.

BY "MINIMUM."

CHAPTER I.

"I HAVE a letter from Mildred Linthrop," said Mrs. Exton at dinner one October evening to Mr. Exton sipping his coffee in abstracted silence.

"Mildred? What does she say?"

"She is coming to see us. I wrote and asked her again last week."

"When is she coming?"

"I have her letter here somewhere." Mrs. Exton's hand went down into her pocket and came out again with a little gray envelope slightly crumpled.

"It is too bad to wrinkle Mildred's envelope. It is such a pretty one. She always uses the same kind, satin paper, too."

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"Excellent taste," said Mr. Exton.

"That is characteristic of your family, my dear."

"That is why I chose you."

"*Und ich auch*," said Mrs. Exton. "I suppose I must brush up my languages, now Mildred is coming."

"Yes, and your natural history, and music, psychology, and mathematics."

"Mildred can't endure mathematics."

"I am sincerely glad to hear it. What does she say?"

Mrs. Exton opened the dainty envelope and read the letter: —

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 1.

DEAR COUSIN JENNIE: — You are very kind, indeed, to ask me again for a long visit this winter, and I thank Cousin Fred very much for seconding your invitation so heartily. I have always wished to visit Chicago, and since Cousin Fred went out to manage the *Nonpareil*, my wish has been a-longing. Fortunately, your letter came just in time, for mother is obliged to go and spend some months with Aunt Hannah, in Portland, and father has decided to go to New York to visit brother Ernest during her absence. I don't at all like New York, and didn't wish to go there with father, while mother would not consent to my going to Portland, for Aunt Hannah is old, and ill, and nervous, as you know, and mother thinks I need recreation after my long course of study in the Conservatory. So you see your invitation comes just at the best possible moment, and I accept it with many thanks and a good deal of anticipation. I mean to bring some of my books, and we will do a great deal of studying, won't we, Cousin Jennie? And you won't mind my practising a great deal, will you? I fear you will think I do not express my thanks warmly enough for all the affection in your letter. I return it, I assure you, and shall be very glad to meet you. I send a kiss to each of the children, and my kindest regards to Cousin Fred. As you tell me to come as soon as I can, and as our family will be quite broken up next week, I will leave home on Wednesday afternoon, arriving in Chicago Friday morning. Pray do not trouble yourselves to meet me. I know your address, of course, and can easily get my small trunk and myself carried from the station to your house.

Always yours sincerely,

MILDRED LINTHROP.

"Isn't she thoughtful!"

"Yes. Why, Fred, I remember when we were at their house on our wedding journey how she looked out for my comfort in so many little ways. She wasn't more than ten or twelve years old then, but she was always running to ask me to let her help me do something or other. Such lovely eyes as she has! — do you remember? The photographs we have had of her lately show her to be a rather delicate girl. Study, indeed! I mean to bring her out, and show off her music. Where is my calling-book? I shall look it up after dinner, and — say, Fred, let us give her a party. Sweet, pansy-eyed thing! I'll ask Kitty Jones and Rella Belcam. Beauties! Not one of them can hold a candle to Mildred."

"But Mildred isn't a beauty, Jennie."

"No-o; perhaps not; but so-so *spirituelle*, you know. I always think of a flower when I think of her. She isn't exactly like a pansy, though her eyes are such a perfect purple-gray; and she isn't like a violet or a rose" —

"Trailing-arbutus," suggested Mr. Exton.

"What a dear you are, Fred!" Mrs. Exton regarded her spouse with admiration. "That is just it, and I mean to carry it out. Please give me fifteen dollars."

"Next pay-day," said the salaried man. "What has my being a dear to do with filthy lucre and trailing-arbutus? I don't see the connection as I ought."

"Why, Mildred is like it. I never saw much of it; but I know it and its associations just as well as if I had been born and bred next door to your old home down there."

"It used to grow in the back-hill pasture?"

"Yes, and down under the big oak in the little valley below the spring. How thick the mosses are on the rocks! And do you remember the lichens on the old rail-fence on the other side of the barn? I thought I never had seen such fairy-like growths in my life. I have some of them now, Fred."

"Yes?"

"Yes; pressed with some blades of grass from Bunker Hill, and some of the trailing-arbutus from that spring-valley in a little box, and a pebble from Lake George, and some elm leaves from the White Mountains."

"Is the box pressed, and the pebble, too?"

"Don't, Fred! Do you remember that morning when you first took me down in the grove to the funny old school-house where you used to go to school when you were a boy?"

"Don't I, though! You acted like an angel that day, Jennie."

"Did I? What did I do?"

"Oh, you kissed my old desk, and saved a splinter of it, and said" —

"Never mind, Mr. Exton, don't repeat what I said." Mrs. Exton folded up her napkin, and touched the bell for the servant. "I was on my wedding journey,

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Mr. Exton, and you were on your wedding journey, and we were both on our wedding journey. It won't do to repeat what I said. We were about as foolishly in love with each other as two sane human beings often are in this world of sin."

"Foolishly?"

"Well, let's call it so."

The husband rose as his wife did, and put his arm around her as they turned to walk into the library. They stopped before the bright fire burning in the grate, and looked at each other for a little while. Then they kissed each other.

Mr. Exton sat down in his big chair, and stretched out his legs comfortably to the fire.

"I say, Jennie," — to the tall lady leaning against the mantle.

"Well, my dear."

"What are you going to buy fifteen dollars' worth of trailing-arbutus for?"

"I forgot that. You got so sentimental at the mere mention of the blossom."

"I sentimental! Nobody would believe that if you should tell it, so I shan't caution you to secrecy. Explain, madam."

"Why, I want to get new toilet things, and a new spread for Mildred's bed with arbutus blossoms on it, and a curtain for her window, and — I think I'll have some on a screen for this fire, too. Winter will be here before we know it, and you know you like a screen, don't you, Fritz?"

"I am devoted to screens. Will Monday do for the money?"

"Let me see. She is coming Friday. Monday. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Yes, Monday will do. But, Fred, it doesn't seem right to let her come from the station alone."

"We can't very well help it, Jennie. She looks out for that, and doesn't tell us what road she is coming on."

"That is so. What a thoughtful girl she is! Only I should have liked going to meet her. She ought not to have thought I should feel it a trouble."

"Isn't there time to write?"

"Not and get a reply. And it wouldn't do any good. I know Mildred better than you do, though it is mostly through letters. She is very 'set in her way,' as your Aunt Hannah used to say about Mildred's mother."

"Do you remember when we were in Portland that time"—

Mrs. Exton shook her finger at her husband.

"Don't reminisce any more, Fred. I do remember all about that spring-time in all its details, but if I get started I shall never get to those blessed children, and I must go and see them again before you go to the office."

"Isn't June almost old enough to be invited in here after dinner?" asked the father of Frederick Exton, junior.

"No, not till next year, Fred. You said I must train him, and I'm trying to. Besides, I want to see you a little in the only minute I have you here, and the children" —

"Poor things are banished from the paternal influence! Let's go up-stairs, Jennie."

So they went up as usual to frolic with their three laughing little ones till their bedtime and papa's office-hour came. The managing editor of the *Morning Nonpareil* went down town to wrestle with a powerful political article, glance over proofs of all the paper, and dictate columns full of other work, thinking between whiles of a fragrance half-forgotten coming like a rich breath of spring-time into his busy autumn midnight.

A tall, fair-faced lady, half drowsing before her library fire, with her calling-list in her hand, smiled as she traced a flower-name sweet with prophecies of a coming New England maiden, shy and lovely, and fair, — "trailing-arbutus."

II.

"I AM afraid you have idealized me, Cousin Jennie," said Mildred, standing in the middle of the pretty room Mrs. Exton had set apart for her, and listening to Mrs. Exton's enthusiasms with a bright face, as she folded up her gloves and turned the sleeves of her travelling jacket. "It is nice of you, though, to say such pretty things. Mother and father send you their kindest remembrances."

"Thanks. Fred scolded me for not going to all the trains this morning to meet you, though he was quite cool about your coming alone when I read your letter to him."

"And didn't he tell you, after all?"

"Tell what?"

Mildred showed a faint agitation as she put down her hat on the dressing-case. "There was a dreadful accident on the train just ahead of ours," she said. "It was a fearful thing, and it delayed our train. We saw some of the bodies."

"Oh, my poor dear, how dreadful for

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you! That is why Fred was so nervous this morning. It must have been in the newspaper telegrams last night. He didn't tell me, fearing to frighten me."

"Yes, I think I had better go down and tell him that I am safe. It was careless of me not to have the cabman drive there on the way over here."

"But, Mildred, you are too tired. I will send."

"I am not tired at all; truly I am not; and I don't think it would be convenient for you to send at this hour of the forenoon."

"But Fred is home at dinner-time."

"What time?"

"Five o'clock."

"And it is eleven, now. I think you must let me go, Jennie, please. You can direct me to the street cars. I shall not be gone long. Then we can commence our visiting with easy consciences."

"Well, if you will, you will, Trailing-arbutus. I didn't know you were such a wilful flower. Have you any choice between the State street and the Clark street cars?"

Mildred smiled. "State street sounds more like Boston," she said.

Mrs. Exton cried, "I'm charmed. On State street you shall go, then. I wish I could go with you; take the first car you see. Get off at Lake street, go three blocks south, and turn to your right."

"I shall know the *Nonpareil* building when I see it," said Miss Linthrop, "Fred sent me a picture of it last year."

She put on her quaint gray straw hat with its simple feather, and buttoned her dark jacket up to the throat, fitting her neat gloves smoothly, and started on her little journey, looking as fresh as if she had not been travelling for over thirty hours. A car did not appear when she turned from Huron street into State street, and she walked on and on, enjoying the clear October air and brilliant sunshine. She looked up at the blue sky with a feeling of exhilaration and a sort of delight in her new surroundings; environings she would have called them, quoting out of Joseph Cook's Monday lectures, had she been talking about the brick flats and occasional English stone basements, bad sidewalks, rough street, and vivifying air about her.

But Miss Linthrop was not in a psychological frame of mind. She had a duty to perform, and walked briskly along in enjoyment of it till she came to the State-street bridge. Then she stopped in amazement and gazed; for this structure was going through one of those gyrations so familiar to denizens of the North and West Sides, but quite unlooked for in Miss Linthrop's experience. If she had been in a reflective state of mind, she might have philosophized on the calm expectancy visible on the countenances of the dozen or twenty people standing dangerously near the jumping-off place, where the street broke off abruptly at the river embankment. She did notice their nearness, and went up somewhat too closely herself in a sort of simulation of use and custom. If it were the fashion in Chicago to hang over embankments while bridges performed circus feats, Miss Linthrop had an undefined idea that she should like to keep up with the rush of Western progress. She was standing thus on this projecting bit of sidewalk, peeping down into the dirty gray-green water with a thought of her favorite stream, the Charles, in her mind, when the bridge creaked viciously in its usual manner, the waiting drivers on each side of the stream began straightening up in their places, their horses pricked up their ears, the stern of the last of the line of lake-going steamers dragged itself eastward, and a rush of air and a grating of wooden pavements, in a sort of welcoming embrace, started life flowing on in its usual channels.

Miss Linthrop had waited for her first bridge-turning.

She walked slowly on the bridge, interested in the little torrent of existence hurrying north and south. Before she had half crossed, she stopped short, returning in a sort of well-bred surprise the cordial greeting of a tall, handsome man with a gay, somewhat boyish face, a pair of splendid dark eyes, a faultless travelling suit, who was saying in a good baritone voice, —

"I hope you are well? You were not so frightened by the accident that it made you ill? Most young ladies are ill after accidents."

"Thank you, I am quite well." Mildred gave him the tips of her slender-gloved fingers, since he held out his hand so persistently.

"Is your charge safe?" she asked.

"Yes, thanks; I have seen the poor thing safe with her aunt, who cried over her in a great way, for I was forced to tell her that" —

"About the poor mother being killed." Mildred's great pansy eyes looked up into

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the dark ones. "It was very kind of you to look after the little girl."

"Not at all; but you? Have you not found your friends yet?"

"Yes, thank you," said Mildred with swift reserve, remembering that after all this was only the acquaintance of an hour, though that hour had been the one of the dreadful accident, — one of those hours when sympathetic human hearts throw off conventional ways and act out their impulses of selfishness or wide and tender generosity. Although the handsome stranger had shown himself gentler than many women, helpful and kindly in caring for the child orphaned by the railway accident, Mildred remembered that after all he was a stranger, and that there are rules and regulations in well-governed society. "Yes, thank you," said she, "I have found my friends. Shall I bid you good-morning?" and with a sweet but icy little bow she walked on and off the bridge.

Mr. Burke Leighton walked on in his own way very slowly, and with a smile of incredulity upon his lips. He stopped short at the north end of the bridge, communed with himself momentarily, turned as if to follow Miss Linthrop; then in a better instinct walked rapidly on into Rush street, opening the door of a spacious house, and admitting himself to a fine suite of bachelor apartments where he was welcomed by a negro servant, who proceeded to open his luggage and make him comfortable with an air of ownership in him.

III.

Mr. and Mrs. Exton, the three juvenile Extons, and Miss Linthrop, sat at breakfast, enjoying their coffee and muffins, the head of the house reading his paper by snatches.

"Burke Leighton has come home from Europe," said he, reading the local personals.

"Oh, has he? How long has he been gone?"

"It must be a year or two," said Mr. Exton.

"Quite two years, I'm sure. And he has kept his place in readiness for his return any time. Rella Belcam always knows everything about him, and she says that his landlady hasn't known when to expect him for the last six months. I wonder if he has spent all his money."

"Little danger of that. There's a chance for you, Mildred."

"Yes?" said Miss Linthrop, indifferently.

"Yes." Mrs. Exton took up the subject with interest. "He is handsome and very rich, and gay, and musical. You ought to meet him."

"I've no desire to know a musical society man," said Miss Linthrop, with a decided accent of contempt.

"But he is more than that. He is a rushing business man, and made all his money himself. He can't be over thirty, and he is very accomplished, too."

"A sort of princely pork-packer?" asked the New England patrician. Mr. Exton laughed.

"That is 'our family,'" said he. "Good, my dear Trailing-arbutus."

Mildred's face flushed a faint pink at the flowery name. "Jennie and you will spoil me, Fred," said she, affectionately.

"Not at all, my dear. We are so glad to have you here." Mrs. Exton passed the sugar-bowl to her cousin.

"See here," said Mr. Exton, presently, still scanning the local columns of his paper, "here is something more about Leighton. Listen: 'Mr. Burke Leighton proved himself a hero in the Ohio railway accident Thursday night. He was on the train following the fated one, and is said to have worked indefatigably in caring for the wounded and dying. A friend, who went to the station to meet him, was surprised to see the returned European carrying a ragged little girl whose mother was killed by the accident. He took the child, who was a Scandinavian named Oleson, to its relatives on Van Buren street. In a subsequent interview with the child's aunt she said to a *Nonpareil* reporter that Mr. Leighton gave her $50 for the child. This is but another example of the well-known liberality of this distinguished young man."

"A pretty good send-off for Leighton," said Mr. Exton, laughing. "He'll have every charity subscription agent in town after him. It is lucky they didn't print his address."

"Does he live on the North Side?" asked Mildred.

"Yes; on Rush street. Did you think of going around with a missionary list?"

"No; but is Mr. Leighton tall? Are his eyes black? Has he a very delightful smile?"

"Why, Mildred knows him!" cried Mrs. Exton.

"Under very favorable circumstances," said Mildred, and she told quite simply

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and fully the history of her two meetings with Leighton.

"How nice!" cried Mrs. Exton. "But how could you walk off and leave him, dear? I should have stood on the bridge and talked with him for an hour if I had been in your place."

"And I should have come and thrown him into the romantic waters below," said Mr. Exton. "Leighton's eyes are too fine for you to" —

A warning glance toward the children by Mrs. Exton checked her husband's speech.

"Mr. Leighton took me to the South Park in his little buggy, and bought me twenty-five cents worth of cookies to feed the swans," said June. "Will he take me again, and Elva, and baby, too?"

"We must give a party at once," said Mrs. Exton, "and let these people meet once more."

"You might ask Leighton to dinner Saturday night," suggested Mr. Exton. "That is the best time, for I can spend the evening afterward with him."

"But, Fred," — Mrs. Exton looked perplexed and amused, — "I don't really know Mr. Leighton well enough for that. I have met him very few times, and he never has called here except on New Years' days, and that once after your little birthday party."

"Well, I'll ask him," said Mr. Exton; "I know him well enough professionally to make a few advances socially."

"Fred! Jennie!" cried Mildred, "it sounds as if you were planning to put me into an absurd position! Please don't!"

"Don't what? How an absurd position? We have a right to plan to ask our friends to our house without your getting into such a conscious state about it, haven't we?" asked Mrs. Exton, with mock severity.

"Saturday is to-morrow," said Mildred.

"Rather too soon after his home-coming, don't you think so, Jennie?"

"We-ell, yes."

"I'll see him some day soon and ask him informally. I want to hear him talk about his travels."

"We'd better put it off till after the party," said the lady of the house, diplomatically.

"That party! When is it to be? How much is it going to cost?"

"We won't ask more than a hundred people. I want Mildred to play. We'll only have a little dancing and lots of conversation and culture. Shall you like it, dear?"

"Yes, I think I shall very much," said Miss Linthrop. "I have been at very few dancing-parties, you know, Jennie, and I'm afraid I have no dress suitable. What must I wear?"

"White. Have you a white dress?"

"Yes, an old cream brocade of Aunt Hannah's made over with" —

"That will be perfectly lovely! Has it a full skirt?"

"Yes, with a round tablier, and" —

"Do you want to take Mildred to the matinée to-morrow afternoon?" asked Mr. Exton, interrupting the bewildering intricacy of the feminine conversation.

"Yes, thanks, dear; what is playing?"

Mr. Exton named the plays of the week.

"I — I think I would rather not see that," said Mildred, as Mrs. Exton chose a gay spectacular at the Grand.

"It's splendid!" said Mrs. Exton.

"May I go, too?" asked June.

"May he, papa?"

"Yes, if mamma says so."

Mildred remained quiet.

"See here, little Puritan, don't look like that," said her cousin. "There isn't the slightest harm in the play, else we wouldn't let June go, would we?"

"Do you go to plays with harms in them?" asked the youngster. "Are there any in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and 'Olivette'?"

"You see how high is the class of drama which Mr. Exton, junior, patronizes," said the father. "Tell Mildred what else you have seen."

"Oh, the circus!" said June with unction.

"And the ellepant," chimed in Elva. "And pop-corn and peanuts! Mamma got us a whole lapful."

"Go on, go on, my love," — Mrs. Exton was laughing and blushing; but Mr. Exton was relentless. "Go on. Reveal your mother's true dramatic taste. Where else did mamma take you, Elva?"

"To see Tom Sumb. And the little lady tooked the money."

"And the midgets," added June, "and Hermann. Oh, Cousin Mildred, you just ought to see Hermann. He pulls money out of the air and swallows things, and takes everything out of his hat, and cuts it all up, only it was papa's, and when he got it back it wasn't torn a bit."

"Oh!" said the paternal voice; but Mildred was pointing the finger of shame

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at her cousin, and his wife was clapping her hands in fun.

"Where else did papa take you, my dear?" she said, insinuatingly.

"To the minstrels!" said June in a tone of rapture, "Oh, dem golden slippings!"

Mildred was laughing merrily.

"There is a great advantage in belonging to a newspaper," said she. "It gives one the *entrée* to such a charming and elevating circle of performances. I must improve my opportunities. Let us go to the Grand to-morrow."

"And I'll take you both to a wild Shakesperean tragedy of some sort next week, — any evening you like. I used to think as you do when I lived in Boston; but I'm learning to believe that a certain amount of reasonable 'distraction,' as the French say, is as good for one as a head filled forever with logarithms and premises."

"All due to my influence," said Mrs. Jennie, complacently.

"And pop-corn," giggled Elva over her cup of milk, "and a funny little man that rode on a horse, and made big somersaults on the ellepant."

IV.

MILDRED stood beside Mrs. Exton in her parlor doorway, meeting the evening's guests as they entered on the night of the party, looking fair and sweet in her picturesque old brocade gown, with no ornaments but a string of gold beads around her slender neck, and a bunch of pansies at her belt.

She was captivated by Miss Rella Belcam, — a lively young lady who chattered of beaux and pictures, pianos and flirtations, in an apparent mixture of sincerity and frivolity which Mildred found difficult to analyze.

"I hope your cousin has asked Mr. Burke Leighton," said Miss Belcam, standing near Mildred. "He is the loveliest man in the world, and he thinks I am" — she nodded her head confidentially. "He called on me the other day, the first call he made on coming home from Europe, and we did have the most delicious time. Mamma and I saw him in Switzerland when we were over last year, and he was so devoted. Oughtn't to speak of it, ought I? Hush! here he comes!"

Miss Belcam assumed a sudden demureness, and played with her fan. Mildred's delicate cheek flushed as she met Mr. Leighton's brilliant dark glance.

There was recognition in his eyes, but none in his well-bred voice, as he murmured his pleasure at meeting "my cousin, Miss Linthrop."

"I am glad to see you again, Mr. Leighton," said Mildred, directly. "You remember my telling you of meeting Mr. Leighton, Jennie?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Exton. "Miss Linthrop gave you quite a character for benevolence."

"And general goodness," added Mr. Exton, coming over to speak to his guest. "Have you been cultivating extra virtues across the water? We are glad to have you back, Leighton," with a hand-shake.

"But it wasn't I who wrote up your kindness 'to the little girl who was a Scandinavian, by name Oleson, with relatives living on Van Buren street.'"

Leighton laughed a little.

"That is Western newspaper enterprise, Miss Linthrop," said Leighton. "One gets used to it here. It makes a man feel comfortable to read such nice things about himself."

"I should think it would make you feel very uncomfortable," said Mildred, "and I don't think I like Western newspaper enterprise."

"Have you experienced it yet?"

"Yes; I met a reporter of Mr. Exton's paper at his office, one day, and next morning I read in the *Nonpareil* that 'the talented Miss Linthrop, a recent graduate of the Boston Conservatory, is spending the winter with friends on the North Side.' Now, isn't that absurd? Winter isn't here, and my stay is quite indefinite."

"But you don't state any objections to the rest of the paragraph."

"Well," — and Mildred colored up to her temples. She did not like being laughed at.

"What did you do with that paragraph?" went on Mr. Leighton, mischievously.

"I cut it out and sent it to my mother," said Mildred, bravely, after an instant's hesitation.

"Of course you did; and marked half a dozen other papers and sent them to your most intimate friends."

"No. Certainly not."

"That would not be like Miss Linthrop, I fancy," said Miss Belcam, who drifted into the group as Mrs. Exton turned to welcome new guests.

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"I want to hear this talent. You will play by and by, Miss Linthrop?"

"Yes. My cousin has asked me to do so."

Mr. Leighton looked at Mildred inquiringly.

"You are sure your throat isn't in a shockingly hoarse state?" he asked.

"No," said Mildred, unsympathetically shutting out the invading spirit by a sudden barrier of courteous reserve.

But Leighton was more amused than abashed.

"You haven't forgotten your notes, really?" quizzingly.

Mildred pointed to a pile of music on the rack near at hand, and bowed her interlocutor a little dismissal, as she turned to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Whopeple, of Paine avenue.

"Ingénne, n'est-ce pas?" said Miss Belcam.

Mr. Leighton shrugged his shoulders a little, and offered the young lady his arm.

"Will you come into the library? I want to hear all about your recent conquests."

"My latest is Miss Linthrop," she said. "It isn't often girls like me, but she does, I know. She looks at me like a sighing swain."

"I wish I could say as much."

Miss Belcam looked anxiously at the gentleman.

"The attraction is all on your side, then?" she asked, lightly.

"I fear so. Miss Linthrop doesn't seem to approve of me."

"With all your charms? How can she be so hard-hearted?"

Miss Belcam's voice was conventionally correct; any one would have called her words the most gossamer of nonsense; but Leighton was conscious of a faint trembling of the hand on his arm. They were in the quiet library now, and he looked into the young lady's face. The agitation of the hand was unreflected in the calm, smiling lips.

"You are getting awfully pretty, Rella," said Mr. Leighton.

"So people say," said the young lady.

"I noticed it last year in Switzerland. American girls are very much prettier than foreign ones, anyway," he added in a glittering generality.

"And I'm particularly so — to you?"

"To me," Mr. Leighton acquiesced, sentimentally, "you are sweeter than ever, Rella."

"Miss Belcam, please."

"Why?" — leaning over the graceful tulle-clad maiden. "Why Miss Belcam? It was always 'Rella' in the old days."

"What 'old days,' sir?" She shook a rosebud from her bosom at him. "I am not so ancient that you can speak to me in such an an antediluvian fashion."

"You must be twenty-five, Rella?"

"Impertinent man! I am twenty-six. I shall be twenty-seven next year. Three years later I shall be thirty. Do you know how old Miss Linthrop is?"

"Dear me, no; how should I? She wouldn't be as frank about it as you are."

"Oh, I am confiding in you, you see. I don't expect you to tell all our world. And above all things don't let Mr. Exton know. He will put it in the *Nonpareil* when my marriage license is taken out."

"Are you going to get married, Rella?"

"I may if I get a good chance."

"What would you consider a good chance?"

"Oh, why, well"— Miss Belcam put up her fan playfully.

"Am *I* a good chance, mademoiselle?"

"Tolerable, tolerable, monsieur. What is your income?"

"Sixty million. Don't let us make settlements to-night, je vous prie."

"Come here, Mr. Mellow." Miss Belcam beckoned to one of her admirers hovering about the library door. "Come and rescue me from this dreadful travelled man. He is flirting with me in a shocking way, and I demand your protection."

"I'll resign in your favor, sir," said Leighton, rising. Bowing himself off he went to find Mildred, standing apart, now that all the guests had come, and looking a trifle pale, leaning slightly against a large crimson chair.

"You are ill?" he said, with gentle concern.

"Tired. I am not used to this sort of thing."

"But you like it?"

"I think I do. Do you?"

"Oh, of course. It's the way I fill up my time."

"All of it?"

"Most of it for the last few years."

"That seems to me rather" —

"What?"

"I was going to say foolish, but it isn't a pretty word."

"And you like pretty words."

"I like kind ones."

"But you were not kind to me when I

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saw you last," dropping his voice dangerously low, and picking up a pansy which had fallen from her bodice-bouquet upon the crimson chair.

"I didn't know you," said Mildred.

"But I knew your sweetness," said the gentleman, putting the pansy to his lips in an unpremediated kind of way. "You were very lovely with that child."

"No, I wasn't; it was you."

"And you thought it was nice of me?"

"Yes."

"Then why aren't you nicer to me?"

Mildred looked at him earnestly.

"I am not an adept at flirtation," she said, her great eyes full of seriousness. "I never tried it. I don't think I should succeed at it, and, if you please, I won't attempt it."

Leighton felt a sensation of surprise. Then the stirring instincts of a conqueror. "I think you had better let me give you a few lessons," he said, gayly.

"I think not," said Mildred, still more soberly. "It wouldn't be worthy of you."

"Well, how are we to get through the evening, then? Will you come to the piano and soothe my savage breast with a few melodious strains?"

Mildred looked around for Madam Jennie, and saw her glancing pianoward with inviting eyes. She went over directly, not letting Mr. Leighton follow her, and struck up a lively polka, setting young feet tingling, and when she wandered off into a dreamy waltz, Mr. Leighton and Mrs. Exton led off the happy band in a gliding symphony.

"Now play something difficult," said Mrs. Exton, stopping in the waltz by and by.

"I don't feel like showing off, Jennie," objected Mildred in a low voice, her fingers straying into minor melodies.

"Sing, Mr. Leighton," said Kitty Jones, near at hand.

"Oh, will you?" cried Mrs. Exton.

"If Miss Linthrop will play for me."

"What shall I play?" she asked.

"This." He ran his fingers over the keys, giving a few strains of a sad little love song, full of passionate entreaty.

"No," said Mildred.

"This, then," touching a few notes of a rollicking drinking song, quite to test her.

"Not that, either. You play, Jennie." Mildred quitted the piano-stool, suddenly, taking refuge beside Mr. Exton.

Miss Belcam, watching the little by-play, happened a little nearer.

"Won't you play?" invited Mrs. Exton, politely.

And Miss Belcam played the accompaniments to the love-songs that the handsome bachelor knew that he was expected to sing.

V.

"WILL you come for a drive with me, Miss Linthrop?" asked Mr. Leighton, calling at the Exton house during the week following the party.

"A drive?" repeated Mildred, putting the bunch of roses he had brought her into a vase, without any of the sentimental dawdling over them that he was accustomed to see in young lady recipients of his flowers and favors.

"I said a drive. Will you? It is a glorious day, and I know some delightful ways. You told me the other evening that you liked the country. Shouldn't you like to see Lake View, and some of our northern suburbs?"

"Yes, very much. It is kind of you to give me the opportunity."

"May I call with my carriage, then, in an hour? We ought to start soon, in order to go as far as I wish to take you."

"Can you go to-day, Jennie?" asked Mildred.

Mrs. Exton's lips quivered mirthfully. "Go where?" she asked.

Mr. Leighton looked annoyed, but he said very politely,—

"May I have the pleasure, Mrs. Exton?"

"You were not going to ask me, sir," said Madam Jennie, mischievously. "You only ask me under severe compulsion. I won't go."

"Jennie!" cried Mildred, in a distressed tone. She looked from the lady to the gentleman, and could not fail to see that Mr. Leighton looked very much pleased at her cousin's speech. Her eyes fell. She sat quiet, subtly flattered, doubtless, but with a feeling of shame and anger. In all of her life of twenty years this Puritan maiden had never known of a young gentleman inviting a young lady to a *tête-à-tête* drive. She had heard rumors of such strange Western fashions in her Eastern home, but the reality of them came to her in most embarrassing fashion. Still she sat quiet, with a wild rose blossoming in each cheek, when Mr. Leighton spoke courteously, and in understanding of her silence.

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"You ride, I hope, Miss Linthrop? I have a horse that you couldn't help liking, a splendid little Kentucky mare. I can easily get you a saddle, and we needn't miss our excursion even if Mrs. Exton can't be persuaded to go."

He turned quite away from the laughing eyes of the lady admirer of his diplomacy, addressing himself to Mildred with dark eyes full of fervor.

"I am not much of a horsewoman," said Mildred.

"Are you timid?"

"No, I think not. Is the horse you offer me very spirited?"

"Not too much so. I will take good care of you."

"But I have no habit."

"I can easily hire one for you with the saddle."

That evening, when Mrs. Exton was recounting the whole story to her husband in the seclusion of domesticity, she said, —

"It was positively funny, Fred, to see how Mildred believed him when he told her that that habit came with the saddle. It is just about the handsomest one I ever saw. Plain, of course, but perfect. I'll show it to you in the morning. Mr. Leighton stood there before my face on their return, and said, without a sign of story-telling on his face: 'If the habit suits you, Miss Linthrop, pray keep it and wear it next time we go out. The people who rent it with the saddle will not mind, either, if you make any changes in it that you may wish.'"

"What sort of a saddle did he have for her?" asked Mr. Exton.

"Yes, I noticed that. A very handsome one."

"Bought that, too, I'll warrant. He does well not to let Mildred know it."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Exton, doubtfully. "I think women like to have their admirers spend money for them."

"That remark shows that Leighton knows your sex better than you do, my dear," said the husband. "Mildred would resent his being called an admirer even, and she is a representative of women of her education and birth."

"And birth!" laughed Mrs. Exton, curling her fingers into quotation marks. "How very democratic we are! Didn't our great-grandpapa, or his great-grandpa come over in the 'Mayflower,' and aren't we possessed of blue blue-blood? How *did* you ever come to propose to me, Fred? My grandfather was a carpenter, and my father was a poor preacher. My mother taught school for a living when she was a girl."

"I married you because I loved you, madam. Men generally marry women because they love them, if they can get them."

"Do you suppose Mr. Leighton loves Mildred?"

"I haven't an idea that he does. She is pretty, shy, and different from most girls he has known. He is a little bit attracted by her, I think, but he thinks of nothing but a little flirtation. Besides, he isn't a man who would be capable of loving her."

"Oh, Fred!"

"He isn't. But what nonsense, Jennie. He hasn't known her a fortnight."

"I know, but it was an unusual meeting, and she likes him."

"Likes him?" repeated Mr. Exton, with a little anxiety.

"Yes; why not?"

"I shouldn't like a girl like Mildred to get to thinking too much of Leighton."

"But, why, dear? You said you would ask him here to dinner."

"O, I was only teasing Mildred a little."

"But you meant it?"

"I shouldn't meant it, Jennie, if I thought there was any probability of any future seriousness about it."

"Why not, if they were fond of each other? He could give Mildred a splendid home, and I should like her for a neighbor."

"Don't go to match-making, Mrs. Exton."

"I don't see why not. When will you ask Mr. Leighton to dinner, Fred?"

"Oh, you can do that now. How many times has he called here in a week?"

"Only twice."

"But about this ride. How did Mildred behave when they got back?"

"Excited and very much pleased, as a girl naturally would be, after a long horseback ride. They went all the way out to Rosehill station."

"I wish she were safe at home with her mother."

[To be continued.]

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MY WHEEL.

O MAGIC wheel
Of burnished steel
How part of myself thou art!
As we roll along
'Mid the hurrying throng
That peoples the busy mart.

Let's haste away
From the heat of day
To the woods' refreshing shade,
Where the babbling brook,
In some sheltered nook,
Is gurgling a-down the glade.

Where the oriole swells
His throat as he tells
Of his flight through ethereal space,
And his music flows
While the earth's repose
Is deeper because of his grace.

I can talk as we roll,
And I know that a soul
Must lurk in thy wonderful frame;
A spiritual essence.
Some far hidden presence,
Some genius of magical fame.

I know well thy power
In each trying hour,
Thou servant so faithful and true;
When the swift rushing wind
Is left muttering behind,
As thou sippest the sweet morning dew.

Or when Sol dips his crest
'Neath the glorious west,
And the sunlight congeals into dark;
We will skim by the sea,
We will shoot o'er the lea,
We will follow the meteor's mark.

Thou life-giving wheel,
Whose sinews are steel,
My veins imbibe life from thine own;
And I sink to my rest
With a true loyal zest,
While my dreams are my 'cycles alone.

Rest, then, on the moss
Where the soft zephyrs toss,
Thou circlet of beauty and pride;
While th' invisible wings
Attached to thy strings
Are folded in peace at thy side.

N. P. Tyler.

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CYCLING 'ROUND THE CIRCLE.

One bright morning in the early part of April, when the snow still lay deep on the northern hill-sides, although tender blades of grass and timid violets were already bursting forth on the southern slopes, the writer, having been dispossessed of centripetal attraction, was fast being whirled away from the Hub, on a B. & A. train, towards the periphery of this wheel, the United States.

Westward trips have been described so often that to attempt it again would be a work of supererogation. But no description has ever been given from a bicycular stand-point; therefore, a few notes on this aspect of the trip may not be uninteresting.

Early as it is in the season there has been sun and good weather enough to awaken the dormant wheelman from his winter's sleep. And at Worcester, where the first halt is made, there are numerous signs of activity that promise well for the coming summer. There is one fact connected with bicycling in Worcester that is particularly noticeable: several important officers of the L.A.W. and the Massachusetts Division are located here, and yet comparatively few of her two hundred riders are League men. One cause of this is that the original Æolus Wheelmen, once a League club, withdrew, for what they considered good and sufficient reasons, and up to this time but few of them have gone back. Although they are not League men, the Worcester wheelmen are an active set; and up to the present time one of them, Mr. Midgley, is the long-distance champion.

In Springfield an entirely different state of affairs exists. The S. Bi. C., numbering about fifty men, is a League club, every member being also a member of the L.A.W.

The growth of bicycling in Springfield is phenomenal. A year ago there were about eight or ten; now there are nearly two hundred bicyclers. The tournament held here last year made Springfield famous all over the country, and the one to come off this fall will undoubtedly add greatly to its enviable reputation. The Connecticut river runs by the town, and a ride from here to Holyoke along its beautiful banks is well worth the trouble; although you are compelled in one place to plough through sand, in another to walk up a hill, and frequently to wade through mud — if you go in April. A few miles west of Springfield the gently undulating land is transformed into high, forbidding and barren-looking hills. One wonders of what use can they be, but careful investigation reveals the fact that they are composed of granite of a very fine quality. Set down among these hills, where one has no intimation of its existence until he comes suddenly upon it, is the quaint little city of Pittsfield, which is becoming quite a resort for New Yorkers and Bostonians during the summer. In spite of the fact that their hills look unsurmountable, there is quite a number of riders here, and a young club is flourishing. Bicycling at Albany is up-hill work (no play on the words is intended, although Albany is very hilly). The character of the pavement of the streets renders them unridable, and riders are compelled to walk two or three miles from town before they can reach good roads. True they have the Park until 9 o'clock in the morning! The Albany park commissioners are more liberal than their famous New York comtemporaries. As one goes toward Troy, however, the roads improve, and when West Troy is reached they are all that could be asked for. In the matter of roads the Trojans certainly have the advantage of the Albanians.

The valley of the Mohawk is extremely picturesque and beautiful. Little Falls is an enchanting spot. It is situated in a deep gorge in the mountains. This gorge is about three-quarters of a mile wide, and is the only break in the mountains from the Adirondacks to Pennsylvania. Geologists say that, if the St. Lawrence were dammed and the Mohawk also at Little Falls, the whole of Western New York would become one vast lake. They also say that at one time such was the case, and that the waters broke through at Little Falls, and hence the gorge.

There are few riders at Utica. Those few, however, have formed a club, and expect to make themselves known. The roads are good, much better than at most of the places along the route, vastly better than they are at Syracuse. Nevertheless, a run around Syracuse, with Mr. Bardeen as

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companion, is very enjoyable, from its novelty, if for no other reason. But I would advise the neophyte who desires to visit the salt vats, on the shores of Lake Onondaga (pronounced Onond*aw*ga) to go a-foot, rather than a-wheel. One curious fact in connection with this lake is that its waters are fresh, yet it is almost completely surrounded by salt-wells and springs. The theory is that a thick stratum of marl forms the bottom of the lake, and prevents its waters from mingling with those of the salt springs beneath. It is a beautiful body of water, several miles in extent, and derived its name from the Onondaga Indians, who used to inhabit its shores. A remnant of the tribe (about four hundred) still remains, on a reservation.

Rochester is the next place of interest to the bicycler, and the beauties of the place, and the hospitality of its wheelmen, combine to make the visitor remember it with deep and unalloyed pleasure. Its riding facilities are unexcelled by any city in the country; its natural scenery is unequalled by any other equally accessible locality, and the city itself is a model of beauty, with its wide, regularly laid out streets, fine business houses, and handsome suburbs. Two of the best runs for bicyclers are East and North avenues, the former running through the prettiest part of the city, where most of its famous men live, the latter affording a magnificent run to Lake Ontario. Another fine run is out Mount Hope avenue to Mt. Hope Cemetery, which is tastefully laid out on an eminence overlooking the city.

Rochester has two flourishing clubs and over one hundred wheelmen, and with its advantages it should have four or five hundred. It affords an excellent chance for tricycles and "Sociables" also, especially the latter; for not only are the roads suitable, but there is also an abundant supply of that other great inducement to this mode of locomotion — bewitchingly handsome maidens. Methinks Beauty on a "Sociable" would be irresistible.

A favorite resort of the bicyclers is an old picnic ground close to, and affording a splendid view of the Lower Falls. The Genesee river, within the city limits, descends about two hundred and sixty feet, falling in four distinct cataracts. At the Upper Falls the noted Sam Patch made his last and fatal leap. It is with feelings of genuine regret that one leaves this beautiful city; but the feeling is somewhat dissipated by the ride to Buffalo, through one of the best portions of the State. The roads are excellent nearly all the way and offer good opportunities for touring.

Buffalo rejoices in a goodly number of wheelmen, many of whom are prominent business men. There is good riding in the parks and on quite a number of the streets, several of which are paved with asphaltum. Several miles of this pavement are now in process of construction, and when completed will make some of the finest runs to be found anywhere. There is also a good road from here to Niagara Falls on both the American and Canadian sides; the Canadian road is generally the best. Buffalo has several fast men on the track, among the best C. P. Forbush, who has made a mile in 3.03.

From Buffalo to Erie, a distance of ninety miles, there is an old stage road, made before railroads, and an excellent one for wheeling on. It follows the lake shore and goes through Dunkirk, the home of Dr. Blackham, whom every 'cyclist knows. The doctor is an active physician, a leading scientist, a wheelman, and, although he will not own up to it, a poet, too.

From Dunkirk to Cleveland is a long stretch, with but few wheelmen. But when one reaches Cleveland he finds himself in the midst of them again. Of course one must take a run on Euclid avenue, out to the cemetery where President Garfield's tomb is. Cleveland is the home of several prominent bicyclers. Among others the handsome ex-corresponding secretary of the League, whose manly form the fair sex more than turkeys love; Alfred Ely, Jr., the pioneer wheelman of this section, also lives here.

Sandusky, although blessed with excellent roads, has only two or three wheelmen, while Toledo, with execrable roads, has more that fifty. This is undoubtedly due to the indefatigable industry of the agents at this place.

At Detroit, with its Woodward avenue and other fine streets and exceptionably good roads leading out of it, one would expect to find several hundred riders; yet there are not more than fifty, all told. The average Detroiter is so extremely fond of his ease that he can not be induced to exert himself for his own amusement, even to the extent of riding a bicycle; he prefers watching a yacht race or a game of baseball. Nevertheless there are some good wheelmen here, and this is the home of President Bates, whose contributions to the 'cycling and non-'cyling press on the wheel

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have aided bicycling very materially throughout the entire country.

From Detroit the route lies through the famous university town, Ann Arbor, which has quite a club, and through sleepy Jackson, which has none, to Marshall. Any wheelman who stops at Marshall may be sure of having royal entertainment. For, although they are few in numbers, the Marshall wheelmen know how to entertain. Should the visitor chance to take a run to Soresco, which is about seven miles from Marshall, it might be to his advantage to remember that about half-way there is a farm-house famous for pure, cool milk, which, on a hot day, makes a very pleasing and healthful drink. The pleasure of the run will be greatly enhanced by the presence of the genial dominie, whom the other members of the club have not yet been able to persuade to don the knickerbockers.

Kalamazoo is famed for its beauty, and the visitor will not be disappointed in this respect; but bicycling attracts but little attention as yet. The same is true of all the places between here and Chicago.

Chicago has probably more wheelmen than any other city in the country, Boston and Philadelphia excepted; and even they will be left in the rear if they do not wake up, for Chicago is, in this respect, as in all others, the most wide-awake, energetic, progressive city in the land. Everything here is on a gigantic scale. The hotels are the largest and finest in the world, and the system of parks and boulevards surpasses anything yet attempted in that line in any other place.

The time will soon come when Chicago wheelmen can ride around the entire city on the finest boulevards ever constructed. There will be a continuous drive-way, extending from South park to Lincoln park, and from there through Humboldt, Central, and Douglass parks back to South park, the total length being between fifty and sixty miles. Chicago does not lack for race-tracks either; there is a good one in the building occupied by Battery D. Pullman has laid a fine cinder track at his little fairy city, only eight miles from Chicago, and another out-door track in the city itself is contemplated. Nor is there any lack of racing men. Crawford, Brown, Philbrick, Ayers, and others are noted on the cinder-path. Ayers, in addition to his racing notoriety, is also well known through his pen, and also his work on the railroad committee of the L.A.W. But, although Chicago has so many advantages, she is, nevertheless, not without disadvantages. One of the greatest of these is the very poor streets. With the exception of the boulevards and a few side streets they are simply horrible. In addition to the fact that the Nicholson pavement is everywhere worn full of great holes, the flatness of the ground and the peculiar construction of the streets enable them to hold the moisture for the longest possible period of time. Consequently some of the streets are rarely dry, for when they are not wet with rain, the sprinkler's cart keeps them in the same moist, slippery condition.

The contrast between the condition of wheeling affairs in Chicago and Milwaukee is most marked. Formerly Milwaukee led the West, to-day it is doubtful whether fifty men could be mustered out for any occasion, however urgent. Yet she still retains some fine men, Hibbard, the songster; Friese, Hathaway, and others.

Between Chicago and Omaha the bicylers are few and widely scattered. There are a few at Clinton, Cedar Rapids, and Des Moines, and, perhaps, a solitary wheelman at several other places. The roads around Omaha are very fair; but the streets in the city itself are well-nigh unridable. The road from Omaha to Lincoln is passably good, and the streets in Lincoln are quite good. Lincoln has probably more riders than Omaha, presumeably on account of the better condition of the streets.

Kansas city has no streets, and, consequently, no riders. The foregoing statement is a slight hyperbole. Of course there are streets, but by far the greater portion of them are wholly unridable.

St. Louis has several gay and festive wheel clubs, comprising a large number of enterprising bicyclers. Some of them are poetically inclined, as quite a number of excellent 'cycling songs will attest. In Garvey's salesroom may be seen the famous eight-foot wheel, to reach whose seat one must climb almost as many steps as there are on Bunker Hill Monument. St. Louis is the home of the youngest member of the L.A.W., his age being reckoned by months.

Besides Chicago there is but one other town in Illinois which can be considered as a bicycling centre, and that is Peoria. There is a large, active club at that point. There are a few riders at Galesburg, but no club. Little Ralph Friedburg, of the latter place, performs nearly all the fancy tricks of our most famous fancy riders.

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There are no important bicycling centres in Indiana, not even at the capital, which has exceptionably good streets, and is surrounded by excellent roads.

The scarcity of riders here is in strange contrast with the large number at Louisville, whose streets and roads are not nearly so good. Louisville is situated in a very hilly country, and, as might be expected, her wheelmen are all famous hill-climbers. Their desire to climb Corey Hill (Boston), which has never been surmounted by a bicycle but once, is only equalled by their confidence in their ability to do it. There is a good cinder track here, and some fast men — N. G. Crawford, and C. H. Jenkins, who is reputed to have made a mile in 2.59 under unfavorable circumstances.

The condition of things at Cincinnati is the same as at Louisville, except that there are more riders. At present they are working hard to get the parks, with good prospects of success.

The Ohio roads are superior to those of any other State, and the riding is good all the way from Cincinnati to Dayton, where there is another good club. Dayton is beautifully situated on the Miami river, on the opposite side of the river, and about four miles from town is the famous Soldiers' Home, whose grounds, forming one of the finest parks imaginable, are open to wheelmen.

At Springfield a favorite run is to Yellow Springs, ten miles and return, and a better run cannot be found anywhere. The Springfield men are famous for the amount of fun they get out of the wheel, and for two seasons, now, they have extracted a good deal of that commodity out of their club camp, within whose sacred precincts a few of Springfield's choicest belles are admitted.

Columbus, the home of the well-known and popular ex-president of the L.A.W., can furnish its share of riders, some of whom are hundred-miles-in-a-day men. The visitor to Columbus should not fail to call on Mr. Miller, and visit his extensively fitted up private photographic rooms, where the ex-president spends considerable time, and derives much enjoyment in pursuit of this branch of art.

Pittsburgh, the smoky, is still a comparative stranger to the wheel, but is gradually becoming accustomed to it, and will in time stand among the prominent centres.

From Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, whose numerous and hospitable wheelmen are known to every one; from there to New York, the scene of the League Meet of 1883, and from New York back to Boston, and the circle is complete; and no wheelman could spend a vacation more pleasantly than in visiting some or all of the places mentioned here.

J. F. McClure.

SPRAGUE'S BIG COON.

THE club were sitting about, talking on all sorts of topics, when Mr. High started the conversation on coons, by saying something about a tame coon kept in a beer garden in the city suburbs. From this the conversation drifted into hunting yarns. Several of the members had lived in the country when young and knew something about coon-hunting. Some one said that any sort of a dog would do for cooning. Mr. High said that a coon is constructed very like a bear; indeed, some naturalists and many hunters say that the raccoon is of the bear family. The coon is a plantigrade, like the bear. His whole structure, teeth, claws, skull, and feet, are of the bear order. He is omnivorous, like the bear. If there is any eatable substance, animal, vegetable, or mineral, which a coon will not eat it has not yet been discovered; from a fat grub to strawberries or tropical fruits, fish, flesh, fowl, eggs, fruits, bark, snakes, frogs, honey, small game, and all human victuals. Like the bear, the coon is extremely fond of new corn. The coon is also, like the bear, a very sagacious beast. The fox may be more cunning, but a wise old coon is up to almost as many tricks as a fox, especially if often hunted. The coon is, *par excellence*, the best tree-climber of all American animals, making allowance for his weight. He is a formidable fighter, courageous, pluck to the last, with sharp teeth, strong body, and fearful claws for his size. Few, if any, dogs can whip a coon of their own weight.

Then the president was asked to tell a coon story, which some of the club had

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heard about, and the president complied.

When the president was young, Michigan was a new State, nearly all wilderness. The president's father had a fine hunting dog, a cross between a pure-blooded Scotch deer-hound and a blood-hound. This dog had the large head, white, strong teeth, lop ears, and powerful chest of a blood-hound, with a keen and thoroughly educated nose, and a body which tapered behind, and was set high up on the strong legs of a deer-hound, forming a combination of speed, bottom, scent, brain, and savage disposition of the two breeds. He was kept mainly for deer and bear hunting, but had been trained by the boys of the family and their playmates to coon-hunting.

Several miles distant was a place known as Sprague's clearing. There were then only a few scattered settlers in the neighborhood, the nearest a mile distant; not half-a-dozen within a radius of as many miles. Sprague had settled on a small creek which ran out of a large swamp half a mile from his boundary line, and cleared off some ten acres of forest. In this patch he planted corn, potatoes, pumpkins, etc., which he cultivated with the aid of his two boys. The bears and wolves worried his pigs and calves; the coons and foxes and wild-cats decimated his poultry, and he had a hard time. Then, after two years, his cabin took fire and burned, just after he had got his corn fairly growing. Thereupon Sprague, who had an offer of work and wages fifty miles off, left the place with his family, intending to return in the fall and harvest his crops. When he left, the wild animals soon discovered his absence, and made havoc with the crops.

During the two years while Sprague was struggling to establish himself as a settler, his corn had been raided particularly by one coon of unusual size and cunning. This coon was known to have whipped three different dogs, and so it had become noted in all that region as Sprague's big coon. Being so much hunted this big coon was as sagacious as he was big, and it would be quite a feather in the cap of any boy who should catch him, or of any dog who should kill him.

One evening about sunset three boys from various distances called on the president and proposed to take our big dog, Bruin, and try for Sprague's big coon. Of course the president was ready for such sport. We were cautioned by my father how to proceed. He told us that the big coon would probably not visit the field till about midnight. The boys thought that, as the place had been deserted now about three months, the big coon must have grown careless; but my father said that we would never catch that wise old coon, if we waited for him to forget anything. He was so cunning that he would not go to the field, probably, till after it was so late that the hunters would have come and gone, if any were coming; and he would be as difficult to trail as a fox. We need not hope to catch him napping, or neglectful of any trick he had learned.

So we waited till 11 o'clock before we started. It was a dark, moonless, cloudy night — just such a night as the wild beasts know generally keeps men and dogs at home. We had to walk several miles through the woods to reach Sprague's clearing. The woods were as dark as a pocket and as silent as a grave, save now and then the distant hooting of an owl or the mournful howl of wolves. Now and then our passing disturbed some prowling night beast, whose pattering feet we heard scurrying over the leaves which the first early frosts had already caused to fall. The president carried a light rifle; two of the other boys axes. The dog, Bruin, trotted gravely before us. He knew perfectly well what game we were after, and paid no attention to sights, scents, or sounds not connected with our errand.

When we got within half a mile of Sprague's clearing we became perfectly silent. Before that we had talked in low tones of our plans for the hunt and our hopes of success. A motion called the dog to my heels, where he stalked along silent and savage. Perhaps we might catch a bear in the cornfield, which would be even better than a coon. Bears were plenty in that neighborhood.

Softly we stole out of the woods and up to the rude fence of the clearing. Taking position there, the president made a signal with his hand to Bruin. The great dog leaped to the top of the fence without making the slightest noise. There he stood a moment scenting the air; then he leaped noiselessly down and disappeared in the darkness. He was stealing along the outside edge of the corn-patch as silently as a cat. If you could have seen him you would have noticed that his heavy ears were lifted slightly, to catch the faintest sounds, and his eyes shone in

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the dark. Many times he stopped a moment over some fresh tracks which led into the corn; but his wonderful nose told him that this track was made an hour or two ago; that this other track was made yesterday; that this one was coming out of the field. This was the track of a wild-cat; and he showed his teeth over it. Here had passed rabbits; here a wild turkey; here a wolf, and his hair bristled savagely at this scent of his most hated enemy. Here had gone a coon not long ago; but a small one; he concluded to try farther, after a moment's pause. Ah! here was the track of a bear. Again his back bristled, and he followed the trail for a rod or two. Pshaw! the bear had passed several hours ago. Besides, he wasn't after bears now, — bears were not game for boys. Back to the fence, and again forward.

Suddenly he stopped. A breath of tainted air came to him from the field. Then he heard a slight crackling as of a bending corn-stalk. A moment's halt on three legs, one forward foot suspended in the very act of stepping. Then nose to the ground again, and a swifter progress. Ah! here we have it! Here a coon — a big one — has passed into the field.

Instantly he followed this track at half-racing speed, but so silently and skilfully that not a corn-blade rustled, and his foot-falls could not be heard. The track ran carelessly here and there where the largest ears of corn were to be found. At first it did not venture far from the fence; but after a little it penetrated farther into the field. Then he heard another rustle and crack, made by bending down a corn-stalk and rending off an ear. He left the trail and ran straight for the sound, as he could now smell the game plainly. In a moment he saw the coon, and at the same moment the coon saw or heard him.

There was a rush. The coon bolted for the fence. But the dog was too near and too fleet. A few fierce bounds, ears erected, eyes gleaming, teeth showing white in the dark, a savage growl, and they clinched and rolled on the ground.

We boys sat by the fence and waited, anxious and silent. Two long minutes — three — four — not a sound from the field. We could here the wolves howling dismally far off in the great swamp, and our own deep breathing. Five minutes — six — then a sudden savage growl, a rush, and all the sounds of a furious fight thrashing about in the corn. The dog, however, did not bark. He was trained to do his work silently. And the coon, beyond now and then a suppressed squeak, gave no voice either. It is their nature to fight sullenly, savagely, and silently. We leaped the fence, and ran hurriedly to the place of conflict. The coon lay on his back with his claws up and threatening, and the dog watching for a chance to catch him by the throat. At our coming, the coon lost his guard for a moment, to try another rush for the woods. It was a fatal error. In an instant the dog had him by the throat, and was shaking the life out of him. In two minutes he was dead. It was a gigantic coon — Sprague's big coon beyond doubt.

Now let us go back and tell the story from the coon's side, as my father, who was an old hunter, told it to me.

Not far from the big tamarack swamp, and near the brook which ran out of it past Sprague's clearing, was a large swamp-oak tree. About forty feet from the ground the trunk of this tree divided into two great branches from which the whole top of the tree grew. The trunk of the great tree was pretty hollow, and there was a large hole leading down into the hollow, which opened in the crotch, made by the two great branches, so that you could not see the opening looking up from the ground. When the tree was many years younger a third great branch had grown out of this crotch. This branch had been broken off in some storm; and so decay had set in, and gradually eaten a hollow down into the trunk.

About twenty feet from this oak-tree stood an elm-tree of pretty good size. Against this elm tree a smaller elm had fallen and bent its top over, so that one of its large branches touched against one of the large branches of the oak, a little above the crotch, where the hollow was.

If you had been sitting not far from those trees just at sundown, and had been looking sharply at the fork of the hollow oak, you might have seen the nose of a coon thrust out of the opening in the crotch far enough to give his eyes and ears a good chance to see and hear what was going on outside. For five minutes or more you would have seen nothing but the coon's head carefully looking all about, and listening to whatever noises there were

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in the woods. Unless you happened to be looking exactly at that spot in the tree you would not see it at all. If you did see it, unless you were used to looking very sharply at things in the woods, you would have thought it was part of the tree, and so not have noticed it closely. For the coon did not move his head except at intervals, and then moved it so quickly, and was so still again, that you would have thought it hadn't moved.

By and by, when you were nearly tired of watching, you might have seen the coon's head suddenly pop out the full length of his neck. Then he drew it back, and put his nose down the hollow, and swore. That is, he put his nose down the hollow and snarled in the coon language for swearing.

He did this because Mrs. Coon, who was below him in the hollow, had got tired of waiting for him to look about, and had given him a sharp nip on the hind quarters. Mrs. Coon was in a hurry to go out and get her supper. She was not as cautious as he was, because she had not been hunted so often. When she thought he had been long enough looking and listening, she began to grumble; and then, as he didn't stir, she nipped him. He would have turned about and punished her, but the opening of the hole was too small, and he would have to either climb clear out to turn around, or else back clear down to where the hollow was larger. To back down, with Mrs. Coon's sharp claws and teeth behind him, was clearly not to be thought of. She knew her advantages of position. So he put his head down and swore at her, as much as to say, "If you do that again, my dear, there will be a row in this family." She snarled back, as much as to say, "Bother! why don't you get out of the door. I'm in a hurry."

Mr. Coon looked out again in his cautious way for a minute. Then Mrs. Coon gave him a still sharper nip behind; and when he started, she followed him up with a scratch from her sharp claws. This time Mr. Coon scrambled clear out of the hole in a very undignified haste, and turned around and put his head into the hole, to swear. Mrs. Coon gave his nose a little scratch. He dodged back and clawed at her. But she had the advantage of position. He could keep her from coming out; but she could keep him from going in. So, after some scolding, he turned and walked gravely out on one of the big limbs, some feet away from the hole.

Then Mrs. Coon put her head out of the hole, with one eye on Mr. Coon, while she looked all about with the other eye. In a minute she came clear out, and then, without further caution, she went over to the elm-tree where its long limbs touched the oak, and thence down its leaning elm to the ground. When she reached the ground, she started off at once in search of her supper, and was soon out of sight.

Mr. Coon sat in the tree some time longer. By and by, as Mrs. Coon's ramblings about below had not started any alarm, he concluded to follow her example. He went soberly over to the elm-tree, and then down the straight elm to the ground.

You see their home was very cunningly chosen. They could go down the oak or either of the two elms. They could go up one and down the other. Really, they hardly ever went up or down the oak. If a dog had chased them to one of the elms, you would never guess that they had crossed into the oak; and after seeing that the elms were both empty, you would go away thinking that the dog was mistaken, or else that they had somehow got away.

When Mr. Coon came down to the ground you would have noticed that he was a very large coon, and a very grave and dignified coon. He didn't waddle off like Mrs. Coon, as if he were in a hurry. But he stopped to give his coat a brushing here and there, and to think over what course he had better take. "Let me think," he reflected to himself, "where is it best to go? Where was it that I noticed those berries the other day? Don't I remember seeing some partridges going to roost in a thicket somewhere? A partridge supper, or birds' eggs, would be good; but somehow I don't exactly remember where it was. The foxes are getting to be a nuisance; they leave hardly any birds or eggs for a gentleman coon like me. Frogs are good, and crayfish; but this brook is getting really empty, there are so many mink and other great beasts. I should like to go to that cornfield, but it isn't prudent. There is the river, with plenty of fish; but that is two miles away."

While Mr. Coon was thinking, he was walking slowly toward the brook. Now and then he stopped to claw over a bit of rotten wood and eat the fat white grub he found. Once he paused to devour the delicious morsel of a snail. You would have

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noticed that he was not only very large, but he was quite fat and lazy. When he reached the brook he first took a good drink. Then he wandered down it, looking for crayfish and frogs. Then he went off half-a-mile to where there were some berries, which he ate, after that he went back to the brook. And so he went wandering about for several hours. All this time he had been cunning in his wanderings. Where he crossed the brook, he entered it on one side and went quite a distance down it before he went out on the other side. In going out he got upon a fallen tree in the brook and ran along the log, at some distance above the ground, till he was many feet away from the bank. Then he leaped down upon the ground, and went back toward the brook, got upon the tree again, and went still farther away from the bank, to leap down again and go off into the woods. Wherever he went he never forgot to fix his track so as to puzzle anything that should try to follow it.

All the while he kept thinking of the Sprague cornfield. Mrs. Coon had probably gone there and was enjoying a feast. No man nor dog had been there in a long time. It ought to be safe. But men and dogs appeared at unexpected times. He would wait. Still he kept working down that way, getting a morsel of something to eat every minute. But hunting in the woods was slow, and was work; and he was too fat to feel like work.

Finally he concluded that he would go to the cornfield. It was nearly midnight. If dogs and men were coming such a dark night they would have got there and made a row before this time. He went down to the brook, and followed its edge in the water some distance till he came to where there was a fallen tree, with its top across the brook and its roots high up the bank, with the body ten feet from the ground. He got on to the tree in the brook, and walked up it to near the roots. Here he leaped down, and went off a rod or two at right angles. Then he went over the top of the bank toward the cornfield. Near the cornfield he climbed upon another fallen tree that lay parallel with the fence, near which it approached.

It was his habit to walk along this tree-trunk to near the fence, then leap to the top of the fence, run along the top of the fence a dozen rods, to where there was a stump inside the field, leap to the top of this stump, and then leap as far as he could from the stump into the field. A dog running along inside the field would be apt to go between the stump and fence, and so miss his track into the corn. He could go out the same way, and make it hard for the dog to track him.

When he got to the top of the tree next the fence he met another coon — a pert rascal, who lived two miles away down the creek. This coon was not acquainted with Sprague's big coon, and did not know that Sprague's coon was the champion coon of that section. Being a coon of a good deal of self-conceit, he did not promptly get down from that log, as he should have done, to make way for his better, but he insolently insisted upon walking the log himself. Our coon swore at the strange coon. "Get right down off my log, you impudent scoundrel!" he said. The strange coon swore back again: "Get down yourself!" Such insolence was not to be borne. There was a rush, a moment of snarling, during which the fur flew, and then the strange coon fell heavily into the bushes, and lumbered off, whining, with clawed sides and a bleeding nose. Our coon had a good notion to follow him, and give him the worst thrashing a coon ever had. But he was fat, out of fighting trim, and not so nimble as he used to be. So he turned, and went grumbling to the field, and sprang upon the fence.

This little brush had disturbed his temper so much that he kept grumbling, and stood on the fence a moment, thinking what a whipping he would give that fellow if he ever caught him again. So, in his absence of mind, he jumped down from the fence, without going on to the stump, and entered the corn.

It was now midnight, and there was not much danger anyway. But his habit of caution was so strong that he first went only a little way into the corn, and stopped and listened every few steps. Gradually he worked into the field far enough to get at the finest ears. Every time he pulled one, he stopped and listened. Then he began to work back toward the fence, having made quite a little circle. Here he found a very large ear of corn, and pulled it down. It made quite a crack when it broke off. He listened. Was not that a soft footfall? No. Was not that a taint in the air? He snuffed several times. No; it was nothing. And he began to eat.

Suddenly he did hear something. He looked about. A pair of shining eyes and a dark mass were coming toward him

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swiftly. He ran for the fence. But the dark mass came with a rush. It was a dog, larger than any he had ever seen, with bristling hair, shining teeth, and blazing eyes. It was upon him in a moment.

Still he was not much afraid of dogs. He had always whipped the dogs. At once he resorted to his fighting tricks. He managed to turn upon his back, and get his claws at work. He bit sharply once or twice before the dog got him by the neck. The first round, of a minute, was in his favor, at least, not greatly against him. But he was fat, and in bad condition for fighting. Then he had never met such a dog as this before — so strong, so fierce, so quick, with such cruel teeth and powerful jaws. The dog shook him about fearfully. He was so heavy that other dogs had never been able to do this. He was well-nigh throttled. Everything swam before his eyes. But he managed to claw the dogs head so that he forced him to let go his cruel grip.

Then he heard men running to the aid of the dog. In a moment he saw them coming. He must get to the woods. He turned to get on his feet for a rush. The dog, who stood over him watching, was upon him again before he could get his feet up to claw. The dog's strength was prodigious; his quickness incredible. He was shaken about with tremendous fury. He could not breathe. He could only use his claws convulsively, and with no effective strokes. Darkness seemed to settle upon his brain. He felt his senses going. He was dying. He fought wildly, hopelessly. Then he could no longer see the dog and men, nor feel the cruel teeth of his enemy. The gallant beast was dead.

President Bates.

A COLOSSUS OF ROADS.

THAT is my ideal of what THE WHEELMAN ought to be; and without presuming to assert that it ought to be nothing else, I shall endeavor in this present article to show how its successive volumes may be made to assume the character of Standard Guides to American roads.

It was with deep regret that I heard, a year ago, of the projected establishment of the magazine; for, as the new weekly seemed to me to have impaired the influence and value of the old one without amounting to much in itself, so it seemed to me that the new monthly would still further dilute the character of both the weeklies without winning for itself a respectable support in a journalistic field already overcrowded. In the days when the *Bicycling World* had this field quite to itself, I knew that whatever I wrote for it would be likely to reach the eyes of all American 'cyclers who pretended to read at all; and that fact inspired me to prepare many road-reports for its columns. As soon as a rival sheet disputed its supremacy, however, the inspiration was greatly weakened, and my productions decreased in number, for I felt that my writing was less effective than before, in that it failed to reach a certain number of existing readers. My expectation, therefore, was, that, with the appearance of the magazine, my contributions to 'cycling literature would cease entirely, because the chance of reaching only about a third of my proper audience would supply too weak a motive for taking the trouble to address them at all. Happily, however, THE WHEELMAN entirely disappointed me! Instead of being a weak rival and counterpart of the weeklies, it proved to be planned on a model whose success would help rather than hinder their own prosperity. It proved able to develop a literature of its own, and forthwith gained recognition as the proper receptacle for the road-reports and other long articles which the weeklies had always found great difficulty in making room for, and which they have since gladly replaced by matter having more definitely the character of news. Considering that the magazine has never spoken ill of either of them, and that its prosperity is remotely a help to their own, I have thought it curious that both of them have been so chary of recognizing it, and have contented themselves with such brief and perfunctory notices of its contents. A monthly review of the articles in THE WHEELMAN, written by a competent critic who had carefully read them, and who would intelligently describe them and honestly bestow praise and censure, — might, in my opinion, be made one of the most attractive features of the weekly press.

When the first annual volume of the *Bicycling World* (then a fortnightly) came

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to its end, in October, 1880, I wrote to the editor to "express the hope that (in addition to the customary title-page and contents-table or index of titles, which I assume you intend to supply for the benefit of those who wish to send the volume to the binder) you will cause to be prepared a special 'local index' or alphabetical list of all places mentioned. Such a compilation, though a purely mechanical task which any clerk could perform, would increase by tenfold the value of the volume. Supposing a wheelman is planning to take a tour: he turns to the index, and then looks up the references to the places which he thinks of visiting. One reference may prove to be a list of the local club, another may show that there are no riders in that particular town, a third may describe an excellent road; still another may warn him of bad roads to be avoided; and so on. In the general index, it would, of course, be well to give an alphabetical list of the 'tours and excursions' which have been described in full; but these descriptions comprise only a small part of the 'local information' interesting to tourists which has appeared in the volume, scattered among personal and editorial paragraphs, club-letters, and the like; and their information can only be made accessible by a special 'index of places.' Such a thing, furthermore, would be a great encouragement and incentive to all your readers to prepare road-reports for the paper, inasmuch as it would assure them that their work would have a permanent value; and when two or three volumes of your paper have been thus indexed, the compilation of a respectable 'American Road Book,' or 'Route Guide for Wheelmen,' will be a matter of comparatively little difficulty."

The plan so far commended itself to the editor that he at once set a clerk to compiling a list of all the towns named in the volume; "but a little progress showed that, unless some discrimination was used in omitting unimportant references, the list would reach too great proportions"; and so, though the index to the first annual volume of the fortnightly *Bicycling World* was more complete than that prepared for any of the later semi-annual volumes of the weekly issue, there was no special 'place index' printed in connection with it. The decision of the editor was undoubtedly a right one; for — considering the miscellaneous character of the paper's contents, and the transitory value of much of it, and the wearisome repetitions of local reference practically indentical — the compilation of an elaborate "place index" could not have been made to "pay." The proportion of patrons of a weekly paper who preserve and bind the numbers is too small; and the incentive of encouraging the ultimate compilation of a general "road-book" is too weak. Even if all the descriptions of American roads, and tours, and excursions, which have been printed in the 'cycling press during the last four years, were not made perfectly accessible by proper indexes, it could hardly be worth the while of any person, at all competent for compiling them into a road-book, to attempt that most toilsome task. The reports would nearly all require to be essentially revised and rewritten to adapt them to a uniform and intelligible standard; and the labor of newly classifying the facts and preparing the indexes thereto (on the completeness of which the whole value of the book would depend) would be entirely out of proportion to the possible returns for copies sold, — no matter though the "guide" should achieve the highest degree of popularity and be everywhere recognized as the standard authority.

The volumes of THE WHEELMAN, however, do not require to be rewritten or even to be reprinted. They already exist in a compact and manageable shape. There is need only that their contents should be made accessible by appropriate indexing, and the problem of "How to provide suitable road books for American tourists" is solved at once. As an offset to the apparent ungraciousness of pointing out the shortcomings in the contents-table, which actually accompanied the first volume, I may say that it seemed to me quite as complete as any which I have noticed in connection with the older and more pretentious magazines; and that (except in the case of the "poetry," whose titles are of small account) it escaped the idiocy, whereof I have sometimes found them guilty, of inserting under the first letter of the alphabet a title beginning with the word "A" or "An," and of inserting under "T" a title beginning with the word "The." THE WHEELMAN'S arrangement of actual titles was certainly up to the average in intelligence and carefulness, though the number of cross-references and variations of "blind" titles might well have been increased. Thus, neither of W. O. Owen's stirring stories of Western adventure are to be found under "Rocky Mountain," where they best belong;

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but one must be looked for under "Bicycle" and the other under "Wheel"; the bicycle ride of Keith-Falconer across Great Britain must be sought under "From," instead of under "John o'-Groat's," where is properly placed the tricycle ride of Alfred Nixon over the same course, though this in turn fails to be inserted under "Tricycle." The following titles failed to be repeated under the distinctive word of each (which I have indicated by italics): "The bicycle for *Physicians*," "Our *Minister* Rides the Bicycle," "The Bicycle Coeficient of *Safety*," "But is it *Safe?*" "The Coming *Horse*," "'Cycling and *Photography*," "'Cycling in *France*," "Effect of the Bicycle upon our *Highway Laws*," "First Meet of *New Hampshire* Wheelmen," "Some Laws of *Muscularity*," "The League Meet at *Chicago*," "The Question of *Prejudice*," "Tricycling and *Health*," "A Wheel Around the *Hub*," "The Wheel as a *Gymnasium*," "The Wheel in *Canada*," "The Wheel in *Nashua*," "Some *Methodistic* Experiences" (which might also well have been repeated under "Ministerial"); "Along Lake Erie" would have been a good second for "An October Ramble"; "Through Wisconsin and Illinois" would have served to explain "A Vacation Tour," and "Western New York" would have localized "Four Hundred Miles."

Besides making the above-named additions and corrections, and the similar ones which they suggest, I think I should urge that the appearance of the contents-table might, perhaps, be improved by mixing the "poetry" titles in with the others (an asterisk or the word "verse" being attached to show their special character), and by giving a less prominent position, say at the end of the titles of the "Wheel News," to the names of books reviewed, it would then suffice to refer all seekers for "Poetry" and "Book Notices" to the pages named under those general titles in the main alphabetical list. The general contents-table having been thus intelligently and compactly presented, I should proceed to supplement it by classified lists and special indexes, so as to make the volume not only available for reference by those who had already perused its articles from month to month, but also so attractive to new readers as to compel their immediate patronage. A mere alphabetical list of magazine articles, no matter how complete and well put together it may be, and no matter how good the service it may render as a stimulus to the memory, has very little power to win new purchasers for the same, or to serve effectively as a guide to the real character and value of those articles. It was, doubtless, a perception of the inadequacy of the contents-table to properly advertise the treasures hidden in Volume I., — to convince the careless that their neatly bound octavo of 480 double-column pages, selling for a dollar and a half, really comprised "the finest collection of 'cycling literature ever published," — which induced the publisher to prepare an announcement exhibiting the principal titles grouped together in classes. I wish to reprint this here, both because it seems worthy of perservation on its own account, and because it serves to introduce and illustrate what I have to say as to the value of classified indexing: —

Do you wish to know what can be done and has been done on a bicycle — to read the experiences and reminiscences of wheelmen? In this volume are numerous articles which will give you the desired information: "Over the Alps by Bicycle"; "From Land's End to John O'Groat's," — a run through England and Scotland; "A Vacation Trip," — an illustrated sketch of a trip through Wisconsin and Illinois; "A Bicycle Tour over the Rocky Mountains, from Laramie City, Wyoming, to Loveland, Colorado," — a description of the first ride over the "Rockies," up the mountain for twenty miles, and then the thrilling coast down the opposite side into Colorado; "A Wheel Around the Hub," a superbly illustrated article, descriptive of a run of two days through some of the most charming scenes in Eastern Massachusetts; "Four Hundred Miles," through New York and Pennsylvania; "East Long Island"; "All-Day Club Runs," — giving accounts of the famous runs of 1882, which covered over one hundred miles; "'Cycling in France"; "The Wheel in Canada." These articles, and many more of the same character which the volume contains, will show what *use* can be made of a bicycle — what pleasure can be derived from it. Do you wish to know the physical effects of bicycling — the great benefit to health to be obtained by this form of exercise? We have but to refer you to the volume spoken of to read the opinions of physicians and others on this point: "The Wheel as a Gymnasium"; "Thoughts on the Hygiene of the Wheel"; "Physical Culture for Ministers," by a clergyman who knows of what he speaks; "Some Laws of Muscularity." Do you desire to learn of that great fraternity, "The League of American Wheelmen," three thousand men bound together to protect the interests of their favorite sport? THE WHEELMAN will tell you: "The League Meet at Chicago," written and illustrated by prominent wheelmen; "What of the League"? by Chas. E. Pratt, the founder and first president of the League. In this volume will be found general articles, dealing with the subject of 'cycling from the various stand-points that naturally present themselves. "The Uses of the Bicycle" treats of the manufacture, physical development, social and moral influences, clubs, political influence, and the 'cycling press. Are you seeking information about the tricycle? Here is an abundance of tricycling

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articles: "From John O'Groat's to Land's End on a Tricycle"; "Tricycling in Relation to Health"; "Tricycle Riding"; "The Ideal Tricycle," etc., etc. Besides all this, the first volume of THE WHEELMAN contains many entertaining sketches and stories. We can only mention a few: "The Club Christening," "The True History of that Club Run," "The Bicycle Club attend a Sewing Circle,"—a series of charming, humorous sketches by President Bates; "Bicycling Yarns," by C. A. Hazlett; "Echoes and Shadows,"—a delightful illustrated paper, full of quiet fancy and pleasant reminiscence, by Chas. E. Pratt; "Deacon Noah's Vision"; "Huldah's Romance"; "A Race for Life"; "On Both Sides of the Sea"; "A Race for a Ribbon." Two serials also begin in this volume, "A Flying Dutchman" and a "A Shadow Love,"—both bright, entertaining pieces of fiction. The poetry is of a high order, and is equal to any of our best magazine verse. "A Lament," "'Cycle and I," both beautifully illustrated; "A Midnight Ride" and "A Midwinter Revery," by S. Conant Foster, "Love on Wheels," and "Song," are the most genuine examples of 'cycling poetry ever published. There are over seventy-five engravings in this book, forming the finest collection of 'cycling illustrations ever printed. If you are not a rider, this volume will furnish you with entertaining reading upon a subject with which you are unacquainted; if you are a beginner, here are the opinions and experiences of old wheelmen; if you are a veteran yourself, you may in this book read the thoughts of your fellows and find enjoyment for many an hour when not upon the wheel.

Since the writer's name is often the chief guide which the would-be reader has in searching for a particular piece, I would have an "index of contributors," showing the pages where each one's productions may be found; and I would give "Anonymous" his proper alphabetical place in this index, as well as each less modest writer who hides behind initials or pseudonym. In other words, I would treat the initials and pseudonyms as if they were proper names, and would credit all the unsigned pieces to that prolific author called "Anon." An "index of artists," showing where each one's pictures may be found, would be another interesting thing, though perhaps not quite as useful as that of the "writers"; and the "illustrated articles" should also be indexed together, and perhaps accompanied with the names of the pictures. The character of other special alphabetical lists may be indicated by such headings as "Novels and Tales," "Scientific and Mechanical," "Essays and Sketches," "Historical and Descriptive," "Tricycling," "Health, Use, and Sport," and (I mention latest what I think the most important one of all) "Roads, Tours, and Excursions." Under each of these headings should be grouped as many articles as possible, and each article should be given as many descriptive titles as can possibly help catch the eye of the searcher for a particular subject. Not a few articles may well be allowed a place under two or more of these classified indexes; and the subjects treated of in the editorial and contributors' departments should also be inserted there. I would also recommend an "index to periodicals quoted or referred to" as being a great help to the memory, as well as a token of straightforwardness and courtesy; and I even venture to suggest that THE WHEELMAN would lose nothing of its dignity or value if it oftener reprinted solid and interesting articles from other journals, in preference to those of an inferior quality which it accepts because they are "original."

But the special index of "Roads, Tours, and Excursions" ought, in my opinion, to surpass all the others in minuteness and extent. The alphabetical list should not only contain all the possible variations of the formal titles, which are often rather "blind" ones, but also all the possible catch-titles which a diligent perusal of the text will enable the indexer to devise. What I mean may be best shown by referring to my own six-page report in the January issue, called "Four Hundred Miles," of which I have already suggested that "Western New York" would have formed a satisfactory alterative title in the contents-table. I broke up that article, however, into sections labelled "Trenton Falls to Avon Springs," "The Genesee Valley," "Along the Erie Railway," and "The Susquehanna and Wyoming Valleys," and each one of these sections describes a fairly complete short tour, which deserves a separate title in the index. In most articles, of course, no such sub-headings are printed, and it remains for the indexer to invent them after a careful study of the chief objective points in a given report. The one entitled "Coasting on the Jersey Hills," for instance, could be made to yield the more distinctive titles of "New York to Morristown," "The Newark and Orange Triangle," "Staten Island to Elizabeth and Patterson," and others. "Across Vermont and New Hampshire," and "Among the White Mountains," would serve as descriptive titles for "A Pilgrimage a-Wheelback," supplied by Paul Pastnor to the same issue of the magazine; though, on account of its indefinite character, as a general narrative rather than an exact report, it should also be indexed under the heading "Stories and Sketches." The fact should be borne in mind, furthermore, that some articles which are avowedly fic-

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titious and imaginary contain true descriptions of roads which deserve to be indexed as such.

All the foregoing, however, is preliminary to my main plea for such a "local index," or complete alphabetical list of all towns named in THE WHEELMAN'S pages, which are classified under "Roads, Tours, and Excursions," as shall make the bound volumes of that magazine genuine, trustworthy guide-books for all touring wheelmen in America. These names should be printed in small type, four columns to the page, like the tremendous indexes of family names in the genealogical quarterlies, and should each have the abbreviation of the State attached, and the numerals representing the pages where the name appears. Simply this and nothing more. Several pages would be needed for such an index, even when closely printed, but it would not, as in the attempt of the *Bicycling World*, extend beyond all reasonable bounds, for the field would be a definitely restricted one, and there would be no need of indulging in senseless repetitions. I am sure that the expense of publishing these "place indexes" for THE WHEELMAN'S first two volumes would be met almost immediately by the increased sales of the same, for they would be transformed at once from "old magazines" into standard literature of the utmost vitality. If, in addition to this, the title-page of Volume II. be supported by an elaborate contents-table and specially classified indexes of the sort I have described, I venture to predict that the gratuitous distribution of a thousand copies of the pamphlet (for it would comprise a dozen or more pages, instead of six) among non-subscribers would prove a far more effective advertisement for the magazine than any hitherto devised. The merest inspection of the affair would convince the most sceptical that there must be a good deal in it; and every wheelman who ever designed to do any riding outside his own town limits would decide at once that he simply "could not afford" to have those two completed volumes out of his reach, or to miss an early perusal of forthcoming monthly issues. Furthermore, the distribution of such a pamphlet would increase the sale of individual back numbers; for when a man who had bought a bound volume, and had decided to take one of the tours therein described, he would be glad to pay 20 cents for the sake of carrying with him the pages containing an account of the roads he wished to traverse. It would please me personally, too, if, instead of laboriously writing replies to the numerous people who apply to me for information as to roads, I had it in my ability to inscribe on a postal card simply, "You may secure the desired facts by procuring THE WHEELMAN of" such or such a date. It is evident that touring, and the sale of individual numbers containing reports of tours, will both be increased according to the degree by which the indexer makes complete and attractive the titles of possible rides in his list of "Roads, Tours, and Excursions."

The remote return, however, for the money invested in giving a permanent and authoritative character to the magazine by elaborately indexing its contents, seems to me more valuable than this anticipated direct return of money by new patrons and subscribers. I mean the increased impulse which it will arouse in the minds of tourists to take notes of their travels and prepare careful reports of them for preservation in the magazine. Riders begrudge the time and trouble requisite for this, because they feel that their labors may be largely wasted, — that unless their contribution to the sum of human knowledge concerning American roads be taken advantage of during the week or month that the paper or magazine is current, it will never be availed of at all. If they can be convinced, however, that their efforts are to have enduring value, that their words are to be preserved in a permanent road-book, so thoroughly indexed as to make it a living work of reference for many years to come, they will be possessed of a motive for effort such as not hitherto existed. I hope and believe it would be a fairly adequate motive; and that the list of "Roads, Tours, and Excursions," in THE WHEELMAN'S third volume, would be twice as great as ever before, and twice as varied and valuable. Time and again, both in printed word and private talk, have I besought the men who ride on undescribed paths to give some account of their adventures on those paths, "for the encouragement of the others"; and no one can deny that I have fairly won the right to urge that duty upon them by my own efforts at putting together more road reports than any one else has yet taken the trouble to prepare. I have never blamed any one for neglecting my requests and entreaties, however, because I have realized that, in the shortness of life, and the press of immediate duties, the duty of preparing road reports for the public good was a rather

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remote one, — especially when the benefit conferred seemed likely to be so transitory. But if now I can persuade THE WHEELMAN to supply a fairly adequate motive for exertion in their particular path of duty by promising to make the benefit permanent, I shall feel inspired to make fresh clamors for information in the ears of all riders who are known to possess any, and will agree to give them no peace until the last possible page of interesting and instructive copy has been sent Bostonward by their reluctant hands.

Though the "local index" which I have recommended, and which consists of a single alphabetical list of the towns named in tourists' reports, may do well enough for a beginning, it would not by any means fill my ideal, or seem satisfactory, except as an earnest of better things to follow. I should desire to see the names on this single list repeated in subsidiary lists of towns, arranged according to States; to see the county towns designated by italics; and to see other important towns, where comfortable hotels are situated, designated by asterisks. I should want an index to all the hotels named in the reports, with some typographic device to indicate their relative character and expensiveness; and I should want other special lists of the lakes, rivers, waterfalls, mountains, battlefields, monuments, and other historic or notable landmarks, whereof the narratives made mention. These are the sort of facts which an ideally well-indexed road-book should render instantly accessible; and that is the sort of book which I am sure THE WHEELMAN'S third volume will wish to be, provided the first and second are rendered approximately such by the successful use of the simpler "local index" so urgently recommended.

There remains, however, the profound dictum of Benjamin Franklin: "If a man insists on having a thing really well done, in this world, he must do it himself." So, three months ago, as I reclined beside my bicycle on the green slope of the old battlefield at White Plains, though it was the centennial anniversary of the day (April 19, 1783), when Washington proclaimed the cessation of hostilities to the army at Newburgh, my mind was not wholly taken up with patriotic reminiscences. I bethought me at times of the promised production of the present article; and as I reflected on the impossibility of ever persuading another man to prepare an index exactly in accordance with my own ideal of it, the question gradually took shape before me, "Why not publish a bicycler's road-book of your own, and index every proper name in it entirely to your heart's content?" To this question, when fairly formulated, I at once replied, "I will"; and before I resumed my homeward journey I decided that the book should be called "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," and should be ready for publication in December, 1884. It will naturally consist in large part of the many road-reports and descriptions of towns which I have printed in the 'cycling press during the four years past, and of the others which I expect to prepare for THE WHEELMAN during the year to come, — provided my present plea for proper indexing is duly heeded. As my riding record reached the limit of seven thousand miles on the last day of June (during which month I chanced to ride exactly four hundred miles, in five different States), I still have quite a little wheeling ahead of me before I can justify my right to the title chosen for my guide-book. But I claim it now; oh, yes! I claim every bit for my own. And if any ambitious maker of road-books shall venture to anticipate events and wrest it from me, I feel sure that the monumental cannon on the White Plains battlefield will open their Revolutionary throats to cry him "Shame!"

Karl Kron.

LAWN-TENNIS IN AMERICA.

ALTHOUGH the youngest of out-door pastimes, lawn-tennis has already won for itself a foremost place among polite sports. In the nine years that have elapsed since an English cavalry-officer discovered, invented, made over, or whatever the proper term may be, this popular game, and bestowed it upon a hungry public, it has grown from a crude and unsatisfactory amusement for idle hours into a game demanding the exercise of almost every faculty, with the exception of muscular strength, that is brought into play by any other games. That it was at first crude and, viewed from the stand-point of to-day, only fit for "duffers," is not to

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be regarded as a reflection upon its inventor. Was anything ever produced in as perfect a condition as it afterward attained? Even the Indian birch-bark canoe, an invention of savages, upon which generations of unexampled progress in mechanical arts have failed to improve, was, doubtless, evolved only after the experience of many generations had taught its rude inventors what they needed for their purpose. Major Wingfield's lawn-tennis was almost as different from that of to-day as George Stephenson's "Rocket" from the monster locomotive that has brought Chicago within thirty hours' travel from the Atlantic Ocean.

Almost every one can recall the 24-feet court; the net five feet high at the poles and four feet at the centre; the volleyed service, and all the other crudities which, had they remained, would have reduced lawn-tennis to the level of battledoor and shuttlecock, which would have been, practically, extinction.

But those who played the new game saw in it qualities which only needed to be developed to win for it a lasting popularity. People wanted exercise; lawn-tennis gave it. But they also wanted exercise in a game that should call forth skill and activity. Exercise alone could be obtained by running, walking, or the monotonous swinging of Indian clubs; only people would neither run, nor walk, nor swing clubs; the element of competition was wanting. This lawn-tennis furnished. Furthermore, and to this factor, doubtless, the immediate popularity of the game was largely owing: both ladies and gentlemen could play the game, and together, and upon equal terms. Later developments, however, of lawn-tennis have so far modified the game that ladies are now placed at a considerable disadvantage in competing with gentlemen.

Having made good its foothold in England, and having proved its stability, lawn-tennis was introduced into this country and quickly gained recognition. At first it was played only upon the private grounds of the wealthier and more leisurely class at Newport and other exclusive summer resorts. Then it was taken up by the larger cricket clubs, which, being largely under the influence of English traditions, were fitting grounds for it during the period of acclimatization. An open tournament, on the grounds of the Staten Island Cricket Club, was evidence that it had become naturalized, so to speak, and thereafter clubs sprang up at all the Eastern cities and favorite suburbs, and the net became a familiar sight upon hundreds of green lawns.

At this date there are in the United States upwards of forty organized clubs, with an aggregate membership of not less than four thousand persons. In addition to these forty there are numerous clubs which are not organized except on a private and exclusive basis — such, for example, as those whose membership is confined to the pupils of certain schools, or which are merely social gatherings among neighbors, the rendezvous being at the private grounds of one or other of the participants. About one-third of the organized clubs admit ladies either to full or limited membership, and there are some clubs that are composed exclusively of ladies. The largest club is the Young America, of Germantown, the smallest, Waterbury (Conn.), with only sixteen members. The most Eastern club is at Portland (Me.); the most Western at San Rafael (Cal.); the most Southern at Washington, D.C. In New York, and the cities and suburbs adjacent and tributary thereto, there are sixteen clubs; Philadelphia has eight; Boston five. This preponderance of numbers, however, in favor of the metropolis is not an indication of the relative excellence of the play shown by the three great cities, since the principal winners in the last two seasons have been Boston and Philadelphia men.

Early in 1881 a convention of lawn-tennis players was held in New York, for the purpose of forming an association that should undertake the direction of lawn-tennis in this country, and legislate for its further advancement. The outcome of the convention was the organization of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, with Gen. Robert S. Oliver, of Albany, President; Samuel Campbell, of Orange, Vice-President; and Clarence M. Clark, of the Young America Cricket Club, Secretary-Treasurer. Additional members of the Executive Committee were Dr. James Dwight (now President), George S. Schofield, Jr., and B. Mostyn. In August of the same year the Association held its first annual tournament on the Casino grounds at Newport, the championship being won by Mr. R. D. Sears, of Harvard University, and the championship for doubles by Messrs. C. M. Clark and F. W. Taylor. In the following year the meeting was again held at Newport, and it

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seems probable that the same favored spot will always be the *venue* for the National Tournament. Certainly no other place affords equal facilities and attractions for so important a meeting.

Reference has already been made to some of the improvements upon the original lawn-tennis, the most important of which was the lowering of the net by twelve inches at the poles and at the centre. With a four-feet net the game consisted mainly of "lobbing" the ball over to be "lobbed" back again. Long rallies were frequent, and the unprogressive thought the game perfect, since the interest was maintained by keeping the ball bounding from one side of the net to the other without a break. But good and progressive players saw that the high net set a premium on mediocre play, and limited the capabilities of the game to its great detriment. Hence the height of the net was reduced to three feet, fast drives took the place of slow "lobs," and lawn-tennis bounded into favor as a game calling for an almost unlimited amount of skill.

Another improvement effected about the same time was the lengthening of the service-court from eighteen to twenty-one feet, the result of which was to give increased importance to the service, and to make it a more considerable factor in the game than heretofore. The swift overhand service was cultivated, and had the general standard of play not improved, service would have had undue weight. As it turned out, however, what with the general advance in skill of the player, and the comparative infrequency with which the swift service "came off," the service has not yet, and probably never will attain a dangerous preëminence, — dangerous, of course, because it is merely the opening of a rally; and if it were uniformly so severe as to be beyond the skill of the striker-out, the game would be killed in its infancy. It does not seem probable that any great advance will be made in serving, while there is every indication that general play has not yet by any means reached the zenith. There is no service that can compare with the swift overhand, the very velocity of which exaggerates any little inequality in the ground on which the ball may pitch into a mountain, in so far as it diverts the ball from a direct course. All the tricks of cut and twist are of no avail against practised players; the cut will not always make the ball hug the ground; in fact, it does so in provokingly few instances; and as for twist, a good player can easily tell by watching his opponent's stroke which way the ball will turn, and can prepare himself therefor. In looking over the details of the score in a great match, it will be found that surprisingly few aces were won by service; and it would scarcely be unfair to assume that in the majority of cases the credit lay rather with the ground than with the skill of the server.

While for several years modifications in the rules had been bringing the standard of lawn-tennis up to a plane which is still rising, an English player introduced into the game a style of play which gave him an immense advantage over his adversaries, and won him the English championship in 1881, which he still retains. The player was Mr. W. Renshaw, and the new style of play was volleying from about half way down the court. Volleying had always been recognized as a very profitable kind of stroke to employ when opportunity offered. Mr. Renshaw did not wait for the opportunity, but saw it in almost every stroke. Taking his stand at or about the service-line, he volleyed every ball that he could reach, and it was a matter of surprise to see that he could reach almost every ball that was returned by his opponent. If he could not reach it, it probably went out of court. The strength of this style of play was at once recognized, and all the best English and American players, with two or three exceptions on each side of the ocean, at once adopted the Renshaw tactics. Still, the base-liners — that is, those who had attained a high rank in the game by the practice of the old style of play — clung to their first love, and even at this late date are trying to maintain that their practice is the better one, and that, in fact, the fate of the volleyer is already sealed. There is one thing which will always be to the advantage of the volleyer, and that is a bad court; for, since he seldom allows the ball to bound, he is much less influenced by irregularities in the surface than his opponent, who as seldom takes the ball otherwise than after a bound. The base-line advocate says, "Give us a perfect ground and in time we must beat you volleyers." To which the volleyer replies conclusively, "Our game must be the best because it is the winning game." That there is a general feeling that the volleyer has the base-liner at a disadvantage would seem to be shown by the fact that legislation has attempted to come to the latter's relief. In England, last year, and at home this year, the height of the net at the poles was

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lowered six inches, so that there is now a difference of but six inches between the height at the poles and at the centre. The object of this change was to give the base-line player a better chance to return the ball low down along the side-line, and to extend the area of the volleyer's action. Whether the change has been of material value to the party intended to be benefited it would be hard even for the party himself to say. The difference is so slight (seeing that the whole length of the net is not within the player's range and the diminution in height is almost imperceptible in that part of the net over which the ball mainly passes) that it scarcely seemed worth while to make it. But whether it is or is not of benefit to the base-line player it is a step in the right direction, since it brings the net nearer to the horizontal position that it ought to occupy. The only reason why the net does not present a horizontal instead of a curved line is the mechanical difficulty of straining the net on such supports as it is at present practicable to employ. Doubtless a pole will be invented before long that will be capable of straining the net to the necessary degree of tension and yet stand the strain without the aid of guy-ropes or any exterior supports which might disfigure the ground.

The English volleying game was, as has already been remarked, at once adopted in this country, among its most practised exponents being Doctor Dwight, Mr. R. D. Sears, Messrs. C. M. and J. S. Clark, and Mr. A. Van Rensselaer. The first-named player is undoubtedly the strongest volley-player that we have, his returns being both accurate and severe. Indeed, had he the endurance of his younger rivals he would be the best all-round player in the country. Mr. Sears' form is well-known. His skill as a volleyer is great, but he does not practise that style so persistently as Doctor Dwight, nor are his returns on the volley so severe or so well-judged. Mr. Sears is rather above the middle height, while Doctor Dwight is below it. On the other hand, Mr. Van Rensselaer is at least six feet in height, and thus has a commanding reach, notwithstanding which he gains far fewer aces by volleying than Doctor Dwight does. The explanation probably is, — or rather would be, if other things were equal, — that a tall man hardly realizes his height, and in volleying a ball which would be beyond a short man's reach, he is apt to drive it out of court. In the same manner his great reach in a lateral direction frequently causes him to strike the ball outside of the side-line. The tall man must get *over* the high ball if he wants to make a severe return, while the medium-sized player may strike a ball swiftly at almost the angle at which it is coming to him and yet not drive it beyond the base-line.

One of the merits claimed for lawn-tennis as a pastime is that it can be played by two persons, whereas, nearly all the other popular out-door sports, — baseball, football, cricket, lacrosse, etc., require a large number of players. But if two persons can play the game (and certainly the single game affords the best display of its capabilities), it is also sociable enough to admit four players on one court, whereby it has another claim to popular favor. Time was when the double game was looked upon as a kind of tennis "loafing," that was good enough for ladies and children, and for the whole numerous company of duffers,[1] but beyond the serious consideration of good players. To be sure, it has always had a place in the programmes of open tournaments, but this was probably because in England ladies take part in such tournaments, and the single game was then considered somewhat too severe exercise for them. In the last three or four years, however, the double game has come up in the estimation of the best players, and it is now looked upon as worthy of their utmost endeavor, although it is still regarded as being inferior to the single game. The best players enter for the double events in open tournaments, and some excellent play is always produced. Of course it is widely different in character from the single game. The court is nine feet wider, so there is so much more space to be defended. Then the play is by no means so direct, and the ball is, for a considerable part of every rally, a shuttlecock, tossed from one side of the net, high above it, to the other. It is not every ball that tells, as in the single game. There is a man at the net whose vigilance must be outwitted; and behind him is another man who does all the tossing from his side of the net, and who must be prepared for such balls as the net player tries for and misses, as well as for those swift drives close over the net when the net player has been forced away from his commanding position. The latter, for

[1] This English slang word, which was formerly applied to unskilled persons in any kind of sport, has lately been almost entirely appropriated for the purpose of characterizing indifferent tennis-players.

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his part, attempts to "kill" every ball that comes within his reach, and unless due care is exercised by his opponents, his murderous intentions are carried into effect.

At the national tournament last year the championship for doubles was won by Messrs. Sears and Dwight, after a long and close contest with Messrs. Nightingale and Smith, of Providence, the latter pair being strong, individually, though as a team, they did not play well together. Mr. Smith seemed out of form, but his partner probably never played better, his tossing being remarkable for accuracy, and his "smashes" frequent and severe. The double champions of 1881, Messrs. C. M. Clark and F. W. Taylor, were deposed, having met with defeat in the third round at the hands of the eventual winners of the championship.

Since that meeting, the strongest pair that ever played in this country has appeared in the brothers Clark, of Germantown. As single players, they are among the four or five first players in America, the elder brother having stood out to the end in the championship match of last year, and the younger having won the Harvard championship in the same year. This year they have played two matches against the champions, and have in both cases beaten them, not so much by individual excellence as by their perfect working together as a team. They have now gone abroad, where they hope to meet the famous pair of English brothers, the Renshaws, and other well-known players. It can hardly be expected that they should carry everything before them, but they will doubtless be able to give a good account of themselves.

The existence of the man at the net in the double game has lately been the subject of an animated correspondence in the columns of the London *Field*. The question as to whether or no that person should be allowed to continue in his evil way, or be legislated out of existence, was started by one who would be classed by experts as a duffer; but that he had some ground to stand upon would seem to be shown by the fact that most of the best English players have contributed to the discussion. No doubt it is very annoying to have one's best low drives killed by an automaton, with a racquet in his hand, just as they have passed the net; but the question is, why should he not kill the ball if he can reach it, and it is in his own court? If any change were necessary, it would be better to condemn the volley at all times, rather than hamper a man in his choice of positions in the midst of a rally. There is, however, very little danger that legislation will interfere with volleying, or that it will condemn net play. The latter is strictly within the scope and purpose of the game, and any interference with volleying would only "put the clock back," and weaken the game.

Although lawn-tennis has achieved remarkable popularity in this country, it is yet some distance behind Great Britain both in the standard of play and in the interest taken in the game. There are, of course, many reasons why this should be so: the game is newer with us than with them; the American people have not so much leisure for amusement as the English have, and the period of the year during which out-door tennis may be played is shorter here than there. But even granting that we have not yet reached the English level in play, there is no reason why open competitions should not be much more frequent than they are in this country. Out of the forty or more organized clubs, there are at least twenty that should hold open tournaments, while there are not more than ten that do or have done so. Hence the interest in the game is allowed to become torpid for lack of the stimulus of competition. Tournaments open only to the members of one club are not infrequent, but they are so local in their interest that they do nothing to advance the general interest in the game. Not only have we not shown, but we shall not be able to show as high a standard of play in this country as has been reached in England, unless the game is fostered by competition. The wonder is that such good players have already been produced, and the explanation is doubtless the existence of the national association and the establishment of the national championship.

None of the clubs that hold open tournaments admit ladies to membership, and perhaps it is owing to this fact that, with one exception, ladies have hitherto found no place in open competitions. That such should be the case, there is no adequate reason. Not alone the nature of the game, but also its popularity among ladies, has proved that it is a ladies' game, and in every locality where tennis is in vogue there are ladies who play as well as the gentlemen, their neighbors, considering the disadvantages under which they lie. It has been objected that American ladies

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would not like the publicity that would attach to their appearance as contestants in an open tournament. This objection, it may safely be assumed, does not come from the ladies themselves, but is a gratuitous plea put in by some person whose ideas are based upon too close a study of the period before the modern newspaper had become what it now is, and who is ignorant of the fact that American ladies, now, and for several years past, do and have taken part in open competitions in archery, and that a certain highly-esteemed lady is proud to be the holder of the "championess" medal of the National Archery Association. The fact is that archery, like tennis, is too refined a sport to offer any attractions to the more vulgar elements of society, and a lady who takes part in an archery or lawn-tennis match does so only in the company of persons in whose society she is accustomed to move. A New York belle thinks, and with good reason, that she occupies a very exclusive position when she occupies the box-seat on a four-in-hand drag, in the annual parade of the Coaching Club; but from another point of view her position is a very conspicuous one, and the amount of publicity that it entails is many times greater than she would be called upon to endure were she to take part in a ladies' match in an open lawn-tennis tournament.

When lawn-tennis was first introduced, the introducer felt himself under such great obligations to the old game of tennis that he would not give the new game a new name, except so far as was necessary to distinguish it from the other. Hence he weighed it down with a long and somewhat cumbrous name that might be shortened. The old game of tennis is played but seldom, either in this country or abroad. The court necessary for its enjoyment is costly to build, and the game itself is so intricate and difficult that even were tennis courts more common than they are it would have but few votaries. Lawn-tennis, on the other hand, is almost universal among the younger persons of both sexes in the more refined classes of the community, and it is rapidly growing in favor. For these reasons, therefore, it is worth while considering if the name of lawn-tennis should not be shortened to tennis, simply, leaving the old and less popular game to enter upon its fifth or sixth century with the more distinctive appellation of "court-tennis."

Alfred B. Starey.

EDITORIAL.

Roads.

ONE of the anomalies of civilization is the method of making and repairing roads in this country. It is a mysterious process which none but the initiated understand. In its simplest elements, it consists in the transportation of clay and sand from the side to the middle, or bed of the road. The mystery is in the object of this work, which the results do not reveal. It is stated that the idea is to furnish a dry, compact surface for the transportation of vehicles. The falsity of this assumption needs but to be pointed out to be appreciated. The real object of the repairer is to get so much dirt, sand, gravel, or stones, as the case may be, out of the handiest place on the roadside, and upon the most contiguous portion of the road-bed, as will pay his road-tax. The least possible amount of science and care being employed in the construction, the roads, as a result, are of the poorest sort imaginable. In a comparison with those of England, our roads would suffer greatly. Perhaps it might be urged that the character of our soil renders the construction of roads like the English roads too expensive for our resources. In answer, we would call attention to Canada, which, in the matter of roads is, we venture to say, fifty or one hundred years ahead of us. Our soil cannot differ materially from Canadian soil. We have railroads, steamships, telegraphs, telephones, etc., etc.; but when we are compelled to use the road, we use the same road that was used by our forefathers one hundred years ago. We have bicycles as perfert in construction and adaptability as skill can make them, and the problem that now confronts the bicycler is roads.

Touring.

APROPOS of roads is the subject of touring. In comparison with English and Continental riders we are poor tourists. This fact is owing to two causes mainly. In the first place, our roads are incomparably worse than theirs; and we doubt if even the Englishman, with all his love for out-door exercise, would be willing to

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undergo the hardships consequent upon a tour over our roads for the sake of indulging in his favorite pastime. The second and main reason is that, as a people, we are less inclined to athletic and out-door sports. Your true American is always in a rush. If he wants to go anywhere, he goes by the quickest way possible. He has, or thinks he has, no time to spend in admiring scenery, contemplating glorious sunrises and sunsets, or tramping through leafy woods, and along the mossy banks of murmuring streams. With the Englishman this is not the case. He delights in any kind of exercise or sport that takes him out into the fresh air and bright sunshine. To him a pedestrian excursion is a source of unalloyed pleasure, and not of pleasure alone, but of profit too, for,

> "To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms,
> She speaks a various language."

How many reminiscences of beautiful landscapes, magnificent views, shady dells with bits of blue sky, flecked with white, fleecy clouds, seen through the tree-tops, are stored away in the memory to be drawn on when business or sickness or other circumstances prevents an actual visit to spots themselves. Who is there who does not feel better, physically, mentally, and spiritually after such a ramble?

If, then, there are such great advantages in a tour on foot, how much must they be enhanced by supplementing the feet by the wheel, which does away with so many drawbacks, and adds so many pleasurable features to touring? The fatigue consequent upon walking is obviated; and there is the thrill of exhilaration, caused by your speed and the consciousness that you yourself are making it, with which every bicycler is familiar.

And this is only one of the many advantages to be gained from touring. Better health, added strength, pleasant acquaintances, a knowledge of the country, greater skill in riding, and, consequently, less danger of accidents, are among the benefits resulting therefrom.

If more attention were given to touring, and less to racing, the wheeling community would be vastly the gainer.

WHEEL NEWS.

IT is with feelings of deepest regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. S. A. Marsden, Captain of the New Haven Bicycle Club, and Chief Consul of the L.A.W. for Connecticut. He was born October 14, 1854, and was therefore scarcely twenty-nine years old. Mr. Marsden was among the first bicyclers in this country, having learned the art in September, 1879. He was among those who organized the L.A.W., and has always held prominent positions on its official staff. Last year he became connected with the New Haven Yacht Club, and this spring he had purchased a large steam yacht, on which he made frequent trips to New York, on both business and pleasure.

He was a man sincerely loved by all his friends, and highly respected by all who knew him. His loss will be deeply felt by the League of American Wheelmen, for whose interests he faithfully worked.

His death was very sudden and unexpected. During the extremely hot weather that prevailed toward the last of June he was prostrated by a sunstroke, which resulted in brain-fever, and, July 8, 1883, he succumbed to that fell destroyer, Death.

The New Haven Bi. Club drew up resolutions expressing a sense of their irreparable loss and sympathy for the family of the deceased.

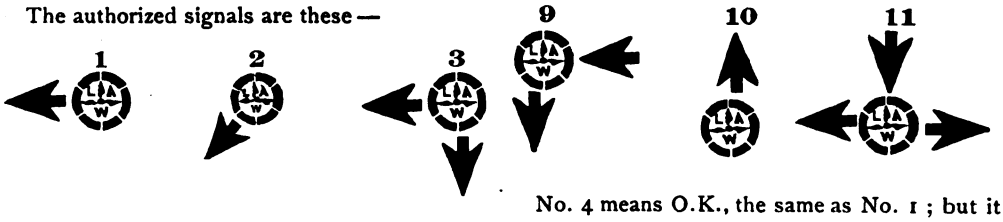
WHEELMEN who have participated in notable tours or excursions, or have accomplished individual runs exceeding 100 miles within 24 hours during the present season, are respectfully requested to notify C. A. Hazlett, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who will furnish blanks for a detailed record which he will compile for THE WHEELMAN.

Instructions to Consuls and Others using the Stencil Outfit.

THIS outfit is the property of the LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN, and is intrusted to your care with the expectation that it will be promptly used in the interest of touring wheelmen. You are desired to see that the authorized signals are painted on sign-boards, posts, and fences at such points in your vicinity as you think necessary or desirable, particularly at the tops of dangerous hills and forks of the road, etc., where a stranger might wish to know which is the best route for bicyclists.

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The authorized signals are these —



No. 1 is the O.K., or direction sign. It means: Bicyclers go this way, — the best road. At the top of a hill it means: May be safely coasted.

No. 2 is the Cautionary Signal. It means: Ride with care; at the top of a hill, descend carefully; — dangerous coasting. (The arrow points in the direction of the danger.)

No. 3 is the danger signal. It means: Better dismount; unsafe riding; no coasting. (The horizontal arrow points in the direction of the danger.)

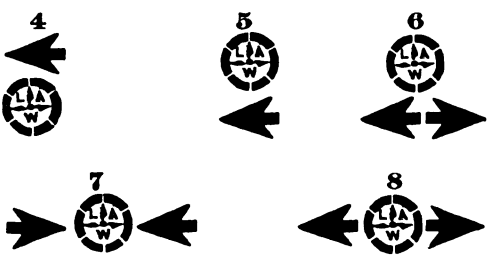
Always obtain the consent of the local authorities before putting the signs on public or private property, as the person using the stencil will be held responsible.

[As far as possible post the signs on the right-hand side of the road as you go.] Make as neat a job as possible. On fresh paint, if the surface is slightly roughened with sandpaper it will take a better impression; and, when extra nice work is desired, a subsequent coat of varnish will improve its appearance and add to its durability.

The size of the stencil is thought to be the best for most purposes; but if clubs desire to have larger ones, there is no objection to their use, if they wish to supply them.

A set of letters and numerals added to the outfit would also be convenient.

The three authorized signals are all that are intended to be used at present; but other combinations will suggest themselves. It is important that the uniformity of the signals shall be universal, and to that end the following additional code is presented for optional use. They should be used sparingly, to prevant confusion: —



No. 4 means O.K., the same as No. 1; but it is used on upright posts where there is not width for the usual form.

No. 5 means you are advised to take the footpath; but if you are *on* the footpath, and riding in a contrary direction, it means *come off* here, as if you ride farther a ditch or curb will necessitate a dismount.

No. 6 means: The footpath may be taken going either way.

No. 7 is the League hotel sign, and may be put at the entrance of a hotel, restaurant, or place of refreshment favoring bicyclers.

No. 8 is the club-room or rendezvous sign: Come in.

No. 9 is a modification of the danger sign used on hills, smooth but crossed by railroads, or other dangerous thoroughfares.

No. 10 means: 'Cyclers, attention! Something at this point worth seeing; don't miss it. This sign, at convenient intervals on a country road, may also mark a pleasant resting-place, and may serve, too, as a sort of road post-office, where written instructions may be pinned above or near this sign by the advance-guard of a party who wish to leave word for those following them.

No. 11 has a similar meaning, and heads any bulletin or circular addressed to wheelmen. It means: Wheelmen, read this.

THE third annual meet of the League of Ohio Wheelmen will be held in Columbus, O., Sept. 3 and 4, 1883. Judging from the success of last year's meet, and the rapid growth of bicycling in the State since then, the executive officers anticipate a very large and successful meet. Below is the programme of the races: —

1. Slow race, 100 yards; prize, silver medal.
2. One-half mile; 1st prize, pair nickelled ball pedals; 2d prize, gold L.A.W. badge.
3. Obstacle race, 2-5 mile; 1st prize, cyclometer; 2d prize, Kirkpatrick saddle.
4. Five miles; 1st prize, gold medal; 2d prize, timer.
5. Championship, one mile; 1st prize, gold medal; 2d prize, nickelled ball pedals.
6. Consolation race, one mile, for defeated contestants in other races. Citizens' prize. Prize, King of the Road lamp.

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A Keat's best bugle, suitably engraved, will be given to the club having the largest attendance. There will be a banner given to the best-drilled club. Each club to have eight men on the floor in drill squad. Time of drilling limited to ten minutes. Captain commanding to be in the saddle. A gold badge will be given to the best fancy rider. List of movements will be sent on application. Time of riding limited to ten minutes.

The competitive club-drilling and fancy-riding contest will take place in City Hall, Tuesday evening, September 4th.

These races will be run by L.A.W. racing rules, and entries positively close at noon on the day they are to be run.

No changes will be allowed after entries have closed. Winners of a race, excepting obstacle and slow races, are barred from further participation.

Entries should be made to the Race Committee: W. H. Miller, Box 245, Columbus, O.; H. G. Cornwell, Columbus, O.; N. M. Anderson, Columbus, O.; or to C. J. Krag, Cor. Secretary.

Corresponding Secretary Krag desires all Ohio wheelmen, especially club secretaries, to send him the names of *all* riders in their vicinity, that none may be overlooked with regard to notice of this meet.

CHIEF Consul Livingston, of Cincinnati, sends us the following circular relative to the formation of an Ohio State Division at the coming meet of the L.A.W.: —

NOTICE TO OHIO L.A.W. MEMBERS.

You are requested to attend a meeting at Columbus, on September 3d, for the purpose of organizing a permanent State Division, in accordance with the constitution, for the adoption of a code of by-laws, election of officers, and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting. It is hoped that every member will attend, and that wheelmen in Ohio not members of the L.A.W. will send in their applications at once.

C. J. Krag, of Columbus, is hereby appointed Secretary *(pro tem.)*, and D. E. Barnum, of Springfield, Treasurer *(pro tem.)*, of the Ohio Division.

All applications for membership in the League of American Wheelmen from residents of Ohio, and any inquiries concerning the Ohio State Division, should be addressed to C. J. Krag, Secretary *pro tem.*, Columbus, Ohio.

Fraternally,

H. S. LIVINGSTON, *Chief Consul.*

INDEPENDENCE Day was celebrated in Manchester to an unusual extent, a regatta, military and "trades" parade, etc., being on the programme. In connection with this was held a bicycle meet, to which all New Hampshire wheelmen were invited. We subjoin a report of this event, clipped from the *Manchester Union*: —

"THE BICYCLE MEET. — The bicycle meet proved one of the most enjoyable features of the day's observance, and was an affair not only pleasurable to the on-lookers, but a pronounced success in the estimation of all the out-of-town participants. In some quarters, though, there was some disappointment consequent upon a misapprehension of the term 'meet,' which was construed to mean 'races.'

"The wheelmen began to arrive yesterday afternoon, Mr. C. H. Sanders riding from Fisherville in company with Messrs. A. R. H. Foss and George Foss, of Springfield, Mass., *en route* to Foss' beach, Rye. Seven men wheeled from Nashua yesterday in time for the antiques. The morning trains were nearly all late, which caused a disarrangement of the well-laid plans of the local club for the entertainment of their visitors. A large party, however, witnessed the regatta on the Merrimac.

"Forty riders started in the parade from the Hotel Windsor at 11.45, and the route, as published in *The Union* of yesterday, was adhered to with the addition of a delightful wheel through the grounds of Col. B. C. Dean, Hon. Moody Currier, and Hon. G. B. Chandler. A few mishaps to some of the less experienced riders added a comical phase to the affair. Much interest was manifested at many points on the route, and one young man on a tall wheel was favored by a North-End lady with a handsome bouquet.

"The order of parade was as follows: —

"Commander, Capt. Wilkins, Manchester Bicycle Club.

"Guests.

"Color-bearer — Bugler.

"Manchester Bicycle Club, ten men, under command of Lieutenant Moses Sheriff.

"Unattached wheelmen from Keene, Weare, Pittsfield, Concord, Derry, and this city; twelve men.

"Penacook Wheel Club, Fisherville; four men.

"Nashua Wheelmen; ten men.

"One of the Nashua men rode a thirty-six-inch wheel, and next preceding him rode Division Treasurer Sanders on his fifty-eight-inch Jumbo, affording a striking contrast."

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Programme of Springfield Meet.

THE Springfield Bicycle Club has perfected a grand three days' camp, exhibition, and tournament, to take place on Hampden Park, September 18, 19, 20, 1883, to which wheelmen all over the world are cordially invited. The following list of prizes will be offered, all races being run under the rules of the L.A.W.: —

One mile amateur, best two in three, of those who have never beaten 3.20, three prizes, valued $100.

One-mile tricycle race for the championship of the United States, gold medal to first, valued $200.

Twenty-mile horse *v.* bicycle race, for which Bertie Le Franc will ride twenty miles, using ten horses, against any four bicyclers, each changing every mile, for a purse of $500.

Ten-mile bicycle race for the championship of the United States, gold medal, valued $300.

One-mile ride and run race, three prizes, valued $100

Tug-of-war race, each club to have three men to enter, and the club receiving the highest number to be declared the winner, as follows: Should seven clubs enter, the first man in would count twenty-one, the second twenty, and so on for nine prizes, valued at $200. There will be three each, first, second, and third prizes.

One-half-mile dash, three prizes, valued $50.

Twenty-mile race for the Columbia prize cup, valued $1,000.

Ten-mile professional handicap race, open to all, for a purse of $500; $250 to the first, $150 to the second, $75 to the third; $25 to the fourth.

Twenty-mile race for the professional championship of the world. A handsome gold medal will be offered as a memento of the event, and a purse of $1,000, divided as follows: $500 to the first, $300 to the second, $150 to the third, $50 to the fourth.

Five-mile tricycle race, three prizes, valued $500. First prize a Victor Rotary tricycle, built especially for this event, and presented by the Overman Wheel Company.

One-mile race without hands, three prizes, valued $100.

Five-mile handicap bicycle race, three prizes, valued $150.

Two-mile bicycle scratch race, three prizes, valued $100.

Twenty-five-mile race for the championship of the United States, gold medal studded with diamonds and rubies, valued $500. A medal as a memento to every man completing the twenty-five miles.

The inter-college contest, five miles, for a $500 trophy.

A one-mile consolation race, five prizes, valued $100.

Two-mile handicap bicycle race, three prizes, valued $100.

One-mile bicycle scratch race, three prizes, valued $100.

Ten-mile handicap race for amateurs, three prizes, valued $300.

Two-mile race for Star bicycles only, three prizes, valued $100.

Competitive club-drill, in clubs of eight, prizes valued at $200. First prize, a banner composed of the club colors, and a silver cup to each member. Second prize, a bicycle bugle.

To the club having the largest attendance, C. W. Hutchins will present a gold-plated and etched bicycle bugle, valued $50.

To the club having the largest number of men in the parade (except the Springfield Bicycle Club), and presenting the best appearance, a purse of $100 will be presented towards defraying expenses to the meet; $60 to the second; $40 to the third.

To the individual wheelman coming the greatest distance, a purse of $25 will be presented toward defraying expenses; second, $15; third, $10.

Entries close Monday, September 10.

Entries should be made to A. L. Fennessy, Secretary, Box 1,019, Springfield, Mass.

Fees as follows, for amateurs: —

All one-half and one-mile events, $1.00 each event.

All two-mile events, $2.00 each event.

All five, ten, and twenty-mile events, $5.00 each event.

For professionals: —

Horse *v.* bicycle, $5.00.

Ten and twenty miles, $10 each event.

All American entries must be in the secretary's hands September 10, sure. Foreign entries the 13th. Remember all entries will positively close on the above dates. All prizes not otherwise mentioned are divided as follows: Fifty per cent. to the first, thirty per cent. to the second, twenty per cent. to the third. All races must have at least four men to start, or the number of prizes will be reduced.

P.S. A number of prominent riders were late in sending their entries last year, thinking that the usual custom of waiting a few days would answer. *A word to the wise:* The

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Springfield Bicycle Club do as they advertise, and if you wish to enter, have your name in the secretary's hands on or before September 10, 1883. — *Wheelman's Gazette.*

THE Troy Bicycle Club, on Sept. 15th, leave Troy by cars for Eastend, Hoosac Tunnel, where they will mount and wheel to Springfield, Mass., to participate in the three days' tournament there Sept. 18, 19, and 20. Some of its members will strive for the amateur championship cup, valued at $1,000. From Springfield the club will go to Boston, and probably to Newport and other resorts, returning by the same route, being absent about ten days.

THE Troy Bicycle Club have furnished handsome apartments in the basement of Music Hall, and justly claim that their quarters are excelled by those of few similar organizations in the country. There are a large wheel-room and parlor, divided by a handsomely designed oak railing, a commodious toilet-room, with baths, two large dressing-rooms, and a janitor's room. The floors are all of Georgia pine, finished in shellac and varnished, and the ceilings are in hard finish. The parlor is elegantly furnished with ebony chairs and *têtes* upholstered in figured brown silk with crimson silk trimmings, besides two elaborately wrought centre-tables, one in polished oak and the other in ebony with marble top. An upright piano graces one corner of the room, and walls are adorned with the portraits of famous wheelmen, and with tasteful engravings. In one of the dressing-rooms is a handsome and costly sideboard.

The secretary writes us as follows: —

"Our membership now numbers about sixty, forty of whom are active men. Our honorary roll includes several gentlemen who stand high in railroad circles, and who are, I am glad to say, not mere figure-heads, but workers for us; the others are, of course, well-known citizens, including several D.D.'s, etc.

"We are a little over two months old, temperance to the backbone, as a club; and I can truly say, as far as I have been able to judge, a club of gentlemen.

"I shall be happy to send you, from time to time, club news; and at any time if anything from the Troy Bicycle Club is wanted, in the way of statistics, etc., if you will kindly let me know I should be glad to send it to you.

"Yours, fraternally,

"J. B. DEGOLYER.

"TROY, N.Y."

WE have received the Constitutions and By-Laws of the Philadelphia and Cincinnati clubs. Both show great improvement over those of former years.

THE Citizens' Club (New York) made a run down to Long Branch, N.J., July 31. They were entertained at the cottage of J. W. Curtis, one of the members.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, July 16, 1883.

GENTLEMEN: — Will you allow me space in your columns to correct a mistake that appeared in your last issue.

You stated that "The East Bridgewater wheelmen, of Connecticut, participated in the L.A.W. parade in New York," which is not a correct statement.

The East Bridgewater wheelmen belong in East Bridgewater, Mass., and as every paper stated that we came from Connecticut, we feel that an injustice has been done us, and would like to see the mistake corrected in at least one account of the meet.

Hoping that this will not reach you too late for the August number, I am, respectfully,

C. C. WING.

A CLUB was organized at Canton, O., July 20. F. W. Jay, President; Charles S. Cook, Secretary and Treasurer; M. P. Fry, Captain; Julius Weber, First Lieutenant.

AT the annual meeting of the Canandaigua Club, July 17, the following officers were elected: Dr. A. G. Coleman, President and Captain; A. W. Cruttenden, First Lieutenant; Chester Hayes, Second Lieutenant; M. S. Smith, Secretary and Treasurer. Club uniform, dark green.

A NEW club was organized in St. Louis, Mo., July 10, called the "Eclipse Wheelmen." It numbers fifteen, ten of whom belong to the L.A.W. The membership is limited to twenty. The following officers were elected: Jno. Valle, President; William Bieburger, Vice-President; Thomas Reynolds, Secretary and Treasurer; R. E. Gardner, Captain; Frank Obear, First Lieutenant; Jno. Hatch, Second Lieutenant.

THE Lowell Bi. Club hold a hill-climbing contest Aug. 1. The winner will be entitled to his choice of the prizes offered by Mr. Fred. A. Fielding, and will hold the club championship.

A FINE road is being constructed from Chicago to Pullman. This will render access to the cinder path at Pullman much more convenient than heretofore.

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FORTY wheelmen in all, from various parts of the country, joined in the Chicago Club's Canada tour. From all accounts they had a most enjoyable time. Wherever they went their appearance was hailed by large and enthusiastic crowds of hospitable citizens. They were continually being offered refreshments on the way, most frequently milk, and it is said that the giver felt offended, in case his generous offer was not accepted to the fullest extent. The trip has given an immense boom to wheeling all through Canada. A superbly illustrated description of the run will be given in THE WHEELMAN shortly.

MR. W. B. SHATTUCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Ohio and Mississippi, has donated to the Madisonville Bi. Club, for a period of six years, a portion of his lawn large enough to build a five-lap track on. A club-house will be built on the ground and a cinder-path constructed.

AN association has been formed under the title of the Madisonville Bicycle Club Track Association, with the following officers: President, W. B. Shattuc; Captain, W. W. Peabody, Jr.; Guide and Sub-Captain, F. M. Shattuc; Secretary, Charles Jones; Treasurer, W. R. Rogers. The Directors are: W. B. Shattuc, W. W. Peabody, W. R. Rogers, James White, H. Conkling, and Mr. Simmons. The membership of the club includes all the above, together with Messrs. Clarence Smith, Edgar Smith, W. F. Bacon, Frank Ludlow, Claude Rogers, Arthur Metcalfe, and George Stone.

WE have received a combined invitation and programme of the San Francisco Bi. Club's special run, which was held July 15. The Oakland Bi. Club were their guests for the day. It is printed on a blue-tint card-board, and has a fine steel engraving of a bicycler, by John A. Lowell & Co., for a frontispiece.

EAST ROCHESTER, N.H., July 7, 1883.

GENTLEMEN: — I pushed my wheel (51-inch Star) up Mt. Washington, to Summit House, and rode it all the way down, July 16. I am the first to ascend the mountain with a bicycle, and ride down. Don't think it would be possible to do it on an ordinary; the grade is so sharp that one could not keep on his wheel.

I lamed my hand and arm holding brake, so it is hard for me to write.

Yours respectfully,

E. H. CORSON.

AT the last meeting of the Albion Bi. Club the following officers were elected: —

President, Clark N. Cady; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. K. Bliss; Captain, Ed. F. Woodcock. The uniform adopted at the same meeting consists of dark-green shirt, pants, and stockings, with a white duck helmet, and white belt.

The club at present numbers ten, but has prospects of increasing this season.

THE Marshall Bi. Club hold races in connection with the Michigan State Fireman's Tournament, Aug. 15. The races are open to all amateurs of the State of Michigan, and will be held under the sanction of the L.A.W.

THE races of the Columbus Club took place on the 10th, at Recreation park. Knoderer won the three-mile race, with McCune a good second. Neil took the half-mile in 1.52½. Tress won the mile in 4.01, with Fisher close up. The two-fifths mile, hurdle race, was won by McCune in 3.50. Krumm took the 100-yard slow race in 3.47. The judges were W. R. Kinnear, Newton Anderson, and Ed. McColm. Starter, W. H. Miller. Timer, C. J. Krag.

THE Salt Lake Bi. Club held a five mile race for a $50 gold, and a $25 silver medal on July 24, in connection with other athletic sports.

FRED. WESTBROOK, of Bradford, Can., won all the open races at Rochester (N.Y.), July 4th.

THE First Annual Bicycle and Band Tournament of 1883 is to be held at the Fair Grounds in Medina, Ohio, Friday, Aug. 17, 1883, by the Medina Bicycle Club, with the sanction of the L.A.W.

A cordial invitation is extended to all amateur wheelmen by the Medina wheelmen.

PROGRAMME.

9 A.M., Parade of Bands and Wheelmen; 10 A.M., Ride to the grounds; 11 A.M., Trial heats for races; 12 M., Dinner; 1 P.M., Races.

List of Prizes. 1. One-half mile race, single heat. First prize, cradle spring; second prize, Acme stand. 2. Three-mile race, single heat. First prize, long-distance saddle; second prize, Hub lamp. 3. Five-mile race, single heat. First prize, pair ball-bearing pedals, presented by Davis & Hunt, Cleveland, O.; second prize, Acme stand. 4. Slow race, 100 yards. First prize, duplex whistle; second prize, bundle-carrier. 5. One-mile race, three heats. First

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prize, half-nickel Expert Columbia Bicycle, size to fit winner; second prize, cyclometer. 6. Consolation race, one mile. First prize, M.I.P. bag; second prize, bundle-carrier.

A Hill & Tolman Alarm will be given to the best fancy-rider.

Rules. — These races to be run by L.A.W. racing rules, and entries positively closed at 11 A.M. of the day of the races.

No changes allowed after entries have closed. Winners of a race, with the exception of the slow race, are barred from other races.

Entries should be made as soon as possible to the race committee: C. J. Chase, Frank Heath, B. F. Hobart, or to Blake Hendrickson, Corresponding Secretary.

THE Berkshire County Wheelmen are arranging for a series of races, for August 15, 1883, at the Pleasure park, at 2 P.M., to amateurs only, and under permission and rules of the L.A.W. About two hundred dollars will be expended in prizes, consisting of Bi. sundries orders given on Pope's local agent, so that the winner can make a collection of the article he wishes.

Half mile, 1st prize, valued $10, 2d, $5; two miles, 1st prize, valued $15, 2d, $10; one-fourth mile, 1st prize, valued $5, 2d, $3; five miles, 1st prize, valued $20, 2d, $10, 3d, $5; hundred yds. slow, 1st prize, valued $7, 2d, $3; twenty miles, 1st prize, valued $30, 2d, $15; fancy riding, 1st prize, valued $10; one mile consolation race, $10.

We also think of having a race for unattached boys, and possibly a medal to county residents, to be won three years before the property of holder.

Yours respectfully,

L. L. A., *Sec.*

English Notes.

OVER 12,000 people witnessed the races of the Speedwell Bi. Club at Acton. The races were as follows: —

One-mile handicap: won by H. H. Smith (35 yards). Time, 2.46⅘.

One-mile novices' scratch race: won by T. Richards. Time, 3.07⅖.

One-mile tricycle handicap: won by H. Sturmey (135 yards). Time, 3.09⅘.

Two-mile members' handicap: won by J. W. Bland (230 yards). Time, 5.50⅘.

Ten-mile scratch: won by A. C. Austin. Time, 33.50⅘.

Three-mile handicap: won by T. Whitehouse, (100 yards). Time, 8.45⅗.

THE annual races of the Newcastle T.B.C. were held at Newcastle, June 30, and July 2.

The one-mile bicycle handicap fell to J. R. Siddle (100 yards). Time, 2.58⅘.

The one-mile tricycle handicap was won by G. M. Young (25 yards). Time, 3.48.

The five-mile amateur championship of the north, for a sterling silver cup, value, $150, to be won twice in succession or three times in all, was won by T. D. Oliver, who won it last year when it was new, and, consequently, owns it now. Time, 16.43⅘.

The half-mile bicycle handicap was taken by A. O. Challoner (15 yards). Time, 1.29⅘.

THE National 'Cyclists Union Championship races were held at Acton Lower Grounds, July 7. F. Sutton won the five-mile bicyle race in 16.42⅖. The last lap (501 yards) was run in 44¼ seconds. Liles won the one-mile tricycle race in 3.18⅘.

THE L.T.C. 24-hours road ride took place on the Brighton road, near Caterham Junction, July 5. There were about 70 starters. It was undoubtedly one of the most important and interesting events in connection with tricycling ever seen. The start was made at a few minutes after midnight. Those who made 100 miles were entitled to bronze medals. 125 to silver; 150 to silver enamelled; 175 to gold; 200 to gold enamelled. Beyond this point honor alone was the reward. Below are the names of the four who made over 200 miles, together with their times and the number of miles covered: —

Name.	Miles.	Time.
Marriott	218¾ . . .	23h. 50m.
Vesey	205¼ . . .	23h. 33m.
Gosset	201¾ . . .	23h. 42m.
Nixon	201¼ . . .	22h. 23m.

Two "Facile" riders, S. Lee and J. W. M. Browne, who started with the tricyclists with the intention of beating record, were by no means successful. The former sustained a bad fall, while Browne got no further than Guildford (192 miles).

ON Saturday, July 14th, another race for the 20-mile professional championship was run on the Belgrave Road Grounds. Wood won in 1h. 2m. 40s. The last mile was made in 2m. 49s.

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Below is the score by miles, with the name of the leading man:—

Miles.	h.	m.	s.	Leader.	Miles.	h.	m.	s.	Leader.
1	0	3	0	Lees	11	0	35	26	Lees
2	0	6	5	"	12	0	38	28	"
3	0	9	13	"	13	0	41	31	"
4	0	12	20	"	14	0	44	37	"
5	0	15	32	"	15	0	47	44	"
6	0	18	25	Howell	16	0	50	46	Howell
7	0	21	45	"	17	0	53	45	"
8	0	25	14	"	18	0	56	48	"
9	0	28	44	"	19	0	59	51	"
10	0	32	6	"	20	1	2	40	Wood

The trophy has now been run for upon five occasions, the results of the various races being as follows:—

1882.	Winner.	h.	m.	s.
Aug. 21,	C. R. Garrard, Uxbridge,	1	5	41
Oct. 7,	R. Howell, Wolverhampton,	1	2	55
1883.				
April 14,	R. Howell, Wolverhampton,	1	5	0⅕
June 9,	F. Wood, Leicester,	1	6	46⅕
July 14,	" "	1	2	40

THE Oxonian B. & T. club 100-mile road race, for club championship and gold medal, came off July 16. Palmer won in 9h. 10m. He made the half-distance in 4h. 24m.

THE LIVERPOOL 'CYCLE BUGLERS. — A meeting of buglers attached to the various 'cycle clubs of Liverpool and district was held on July 9, at the Liverpool Gymnasium, to discuss the desirability of forming themselves into a distinct club. Most of the leading local clubs were represented, and Mr. Geo. E. Young presided. Resolutions were passed bearing upon the construction of the corps; and, after considerable discussion, it was resolved to call it the "Liverpool 'Cycle Buglers' Club," its object being the mutual practise and training of 'cycle buglers, and to establish a code of bugle-calls, in order to facilitate 'cycling drill in the district.

M. J. LOWNDES (tricycler) recently made one mile in 3 minutes and 5 seconds; five miles in 16 minutes 19 seconds; and ten miles in 32 minutes 33⅘ seconds. The best previous records were: One mile, 3 minutes 11 seconds; five miles, 16 minutes 24½ seconds; ten miles, 34 minutes 3 seconds.

THE ten-mile professional championship of England was run on the County Cricket Ground, Leicester, July 7. The first prize was $60; second, $25; third, $10; fourth, $5. It was won by Wood, Howell second. Lees and James couldn't finish on account of the crowd rushing over the track. Time, 36.01⅘.

THE one-hundred mile bicycle match between Lowndes, of Coventry, and A. Nixon, of London, B.C., was decided June 25, at the Crystal Palace. At fifty two miles Lowndes had two miles and one lap to the good; but here his driving-wheel broke, and he was thrown violently, hurting his limbs. Nixon finished the journey in 7h. 23m. 50½s.

A. THOMPSON made two records at the Brixton Ramblers' Sports, on Saturday, June 30, viz., the record for a starting quarter, 40⅗s., as against 41s., which was Cortis' record, and, after tying with Cortis' performance, he cut the record for the half-mile, which stood at 1m. 20s., by covering that distance in his heat in 1m. 19⅘s.

THE races in connection with the Bristol meet, on the 28th ult., consisted of one and five mile open handicaps, a two-mile tricycle handicap, and a three-mile bicycle handicap, confined to members of the N.C.U. All prizes are guaranteed of the full value, and first prizes will be engraved with the particulars of the meeting, which is under the management of the Bristol Local Centre.

THE Oxford B.C. had a race meeting at the University Ground, on July 11. There were a five-mile bicycle handicap and a two-mile tricycle handicap, open to all amateurs.

A FEATURE OF BICYCLING IN ENGLAND. — One of the features of bicycle racing in England has been the superior magnificence of the prizes over those usually given for athletic contests. America seems to be following this lead, for a cup valued at £200 has just been given for competition among amateur bicyclists of America at twenty miles. It is not surprising to learn that the trophy is the present of a "manufacturing company," doubtless emulative of the medicine company's magnificent sculling prizes of £1,000 a few years back. America has before now seen valuable prizes for athletics, for Mr. D. E. Bowie, a member of the lacrosse team now in England, in 1873 won the Gordon Bennett cup, valued at £100, in a two-mile race against the representatives of United States colleges, Mr. Bowie being then of McGill College, Montreal. — *London World.*

America does not "follow this lead." She takes the lead. It is a noticeable fact that our prizes have always been more valuable than those given in England.

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On Saturday, July 15, the one-mile bicycle and ten-mile tricycle championship races of the National 'Cyclists' Union were run on the Crystal Park track. It rained shortly before the start, and once during the races.

One-Mile Bicycle Championship. — H. W. Gaskell won the third heat in the first round in 2.52⅕, the first and final heats in the second round in 2.50⅖ and 2.55⅘, respectively, thereby securing the title of one-mile amateur champion. The fastest time of the day was made in the first heat, by A. Thompson, being 2.46⅘. T. D. Oliver was only six inches behind him.

Ten-Mile Bicycle Championship. — First and final heats, C. E. Liles; time, 40.50⅗ and 35.00⅘, respectively. Second heat, M. J. Lowndes; time, 36.15. Lowndes led in the final heat up to the middle of the last lap, when, being seized with cramps, he was forced to retire. Liles won the championship.

The third annual races of the Edinburgh University Bicycle Club were held at Powderhall Grounds, on June 30. A heavy rain set in toward the close. The Scotch one and three-mile records were broken. In the one-mile handicap, T. Haddon (100 yards) won in 2.53¾. The two-mile Inter-Club Championship, for the University Challenge Cup, was won by Hine of the E.U.B.C. Time, 6.52¼. The two-mile bicycle handicap (confined to members of the E.U.B.C.) was won by A. C. Roberts (220 yards). Time, 6.04. J. R. Forsyth (100 yards) won the two-mile tricycle handicap. Time, 7.21. The three-mile handicap (open) was won by D. W. Laing (scratch). Time, 9.02. Hine was only a few inches behind. C. S. Patterson won the one-mile tricycle race for novices. Time, 3.49. The last was a combination race. (Walk one lap, run one lap, ride one lap), won by Whitelaw. Time, 4.02.

In the one-mile handicap tricycle race (open) at Wisbeck, July 4, G. A. Beales (90 yards) won, with H. Sturmey (25 yards) second. Time, 3.48.

Races at Agen, France.

The Agen races were a marked success. More than 10,000 people witnessed the exciting events. The track is accounted the second best in France. We append a brief summary of the events: —

One-and-a-half mile Club Race. — Duffan first, in 4.16.

Race for Southern France. — Teissier, first; Krell, second; Wills, third.

Grand International. — Medinger, Paris, first; Terront, Paris, second; Wood, Leicester, Eng., third. Distance, about six miles.

Tricycle International. — Gerrard, Coventry, first.

Championship of France. — Medinger, first; Lemont, second. Distance, 6¾ miles.

Trick Riding Competition. — Jules Terront, first; Chas. Terront and C. Gerrard, equal for second prize.

Handicap. — Knowles (700 yards), first. Distance, about 4 miles.

SECOND DAY.

Tricycle Race. — Gerrard first.

Long-Distance Race. — Medinger first; Wood second; Terront third. Distance, 56 miles. Time, 3h. 13m. 3s.

Course d'Honneur. — Wood first.

The bicycle has been introduced into China, to the great astonishment of the natives, who think it goes with a spring.

BOOK NOTICES.

French Lyrics.

SELECTED AND ANNOTATED BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

The name of its author is a sufficient voucher for the taste and discrimination used in the compilation of this little book. It bears the stamp of the same wide and minute information, correct judgment, and warm enthusiasm that mark Saintsbury's "Short History of French Literature." The charming essay that prefaces the selections is of critical value. The writer claims that even in modern times French lyric poetry occasionally reaches the highest point of excellence, and certainly no selection in the volume before us would lead the reader to think it had ever declined from its loftiest attainment. All the verses here sing themselves into the heart of the reader. No poem has been admitted whose lyrical form would not bear the strictest tests; sonnets have been excluded, with all purely iambic poetry, except lyrical tercets and quatrains. At the same time Mr. Saintsbury admits that perfection of lyrical form is comparatively rare among modern French poets, and accounts for the fact, not by any defect in the national genius, but by the monotonous cadence of the language in its modern pronunciation, which excludes dactyls and anapæsts, confines poets to the use of the iambics, and

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renders impossible the "regular irregularity . . . which Euterpe loves." This monotony of sound is the result of the prevalence, since the Renaissance of the Alexandrine, a measure fatal to lyrical effect, but, as our author says, "more suited than any other to the dramatic work which was gaining more and more of public favor." It has, however, even appeared to us that the inflexibility and monotony of the French accent render it seriously defective for all metrical composition, even for dramatic poetry. The unchanging position of the cæsura in the Alexandrine, and the invariable pause in the thought at the end of the line, render the works of the classical dramatists insufferably tiresome to the ear of an English reader. But this was the case only after the language had come under the moulding and restrictive influence of the classical period. In no tongue can anything be found sweeter and of more varied music than the French *ballades*, *rondeaux*, and *pastourelles*, with their enchanting refrains and devices of form; while the more irrepressible because of its bondage arises the genius of moderns who have given us such songs as "The Falling Stars" of Béranger, or the "Gastibelza" of Victor Hugo, with its weird refrain of —

> "The wind that comes across the mountain top
> Will drive me mad!"

The author distinguishes "three great periods of flourishing in French lyric; that of the *romances* and *pastourelles* and of the earlier *ballades* and *rondeaux*, a period of fresh and graceful emotion and varied (sometimes half-articulate) music; the period of the Renaissance, one of a singular mixture of ardent and somewhat sensual passion, with extreme fertility in rhythmical invention and skilful adjustment of classical color; and that of the present day, when large and vague aspirations, and the other symptoms of the *maladie du siècle*, with historical retrospects of picturesque antiquity, form the substance, while the form is singularly various and at the same time singularly perfect. These three periods are represented here, it is believed, fully and fairly."

It is impossible to render by translation the music and the pictorial charm of these lyrics.

LES ETOILES QUI FILENT.

Berger, tu dis que notre étoile
Règle nos jours et brille aux cieux.
— Oui, mon enfant; mais dans son voile
La nuit la dérobe à nos yeux.
— Berger, sur cet azur tranquille
De lire ou te croit le secret:
Quelle est cette étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît?

— Mon enfant, un mortel expire;
Son étoile tombe à l'instant.
Entre amis que la joie inspire,
Celui-ci buvait en chantant.
Heureux, il s'endort immobile
Auprès du vin qu'il célébrait.
— Encore une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît.

— C'est celle d'un puissant monarque! . . .
Va, mon fils, garde ta candeur.
Et que ton étoile ne marque
Par l'éclat ni par la grandeur.
Si tu brillais sans être utile
A ton dernier jour on dirait:
Ce n'est qu'une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît.

THE FALLING STARS.

Thou tell'st me, Shepherd, that our star
Rules life for us and lights the skies.
— Oh, yes, my child; but in her vail
The night conceals it from our eyes.
— To read, O Shepherd, the calm blue
Men say thou dost possess the art;
Pray tell, what is that star that falls,
That shoots, and falls, and disappears?

— My child, a mortal's life expires;
And on that instant falls his star.
Among his friends whom mirth inspires
That man was drinking while he sang.
Happy, he yields to endless sleep
Before the wine he celebrates.
— Behold another star that falls,
That shoots, and falls, and disappears.

— That is a mighty monarch's star! . . . .
Keep thou, my son, thy spirit pure.
Take care that thy star be not bright
With fame or glare of worldly state.
If thou should'st shine with useless light,
At thy last hour all men would say:
'Tis nothing but a falling star, —
A star that falls and disappears.

The form of the volume (one of Appleton's parchment series) is dainty and choice enough to correspond with contents as inviting as these verses.

Underground Russia[1]

Is a series of sketches illustrating the different phases of Nihilism in Russia, and describing the character and operations of some of the most prominent Nihilists. It is written by a Nihilist, and bears the stamp of being a truthful account of actual occurrences. Although written by a revolutionist it probably comes nearer to giving the true state of the revolutionary movement than any work to which we have access; for such is the restraint imposed by the law upon the press that it dares not say anything that the government disapproves of, and foreign travellers are never able to get at the bottom facts. The only way, therefore, in which the revolutionists can fairly present their side of the case is to operate through the press of outside nations. This Stepniak has attempted to do.

The book is peculiar. It might almost be called an anomaly. One hardly knows whether to look upon it as history or romance. In either case the book is one of intense interest, and no one interested

[1] Underground Russia; Revolutionary Profiles and Sketches from Life. By Stepniak, formerly editor of *Zemlia i Volia* (*Land and Liberty*). With a Preface by Peter Lavroff. Translated from the Italian. 1 vol., 12mo, $1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

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in the revolutionary agitations in Russia and elsewhere should fail to read it.

"READING of Books"[1] is, in some respects, a book to be commended. It has this advantage over other well-known books on this same subject, that it contains all the recent books of value. The chapter on biography is admirable, so are those which follow on history and travel. When he touches upon the subject of fiction, Mr. Thwing enters a field in which there is a wide difference of opinion, even among the people of finest education and tastes. Perhaps it is for this reason that he has omitted many books that would seem to belong there. Many would take exception to his chapter on poetry, and it will be news to learn that sensuousness is necessary to poetry of the first rank, as he would seem to say on page 79, in speaking of Keats. His veneration of the English, and distrust of American poets, leads him into the error of regarding the latter as being unworthy of recommendation, — only two living poets, Tennyson and Browning, being mentioned. The chapter on religious books is probably the fullest and best of all. Those on books of literature, language, philosophy, science, and the fine arts, books for children, and forming a library, are all good. The value of the book is greatly added to by an appendix, containing a classified list of books.

"TIMES of Battle and Rest"[2] is the second of the volume of the English version of Professor Topelius' Swedish "Surgeon Stories." Those who have read the first volume will find this one even more interesting. The other carried us through the times of Gustaf Adolf, and this beginning where the other left off, carries us through to the close of the reign of Charles XI. The book is divided into three parts, the first of which describes the reign of the dark and stormy Charles X. and the Swedish conquests in Poland and Denmark; the second part begins with the reign of Charles XI., and describes with terrible vividness the persecution of those believed to be infected by witchcraft; the third part deals with the close of the reign of Charles XI. Professor Topelius is a forcible dramatic writer, and is justly venerated by all who have read his works.

King's Dictionary of Boston.[3]

MR. KING has added another to his list of books on Boston. To quote from the prefatory note: "The effort has been, not to prepare a guide-book simply, nor yet a handbook conveniently arranged, but to furnish as complete information as is possible of all that goes to make the Boston of to-day, — a guide-book, handbook, and condensed history of the city, its noteworthy institutions, its many organizations, — charitable, benevolent, literary and social; its religious denominations, and churches; and its varied and most interesting features, all in one compact volume.

To say that the effort has been entirely successful is but to express feebly one's satisfaction on its perusal. It is replete with desirable and valuable information. It is all that it claims to be, and is almost as necessary as the directory itself.

Both the editor and publisher will thankfully receive corrections and suggestions for improvements, as they intend to make it a standard work, and revise it from time to time.

Gettysburg to the Rapidan.[1]

GENERAL HUMPHREY'S original intention was to include this book in Vol. XII. of his campaigns of the Civil War (that volume dealing with the campaign in Virginia in 1864–5), but, owing to the bulk of that volume, it was excluded, and is now published separately. It is hardly satisfactory, owing to its extreme brevity. On this point Gen. Humphrey pleads lack of time to make alterations, and presumbly, elucidations. The style is clear, simple, and direct, and some excellent maps, which aid greatly in understanding the situations, accompanying the text.

'Cyclst's Touring Club Handbook and Guide.

WE have received from the Secretary of the C.T.C. the above book. It contains a list of officers; rules and regulations; hotel rates in England, Scotland, France, and America; Railway rates in England; list of chief consuls, and map showing chief consulates, with boundaries, and a vast amount of other valuable information regarding this enormous Association. It is neat and compact, and can easily be carried in the pocket. Every member of the C.T.C. should have a copy. It can be obtained of E. R. Shipton, secretary and editor of the *Monthly Gazette*, at the chief offices of the club, 139 and 140, Fleet street, London, E.C.

Minor Notices.

"SONGS of the Bicycle Tourist" is a little 14-page book, bound in paper, by Angus S. Hibbard, the singing wheelman of Milwaukee. Several of these appeared in THE WHEELMAN. To speak of their merits to readers of THE WHEELMAN is unnecessary, since to them they are well known, and to others than wheelmen they possess no interest. It is printed by Symes, Swain, & Co., Milwaukee.

[1] The Reading of Books; its Pleasures, Profits, and Perils. By Charles F. Thwing, author of "American Colleges: Their Students and Work." Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

[2] The Surgeon's Stories; Times of Battle and of Rest. By Z. Topelius. Translated from the original Swedish. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 1883.

[3] King's Dictionary of Boston. By Edward M. Bacon. With an Historical Introduction by George E. Ellis, D.D. Moses King, Publisher, Cambridge, Mass. 1883.

[1] Gettysburg to the Rapidan: The Army of the Potomac. July, 1863, to April, 1864. By A. A. Humphreys. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1883.

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"SUCCESSFUL Men of To-day." (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.) There are many ways of making books, and many reasons urged for making them; but the manner in which this book was made is certainly decidedly novel, and the reason for its existence rather obscure. The author has gathered "facts and opinions in regard to the causes of success and failure from a large number of the prominent men of to-day," "harvesting these golden statistics from the fields of ripe experience," using, "as a reaper, printed circulars." Poor portraits of a number of these prominent men are given, among which we look in vain for Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, or Russell Sage.

"A BOOK about Roses," by S. Reynolds Hole (W. S. Gottsberger, New York, publisher), is an excellent little treatise on roses. It is necessary to the lady who wants to be successful in cultivating her roses, and to the exhibitor it is indispensable. It contains lists of select roses, which are complete up to date, and form one of the most valuable features of the book. If it were not for frequent digressions from the subject on hand, and a too free use of foreign phrases, the book would be without an objection.

"NATURE Studies" (Standard Library 91, Funk & Wagnalls) is a number of essays by Grant Allen, Andrew Wilson, Edward Clodd, and Richard A. Proctor. They originally appeared in *Knowledge*, of which Mr. Proctor was editor. From the same publishers is "India; What Can It Teach Us?" (Standard Library 92.) It is a course of lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge, and is from the pen of the well-known and versatile Max Müller.

VOLUME I., Number 1, of "Topics of the Time: A Series of Representative Essays on Questions of the Day," contains eight admirable essays on subjects of living interest by well-known European writers. The series is edited by T. Munson Coan, and is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Subscriptions for twelve volumes, in cloth, $6.00; in paper, $2.50.

Recent Fiction.

"TIGER-LILY and other stories" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is an admirable collection. There are five of them in all, and each seems, if possible, more interesting than the preceding one. Mrs. Schayer is a master-hand at portrayal of character, and in "Tiger-Lily" she selected a field that gave ample scope to her powers. The book itself is in keeping with its contents, and is neatly bound and well printed.

"THOSE Pretty St. George Girls" (T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.) is a "romance of English High Life." "The whole novel flavors of flirtation delicately but piquantly carried on in fashionable and aristocratic society." It abounds in romantic names, situations, and incidents, and is full of sentimental speeches. "Lady readers" will no doubt "be delighted with it, for a more thorough exposition of the little secrets, vanities, and weaknesses of the softer sex would be difficult to find." At the last the hero and heroine stand in "the sunlight together," and so much are their hearts warmed by it that all humanity is included in their silent song of praise.

"LITTLE Brown Top" (D. Lothrop & Co.) is a book intended for juvenile readers. It is printed in clear, large type, with plenty of space between the lines, has a handsome cover, is very attractive in appearance, and reads even better than it looks. The author, Mr. E. A. Rand, is one of the best of our juvenile story writers; and his works, in addition to the interest they possess, always leave a good impression.

"A TRAGEDY in the Imperial Harem at Constantinople" is the title of a book published by William S. Gottsberger, New York. It is well written; the scenes and situations are well chosen; the descriptions are vivid; the interest is concentrated, and a vigorous style, which never lags, is maintained throughout. The author's abilities are above the average, and it is to be regretted that she was so injudicious as to select such a subject. The tendency of the book is to debase, and such literature, however true to life, can never be commendable. It is translated from the French of Leila Hanoum by General E. R. Colston.

"LOY'S" "Lord Beresford and other tales," by the author of "Phyllis," etc., is a collection of very interesting short stories of which the first-named is the longest. It is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and affords a very pleasant way of whiling away a hot afternoon.

"FAIRY Gold" (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) formerly appeared as a serial in *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is printed from the same plates, and is bound in paper. It deals with a wealthy, self-made man, who disgusts the reader with his low breeding and vulgarity, and who stands out in strong contrast with the heroine who accepts her sudden wealth with quiet dignity. It is a bright little story and quite entertaining. The engravings are not at all uniform in merit, some being excellent, while others are execrable.

"HER Sailor Love," by Katharine S. McQuoid (G. P. Putnam's & Sons), is a very long and not extremely interesting novel. It is divided into eight books, which is, in some degree, responsible for its interminable length and dryness.

"X Y Z," a detective story, by Anna Katharine Green (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a story full of thrilling incidents and blood-curdling situations; but ends happily, as every one expects.

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