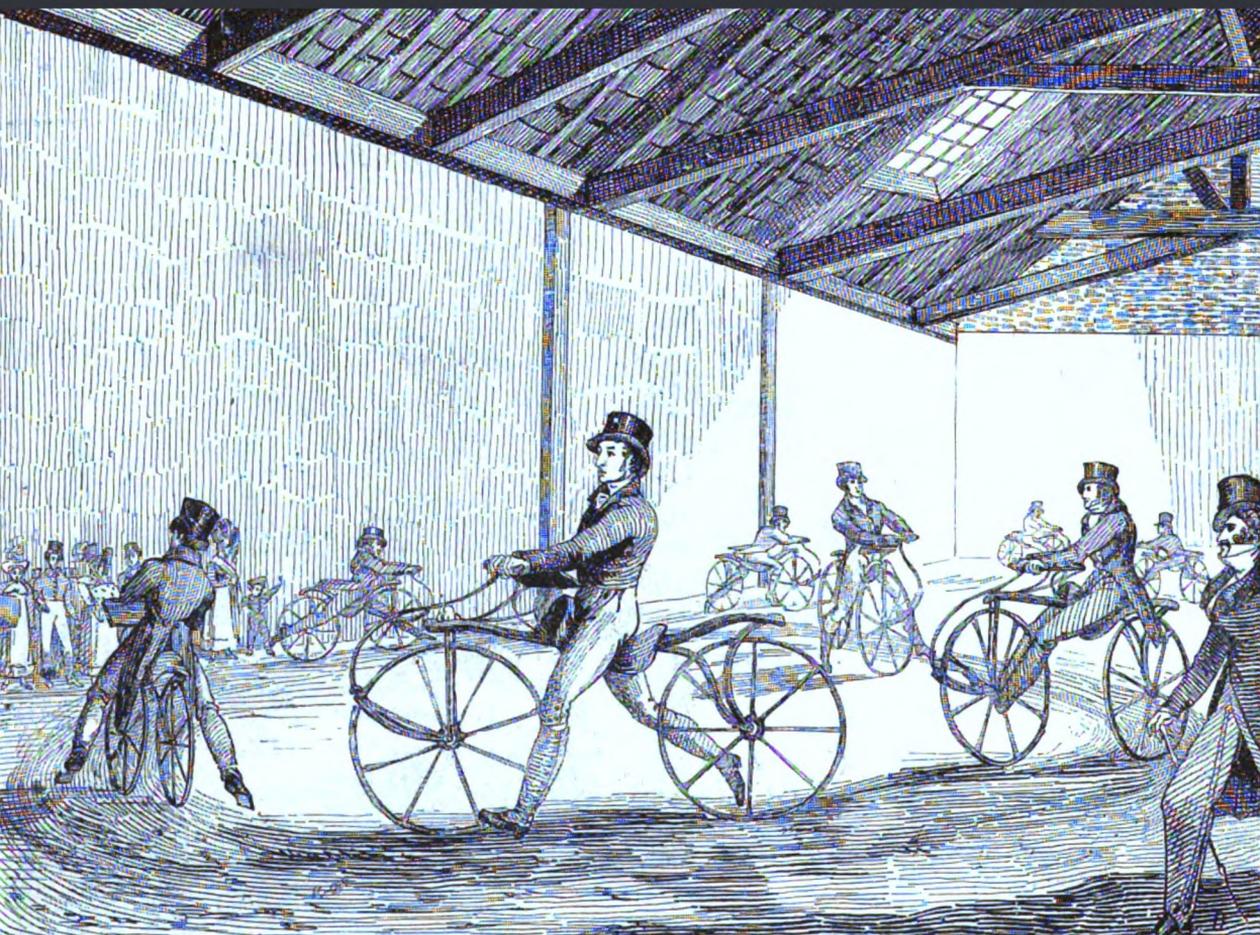

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Outing





OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

OF

RECREATION

VOL. III

October, 1883 — March, 1884



BOSTON
THE WHEELMAN COMPANY
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1884

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THE WHEELMAN
COMPANY



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THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1883.

No. 1.

A SONG OF THE WHEEL.

COME with me out into the road, my wheel,—

Out into the road, ere the sun goes down!

Thy hoofs of round rubber and ribs of true steel

Shall bear me away from this tiresome town.

Aloft on thy saddle, set safe from all harm,—

The saddle ne'er mounted by trouble or care,—

I'll hie me away where the woodlands yet charm,

Where valleys are smiling and fields are yet fair.

With feet on thy quick-moving pedals impressed,—

The pedals that speed from the hurrying street,—

I'll seek the calm hills and the landscapes at rest,

Where green leaves are fresh and the breezes are sweet.

Out over the road while the sun is yet high,

While sunlight and shadows are nimbly at play,—

O Bicycle! free as the swallows that fly,

We'll hover, we'll hasten, as joyful as they.

Charles E. Pratt.



PIERRE LALLEMENT AND HIS BICYCLE.

THERE lives in Brooklyn, New York (or did until recently, for the writer has not seen him for more than a year), a plain, intelligent mechanic, of about middle age, speaking our language little and brokenly, working industriously at the trade he learned in youth. He is of rather less than medium stature, dark complexion, and sincere countenance, of quiet demeanor, but quick in thought and action. He designed, and put together, and rode the first bicycle. He was the first teacher in the art of bicycling.

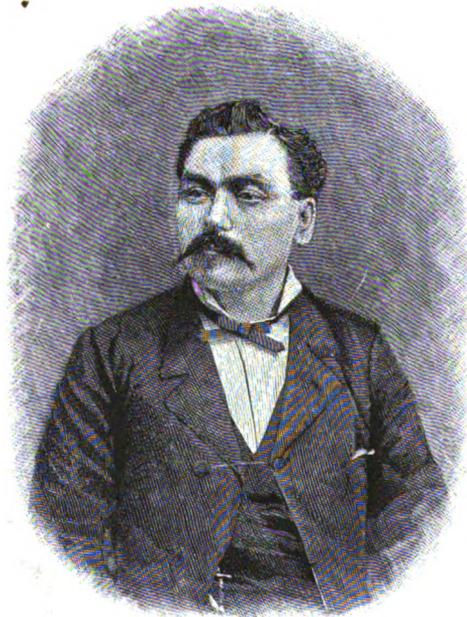
He was, it is believed, the first to discover that a velocipede having but two points of support could be steadily and continuously ridden. He was first to follow up his experiments with improvements, and to incite the confidence of others that the bicycle was a vehicle of practical value. He took the first country spin on the bicycle, and the first genuine "header." He first gave it to France, and there it profited him little; he first introduced it to the United States and patented it, whereby he obtained some reward. Then England took it without leave or license, made some improvements and borrowed others, snatched the trade from France and America, and sent the "modern" bicycle nearly around the world. The story of this mechanic and his machine has never been fully given to the public¹; but it is of much interest, especially to wheelmen; and it is the purpose of this article to narrate it as correctly and fully as reliable sources of information and the space of an article in the WHEELMAN will allow.

¹ The writer regrets that two or three errors crept into the second chapter of his little book, "The American Bicyclist," which fuller information from various sources, not accessible to him then, would enable him now to correct.

Pierre Lallement was born the 25th October, 1843, in Pont a Mousson, about eighteen and a half miles from Nancy, in the east of France. Here he grew up, and after his school-days worked often at the grape harvests, and lived with his parents. Otherwise, he learned in Nancy the trade of carriage smith, and such blacksmithing as went into the construction of baby carriages and *voitures des malades*. At the age of nineteen, he went from home and from Nancy, working a while in Neufchatel, to

Paris, arriving there in the autumn of 1862. Here he first found employment with M. Stromaier, a manufacturer of baby-wagons and manumotive carriages of various sorts, and was engaged most of the time on piece work, or "contracts." Afterwards he found similar employment with M. Jacquier,—whose sign in Rue St. Laurent read, "Jacquier, Fabricant des voitures des enfants et chevaux mechaniques."—until his first leaving of Paris, to come to America.

In Nancy, Lallement had seen the aboriginal two-wheeled velocipede ridden on the street. It was the "aid to walking," contrived by the Baron von Drais, but little improved. Young men of the present day know it little except by history or tradition. It was patented in France in 1816, and with some modifications in England later, and in both those countries, as well as in the United States, came considerably into use, became a subject of satire and ridicule in paragraph and in caricature, and, with some revivals, lingered in but occasional public use until entirely supplanted, about 1868. There are still left a few prominent Bostonians, wearing gray



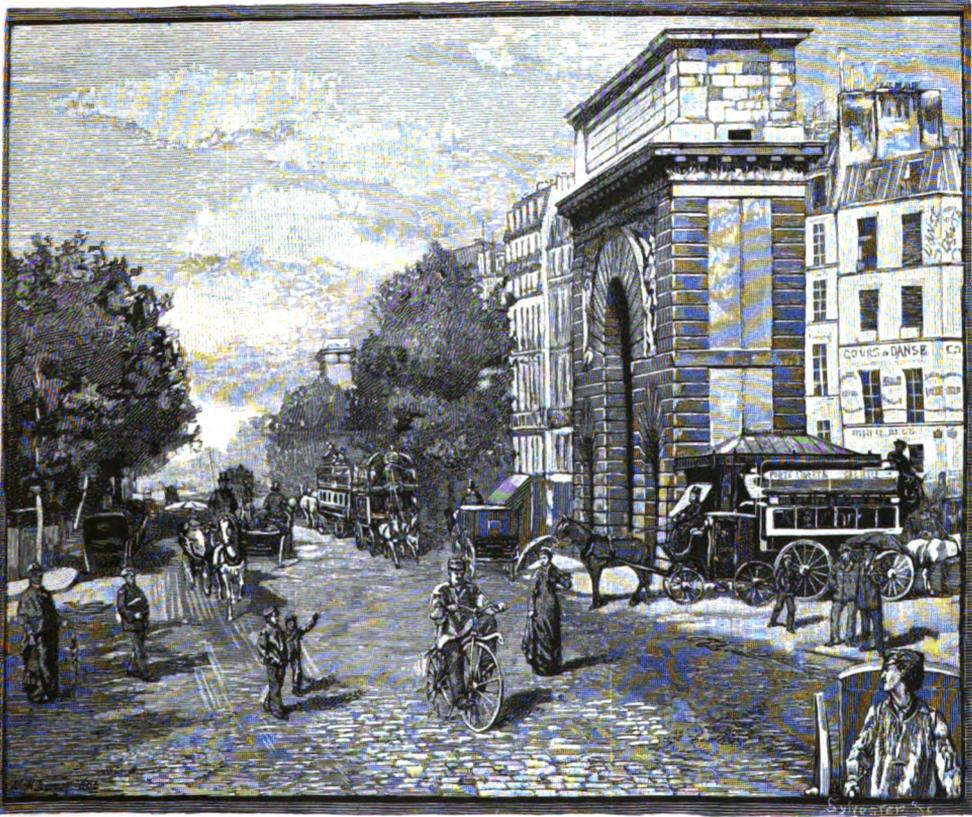
PIERRE LALLEMENT. [From photograph, Paris, 1869.]

moustaches, who rode the Draisine in their youth; and the writer will reward well the junk-dealer who will produce the one on which Charles Sumner, in his yellow waistcoat, disported himself on the classic streets of Cambridge.

The engraving here, drawn exactly from an old London print of 1819, gives the reader a better idea of the machine which suggested the bicycle to Lallement than any description; but it may be observed that the tandem wheels and spinal seat-

cheval mécanique having three wheels, two of them rear supporting and driving ones, and the other a front steering one. The rear wheels were rotated by means of hand-crank's and an endless chain; the front one was deflected to guide the velocipede by the feet resting on "footsteps" or pins in the swivelled fork or standard in which the fore wheel revolved, and placed one on either side about two inches above the axle.

Lallement was quick-witted. He could



BOULEVARD SAINT MARTIN, IN 1863.

bearing body, and the swivelled front-fork, with lever attachment for guiding by the hands, were already there. This bestridden walking-stick on castors was almost ready and waiting for a cranked axle and pedals, to become a vehicle. No rider or maker, however, could yet see how to do this, or could trust to a carriage with but two points of support without one or the other foot or both to reach the ground for preservation of uprightness. Lallement had also seen in Nancy, what was made for boys, and *was* a carriage, a

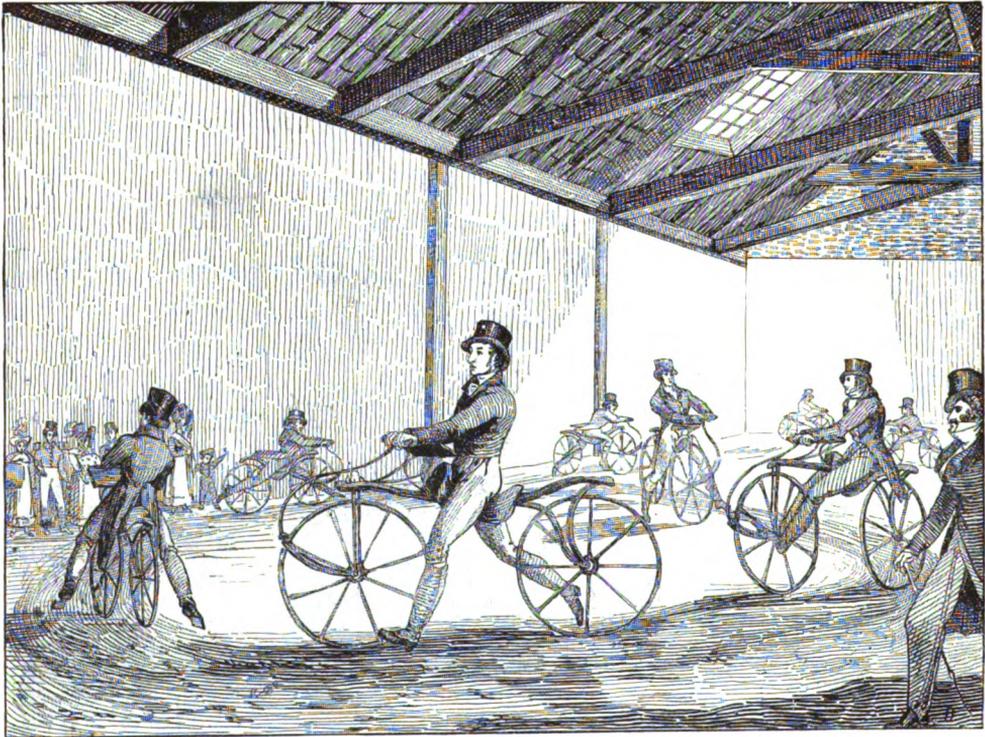
differentiate, and put things together. If hand-crank's, why not foot-crank's? If foot steering by a front wheel, why not both foot steering and foot propulsion by the same? If that would do on a three-wheeled velocipede, why not on a two-wheeled, after gaining velocity enough? For the fact had been discovered with the "célérifère," that at considerable speed, as in descending a hill, equilibrium could be maintained with the two-wheeled machine by deflecting its course according to its inclination. The idea stuck and grew in

his mind. He conceived his bicycle in 1862, and worked it out as his circumstances would permit, his struggle with it extending to 1866, and following him from Nancy to New Haven.

Lallement was poor. His work in Paris brought him in small returns, — between five and ten dollars a week when there was enough to do. He managed soon, however, to purchase two small wooden wheels with iron tires; then he got a fellow-mechanic to make a curved perch of wood carved in the form of a

pedals of square wooden pieces with sheet-iron on top, and screws for the feet to come against and a weight on the bottom, shaped like an acorn, to keep them right-side up. A seat was placed nearly midway between the wheels over the perch, and bestriding it one could touch the floor on either side with his foot.

Having completed his first experimental machine, Lallement had before him the difficult task of riding it. Any one with a vivid recollection of his own first efforts, or those of others, — with the assistance of



THE DRAISINE IN ENGLAND. [From a print of 1819.]

snake, for which he paid a “little money and a good deal of drink”; then he bought pieces of iron from his employer, and, with occasional help at the anvil from a companion in the shop, he wrought out the remaining parts, on Sundays and out of working hours, and put them together. There were axles and bearings, braces from the rear axle to the perch, front forks, and cranks, and forged socket fitted to the perch, and spindle, and handle-bars. The handles were of wood, and the first pedals were round spools of wood; afterwards he made a pair of

instructors, too, the information gained from old riders, and the confidence inspired by knowledge that such machines are rideable, — can understand the persistence required by the first rider. He learned to handle it in the long hall-way and shop of M. Stromaier, and assisted his companions there to do it; and in the first days of July, 1863, or earlier, he rode it publicly on the Boulevard Saint Martin, “and all the people saw it.” Some examined and tried the new vehicle, many wondered at it, and probably more laughed at and derided it. Once shown how, it was easier

for others to put cranks to the Draisine, and there were a few to make a note of it. The artist has well reproduced one of these scenes on the Boulevard St. Martin, as it was twenty years ago, and as the first bicycler returned from one of his short rides. The view shows the historic Port St. Martin and the corner of the Rue de Faubourg St. Martin, on which was the shop of M. Stromaier and the inception of bicycling.

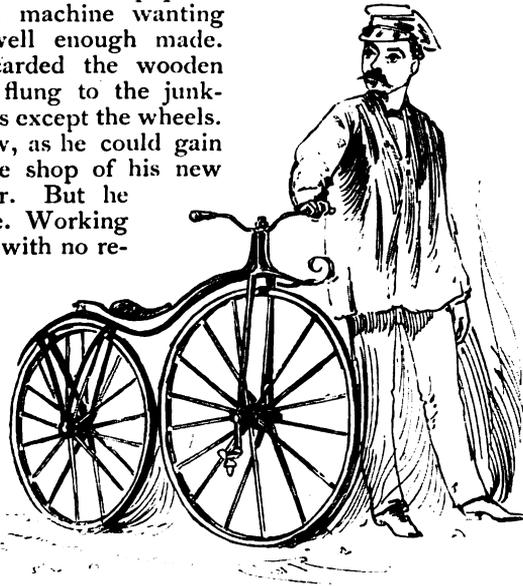
This experimenting, continued for a considerable time, satisfied Lallement that the idea was a practical one, and incited him to further effort to make it a popular success. He found his machine wanting in rigidity, and not well enough made. He took it apart, discarded the wooden snake-like perch, and flung to the junk-heaps all the other parts except the wheels. He began to build anew, as he could gain time and money, at the shop of his new employer, M. Jacquier. But he did not complete it here. Working hard for small returns, with no resources but himself and a few tools, it was a slow, hard outlook for working up a new enterprise. He looked toward America, whither so many of his countrymen had come, for quicker and more profitable opportunities.

Lallement came to the United States of America by way of Havre, London, and Liverpool, arriving on the steamer "City of London," in July, 1865. After some stay in New York he went to Ansonia, Connecticut, a manufacturing village in the beautiful Naugatuck Valley, about twelve miles west of New Haven, and found employment there at better wages. He had brought with him the two wheels, a new forged wrought-iron perch, and cranks partly done, from Paris. He continued his work with them in the fall of 1865, completed and finished up his "*veloce*," and was able to ride it some that fall for exhibition, and to and from the shop where he worked. Soon he essayed a longer road ride, and one that he thought would test the qualities of the machine for road use, and convince the sceptics from whom

he had been trying to obtain financial aid.

This first bicycle spin proved both interesting and amusing. The route lay through a part of the main street in Ansonia, over a long bridge, and the main country road south, to the thriving manufacturing village of Birmingham (which nestles about a hill, with a fine green near the centre and the main street, and overlooks charming villages) and back again,—a distance of about four and a half miles, by the more modern cyclometer. The grades were a little hard for our first *voyageur* on the out-run, but correspondingly easy on the return.

There had been rains, making rills in the gutters, and a considerable rush of water under the culvert at the foot of the long hill,—somewhat steeper then than it is now after eighteen years of filling at the bottom and reducing at the top,—first reached at the north of Birmingham. Lallement had no brake, and he could not



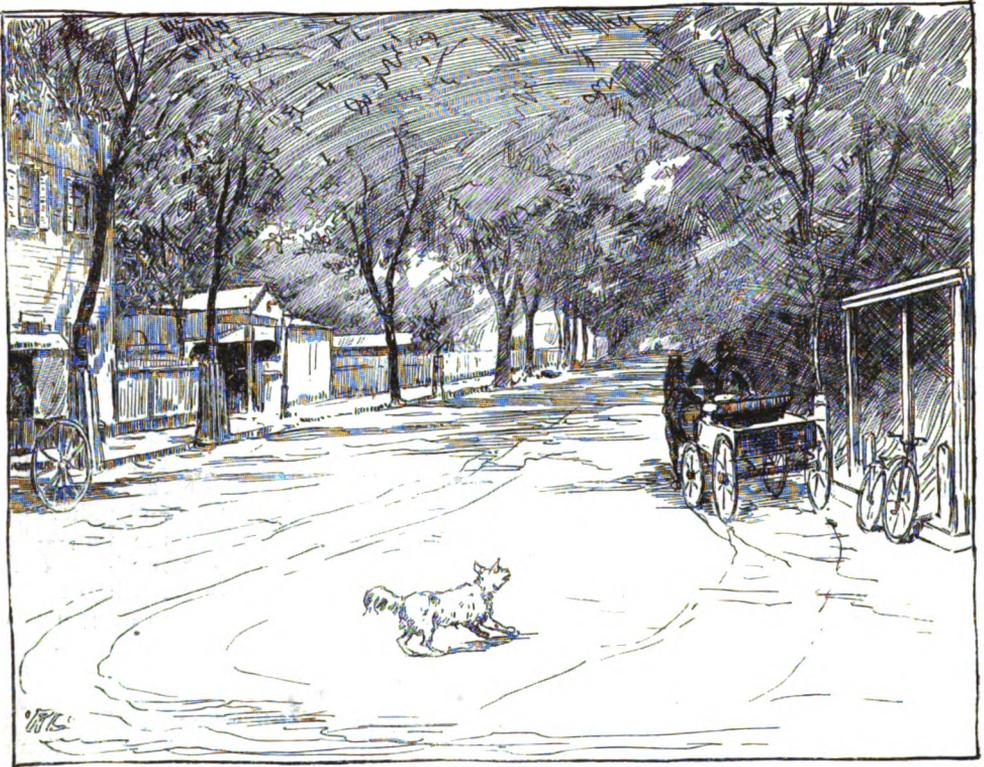
THE BICYCLE IN 1865.

back-pedal. Exhilaration at his easy and rapid approach turned to consternation as his speed quickened to an uncontrollable rush down the slope, and he saw that a jogging span of horses, holding back a wagon and two men, occupied the roadway before him, unconscious of his advance. He yelled to the men, in foreign accent. They gave one look behind at the hurrying monster almost upon them, and whipped their horses to a run. It was too late for Lallement. His wheel, deflected to avoid a collision, struck the edge of the culvert, and careened. The positions of rider and vehicle were suddenly reversed, and the rider still wears the scar of that too impulsive embrace of mother earth.

Our hero of the first "header" gathered himself and his bicycle together, rode on to the main street in Ansonia, stopped at

the tavern, and, tilting his machine against a hitching-post, went in. There he found the two men, relating between drinks how they had seen the dark Devil, with human head and a body half like a snake, and half like a bird, just hovering above the ground which he seemed no way to touch, chase them down the hill, and, just as he was about to board their wagon, disappear in the water by the roadside. The bar-keeper was smilingly incredulous, as, with

found at last a man willing to advance the money necessary for obtaining a patent and to take a half-interest; and on the 4th of May, 1866, his specification, model, and drawings were filed in the United States Patent Office, making the first public record of the bicycle in the world. But neither he nor Mr. Carroll had resources for working the invention and introducing it into public favor; nor was Lallement able, either in Birmingham, whither he



A STREET SCENE IN ANSONIA.

the earnestness of amazement, they assured him it was true.

"I vas ze diable," exclaimed Lallement, advancing, and endeavoring with scant English and much gesture to explain. But they would not believe him until he had produced and again bestridden the mysterious machine.

In the spring of 1866 Lallement went to New Haven, and there rode his novel vehicle on the "Green," or public square, and on the streets. There was a tradition that he was once or twice arrested and put in the lock-up in that city, at the instance of irate drivers. At any rate he there

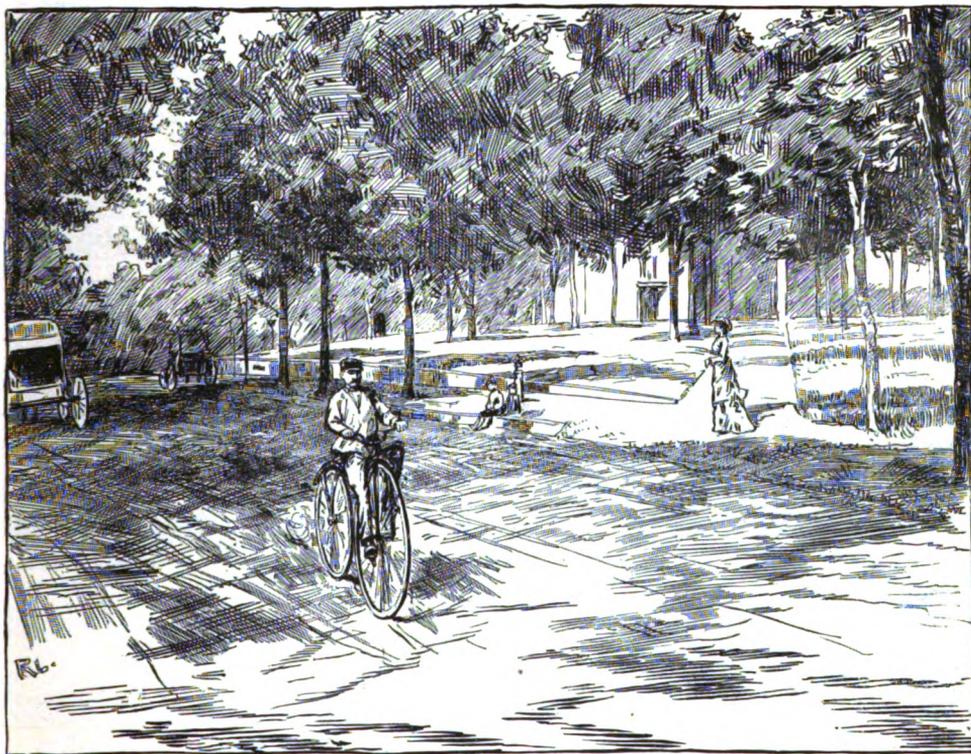
went for a time, nor in New Haven afterwards, to secure the means to make it profitable, even for some months after the patent was granted. He had brought his bicycle to a degree of practical success, induced some to try it, patented it, ridden it even from New Haven to Ansonia, tried American temper and capital; and then, after all, he left his still unappreciated vehicle in New Haven, and returned to Paris apparently as far from a fortune as when he left.

Lallement did not see that precursor of the finer bicycles of to-day for about fourteen years. It has thirty-four-inch fore and

thirty-two-inch hind wheels of wood, with iron tires, socket-head, solid wrought-iron backbone, and front fork and rear braces, twenty-five-inch curved handle-bars, fixed iron cranks with five and a half inch throw, weighted pedals, stuffed seat, and a linked spring, and it weighs seventy and a quarter pounds. The cuts heretofore published as representing Lallement's velocipede were taken from the patent-office drawing which was made from the small wooden model filed with his specification, and do not ex-

tubular forks and perch, and the graceful curves and bifurcation of the latter, and the fine results of mechanical perfection, and every beautiful style of finish. But in it still are the really distinguishing features of the bicycle and all that made the subsequent improvements possible.

Compare Elias Howe's sewing-machine with the "Hartford," or any of the fine mechanical seamstresses of to-day, and see how much was wanting. He had the essentials, however, and his reciprocating eye-pointed



BIRMINGHAM GREEN.

actly represent the original machine in form or proportions. The latter is fortunately fairly well preserved, and has been the object of amateur photographs and sketches for these illustrations. Compared with what we of this decade know as the bicycle, it is a crude affair. It is without brake, or trouser-guard, or means to limit the motion of the front wheel; it has not suspension wheels, with all their improvements, nor the round contractile rubber tires, nor the familiar saddle, nor adjustability of crank throw or seat, nor anti-friction bearings, nor the elastic free and ever-ready pedal; here are absent the

needle, which would serve the double function of needle and hook, was his chief specific contribution. So Lallement's solution of the chief difficulty lay in putting foot-crank on the front wheel, and making it serve the treble functions of guiding, balancing, and propelling the velocipede.

When Lallement returned to Paris he found that the new velocipede and the art of riding it, which he had taught in the shops of Stromaier and Jacquier and on the Boulevard St. Martin, had not been forgotten. Other mechanics were repeating his experiments; and not only was there employment for him, but other makers of

mechanical carriages, Michaux et Cie., and M. Magee, were willing to make *vélocipèdes à pédales*, as they began to be called. Exhibition of them was made at the World's Fair of 1867. In 1868 they were making them in earnest, and riding them widely in France, and one or two were taken to England. In April of that year Michaux patented a break, applied to the rear wheel, and in the circulars of his firm

cycles, or three-wheeled," etc. In 1868 and 1869 the French were using an immense number, and France was supplying other countries with the most and the best (prices for export being £25 and even higher), as England was a few years later. The spread of bicycling in France, and its check by the disastrous war of 1870, have been well sketched, only too briefly, by the veteran wheelman and journalist,



THE FIRST HEADER

the new vehicle was *le vélocipède à pédales et à frein*; his patent and subsequent additions covered improved cone-bearings, and other details of improvement. The price that year ran up to 400 francs. Although the name bicycle was applied to them probably as early as 1867, it was not until 1868 that it obtained much use; and in 1869 it was the common term. Even then in French price lists printed in English, as those of Lallement, Shand, and Michaux, the explanation was carried out, under the general head of *velocipedes*, — "Bicycles, or two-wheeled," — "Tri-

M. Paul Devillers, in *THE WHEELMAN*, Vol. 1., p. 307.

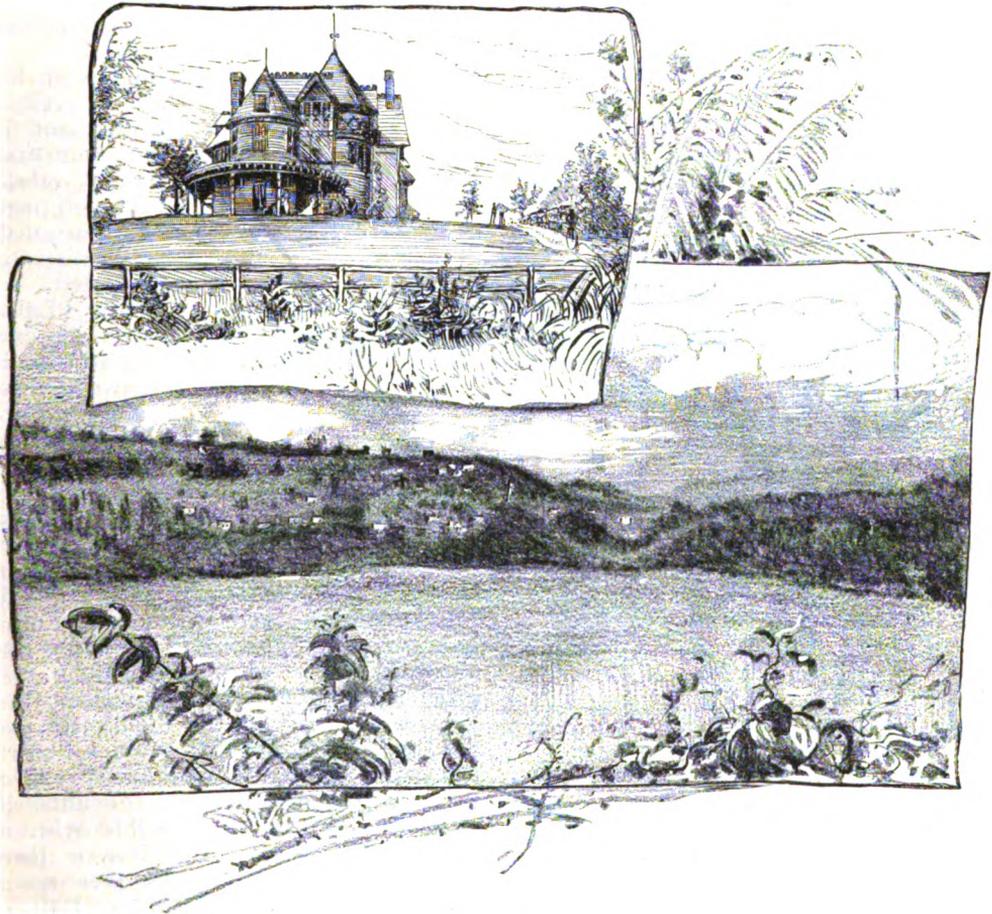
Whilst others in Paris were improving the construction of the bicycle, Lallement, though at first retarded by want of means and by the hesitation of others to aid him, was doing some of that needful work too. It is noticeable that the first public prints to show the rider in position, with the ball of the foot, instead of the hollow of the foot, on the pedal, are in Lallement's illustrated price-lists; and there, too, was the first direction to intending purchasers that it is necessary to "give

the length of the person's legs," for selection from different sizes.

Whilst the few riders in France in 1867 and the more in 1868 were making the bicycle frequent on the roads, in the latter year riding, two of them, at least, an average of seventy-five miles a day for six days, and two others making one hundred and five miles in a day, and another cover-

Lallement's by the same; and the other makers paid a royalty of twenty dollars a machine to Mr. Witty.

Lallement received ten thousand francs for his half of his American patent. One quarter of it was paid down first, and the other three quarters after an exhaustive search, in 1868, in France and elsewhere, to ascertain the validity of the patent, and



IN THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY.

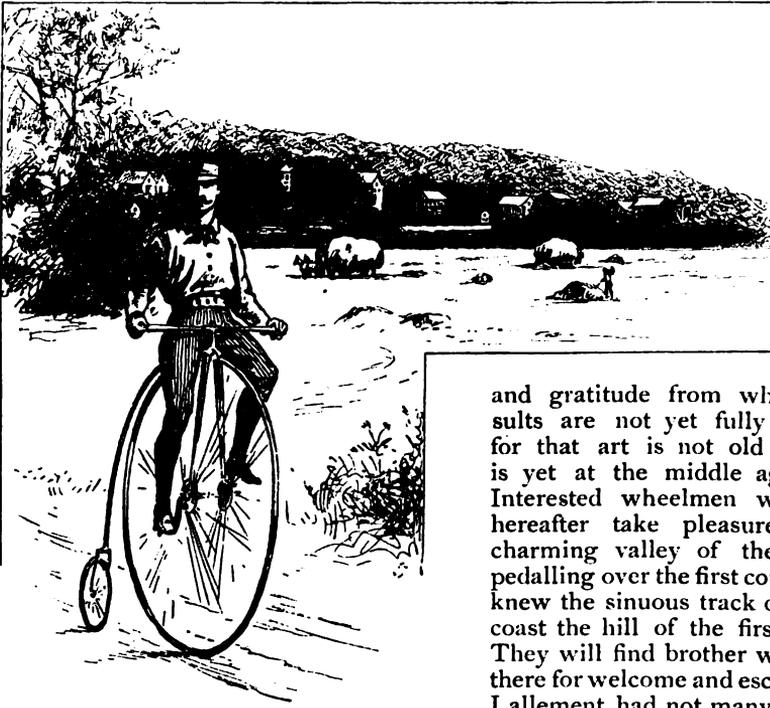
ing one hundred and twenty-three miles in twenty-three hours of a tour, — the art was being pursued in America more on the stage, by the Hanlons and others, and in the shops and rinks, at first; and the use and construction of bicycles grew with rapidity until the climax of 1869. Meanwhile many patented improvements were made, and the original Lallement patent became valuable. The half-interest of James Carroll was purchased by Mr. Calvin Witty, a New York maker, and then

of Lallement's claims to be the inventor. That sum was a large one for him, enabled him to strike out well in his business in Paris, and was the only direct pecuniary reward he ever got for his invention. The patent expires with the 20th of November next, and the "velocipede patent question" will then relate to other patented inventions subsequent to Lallement's, and there will probably be less sceptics as to his true relation to the bicycle.

It is interesting to observe in this connection that the result of that search of fifteen years ago has never been overthrown. It has, indeed, more recently been asserted that a bicycle was exhibited at the great World's Fair in 1862, by an English firm; but that machine proves to have been a kind of tricycle never made available for practical use; and, again, that a Scotchman made one in 1836, but that has been substantiated by no credible evidence, while there is good reason to believe that he had something else. It has been said by some that Pierre Michaux, senior mem-

square in the latter city, in October or November of that year. A full examination of the remarkable efforts to prove that would extend the length and the scope of this article beyond reasonable limits; but the writer believes, after full examination of all the evidence on both sides, first, that Verrecke did not then ride or have a bicycle at all; and, secondly, that even if he did, the construction of the machine and the idea and method of riding it were borrowed from Lallement and his exhibitions in Paris months before.

The divergence and the impulse in the art of velocipeding and in the construction of velocipedes, originated, illustrated, and persistently promoted by Pierre Lallement, are now well and widely known, and are sufficient to entitle him to some degree of remembrance



A PILGRIM IN 1883.

ber of the firm of Michaux et Cie., which was once to France about what the Pope Manufacturing Company is to the United States, contrived the bicycle; but his patent did not claim it, and was not filed till nearly two years after Lallement's, nor did he show one until some four years after Lallement had ridden his first one on the Boulevard St. Martin. It has also, in extended litigation now terminated, been alleged that one M. Verrecke, a French acrobat, arriving in America in September, 1863, rode a bicycle like Lallement's on one stage in New York, and another in Philadelphia, and also around a public

and gratitude from wheelmen. The results are not yet fully seen, of course; for that art is not old whose originator is yet at the middle age of forty years. Interested wheelmen will perhaps often hereafter take pleasure in visiting the charming valley of the Naugatuck, and pedalling over the first country roadway that knew the sinuous track of the bicycle, and coast the hill of the first genuine header. They will find brother wheelmen¹ resident there for welcome and escort. For although Lallement had not many disciples when in that country, he has had followers there since. In the winter of 1868 there was a riding-school opened in Military Hall, in Birmingham, and several young men became proficient; but after the year 1869 the roads thereabouts were unfamiliar with the bicycle (except by visits from New Haven since the revival of 1877) until 1881. Then one after another of our later American bicycles was experimented with in the vicinity by the natives; and in the fall of 1882 the Ansonia Bicycle Club was organized "by a few brave spirits" and increased to about thirty members; and last

¹ The writer wishes to make especial acknowledgments to Mr. Lester E. Hickok, Captain of the Derby Wheel Club, for kindness in a recent visit there, and for information furnished.

May the Derby Wheel Club was formed at Birmingham with thirty-two members. And if the principal seat of bicycle-making was carried back to Paris, and then to Coventry, it is in a fair way to return to Connecticut by way of Hartford.

The portrait of the modest subject of this article is from a photograph taken in Paris in 1869, when he was a manufacturer of bicycles there; and his autograph of the same period is also reproduced. He left that line of manufacture in 1870, and has never returned to it. He has not been even a "constant reader" of wheel literature, or



A NAME IN 1869.

a constant rider of the wheel, since that time. He may well be placed, however, in the list of inventors in the industrial and mechanical arts, and be remembered as long as the bipedaliferous wheel continues to

revolve. Let it be remembered, too, that America shares with France the distinction of having introduced the bicycle to the world, and with France and England the

credit of improving its crude form toward perfection, and of developing and throwing about its uses the social and other attractions which make it a perennial delight.

Charles E. Pratt.

OAK-CORN.

HASTEN, all ye forest-dwellers,
Crowd your garners, fill your cellars; —
Oak-corn bread and meat provideth,
That each careful creature hideth
Where the hoar-frost cannot taste it,
Nor the winds in winter waste it.
Come and gather, come and gather,
In the misty autumn weather!

Here it was that faun and satyr,
Long ago, were used to scatter
Acorns in these shady alleys,
Tossing them with sportive sallies;
Sylvan in his crown did bear them;
All the sober wood-nymphs wear them,
More esteemed than gem or jewel.
Acorns, rich in food and fuel,
Feed the flock and shepherd's ingle,
When the frosty planets tingle.
Acorns, where old Merlin slumbers,
Sprout young oaks, in countless numbers,
Through his mossy garments starting,
His long locks and gray beard parting;
While the jay and squirrel chatter,
And the ceaseless showers patter —
Leaves and acorns, all together,
Dropping in the misty weather.
When he wakens, how he'll wonder
At the forest he sleeps under!

Edith M. Thomas.

A WILD WHIRL.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

A COLD, troubled moon was wading her way through banks of autumn clouds as I glided silently out of the village of Sorelle on my shadowy "Shadow." The lights were beginning to burn in the windows of the scattered cottages, and one bright star—I think it must have been Venus—appeared above me in the west, now shining gloriously on the dark edge of a cloud, now plunged in the black vapors, and anon emerging fairer and brighter than before. No sound was in the air, except the rushing of an unfelt wind somewhere in the woods, the occasional bleat of an unhoused sheep, and, to my ear, the light, nestling tread of my rubber-shod steed. I swept on. The lights vanished. I was alone on the white, ghostly road,—alone, but not without a companion. My bicycle was company for me,—that delicate, responsive, sympathetic, shall I not almost say, sentient, mechanism, throbbing to the soul of motion! It always seems to me alive, and I can talk to it without words—with my finger-tips, with my very thoughts. So, too, it answers me quicker, truer, than with language. I am never lonely with my bicycle. It is my friend—I love it!

But to-night my thoughts were flying far ahead, even of my whirling wheel. I was going to Brents' Mills. And why to Brents' Mills? Daphnis Brown was there.

I learned it of the stage-driver. He had brought her there from the railroad station. He had actually seen her—yes, and had the inestimable privilege of riding ten miles with her, alone. Daphnis Brown! The name itself, breathed even in thought, would send the crimson blood bounding to my cheeks and set my heart beating faster than ever it drummed on a ten-mile dash. I had met her two years before, in Sorelle, at a little company. She was spending a vacation with friends at the Mills, and I was teaching in Sorelle. I might have done better, but I chose, since then, to keep the village school. She had not come the summer following, nor the last summer; and I was debating whether to resign my position, and accept a better one in a distant State, when the old stage-driver alighted, that September evening, and, in answer to the customary question, "Well,

Tom, any news?" replied, "Naw, I guess not, 'cept that Brown gal's at the Mills ag'in."

Now, if that wasn't news I should like to know what was?

It so happened that the very next day there was to be a picnic,—an all-around, jolly, everybody-invited picnic,—and the next day after that was Sunday, and on Monday school began. Gayeties would be all over; farmers beginning their fall work; no chance to renew an acquaintance with the lovely Daphnis. It would be presumption to trespass upon a two-years-old introduction, without the ghost of an excuse for the liberty, to intrude myself upon Daphnis and her relations with the basest and most transparent personal intentions. No; the only way in which I could gracefully reinstate myself in the recollection, and, perhaps, in the favor of the object of my affections, was to see her that very night and invite her to attend the picnic with me on the morrow. This would certainly be no breach of rural etiquette, but rather a commendable piece of gallantry in the eyes of the kind-hearted, pleasure-loving people. This is why I was spinning along in the fitful moonlight on the road between Sorelle and Brents' Mills.

It was nearly an eight-mile ride. The road was a fairly good one, running at first directly across the valley, and then skirting the little river for the rest of the way, a roughish, but not dangerous or very difficult, up-grade. Owing to a previous engagement, I was obliged to start rather later than I wished, so that it was between seven and eight before I got fairly out of the village and on the lonely road. I was aware of the rural sentiment so well expressed in that classical couplet,—

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

and especially of the fact that a weary traveller, whether man or maid, city or country bred, is apt to seek the balmy couch of slumber at an early hour; and so it was my desire to get over the ground as fast as possible, in the hope that I might find Miss Brown still among the accessible number of the non-retired.

I was glad to hear the brawling of the river ahead. It marked the first stage of my journey past. There would be five miles of warm pedalling up-hill, and then a quick dismount at the little brown cottage, and—

But what a noise the river was making!

I had driven rapidly up to the bank, and was turning into the other road to breast the slope, before I noticed that the big rocks in mid-stream were well-nigh under water, and that a yellow, frothy tide was lapping the very edge of the bank and the road. It was the sullen, deepening roar of the water, however, which first drew my attention to these facts. I had never heard the little stream brawl like that before. To be sure, we had been having some pretty heavy fall rains, but they had ceased nearly three days before, and all the country roads were getting dusty again. I must say I was surprised; but it never entered my head to be in the least bit alarmed at the rising of the river. A little muddy stream trickling across the road-bed did not even turn the current of my thoughts from the absorbing subject they were pursuing,—my probable reception by Daphnis. Would she remember me? Would she be pleased to see me? Would she consent to be my companion at the morrow's picnic? I leaned forward to my work, and pushed steadily and absent-mindedly at the pedals. It was getting darker and cloudier, but I knew the road well, and did not even stop to light my lamp. The river rushed noisily down the slope at my left, now almost veiled from sight by the thick-descending shadows. High-wooded banks began to rise on the right and cut off the infrequent beams of the moon. My wheel struck a large loose stone, and I dismounted and pitched it out of the road, lest I should take a "header" over it on my return. I expected to hear it fall with a dull thud on the grassy margin between the road and the river, but instead I was startled by a gurgling *ker-chunk*, that told me it had met with a less resisting substance. Could it be that the river had risen so far? Nervously I opened the face of my little lantern on the head of the machine, and struck a match. The match spluttered in the rising wind, and went out. I lighted another, and sheltered it closely between my palms, throwing an arm over the saddle of the bicycle to hold the machine up. It kindled to a ruddy flame, and I quickly transferred it to the wick of the lantern. Presently

the red glare from the reflector fell on the road, and I snapped the door of the lantern tight, and looked around me. Right in the narrow pathway of brightest light was a glimmer that made me start. I rolled my machine a few feet farther toward the side of the road. Yes, it was running water! Removing the lantern I held it above my head. Almost at my very feet was flowing a sullen, turbid stream, choked with bushes and grass, and sending little streamlets out, at every depression, into the road. Good heavens! Was there going to be a freshet?

My first impulse was to mount my machine and fly back again to the valley; but, upon second thought, I knew that I was safe so long as the road skirted the ridge, for at any time I could leave my machine, and climb up among the trees, out of the water's way, in case it should be necessary. I resolved, therefore, to keep on to the Mills, and see what the condition of affairs was there—hoping, perhaps, in my inmost heart, that the danger or difficulty might be such as to render the assistance of a sturdy bicycler not unwelcome to certain households—Daphnis Brown's, for instance.

I replaced the lantern on the head of my bicycle, took a little side-run with the machine up the incline, put my foot quickly on the step, and vaulted into the saddle. It was a "knack" I had acquired by long practice. The machine staggered for a second, until I got my feet well planted on the pedals, and then slowly and steadily resumed its course up the hill.

The sky was now entirely overcast, and a strong wind began to whistle over the top of the ridge. I was surprised to feel a drop of rain on my hand. If a smart shower came up, the river, already full to the top of its banks, would surely overflow, and, should the dams at the Mills also give away, the result must be disastrous to the farms and houses in the valley. I had half a mind, even then, to turn around and carry the warning to the people below; but I was so near the Mills—only about a quarter of a mile farther—and the dams were considered so strong and well-built, that I allowed my preferences to overcome my sense of duty, and kept on.

Thirty minutes later I toiled over the top of the ridge, and rode into Brents' Mills. The little stony street was full of men hurrying to and fro with lanterns, and in front of every house was a little group

of people, talking excitedly, or watching the men with the lanterns.

"Hillo!" cried a voice. "Here's somebody from Sorelle—one of them velocipeders. How's the river down below?"

I was quickly surrounded by an anxious group, as I threw myself from the saddle, and leaned my wheel against a fence. "The water's well up to the edge of the road," I replied, "and seems to be rising all the time. Is there any danger that the dams will give way?"

"That's what we don't know. They can't stand much more, and, if it should rain heavy above us, I guess they'd have to go."

This was worse than I expected. I looked around at the troubled circle of faces in the lantern light. Among the outermost, my eyes lighted upon one that sent the quick blood bounding to my cheeks. It was Daphnis. She stood by the fence, near where I had leaned my wheel, her soft, close-fitting travelling dress buttoned close up to her white throat, bareheaded, with her brown hair flying about her temples. She looked very pale, and one little hand—did I see aright?—yes, one little hand rested lightly on the backbone of my "Shadow" for support. Back of her was the brown cottage with the vines—how well I knew it of old! I wondered if she remembered me—if she guessed who the "velocipeder" from Sorelle was?

My fixed gaze seemed to attract the attention of the man who had first spoken to me. He came closer to me, and I recognized him at once as the owner of the cottage where Daphnis was stopping. "Aren't you the schoolmaster at Sorelle?" he asked. "Well, now, I thought so—the young man that used to come up to see my wife's cousin there, Daphnis Brown—standing yonder, by the fence. You knew her, didn't you? Well, I'll bet she remembers you, too. She was asking at supper table if you still taught school in Sorelle. Come in, come in. We can't do anything just yet, and the folks'd be glad to see you."

If my heart was tripping fast before, it was dancing a hornpipe now. So she remembered me; she had asked after me, of her own accord! I felt as though I was treading on air as I followed my conductor through the crowd. He stopped, and said to one of the men, "Keep close watch of the big dam, and if she shows the first signs of giving, let me know right off. I suppose you know,"

he continued, addressing me, with just a touch of honest pride in his voice, "that they made me 'boss' here last year, and so the whole responsibility of this affair rests on me." I replied with some vague expression that I hoped the danger was not serious, and the next moment I stood, cap in hand, before Daphnis.

"Daphnis, you remember Mr. — Mr. —"

She looked up at me with a quick, half-surprised expression that I knew was not all genuine, and then smiled happily, and held out her hand, saying, before I could suggest my name to my baffled companion, —

"Oh, yes, I remember Mr. Templeton well; indeed, I knew it was he from his bicycle. But, O Mr. Templeton, isn't this a dreadful thing? Do you think there is going to be a freshet? Do you think there is any danger?"

I was turning my cap round and round in my nervous hands, and gazing down in her anxious eyes. "I hope not," I replied; "oh, I am almost sure not. The dam is very strong, and even if it should break, there would be plenty of time to seek safety on the hillside."

"But the dear little cottage, and all these pretty homes! Oh, how badly I should feel if the village should be all swept away—and then we shouldn't have a place where we could stay, and we might starve, or freeze—ugh!" She clasped her little hands together and shuddered. I was about to offer the hospitalities of the entire village of Sorelle, with the air of the master of a feudal mansion to the fair lady of a benighted band, when suddenly a man came running into the midst of the group. He spoke quick and sharp.

"Mr. Marsh, the dam's giving!" A cry of dismay went up from half a hundred voices, and in the fright and excitement of the moment I am not sure that I did not move closer to the side of Daphnis Brown, or she to mine; at any rate, I found myself supporting her for a moment. Mr. Marsh turned to me with a pale face.

"There's but one thing can be done," he said, excitedly; "and yet I hardly dare do it."

"What is it?" I cried. "Don't let us hesitate now at danger! I, for one, am ready to help at the peril of my life."

"It's not personal danger," he answered, "nor danger to any of us; but to those below us in the valley. We could save the mills and the village by opening the big

water-gate; but how would the people below get warning? The water would come down on them in a torrent before they could reach higher ground. We could save our homes, but only at the expense of the lives of our friends."

"But," I cried, "it would be the same if the dam gave way."

"No; some one would have time to warn them. *You* would have time, if you start *now!*"

My brain worked fast, and I seemed to see the events of the next half hour unfolding before me like a picture. I spoke quickly: "How long before you must open the gate? Will you give me fifteen minutes?"

"John, will she stand it fifteen minutes?"

"Yes, I think she will, sir."

"Then," I cried, springing to my machine, "you may open the gates, and I will warn the valley!"

It took me but a second to mount. I saw the fair face of Daphnis bent upon me with a look that made all my nerves tingle, and then and there I resolved that whether I *could* do it or not I *would* continue the wild whirl to the valley below without touching finger to brake!

"You can't run it in fifteen minutes!" cried Marsh.

"I will do it in ten!" I shouted back as I vanished over the top of the ridge in the darkness. A few firm, steady strokes on the pedals and then I threw my legs over the handles and braced myself for the long coast. It was to be a race against time with the angry waters,—a race upon which depended, perhaps, not only my own life, but the lives of half a score of families on the river bottom below. And yet I was not afraid. I felt the good roadster beneath me, tight in spoke and bearing, lissome, supple, elastic, bounding down the road, literally a creature all of rubber and steel. I knew that nothing was loose, that the bearings were well oiled, and the saddle firm. Why should I be afraid to trust the faithful wheel which had never played me false in all my flying trips over hill and dale? The only thing I feared was delay,—a sudden "header" over some unseen rock, or, may be, a team climbing the narrow road, and necessitating a spill into the river, or a hasty dismount. All of which thoughts passed rapidly through my mind within less than sixty seconds from the time I swept down from the ridge and threw my legs over the handles.

I had never before coasted the long descent from Brents' Mills to the valley. There were too many turns, and the road was apt to be rutty and stony in places. I had always had a desire to try it, however, and had about made up my mind to take a night when the sky was clear and the moon at its full, and make the run before the season closed. But now, as never before, though circumstances were against me, I felt equal to the feat. My nerves thrilled in me, and I seemed rather to be swooping down the hill on the wings of a bird than spurning dull earth with the hoof of my rubber-shod steel.

Before I had mounted my bicycle I glanced hastily at my watch. It was then just twenty minutes of nine. It seemed scarcely a minute ere my wheel had caught the full momentum of the long grade; and almost a shudder ran through the delicate webs and bars of steel when I swept around the first curve without the usual check of the powerful brake. The clear, ringing, rushing sound of the flying wheel seemed to falter and tremble, as much as to say, "Careful, my master! I need the rein." But no rein nor check was the flying bicycle to have till its whirring rim struck the long level of the valley. Fifteen minutes and the great floodgates would be opened, and the white torrent would be chasing me down the slope! The friendly ridge would soon be past, and I could have no refuge save the speed of my trusty wheel. If I might turn at the foot of the slope, and climb the rising ground toward the village, the danger would be small; but my purpose and my promise was to warn the people on the river road, and that I must do if it took my life. I felt, too, that something else was at stake, without which life would be comparatively valueless to me,—the love of sweet Daphnis Brown! If I succeeded, it seemed to me not altogether vain or presumptuous to hope that her good favor would reward my success, and with that granted I hoped to win my way to her heart.

On, on I sped. The red light of the lantern before me seemed to cleave the darkness like an arrow. With its help I kept as near the middle of the narrow road as possible, and strained my ears for a teamster's warning cry ahead. On the right hand the roaring and dashing of the now furious river filled the air. Every now and then my wheel cut swiftly through a little streamlet and splattered me with mud. Two or three times I ran into

a pebbly rut where the water was coursing down the hill, and, as my wheel sank into its bed, or leaped out again, I could feel the quick lateral impulse, as when a swiftly moving train goes around a sharp curve.

The rate of speed which I had now attained was simply tremendous. I had never experienced anything like it. The air whistled in my face, and I almost had to catch my breath as I flew along. What if anything *should* give way? My finger instinctively sought the brake, but I withdrew it, and clasped the handles tighter than before, resolutely putting away the thought of peril. And, indeed, I had all I could do to keep the management of my machine, and guide it around the curves in the road. Once I came so near flying over the bank into the river, rounding a sharp turn with a wide sweep, that I actually let go the handles for half a second, and, if the curve had not been practically made, and the machine held steady by my legs, I should have taken a flying leap into the current. I was surprised at the almost imperceptible jars caused by running over good-sized stones and hummocks in the road. The fact is, I was going so fast that they did not have time to affect me as they otherwise would. I am convinced that a high rate of speed on a down-grade is of itself a very good preventive against headers, unless the brake is used suddenly and injudiciously. The body is naturally thrown well back, and its weight tends to overcome the "uppishness" of the small wheel, and gives the large wheel more elasticity in front.

I am sure that if I had been riding down that long, winding hill with feet on the pedals, I should have taken some very ugly headers. As it was, the little wheel jumped frightfully three or four times, and on one sharp grade I felt my hair rise with the conviction that I was hustling forward on a single wheel. It was a wonderful relief to me when I dashed around the last curve, leaning inward at about the angle of a careening yacht, and knew that in a minute more, if all went well, I should be spinning smoothly along the level below. I held my breath for that last wild rush, and clutched the handle-bars with muscles tense as steel. The bicycle trembled and swayed on the rough decline. If the handles had turned the fraction of an inch, I tremble to think what would have been the result.

And now the wild race was almost over, and I was beginning to breathe freer, when

suddenly, from the level just beneath, I heard a cry, —

"Hello, there — hello! Whoa!"

I had no time to answer the shout. Before I could open my lips, the lantern light gleamed on a prancing horse, and a man plying whip and rein to urge it forward. Fortunately, I had instinctively guided my machine to the right. I whistled by with scarcely a hair's breadth between the flying cranks and the hubs of the carriage. As I was receding in the darkness, I cried out as loud as I could shout, "Hold on! Danger ahead!" Then I gradually applied the brake, and in less than two hundred rods came to a stand-still and dismounted. How strange it seemed to be motionless and on my feet again! I had a wild desire to fling myself forward. The still air seemed to choke and suffocate me. Only a moment I stood with my hand resting almost with a caress on the handle of my faithful bicycle; then I glanced quickly at my watch. Twelve minutes of nine! And it would be seven minutes yet before they opened the floodgates on that ridge, five miles away.

I mounted and rode rapidly back to where I had met the team. The driver was impatiently waiting for me. "Turn and ride for your life!" I cried. "The floodgates at the dam will be open in five minutes!"

"Where — where shall I ride?" he shouted, jumping out and seizing his horse by the head.

"Turn around and follow me," I answered. "Drive as you never drove before!"

I turned my wheel and sped down the river road again, and in a few moments I heard the buggy rattling after me. The horse was a good one, and I did not slacken speed until I came to the first house. There I dismounted, and, when the driver came along, I shouted, —

"Drive ahead as fast as you can, and shout them up at every house. Don't stop. I will follow and tell them what to do. The road turns to the left in two miles, and goes up-hill. There you are safe."

"All right!" he shouted back, and, whipping up his horse, disappeared in the darkness.

I speedily roused the inmates of the first house, informed them of their danger, and directed them to hurry across the fields and up the slope to the village. Then I mounted and sped on, as fast as I could

drive my wheel in the light sandy road. My companion, I found, had done his duty well, for at every house along the two-mile stretch I found the people up, and in a terrible state of excitement to find out what the matter was. All followed my directions as speedily as possible, and when at last I reached the ascent, at the turning of the road, and wearily pushed my wheel, on foot, up the deep-rutted road-bed, I had the proud satisfaction of feeling that I had done my duty, and done it well — thanks to my trusty wheel.

And now, reader, would you have the sequel? It is told in a few words. The floodgates at Brents' Mills were opened

just in time to save the village and the dams, but the valley below was overflowed to the depth of many feet, till it looked like a vast lake. Fortunately, however, no buildings were carried away, and no lives were lost, and when the water fell again the people returned to their houses, to find everything unharmed, except some of the grain in the garner. And is that not sequel enough? Something still left to say? Oh, yes, about —

But who is that jogging my elbow, so that I cannot write? Oh — Daphnis! Daphnis Templeton.

Kind reader, she will have me bid you a very good-night.

THREE SUITS.

THE FIRST SUIT.

IT was black broadcloth, cut in the most approved claw-hammer style and of very good quality, yet there was nothing in particular about the suit itself to attract the eyes and please the senses of the weaker (and better) sex, unless, perhaps, a little masquerading in male attire was on the *tapis*, as it always is, now and then, in a woman's life, when, knocking at a neighbor's back door, she asks for broken victuals, and invariably betrays herself by a suppressed giggle before her request is half finished.

A mendicant in this suit, however, would have been rather too well attired to have met with any pronounced success.

The particular charm attached to it, in this case, was the fact that there was a man in it, and, indeed, a very handsome man, if women's eyes ever play the part of telltales.

Walter Waring had a wider claim to favor than the simple fact of manly beauty. There was a grace and openness of manner which charmed at once, and a deep, rich voice, which claimed attention and admiration, while in conversation he looked one straight in the eyes, like a man of earnest purposes and an honest heart.

He was a man whom women tried their best to spoil completely, and then, because he was attentively polite to all, returning their courtesies in kind, as opportunity

offered, they warned each other to beware of his fascinations, lest he should prove a trifler, and make love only for pastime.

Daisy Tompkins had been warned, among others, yet she had allowed herself to enjoy many an evening in his society, and was very well content to drift along in the belief that social enjoyments alone prompted the frequency of his calls and invitations.

She would not have been a woman if she did not, at times, think over what she would say should he really tell her that he loved her, and ask her to become his wife; but that invariably seemed so far away in the future that she never had formulated her answer in words, or even decided whether her interest in him was of a different character from that which she entertained for other gentleman friends.

It was at Mrs. Spear's reception that Walter was looking unusually handsome in the above noted dress-suit, and he had just been waltzing with Daisy. She had pleaded weariness to an earnest solicitation for the next dance, and they had wandered into a room which was as much study as conservatory and as much library as anything else.

You would hardly know what to call it, but it was just such a dimly lighted room as will naturally inspire love-making; full of *bric-à-brac* and pictures and books and flowers, — just such a room as the lover, in a novel, is led into by the heroine, when the

author claims that she is trying to ward off a proposal.

"Walter, you waltz delightfully," said Daisy, with great candor, as she sank into an easy-chair and handed him her fan with a gesture which intimated very plainly that he was to make use of it in her behalf.

Walter took the fan mechanically, and, leaning over the back of the chair, assumed an earnestness of voice which betokened more than his words implied, —

"Waltzing is only one of a thousand graces that make you dear to me, Daisy."

It was unusual for him to hurl a broadside compliment in that way, and the dark eyes glanced up at him quickly with a look of questioning surprise.

"Daisy," he continued, "you must know that I love you. I have shown it indirectly in countless ways, and now I tell it to you with my whole heart in my voice. Don't you think you could love me well enough to marry me? I will deserve you, if constant endeavor and the tireless efforts of a strong and steady love can make me deserving."

There seemed to be a new train of thought in Daisy's mind while he was speaking. She seemed to feel a realizing sense of having neglected to give the proper interpretation to many attentions which came vividly to her now, and her eyes were full of tenderness while her lips seemed almost ready to frame a consent; but after a little she said, slowly, gently placing her hand upon his, —

"Walter, I could marry you and love you dearly, but my nature is a jealous one, and my life would be one long torture were you to continue showing what you call 'mere courtesies' to your lady friends, as you do now, and as you have done during our whole acquaintance. Your 'mere courtesies' are the attentions by which a woman usually recognizes a lover, and though I might trust you completely, as a husband, yet it would be far from pleasant to know that my friends were remarking upon the amount of time you found for others. Why, you give your bicycle almost as much time now as you do your business, and I could hardly dare hope to rival both. No, Walter, I must be so thoroughly first in my husband's affections that I am an essential, rather than an accessory, to his happiness." She was evidently speaking from people's opinions rather than her own convictions.

"But, Daisy," Walter continued, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, "you have no right to believe that I would not make your comfort and happiness my first duty. Only let me feel that I belong to you, and then judge me by my actions. You say that you could love me. Prove that by giving me a conditional promise."

"You are too much of a man," she replied, "to serve an apprenticeship to a woman's whims and fancies; to be kept, in a certain sense, on probation. Let us go back to the parlors now, for this conversation is painful to us both, and I can see that you are too much in earnest to listen quietly and calmly to what would seem harsh and cruel, in your present state of mind."

The remainder of the evening was a very empty and unsatisfactory affair to Walter, and the cabman who received his order to "drive anywhere until told to do otherwise" smoked the cigar that was given to him with much keener enjoyment than did the much-perturbed passenger inside. He opened the windows and let the night-wind run riot through his hair, utterly oblivious of the fact that coughs and colds assail even disappointed lovers; and as he lay back among the cushions, sullenly puffing great clouds of smoke through the windows, he suddenly remembered that she had admitted she *could* love him, and had even added "dearly," and it occurred to him that, in spite of the bitterness of the cup he was quaffing, there was a good-sized grain of comfort and sweetness in that remark.

He gave the cabman his address, threw away the end of his cigar, settled back in his seat with an expression which could never have been mistaken for that of utter defeat, and actually commenced humming a song, the words of which were. —

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

THE SECOND SUIT.

IT was a business suit, and there was nothing about it to attract a woman's eye any more than the first one, unless it was the good taste and judgment displayed in the selection of the material and the tailor. or the fact that the necktie had bits of color sprinkled in it, here and there; yet there was a power and grim determination in that business suit which far excelled that of the sombre black, although Walter

Waring was the owner and occasional occupant of each.

The philosophers prove to us, with the best of logic and philosophy, how much we are affected by our surroundings; so it is only natural that a man should plead his case more practically and vigorously in his business suit than in a more clerical make-up.

Possibly this intuitive course of reasoning passed through Walter Waring's mind as he overtook Daisy, a week later, on the street.

It was a bright day, and the sunshine had filled the thoroughfares with thousands of bustling, busy people, and it may seem to some a strange place to press so serious a matter as a proposal; but a crowded street is a very retired place, in one sense, if your list of acquaintances is not a long one, for the same reason that a stranger often finds himself terribly lonely in a large and populous city.

Business had kept Walter away from the city for a week, and his absence, following so closely upon his earnest appeal, had not failed to produce an effect upon Daisy. She realized, for the first time, how necessary he had become to her enjoyment in social matters, and the thought that her words had produced the effect of keeping him away was not a pleasant one. Her greeting, therefore, had so much of glad surprise and cordial welcome in it that his foolish heart took courage and plunged into a spirited assault upon her objections at once.

"I have been away for a week," he said, "and it has seemed like a year. I have learned anew what I have been learning for a long time, — that I need you in my life, Daisy, and that a desire to meet with your approval is the greatest incentive to effort that my life has ever known. Don't let what others have said govern your words and actions. Let your own heart decide for me and help me to make a name and a place in the world for you and for me, together."

Daisy's pearly white teeth were doing serious damage to the pretty red lip which she was biting in her emotion, and before she had sufficiently mastered herself to reply he continued, —

"You know that I am not given to extravagant and ridiculous speeches, Daisy, and you must believe me when I tell you that you are a thousand times dearer to me than life, and that when you are with me

the sun shines brighter and the birds sing more sweetly than at any other time. Daisy, don't you believe that I am deeply and truly in earnest?"

It would have taken a harder heart than hers to have said "No" after looking into that eager face, and she answered him with much less composure than she had done before.

"I know that you are in earnest, Walter, and I know that any woman might well be as proud as I am to hear such words from you. It is not that I doubt your sincerity to-day, nor that I might tomorrow, or a year from now, but we have not known each other long, and I tremble when I think that, in time, new faces and new attractions may prove as pleasant to you and grow as dear as you say that I have done."

It certainly was discouraging to meet so sudden and unexpected a repulse when the enemy had seemed off its guard, and they walked for some time in silence. Walter was weighing the chances of success by another attack, with the wisdom of abandoning the field and strengthening his forces by unceasing evidences of devotion, when Daisy broke the silence.

"Mamma and I are going to the country soon," said she. "Let us say no more of this until I return. Three months will give you time for calm consideration, and if I am as dear to you then as now I will give you the promise you ask for. Do not think that I am heartless and cold because I seem so practical. I see so much unhappiness around me which is due to hasty and thoughtless marriages, that I am determined to keep my inclinations obedient to my judgment, rather than the reverse. You don't think me heartless, do you, Walter?"

They were out of the crowded street, now, and she slipped her hand into his just for an instant; but that instant was long enough to add a world of meaning to her words. It seemed strange that such a wee mite of a squeeze should make such a great big fellow so very, very happy; but it did, and he was so light-hearted and joyous, so healthfully handsome and agreeable, during the remainder of the walk that Daisy almost wished he would resume the subject in spite of her request; and if he had urged his suit again, when they reached home, instead of so persistently refusing to remain and dine with them, his happiness might have been even more complete.

THE THIRD SUIT.

It was of dark-blue corduroy, with enough of a purple tinge to give it richness. The buttons at the knee; a bit of gold lace at the collar; the badge on the left breast bearing the legend, "Bicycle Touring Club"; and the monogram at the front of the cap, enlivened it somewhat, adding information for the curious and interest for the initiated. Even a woman might have admired this bit of tailoring, aside from the fact that Walter Waring's graceful figure gave it shape and form.

Daisy Tompkins has been out of the city but a short time, and the gentleman who protested so sincere an affection for her is wearing a hopeful expression, which is decidedly out of place on the face of a half, or at least, a partly rejected lover. He is equipped for a spin, which is evidently not the mere recreation of an hour, for his *multum in parvo* is full to repletion; his King-of-the-Road Lamp is burnished until it glistens like a diamond; his warning-bell is wound up to the last turn, and both hands of his cyclometer point to zero.

Has the bicycle so soon proven a successful rival to the lovely, though practical and sensible, Miss Tompkins?

When she left the city the train in which she was seated sped away northward. By a singular coincidence Mr. Waring's course is to be the same.

Over hill and dale the gleam of his shining wheel steals along; now rattling over the paved streets of a city, and now racing with the drift-wood floating down the stream. The twittering of the birds, the cry of the whip-poor-will, the lowing of the cattle, the song of the milkmaids, the whistling of the cow-boys, and the countless sounds of Nature, fall upon his ear like the voices of old friends.

Nature teems with scenes and sounds that are familiar, yet ever new and dear, to the heart of a wheelman; but when that man has love in his heart, and a hopeful love, there is an intoxication in Nature which the light of one pair of eyes and the sound of one voice alone can outrival.

Resting at times beneath the spreading branches of some sheltering tree, during the mid-day heat, or filling the sunset echoes with the rich notes of his ringing, manly voice, Walter Waring pushed the miles from beneath his feet with a vigor which was evidently born of some strong purpose. Even the moonlight found him piercing its shadows like a silvery arrow,

while the record of his cyclometer gradually made his heart beat faster and faster, as he realized that the number of miles to traverse could be expressed at least in two figures.

As he mounted at daybreak to finish the last twenty miles of his journey, any woman's heart might well be pardoned for a slight increase in its number of beats per minute (if it had not already chosen a permanent regulator elsewhere), and when he sent his card to Mrs. and Miss Tompkins, a few hours later, it must be admitted that he glanced into a mirror opposite him more than once, while awaiting a reply, and, sensible fellow though he was, wondered if his costume would have any weight or influence in the elaborate oration which he intended to deliver in Daisy's ears before the day should close. It was a very neat little speech, from a rhetorical point of view, yet, as is usually the case, he used none of it after all, excepting perhaps a few articles and conjunctions.

Mrs. Tompkins received him. She looked and acted just as he would have desired, — motherly, — and told him that Daisy had gone out for a morning walk. With a true mother's instinct she lost no time in telling him which way to go to find her, and the peculiar smile which crossed her features as he left the room would have put fresh courage in his heart if any had been needed.

Following the directions given, he wheeled along so swiftly and so silently that his "Good-morning, Daisy," called forth an exceedingly charming little shriek, and the remark, "Why, Walter, I was just think" — But a telltale blush finished the sentence, entirely to Walter's satisfaction, and — country roads are delightfully lonesome at early morning — so he leaned over his bicycle for an instant, though if there was anything out of order, it was after, rather than before, he did so.

He was not long in turning the conversation to the subject that was nearest his heart, and, as he drew off his glove, and slipped from his finger a ring, in which sparkled a jewel, he said, "Daisy, there is considerable earnestness of purpose about me. Although you seem to think me changeable," — he handed the ring across the bicycle for her inspection, and continued, — "I have brought this with me as an evidence of my earnestness. Must I take it away with me again?"

There was no doubt or distrust in Daisy's eyes as she looked into the deep

and honest ones so near her own, and perhaps they read as much there, for he said, "I know what my mind will be three months or three years from now, and this dear old wheel has been so faithful and so swift in bringing me to you that I have thought perhaps it would tell me you were going to give me the 'Yes' I asked for, if it only had the power of speech."

"It has come between us already, Walter," said Daisy, with laughing eyes.

"Say one single word, and such a thing shall never occur again," he answered.

"A difficult word?" questioned Daisy.

"You seem to find it so," he replied, "yet it has only three letters. Don't you think you could master it with an effort?"

She looked into his face for an instant, and in place of the gay and almost careless expression of a moment before there came a look of tenderness and sincerity that gave that one word "Yes" more significance than the whole of Walter's rhetorical effort, which had passed from his mind entirely.

Walter had no great-coat in which Daisy could imitate the mysterious disappearances of Gaffer Hexham's daughter in that of "Our Mutual Friend," but he made a very creditable effort towards assisting her to rehearse that interesting proceeding, and as he lifted his bicycle from the ground where it had fallen (he could not have told you just when), he

said, "There has been but little of the usual love-making in this courtship of ours, Daisy; but we shall have years in which to make up for lost time, after this ring has a companion of plain gold. Will it become a tiresome story, and will you wish that affairs had taken the usual course?"

"If I do I will wear away the remainder of my days in tricycling," said she, looking somewhat jealously at the bicycle which he was rolling along by his side.

"Make your tricycle a 'Sociable,'" said Walter, laughing, "and I will gladly wear away my life at the same time."

It was astonishing how long it took them to walk to the hotel, and when they were telling Mrs. Tompkins the interesting portion of their conversation, and wondering that she did not seem more surprised, Walter insisted that it was his stunning bicycle suit which won the day for him.

Daisy was very well contented to feel that the day *had been* won without inquiring critically into the causes and effects which can lead a young lady to trust a man against whom she has been warned.

If they own a tricycle, it is not because she is tired of lonely roads, nor because he is tired of making speeches which are considered nonsensical to every one excepting the speaker and the person addressed, but because they are happiest when together, and are willing to divide the good gifts of this life, "share and share alike."

James Clarence Harvey.

TRAINING FOR THE RACE.

WHEW! Did ye hever see henny-think like it, the way 'e's a flyin' round?
 What do ye s'pose the younker ud do with a track for 'is trainin'-ground?
 I tell ye, Bob, 'e's as likely a covey 'as hever I 'ad in tow;
 The feller what shows 'im 'is little wheel ye 'ad better believe haint slow.
 What! ahead o' the record a minute! an' still 'e's a spinnin' round!
 If 'e puts that on to-morrow, mate, we be winners a 'undred pound.
 Just keep this performance shady, Bob, an' we'll divy, will you an' me—
 The manner 'e dives at that nasty curve just a curdles my blood to see!
 Slow hup! slow hup, my hindustrious kid! ye be hover a-steppin' work.
 Slow hup! an' I'll give ye a rubbin' down as is fit for a royal Turk.
 Yer a-doin' a-middlin' well, my boy, but yer time is a trifle bad;
 Just a *leetle* be'ind the fence, aye, Bob, just a *leetle* be'ind, my lad.

S. Conant Foster.

A FORTNIGHT AMONG THE APOSTLE ISLANDS.

THERE were eight of us,—the “General,” the “Artist,” the Lawyer, the Doctor, the Manufacturer, the Banker, the Merchant, and the Pedagogue. We had broken loose from business, and, after meeting at Milwaukee, had made the rest of our pilgrimage to northern Wisconsin in search of fish and fun together. Most of us had never met before; but the long railroad ride to Ashland jolted us into the best relations with one another. Each was soon shaken into the place where he fitted best and enjoyed himself most.

It was this shaking and fitting that gave the “General” and the “Artist” these pseudonyms. The “General” was known as such among us, not merely because he had planned and prepared the trip, but, also, because the leadership in all our camping plans fell to him, naturally and inevitably. The rest of us were as clay in the hands of the potter; and if the potter enjoyed the situation as well as the clay, the satisfaction was perfect.

The “Artist” was gifted with a knack for drawing, and, as he always saw and caught the droll side of our various haps and mishaps, his sketches added immensely to our enjoyment. Even now, as we look over those sketches, we live over those scenes. But more artistic than his sketches were his stories. “Camp-fire flickerings” they might well be called, as they were told while we were lounging about the camp-fire, where Uncle Billy was frying or broiling our trout. They served, too, to help wear away rainy days, when the heaviest drafts are made upon the storyteller. I am bound to say of the “Artist,” however, that his reserve seemed inexhaustible. Then, too, he could sing us a song. Here he was most of all the “Artist.” His voice was strong, sweet, and of great range. The opera and the oratorio lost what legitimately belonged to them when he became a lawyer. But their loss was our gain. Our happy memories of those days seem to voice themselves in his sweet tones. The “Artist” was the best-natured man alive. He must have been or he could never have endured the ungrateful return we made for his sketches, his stories, and his music. The man who likes a morning nap in camp is simply an irresistible temptation to his

comrades. Neither nature nor grace is proof against it.

There were eight of us; but only the “General” and the “Artist” boasted titles. The names which the others bear state simply the hard facts. The progress of the play must be their introduction.

We had reached Ashland, and crossed Chag-wa-mi-gon Bay to Bayfield. Bayfield, by the way, is an interesting spot to visit. It is very like the spot Miss Woolson had in mind when she wrote “Anne.” The French, the Indian, the half-breed, the Catholic, the Puritan, are all there. Its traditions are those of the Heroic Age,—the age of Marquette and La Salle. I say this of Bayfield, though it should more properly be said of La Pointe, which lies just across the strait on Madelaine,—the largest of the Apostle Islands. But Bayfield and La Pointe are one memory.

At La Pointe is an old church, built in part from the material of a still older, erected by Marquette, who established a mission here in 1669. In the church they show you a “Descent from the Cross,” painted upon hand-made canvas, and brought here by Marquette when he planted the Mission. These traditions are still further strengthened by the Old Burying-Ground, where rest the dead of two centuries.

Its traditions shape its life; its past gives tone to its present. An atmosphere of mellow antiquity and of Acadian simplicity hangs about the place. Even the *embon-point* of its old residents suggests to the stranger that they have not known the wear of care and the whet of fret.

An unique attraction of Bayfield was the fountain of cold spring-water, in which swarmed shoals of tame brook-trout.

Here we passed two or three days most delightfully. Here we found Uncle Billy, our cook, and Dennis, our half-breed guide. Here properly begins the story I want to tell.

We (*i.e.*, the “General”) had determined to sail at once to the extreme goal of our trip, Siskowit river, which empties into Lake Superior, thirty or forty miles north and west of Bayfield, about half-way to Duluth. There we would camp and fish as long as we enjoyed it, and then do the next

thing that should please us. But Siskowit river is quite beyond the sheltering Apostle Islands, exposed to every northern blast that sweeps the broad lake, so that safety seemed to require craft more seaworthy than the skiffs we had secured.

Fortunately for us the "Northern Belle," a stanch little yacht, was in port. To be sure, a party of sportsmen was on board; but they had been cruising about among the islands, and were very willing to help us to the Siskowit for trout, as they wished to try it for deer. Not all of us, however, left Bayfield with the yacht. Four, the "General," the Manufacturer, the Merchant, and the Pedagogue, with Dennis, embarked in one of our small boats and started about an hour in advance of the rest, to try the fishing in Raspberry creek, and more especially among "The Rocks," as the bold coast-line is called.

It was about 9 A.M. when these four left the wharf, one of them at the oars with Dennis. They took turns rowing, but little thought how many turns they would take before the day should pass. A little way from Bayfield they rowed past an Indian encampment. The features were the usual ones, — wigwams, with Indians lounging about doing nothing and with nothing to do; on the water a long family dug-out, filled from brave-end to squaw-end, the squaw paddling lazily, the brave lazily smoking. The Indians seemed the most uncivilized feature of the landscape. The dominant element, to one who looks from a boat, is the shore-line; and this is made up of boulders so evenly laid that it seems the work of some Cyclopean landscape gardener. Indeed, these rocky shores strikingly resemble the Cyclopean walls of ancient Tiryns. Especially is this true of the coast-line of the islands. Looking at these, one feels that he is in a mighty park, and that somewhere, soon, a majestic castle will come in sight, the centre of the scene, explaining the generous care so broadly displayed.

From the rocky bulwarks of the mainland fragments had fallen into the lake. Beneath these fragments lurked the largest brook-trout — lurked, alas! was all, this morning, that the four tried to entice them forth. Flies and bait were tried alike in vain, while Dennis skilfully held the boat in its place on the rolling swell, clear of the shore, safe from the rocks, so fearfully distinct in the crystal flood below. It is a sensation one remembers, — this of floating and bounding over perils so distinctly

seen, on an element hardly less transparent than the one which he is breathing. After exhausting their arts and their patience among "The Rocks," the four pursued their way to the less romantic but more remunerative fishing of Raspberry creek. Here, in an hour's time, they caught enough of the most beautiful trout imaginable for the entire party, and, well satisfied, turned their skiff toward the lake.

But they were not so well satisfied when, on reaching the lake, no yacht was to be seen. However, they assumed that it had been delayed, and headed their little boat north, confidently expecting soon to be overhauled by the rest of the party. Very gently they paddled at first. But in no great while some one said what all already thought: "We'll have to row to Siskowit to find that yacht." All knew that it must be a long pull, though no one attempted to conjecture how long. All that day they rowed without cessation, except that about eight in the evening they ran the boat ashore by the rude cabin of some fishermen, who received them right hospitably, and let them have some coffee and potatoes, which, with the trout and the inevitable hunger-sauce, made a meal of rare relish. Some of the Raspberry-creek trout were all the pay their hosts would take. For a little time after leaving the fishermen's camp they hoisted sail; but the wind was soon dead ahead again, as it had been all day, and the rowing was resumed. Into the night they rowed, — a night moonless and overcast, so that they crept cautiously on, close to the shore, following all its curves, seeing but the dimmest outline of woods against the sky. Even scenes most familiar seem strange at such a time, and these four were rowing further and further into the unknown. Even Dennis, who knew each foot of the coast by day, felt somewhat uncertain by night. Slowly the night wore on, measured by the monotonous and tiresome plash of the oars and the rattle of the rowlocks. How long seemed the sweep of each bay! Beyond each point of land lay, they were sure, the bay they sought. How sharply their eyes scanned the coast-line to catch sight of the white of the tent, or of the glow of the camp-fire! At last, an hour after midnight, after doubling a promontory no more promising than many another they had had passed, a sharp report, echoing and reëchoing among the forest, assured them they were near their goal.

Hardly had the reverberations died away

when they caught sight of the tent. In a few minutes they were among their friends. A hurried explanation satisfied all parties, and we soon plunged beneath our tent and into the profoundest sleep, not until, however, our comrades had shown us a deer hanging dressed from a tree close by. The next morning the savory smell of frying trout and venison gradually recalled us to consciousness. Then a plunge into the cold lake restored us to full wakefulness.

Over Uncle Billy's cooking we discussed plans for the future. The "General" decided that the tent must be re-pitched, and our beds made on scientific principles. The tent, of course, would be our sleeping-room. Our provisions and utensils were piled under the fly in front. The bed-posts consisted of four strong crotched branches, which stood about a foot high after being driven deep into the ground. Across these crotches, at the head and at the foot, a strong straight limb was laid. These supported the close-laid, springy alders, which reached from head to foot. Upon the alders we piled boat-loads of evergreen boughs, which we brought down the still water of the lower part of Siskowit river. After all this, our blankets seemed almost a superfluous luxury. The remainder of the day we devoted to angling. And here I might remark the good discipline of the "General," as shown by the fact that no one shirked the prosaic bed-making for the exciting fishing, for the fishing was really exciting. There were trout in Siskowit river, plenty of them, and of good size. Many were taken in the lower part of the stream, where the water was quiet and deepest, ranging between two pounds and two and a half in weight. In the upper part the trout were smaller, but the eagerness with which they darted upon the bait tossed about upon the rushing stream quite compensated for the difference in size.

We had not the time to explore, if we had been of an exploring turn; but as far up the Siskowit river as we went we found it very pretty. The rock that composes the bed of the stream is stratified in thin layers. Often these strata rise in long, steep slopes, flights of short steps down which the water pours a broad, shallow stream broken into countless cascades. It flows through "the forest primeval," so that its banks are draped with densest foliage. Here and there a cedar or a larch, shot high across the stream, forms a bridge for the chattering squirrel. I was standing

upon one of these bridges, near the root end, when a little rascal came racing down the tree, never noticing me till he was close at my feet. Ah, what a scolding I got then for taking his right of way! But I did not budge, and his business was doubtless urgent, and so, after soundly berating me, like a flash he darted on his way, right across my feet. The enthusiastic angler is likely soon to become an enthusiastic wader.

To the wader, Siskowit river, in much of its course, opens a charming path to a succession of beautiful scenes. All felt their beauty, but no one else so much as the "Artist." Gratefully his soul filled and expanded with their subtle influence. Pausing at the top of one of the slopes of natural steps I have described, he turned to view from this, the upper end, the foaming path by which he had come, and the glen through which it had led him. Captivated, doubtless, by the scene, he neglected his footing upon *terra firma*. Suddenly his feet shot out from under him, and his two hundred pounds avoirdupois were deposited with great emphasis in the brawling stream, and bumped incontinently down the romantic flight of steps by which he had ascended, while the laughing cascades gleefully filled his great rubber boots. The shock was too great. His soul was thrown quite off its poetic equilibrium. Slowly gathering himself up out of the rippling water, he sadly said, "I believe I'll go back to the boat"; and the "Artist" was no more seen among these haunts of tricky Dame Nature.

The second night the Doctor took Dennis and his Winchester, and went out for more venison; but the deer had evidently sought quieter and safer quarters. Not one was seen.

The second day we were even more successful in the capture of trout than we had been the day before. I shall not say how many we took, only that there was no waste, as our party was collectively large and individually of great capacity. Moreover, we had taken ice with us, so that our trout would keep. The next morning, however, in spite of our satisfactory sport, we (*i.e.*, the "General") determined to change our camping-ground. Why? We had come for trout, and had found that for which we had come. Why not spend all our time here? None asked these questions in camp. We knew the reason all too well. We had found that for which we had come, — and more, not only trout;

but also the guardian and avenging angels of the trout—most monstrous mosquitoes.

I have told of the romantic aromatic, balsamy beds we prepared ourselves, but I have not told of the night we passed upon them.

The four beds were a snug fit for our tent, and the night was warm, so that, for the sake of ventilation, an opening was left at each end of the tent. We feared no mosquito, however, as our beds were hung with mosquito-bar, gracefully draped over bent saplings crossing the beds diagonally. It was before we got under our bars that we were so fearless. After we had carefully crept in, and our enemies had discovered where their victims had fled, the din was terrific. The humming of an angry swarm of bees is the same thing, only on a small scale. It seemed as if all the mosquitoes of Siskowit river had crowded into our little tent, all thirsting for the blood of their terrified prey. "Dear me," said the Merchant, as he lay cowering and trembling beneath his bar, "I feel like a man beset in a tree by a band of howling wolves." It was not long before slaps and groans and ejaculations from all sides showed that some of the wolves, at least, had climbed the tree. But finally exhausted nature claimed its dues, and we sank into a restless sleep. Not until it was light enough to see, did we appreciate our situation. After all, our mosquito bar had saved us, for though enough of our tormentors had found entrance to make the night thoroughly uncomfortable, the great host was still outside, and now rested on the bar like a gray veil. Such was the impression they made as a mass; but each particle of the veil was in motion, trying the meshes of the bar, one by one. As they probed and pushed in their efforts to get through, I thought of the story of the mosquito of war times. It was a Louisiana mosquito, and its story was told me by one of our country's defenders,—a Presbyterian and a Sunday-school superintendent, so that there is no doubt that the tale is one of real life. The mosquito in question assailed my friend where he thought himself quite invulnerable. The insect had alighted on his "gunboat," his army shoe. It began operations at once, and my friend, conscious of his invulnerability, let it pursue them unmolested. In vain it probed and pushed and punched; in vain it turned and twisted; in vain, throwing its whole weight on its

proboscis, it whirled rapidly upon it as a pivot. Its strength and resources seemed exhausted, when, drawing its proboscis from the hole already made, it *stropped* it a few times across the shoe, and in an instant my friend felt that genius had triumphed over obstacles.

The next night four of us forsook our beds in the tent, and spread our blankets upon the sands of the beach, as close as we could to the waters of the lake. Four uprights at the corners, with cross-pieces at the ends and sides, kept our mosquito bars in place. Still mosquitoes enough stole through to make our rest unrest. Volleys of resounding slaps and whacks could be heard all night long from the "General's" quarters. He was up as soon as ever it was light. Blood was in his eye, indeed pretty much all over him. His words were few: "We'll get out of this."

The morning dash in the cold bracing waters of Lake Superior was an indispensable element of our trip; but our enjoyment of this was seriously jeopardized by those same mosquitoes.

The bathing-suit, fashionable in those distant parts and upon such a trip, is so extremely simple that the mosquito has every advantage. The lake bottom sloped so gradually that it was necessary to run an eighth of a mile or more through the shallows in order to reach water deep enough for swimming. This was our enemies' opportunity, and it was an exciting and exhilarating spectacle to see a proud son of Adam splashing through the shallow water in the costume of the Apollo Belvedere, hotly pursued by an eager swarm of his tiny foes. While the air was filled with them as space is with stars, here and there were nebulae, countless myriads in a swarm. The Pedagogue, walking along the beach, passed Dennis, the half-breed guide, just as the latter was awaking from sleep and drawing his blanket from around his head. The blanket was smeared with blood, and if the Pedagogue had needed an explanation, it was instantly given him. As Dennis was ruefully contemplating his bloody blanket, one of these swarms swooped down upon him in a black cloud as angry hornets seem shot out of their nest. With a whoop that was more of a wail than a whoop, the head of the half-breed was again buried in his blanket.

All were as eager as the "General" to "get out of that," so that hardly an hour had passed before we had struck our tent,

loaded our boats, eaten our breakfasts, and embarked. For once the "Artist" was obliged to abridge his morning nap, though he declared that he always had to do so.

As we embarked, Dennis looked into the sky, sniffed the air, and muttered something about a "nor'easter." Not a breeze rippled the surface as we pointed our two little boats toward Sand Island, fourteen miles away. But we had not started a minute too soon. As Dennis prophesied, the wind soon began blowing from the north-east. It rose rapidly, and we were heartily glad, after nearly three hours' hard pulling, to row out from the swell of the great lake into the comparatively smooth water in the lee of Sand Island.

Sand Island is the farthest west of the Apostle Islands large enough to afford any shelter. Indeed the single island west of it, Steamboat Island, has an area of only twenty acres, while Sand Island contains almost three thousand. It is for the most part wooded, but we landed at a deserted clearing at the south-eastern corner of the island, where we found excellent camping-ground, commending itself to us especially because it was free from mosquitoes.

The mainland is more than two miles away, and we had to row almost three miles to reach Sand river, where we caught our trout.

The trout of Sand river averaged larger than those of the Siskowit. The largest one we caught weighed two and three-quarter pounds. But we did not take nearly as many as we did of the Siskowit trout. I don't know why. When I think of the schools of great fish we saw lying in the deep, clear pools, I wonder that we did not spend more of our time and ingenuity upon them.

Our party was evidently not one of explorers. We ascended Sand river no farther than was necessary to secure what trout we wanted. As far as we saw it Sand river was not nearly so pretty a stream as the Siskowit. In the lower part of its course it is extremely sinuous, and thereby hangs a tale. One of its longer curves is so nearly a complete circle that any one standing upon the neck can, without leaving his tracks, drop his line in parts of the stream which are by its course, it may be, half a mile apart. Let any one following the stream up get inside this curve, and approach the neck by which he has already, without noticing it, entered the circle. Just before he reaches the narrowest place a thick bush

close by the stream turns the trail into that by which he has already passed in; he sees the river on the same hand as when diverted from it by the thick bush; it still flows to meet him; he starts again upon the same circuit. The Banker had passed over this circuit two or three times, when he began to notice that objects seemed familiar. He was a little startled, and made a mark that he would recognize if he should see it again. Then he pushed on up stream, but, after a time, came upon those peculiar marks. He remembered often to have read that those lost in the woods wander in a circle. But this was worse. Here he had followed along the bank of this stream in one direction, and yet had three times returned to the same spot. Whichever way he took, up the stream or down, back to this charmed spot he came. As he looked at the hastening current, he found himself wondering if here was, after all, a stream that flowed in a circle. And now it suddenly seemed so long since he had seen any one, and the woods were still as death. Had he, after all, gone, as in a trance, far away from the lake, deep into the forest? Thoroughly frightened now, he began calling, "Help! Help!" Not far away was the Merchant, an enthusiastic angler, who instantly concluded that the Banker was fastened to a big trout. Snatching a landing-net from the Pedagogue, he charged through the brush to the rescue. Very naturally he was in no frame of mind to appreciate the feelings of the Banker. He was as much disappointed and disgusted as the other was relieved and delighted.

How the Merchant became an enthusiastic angler is a story that will perhaps bear telling. The summer before the one of which I am writing, the Merchant, the "General," and the Pedagogue were angling together for trout in the Lower Peninsula. At Follett's Mill, not far from Elk Rapids, the Merchant dropped in his line for the first time. The trout were not biting, and the novice found the sport decidedly slow. He uttered his complaints to the Pedagogue, who was close by, and who pointed him to a large log lying near a deep pool, and told him to try there, relapsing then into the absorption of his own sport. From this absorption, however, the Pedagogue was soon awakened by a splash and a slump from the direction of the deep pool to which he had pointed the Merchant. Looking thither, he could see the circling wave where the latter had dis-

appeared, and in the centre the few hairs that always stood upright on the very crown of his head, — that was all. The log from which the Merchant had been casting was a floating one, and had soon begun to turn with him. Of course he tried to walk around the log as fast as it turned; and, of course, he couldn't. As he rose to the surface, and hung himself over the log, the Pedagogue asked the stale question. "What's the matter?" Sputtering and stuttering from the shock of his cold plunge, the Merchant gasped, "Th-th-the b-b-b-blamed fish wouldn't b-b-b-bite, and I th-th-thought I would go in and s-s-see what's the m-m-matter." He must have made some valuable discoveries in a short time, for, after that, the fish bit, and the Merchant never came home with an empty creel.

Of course there were days when the weather kept us shut up on Sand Island. On such days we wandered up and down the beach in search of agates and the Lake

Superior greenstone. For the latter I confess a special admiration. The island, too, furnished us raspberries and pigeon, which helped spread our table. Time never hung heavily upon our hands. All too soon came the day of our departure, and with it, by appointment, of course, the "Northern Belle." Five days we cruised upon her among these beautiful islands, visiting all the principal attractions, the trolling ground for lake trout, Outer Island, where is one of the best government lights upon the lakes, and the falls of the Montreal.

On Michigan Island we found a camp of pleasant people from Beloit, Wisconsin. Our nights we passed upon the yacht, and I know not where one can sleep more sweetly than upon the deck of a sailing-vessel in a gentle sea. The cruise was the delightful climax of our Fortnight among the Apostle Islands.

T. R. Willard.

THE HUNTER'S MERRY MOON.

Brown October and nut-brown woods,
 And nobody sad or sober,
 But the partridge, proud of her whirring brood,
 And the sun-burnt sportsman with gleaming eye,
 And the farm-boy's snare, secure and sly, —
 October!

Gay October and gilded woods, —
 What folly now to be sober!
 When the foxglove's hanging her yellow hoods,
 And there's laughter and rustle of silken gowns,
 And the country's full of the folks o' towns, —
 October!

Late October and frost-touched woods, —
 The children look wondrous sober;
 For the squirrel is hiding his stolen goods,
 Scolding away in the chestnut tall,
 Where the brown burrs gape and the last nuts fall, —
 October!

Elaine Goodale.

THE HILLS OF KENTUCKY.

THE Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky, so celebrated for its beauty, never had a better reason for feeling proud of its good-looks than on the opening week of summer in 1882, when I for the first time cast my eyes upon the same. May had been almost continuously damp and rainy until its very close, so that every sort of vegetation seemed as fresh and luxuriant as possible. The foliage of the trees — which do not often form thickly-interlacing “woods,” but stand out alone in their individual majesty, as if some magnificent landscape-gardener had designedly stationed them there to form the symmetrical landmarks and ornaments of an immense park — was brilliantly verdant; and the tall grass, which gives its peculiar name to that section of the State, shone, if I may say so, with the bluest green imaginable. Great fields of grain, also, waved beneath the breeze, in graceful emerald undulations, up and down the soft slopes of the hills; and whitewashed fences “far along them shone” in the summer sunlight. Outside the towns and villages the houses were numerous enough to keep the tourist assured that he was travelling in a settled country; but they were so neat and trim, and withal so scattered, as readily to harmonize with the fancy that their inhabitants must be salaried “keepers of the Blue-Grass Park,” instead of ordinary farmers, who tilled the soil simply for the sake of securing such profit as they could wrest from its reluctant grasp. The time for sowing had gone by, and the time for reaping had not come. There was no bustle or activity in the fields, — not “a shadow of man’s ravage” anywhere. Nature was doing all the work; and a blessed atmosphere of peace, prosperity, and contentment seemed to pervade the landscape. For purposes of spectacular display the Blue-Grass Region was at its best; and not again in a dozen years would a bicyclist who sought to explore it in summer-time be likely to be favored with as cool and comfortable temperature as generally favored me during the eight days while I pushed my wheel three hundred and forty miles among the Kentucky hills.

A dutiful desire to “help represent the East” in the third annual parade of the

League of American Wheelmen had caused me to sojourn in Chicago for the last three days of spring, during which I made trial of its streets and park-roads to the extent of seventy-five miles; and then I took train for Cincinnati, in company with the clubmen of that city returning from the parade, in which their new uniforms of green velveteen had played so picturesque a part. None of the numerous bicyclers from various localities whom I talked with in Chicago had planned to prolong their vacations so as to include a little touring after the meet was over; but the representatives of Cincinnati and Louisville all agreed in assuring me that, if I were individually bent on taking a tour, I should act wisely in choosing Kentucky for the scene of it. Some letters which a Frankfort rider had recently contributed to one of the cycling weeklies, in praise of the roads of that State, had first awakened my interest therein; and on finding these praises justified by the verbal reports of several others, whose explorations, though individually short, covered in the aggregate a good many miles of road, I determined to make the Mammoth Cave the objective point of my spring tour. The alternative plan which I had in mind when I went to Chicago was that of riding from Detroit to Niagara along the Canadian side of Lake Erie; and I am expecting to try the track during the approaching October, now that its practicability has been demonstrated by the July expedition of the Chicago Bicycle Club.

It was 9 o’clock of a Thursday forenoon, the first forenoon of June, when I first got astride my bicycle, at the head of the so-called Lexington turnpike, in the outskirts of Covington, Ky., about two miles from the railroad station in Cincinnati, whence I had trundled it along the sidewalks and over the big bridge. After riding a mile I stopped midway on a long hill, which would have been rideable to the summit except for the recent rain, and took a look backward at the smoky city below me. Erlanger, a railroad station six miles on, was reached at 11 o’clock; and it is enshrined in my memory as the spot where a German servant-girl, observing me oiling the wheel, came out to inquire if I would grind a pair of scissors for her mis-

gress. For two miles beyond this point, or to the village of Florence, the mud continued to give occasional trouble; but dryness thenceforth prevailed, and the road averaged better as to both smoothness and hardness, so that in the next hour and a half I covered the nine miles, ending at a wretched little inn at Walton, where I stopped for lunch. Eighteen miles beyond was Williamstown, the county-seat, and there I rested for the night, at the Campbell House, whose accommodations, though very inferior, were said to be by no means as bad as those offered by its rival, the Sherman. I arrived at 6 o'clock, having been two and a half hours in doing the last thirteen miles from Chittenden; and the cyclometer's record for the whole distance from the railroad station in Cincinnati was thirty-nine miles. "Pike" is the only word used in Kentucky to designate a macadamized highway or turnpike; and the Lexington pike, on which I began my ride through the State, I should have found to be a very good one had not some sections of it been spoiled by the railroad men. These people agreed that such parts of the pike as were needed for their new line should be replaced by a parallel roadway, just as solidly and smoothly paved as the original; but they failed to keep their agreement, and the parts of the pike that had been made by them supplied the poorest riding of the day. During the whole of it I probably found not a single mile of continuously level surface; but none of the grades were too steep for riding when well paved. The most striking sign of a changed civilization, which challenged my attention as soon as I entered the State, was the number of people on horseback, going about their usual business, with bundles, bags, baskets, and farming implements, hitched to their saddles. They seemed to outnumber the people who drove in wagons or carriages; whereas, in the East, a horseback-rider who is not simply a pleasure-seeker is a rare bird indeed. I found that these Kentucky steeds, being only half broken, were more inclined to take fright than any others known to my experience. So, having inadvertently caused one of them to back against a fence and break his harness, a few hours after I begun my tour, I generally made a practice of dismounting as they approached me.

A bicyclist who happened to be staying at the hotel in Williamstown assured me that, as the next twenty-five miles of pike

southward would be found very rough and hilly, I had best go by rail to Sadieville, and resume my tour at that point. On Friday forenoon, therefore, after riding a mile and a half about the streets, for the entertainment of an admiring populace, I took train for the station named, and, mounting there at 11 o'clock, went up and then down a long hill, two miles, mostly afoot, until I reached a toll-gate, where I made a turn to the left and south. From here to the next toll-gate, six miles and a half beyond, I rode nearly all the way and made very few stops. I was now fairly in the Blue-Grass Region; the pike became exceedingly smooth, and in a little less than an hour I rolled over another section of it as long as that last-named, and found myself at the Court-House in Georgetown. The postmaster, the local editor, and "other prominent citizens" paid their respects to me as I partook of a lunch, and wished me good luck when I mounted, at a quarter of 3 o'clock, for a ride to the Court-House in Lexington, which I reached in an hour and forty minutes. This stretch was the best I had yet encountered,—all of it being smooth and ridable, though continuously hilly,—and I made no stops, except for the sake of horses. At the end of every mile were guide-posts, showing the distances to both Georgetown and Lexington. The similitude of all this fine rolling country to a vast park, whereof I made mention at the outset, was perhaps nowhere more impressive than in this particular section of it.

I delayed a while in Lexington, to refresh myself with ices and fruits, and to talk with the president of the local bicycle club; so that the clock indicated a quarter-past 5 when I resumed my saddle, with the intention of seeking a bed at the Shaker Settlement on Pleasant Hill, twenty-five miles beyond. Thus far, since leaving Cincinnati, I had been travelling almost due south, but for the next forty-four miles, ending at Perryville, my course lay in a south-westerly direction. All the mile-posts on this pike were neatly lettered tablets of iron, surmounted by the national eagle. The distances to Lexington, Pleasant Hill, Harrodsburg, and Perryville, were indicated on each post, if I rightly remember; and I could thus estimate the rapidity of my progress without stopping to consult the cyclometer. My watch showed me that ten minutes was the average time spent between mile-posts.

After progressing for a while at this rate, I turned to the left at a fork in the roads, some little distance beyond a toll-gate, in order to reach the bridge over the Kentucky river (the right-hand road would have led to a point where passage has to be made by ferry-boat); but, before I reached it, the approach of darkness caused me to stop riding. The road would be a pretty one by daylight, with overhanging rocks on one side and the river on the other: and there was an abundance of little springs and rivulets of clear water where the traveller might quench his thirst. Finally, after I had plodded along on foot for several miles, the moon came out and I resumed my riding.

It was a quarter-past 9 when I halted in front of the big white houses of the Shaker Settlement, whose long rows of windows glistened grimly in the moonlight. Not one of them was illumined from within, however, and not a sound indicative of life could anywhere be heard. I had been told that a certain one of the houses was accustomed to entertain strangers; but all the houses looked alike; and the gloomy problem of deciding where best to make a beginning of the attempt to arouse some of these people from their beds, or their graves, proved too much for my courage. I turned my face away from the ghostly glare of the windows, and glanced up at the Man in the Moon, who kindly tipped a wink at me, as if to say, "I'll light the road for you to Harrodsburg, which is only about seven miles farther." So on I went, riding slowly, for the sake of safety, but riding all the way. One half-hour's halt, I made, however, and devoted to a vain search for the cap of my oil-can, which I carelessly dropped while lubricating the bearings. I laugh even now when I recall the solitariness of the incident. It seems funny to think of myself out there amid the Kentucky woods, persistently groping about in the limestone dust of the turnpike for a bit of brass which the rays of the midnight moon refused to reveal to me. The rattle of a carriage approaching from the rear, for a mile or two, as I jogged along towards Harrodsburg, supplied the first interruption to several hours of profound stillness. Allowing the vehicle to pass me, I entered the town in its wake, and was civilly directed by the driver to Curry's National Hotel, where, by persistent ringings of the bell, I roused up the proprietor and effected an entrance. The

clock indicated a quarter-past 11, and my wheeling record for the day was a quarter more than sixty-one miles. The spacious bedroom into which I was shown had no outer window, but I was too tired to dispute the landlord's assertion that "plenty of air came in from the hall-way, through the transom"; or to express any opinion of his inability to provide even so much as a glass of milk for my refreshment. Any sort of a resting-place seemed attractive; so I took a big drink of water, and sank to sleep at once.

The next day I travelled hardly more than half as far, but had a much more wearisome time of it, on account of bad weather and inferior roads. The Blue-Grass Region was now all behind me, and as I left Harrodsburg, at a quarter before 10 o'clock, the appearance of the country was less attractive than on the day before, irrespective of the gloom produced by the threatening clouds, which soon brought a gentle shower of rain, wherefrom I took shelter in a roadside shed. A little later I was overtaken by a still heavier shower, and could find no better protection than a big tree. The rain did not last long enough to greatly injure the limestone pike, however, and in two hours I had covered the twelve miles which brought me to the end of it at the little tavern in Perryville, in whose wooden walls are still embedded some of the cannon-shot fired in the battle of that name. This was fought on the 8th of October, 1862, between the armies of Buell and Bragg, numbering perhaps sixty thousand men altogether; and in no other conflict of the civil war was the proportion of killed and wounded greater than in this. The official report of Major-General McCook, the commander of the First Corps of Buell's army, called it "the bloodiest battle of modern times for the number of troops engaged on our side;" while General Bragg reported to the Richmond authorities, with equal literary awkwardness, "For the time engaged it was the severest and most desperately contested engagement within my knowledge."

I took dinner at the little tavern, and was told there that I had already crossed over Crawford's Cave, from which issues a stream of very clear water, that has never been known to fail, even in the extremest seasons, when all the other springs of the region have dried up. According to local tradition, it was the desire to control this particular spring which caused the two armies to try conclusions with one another

here, though most of the fighting was done on Chaplin Hills, a mile or more away. None of the official reports in the "Rebellion Record" give definite confirmation of this; but all agree that both armies were suffering from a scarcity of water, and that "the holding of certain springs near Perryville" was considered by each an object of great strategic importance. I therefore wheeled backward on my course, in order to visit the Cave and take a drink of these historic waters. I might have done this more conveniently in the forenoon, soon after passing the toll-gate and the post which said "Two miles to Perryville," if only I had been advised to turn down the path to the right, just beyond the red brick house.

Leaving the tavern again at 2 o'clock I jogged along for an hour over a good gravel pike to the railroad station at Brumfield, four miles; and then another half-hour over a rougher road, a mile and a half, to the toll-gate, where a heavy shower compelled a definite halt. There was a slight drizzle of rain when I mounted again at 4.30 and rode with great difficulty, over a muddy and stony track, for about two miles. Then followed a similar distance of alternate walking and riding, during which several showers rained down upon me, without causing me to halt; and then, an hour from the start, I reached a hill where I definitely abandoned all pretence of attempting any further progress in the saddle. For the next seven or eight miles I continuously dragged my machine through deep mud or clambered with it over rough rocks, — stopping once in a while to dig the clay out from the forks, when it clogged them sufficiently to prevent the revolution of the wheels, — and on two occasions I was forced to wade through wide brooks, with the bicycle lifted high above my head. Even the brake-strap of my "Lamson's luggage carrier" was cut in two by the action of the grit and mud on the tire, and thenceforth my bundle bobbed up and down in a most exasperating manner at every stone and jolt. Finally, however, my sorrows began to be lightened a little by encountering some goodish bits of road; and, spite of the darkness, I did considerable riding during the last four or five miles, ending at Lebanon, which I knew to be my only attainable refuge for the night, when once I had turned my back on Perryville. It was while riding slowly up-hill in the dark, over some rough macadam, that a loose

stone stopped my wheel and pitched me over the handle-bar. I alighted squarely on my feet, however, and my bicycle stood up squarely on its head, uninjured; and this was the only fall that either of us had during that fortnight wherein we travelled four hundred and fifteen miles together. The clock struck 9 when I entered the Norris House, in Lebanon, and though this was a newer and larger and better-equipped establishment than any of the other hotels as yet encountered by me in Kentucky, I was told that the time was too late for the supplying of anything whatever to eat. A half-hour later, therefore, having made sure of the refreshment supplied by a bath and a dry suit of clothes, I sallied out on the street in pursuit of eatables. The most nourishing substances I could secure were crackers and cookies and ginger-snaps, which I found at the chief "grocery and dry-goods store" in the place, and which I managed to wash down by deep potations of soda-water. Supplementing this luxurious repast by a dessert of confectionery, I felt sufficiently invigorated to clean off from my wheel all traces of its twenty-one miles' hard travelling from Perryville; though I cannot pretend that wheelmen in general would accept as a satisfactory sequel to so hard a jaunt as that, so slim a supper as that, even though it was the very best which money could buy in "the court-house town of Marion county" at 9 o'clock of a Saturday night.

The pike came to its end at Greensburg, another county town, twenty-five miles to the south-west; and from that point the tourist must resort to a "dirt road," leading in a similar direction for a similar distance, in order to reach the Mammoth Cave. Putting together the rather meagre testimony and decidedly contradictory beliefs of various people of the hotel concerning this route, I decided that the first half would supply quite as toilsome wheeling as the twenty miles just gone over, and that the last half would be quite impassable except on foot. I, therefore, turned my course directly away from the Cave, and rode northward nine miles to Springfield, thence north-westward nineteen miles to Bardstown (both of these being county-seats), thence southward fifteen miles to New Haven, where I arrived just before 8 o'clock, having been a little less than eleven hours on the road. I was now about fifteen miles west of Lebanon, whence I started in the morning, and was

no nearer the Cave than then; for my day's course of forty-three miles may be roughly described as bounding three sides of a square. For the first hour out of Lebanon my riding was continuous, over a good gravel pike, somewhat hilly and winding; and then, at the end of the five and a half miles, a few rods of loose stones had to be walked over. Another hour brought me to the court-house in Springfield, about four miles; whence I rode up a very long hill, and at the top of it had a very long talk with "an Irish gentleman on horseback," returning from church. By this time the heaviness produced by yesterday's rain had quite disappeared, and the gravel track grew smoother as I advanced. I stopped an hour for dinner at the little hamlet of Fredericktown, nine miles and a half from Springfield, and about the same distance from Bardstown, which I reached at 5 o'clock, after a ride of two hours and a half. During the first third of this time I rode without dismount, and covered four and a half miles, including a mile a half of continuous up-hill work. The half-hour's delay caused by the sudden coming of a sharp shower of rain at Bardstown, was improved in tightening my steering-head; and then followed the best and prettiest riding of the day, fifteen miles of smooth gravel pike, much of it shaded and all of it on an up-grade or down-grade. From a bridge, near some kerosene barrels and machinery, where I stopped to drink, just before 7 o'clock, I rode without dismount for an hour, seven miles, to the New Haven House. Coasting might have been indulged in here continuously, for at least a mile, though the occasional water-courses would have required care. The hotel presented a sadly, curious contrast to its better-known namesake in Connecticut; for its chambers were uncarpeted, and its general aspect was extremely dirty; but as I finally managed to secure a washbowl and a pitcher of water and some towels, and as my bed proved to be free from the expected bugs, I was not disposed to repine. So cool was the weather that during the forenoon of this day, as well as during the whole of the previous one, I kept my jacket on; though that unusual addition to my white-flannel riding-shirt was discarded for the rest of the tour.

The fifth day of this was the worst one yet known to my four years' experience as an explorer on the wheel. I awoke that Monday morning with such a disagreeable

reminder of the fried ham which had formed so chief a part in my last night's supper that I dared not further outrage my stomach by attempting a breakfast composed of the same inevitable dish. Starting off at a quarter of 6, therefore, with only a glass of milk to sustain me, I rode five and a half miles along a smooth pike of gravel (the first level one thus far encountered) through a manufacturing village, and to a bridge at the foot of a long ascent. Here, three quarters of an hour from the start, ended my good riding for the day; though short mounts were possible for the next nine miles, which I covered in about three hours. Buffalo was the name of the village where I then took an hour's rest, and sought further nutriment as a substitute for breakfast. Crackers and cheese, washed down by a mixture of four raw eggs, beaten up with sugar and water, represented the utmost capacity of the village store as a restaurant, and the hospitable proprietor thereof refused to accept any money for the entertainment. But, at the store in Magnolia, five miles on, where noon found me, nothing whatever of an eatable nature was to be procured. I was two hours on the way, and walked nearly all of it, beneath a blazing sun. The region was rather barren and uninteresting, and two or three small brooks had to be forded. Soft stretches of sand alternated with rough sections of limestone, originally laid as a foundation for the long-abandoned pike. I was told that this continued southward to "the burnt-bridge ferry over Green river," twelve miles; then to Canmer, four miles, and then to "Bar Waller" (Bear Wallow), in the neighborhood of the Cave; and that some parts of it were probably in good condition. I determined, however, to pin no more hopes to the pike, but to strike westward, along a "dirt-road," to the nearest station on the line of the railway, which same was called Upton, and proved to be eleven miles distant. I was four hours in getting there, and the only riding possible was on a few short paths where the dense shade had kept the black clay hard,—perhaps a mile in all. With this insignificant exception, my course from Magnolia to Upton led continuously up and down steep ridges of red and yellow clay, without any level interval between them. If the reader can imagine a field eleven miles wide, which a gigantic plough has turned over into parallel furrows fifty feet deep, and can then picture me, in the blistering sunshine, laboriously lowering

my bicycle down the steep slopes of these furrows and painfully pushing it up the slopes again, until the last parallel has been crossed, he will gain a pretty good idea of the nature of my four hours' fun that afternoon, — though hardly an adequate idea of the nature of a Kentucky "dirt road." There were several brooks which had to be crossed on logs, or stones, or else forded; but the ruts and gullies of clay which defined the road were quite dry. After a few hours' rain, those ruts and gullies would be transformed into a slough which no man could drag himself through, unless he were naked, to say nothing of dragging a bicycle. A supper of bread and milk at 6 o'clock, as a sequel to a bath and assumption of dry clothes at Upton, completes the record of all the food I ate on that tiresome day. A thunder-shower cooled the air somewhat before I took train, an hour later, and rode twenty-five miles to the hotel at Cave City, which city consists almost entirely of the hotel, and the hotel embraces the railroad station.

I had been assured by various people who professed to have "been there" that the stage-road of nine miles between Cave City and the Cave itself would prove an excellent path for the bicycle; but the hotel-man told me differently, and so, on that sixth day of my tour, I did no active wheeling, but was dragged by horse-power over a road so indescribably rough and precipitous that the mere recollection thereof causes me to groan sympathetically for the sufferings of the less-hardened tourists who are all the while being jolted across it. The three dollars' fare, which the owner of the stage-line charged for the round trip, seemed to me a small sum to exact for eighteen miles of such straining and scrambling of horse-flesh; nor was I disposed to quarrel with the fee of two dollars which I paid the hotel people for supplying me with a venerable negro guide, under whose pilotage I took a two hours' tramp of five or six miles amid the dark and dreadful wonders of the Cave. As for the seventy-five cents representing the cost of a dinner, I rejoiced at the expenditure; for I had had "nothing good to eat" since I left Chicago, and here, at last, was a chance to sit down at a table which had been spread with a due regard for cleanliness, and even an attempt at elegance, to partake of well-cooked food other than "hog and hominy," and to be waited on by servants who were neatly dressed and reasonably well-trained for their duties.

The hotel, which is managed by the owners of the Mammoth Cave, is quite a large establishment, and serves as a sort of summer resort for the wealthy people of Louisville and Nashville, and other intermediate cities. Of the transient visitors it seems not unlikely that a majority may be foreigners, since every tourist from abroad ranks the Cave second only to Niagara on his list of objective points. Three Austrians arrived on the same forenoon as myself, and six English people were jolted back to Cave City with me in the afternoon, but I was the only American. All the Kentuckians whom I questioned while on the way thither expressed very great pride in the Cave as an honor to their State, and "the greatest natural wonder on the continent"; but only a surprisingly few of them had ever visited it personally. Expression was usually made, however, of a general wish and intention to "go down to the Cave the next time a good excursion party is made up"; and I was assured by every one that I would not regret an inspection of its mysteries and marvels. This proved true enough, of course; but the most agreeable sight of all was that presented by the green trees, and blue sky, and bright sunshine, when I escaped from the gloomy wonder of the Cave into the open light of day.

Taking train at 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning, a three hours' ride brought me to Louisville; and, as I sat on the outside platform for the entire eighty-five miles, rather than subject myself to the stifling air within, my white riding costume, which had been washed during my day's visit to the Cave, grew somewhat grimy again. Two of the Louisville riders accosted me on my way up-town, and, having directed me to a restaurant where breakfast could be secured, agreed to meet me there at 10 o'clock, and see me safely started on my eastward course towards Frankfort. We really mounted about half an hour later, and made our first stop, for lemonade, at a wayside inn, six miles out, at a quarter-past 11. At a similar distance beyond, we refreshed ourselves at a brook, at the foot of a hill, and lay there under the trees for a farewell talk together. My companions then turned homeward; and having watched them until they disappeared, on the crest of a distant hill, I cleaned and oiled my wheel, strapped my jacket on the handle-bar (as the sun now shone forth warmly), and at a quarter-past 1 o'clock started on for Simpsonville, eleven miles away.

The village hotel was not a large one, but I secured some bread and milk while I halted there, from 3.30 to 3.45 o'clock, and then rolled on, seven miles and a half farther, to Shelbyville, at 5. This is a county town of considerable local celebrity for its young ladies' seminaries; and the groups of school girls sauntering about the streets in their newly-made graduation gowns gave the place quite a gay and jaunty appearance. Perhaps the unwonted spectacle unnerved me or made me careless, for I had a narrow escape from adding to their merriment by taking a plunge into the mud, as I toiled up a hill which a watering-cart had freely sprinkled; but the little wheel graciously dropped back to its proper plane, and I made no dismount until the sign of "ice-cream and fruit" tempted me to a quarter-hour's halt. The road, which had been gradually increasing in goodness the farther I advanced from Louisville, was now very fine, and during the next two hours I had my swiftest spin of the day, and covered almost fourteen miles. After a brief stop for water and oil, I rode in the gathering dusk till 8 o'clock, and then for an hour walked pretty continuously, including a two-mile descent into Frankfort, until I reached my journey's end at Buhr's Hotel, fifty-two and a half miles from the start. The whole distance is composed of long up-grades or down-grades, but almost all of them are rideable, and there are few steep pitches. Some of the Louisville men rode to Frankfort and back on a single day of the previous winter, though they finished in a snow-storm, quite late in the evening.

Leaving the capital city of Kentucky at 8.30 on Thursday morning, I reached Georgetown, seventeen miles, just at noon, and tarried for an hour and a half at the same restaurant which I had patronized the previous Friday. I was now again in the Blue-Grass region, and my first two miles from the State House had led up-hill to a fork in the pike, where the right-hand road would have led me to Versailles and Lexington, and so to Paris, — a somewhat less direct route to that place, of perhaps thirty-seven miles. The distance from Georgetown to Paris is sixteen miles, and I reached there at a quarter before 5, having made one short stop at Centreville, seven miles back. My route from Louisville to Paris had been almost due east; but I now turned to the north-east, and kept in that direction to the end, at Maysville.

The Purnell House, in Millersburg,

where I stopped for the night (which, spite of its age, was the most comfortable country inn I found in the State), was reached at 6.20 o'clock, and was eight miles and a quarter from my stopping-place in Paris. I was an hour and ten minutes in doing the distance, which comprised the only level stretches I found in Kentucky. Otherwise the roads of the day were continuously hilly, but generally smooth; and the entire distance recorded was forty-one miles and a half. The commencement exercises of Georgetown College seemed to have attracted thereto all the inhabitants of the region roundabout, giving the place an unwonted bustle and activity; but I was told that the "graduating class" consisted of only two. Millersburg also boasts of an institution of similar importance, — the Kentucky Wesleyan University, — but I neither saw nor heard anything of its graduation exercises.

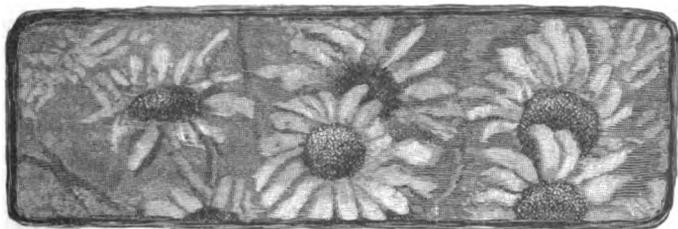
On the last day of my tour I made the earliest start of the entire year, getting into the saddle at ten minutes past 5, and riding rapidly till seven, when I reached the Larue House, at Blue Lick Spring, thirteen miles, and stopped an hour and a quarter for breakfast. Then I rode up-grade pretty continuously for half an hour, three miles and a quarter, and rested at a toll-gate to quench my thirst and transfer my baggage from the handle-bar to my back. This change was needed to allow my coasting down hill for the following mile; and I had also indulged in considerable coasting before breakfast, and during that interval had emerged once more from the well-defined limits of the Blue-Grass Region. Being very hot when I reached the Oak Hall store, nine miles and a half from Blue Lick, I bathed my face and drank profusely before mounting again at 10.20 o'clock. Twenty-six minutes later, I reached the water-trough and toll-gate at North Fork, a distance of seven miles by the cyclometer. This was by far the fastest spin of the day, or of any day yet known to my experience. I was going down grade much of the time, and I ended by coasting at speed for more than a mile along an open winding road, whose downward curves could be seen for a long distance ahead. The grade was generally upward for the next hour, during which I accomplished about five miles; and then, on the stroke of noon, my wheel suddenly stiffened up and refused to obey the orders of the handle-bar. A careful oiling of all the parts proved no cure for the trouble,

and after riding a few short stretches without regaining the ability to steer, I discovered that there was a crack in the steering-head, and that the severed parts were kept in place only by pressure. I therefore trudged along carefully to Maysville, a distance of two miles, and had the good fortune to reach the river there just in season to catch the 1 o'clock steamboat for Cincinnati, about sixty miles below, where I disembarked some seven hours later. My forenoon's record was thirty-eight miles; and, except for the accident, which upset my plan of crossing the Ohio river and touring through the State of that name, I might perhaps have ridden an equal distance in the afternoon. The heat increased as the day advanced, however, and was very great for a few days following; so perhaps I was lucky in being forced to end my tour when I reached the edge of Kentucky. I traversed three hundred and forty miles within its limits, or an average of forty-two and a half miles for each of the eight days that I rode; and my total record then lacked only a hundred of reaching five thousand miles. The next day, having packed off my bicycle in a freight car for the manufactory at Hartford, I took train homeward for New York.

The possible pleasures of "Bicycling in the Blue Grass," and conquering the hills of northern Kentucky a-wheelback, I cannot too highly commend; but, to those riders whom this report may incline to follow in my trail, I would offer a few words of caution. Bicyclers who seek the Mammoth Cave should not attempt to push their wheels any nearer to it than Louisville. The pike southward from there to Bardstown, about thirty-five or forty miles, is said to supply good wheeling; and thence eastward to Springfield, nineteen miles, I have described it as good. Between that point and Harrodsburg, twenty-five miles, I know nothing of its character; but, if it chances to be

passable, there will be no break in the good riding to Lexington, thirty-three miles, and Paris, fifteen miles, whence the return may be rode directly west through Georgetown, Frankfort, and Shelbyville, to Louisville, eighty-six miles,—making a round trip of about two hundred and twenty miles, without repetition. If the road between Springfield and Harrodsburg is not good, the tourist making the round trip may cross from Lebanon to Brumfield, with the chance of finding the poorer half of those sixteen miles more tolerable in dry weather and daylight than I found them in the night-time after a shower. Branch railroads connect both Bardstown and New Haven, which is fifteen miles southward, with the main line, whereby one may ride back to Louisville, or proceed onward to Cave City. The beautiful north and south pike of eleven miles, connecting Lexington and Georgetown, may be considered as the base of two triangles,—the apex of the eastern one being at Paris, fifteen or sixteen miles away, and that of the western one being at Frankfort, seventeen or twenty miles. In other words, from either one of those four points a bicycler may make a trip of about sixty-five miles around the "double triangle," or a trip of forty-two or forty-eight miles around one of single triangles, without repeating his course at all, or encountering any poor pieces of road, or going outside the Blue-Grass Region. If a ride from Paris to Maysville and back (ninety miles) be added to the "round trip from Louisville," as already described, the whole tour will amount to a little more than three hundred miles; but I am sure that any good rider could easily accomplish it within a week, and still have several hours left in which to prolong it across the river into Indiana, whose roads, radiating from New Albany, are said to be smooth for quite a number of miles.

Karl Kron.



ON THE WAY.

SOFT shadows fall along the wall
That girts the roadway where I run;
The waning light foretells the night
And swift pursues the retreating sun.
I see afar a twinkling star—
The herald of a million more;
The great waves creep, as half-asleep,
Along the distant sandy shore.

The world is still, and yet a thrill
Of joy intense pervades my soul;
While Nature seems to be in dreams,
As down the gentle slope I roll.
The rifted clouds that drift in crowds
Along the far horizon's rim
Reflect the rays of distant days'
Last lingering sunlight faint and dim.

A sweet wild rose unnoticed grows
Half-hidden in the long strong grass;
Sweet thoughts arise of love-lit eyes—
I lean and clutch it as I pass.
My love will wear within her hair
This sweet memento of the hour;
I shall forget the dream; but yet
My life has felt its subtle power.

James Clarence Harvey.

A SHADOW LOVE.¹

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

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

XXV.

"Too happy are the halcyon days;
For Time, the taker, Time, the thief,
Steals ghostlike down the flowery ways
And makes the blessed moments brief."

"MANNING, I wish you would let me see that picture again. Are you aware that I failed to meet Miss Mayne in Europe, after all?"

They had returned from the opera, and were snugly ensconced in their arm-chairs before a glowing grate of anthracite in the Englishman's room at the hotel.

An expression of surprise came into Wellford's face at the abruptness of the request, but without a word he opened his

valise and handed the photograph to his companion.

"Magnificent!" the American remarked in an undertone, evidently to himself; "and the picture looks just like her, too."

"But you said a moment ago that you had never seen her," Wellford observed, for he had overheard the remark.

"Well, that is, I presume it must be a good likeness. Wellford, do you really love this woman?"

The Englishman started at the question, and gave his friend a look of mingled astonishment and curiosity. "Love her?—why—I don't understand you—do you doubt it?" Then another expression came into his face not unmingled with anger.

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Wilson continued,—

"But what if some one should suddenly tell you that you would never see her again on earth; that she—"

Manning was upon his feet in a second, while he exclaimed, almost breathlessly, "My God! Wilson, has anything happened?—tell me, for you have news of her."

"Then you wish to see her again?"

"See her?" he repeated, vehemently. "Don't trifle with me! See her! Why, I have dreamed of her nearly every hour since leaving Paris,—I have crossed the ocean *only* to see her, and you torture me with such a question. For the love of Heaven, tell me what is on your mind!"

Wilson shook his head, smiling roguishly, and went on,—

"Recovery doubtful, with prospect of an immediate relapse. I saw Miss Mayne at the opera to-night."

"*Wilson!*—Is Ruth Mayne in Washington? You are not trifling with me now?"

"Yes, young man, she is in Washington. I saw her drive away from the theatre to-night in a carriage, and I only kept quiet about it to save a scene. The doctor is also here, and they are staying with friends upon K street."

Wellford stood in bewilderment, his eyes riveted upon his friend's face, and several moments passed before he spoke.

"I must see her at once,—to-morrow morning," he said, at length; "that wouldn't be too soon, would it? I wish you had told me at the theatre." He remained in thought a moment, and then continued: "Yes, I will see her to-morrow morning, and you shall go"—Then he paused abruptly, for it suddenly occurred to him that he could not meet her, for the first time, in the presence of this free and easy man of the world.

"Wellford," said Wilson, speaking seriously, "you needn't be troubled on my account, for I haven't the remotest idea of accompanying you. The professor told me all when I called to say good-by in Paris, and as Hoyt has played the false friend to you right straight through, from the time you gave up your vacation and returned to England, it has been my earnest desire to see Miss Mayne before you should meet her and try to straighten things out a little. Now, I think you had better be patient, and let me pave the way for you, as I feel fully capable of doing. Then to-morrow you can call by yourself,

and I doubt not your good star will again be in the ascendency."

Wellford grasped his friend's hand warmly, thanking him for his kind interest, and promising to follow his advice with becoming patience.

"You doubtless think I'm a rough sort of a devil-may-care fellow, and so I am; but you little know how truly I can sympathize with any true-hearted man who has crossed seas for the woman he loves. I once crossed the ocean, too, for a bright-eyed girl, who was dearer to me than life itself. They all said she was too good for me, and so Heaven must have thought, in spite of my deep love for her, for she grew whiter and whiter, and her eyes larger and more softly blue, through the long, dreary winter, and when the warm days of April came, and the flowers were blossoming on the hill-sides, we laid her to sleep among them—and then I crossed the ocean to try to forget it all in a foreign land."

He paused, bit his lip, and gazed into the grate in silence.

"Yes, Hoyt is a scamp!" he continued, at length, "and I can't think Dr. Fred is the fool not to see through him; and, regarding Miss Mayne, now that I have at last had a good look into her face, I don't believe she is a girl that would *think* of throwing herself away upon such a man,—though, after all, there is no accounting for a woman's fancies in such matters. Yes, call to-morrow night, assert yourself like a man, assume that everything is lovely, listen to explanations, and if you think the other fellow is playing a better game than yourself, tuck a few aces up your coat-sleeve, and go in to win,—that's the way we do it in politics."

As Wellford sat looking into the coals without answering, Wilson continued,—

"What is the doctor driving at? He must be on very friendly terms now with the Thornes,—do you suppose the doctor means business?"

"Means business?" Wellford echoed. "Oh, the doctor and Miss Thorne! Yes, the professor thinks they are both rather interested, and that it would prove a very happy marriage; but you know I haven't seen them for nearly six months."

"Nor I," Wilson replied, carelessly; "but I thought it must be so, because George Thorne is here with them."

"George Thorne!" the Englishman repeated. "You don't say so!" Then he added, with a look of surprise, "Perhaps Grace is here too."

"Perhaps," the American echoed, faintly, for now he was gazing thoughtfully into the glowing coals.

But the truth was that George had come on alone to spend the holidays, the doctor having suggested it during his last flying visit to New York. Grace had been urged to visit Ruth at the same time, — and quite as warmly as was admissible under the circumstances; but there it ended, for she gave half-a-dozen imperative reasons at once why it was best to decline. George was making the most of his brief vacation, however, for the capital of the nation is very gay at this season, and the Maynes, having hosts of influential friends, he saw the very best side of Washington society. Ruth seemed to enjoy the brief visit quite as well as the young man himself; the round of gayety was an old story to Fred, and he was glad to place his sister in such splendid hands, and have the more time for his friends at the Museum. Then, too, the younger gentleman was evidently very much interested, and it is a fact that the best of brothers are always more attentive to somebody's else sister than their own.

Ruth was as happy as a bird to-night, and as the door of the carriage closed upon herself and escort, and they rolled away from the rapidly dispersing crowd, and the brilliant lights, — past the park, and out into the semi-darkness of the avenue, — her whole frame seemed vibrating to the music dancing through her brain.

"Was it not enchanting?" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with excitement, and her face radiant with joy. "I could go every evening in the week to hear such music."

"For how many weeks?" George suggested, quietly.

"Oh, I suppose until the novelty wore off," she answered, lightly. "I have always envied New York people their opera seasons, which continue almost as many weeks as the management grant us days in Boston. And then there is such an extensive *repertoire* from which to choose; and if one has favorites among composers there is opportunity to indulge individual preferences to the fullest extent."

"Are you so fond of opera?" George questioned when Ruth ceased speaking.

"No-o," she replied, with half-hesitation, "not so fond of the opera as the music; but perhaps I am making a distinction without a difference. I care little for the acting, and am as well satisfied to hear the words in German or Italian as in English,

provided the singing is fine, and there is an equally fine orchestra." She hesitated a moment, and then went on: "On the whole, I think I *prefer* opera in Italian, for when one is thrilled to the very soul by some grand and inspiring passage, or experiences pure delight from some divine aria, or delicious unexpected movement, how quickly does an understanding of the empty words bring the ecstatic listener down to earth. I am foolish about music, — good music, — for somehow it always seems to lift me out of myself and into a realm of enchantment."

It was a short ride to the house in K street, and, indeed, it seemed to occupy but a few moments as the carriage rumbled along the smooth, but frost-chilled, asphalt of Fourteenth street. The time was sufficiently long, however, for Ruth to become worked up to a high pitch of excitement, while they discussed composers in general and Wagner in particular, — and the recollection of the "Death of Siegfried," as she had heard it in orchestra, in New York, sounded in her ears.

"I have been *very* much entertained to-night," she said, as her companion assisted her to the sidewalk. "Won't you come in for a few moments, George?"

"It is late," he replied; "but I *will* come in — for a few moments."

Evidently the household had retired, for the parlors were dark and the hall gas burned very low. George returned the latch-key to his companion, and would have said good-night upon entering, but, noting the darkness, he advanced a step and turned up the gas. The drapery-curtains at the parlor entrance were half drawn, and from the opposite side of the room a grate of anthracite, in a tile-hearthed fireplace, beamed forth with cheerful glow. Ruth extended her hand to push the curtains farther apart, and, turning half around, with the blaze of the hall-lamp full upon her face, she said, —

"After the opera, and the curtain has fallen, there is only silence and darkness; but here — will you enter?"

The wintry air had brought the red blood to her cheeks and lips; her eyes — almost black to-night — sparkled like gems, and in every feature of her face was shown the pitch of excitement to which her feelings had been wrought. What a picture, as she stood in silence after her remark, — lips parted and head thrown back in a splendid pose!

Who is able to withstand beauty? And

when *love* and beauty call, who can resist? What if the hour were late, and the house silent as a habitation of the dead! What if the impatient stamping of the carriage horses in the street, and the tramp, tramp, of the muttering coachman upon the sidewalk, did ring out with painful monotony! Surely Ruth Mayne had never before seemed so beautiful, or talked with such animation.

Twenty minutes have slipped away as but a score of seconds; the coachman must be tired of waiting, yet they, in the parlor, and in the midst of a very interesting argument, and—

The man has been dismissed, and the sound of retreating carriage-wheels long ago died away in echo, but still the argument goes on.

“But *how* can it be possible for one to feel the same toward a person not a relative as toward a brother or a sister?”

Ruth had been gazing into the coals, but she now turned her head to reply.

“How can it be possible?” she repeated.

“Why, just as one feels confidence in a brother or sister, or finds delight in their society from the pleasure of their companionship. There *must* be perfect confidence, and a certain mutuality of feeling, and” —

“And pure, lasting affection?” George interposed.

“Ye-s, — *warm* friendship, at all events, — as unselfish and kindly as a brother’s or a sister’s.”

“But some brothers and sisters are very selfish, and very unkind to each other,” George again interposed.

“I mean, of course, such brothers and sisters as yours and mine,” Ruth explained in answer. Then she changed her position, and, resting her cheek upon her hand, gazed into the grate again.

George likewise allowed his gaze to rest upon the fire as he repeated slowly, —

“Perfect confidence; mutuality of feeling; warm friendship; delight in one’s society, — is this the way you feel toward the doctor?”

“Quite so,” she answered, without moving.

“Ruth, don’t you *love* your brother?” he demanded, quietly.

“Why, of course I love *Fred* — very dearly.”

“And you say *I* seem like a brother to you? Yet I am not a brother — and you are not my sister.”

Ruth moved nervously, and the young

man, who had been leaning against the end of the mantel for some minutes, slowly advanced to the side of her chair.

“In point of fact, no,” she pursued; “but at least we are” —

She paused, and moving her head released her hand; in its descent toward the chair arm George caught it in his own, as he questioned earnestly, —

“*What* are we?”

A momentary flush of anger overspread her features; she endeavored to withdraw her hand, but the young man held it firmly while he continued, —

“No, Ruth, we are but deceiving ourselves, for by whatever name we may choose to call the relation there can be but one definition.” Then he bent his head lower, and, speaking more tenderly, said, “I love you, Ruth, more dearly than ever brother could love a sister, because it is so different a love; more dearly than ever the doctor *has* loved, or *can* love you, even with all the depth of his affection. Do not be angry with me for speaking so frankly. I have wanted to say this ever since those last happy nights on the homeward voyage, when I felt you had given me your friendship; but I did not dare then, for fear of losing everything. May I hope that I have since won your love?”

The girl grew ashy pale, and, turning quickly, gave a helpless, imploring glance into the young man’s eyes.

“Pardon me if I have displeased you,” he said, half frightened at the expression of her face. “Perhaps I have spoken too soon; but, oh, I do love you, I do love you so dearly! — and I could not keep from speaking any longer. *Are* you angry, Ruth?”

She now smiled faintly, and replied in a low voice, “No, I am not angry, George; but I had hoped that we might be *friends* a little longer, — only a *little* longer, — for I do not think I love you yet as deeply as I ought, if” —

“Then you *do* love me!” the young man exclaimed, rapturously.

Ruth was silent a moment, while she glanced away from her companion, and then answered, shyly, “Yes — I have been *trying* to love you ever since leaving Paris, for you have been so good and true — and I was so disappointed in — in — those I thought unselfish, whole-souled, and *sincere*.”

“Do you mean — Hoyt?” the young man ventured timidly.

“No, Mr. Hoyt and I could never be more than acquaintances.”

She paused; for a moment both were silent, George retaining the hand tightly clasped in his own, while in recollection his thoughts flew backward to the summer at the French capital. Some of the reflections were not pleasant, and he endeavored to banish the whole chain of memories.

"We cannot longer be mere *friends* when we are so much *more*," he said, at length. "If you will love me half as fondly as I love you, I am more than satisfied. You say you love your brother devotedly; think how unkindly you would feel toward *my* sister should she give him needless pain and unhappiness, for we all know how dearly he can love, and how deeply he would suffer." George paused for her reply; but as the girl remained silent, he continued: "Perhaps you—still love—some one else better than me?"

"No," she sighed; "there is no one else *now*, truly."

"Ruth, I shall return to New York day after to-morrow. Before I go won't you promise to some day be my wife? Won't you promise *to-night*? It would make me very happy."

"But what if I should promise and some day find that I loved another better?" she questioned, kindly, — "some one I have never seen."

"I have no fear of that," he replied with assurance, "for I will love you *so* devotedly all my life, and try to be so kind to you, that you *can* but love me in return."

"I hope it is so, George," she answered with feeling; "but don't you think it would be better to wait a little while longer, — two or three months, perhaps, — for I feel I ought to love you better before taking so sacred and holy a vow upon my lips? The promise should be until death, you know."

"Please, please, only say yes!" the young man implored, with almost boyish vehemence.

"And are you sure of *your* mind?" she ventured, chidingly.

"I *am* sure," he repeated. "On my part the promise *shall be* until death."

There was no need of a reply. He read in her eyes the conflict of emotion going on within her breast, and when their soft love-light told him her answer was ready, he bent reverently and imprinted upon her lips a first tender kiss, — the kiss of betrothal.

And, oh, the joy of the bright day which followed! George could hardly wait the coming of the morning that he might purchase that jewelled signet, which tells to

the world that the promise has been given. And ere the winter sun had journeyed half its course toward the zenith, he had sought his love again, and, with renewed protestations of affection, and a hundred kisses, had placed the tiny circlet with its flashing gem upon her finger, and they were accepted lovers.

XXVI.

"Ah! my love, who no longer art mine,
Yet my love till I die,
I will strive to be patient and strong, but I
wither and pine."

GEORGE remained with Ruth through the hours of the morning, but after lunch, having an appointment with the doctor which would occupy the greater part of the afternoon, he excused himself and withdrew, promising to return in the evening.

An hour later, when Ruth, in her wrapper, had ensconced herself in a big easy-chair, with a new book in her hand, prepared for an afternoon of quiet enjoyment, a card was brought to the door, and one Charles Wilson announced.

It was a surprise, for she knew she had never met the gentleman; but, dressing hastily, she descended to the parlor, and received him cordially, particularly as he was a friend of Professor Gantier. The kindly messages from the old scientist gave her real pleasure, and though Wilson informed her that he had sailed only two weeks later than herself, she asked almost as many questions as one might ask after an absence of half a year. She referred pleasantly to her happy sojourn upon the Continent; of the people she had met and acquaintances formed; though she made no mention of Wellford Manning during the twenty minutes of their pleasant conversation. Wilson waited a reasonable time, hoping the girl would at least inquire for the Englishman, and, finally, concluding that it devolved upon himself to introduce the delicate subject, proceeded to do so in his usual direct manner.

"Doubtless you have not quite forgotten that young bicycling Englishman, Miss Mayne?" he ventured, when the opportunity seemed to have arrived.

"Mr. Manning?" she questioned carelessly, though with evident interest. "He was quite intimate with my brother and the professor at one time; are *you* acquainted with him, Mr. Wilson?"

"Oh, yes, quite well," the gentleman answered brusquely, though he was studying

the girl's face intently. "I met him early in the season, in Rome, with Mr. Hoyt, though we hardly became acquainted until later, in Paris. He seemed to me a queer fellow, with much that was good about him; though I could never quite understand how Hoyt and himself managed to get along so well together, they were so totally unlike in everything."

"Quite unlike," she replied, guardedly.

Wilson waited for her to say more; there was a pause, and he continued, —

"Yes, they were as totally unlike as the accounts of two special agents on precisely the same service; but they were most unlike in the strength of their friendships." Again he made a brief pause. "I have always affirmed that Hoyt would make a very clever politician: he chooses his friends so advisedly, and drops them so quietly when they are of no further use to him." He was thinking now of his meeting with the gentleman in Boston, for the wound had not wholly healed.

"On the contrary," he continued, still studying his companion's face, "Mr. Manning is capable of great depth of feeling, and if there is any such thing as sincerity in the world, — which I have sometimes doubted, — he is one man in a hundred who practises it to the letter in the matter of his friendships."

"Do you think so?" Ruth asked, with well-affected indifference.

Wilson observed the look which accompanied her question, and, puzzled to know its meaning, he replied, evasively, —

"Oh, he may take strong likes and dislikes; but that is nothing — I am often affected so myself."

"But is he not fickle, and foolishly impulsive?" —

"Pardon me! Only Mr. Hoyt could have said such things of him," the gentleman replied, warmly. "What evidence have you of such traits of character?"

The conversation, forced on by Wilson, had taken anything but a pleasant turn. Ruth had no wish to answer the question or pursue the subject farther, yet her companion's expression and very attitude seemed to command a reply. She looked to the floor a moment in silence, until the pause had grown embarrassing, and then she spoke, —

"Have you not heard of his falling in love with a picture in Rome? I am told that he chased through a dozen cities in search of the original, and in Paris lost his heart again through occasional glimpses

of a beauty who proved a veritable will-o'-the-wisp for weeks, and that he is continually doing such things."

"Yes; I have heard that story concerning the picture," Wilson replied, looking down to the floor very wisely; "but as Professor Gantier tells it, it is far more romantic. He *found* the original in Paris, and after the death of his father, whose sickness had called him home suddenly, he followed her to America."

Ruth started involuntarily.

"His father *dead* — you say Mr. Manning is in America!"

Wilson smiled a deep, placid smile of inward satisfaction as he went on, —

"He was greatly disappointed, upon reaching Boston, a few weeks ago, to find that the lady was no longer in the city, and now he has" —

"He has — returned to England?"

"No, not a bit of it; he's right here in Washington."

Wilson had calculated upon a quiet sensation as a result of this announcement, but he was wholly unprepared for the look of positive pain which momentarily swept the features of the woman before him. He felt inclined to whistle. He did give mental expression to his customary "Well, dash me!" and as the pause was beginning to seem unnecessarily long, he continued, —

"Yes, the young man is in Washington, and I know is quite impatient to see his old friends. In fact, he would have come with me this afternoon, but thinking he was fully able to call alone, at a more favorable hour, I ran off by myself."

Ruth soon recovered her composure, and as Wilson arose to go she thanked him for calling, and invited him to come again, as her brother would be glad to meet him; at the same time she extended a polite invitation to Mr. Manning, and immediately changed the subject.

"I feel that we ought to be old acquaintances," she said, "even though we did not meet in Paris, for your name was so often mentioned by the professor."

"And I would have known you anywhere, even without an introduction," the gentleman replied, "for the photograph is certainly a very striking likeness." They had now reached the door.

"The photograph?"

"Oh, excuse me! I thought I had mentioned it. I mean the picture Mr. Manning purchased in Rome. Give my kind regards to Dr. Mayne, please."

Then he said good-afternoon, and took his leave.

Retracing his steps to the hotel, he walked very slowly, smoking as he walked mechanically, with the air of a man who is studying a problem, — and thinking, thinking desperately hard. When he reached the hotel he was no nearer the solution, so, dismissing the subject from his mind abruptly, he started to find Manning.

“Well, dash it! she knows the whole truth now, whatever may come of it, and my mission is ended.”

It would have been happiness, indeed, for Ruth Mayne could she have dismissed the subject from her mind as lightly. Returning to her room at once, she endeavored to recall all that her visitor had said, just as the words had been uttered, that she might realize fully their meaning; but words, thoughts, and ideas seemed but a myriad of separate floating atoms, casting hopelessly about upon a wild, surging sea of uncertainty.

She knew that Wellford was in Washington; that he would soon call upon her, perhaps that very evening. She knew, also, that her head ached wretchedly, and that she was very miserable. She desired to see him, yet shrank from the interview, knowing how painful it must be to both.

“It was my poor photograph that lost him his foolish heart in Rome,” she reflected, “and love of me that has brought him across the wide ocean.”

It was pleasant to recall, now, that she had thought him frank, kindly, and sincere, and that she had not been deceived in him, after all, — yet how cruel had been Edwin Hoyt’s deception! Then a triumphant look came into her eyes as she remembered with what indignation she had refused Hoyt’s offer of marriage on the homeward voyage.

“Oh, why did I not know it all before?” she cried, in anguish of heart; but, startled at the very sound of the words, and frightened that she had for one moment allowed such a thought to enter her mind, on this the very first day of her engagement, she sprang to her feet excitedly and began pacing the floor.

“No, no,” she murmured, “George is so kind, and good, and true, and loves me with such devotion, it would break his heart. And I *will* love him, and I *will* keep my promise — *even unto death!*”

Wellford lost no time in dressing after dinner, and, early in the evening, found

himself at the number designated upon K street. His cheeks were flushed, and his heart fluttered nervously as he seated himself in the spacious parlor, alone, to await the appearance of his friends. What should he say to them, and how should he meet them? — familiarly, as of old, or should he be reserved until they had made the first advances? What if Ruth were really engaged to Hoyt, and should treat him distantly, if not coldly? What if the doctor should be rigorously polite, and nothing more? And while he waited impatiently, yet with doubting fears, there came a step on the stairs, and, rising to his feet, he approached the table and stood with a book in his hand, facing the drapery curtains of the doorway; they were gently pushed aside, his face flushing like crimson roses, while his heart gave a quick, full throb.

But it was only the bell-boy, who returned to say that the doctor was not at home, and that Miss Mayne would soon be down.

He nodded in reply, and, taking a long breath, crossed to the other side of the room to look at a picture, and, while thus engaged, Ruth entered noiselessly, speaking his name before he knew of her presence.

“Mr. Manning, this is a surprise,” she said, quite naturally, taking his proffered hand.

There was no time now to think of actions, or to study how it was best to open the conversation, and, forgetting everything but the simple fact that he stood once more in the presence of Ruth Mayne after their long separation, Wellford followed the impulse of feeling without reserve or affectation.

“It is indeed a pleasure to meet you once more,” he said, fondly, yet half bashfully, giving her hand a warm pressure. “It seems years since we said good-by in Paris, yet it is only months.”

“It *is* nearly half a year,” Ruth replied, endeavoring to appear at ease, “and it seems longer because we only heard from you once, and then through Mr. Hoyt. You know you promised to correspond with my brother when you went away.”

“You say the doctor never received a letter from me?” Wellford questioned with surprise. “That is strange, for I wrote soon after returning home.” He was thoughtful a moment, and then said half audibly, “That accounts for his never having written *me*, and I think I understand why Mr. Hoyt did not once

mention your names after his first letter — yet his favors always seemed so friendly.”

Both were silent, for the cloud of mystery was slowly dissipating. To Wellford the explanation came as a painful revelation, but to his companion it was only the confirmation of an unhappy surmise. The silence was growing somewhat oppressive, and, banishing her unpleasant thoughts, Ruth plunged into commonplace.

“Do you realize that you are actually in America?” she began, quite bravely. “How does it seem to you—new and strange?”

“Yes, new in a double sense,” he explained; “and though my first impressions of the country and its people were favorable, unfortunately I have seen too little of either to give any decided opinion. My object in coming was not so much the love of travel as”— He found himself suddenly getting into deep water. “That is, I needed to rest after the death of my father, and, as Mr. Wilson was about leaving for America, Professor Gantier urged me to accompany him.”

“Then you were in Paris recently?”

“Yes, I returned to Paris expecting to find you all there,” he replied, at once throwing off all reserve. Then, casting his eyes to the floor, he added, with considerable feeling, “It was a bitter disappointment, I assure you, to learn that you had gone.”

“And that decided you to accompany Mr. Wilson,” she pursued, unconsciously leading the conversation on, in her effort to treat the matter lightly. She realized what she had said, almost immediately, coloring slightly, and, in her embarrassment, began playing with her engagement ring.

Wellford had felt that her previous manner was constrained, and the consciousness of it gave him pain; but noting now the changing color in the girl’s face, he took it as a glad omen, and, chiding himself for his doubts, was about to reply when suddenly they looked squarely into one another’s eyes.

It was not the restless, half-chance meeting of eyes which must look somewhere, as when friends are quietly conversing together, but a full, steady, unflinching, impassioned gaze, as though the soul was striving to penetrate unfathomable mysteries. It was only for a moment; but if there had been doubts or fears, or anxious questionings, in that brief moment all were answered. One earnest look, and in the

next moment each had avoided the other’s gaze.

“Yes,” Wellford resumed, after a considerable pause, and in answer to the last remark, “I decided at once to accompany Mr. Wilson, if he would wait for me, and if he would not, to come alone.”

Still Ruth looked away from him, for she dared not meet his eyes again. As she said nothing in reply, the young man went on,—

“I cannot understand why Mr. Hoyt never gave any of my messages, or sent yours—if he was intrusted with them.”

“Oh, yes,” she replied, “my brother sent messages a number of times.”

A shadow of seriousness went over the face of the young Englishman as he continued, more earnestly, “It was *cruel* in Hoyt, for in all those many months of care and anxiety it was quite enough to feel the pang of separation without experiencing continually the haunting fear that perhaps I was forgotten; for, to me, it is a sad thought that the grave does not hide *all* of one’s lost friends. And when my father died, and all that a dutiful son could perform had been accomplished, and everything had been arranged for the comfort of my mother and sister, so that I could leave them for a time, no bird was ever happier at being free than I, as I turned my face toward Paris. It seemed too great joy—and so it proved; for the professor’s very words of greeting were coupled with words of sympathy for something that had happened, as yet unknown to me.”

He paused again, and then said, “You don’t think me foolish, do you, for running on in such a strain when I should be talking of yourself, or your brother, or upon a dozen other brighter themes? Should you deem me foolish, think it is only that I have lived so long in the past that I cannot at once become accustomed to the new surroundings.”

“I do not blame you, or think you foolish in the least,” Ruth replied with effort. “The past is often *brighter* than the present, more often so than the other way, I think.”

There was a pathos in her voice which thrilled him strangely, and, as his eyes rested upon her immovable face, serious, thoughtful, yet full of beauty, and he half detected a glistening film of moisture beneath her downcast lids, a nameless fear came over him.

“I thought so in Paris, surely,” he replied,

in answer to her last remark, "and I remember now how bravely you laughed at my gloomy fears when I found I must return to England. You quoted a verse of Longfellow to me then, and told me we *should* meet again sometime; and though months have passed, and at times the darkness of despair seemed to overshadow me, I know now that the sun *was* shining behind the clouds all the time."

To Ruth the conversation had grown almost unbearable. Since fate had woven about them such an implacable web of discord, she felt that she ought to tell her companion all, at once, and close the unhappy interview. Then, as she thought how deeply sensitive was his nature, she felt unequal to the effort, — shrinking from wounding him so sorely, yet knowing that fate was irrevocable, and that sooner or later the truth must be revealed to him. And how her heart ached, and how she prayed for strength! And Wellford, noting her silence, her agitation, and the expression of deep seriousness which overspread her features, felt intuitively that something was terribly amiss.

"You are not well!" he said, striving to banish his nameless fears. "Perhaps I should not have called this evening, and yet you don't know how many months I have been looking forward to this very night."

"And you should have come *sooner*," she falteringly whispered; "but what am I saying? No, no!" she exclaimed, excitedly, "I do not mean that — not *that* — but — I am *so* unhappy!"

"Ruth, Ruth, in the name of Heaven — in the name of the *love* we bear each other — tell me *what* has happened!"

Wellford had sprang to her side, for she was rising from her chair — her face of ashy paleness.

"I am not well," she whispered, faintly. "Pray leave me, Mr. Manning — call Doctor Mayne — sometime — sometime I can tell you — not now — I will go to my room — and when George comes tell him — I" —

She had fainted, and as Wellford caught her in his strong arms, while he pressed an impassioned kiss upon her forehead, the curtains were pushed aside, and George Thorne hurriedly entered the apartment.

XXVII.

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting."

THE middle of February had come, and Grace's picture was finished and ready for

the Exhibition. The doctor had called to see her several times while she was at work upon it, once on his return from Washington, and upon other occasions subsequently, when he had run down from Boston for a day or two on business, — though the "business" seemed to occupy the smallest share of his time and attention.

But the picture was finished now, and Grace was not surprised one morning to receive a note from the doctor, stating that he was on his way to New York to see it on the easel for the last time before it was presented to the "jury of admission." The note had come to the studio, and as the artist stood before her picture, after reading it, wondering what the doctor would say as a final criticism, she could not help thinking of his earnest encouragement during the weeks since she had commenced it, and the need she had had of encouragement when her heart was so little in her work.

She had painted the figure of the novice with fine feeling; the pose was most natural, and the drapery gracefully arranged, while the face was a study, — remarkable alike for its beauty and its strength. The head was exquisitely modelled, and stood out from the background with startling distinctness, — and even as a mere piece of coloring it was superb. But the other portions of the picture were labored. Grace knew it without having to be told of it, and she knew, too, that the inspiration passed as soon as she had depicted her own feelings in the face of the fair girl upon the canvas. How far Doctor Mayne had been responsible for it she was not willing to say or to think, even if willing to admit he was to any degree responsible; but the fact remained, that, in spite of her determination to regard him with feelings of indifference, — in spite of all that had passed in the cathedral at Cologne, — she looked forward to his occasional visits with anticipations of keen delight.

It hurt her pride to acknowledge so much, so she tried to make herself believe that it was only for his criticisms and kindly assistance that she desired his coming; but when he had pressed her hand warmly, and whispered his good-by, and the studio door had closed upon his manly form, there came other thoughts and feelings, which she struggled hard to overcome, and upon which she dared not reason, or endeavor to explain.

So she stood before the painting to-day,

with the doctor's open note held carelessly behind her, while she gazed, with the eyes of the fair novice in the picture, out into the sunshine of a world of love. She, herself, was but a novice, and though she had chosen, the way into the bright world was still open to her. Should she retreat while yet retreat were possible, and acknowledge to the world her weakness, — or should she make the final decision now, and end the struggle forever?"

"He who hesitates is *lost*," she whispered, dashing the note to the floor. "I must not see him to-day" —

But it was too late; there came a familiar knock upon the door, and in another moment the doctor entered.

Grace met him defiantly, almost coldly. Then, as she asked him to be seated, and espied the tiny sheet of paper, with a half-guilty look she stooped to the floor, hastily picked it up, and thrust it into her pocket.

The doctor appeared not to see the manœuvre, and, with a pleasant remark, immediately gazed toward the picture.

"Isn't it dreadful?" she queried, when he had looked at it a full minute without speaking.

"Is it dreadful?" the doctor returned, looking into the girl's face pleasantly.

"What do *you* think about it?" she asked, "for I have been all over the canvas since you last saw it, that is, with the exception of the figure."

"Yes, that would be my criticism," he said, with a faint smile, still gazing at the painting.

"I shall *not* send it to the Exhibition," she exclaimed, petulantly; then throwing her head and shoulders back, she took a very erect position and gazed stiffly out of the window.

"Why, Grace! you do not mean that, surely?" He now approached the canvas. "You must pardon my seeming careless remark, for though the words were spoken lightly, I meant them for honest criticism. You wish me to be honest with you, do you not?"

"I certainly am not fishing for compliments," she answered, tartly.

"And I certainly would not pay you idle compliments," the doctor rejoined in a kindly tone. "I was wrong in not saying what I thought, fairly, and to the point at once. As I told you when I last saw the picture, the face seems to me an inspiration; it is the perfection of work, and that you should have been able to express such depth of feeling as is depicted in the

features is something marvellous; in short, it is soul-painting, for looking into the eyes of that fair girl one can but read there the inward struggle which tells of doubts and fears, of heart-burnings and longings, of a hope for joy and peace, at last, in a life-long devotion to something better and nobler than the world can give. The face is beautiful, the figure grandly posed, but" —

The doctor hesitated, while his eyes moved slowly over different portions of the canvas. Grace studied him intently, and as he did not continue she finished the sentence for him, —

"And the remainder of the picture an utter failure! You might have said it, for you know it as well as I." She sighed and again turned toward the window. "I shall not send it to the Exhibition — to be *rejected*."

"No, Grace, *not* to be rejected, but to be *accepted*," the doctor answered, kindly. "I admit there are minor points in the picture, as the background and some of the accessories, which fail to do you justice. I cannot say that the work has been carelessly done, but it lacks spirit, as though the blaze of inspiration had expired when the central thought of the picture had been wrought out. However, you must send it to the Exhibition, by all means, for, taking the work as a whole, you have outdone yourself, and the idea of rejection is most absurd."

Grace looked up to the doctor's face with an inquiring expression, as though wondering if her picture did, indeed, possess sufficient merit to be passed by that fearful body, — the "jury of admission."

"But less than two hundred canvases are to be hung," she interposed, doubtfully, "and the standard of excellence by which works are to be judged will be even higher than last year. *Do* you think they will accept my picture, doctor? I could not have it sent home now, and yet, to have it accepted by the Society of Artists would be a grand triumph."

"I think there can be no doubt of it," the doctor replied, with a positiveness that was most assuring. He studied the picture a few minutes longer, and after making some minor criticisms threw himself into a convenient arm-chair.

Grace felt in better humor now, and while the doctor conversed pleasantly upon a topic of mutual interest, she busied herself in pressing the paint remaining in a number of flattened and

almost emptied tubes, into their capsule ends, — an economical operation usually giving small results for the labor expended.

Then the doctor espied a pretty charcoal sketch, — water with foliage reflected in it, and, beyond, a bit of garden landscape, — which pleased him greatly.

"It is only a memory-sketch of a scene in the park at Fontainebleau," she said, in reply to his question concerning it. "I wonder you do not recall it."

"I do recall it now," he replied, thoughtfully, as memory swept backward to that bright afternoon when, sitting beneath the cool shade of a spreading linden, they had listened to the falling waters of a fountain near them, and talked of ambition. "It is very true to nature," he continued, "and, looking at it now, I almost seem to hear again your brave words of determination to fight the world alone. You have wonderful talent, Grace, but only a woman's strength, or I should predict for you, even now, a brilliant future."

She pressed the palette knife more determinately against the yielding tinfoil of a tube of "flake-white"; the soft metal broke, and an unguinous stream oozed forth upon her fingers.

"There, that is an apt illustration of the truth of my assertion," the doctor exclaimed, coming forward to the table; "you should have allowed me to flatten those rebellious tubes for you, as I can perform the labor so much more easily. Let me help you with the remaining tubes," he suggested, holding out his hand.

Grace removed the paint from her fingers with the palette knife, and in so doing purposely smeared the handle.

"Oh, no, doctor," she replied, "you will daub your fingers; besides, this requires no strength whatever; the only application I can make to the accident is that we cannot well occupy our minds with two things at the same time."

She was thinking of her picture now, and in her heart blaming the doctor indirectly for its failure, — or, rather, she was blaming that inexplicable destiny which seemed to be drawing the doctor and herself nearer and nearer together in spite of all she could do to the contrary; lastly, she was blaming herself for allowing thoughts of him, of late, to have taken such complete possession of her.

"I am not afraid of paint," he answered, gently taking the knife from her hand; "turpentine will cleanse the fingers in a

few moments, and its odor is positively more delightful to me than Cologne water. Don't you want a studio assistant?" he pursued, with a pleasant smile. "I can wash brushes, stretch canvases, squeeze up the paint in your color-tubes — without daubing the palette knife — and make myself generally useful in a hundred ways."

"But I haven't enough of such work to occupy you half an hour a day," she answered in the same vein, "and you would be dreadfully in the way the remainder of the time."

"Then take me as a pupil," he urged; "three, four, or six lessons a week, as you may think best, and on your own terms."

"I couldn't think of taking you on any terms, doctor, — for a pupil, — because you have been teaching *me* ever since I first met you in the Luxembourg gallery in Paris."

She had not intended the words should carry a twofold meaning, but somehow they sounded strangely so after she had uttered them. The doctor worked very slowly with the color-tubes, holding the knife quite daintily, and getting but little of the paint upon his fingers, while Grace stood beside the table intently surveying the operation and her companion's soft, white hands at the same time, — her own clasped carelessly before her.

Doctor Mayne certainly was in no haste to finish his self-imposed task. He was enjoying the conversation, too, for somehow Grace always appeared more interesting when in a spirit of rebellion against her inner feelings. She tried to say such hateful things to him. She was handsome to-day, for excitement always sent the color into her cheeks, and as the doctor glanced up hastily after her last remark, noting the expression of her face, and the graceful pose into which she had unwittingly fallen, he paused and looked at her with appreciatory commendation.

"So you won't take me as a pupil on any terms; yet what would I not give to be able to sketch you as I see you at this moment, blue-checked painting-apron and all!"

"It would be very artistic, no doubt, especially the apron," the girl answered lightly, with a quick, shy glance into his eyes. "I will give you a sitting now, if you wish."

"Will you?" he said, advancing a step nearer. He returned her glance with an expression of deep tenderness and contin-

ued: "I should not require a long sitting, and for a medium I should use but simple *words* to express to you the picture which rises before me at this moment, for you are the only model whose face

has ever seemed to fill completely my waiting canvas. Come, I claim the sitting now."

Then the door was swung ajar, and George walked in with a gentleman friend.

[To be continued.]

AN AFTERNOON RIDE.

THE swallows are sweeping o'er meadow and lea,
The woodpecker's bill shakes a song from the tree,
There's a breeze on the land blowing in from the sea,
And I and my wheel are flying.

There's a gleam on the waters, a sail flashing white;
There's a wash on the rocks and a sparkling of light,
And the foam-flakes are falling in crystalline flight
Where I and my wheel are lying.

The foam-flakes are flying away behind,
The swallows are circling against the wind,
There's a glow on the clouds where crimsoned lined,
They smother the sunlight dying.

Ninon Neckar.

ONE AFTERNOON.

It was a lovely day in early October; the warm rays of the sun were tempered by an autumnal coolness that foretold the coming winter; the trees were completing their season of usefulness by carpeting the ground with leaves that all the long hot summer had afforded grateful shade to man and beast, and all the autumn beauties of the landscape stood out bold and distinct in the clear atmosphere peculiar to the fall of the year in New England. What true wheelman could resist the temptation to take a spin on such a day as this? Not I.

I mount and am off. What exhilarating air; how hard and smooth the pathway; what rich color in the landscape! — the red and yellow of the maples, the golden-brown of the stately elms, and the dark, rich red of the slow-turning oak, — all unite to form a picture unsurpassed by the tropical luxuriance of more southern climes.

But where am I going? I slacken speed and reflect. Have I "done" all the roads

that lead out of the beautiful "city by the sea"? All but one, — the old stage-road to Boston. Many a time, when a small boy, have I had it pointed out by elderly people as the road by which, in ante-railroad days, the heavily-laden stage-coach rolled into Portland early in the morning, with blowing of horns, cracking of whips, and shouts of greeting between the passengers on board and their friends on the street, who had turned out bright and early to witness the great event of the day, — the coming in of the Boston coach.

Now is the time, thought I, to take a look at the highway so often traversed by the *first* families of the forest city. I find it, like so many old roads, anything but straight; now winding around the heads of creeks that make up through the marshes, then twisting along the base of a steep hill; and, when it can twist no longer, bravely climbing it. Here alder-bushes make a wall on both sides, and a little beyond the

oak and maple unite in forming archways, beneath which, in days gone by, the weary traveller rested and found renewed vigor for his last few miles to town. But the sun is beginning to make his presence known, and I look ahead for a convenient shade-tree, under which to dismount for a short rest. Nor have I long to look, for presently there appears in view the very spot.

Somewhat back from the road is a mansion of the olden time, — a large, square house, painted white, spreading over a large area of ground, with many rambling out-buildings. In front is a magnificent elm, — its spreading branches throwing a grateful shade many feet in diameter, and around its trunk a circular seat invites to rest. I accept the mute invitation, rest my wheel against a neighboring fence, and am soon enjoying the cool breeze that plays in and under the branches of the mighty elm. While thus engaged I neglect to notice the approach of an elderly man, who has emerged from out one of the numerous out-houses, and who accosts me in pleasant tones, and with an inquiry as to how far I have come that day on that "thing," pointing to my wheel.

"From the city," I reply. "What place is this? I have never been this way before."

"I aint surprised to hear you say so," replies the old man. "There isn't much travelling by here nowadays; but time was when every one knew and stopped at Broad's Tavern."

"Broad's Tavern," I exclaim, in surprise. "Is this the famous old house where all the stage-coaches stopped on their way to and from Portland? My grandfather and great-uncles have told me many wonderful stories concerning this old place, and I have always wanted to see it, but never knew exactly how to reach it."

"Well, you've struck it this time," said my companion, "and I haven't a doubt that I could tell you more stories about this place than either your grandfather or great-uncles; for I've been here for sixty years, and have witnessed many rare old times here in my day. If you would like I don't mind telling you a few, for I like to talk of old times afore the railroads left us high and dry on a by-road. Times were lively then, and 'Broad's' was the biggest tavern and the busiest place near the city."

I express an eager desire to acquire any information he may be willing to impart, and while the breeze plays above our

heads, and the squirrels leap from bough to bough, sending down a shower of leaves at our feet, I listen to the stories of my companion of the ante-railroad days, when the stage-coach was in its glory.

"Here the stage used to stop over night with its travel-stained passengers, waiting to roll into town bright and early the next morning. Gay times our grandparents had on their arrival at this old inn; clothes were brushed, and the toilet made, followed by a hearty supper. Then came mugs of 'flip,' and joke and story went round the festive board. Incidents of the trip from Boston were related, and sighed or laughed over as occasion demanded. The following morning all is bustle and stir. Each passenger arrays him or her self in garments carefully saved during the journey for this occasion. The horses are carefully groomed; the coach is subjected to a thorough washing, and when all is in readiness the driver gathers up the reins, the grooms give the leaders their heads, and away they go to take the sleepy city by storm." As the old man proceeded his eyes brightened, and his voice rose to a high key as memory brought up before him the happening of long-gone days. In answer to a question of mine, he replied, "Yes, this was a great place for picnics, musters, and trainings. I've seen six bowling-alleys going all day without a let-up, and more beer, ale, and Old Tom whiskey drank than you could shake a stick at. Over there," — pointing across the street, — "we used to have a bear-garden, a deer-park, and cages of other animals. This old tree had a big seat in its branches then, and on big days I've been kept busy handing up liquor for those who were up there playing cards."

"I should think so much drinking would have led to bad results sometimes," I remarked.

"Well, it did, once in a while," said the old man; "but that was before the Maine liquor-law, and everybody drank; but it made the best of them dizzy-headed sometimes, and a good horse was the only thing that got them home safely. Now I don't suppose a man could ride that thing," — with a glance at the bicycle, — "and drink much. Must take a pretty clear head to balance on it without falling off."

I assured him that bicyclers were a very temperate body of men, and that I had never heard of a wheelman getting a tumble on account of over-indulgence in ardent spirits.

"Glad to hear it, for I've known of some bad accidents just from too much drinking. I recollect, forty years ago, a young man drove up to the door with a tandem team of spirited horses, who had come all the way from York State for fun. He was dressed to kill, with a tall white beaver, long white driving-coat, and yellow gloves on. He drove his horses round this tree twice, just to show what he could do, and then called for me to hold his leader's head while some one brought him liquor. As he was already pretty full, Mr. Broad did his best to get him to stop and sleep it off, and not go into town till next day; but there wasn't no stopping him, — he was bound to go, — and the next day we heard that he had been thrown from his carriage on the cobble-stones of Portland, and broke his neck. But come inside and see the old house; 'taint much like what they build nowadays."

Following my guide, I pass through the front door into the old hall-way. Here, running completely round the wall, was a flaming placard, inviting all the world to come to Portland and assist in the grand ovation to Gen. Jackson, who was going to honor that city by his august presence. To the left is the reception-room, with the same furniture that was put in it seventy years ago by Thaddeus Broad, — heavy and quaint-looking now, but doubtless then considered very fine. Between this room and the dining-room was the old wine-closet, with a slide letting into each room, through which liquor was passed out as called for by the thirsty guests.

The dining-room was evidently the most important room of all. Running the entire width of the broad old mansion, with an enormous fireplace in the centre, which boasted a magnificent pair of andirons, it had an air of comfort and plenty quite suitable to a room where so much hospitality had been dispensed in days long gone. What scenes had taken place in this old room by people now dead for many years! Here had met and mingled the young and old, the grave and the gay, bent on their different errands of business or pleasure, dropped here for a short time by the old

stage-coach, and again picked up and distributed all along the line. Here had come the young bride on her wedding tour, and on these very same andirons had warmed her pretty feet, with the fond bridegroom gazing admiringly on from a distance. In this same room the justice of the peace had held his court, and administered deserved punishment to violators of the law, before a crowded audience of hardy farmers. In the old card-room, a little to one side, is a large-sized poster, announcing that "Wilson's Flying Machine" would make the trip from Portland to Boston in the unprecedented time of three days. This wonder was accomplished by frequent changing of horses.

"In these closets," said my guide, opening the doors as he spoke, "all the china and glass ware used to be kept. We had a quantity of it when the house was in running order, but a deal of it has been sold of late years to *brick-bat* hunters, as they call 'em. They pay a big price for the old stuff, and I don't understand why they don't buy new for half the money."

I am taken through the old kitchen, so low that the hair of the old man touches the ceiling, up stairs to the old dance-hall, where the youth and beauty of the vicinity were wont to meet and trip it to the "music of Billy the fiddler." More stories are related by the guardian of the place, and I sit and listen till the sinking sun warns me that if I would be home by dark I have no time to spare. So, with thanks for his kindness, I bid the old gentleman good-by, and retrace my steps toward home, where I arrive just as the night puts on her mantle of black.

Such an afternoon is one of the pleasures to be derived from the use of the wheel. It takes one to nooks and corners never before thought of. It causes a man to know his immediate neighborhood better than he deemed possible, and it brings the rider in pleasant contact with people whom otherwise he would never know. Give me a good wheel and a good day, and I ask for nothing more — except good roads.

F. A. Etwell.

TRAILING-ARBUTUS.

BY "MINIMUM."

VI.

THE autumn hurried on into winter, and Mr. Leighton was a constant visitor in Huron street. After a few rebellions, at which Mrs. Exton pooh-poohed, Mildred accepted all of his attentions and invitations, and lived in a whirl of gayety and delight. Mr. Exton looked on in silence, went to a few more parties than his wont, drove out now and then with Leighton, and at the holidays turned himself into a regular society man, looking in upon his party at theatre or reception, and appearing between times in his office in the costume of the world of pleasure.

Mildred did not ask herself many questions, none indeed. Even when Leighton's manner grew so marked that everybody began connecting their names, she remained unconscious. To say that she never thought of the possibility of an end to all this riding and reading, driving, singing and dancing, would be to say that Mildred's heart was not the heart of woman. But she enjoyed her life as the days flew by, with all the intensity of calm maidenhood not yet wakened to its full possibilities. After that first time, Leighton never attempted to talk society small-talk to Mildred. Roused to his best at first by a desire to win her admiration, and by and by because of a real, genuine affection for her, and a wish to appear worthy in her sight, Leighton gradually deserted his club altogether. His companions complained that "Leighton might as well be married already." When Lent came, and party-going was past, he devoted his mornings to Mildred, teaching her Italian, which he had learned in Florence and Milan, while revelling in music study all the winter before.

Mildred played for him now when he sang love-songs, listening to the tales he told her of his European wanderings, and feeling more and more his growing influence upon her life.

The year blossomed into Easter carols, into April showers and shining; and Mildred, knowing that her spirit was getting spellbound, set apart a day of special self-examination, in a sort of Puritan Fast-day fashion.

"Next Sunday," said she to herself, — "next Sunday I will write and tell mother all about it, and ask her what she thinks."

That was Thursday. In the afternoon Miss Belcam called, and entertained Miss Linthrop with a long account of an escape of Mr. Leighton's in Europe. It was a very doubtful story in Mildred's eyes, although Miss Belcam told it with an air of great amusement, and an evident relish, especially for some details which she elaborated from her own pretty head.

"It was when we were in Switzerland, you know, and he was following me about in his usual mad fashion, before he met you, my dear, and the sweetest little French *bonne*, who took care of the countess' children. They were staying at the same hotel with mamma and me, as I told you. She fell straightway in love with monsieur, and raved so about him that the countess threatened to discharge her. But the little goose had no more sense than to write him notes, and send him roses clandestinely; and, of course, Mr. Leighton showed them all to me, and I had great fun with them, using the notes for French exercises, and learning some very touching expressions about *l'amour éternel*, and all that. Well, one night he and I were out boating. It was at Geneva, and he was singing to me. You know how meltingly he *can* sing, my dear. Well, all at once a boat came shooting along the water beside us, and there was that poor little goose of a Clémence. She stood up in the boat and poured out a tirade on me, most of which I was unlucky enough to understand. Leighton ordered her to go away, but she wouldn't; so, presently, he rowed us to shore, and when she followed he went over to talk with her. Next morning — how wide your eyes are, Mildred! What do you suppose happened?"

"Did she drown herself?" whispered Mildred.

"I never thought of that. Yes; she drowned herself. Wouldn't you drown yourself if Mr. Leighton should go boating with me?"

Mildred's face flamed scarlet.

"You are laughing at me, Miss Belcam," she said, soberly. "I don't understand why you should, and I don't think I like to have you do so."

"Perhaps you don't believe my romance? Well, may be Clémence didn't drown herself. What do you think about it?"

"Should you like to see Mrs. Exton?" Mildred rose and bowed herself out of the room, sending her cousin in to receive her share of the call, and only coming into the room again when, from the library, she heard Miss Belcam saying her good-bys in the hall.

She did not shake hands with Miss Belcam, and when that young lady had departed she went upstairs, with a grieved face, and sat in a long revery, alone in her room.

Early in the next forenoon Mr. Leighton came for her to go for a ride in Lincoln Park. Mrs. Exton had gone down-town on a shopping expedition, and the two set off, — Mildred with a little feeling of adventure about it, since only the children waved good-luck to the equestrians from the open window. They rode along the Lake Shore Drive, with the fresh breath of the water blowing upon their happy faces, and the perfume of the new-starting buds and grasses of the park rising like incense into the growing spring-time air. It was a very quiet ride, and they did not go far, — just into the edge of the Lake View thickets, and back again through the park, riding slowly and saying little. Mildred was pondering upon a thousand wakening thoughts and fancies. Leighton was wondering how best to speak all the words that his heart had kept trembling on his lips for days. But they came back to Huron street with the words still unsaid. Leighton tied their horses, and came into the house with Mildred, both laughing and chatting with an evident nervous avoidance of the subject of which both were thinking.

VII.

MILDRED picked up a letter lying on the hall-table.

"Excuse me, please, Mr. Leighton," she said, "I must glance at this. It is from Portland, and not in my mother's writing." She went into the library, and found a paper-knife, cutting the large envelope open carefully, and offering Leighton a chair before she sat down in the sofa-corner to read the sheet she held.

Leighton picked up a late *Harper's*, and turned over the pages carelessly.

A singular slight stirring called his attention presently. Mildred's letter was lying on the floor, and, as he turned, he saw

her stooping forward, trying to reach it with trembling, ineffectual fingers. He came toward her. Mildred, seeing him, lifted her white and frightened face.

"Mildred, my girl! Mildred!" he cried.

The tears sprang into her eyes. She put out her hands blindly, as if feeling her way toward health and comfort.

Burke Leighton sat down on the sofa beside her, very promptly put both arms around her, and drew her head down upon his heart. Mildred put her arm around his neck and sobbed violently, while he soothed and caressed her.

After a little time Leighton asked, "What is it, darling?"

"You may read it," whispered Mildred, clinging to him.

Leighton read of the severe illness of Mrs. Linthrop, — a few hasty words written by her physician, closing, "Will advise you by telegram if danger demands your presence."

Mr. Leighton was impelled to take full advantage of the defenceless condition of Mildred's spirit. He took the girl more closely into his arms, kissing her again and again on lips and cheeks and hands.

Still Mildred sobbed and sobbed.

By and by Mr. Leighton, feeling that she was not so much consoled by his embraces as she ought to be, and inwardly resenting her uncontrolled weeping, put her from him and went over to the mantel, leaning against it in his most picturesque manner.

Mildred sat upon the sofa with lashes drooping over her pansy eyes.

"Mildred," said Leighton, at length.

She lifted her eyes.

"Come here."

She went over to him. He put his hands on her shoulders and spoke authoritatively.

"You must not cry like this, dear. You will make yourself ill. There may be no danger for your mother. At all events I shall always be beside you to care for you — to love you."

He bent to kiss her forehead, but Mildred drew away, murmuring "No" faintly.

"No," repeated Leighton. "Don't be coquettish with me, Mildred. That isn't why I love you. I love you because you are just yourself, always, true and brave and sweet. I love you because you have made me believe in women, in you at least. You are my trailing-arbutus, you know. And you love me?"

Mildred did not speak. He put his arm

around her. She remained silent, trembling.

"Say it, Mildred, and make me happy. I know it without the words. Oh, I know it, dearest, shy as you have been! I think you loved me a little before I really began loving you. I think my heart woke up at sight of that arbutus blossom you always hang up in your cheeks when I come. Plenty of girls have run after me, or my money. Some of them have been fond of me; but they all played every bit of their fondness for all it was worth in the game for the money. But you" — Leighton stopped, kissing her in a bashfulness entirely new to him, his heart chilling strangely by her unresponsiveness. "Don't you love me; don't you, dear?" he asked quite humbly, stepping away from her.

Mildred sprang forward and seized his hand, kissing it quickly.

"Oh, I am afraid I do! I'm afraid I do!" she cried; "I didn't want to; but, Heaven help me, I do!"

"Afraid? You must not be afraid of me, dear," petting the hand he held and looking down into her fascinated eyes. "Let me see," holding up the slender finger, "what sort of a ring does the little lady want? Will she have diamonds, or rubies, or pearls, or all together? Or will a chain of gossamer be better for her? Shall I — yes, I will telegraph to Boston to-morrow for a room full of arbutus to celebrate my Mayflower's betrothal. Mildred! Mildred! do you know how I love you? Do you know how like music your voice is to me; how your smiles fill my dreams; how a flower you have worn, or a word you have said, gets into my heart and stays there? Why is it? How is it? What witchcraft did you bring with you? Were you ever in Salem? How happy, happy I shall be to see you always, to hear your voice, to kiss you when I like; and I shall make you happy, my darling, I promise you. I will do all that you wish. You can make what you please of me. We will go all over the world, and when we come home we will fill our house full of music, and flowers, and books. You shall give away all you wish, and when we are married I'll dress you in" —

"Don't, please, Mr. Leighton," whispered Mildred, taking herself quite away from his arms, and going over to look from the window out upon the fragrant April morning. She saw a little boy trundling his hoop along the pavement, a servant-maid across the way taking groceries from

a laughing young man in a cart; she even noticed a little English sparrow hopping about on the struggling elm-tree at the corner.

Leighton stood, wondering, incredulous, fearful of a coming calamity.

Mildred turned at length. "You must not talk to me of marriage," she said, speaking the word quite clearly. "I can't marry you, Mr. Leighton."

Leighton's color faded all away.

"But you love me, Mildred?" he asked, with a singular timidity. There was a strange, rapt expression on the girl's face which awed him into external submission to her mood. In the moment's self-battle at the window Mildred had conquered herself in a way her lover could not conceive of. He saw only the reflection of a spiritual victory on her face. Seeing it so, though understanding it not at all, his heart went out to her in new affection and entreaty.

"You love me, Mildred?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, slowly.

"You said that you loved me?"

"Alas! I am afraid that I do."

"But, if you love me, you are mine. Come, Mildred." He opened his arms, coming toward her.

But Mildred shook her head sorrowfully.

"No, Mr. Leighton, I can't, and I must not let you talk to me in this way. I must go to my mother, and we shall not see each other any more."

"No; you shall not go away so. My darling, why — what is it? You *are* mine if you love me."

"You are trying me too much," said Mildred, going toward the door, speaking swiftly and passionately. "I can't bear you to look at me that way, and I know I ought not."

In her excitement his fear of her vanished. "You shall not behave in this way," he said, taking hold of her arm almost roughly; "tell me why you refuse me."

"I — I will write you," panted Mildred, escaping from him and fleeing to her own room.

VIII.

"But the doctor does not tell you to come, dear," objected Mrs. Exton, when Mildred showed her the Portland letter, and said that she must start East at once.

"I know, but I must go," said Miss Linthrop.

To all the reasons and commands which

Mr. Exton added to his wife's entreaties the maiden was inexorable. She persisted in her preparations, and departed that afternoon, leaving the Exton household in grief and vexation.

"She ought to have waited till to-morrow," said Mr. Exton, plaintively, thinking of the interrupted editorial left unfinished when the messenger came to summon him to bid Mildred good-by.

"She was goin' to take me fishin' on the pier to-morrow with Mr. Leighton," said June.

"And driving in the carriage," from Elva.

"And candy," added Baby, weeping with her little fists in her eyes.

"She said she would write to Mr. Leighton," grumbled Mrs. Exton. "As if that were the way to bid him good-by. I wanted to send for him, but she looked at me solemnly, and said 'No' so emphatically, that I didn't dare mention it again."

"She went horse-backin' with him this morning," observed June.

"When I was down-town?" asked Mrs. Exton, with quick anxiety.

"Yes, mamma."

"Did Mr. Leighton come in?"

"I guess so, 'cause I heard them talking in the library, and by and by Cousin Mildred came running upstairs as hard as she could run, and she went into her room and shut the door. I heard her crying, and I went in there and asked her what was the matter, and I kissed her six times, and told her I would shoot Mr. Leighton if he made her cry. And once papa said something to mamma that made her cry, when she lent one of his books, and"—

"Never mind repeating family history, June," said his father, dryly.

"And Mildred took me up on the bed, and cried a lot of tears on top of my head, and kissed me, and said I mustn't say I would shoot Mr. Leighton. And by and by she told me never to tell him she cried, and then she washed her face, and put some powder on it, and a lot of cologne, and said her mother was ill, and she was going home at once, and never come back to Chicago again, never, as long as she lived."

Mr. and Mrs. Exton exchanged glances.

Miss Belcam, calling in Huron street a fortnight later, enlightened Mrs. Exton further as to Mildred's flight, and Mrs. Exton told Miss Belcam's tale, with comments, to the conjugal partner of her secrets.

"It seems Rella told Mildred something or other about some European escapade of

Mr. Leighton's, and Miss Mildred was very tragic about it at the time; but if she refused him, and I'm pretty certain that she did, it was because of that."

"Not altogether, Jennie. Mildred would only make a story of that sort a climax. She has been drifting toward it for six months."

"But don't you think it is absurd, Fred?"

"What?"

"For her to refuse him, when he is so much in love with her."

"Not if she didn't love him."

"Fred Exton, where have your eyes been? Haven't you seen how susceptible she always was to the slightest thing he said? The books he lent her, the flowers he brought her, she got so that she worshipped them all. Didn't love him? With an if. Why, I never saw a girl more awfully in love in my life!"

"In love, perhaps. But the 'if' remains. Mildred wouldn't marry a man she was simply in love with."

"Fred! Where are your theories? I thought you thought people oughtn't to marry unless they are in love. And what do you mean by saying 'simply in love'? And where is the 'if'?"

"She doesn't love him."

Mrs. Exton smiled sweetly, folding her hands in resignation. "Now, Dr. Wayland Alden Heckel Spencer Spinoza, if you will just unfold your erudition I'll see how much it is worth."

"Seriously, dear, don't you understand? Mildred may be, doubtless is, in love with Leighton, while he is not only in love with her, but, as far as I can judge men, he loves her dearly."

"I hope you understand yourself, Fritz. To me it all seems like a distinction without a difference. If a girl loves a man, I don't think she thinks of all those things."

"I don't, either. That is what I say. That brings me back to my original position. Mildred is simply 'in love' with him, nothing more."

"I wish I could see what you are trying to say. Illustrate, do! Did I love you, or was I 'simply in love' with you, when I couldn't sleep nights for dreaming of you?"

"Both, I am happy to say, madam."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Exton. "I thought I was going to see a way out of it."

If you had labelled me off in either category, I could have had some means of defence. But if I both *did* and *was*, how can I understand a girl who *doesn't* but *is*. Is that subjectively objective enough for you? Pffh! I don't believe a word of it. They love each other, and they ought to get married, and Mildred ought to have a dress of crêpe with great big arbutus-blossoms embroidered into it. Mr. Leighton might send some to China, and order it made."

"And feed her on roc's egg omelettes, and give her Chinese tea to drink, brought by way of Alaska, at fifteen dollars a pound. Steep? She wouldn't have to steep it, you see."

"Don't mix up your horrid newspaper puns with my serious conversation."

"Don't you mix up money with love, then, in such an eminently frivolous way!"

IX.

MILDRED, in the home of her Portland aunt, lived through weeks and months of self-torture. She wrote to Mr. Leighton on her arrival, telling him of her mother's improved health. She described her journey, filled up a page with a minute account of the weather for a week, and then crowded a hasty sentence into one corner of her gray satin page.

"We will call ourselves friends, Mr. Leighton, but not lovers, and you must not write to me; our ideals of life are too different for us ever to think of marrying."

He did not reply; but there were a few words in one of Jennie's letters, received sometime late in July, that sent Mildred to her knees in prayerful misery: "Mr. Leighton has gone to Colorado. He went off in April, and we hear that he is living the wildest sort of a life out in the mines. He took his colored man with him, and locked up his house. Rella Belcam is engaged to that Mr. Promonier."

It was while Mildred was asking herself when she was going to outgrow this, when she was willing to bear the burden laid upon her life, that another letter came to her, — a letter from Colorado. It was written by Leighton's colored servant, a strange old fellow who had been a slave, a simple-minded, single-hearted man, whose idea of duty was high as Mildred's own, and heartened by a most faithful love for the fault-filled man he called "master."

Mildred sat long with this letter in her

hand. She was again in her own room in her childhood's home in Cambridge. She looked up from her letter to the blue summer sky, out across the Charles to the hills with a new wonder of revelation in her soul.

After a long quiet hour she went and found her mother, giving her the letter, and telling her in full the story the seasons had brought her.

"I was wretched at the separation, mother dear," she added, "but I felt that it was right. I don't see how I could have felt differently. Mr. Leighton is a man whose life and associations and principles are so different from mine. He made me wildly happy always, but I knew I ought not to be. And when he asked me to marry him I said 'No,' though it nearly killed me. He would not have asked me if I had not been so frightened when you were ill."

"He loves you?" asked Mrs. Linthrop, gravely, looking at her fair daughter with earnest motherly eyes full of tender anxiety.

"Read the letter, mother."

Mildred sat down upon a hassock beside her mother, leaning her tired head against the knee where she had murmured her first baby prayers. Sitting quietly with one hand on the maiden's head, the matron read:—

To Miss MILDRED LINTHROP, Cambridge, Mass.:—

DEAR MADAM,—You do not know me only as I have brought you letters from Mr. Leighton, or carried you the flowers he sent you, or held your horse a few times, when Mr. Leighton was a happy man. I don't know what you will say to my writing you, lady, and maybe I ought not to, but I believe you are hardening your heart, and though I am a plain old man and you a lovely young lady, I must tell you that is a sin. I knew my master was a-bearing a disappointment, because I never saw him so before, and he is going into wild ways, and yesterday I talked to him about it, and I said that for a man like him, with life coming, it was a shame and a disgrace to gamble so recklessly, for he has played away all of his money nearly, and he only laughs when it goes. And when I talked serious-like to him, I made free to say, "What would Miss Mildred think of you, sir?" and his face got white, and his eyes filled up, and his voice choked, and he said, "She is too good to care, Sam"; and I said, "Oh, no, she isn't. Nobody is too good to care for anybody else. Miss Mildred used to act pretty fond of you, sir, and it wasn't all for your money, either, sir, if an old man might say it."

"Fond? Yes, a little, but not very much," says he. "O Sam, why is it that when a man does love one woman so, with all the heart God gives him, — why is it — and he got up and jerked out of the cabin, and went away and gambled worse than ever among the terrible lot of people down there."

Now, Miss Mildred, you will forgive me, but if you ever were fond of poor Mr. Leighton, can't you do something to stop him? You must not think you are too good for him; you may be a saint, and I think you are a very sweet young lady, but if you are fond of him you have a duty in the matter. I know my Bible, and I know you know yours. Do you remember that place where it says, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son"? Don't you believe you can give up your pride, and ask yourself your simple duty? That is, if you love him, and he does you. So no more this time from yours, respectfully,

S.A.M.

"It is an old sophistry," said Mrs. Leighton, slowly; "I wonder you never have told it to yourself."

"I don't," said Mildred. "But I wonder that I was such a child that it has all been possible. Isn't it wrong, mother, for a girl to drift as I did last winter? I meant him no harm."

"But you told him you loved him?"

"I told him I was *afraid* that I did. If I had really loved him I should not have been afraid. I should have been proud and happy."

"Mildred, you must not have too many theories. You may never be loved so well again."

Mildred made no reply.

"What shall we do with this letter?" asked Mrs. Leighton, presently.

"You answer it, mother."

"Mildred, I will not."

"Then, well — mother, give me the letter, and I will send it to Cousin Fred to answer for me. He will understand, and perhaps he can make Mr. Leighton forgive me."

"My dear, why do you persist in refusing him? Is there anybody else?" asked her mother.

Mildred looked inscrutable.

PHYSICIANS AND THE BICYCLE.

THAT the bicycle has been demonstrated to be a practical roadster is a fact beyond dispute, and that thousands have recognized its utility, and are pressing it into active service, is not to be wondered at; but that physicians, who, above all others, are in constant search of a speedy, safe, and cheap means of locomotion, should almost ignore the claims of this two-wheeled, all-ready steed, is an enigma.

Bicycling, until lately, has been looked upon by many as a sport for youth, or as a "craze," soon to pass out of fashion; but slowly and surely it has been dawning upon the public mind that this great invention is really a vehicle that is destined to supplant, in many instances, the horse and buggy, — is doing so, and pointing to greater possibilities.

Having had one of these iron horses in active use for over two years, allow me to point out to the profession some of the features that adapt it specially to the use of the practising physician, and also make it available to him as a therapeutic measure, and a powerful and agreeable tonic.

There is one question that comes up frequently to every busy practitioner: How to see his patients in the quickest, easiest, and cheapest way. Hitherto, the only solution to this question has been the horse, ridden and driven; and to how

many vicissitudes this noble animal is subject, how uncertain he is at best, and, especially, how expensive to keep, are bits of knowledge we all possess, and for which some of us have paid dearly. How many times, with a stable full of horses, is a physician compelled, especially in emergencies, or at night, to take the oldest method of locomotion, *shank's mare!* Now, while walking for pleasure through fields and woods is a health-giving recreation, the constant tramping over hard pavements, with the mind preoccupied, is anything but an invigorating exercise. To my mind the bicycle comes nearest solving this question. It offers to the profession many inducements beyond other means of locomotion, and affords much pleasure and profit.

To say that it is hard to learn to ride the bicycle is an exaggeration, and arises mainly from the fact that the pride of some who are graceful riders makes them magnify their own accomplishments by alarming, unnecessarily, those who are anxious to learn. A few lessons and a little determination, and, before one is aware of it, the art is acquired. Certainly it is easier to learn than skating, and I might say, from my own experience, not as difficult as horseback-riding.

To the physician who has mastered this

iron steed, it stands always at his bidding, saddled and bridled; it requires no feed, no stable, no groom; it goes night and day without tiring; needs no hitching, does not run away, nor kick, nor stumble; can be ridden over the majority of roads travelled by the horse and buggy, and is at home on many roads and short cuts, over which a horse cannot pass. During the early years of a physician's practice it will often save the expense of a horse and buggy, while to the busy practitioner it offers itself as a means of saving his horse-flesh, at the same time affording him the means of getting some healthful and invigorating exercise, without compromising his business or depleting his pocket.

The bicycle will make, on most of country roads, from eight to ten miles an hour readily. (One hundred miles a day is getting to be a common run.) It takes but one-third of one's weight to propel it on a level; up steep hills one's weight can be doubled, if necessary, by pulling upon the bars, thus giving the muscles of the trunk and upper extremities some vigorous exercise; down grade it goes by itself, and at any speed desirable.

For night-work it is *par excellence*. (I speak from experience, having done most of my night-work for the past two years on a 50-inch Columbia.) A small hub-light can be attached to the axle in a moment, and six to eight miles an hour made easily upon the streets, or better time upon the pavements, which in some of our large cities are unobstructed and well-lighted at night. Indeed, the day is not far off. I may venture to predict, when the bicycling interests will demand better streets, and possibly special tracks, in some of our cities; and who should be so anxious for that day, and so willing to hasten it as physicians?

Concerning the therapeutics of the bicycle, it is not making too broad a statement to say that it can be recommended in nearly all cases where horseback-riding is indicated, the exceptions being ladies and very old or crippled men; and for most of these the tricycle is still preferable to the horse, and certainly infinitely safer. In horseback-riding the inexperienced rider gets the most exercise (jolting, which is not always beneficial), while the skillful horseman merely gets the pure air, and very little above the usual amount of that,

as his circulation and respiration are not much increased by the easy, quiet motion his *skill* as a horseman gives him. In fact, after learning to ride horseback, it often becomes tiresome, the exhilarating effect passes off, and the good results consequently diminish. In bicycling, however, the whole body is in motion, and every rider gets a like amount of exercise. The circulation is quickened to any extent; the blood-vessels of the limbs are not compressed to the extent they are in horseback-riding; there is but little or no jarring; the muscles of the trunk and upper extremities (which, as a rule, are so imperfectly developed in physicians) are brought more into play, and the mind kept actively engaged in the sport — for sport it becomes, even when flying along to a "terrible accident" or to a death-bed scene.

Does the novelty wear off? Ask the first bicyclist you meet, and be prepared for his emphatic "No!"

Every new remedy is sparingly handled by the profession until ample proofs of its virtue are produced, and the bicycle has been no exception. Fortunately, however, for this new preparation of iron under consideration, it has been thoroughly tested, and hosts of testimonials can be produced in its favor, — not manufactured proofs, such as prop up so many of the patent medicines of our country, but volunteered and accompanied with such indisputable evidence that disease has been conquered, as increased chest measurements, accumulated *avoirdupois*, multiplied strength, improved digestion, refreshing sleep, etc., etc.

Now, the bicycle being an easy, safe, and rapid roadster, suitable especially for the physician in his active, out-door life and many emergencies, and also advisable for convalescents and persons debilitated by close confinement or excessive mental strain, producing insomnia, loss of appetite, etc., and, moreover, being a powerful means of building up good constitutions in our youth, why should not the medical profession seize upon this great invention and make it useful and profitable to themselves (it costs but half the price of a good horse); and why not crowd it into their *Materia Medica* at the head of the "Ferum" preparations, and then see how it will bear the test of application?

Geo. S. Hull, M.D.

A NEW REMEDY.

I REMEMBER, when a boy, seeing a queer-looking picture of a machine, upon which a man, with a very tall hat and very long coat-tails streaming out straight behind him, seemed to be flying over the ground. I have access to very few books at this lonely Post; but I presume that this must have been an illustration of one of the first "bicycles" ever made. How much I should like to have a copy *now* to place beside a picture of the superb Expert!

It is undoubtedly true that the merits of bicycle-riding are becoming more generally known, and the number of "wheelmen" increasing steadily each year. The very erroneous idea which prevailed against the bicycle on account of supposed injury to the health, by inducing rupture, rush of blood to the head, etc., has happily disappeared, and instead of being used only by the most robust and active, as heretofore, the bicycle is now a regular prescription, far more beneficent in its health and life giving properties than all the pills and potions ever invented.

In prescribing the new remedy, "*Bicycle*," however, like all other valuable remedies, it must not be prescribed carelessly. Great care in *selection* is necessary as well. Whenever a new preparation proves successful in practice, or profitable to sell, many hasten to prepare the new remedy who neither understand the correct method of preparation, nor have the means at their command to prepare properly, or even honestly, what they desire. This is especially true of that most delightful new remedy, "*Bicycle*." The great success of the manufacturers has found many would-be rivals; but I can honestly say that it is my belief that the Expert cannot be surpassed in England, if equalled, and certainly stands alone, without a rival in this country. For beauty of finish, strength, swiftness, and general desirability, it is simply wonderful. So much, then, for the remedy. We have here a preparation of "steel and rubber for ameliorating, enlivening, and prolonging human life," which is almost unequalled. We can prescribe the bicycle for all men and boys who have legs and arms, and *who need* the tonic of out-of-door exercise, and the mental stimulant of a new enjoyment. It is quite impossible for me to describe the exhilaration

of riding on one of these wonderful and beautiful machines. It is a new departure, indeed; and as the wheelman leaves behind the horse-car and the cab, so pass out of sight morbid fancies, jaundiced ideas, irritable feelings, and the mind is awakened, refreshed, delighted, by the health-giving exercise. It is to be regretted that the prescription is for men only; but possibly the day and the opportunity may come for our sisters and wives to enjoy the wheel. I have said that this new remedy must be taken out of doors. To confine the bicycle to a skating-rink is like going on a fox-hunt in a gymnasium. The bicycle is like a restive horse that seeks a gallop on the broad plains. Just above the beautiful town of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, England, rise the famous "Downs." It is a long ride on horseback to reach their summit, which is flat, but grass-grown. Here the air is delightful, and next to a ride on a good bicycle is a gallop over the fields on the top of Ventnor "Downs."

For the professional man, hard-worked and needing exercise and fresh air, what can equal the bicycle for a remedy? In our cities we find daily in the gymnasiums tired, worn-out men trying to improve their muscles, and exerting themselves in dimly-lighted, dusty rooms, for whom an hour on the bicycle would be worth more than all their exertions at gymnastics! Here is where the bicycle is most desirable for the very class of patients who need out-of-door exercise. No longer is the bicycle reserved for the strong and the athletic: it is now a new remedy to provide health and strength. Almost every muscle is brought into action, the pulse quickened, the brain stimulated, the eye on the *qui vive*, the ear ready for the lightest sound. The use of the bicycle is, in fact, *the exercise "par excellence,"* and he who has never enjoyed its pleasures has much awaiting him. For constipation, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and many other ills which flesh is heir to, not to speak of melancholy, — all are curable, or certainly to be improved, by the new remedy, "*Bicycle*." This remedy must be taken in proper doses, *not too little*, — an underdose is more to be feared than an overdose in this treatment. Few have leisure enough to run any risk of taking an overdose. How

many, though, only *wish* that they might have a chance to *try* an overdose! It is always an excellent prescription for the convalescents, and nearly always for chronic invalids. One cannot help thinking of a large class of cripples who are deprived of its advantages. In England the use of the bicycle and tricycle is much more common than in this country; but, as I said before, the bicycle is gaining in favor with us each year, and must go on increasing. Before closing this little notice of "a new remedy" I desire to say a word for the tricycle. To be sure it is not so enjoyable or satisfactory in general as the bicycle, but it has many good points, and is in comparison to its fleet and graceful rival as the carriage-horse to the racer.

The traveller in England is much struck with the number of tricycles one sees everywhere. The errand boy, house-builder, and, indeed, almost every trade and profession, use the tricycle in their daily avocations. It is easily managed and perfectly safe, and so is the bicycle for that matter; but the tricycle *seems* safer. You will notice gentlemen leap off their tricycles and go into shops and offices in the most matter-of-fact way, leaving the machine in perfect safety in the street. Perhaps some, more cautious than the rest, will attach the chain and padlock to the wheel; but usually they dismount, leaving their carriage without fear of losing it in their absence.

On the esplanade, which is a delightful feature of English watering-places, one meets many ladies and gentlemen riding

about on tricycles and bicycles, some alone and some in "sociables." Here is a young lady working the pedals of a "sociable," while by her side sits her aged mother, reading, while they ride along together quietly, yet swiftly. A very pretty picture, indeed, and not at all uncommon. I well remember one evening last summer, while walking in the suburbs of Portsmouth, England, seeing a young gentleman on a "sociable" tricycle ride up quietly and quickly to a house gate, and spring off lightly from his tricycle. He went into the house and soon returned with a young lady, whom he assisted into the tricycle; then he took the seat beside her, and together they moved off at a rapid pace, steering gracefully past carriages and pedestrians until they reached the broad esplanade, where they fairly flew over the ground. It was a pretty sight, and one I shall long remember. Many times I have seen fathers with their infant children riding with them on the sociable, or with wife holding the baby while the father provided the motive power for the machine. It is very desirable to have both bicycle and tricycle, just as we have more than one carriage when we can afford it. The bicycle should be purchased first, however.

With the belief and the hope that we are only in the infancy of this delightful new departure in locomotion, I most cheerfully recommend the new remedy — the bicycle and its associate, the tricycle — and believe that *few* after a *faithful* trial will ever "go away dissatisfied."

W. Thornton Parker, M.D., U.S.A.

FORT ELLIOT, TEXAS.

BOB AND I.

Now I am a tried and a trusty Bike,
 And am old enough this year
 To talk a bit once in a while, if I like;
 So you may prepare to hear

A long-spun yarn, all about me
 And my master, and what we do,
 And all of our ups and downs; for you see
 I'm a sort of a part of him, too.

I can spin out a mile in a very short while,
 And a yarn I am sure I can spin,
 And a good record make, — you will see if you take
 Care to follow me when I begin.

Well, I am a "Fifty-six Premier,"
 A "D.H.F.," close build,
 Admired by wheelmen far and near,—
 Good mettle for rider skilled.

My seventy spokes draw tight from the rim
 To the hub in their well-turned thread;
 My cranks the bearings and forks just skim,
 Which allows me a narrow tread.

Ball-bearings for pedals, and big front wheel,
 And smooth-running cones for the rear,
 Make me, you see, as near the ideal
 As I can be, in running gear.

Yes, there I am, and I'm sure you all
 Would call me a perfect job;
 But, bless you, I think I'm nothing at all
 Without my rider, Bob.

For Bob's my master (of course his real name
 Is not Bob, or at all of that sort;
 But to tell who he is would be such a shame
 That I'll just call him "Bob" for short).

Tall, sturdy, good-looking, and strong of limb,
 Fine parts, well put together,
 No rattle, loose joints, or shake about him,—
 He's a clipper in any weather.

And the day he first took me for his own,—
 Though not a consumptive quite,—
 He was little more than skin and bone,
 And his face was so drawn and white,

I thought him a "cad." But it wasn't long
 After he began riding with me,
 Before he began singing a sturdier song,
 For I braced him right up, you see.

I took him out of his office dull,
 Away from his books and care,
 And we sped through the fields, and he breathed himself full
 Of the life-giving, free fresh air.

His biceps stood out, and his cheek 'gan to bloom,
 And it just tickled me to see
 How he swelled out all over, and filled up the room
 There had been in his hosiery.

So we became firmest of friends, Bob and I,
 And had such dead loads of fun,
 That first year, that it really makes me sigh
 As I think over many a run

We took together o'er hill and dale,
 Through wet or dry, up hill or down,
 Anywhere, if ahead, we went under full sail
 Far away from the cares of the town.

Oft, on Saturday, ready with saddle and pack,
 We start on our weekly run,
 Riding alone with our good friend Jack,
 And our face toward the setting sun.

Then we Bikes (Jack's Sixty and I) have to spin
 For a good twenty miles, straight ahead,
 Till the boys pull up at some wayside inn,
 Which they charter for supper and bed.

After supper, and solace which smoke to them brings,
 They go out for a stroll; I alone
 Am left where the "natives" crowd round, — stupid things, —
 And make finger-marks on my backbone.

It's because my nickel coat shines out so bright,
 I suppose, they all handle me,
 While Jack's Harvard, dead black, keeps away out of sight,
 Where a sensible wheel should be.

Those Grangers, at times, make me awfully tired,
 When, as usual, in argument crossed,
 They all ask of Bob, — whose wheel they've admired, —
 "Stranger, how much do those things cost?"

Next morn, bright and early, our riders awake,
 And give us our oil at each bearing;
 Then they of a huge country breakfast partake,
 Alike for the inner man caring.

Now, "Ready for mount" finds us ready each steed;
 Full of eagerness man and machine;
 Bills paid, friends behind us, all wishing "good-speed"
 Through new fields and pastures green.

Through meadow and forest, o'er culvert and stream,
 On we go, with inspiring flight;
 Our wheels so like wings that we verily seem
 To be sprites of the morning sunlight.

Now, reaching the top of the highest hill,
 We pause to enjoy the view,
 Over tree-tops and village and farm-house and mill,
 Far away to the distant blue,

Where the sky and lake the horizon do make,
 In line so fine that the eye,
 Though it should know full well, 'twixt the two cannot tell
 Which is water and which is the sky.

Softly rustle the trees, fanned by the faint breeze,
 While the birds carol forth from each limb,
 On all sides the call to arouse one and all,
 And unite in a glad morning hymn.

'Tis at times such as this, and in scene just so fair,
 That man, with his heart filled with love,
 Turns his thoughts to his Maker, and worships he there
 Nature's God, as he smiles from above.

Reluctantly leaving the inspiring scene,
 In silence we pass on our way,
 By yon lake, which like gem, in its setting of green,
 Reflects every light of the day.

Now we rush o'er the river, which rushes beneath
 The red bridge on its way to the mill.
 Now we glide on the footpath, through heather and heath,
 And again through the forest, until,

At the porches of "Lakeside," they whistle "Brakes down,"
 And so many friends greet us, I say
 At once to fair Harvard, "These people from town
 Have ended our run for to-day."

Ah me!

That was last summer, 'tis December now,
 And I'm feeling quite cold and rheumatic;
 But Bob's taking care of me best he knows how,
 And I'm tucked away here in the attic.

An old domino hangs o'er my shining backbone,
 My forks are wrapped up in brown paper,
 Two stockings Bob years ago must have outgrown,
 Encircle my handles so taper.

While Bob is sleigh-riding, or on his ice-boat
 Sailing, or skating, may be,
 So tightly wrapped up in his great winter coat,
 I'm afraid he forgets about me.

Well, I, too, must forget, so I'll just shut my eyes,
 And dream through the winter again.
 Soon the springtime will come, with a glad surprise,
 To awaken me; and then

Bob will take me down the long winding stair,
 And together again we will fly
 Through the world, up and down, free as birds of the air.
 And oh! so happy, Bob and I.

Angus S. Hibbard.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A POINT OF ORDER.

THE club were discussing the proposed new uniform. The discussion was animated, not to say acrimonious. The coat, knickerbockers, shirt, and hat, had been decided upon with the aid of an occasional soothing suggestion from the Chair; and the point now under debate was the color of the stockings. The rest of the uniform was to be a dark-gray, very neat and quiet; but there was a great variety of opinion, and apparently considerable personal feeling, concerning the stockings.

Mr. Condor moved that the stockings be dark-gray, like the rest of the suit. Seconded by Mr. High.

Mr. Layout (son of one of our most fashionable undertakers) moved as an amendment that the stockings be black. He thought black was the most elegant and fashionable color in the market. Seconded by Mr. Craper, clerk in a mourning-goods store, who observed that the Chicago Club wear black stockings.

Mr. Littleweed remarked ironically, that,

if the Chicago Club dress their legs in mourning, on account of the sad bereavement of their calves, we have no reason to follow their example — our withers are unwrung.

Mr. Cubb moved to amend the amendment so as to have the stockings pink. Pink was the loveliest color in the world — for stockings. Seconded by Mr. Twiddle, who said that pink would be an elegant contrast to relieve the soberness of the costume.

(Mr. Cubb leaned over the president's chair and whispered in the president's paternal ear that Miss Margery wears pink stockings, and they are just heavenly. He wanted the club to adopt pink out of compliment to Miss Margery. The president smiled a benevolent smile, and whispered in reply, that, if Mr. Cubb would make this statement openly and aloud, it would, no doubt, carry his amendment through with a rush. But Mr. Cubb blushed, and shrank from taking such a decided position.)

Then the debate went on with increasing earnestness. The president, conscious that his own personal legs would appear reasonably well in any color, leaned back in his chair, put his feet upon the corner of the secretary's desk, and dreamily listened to the discussion, while his mind was wandering pleasantly over the events of the recent great Canada tour.

Mr. Lowe made an eloquent speech; but he did not indicate plainly which color he favored. He said that, wherever upon this continent, or among the less-favored of Heaven, bicycle-riding nations, beyond the circumspreading waters of the illimitable seas, there exists any appreciable interest in the universal wheel, there the illustrious renown of this club has penetrated, and everywhere will its proceedings be observed with such pervading sympathy and respect as is nobly due to the glorious h'eclaw which this club has so transcendantly elucidated. [Applause.] Let us never forget that the vision of the bicycling world is omnipresent upon all our conclusions.

Mr. High said that the best taste, in his judgment, dictated the avoidance of striking contrasts, and the adoption of the quietest, cleanest, and least conspicuous uniform, of the same color, from head to foot. He thought that black stockings would be found uncomfortable in the hot sun, and said he had known instances of black stockings producing a painful heat rash, like sunburn, on the legs of their wearers. He thought gray, of the same

color as the rest of the suit, would be neater in appearance, and more comfortable to wear.

Mr. Condor made a sarcastic speech. He said that there was no reason for dressing the legs of this club in mourning; but, if it were proposed to put crape on our heads, he could recognize the propriety of it in some cases. He thought it would be an insult to the understandings of this club to clothe its only conspicuous excellences in black. He warned the members that black has the effect of bringing out plainly every deformity, such as crookedness, leanness, in-toeing, and the like. A thin leg dressed in black would look like the straight ink-lines we used to draw in our copy-books, and bow-legs would resemble segments of an inky circle. [In saying this, Mr. Condor glared ironically at different members to whom his remarks might possibly apply, very greatly to their annoyance.] As to pink stockings — Jemima, dear, please lend me your pink stockings to go riding in! [Laughter.] Such a preposterous idea might not surprise us if it came from a person with the brains of an idiot; but —

Here Mr. Cubb jumped up angrily, and shouted: "That idea came from me!"

"I call the gentleman to order!" yelled Mr. Twiddle.

"I demand that the gentleman's words be taken down," cried Mr. Craper.

"I second that demand," said Mr. Layout and Mr. Perker together. There was great confusion, during which Mr. Condor stood smiling sarcastically.

The president took down his feet, grabbed a broken chair-leg, and brought it down — crash! — on the top of the secretary's table, making that worthy jump to escape the ink which spouted from his inkstand. "Order! The club will come to order at once! Gentlemen will resume their seats," said the president, severely. The club came sullenly to order, and the members reluctantly sat down, glaring savagely at each other.

"The secretary will reduce the words complained of to writing," said the president.

The secretary did so, and read them, when Mr. Condor acknowledged their correctness.

"Mr. Twiddle will state his point of order," continued the president.

"I claim," said Mr. Twiddle, "that the language is in violation of the rule which prohibits the use of personalities in debate."

"I claim that the language is unparliamentary in a general sense," said Mr. Craper.

Mr. Condor asked if he might be heard. Being given leave, he remarked that he had been interrupted in the middle of a sentence. If he had been permitted to finish his sentence he should have said that "Such a preposterous idea might not surprise us if it came from a person with the brains of an idiot; but, being presented here from a member whose acknowledged sound sense may be temporarily under the influence of some fond delusion, it had taken us by surprise." [A relieved "Oh!" from Mr. Cubb.] If the language was unparliamentary, he would withdraw it; but he should decline to do so until after a decision by the Chair.

The Chair decided that Mr. Twiddle's point of order was not well taken. Even if Mr. Condor's explanation of what his full sentence would have contained had not enlightened the situation, there was no express personal allusion in the language—nothing in the language to indicate the particular member (if any) to whom the words used would be personal. The objection raised by Mr. Craper, that the lan-

guage used was unparliamentary in a general sense, is also overruled by the Chair. A careful reading of the words, as written out by the secretary, does not disclose any meaning in violation of parliamentary usages. The Chair will remind gentlemen that, *ex necessitate rei*, every member either has the brains of an idiot, or else he has *not* the brains of an idiot. If Brother Condor had said that the suggestion might have proceeded from some person who has *not* the brains of an idiot, the Chair doubts if Brother Cubb would have been any better pleased. The point of order is overruled, but the Chair warns Brother Condor not to do it again. [General applause, during which Mr. Condor and Mr. Cubb cordially shook hands.]

Then the president resumed his easy position, while the debate went on more mildly, till the club adjourned, without reaching a conclusion. After which the president went over to the Sabbath-school strawberry festival to see his wife home, and heard the infant class recite, "Blessed are the peacemakers"; then he went home and had the stomach-ache till long after midnight, from eating too much strawberry shortcake.

President Bates.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE enclosed clipping seemed to me to hit the right nail on the head, and I venture to send it to the Contributors' Department.

On Sunday Riding.

I am very pleased to find the subject of "Sunday Riding" brought before the notice of your readers; and it is certainly pleasing to think that 'cyclists are not without consciences, but are willing to follow the guiding-light of duty when once they see the path to which it clearly leads. Allow me, therefore, to give my humble opinion on the subject.

And, in the first place, let me call the reader's attention to the fact that the Christian Sunday is not the Jewish Sabbath, although the former certainly took the place of the latter. It is not, however, any the less holy for that, and since the primitive Christians instituted the first day of the week and the memorial of our

Lord's resurrection as the day specially devoted to the service of the Almighty, it is our bounden duty to see that we observe that day with becoming reverence. In defending, therefore, Sunday riding, let none think that I consider all days alike, or that I recommend any one to neglect their spiritual privileges in order to take a "spin." God ever forbid that the continental Sunday be introduced into England! And, in the second place, it is my duty to denounce Sunday trips, and an exuberance of levity on this holy day. To turn Sunday into a pleasure-day by making long journeys, and neglecting the service of the sanctuary, is decidedly wrong and sinful; while, on the other hand, to go a short ride on a Sunday afternoon, or in the morning to a country church, cannot be harmful, and those who pretend to be shocked are nothing but humbugs. Surely there is less harm in taking a short ride either on a bicycle or on a tricycle on a Sunday than riding in a trap or going out by train, for

in both these latter cases labor to others is involved. If we hire a horse and trap on a Sunday, the probability is that the animal has been at work six days in the week already, and by taking him out on the seventh we are denying him that well-earned rest which as much belongs to him as to man. To my mind, it was the wise intention of the Almighty, in laying down such strict injunctions respecting the Sabbath, to give to animals as well as to man one day of rest in seven, or, rather, one day in seven in which the business and worry of life should not enter, but the hours of which could be devoted to the improvement of both his mind and soul. Man in all ages has been possessed with the spirit of avarice; his great idea always has been to make money, and "get on in the world," as he phrases it. In order to carry out this mania he has not only neglected to cultivate his own mental and spiritual being, but he has treated all who work for him as mere machines to earn him so much money. His business hours have commenced early and finished late, and the only time those who work under him could call their own was the day under consideration. Was it at all to be wondered at, therefore, that when a young man had been confined every day in the week closely at business he should take advantage of his wheel to carry him far away from the horrid sight of bricks and mortar? Was he never to catch a glimpse of the green meadows, the bubbling

streams, the sweet-smelling flowers, and the thousand and one charms of the country? Or, pray, were these things for the gratification of the rich only? The Holy Scriptures, on almost every page, allude to the beauties of creation, while many of the Psalms were written under the soul-stirring influence of the wonderful works of God.

If, therefore, any of the 'cyclists whom I am now addressing are confined at business six days out of the seven, let them have no misgivings or doubts about taking a short ride on a Sunday afternoon. But do not choose the hours of divine service for taking your "spin," nor attract attention when riding out by the jangling of bells, unseemly conduct, and unsightly uniform. And, in conclusion, let me urge upon one and all to endeavor, as far as they can, to shorten business hours by refusing to transact any business, which is not imperatively necessary, after unreasonable hours. Assistants in shops have by far too long hours, and if those who object to Sunday riding under any circumstances were to take this matter seriously in hand, and strive to obtain for shop assistants less hours and one half-holiday in the week, they would be exercising far more influence in checking Sunday riding than by their present method of shaking their heads with what they consider righteous indignation. — JOHN ST. GEORGE, *in the Tricyclist*.

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 14. — Will you please inform me (*a*) where the head-quarters of the L.A.W. are located in Boston; (*b*) What it costs a year to be a member; (*c*) What the price of a badge is; (*d*) If members are obliged to have them; (*e*) What advantages have those who belong over those who do not; (*f*) Whether or not fines are imposed if members are not present at League meetings.

Answer.—(*a*, *b*) A copy of the *Wheel*,

the official organ, published in New York (Box 444), will give all necessary information on these points. (*c*) Badges vary in prices according to quality. C. H. Lamson, Portland, Maine, will furnish a price-list on application. (*d*) No. (*e*) See the *Wheel*. (*f*) No.

Question 15.—Can you recommend the Ritchie cyclometer?

EDITORIAL.

Recent Changes in League Rules.

SINCE the annual convention of the League of American Wheelmen in New York, certain proposed amendments of the rules governing that organization have been submitted to all its members by mail, and decided by a count of the members, this method of taking a ballot being a settled one, frequently used before in taking votes of the large and scattered board of officers.

The regulations of the League were very wisely divided according to their character, the few fundamental ones being reserved in the form of a "constitution," for the convention of the members, and the more specific or transitory ones relegated to the board of officers to frame as "rules." It is difficult, tedious, and unsatisfactory for a large body to settle details, and they are seldom so well settled as by a smaller body chosen with reference to their fitness for it, and with more time for deliberation. And, perhaps, the smallness of the vote cast, when but a quarter of the members return duly signed ballots on a few matters submitted to them, is to be taken as evidence that the general membership, having chosen officers to administer League affairs, are more than willing to leave to them the framing and amending of such rules as may be found necessary.

The few amendments made by the board since the convention consist chiefly in the final dropping of all provisions about the old badge, the adoption of a League emblem in general, and of particular emblems for officers and consuls, and a provision that, in States where there exists a Division, the annual fees shall be paid to the Division treasurer; other members to pay to the League treasurer, as before. Two other amendments to the rules, along with two amendments to the constitution, were submitted to the members at large. Of the two amendments to the rules which were adopted, one is a requirement that tracks shall be measured "on a line drawn eighteen inches from the pole." Probably this is as well as any arbitrary limit of equal brevity in terms; but it does not seem to us to go far enough, or that it will obviate the difficulty aimed at, for reasons which we have pointed out in a previous issue. The other is an amendment further defining the application of the amateur rule, so that it "shall be understood not to include . . . teaching the absolutely necessary elements of riding

solely for the purpose of effecting the sale of a bicycle." This, it may be remarked, is the first departure from the substance of the rules prevailing with our English cousins, or from the explanations with which they have usually accompanied their rules. It may also be recalled that the English officers of the League, more zealous, of course, for the C.T.C., withdrew before this change was made in form, though the application of the rule had been as now worded on this point in both organizations. On this rule and its various modifications we may have more to remark in a future issue.

The amendments to the League constitution are two: one abolishing the half-rate admission fee for club members, and the other making better provision for the organization of State Divisions, and a better representation in the board of officers. Both of these amendments are timely and important; and the whole group referred to shows natural growth rather than sudden change in the organization which is thriving so well.

The Springfield Meet.

A FEW days more and the Springfield meet will be a thing of the past. Its whirl, its bustle, and its pleasures will exist only in the memories of the participants. While it is still looked forward to eagerly and expectantly, and is in every one's thoughts, one is often led to think of the utility of meets in general. What, if any, has been their influence on 'cycling? Has it been beneficial or detrimental? We might go back and review the history of the meet from the first one up to the last great Harrogate meet; but it is not necessary to go farther back than our own generation, nor to go out of our own country, to prove conclusively that the influence of the meet has been beneficial.

The meet at Newport, in 1880, gave origin to the L.A.W., to-day a powerful and useful organization. The meet of Ohio wheelmen last year has had the effect of adding largely to the percentage of riders in that State and of bringing them into greater prominence. Every one in the East knows what the New England Fair meets, heretofore held at Worcester, but this year removed to Manchester, N.H., have done for us in this section. This year it will probably not be as largely attended as usual, Springfield forming a

powerful counter-attraction. See what the L.A.W. meet has done in New York. It is safe to predict that there are ten riders there now where there was one a year ago. Perhaps as notable an instance as any is Springfield itself. The number of riders there has, in a year, jumped from eight to nearly two hundred, largely through the meet held there last year.

Within the limits of this subject would properly come what might be termed touring-meets, such as "The Wheel Around the Hub"; the Chicago Club's tour through Canada; the trip of a number of prominent wheelmen through Maine; "The Citizens' Trip to Boston," and like gatherings,—all of which are enthusiastically spoken of by those who participated, and which go to prove that meets are of the greatest aid to 'cycling.

Personal contact with other devotees of the wheel confirms and strengthens one's own love for it. The powerful effect of example brought to bear on non-riders is greatly magnified by such vast numbers. Dignity is added to the acts of the individual wheelman. Ignorant councilmen and legislators, who would deprive the wheelman of his lawful privileges, when made cognizant of their numbers by observing these

meets, hesitate to set themselves in opposition to such a powerful multitude.

In view of these facts the editorial of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*¹ would hardly seem the product of reason. If *all* men are simply grown-up children, and like to parade and strut, is it any disgrace for wheelmen to be like the rest of humanity? On the other hand, if only *some* men are grown-up children, is it likely that all wheelmen, and they only, would belong to that class? That meets result in good to wheelmen is evident from what we have said. That they will continue to exist and grow more numerous with the growth of bicycling, spite of the *Globe-Democrat's* view of them, is to be hoped and expected, and in every section of the country where there are sufficient numbers the local wheelmen should endeavor to hold a meet at least once a year.

SINCE the article on "Pierre Lallement and his Bicycle," appearing in this issue, was prepared, Mr. Lallement has entered the employ of the Pope Manufacturing Company, at Boston, and so returned to his work on bicycles.

¹ See Contributors' Department in August WHEELMAN.

WHEEL NEWS.

The Springfield Meet.

THE camp will be located on the park, and will be ready for occupation Monday, September 17. The camp will be composed of wall tents 8 X 12, each containing four perfection cots, and the only necessary articles for wheelmen to bring will be blankets for their own use.

\$2.50 per day, per man.

The tickets for each day will cost \$2.50, which includes admission to the park, camp, cot, breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Tents and cots only, cost each man \$1.00 per day.

Meals furnished by Harvey Blunt, of Boston.

Breakfast will consist of steaks, chops, eggs, hot biscuit, white and sweet potatoes, tea, coffee, and milk.

Dinner: soup, chowder, fish, hot joints, roast or boiled, potatoes, vegetables, cake, ice cream, tea, coffee, and milk.

Supper, cold joints, tea biscuit, sauces, pies, tea, coffee, and milk.

Any member of the camp requiring meals at

other than fixed meal-times must make arrangements with the caterer.

Each tent to contain four men.

Each man should provide himself with toilet requisites.

The occupants of the tents are requested to keep the camp furniture in order.

Strangers will not be allowed in camp after 9 P.M.

Members are requested to have lights out not later than 11.30 P.M.

Baggage will be conveyed from and to the station free of charge.

Wheelmen will give the club's porter, at the depot, their checks for baggage, who will give a check in return. Baggage can be obtained at the baggage-tent or the park. Wheelmen having small bundles with them can also have them checked at the depot for the park. Wheelmen leaving can leave their baggage at the baggage-tent, where it will be safely taken care of and carried to the depot free of charge.

A safe will be provided for the keeping of money, valuables, etc.

Parties furnishing their own tents can be supplied with cots upon application.

Application for tents, cots, etc., should be made as early as possible to A. W. Gregory, Chairman, Springfield Institution for Savings, Springfield, Mass.

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

General Director. — Henry E. Ducker.

Referee and Official Handicapper. — Fred Jenkins, 45 West 35th Street, New York.

Judges. — Gilbert H. Badener, President, N. A. A. A., New York; F. A. Egan, President, Ixion Bicycle Club, New York; Fred T. Sholes, Cleveland, O.; F. C. Hand, Scranton, Pa.

Timers. — O. N. Whipple, 329 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.; L. H. Johnson, Orange, N.Y.; Geo. Avery, Manhattan Athletic Club, N.Y.; Geo. Robinson, Springfield; W. C. Marsh, Springfield.

Scorers. — George Taylor, Springfield; Geo. D. Baird, Manhattan Athletic Club, New York; Chas. Haynes, Springfield; Fred. Ripley, Springfield.

Clerk of Course. — Charles E. Whipple.

Assistant Clerk of Course. — D. E. Miller.

Starter. — Henry E. Ducker.

Treasurer. — A. L. Fennessy.

Police. — W. H. Jordan.

— *The Wheelman's Gazette*

The Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup, offered by The Pope Manufacturing Company, in amateur twenty-mile bicycle races, under certain published conditions, has been completed and exhibited.

It was designed by the eminent artist, Mr. L. S. Ipsen, and made by Shreve, Crump, & Low, of Boston, and was expected to cost one thousand dollars. It has proved, however, in the carrying out of the design, considerably more expensive than that, and has cost fifteen hundred dollars.

It is of solid silver, on a bronze pedestal, beautifully wrought, and forms one of the few really fine works of art, in the way of costly vases, placed before the public in recent times.

The ownership of it will be a distinction and a satisfaction much beyond the large intrinsic value.

It is understood that the first competition for it will be at the Springfield races, in September. It will probably not be so "offensive to amateurs," or so conspicuous a "piece of advertising," as to deter any wheelman from desiring to possess it, or any amateur racing man from competing for it.

This trophy will soon be fully described and illustrated, and probably placed on exhibition where wheelmen can see it in other places. It is now on exhibition at the store of Shreve, Crump, & Low, Washington street, Boston.

COUNCILMAN SERRELL offered the following, Monday evening, for adoption as a part of a proposed ordinance: —

SECT. 5. Any person driving a horse or other animal, either separate or attached to a vehicle, shall concede to the rider of any bicycle or tricycle the same right of way that is conceded to other vehicles, under penalty of \$100 for each offence, and imprisonment for a term not exceeding thirty days, at the discretion of the court.

Certain councilmen, who desire the entire liberty of the thoroughfares for their *own* vehicles, "kicked" against granting any right of way to the "methods of locomotion" adopted by others. All courts, however, before whom the question has been brought, have decided that bicycles are vehicles, and the common law protects them in the same way and gives them the same privileges as other carriages. So, in spite of one councilman's expressed wish to "shoot" bicyclers, and another's implied intention of running over any who ride past his horse from behind, justice will protect the wheelman. — *Plainfield (N.J.) Constitutionalist.*

PEORIA, ILL., Aug. 6, 1883.

Our club is steadily growing, and now numbers thirty odd members, with constant accessions. Last week we gave a series of races, the principal attraction being five-mile professional races between Mlle. Armaindo and Tom Eck. The members of our own club also gave races, — mile and half-mile, slow races, club drills, races with hands off, etc., etc., — and made a very creditable showing, Messrs. Vail, Hansel, Thompson, Pierce, Koch, and others, making very good time, considering the fact that they had never raced before, and were entirely without training or preparation. The best time made during the week was 3.25, by Vail, Hansel and Pierce following closely.

We shall now give weekly races for an elegant gold medal, to belong to the first person winning it three times consecutively, and expect to improve in speed, and get up an interest in racing matters. Several of our members have shown what they can do without training; we now want to see what they can do with it, and hope to be able to rival some of the eastern riders.

Peoria lost the State fair this year, it being

sent to Chicago, for some unaccountable reason. The citizens have determined to get up a fair here that will eclipse the State fair, and are now spending large sums improving the old State fair-grounds, which, unimproved, had the reputation of being the best in the West, St. Louis only excepted. Special attention is being paid to the track, and it is being laid with bicycle racing in view as well as trotting. Tom Eck, the professional bicyclist, assures us that it will be a good track for bicycling, and that it will not be rivalled by many cinder-paths. The President of the United States will be here Sept. 10 or 11, and the Fair Association will give a bicycle race on that day. It will be made the leading feature for that day, and will be an event. The race will be under L.A.W. rules, and will be open to amateurs only, of course, and entries will be free. A full nickeled "Expert Columbia Bicycle" will be offered for the first prize, a diamond L.A.W. pin for second, and an extra fine nickeled lantern for third. The Peoria wheelmen are going into it, and join with the Fair Association in inviting all amateurs to participate. The Peoria Bicycle Club will take pains to entertain all visiting wheelmen, and, as we are frequently complimented on our roads, we are confident that we can make it interesting.

We have just received our first 60-inch machine, — an "Expert," — and hope soon to have others, and larger. Yours truly,

HARRY G. ROUSE,
Sec'y P. Bi. C.

A WATERMELON RACKET. — One of the favorite summer diversions of the Washington wheelmen is the "watermelon racket." The finest feast of the kind this season was given by Charles Flint, and the invitations for the occasion were very unique as well as appropriate. Among the guests were the celebrated professional racers, Prince and Higham, who there made their *début* in the watermelon business, neither of them having ever eaten the fruit before.

A SOCIABLE 'CYCLE RIDE. — On Saturday, Aug. 11, two remarkable records were made by members of the Montreal Bicycle Club. Captain Low, on his machine, with the President and Vice-President mounted on a Sociable, set out from the club-house, and the former went on till he had ridden 100 miles in a circle; time, 10½ hours. The Sociable accompanied him over the greater part of the route, and covered 80 miles in nine hours.

The New Club-House that the Citizens' Bicycle Club are Building.

THE Citizens' Bicycle Club, which was organized in June, 1882, expect to have their new club-house completed next fall. It is to be built on a part of the Clark estate, on the north side of Fifty-eighth street, west of Eighth avenue, and will be the only building in the country designed and erected exclusively for the use of a bicycle club.

It will be twenty feet wide and one hundred feet deep. In the front of the building there will be a handsomely furnished parlor, adjoining which will be a wheel-room. The rear of the building will contain a dressing-room, a machine-shop, and a bath-room. On the east side of the parlor there will be a passage-way through which bicyclers can pass directly from the street to the wheel-room. The front of the structure will be brick and terra cotta. There will be a large stained-glass window east of the entrance to the parlor, in the centre of which will be a terra-cotta panel, containing in bas-relief two bicycle riders and the club's monogram. The cost of erecting the building will be \$5,000. It will accommodate one hundred members. The present membership is fifty, and includes some of the leading business men of the city.

PENNSYLVANIA BICYCLE CLUB,
1232 N. 41ST ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Editor of *The Wheelman*, Boston, Mass.: —

DEAR SIR, — I would beg leave to draw your attention to an error in your report of the meeting to organize a State Division of the L.A.W. in Pennsylvania, published in the August number of *THE WHEELMAN*.

It was my brother, Mr. Frederick McOwen, who was elected to fill the office of treasurer for the division. As we both have the honor of belonging to Pennsylvania, and therefore occasionally get mixed up, I suppose it was with your informant a case of mistaken identity. Please let this correction appear in your next issue, and you will oblige yours very truly,

ARTHUR H. MACOWEN,

Hon. Sec.

MR. C. E. HEATH, of Chicopee, Mass., coasted down Mount Washington on a Victor tricycle August 11. The start was made at 6 o'clock, from the Summit House, and Mr. Heath covered the eight miles to the Glen House in 55 minutes, beating all previous bicycle records over the same road by over twenty minutes.

COL. ALBERT A. POPE has returned from Europe. While in England he attended the Harrogate Meet in company with Mr. Frank W. Weston. In the parade both rode directly behind the leaders, Col. Pope carrying the American flag, which was the recipient of the cheers of our English cousins. At the banquet, on the evening of the last day of the Meet, Mr. Weston, introduced by Mr. Lacy Hillier, followed the president's opening address with a few pithy remarks on his favorite theme, the C.T.C. in America. He was received with enthusiastic cheers. Mr. Hillier then introduced Col. Pope as a representative American wheelman, and also as a soldier with a title his skill and courage entitled him to. The colonel was received with rounds of applause, and, under the inspiration, he spoke forcibly and fluently for twenty minutes, closing his speech with a few brief remarks about the L.A.W. He speaks in the warmest terms of English wheelmen in general, and Mr. Lacy Hillier in particular. In the parade he rode one of his own machines, and many English riders saw for the first time, and with great surprise, that a really good machine could be made in this country.

THE Chicago Bicycle Club called a special business meeting August 14, at which some changes were made in their uniform. They have substituted a black belt with gold buckle for one of red with nicked buckle, which was too loud. Also adopted white stitching and black lacing instead of red, on the club shirts.

L. W. Conkling sent in his resignation as secretary, which was accepted, Samuel N. Vowell being elected to fill the vacancy.

They also adopted a scheme, concocted in the head of B. B. Ayres, for raising a furnishing fund, by issuing certificates of \$5 each, to members only, and not transferable, the limit to be \$300; each certificate payable on presentation to the club treasurer, on or after Dec. 31, 1884; each member buying a certificate to be one of the house committee.

There is to be a Bicycle Tournament held at Woodstock, Ill., September 14, under the auspices of the C. Bi. C., for which there are ten entries.

Mr. Brierley, of St. Thomas, Canada, and Mr. Fisher, of Baltimore, Md., were here last week, and accompanied the C. Bi. C. on their run Saturday afternoon.

JULIAN EAKIN SPENCE, of the Nashville (Tenn.) Bicycle Club, died on the night of Aug.

9, after a lingering illness. The club adopted resolutions of respect, and sent a copy of them to Mrs. Spence.

A NEW paper, *The Cycle*, has been started at Milford, Mass. It is a bi-weekly, and is edited by H. E. Nelson. Nelson & Fisher are the proprietors. The subscription price is seventy-five cents a year. We wish it success.

MR. J. B. MARSH, a gentleman occupying an important position on one of the leading London daily papers, has just carried out a short but splendid tour on the continent. He left Lucerne on the 9th inst., early in the morning, and ran round part of the lake, and, *via* Weggen, Grepfen, and Kussnach, to Immensee, on Zuger See, the margin of which he followed to Art; then ascending to Goldau, he ran down by Lowerz, along the Lowerz See to Seewen; thence to Brunnen, on the Uri arm of Lucerne Lake, and by the margin of that lake to Flüelen. The second day was stormy, so he only ran through Altdorf to Amstäg. On the third day he ran up to Andermatt. The day following he ascended the Furka Pass, which is 8,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, descending by the Rhone Glacier, rode to Blitz-nigen, a post-house in the Rhone Valley. Next morning he rode to Brieg, ascended the Simplon, and slept at the Hospice, 6,500 feet above the sea level. On the sixth day he ran down the Simplon Pass to Domo d'Ossola; and on the seventh day by the margin of Lago Maggiore to Locarno. — *Cyclist*.

L. A. W.

THE Pennsylvania Division of the L.A.W. held its second meeting on Friday evening, August 10, in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia.

A KENTUCKY Division of the L.A.W. has been organized. Owen Lawson and Newton Crawford, of Louisville, and Frank P. Scarce, of Lexington, have been appointed a Membership Committee.

APPOINTMENT OF CONSULS. — The following are appointments of L.A.W. Consuls for the Northern Division of Ohio, by Alfred Ely, Jr., Cleveland representative: —

Cleveland, J. D. Pugh, Jr.; Painesville, B. E. Chesney; Warren, W. D. Packard; Ashland, F. W. Miller; Fremont, J. M. Osborne; Medina, Blake Hendrickson; New Philadelphia, George Taylor.

H. S. LIVINGSTON,
Chief Consul of Ohio.

**State Meet of Minnesota Wheelmen, at
Minneapolis, Minn.**

Thursday, August 30. — 1 P.M., Professional one-mile race, three heats. Purse, \$2,000, for International Championship, between John S. Prince, Champion of America, and H. W. Higham, Champion of England.

2 P.M., Amateur two-mile race, one heat, for Championship of Minnesota for 1883. Value of prizes, \$100. First prize, gold medal, \$60; second prize, gold medal, \$40.

6.30 P.M., Meet at Nicollet House for grand review and parade on Washington avenue, followed by run to Lake Calhoun.

8 P.M., Wheelmen's Complimentary Banquet, at Lyndale Hotel, Lake Calhoun, after which a League of Minnesota Wheelmen will be formed, if thought desirable.

Friday, August 31. — 2 P.M., Amateur one-mile race, one heat, open to all Minnesota wheelmen, except winners of first race. Value of prizes, \$100. First prize, \$40; second prize, \$30; third prize, \$20; fourth prize, \$10.

4 P.M., Grand Review of all wheelmen on race-track, and Competitive Club Drill, for cash prize of \$50.

Exhibitions of fancy riding will be given every afternoon during the Exposition, by John Rollinson, champion fancy rider of the United States.

Winners of prizes may select articles of like value in place of medals, if they so desire.

W. A. CARPENTER, *Chairman*,
2424 Stevens ave., Minneapolis.
FRED. S. BRYANT, *Secretary*,
162 East Third St., St. Paul.

Grand Bicycle Meet, Banquet, and Tournament, Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1883, under the auspices of the Brockton Bicycle Clubs, Brockton, Mass.

EVENTS.

Five-mile dash, for the championship of Plymouth County and an elegant medal valued at \$75.

Two-mile race, for three prizes, valued at \$60, \$30, and \$15.

One-mile race, handicap, for three prizes, valued at \$60, \$30, and \$15.

One-half-mile race, for three prizes, valued at \$40, \$25, and \$15.

Two-mile dash for Star bicycles, for prizes valued at \$40, \$25, and \$15.

One-mile tricycle race, for prizes valued at \$60, \$30, and \$15.

One-half-mile dash, without hands, for prizes valued at \$30, \$18, and \$12.

Consolation race, one-half-mile dash, free entrance to all who started, but did not win a place in any of the above races, prizes valued at \$30, \$18, and \$12.

Local club race, one-mile dash, each club to be represented by three men. Club prize valued at \$25, and prize to three winners.

Fancy riding, two prizes valued at \$30 and \$15.

M. I. P.

The races, unless otherwise specified, are in heats, best two in three.

The prizes have not yet been selected, but will be well worth what they represent, and in no case will money be given.

The County Championship Medal must be won three times on the track of the Brockton Agricultural Society before it becomes the property the winner.

An entrance fee of one dollar must, in all cases, accompany the nomination for each event; and no entry will be received after eight o'clock, P.M., Saturday, September 29, unless by mail, bearing a post-mark previous to that hour.

All entries should be addressed to "Holmes," P.O. Box 1236, Brockton, Mass.

Special rates will be secured for men and machines on the railroads, and a banquet provided for visiting wheelmen before the races.

We want to see every wheelman on that date, October 3, 1883.

Racing Notes.

FOURTH Annual Meet and Races of the New Haven Bicycle Club, Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1883.

Morning:—Grand Parade, music. *Afternoon*:—Races at Hamilton Park, Prizes valued at \$700, music. *Evening*:—Fancy riding, club drills, distribution of prizes, music.

The New Haven Bicycle Club, at their Fourth Annual Meet, desire to make it an object for all wheelmen who love the sport to be present at their races, Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1883.

Their prizes will be elegant, and the track will be one of the *fastest* in the country.

Handicaps will be so arranged that all shall have a chance.

We have a welcome for all.

Committee: N. P. Tyler, W. H. Hale, F. H. Benton, *Captain*.

THE Buckeye Bicycle Club held the second of their series of club races at Recreation Park, Columbus, O., Aug. 14. It was a fair day for

outdoor sport, and quite a number of ladies occupied the grand stand, while others were at favorable points of observation in buggies and carriages.

Those who held the badges, which are to be won three times before being owned by the winners, with the time made at the first contest, are as follows:—

Three-mile race, W. A. Knoderer, 12.20; one-mile race, Tracy T. Tress, 4.01; half-mile race, Will Neil, 1.57.

The races were called at 4 P.M., with Mr. W. H. Miller as judge, and the following entries:—

Three-mile race.—J. P. McCune, 52-inch wheel; Fred. W. Flowers, 50-inch.

One-mile race.—Dudley Fisher, 52-inch; H. B. Hutchinson, 53-inch; L. Lindenberg, 54-inch; Tracy T. Tress, 52-inch.

Half-mile race.—Will Neil, 52-inch; D. Krumm, 50-inch; Joe Hull, 54-inch.

Hurdle race.—Charles J. Krag, Will Neil, Joe Hull.

Hands-off race.—Tress, Hull, Neil, and Krumm.

The starts were made at the discharge of a pistol by the judge. In the three-mile contest McCune won in 12.25½.

Tress won the one-mile race in 3.48½; second time, 3.52½.

Krumm won the half-mile race in 1.41. Neil got second place, and Hull third. This was the fastest time made.

In the hurdle race, one-fifth mile, Neil won easily in 1.22½. This consists in dismounting and lifting the machine over three separate obstructions on the track. Krag got second place.

Krumm had an easy go in the hands-off, one-fifth mile, contest. Time, .55½. Tress got second place, and Neil third.

The prizes are a gold medal for each of the first three races.

A GREAT twenty-mile championship bicycle race, for a purse of \$500, was run at the Washington, D.C., Athletic park, August 24. The following professionals started: C. J. Young, of Boston, "Twenty-Six Hour Champion"; H. W. Higham, of England, "Long Distance champion"; John S. Prince, "Champion of America"; Thomas Harrison, "Ex-Champion of America"; Fred L. Rollinson, "Prof. and Expert."

The race was hotly contested by Prince and Higham, the latter being usually in the lead. Harrison and Rollinson dropped out on the third mile. Young rode the first five miles in good

time and then fell to the rear until Prince and Higham had gained a lap (quarter mile) on him. He then seemed to have gained his second wind, for the three kept close together for the latter half of the race, Young occasionally getting the lead and causing the other two men considerable annoyance, and perceptibly increasing the time for the race. Higham won in 1:10:20, beating Prince by fifteen feet and Young by five-sixteenths of a mile. The time in the July race, in Rochester, when Higham beat Prince by ten feet in the championship series, was 1:09:59½.

The fact that a wrestling-match took place immediately preceding the race was so strongly objected to by the members of the Capital Club that they declined complimentary tickets and an invitation to be present in uniform.

THREE Indian runners raced Thomas Harrison, riding a Star bicycle, in Washington, August 18. The Indians ran a quarter-mile each, the bicycle running a full mile in 3.26½, winning by about fifteen feet. The Indians seemed to be afraid of being run over, and kept a safe distance from the machine.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N.Y., Aug. 11. Half-mile, H. S. Wollison, 1.35½; one-mile, A. B. Prince, 3.32½; relay race, two miles, H. S. Wollison (1); five-mile championship, A. B. Prince. All the winners were from Pittsfield.

THE Capital Club of Washington, D.C., has set Thursday and Friday, October 4 and 5, as dates for its fall races.

Clubs.

BROOKLYN is the home of the following clubs: The Kings County Wheelmen, the Brooklyn Club, the Long Island Wheelmen, the Heights Wheelmen, and the Brooklyn Touring Wheelmen. The word wheelmen seems to be a favorite in Brooklyn.

A NEW club was formed at Providence, R.I., Aug. 23, called the Rhode Island Bicycle Club. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution and obtain a uniform. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, F. E. Pope; Secretary and Treasurer, C. E. Smith; Captain, Frank E. Gray; Lieutenant, Wm. Watson.

THE Cleveland Bi. Club have secured elegant head-quarters in the armory of the "First Cleveland Troop," on Euclid avenue. Their plans for the coming winter are multitudinous, and they anticipate many pleasant events.

A BICYCLE club has recently been formed in Branford, Ct., of five members, and the following officers chosen: President, T. E. Crouch; Secretary and Treasurer, W. L. Moore. The uniform is of blue flannel and helmet hats. It is called the Crescent Bicycle Club.

THE Columbus (O.) Bicycle Club was organized 9th August, with the following officers: President, C. F. Smith; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry Sanders; Captain, Charles Green; First Lieutenant, Joe Newsam.

A CLUB has been organized at Olean, N.Y., with the following officers: President, J. H. Allen; Vice-President E. S. White; Secretary, E. A. White; Captain, W. H. Butler.

English Notes.

DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON has been unanimously elected President of the Tricycling Union in the place of Lord Bury, resigned.

FRIDAY, July 20, Mr. Wyndham Burrell, son of W. W. Burrell, M.P., West Grinstead, while descending Nud's hill, close to his father's park, lost control of his machine and was thrown, striking on his head, dying in a short time from concussion of the brain.

TERRY, the man who left Dover at 9 o'clock, Saturday morning, July 14, on a floating tricycle with the intention of crossing the English channel, arrived safely at Calais at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

THE Railway Clearing House sports were held at Stamford Bridge, London, Aug. 4. The wheel events were a club mile for two prizes, which were taken by A. C. Casey, thirty yards, and R. W. Smart, eighty yards, in 3.3½s.; a one-mile open handicap, and a four-miles scratch race.

THE Harrowgate meet is over. It is the great meet for the North men, although it brings prominent men from various places. One noticeable fact in connection with it this year was the presence of several prominent American riders. In speaking of the latter, *The Tricyclist* has committed some amusing blunders. It speaks of Jo Pennell belonging to the German Town Bi. Club, instead of Germantown. Mr. Weston will not feel flattered by being credited to the *Bradford* instead of the *Boston* Bi. Club, and Col. Pope will be not a little surprised to learn that he rode an "Expert *Harvard*." However, these mistakes are, probably, merely compositors' errors.

RACES were held in connection with the annual *fete* of the Coventry Philanthropic Institution, Aug. 6. The events were: a one-mile handicap, won by W. J. Padbury (130 yds.), time 2.48½; a three-mile handicap, won by W. Brown in 8.54; a two-mile tricycle handicap, won by J. Gascoigne (215 yds.) in 6.56½, M. J. Lowndes (scratch) being second; and a one-mile handicap, for Coventry only, which was captured by J. Gascoigne (80 yds.) in 2.56.

KEEN's attempt to beat all the records from one to twenty miles resulted in sixteen miles seven hundred and ninety yards in one hour. It is said Keen has sailed for New York to meet Prince.

ON Saturday, July 28, occurred the Bristol and West of England meet. Perfect weather and a large attendance combined to make it very successful. Thirty clubs were represented, and two hundred and eighty-seven riders were present.

THE Gateshead races, August 1, were well attended. W. R. Hilton (210 yds.) won the one-mile handicap in 2.55. The two-mile handicap was won by R. Turnbull (380 yds.) in 6.08. G. H. Illston (scratch) took the half-mile handicap in 1.27½.

THE Newcastle Tricycle Club races, July 31, resulted as follows:—

One-mile club championship, W. B. Kirsop. Time, 3.45½. Two-mile invitation handicap, J. M. M. Dawson (450 yds.). Time, 7.20. One-mile club handicap, T. M. Dawson (140 yds.). Time, 3.32½.

THE Hammersmith races, at Stamford Bridge, London, held on Aug. 2, were but poorly attended. The following is the summary:—

One-mile handicap, A. R. McBeth (80 yds.). Time 2.48½. There were eleven heats in all, and the slowest winning time made in any heat was 3.04½, by J. R. Dundas (50 yds.). The fastest time was made by O. Thorne (40 yds.), 2.47½.

THE Twenty-five miles championship was decided Aug. 2, at Taunton, the following being the starters: C. E. Liles, H. W. Gaskell, F. Sutton, C. D. Vesey, H. West, F. W. Brock, C. King, G. B. Batten, and A. Walter. Liles won by fifteen yards from Sutton, who was second, ten yards in front of West, third, King being fourth. Time, 82.42½. The last lap was covered in 37½ sec. Batten fell after covering thirteen miles, and Robinson and Brock retired at twenty miles.

THE Brighton Amalgamated Club races came off at Hove, July 19. The track was in fair condition, and is two and a half laps to the mile. F. B. Robinson won the 1-mile open race in 2.57½. The two-mile handicap, open only to the amalgamated clubs, was won by C. R. Ramsey (150 yds.). Time, 6.26¹.

C. E. Liles won the Crystal Palace challenge-cup 15-mile race.

We append a table of the times for each mile, together with the leading man:—

Miles.	m.	s.	Miles.	m.	s.		
1	D. Smith,	3	1½	9	W. Brown,	27	43½
2	F. R. Fry,	5	59½	10	F. E. S. Perry	30	36½
3	J. C. P. Ta-			11	W. Brown,	33	49½
	caqui,	9	5½	12	J. D. Butler,	36	56½
4	W. Brown,	12	5½	13	C. E. Liles,	40	2½
5	F. R. Fry,	15	4½	14	A. Thomp-		
6	W. Brown,	18	17½		son,	43	3½
7	F. M. Adam,	21	25½	15	C. E. Liles,	45	47½
8	J. D. Butler,	24	29½				

ON July 25 an interesting race-meeting was held at Eastbound. The open events were: A one-mile handicap, won by F. E. S. Perry (10 yds.) in 2.53½; a three-mile handicap, won by Perry (90 yds.) in 9.15½; a half-mile scratch dash, won by Perry in 1.23½; a one-mile sociable handicap, won by P. T. Letchford and G. Smith in 3.56, and a one-mile tricycle scratch race, won by G. Smith in 3.27½.

THE East Scotland meet took place at Dundee, July 14. About 120 bicycles, a dozen tricycles, and one sociable were present. There were some races, including a one-mile tricycle.

AT Gateshead-on-Tyne, July 21, G. H. Illston took both the three-mile scratch and one-mile handicap races. Times, 9.36½ and 3.06½ respectively.

AT the one-mile open handicap of the Ranelagh Harriers, on July 18, Gaskell ran a mile in 2.48½. He was beaten about a foot by A. H. Robinson, who had 50 yards start. This time is considered equivalent to 2.42 on the Crystal Palace track.

RACES were held in connection with the West of England meet, held at Bristol, July 28:—

A. Gibson (80 yards) took the one-mile handicap. Time, 2.55½.

H. Sturmey (30 yards) won the two-mile tricycle handicap. Time, 7.33½.

A. Gibson (220 yards) was again successful in the three-mile handicap, coming in in 9.24½.

A. Millard (550 yards) won the five-mile in 16.12½.

Over 4,000 people assembled to see the races. The meet was in every way a success.

MR. BIRD, of the Speedwell Club, has outdone all previous attempts in 24-hour road riding. On July 28 he covered 221½ miles in 24 hours, his actual riding time being 20½ hours, which gives an average of 11 miles an hour. This is certainly a wonderful performance; and, to show in what condition he finished, he rode six miles farther, after 40 minutes' rest, in order to reach home.

THE Crichton races came off July 19, at Crystal Palace. They were remarkable for the fast time made.

The one-mile club handicap was won by A. M. Bolton (100 yds.) in 2.43½; T. Moore second, by a yard.

The four-mile imitation scratch-race was the event of the day, England's fastest men competing. C. E. Liles won the first heat in 12.33½, F. E. S. Perry the second, in 12.10½, H. W. Gaskell the third, in 14.25½, Gaskell doing his last lap in 41½ sec. A. Thompson won the fourth heat in 14.25½, H. F. Wilson the fifth, in 11.37½. His time by miles was: first mile, 2.50½; second, 5.45½; third, 8.42; fourth, 11.37½. This cut Cortis' best time 8½s.; and, considering that Wilson set his own pace, it was the most remarkable running of the day. But this remarkable record did not stand long. In the final heat Gaskell came in in 11.34½, with Liles a half-yard behind. The time by miles was: first, 2.50½; second, 5.50½; third, 8.49; fourth, 11.34½.

THE third annual race for the fifty-mile amateur championship of Scotland was run under the auspices of the Caledonian Tricycling Club, on the Edinburgh and Moffat Road, on Wednesday, 25th July, under the most unfavorable circumstances. Rain fell in torrents for two hours before the start, and during the race the competitors had the benefit of several shower-baths, or rather heavy thunder-showers, which put the roads in a fearful state, and made fast time impossible. The starting-point was beyond Morningside Toll, 1½ miles from Edinburgh, the turning point being 26½ miles out.

M. Sinclair won in 4h. 45m. 35s., J. H. A. Laing, second, 12m. 2s. later, and D. H. Hine, third, 24m. 29s. after Sinclair.

A large number of people witnessed the finish. In 1881 the championship was won by J. H. A. Laing; in 1882 Mr. T. Lamb was the winner.

THE second fifty-mile professional championship race was run on the Aylestone Road Grounds, Leicester, August 4. F. de Civry, F. Wood, R. Howell, G. W. Waller, P. Medinger, F. J. Lees, J. Mac, D. Stanton, and E. Weston contested. The weather was fine and all the conditions were most favorable. The following table shows the time by each five miles and also for each five miles:—

Miles.	Name.	Time.		
5	Waller	0	15	12 15 12
10	Howell	0	30	54 15 42
15	Waller	0	47	22 16 28
20	"	1	03	52 16 30
25	"	1	21	15 17 23
30	Lees	*1	39	35 18 20
35	De Civry	*1	57	34 17 59
40	Waller	*2	15	51 18 17
45	Lees	*2	33	12 17 21
50	Wood	*2	48	10 †14 58

The third race for the ten-mile professional championship was run on the Aylestone Road Grounds, August 6. Medinger, Wood, Howell, Lees, and De Civry entered. The redoubtable Wood again won. Below is appended the time by miles:—

Miles.	m.	s.	Leader.	Miles.	m.	s.	Leader.
1	3	4	Medinger	6	18	31½	Lees
2	6	12½	De Civry	7	21	39	"
3	9	25	Howell	8	24	44½	"
4	12	33	Lees	9	27	50½	"
5	15	31	"	10	30	52½	Wood

THE fifth annual race for the fifty-mile N.C.U. championship was run on the Crystal Palace track, July 21. The rain had been falling during the day, but fortunately held off during the races. The track was, however, heavy, and the wind high and gusty. Out of eleven starters only four finished. H. F. Wilson, who made such fast time at the Crichton races two days before, won, with F. R. Fry a good second. Much disappointment was felt because Ion Keith-Falconer and F. Sutton were not among the contestants.

We append a table of the times and leader for each five miles:—

Miles.	Name.	h. m. s.		
5	Popplewell	0	16	12
10	Scott	0	32	36½
15	Tacagni	0	48	55½
20	"	1	6	37½
25	"	1	24	0
30	Wilson	1	38	58½

* Denotes fastest professional time on record.

† Fastest five miles with a flying start ever ridden by a professional.

Miles.	Name.	h. m. s.		
35	Wilson	1	55	24½
40	"	2	12	25½
45	"	2	29	8½
50	"	2	46	26½
Fry		2	46	50½
Reynolds		2	48	16
Vesey		2	57	41½

Ion Keith-Falconer still holds the record, 2hs. 43min. 58½sec., made last year.

ON Thursday, July 27, D. Smith and F. R. Fry undertook to beat the 100-mile record made by C. D. Vesey, as a private trial at Surbiton, just before he came to America. Smith withdrew at forty-two miles, but Fry kept on and succeeded in breaking the record. The time by miles from the 51st to the 100th mile was as follows:—

Miles.	h. m. s.			Miles.	h. m. s.		
*51	2	57	5	*76	4	24	45
*52	3	0	45	*77	4	28	10
*53	3	4	14	*78	4	31	38
*54	3	7	43	*79	4	35	3
*55	3	10	58	*80	4	38	32
*56	3	14	30	*81	4	42	4
*57	3	18	3	*82	4	45	35
*58	3	21	32	*83	4	49	2
*59	3	25	1	*84	4	52	30
*60	3	28	30	*85	4	56	31
*61	3	32	7	*86	5	0	49
*62	3	35	35	*87	5	4	28
*63	3	39	1	*88	5	8	10
*64	3	42	28	*89	5	11	34
*65	3	45	55	*90	5	15	2
*66	3	49	20	*91	5	19	37½
*67	3	52	45	*92	5	22	3
*68	3	56	12	*93	5	25	27
*69	3	59	50	*94	5	28	47½
*70	4	3	17	*95	5	32	28
*71	4	6	51	*96	5	36	11
*72	4	10	21	*97	5	40	23
*73	4	13	54	*98	5	43	21
*74	4	17	31	*99	5	47	0
*75	4	21	12	*100	5	50	5½

Messrs. Vesey, J. D. Butler, and F. L. Adam were the pace-makers.

French Notes.

JULY 15.—Interesting races were held at Toulouse. The races were to have come off on the 14th; but, on account of the rain, were postponed until Sunday the 15th. About 10,000 people gathered to witness the contests. F. de Civry appeared on the track, much to the satisfaction of the spectators.

* Denotes fastest time on record.

M. Patnio won the Toulouse championship. Distance, 3,100 metres.

Charles Terront won the grand international scratch race, coming in 30 yards ahead of F. de Civry, who was just barely ahead of H. O. Duncan. Distance, 10,400 metres.

F. de Civry won the international tricycle scratch race, coming in easily 50 yards ahead of M. Projeau, who was second. Distance, 5,560 metres. The second international scratch race for the losers of the first was captured by M. Bonnal. Distance, 6,200 metres.

Terront took first prize in the trick-riding competition, and Duncan second.

Terront won the Anglo-French championship by about 20 yards.

DeCivry and Duncan were a dead heat for second place.

THE important match between M. Rigaut, of Paris, and H. O. Duncan, a well-known professional bicyclist from England, came off last Saturday afternoon, round the road at Longchamps, in the Bois de Boulogne. The stake was for 200 francs a side, which was posted in the hands of M. Pagis, editor of *Le Sport Vélocipédique*, who was chosen as judge and referee. The match was made at Lyons, after the Course de Fond, at Grenoble, on June 3d. It is nearly two miles and a half round the road at Longchamps, and, in parts, was in a very bad condition. Punctually, at two o'clock P.M., the riders were sent on their journey, which was to finish at 7 o'clock, and Duncan at once cut out the running at a fairly warm pace, followed closely by Rigaut, who soon complained of the strong headwind which was blowing behind the grand stand of Longchamps race-course, where the Grand Prix of Paris is annually held. After about two hours from the start Duncan gained a lap (about two miles and a half) on Rigaut, and, pressing ahead, gained more and more advantage. The rain now came down in torrents, and drenched the riders through and through, making things very unpleasant and the going terribly heavy. The wind blew, and nearly stopped the machines. Three hours from the start Duncan had over two laps the advantage, and half an hour later got three laps on Rigaut, who had dismounted and complained of hunger; and the *mauvais temps* and elements undoubtedly being against his chance, he told Duncan to dismount, declaring him the winner at 5.45, being 3h. 45m. from the start, Duncan winning by about seven miles and a half.

Notes from the Antipodes.

DUNEDIN, N.Z., June 13, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR:— My last letter to you was dated 14th May, and I hope you have received it all right.

By some mischance no "WHEELMANS" (?) (Wheelmen, eh?) are yet to hand. Perhaps the authorities have stopped them as treasonable matter. I wish they had come, as I worked the wheelmen and others here up to the taking point.

I present a copy to our Y.M.C.A., and if I only had the copies which you wrote me you were sending, I am sure I could get more subscribers than the four original ones.

Our exchange copy has also not yet come to hand.

To proceed to my news, which is rather scarce this month, owing to our wintry weather preventing much riding, and only the mud-larks braving the roads in their present state.

The annual club meeting of the Dunedin Bicycle Club is to come off on the last Tuesday of the month, when a good deal of business is to be brought up. The proposal to change the name of the club to "Dunedin Cycling Club" will be dealt with; the rules are to be altered; arrangements made for getting a track for the coming season, and all the usual business of an annual meeting to be transacted. There is some talk of a new bicycle club being formed. A "trades club," and, I think, a strong club, is certain to grow, as there are plenty of men to support it, and good men to work it. Then, still another club is mooted, — a tricycle club for ladies and gentlemen, — which, it is to be hoped, will induce more ladies to ride than do at present. A good number of tricycles suitable for our roads are now ordered and on their way, so that the ladies will have a chance to make up their minds about riding. I fancy "doubles" will be most favored; but I pity the poor man on the hills, as he will have to do all the driving.

I have not had more than a line or two from Christchurch to say that 'cycling is very quiet there at present, and from Oamaru a similar tale comes. In the Taieri things are in *statu quo* "ante-er-er-foot-ball season." Foot-ball engrosses all attention, the Taieri Crack playing half-back for the Taieri F.C., and many others working vigorously for their various clubs, and old rivals on the path being again rivals on the foot-ball field.

In Invercargill they have got the 'cycling fever — got it bad. I want to go down and look them up on various matters, especially the Alliance,

and before long I expect I shall have to try and get to Christchurch on similar business.

Altogether we have a bright outlook for next season, and I hope we shall have a bright one.

Wishing you many a rattling spin in your season and all the usual 'cycling good things, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

EDGAR H. BURN.

WE are glad to hear from Mr. C. C. Cory, of Cape Town, that bicycling is making satisfactory progress in South Africa. The Western Province B.C. was recently formed there, when twenty-seven members were at once enrolled. The Western Province B.C. have adopted the B.U. definition of an amateur, and propose to follow in the footsteps of the "home authority" in all matters of racing, etc. The *Cape Times*, in announcing the formation of the club, says: "That as English clubs usually possess what is known familiarly as a 'club 'bus,' or sociable tricycle, the W.P.B.C. should also purchase one. The idea seemed to be favorably entertained by the members, and it is possible that, before long,

the club may be the happy possessor of one." — *Pedalpin, in the Otago (N.Z.) Witness.*

TASMANIAN 'cyclists are active, and club-runs are frequent and well attended. All the way from ten to twenty, and even thirty, are reported as participating in some of these runs. They are considering the feasibility of forming a Tasmanian 'Cyclist's Union.

At a recent meeting of the South Australian B.C. it was decided not to join the A.C.U., but to form a distinct union in Adelaide. There is also every probability of a union, antagonistic to the A.C.U., being formed at Castlemaine. This latter body will comprise country clubs only, and is intended to do away entirely with the amateur definition. Doubtless, before another season has elapsed, there will, in every probability, be unions on distinct bases, and having different rules and objects, established in every country town. The union movement is fast becoming a mania, and that, too, a most ludicrous one. — *Melbourne Bulletin.*



BOOK NOTICES.

Jefferson and Webster.

It would be a risky undertaking for any one who has reputation at stake to decry the present and laud the past. He would at once be set upon by all the youthful aspirants for fame and buried deep in the mire of old fogyism, for it is the fashion of the day, and in most things with good reason, too, to boast that we are better off to-day than ever before. Nevertheless, it is a fact that, in some matters, we, the people of the United States, are not so well provided for now as we were in the earlier years of our existence. And one of these is the matter of statesmen. Of politicians we have an overplus, never were so well provided before, and hope we never will be again. But we have very few statesmen. Just what the cause of this is would be hard to tell. It may be that great crises only develop great men; or it may be that the herculean minds who fashioned this government constructed it so perfectly and set it running with such precision that in times of peace, and under ordinary circumstances, it almost runs itself.

A glance at history will show that our statesmen belong to two periods: statesmen of the Revolutionary period and statesmen of the Civil War period. Among the most prominent figures in their respect-

ive epochs stand Thomas Jefferson¹ and Daniel Webster.² The one, from the hot-blooded South, took a hand in shaping the huge fabric of this government; the other, from cold, stern, puritanical New England, exerted his almost superhuman strength to prevent that same hot-blooded South from tearing in twain this beautiful fabric, whose usefulness and existence he saw depended on its unity. "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable," — these were the words of a man who some have dared to say was not a statesman. He was not a statesman as Jefferson was. Jefferson was a diplomatist and a legislator. Webster was a leader and a judge. Jefferson could enunciate principles, Webster could persuade men to believe in principles. Jefferson could make laws, Webster could distinguish between what was vital and what was destructive. In private life the distinction between them was even more marked. Jefferson, without any religious principles, was scrupulously correct in every particular; while Webster, of puritan descent, was somewhat loose in his private morals, and, to a great degree, regardless of comity between individ-

¹ [American Statesman.] Thomas Jefferson. By John T. Morse, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1883.

² [American Statesmen.] Daniel Webster. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1883.

uals. Both are still fresh in the minds of their countrymen; one as the professed head of one political faction, and the other as a great apostle in the other camp. Both were fortunate in their biographers in the "American Statesman Series," and the accounts of their lives contained in it will be of great aid in deciding their proper places in history.

The Navy in the Civil War.

THE second and third (concluding) volumes of this series are "The Atlantic Coast,"¹ by Daniel Ammen, and "The Gulf and Inland Waters,"² by Alfred T. Mahan. These two would seem to include much that appeared in the first volume, "The Blockade and the Cruisers," and it would have avoided a great deal of repetition, and perhaps confusion, if the whole thing had been put into two volumes instead of three.

The long service and varied experience of the authors admirably equipped them for this work. Although their styles are different, both are extremely interesting, from the subject itself, as well as from their almost encyclopædic knowledge and simple, concise language. Of the objects aimed at in the successive plans of operation, and the means by which these objects were attained, we are told with such straightforwardness that we never lose interest in the complicated and often contemporaneous movements which we are made so thoroughly to understand. In both books the Union and Confederate reports of the same occurrences are joined to support or check each other.

The series will be a valuable addition to our history. Landsmen will find it interesting and instructive, as it contains a great deal with which they have probably, heretofore, been unacquainted.

Light-Line Shorthand.³

This system of shorthand presents an entirely new arrangement of stenographic principles of contraction, making improved use of old and introducing new and valuable material. The absence of shaping and halving adds greatly to its speed and legibility. Only one style is taught, and that the reporting style, the reader being conducted, by a series of graduated exercises, from the alphabet to all the principles of contraction. The book is well printed and the subjects conveniently arranged. A vocabulary of 4,500 well-selected words and phrases gives command of a large proportion of words used in extemporaneous speaking, besides furnishing abundant analogies for

all other words. The illustrations are unusually copious and are finely executed.

How to Make Photographs.¹

THE simpler processes of photography have escaped from the trade saloons and the costly studios of the few, and become a possession of the people. The camera and the dry-plate are instruments of entertainment or of use in the hands of many, and to be able to make a photograph is one of the accomplishments which no well-educated young man or young woman can afford to be without. The little book, with the modest title above given, is the latest of the Manuals which present the rudiments of photography to the uninitiated, is written with care and directness, and is even valuable to the adept for its formulas and tables. The author and the editor have done their work of selection and arrangement most judiciously, and the publishers, though expecting a direct trade benefit from its sale, have been very generous with the public, and really put the readers under obligation to them.

WITHIN the last fifteen or twenty years taxidermy has developed from a thing almost unknown to one of the finest and most popular of scientific attainments. Twenty-five years ago a bird collector would have been looked upon as an individual highly eccentric, to say the least. But since that time such developments have been made in the science that a collection of stuffed birds is a highly valuable and pleasing acquisition. To those desiring to make such a collection a "Manual of Taxidermy,"² by C. J. Maynard, will be an invaluable book. It gives complete instructions how to proceed, from the collecting of the specimens to their mounting and the making of stands for them. It is accompanied by a large number of excellent plates, fully illustrating all the processes.

ONE of the brightest little books of the season is the "Miseries of Fo Hi."³ It portrays the management of a certain department of the public service in China, exposing to ridicule the peculiarities of a system of public plunder. It is a keen satire, full of refined sarcasm, and rich bits of humor. Unsuccessful politicians should study well the verses in which Fo Hi embodied his code of conduct. Their humor is irresistible; and, although written for the guidance of a Chinese official, their satire is as directly applicable to politicians of this country. The greatest charm of the book lies in the neat and delicate way in which everything is said, there is

¹ "The Atlantic Coast," by Daniel Ammen. [The Navy in the Civil War.] Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

² "The Gulf and Inland Waters," by Alfred T. Mahan. [The Navy in the Civil War.] Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

³ Text-book of light-line shorthand. A practical phonetic system, without shading. By Roscoe L. Eames. Stenographer. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago. 1883.

¹ How to make Photographs; a Manual for Amateurs. By T. C. Roche. Edited by H. T. Anthony. Illustrated. New York: E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., No. 591 Broadway. 1883. Paper, \$0.50; cloth, \$0.75.

² A manual of Taxidermy, a complete guide in collecting and preserving Birds and Mammals, by C. J. Maynard. Illustrated. Boston: S. E. Cassino & Co.

³ The Miseries of Fo Hi, a Celestial Functionary. Jansen, McClurg, & Co., Chicago. 1883.

nothing broad or farcical about it. It is translated from the French of Francisque Sarcey.

ALL those who are familiar with the writings of Berthold Auerbach will find in "Master Bieland"¹ the same general style, the same point of view of the writer, as he found in "Edelweiss." But a new element, Socialism, is introduced into this later work.

This pernicious force and all the concomitant evils are ably discussed. The translation is excellent.

Minor Notices.

ELDRIDGE & BRO., Philadelphia, have published a Hand-Book of Mythology. It is intended for the use of schools and academies. It treats of mythology comparatively the only proper way, and includes not only Greek and Roman, but also Egyptian, Persian, Hindoo, Scandinavian, The Druid's and American Mythology. It supplies a demand never before filled. As it is intended for elementary use, it is concise and simple. It is admirably arranged, and is a valuable addition to school literature. S. A. Edwards, teacher of mythology in the Girls' Normal School, Philadelphia, is the author.

FRANK & WAGNALL's latest "Standard Library" numbers are "Winter in India," by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Baxter, M.P., the last and best of his charming books; "Scottish Characteristics," by Paxton Hood, who has undertaken a great deal, but is well fitted for the task, and "Historical and other Sketches," by James Anthony Froude. The titles of the books and the names of the authors will serve to show the high character of the publications in this series, the price of which is within the reach of all.

PLANT LIFE, by Edward Step, is a little book of about 200 pages, containing a mint of information about plants. It will be of use to the botanist and florist, and will be found very instructive to the general reader, who will be especially attracted by the chapters, "Folk Lore of Plants," "Plants and Animals," and "Plants and Planets." It also contains an index, a very valuable addition to such a book as this. It is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

MESSRS. JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co. have just published a neat little pamphlet, containing Col. George E. Waring's famous horse story, "Vix." It is very pathetic.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., have just commenced the publication of a new and cheap edition of "The Waverley Novels," by Sir Walter Scott, which will be completed in twenty-six weekly volumes, each volume being a novel complete in itself, and one volume will be issued

¹Master Bieland and his Workmen. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by E. Hancock. [Leisure-Hour Series.] Henry Holt & Co., New York.

every Saturday until the whole are published. The set complete for \$3.00.

Literary Notes.

THE Continent's monthly edition for the railway and the press makes a very handsome showing in its seventh number, just issued.

PROF. W. J. ROLFE, the Shakespearian editor and scholar, has sailed for Europe.

MR. HOWELLS is back again, but just where he intends to make his home is not yet announced.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co. have in preparation an octavo illustrated edition of Tennyson's Princess, similar to the "Lady of the Lake" of last season, and "Lucile" of the year before.

ESTES & LAURIAT announce an *édition de luxe* of Carlyle's works, "the first complete uniform edition of Carlyle printed in America," with illustrations in twenty volumes, 350 sets only, numbered and registered, \$100 a set.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS has been visiting Tennyson at his home on the Isle of Wight. Macmillan & Co. announce for publication in September a new volume of sermons by Mr. Brooks: *Sermons Preached in English Churches*.

It is announced that Mr. Moses King has given up his "publishing house" in Cambridge, Mass., and taken a position in a commercial agency in New York city. The new publisher of *Science* is not yet named.

AN English historical society is to be established on a plan long contemplated by the late Mr. J. R. Green. Among those who have promised it their membership and support are Mr. Freeman, Prof. Stubbs, Mr. Thorold Rogers, and the Dean of Christ Church.

A NEW and complete edition of Mr. Donald Mitchell's (Ik Marvel) works is to be brought out by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The volumes will include many fugitive papers never collected before, and a number of new short essays, historical and critical. "Reveries of a Bachelor," printed from new plates, will be the first volume issued.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS announce for publication a collection of English poetry edited by Mr. W. J. Linton and Mr. R. H. Stoddard, under the title "English Verse." There will be five volumes, the first covering the period from Chaucer to Burns, to be issued within three or four months. Mr. Stoddard is to write an introductory essay.

Harper & Brothers have commenced the publication of a duodecimo edition of their "Franklin Square Library." The first volume of the new series is George Eliot's well-known story, "Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE WHEELMAN OFFERS THE FOLLOWING PRESENTS TO ITS AGENTS:—

1. A Columbia Tricycle to the person securing the highest number of subscribers to THE WHEELMAN before April 1st, 1884.
2. A Full Nickelled Expert Columbia, any size, to the person securing the next highest number of subscribers before April 1st, 1884.
3. A Standard Columbia (any size, latest pattern, ball-bearing, etc.), to the person securing the third highest number of subscribers before April 1st, 1884.
4. A Waterbury Watch to all the rest of our agents who secure at least ten names.
Send for complete instructions, or see Premium List advertising page.

The **Wheelman Souvenir** of the Fourth Annual League meet, held at New York May 28th, 1883. THE SECOND EDITION now ready. Price \$1.00. This is a superbly printed collection of our best engravings for the past nine months, with a most unique and tasteful cover, designed by L. S. Ipsen. It contains 16 pages, and is the same in its letter-press, illustrations and paper, as

The **Art Supplement**, a collection of our choicest illustrated poems of the first nine numbers of THE WHEELMAN. It contains 16 pages, is 8½ x 10 inches, is printed on superbly prepared proof paper. The paper was manufactured expressly for the Supplement by S. D. Warren & Co. It is the same quality as that used by THE WHEELMAN and *Century* Magazines, and is three times as heavy, thus furnishing engravings that can be framed. The illustrations are by J. Pennell, of Philadelphia, Hassam, Sylvester and Garret, of Boston. They were engraved by Sylvester. It forms the most splendid collection of engravings devoted to the wheel in the world. It is a rare artistic treat. The poetry is by Charles Richards Dodge, and is well worthy such magnificent illustrations. Two sample engravings, ready for framing, will be sent upon receipt of three 3-cent stamps. The Art Supplement will be mailed, post free, for 50 cents.

These engravings are from the magazine.

Speaking of our illustrations, the London (Eng.) Daily Sportsman says: "Both the letter-press and illustrations of this magazine are equal to the costliest and most elaborately got-up magazines known in England."

The New York Nation says: "The tasteful cover, the numerous illustrations of good quality, and the text itself, rank this among the most attractive of the monthly magazines."

The Boston Transcript says: "It is printed on fine paper, in the clearest type, and, in the matter of illustrations, equalling any American magazine."

The New York Herald says: "It has poems quite up to the level of magazine verse, and it has illustrations capitally drawn."

We have selected the choicest of over 100 engravings. We have chosen the best poems. We have printed them upon the best paper procurable. We have only a limited edition, and we invite our readers to secure a copy of the Art Supplement while it is obtainable. Price, 50 cents.

THE WHEELMAN COMPANY, 608 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE WHEELMAN offers the following Premiums to its subscribers. Any one can become a subscriber by sending \$2.00 to the Wheelman Company, 608 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. These Premiums are only to subscribers of THE WHEELMAN. They are offered FOR new subscribers not to new subscribers. Any person after subscribing for THE WHEELMAN, and paying \$2.00, can then receive premiums for all new subscribers he may send us. We will ship goods by mail or express, whichever may be deemed the better way. Where postage is charged extra premiums will not be forwarded until the postage is remitted.

For one new name we will present the sender with any one of the following lists of bicycle sundries:

1. Nickel Plated Gong Bell. Price, \$1.25. Oil can. Price, 20 cents. Postage, 12 cents.
2. Bags for holding wrenches, &c. Price, \$1.00. Padlock and chain for locking bicycle. Price 50 cents. Postage, 10 cents.
3. Club Valise, square bag. Price, \$1.50. Postage, 8 cents.
4. Cyclist's Wallet, No. 1. Price, \$1.50. Postage, 8 cents.
5. Duplex Whistle. Price, 75 cents. Blued Monkey Wrench. Price, 75 cents. Postage, 8 cents.
6. Large "Tally Ho" Whistle. Price, 75 cents. Art supplement. Price 50 cents. Miller's Bicycle Tactics. Price, 20 cents. Postage, 5 cents.
7. Spoke Grip Wrench. Price, 75 cents. Webbed Belt. Price, 65 cents. Postage, 7 cents.
8. Bundle Carrier. Price, 75 cents. Duplex Whistle. Price 75 cents. Postage, 10 cents.
9. Book Carrier. Price, \$1.00. Art Supplement. Price 50 cents. Postage, 10 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

10. Elastic Tip, for handles. Price, \$1.00. Pratt's American Bicycler. Price, 50 cents. Postage, 8 cents.
11. Two boxes of Cement. Price, 50 cts. Art Supplement. Price, 50 cents. Postage, 6 cents.
12. One pair Woolen Stockings. Price, \$1.50. Postage, 9 cents.
13. Box of Polishing-paste. Price, 25 cents. Bottle of Enameline. Price, 75 cents. Bottle Anti-rust, 25 cents. Postage, 10 cents.
14. One pair of Stocking Supporters. Price, \$1.00. Art Supplement. Price, 50 cents. Postage, 5 cents.
15. One pair Stocking Supporters. Price 50 cents. Flat Saddle Bag. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 8 cents.
16. Nickelled Wrench. Price, \$1.00. Padlock and Chain. Price, 50 cents. Postage, 8 cents.

For one new name and 50 cents additional we will present the sender with any one of the following lists of bicycle sundries:

1. Facile Stop Bell. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 8 cents.
2. Handy Tool-Bag, cigar shaped. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 5 cents.
3. Cyclist's Wallet, No. 3. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 6 cents.
4. Ordinary Hog-skin Saddle. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 15 cents.
5. Stockings, one pair, woolen, ribbed. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 8 cents.
6. One set (4) of Pedal Slippers. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 5 cents.
7. One pair Rubber Handles. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 11 cents.
8. Acme Stand. Price, \$2.00.
9. Stillwell's Perfection Lock. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 2 cents.
10. "Don" Tool Bag. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 6 cents.

For two new subscribers we will give one of the following lists of articles.

1. Handy Tool Bag. Price, \$2.00. Duplex Whistle with chain. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 6 cents.
3. Ordinary Hog-skin Saddle. Price, \$2.00. Bag for holding wrenches, &c. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 23 cents.
4. Ventilated Suspension Saddle. Price, \$3.00.
5. Small Racing Saddle. Price, \$3.00. Postage, 10 cents.
6. One pair Stockings. Price, \$2.00, Webbed Belt. Price, 65 cents. Small Horn Whistle. Price, 25 cts. Postage, 12 cents.
7. Facile Stop Bell. Price, \$2.00. Bag for Tools, &c. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 14 cents.

For two new subscribers and 50 cents extra we will give a Long Distance Saddle.

For two new subscribers and \$1.00 extra we give one of the following lists of bicycle sundries.

1. Boston Automatic Alarm Bell. Price, \$4.00.
2. M. I. P. Bag. Price, \$4.00.
3. Large Columbia Hub Lantern. Price, \$4.00.
4. One pair Canvas Shoes, leather tips. Price, \$4.00.

For three new subscribers we will give one of the following lists of articles:

1. Boston Automatic Alarm Bell. Price, \$4.00. Art Supplement. Price, 50 cents.
2. M. I. P. Bag. Price, \$4.00. Pratt's American Bicycler. Price, 50 cents.
3. Large Columbia Hub Lamp. Price, \$4.00. Padlock and Chain. Price, 50 cents.
4. Tricycle Lantern, rubber spring. Price, \$4.50.
5. Dropped Handles, standard. Price, \$4.00. Webbed Belt. Price, 65 cents.
6. Pair Canvas Shoes. Price, \$4.50.
7. A Waterbury Watch. Price, \$4.00. Art Supplement. Price, 50 cents.

For three new subscribers and 50 cents extra we offer the following lists of presents:

2. M. I. P. Tricycle Bag. Price, \$5.00.
3. Cradle Saddle Spring. Price, \$5.00.
4. A pair of Rat-trap cone bearing Pedals. Price \$5.00.

For three new subscribers and \$1.00 extra we will give:

1. Cradle Saddle Springs, enamelled. Price, \$5.50; and for \$1.50 extra, a Nickered Cradle Saddle Spring. Price, \$6.00.

For four new subscribers we will give:

2. Art Supplement. Price, 50 cents. Pratt's American Bicycler. Price, 50 cents. Bound Volume of THE WHEELMAN. Price, \$1.50. Miller's Bicycle Tactics. Price, 20 cents. Bicycle Tour in England and Wales. Price, \$3.50.
3. Drop Handle Bars. Price, \$6.00.

For four new subscribers and 50 cents additional :

1. Evening Star Lantern, Japanned, hung on springs. Price, \$6.50.

And for four new names and \$1.00 additional we will give :

1. M. I. P. Serviceable Tricycle Bag. Price, \$7.00.

For five new names and 50 cents additional we will give :

1. H. Keat & Son's Bugle. Price, \$8.00.

For six new names and \$1.00 extra we will give :

1. H. Keat & Son's Bugle, nickelled. Price, \$10.00.

For seven new subscribers we will give :

1. H. Keat & Son's Bugle, nickelled. Price, \$10.00. Padlock and Chain. Price, 50 cents.

For eight new names we will give :

1. Aeolus Ball Bearing Pedals. Price, \$12.00.
2. Aeolus Ball Bearing Pedals, Rat-trap. Price, \$12.00.

It thus appears that to our old subscribers we give about a dollar and a half's worth of valuable articles for each new subscriber they may obtain for us. The full price of each subscription must accompany each name.

The following premiums are open to every one, both subscribers and non-subscribers :

INSTRUCTIONS IN REGARD TO PREMIUMS, PRESENTS, ETC., ETC.

I. We offer the following premiums to pay you for getting subscribers for THE WHEELMAN. The list will be changed about March 1st, 1884. Our agents thus have fully nine months to earn these premiums.

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.

THE WHEELMAN prefers to build up its list through its regular subscribers; therefore it offers them more liberal premiums than it offers to non-subscribers.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THOSE WHO OBTAIN NEW NAMES.

Send your new names as you get them. Always send the payment for each subscription with the name. We do not receive a new subscription unless payment is made at the time the new name is sent.

You can send for a Premium, or when you complete your list then select your premiums, as you may prefer.

If you send for your premiums after your list is completed, be sure and send us the name and address of each new subscriber, and the date when you sent each name, that we may see that they all have been received by us, and been entered upon our books correctly. We need the date to enable us readily to refer to your account.

Subscriptions to the Wheelman can commence at any time during the year.

Each new name sent must be that of a person whom you have induced to take the magazine, and to pay \$2.00 for it. We shall not give you credit for any names to whom you may have given the magazine, in order to increase your list.

The full price of \$2.00 must be paid you by the new subscriber whose name you send. If a less price is paid you, we shall not give you credit for the name on our Present List.

In addition to the premiums or commission THE WHEELMAN will give the following presents to its agents, January 1st, 1884, on the conditions named below:—

- 1st. A Columbia Tricycle.
- 2d. A Full-Nickelled Expert Columbia Bicycle.
- 3d. A Standard Columbia Bicycle.
- 4th. A number of Waterbury Watches.

These presents will be PUBLICLY AWARDED, WITHOUT FAIL, at the office of THE WHEELMAN, in Boston, on April 1st, 1884, and will be shipped to the address of the winners.

To the person sending us the largest number of subscribers to THE WHEELMAN before January 1st, 1884, will be awarded the first present—a Columbia Tricycle; price \$180.

To the person sending us the next largest number of subscribers before that date will be awarded a full-nickelled Expert Columbia (any size); price about \$140.

To the person sending us the third largest number of names before that date will be awarded a Standard Columbia (any size); price about \$125.

To those who secure over ten subscribers, and fail to receive any of the other presents will be awarded a Waterbury Watch.

These presents will be awarded *in addition* to the premiums to which the winners may be entitled, *or in addition* to 50 cents commission for each subscriber.

Thus, if the highest number be 180 subscribers, the winner will receive as a *present* a Columbia Tricycle, and as a *premium* a Columbia Tricycle.

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We wish to have it understood that the full price must be received from subscribers; that the full price, \$2 a year, must be sent to us. After you have secured 10 names, and prefer a commission to a premium, we will remit to you as often as you secure 10 additional names, if you desire; or we will remit the entire amount—50 cents for each subscriber—April 1st, 1884. After you have drawn premiums or commissions you are still a competitor for the presents.

In sending money, etc., etc., use the ordinary business methods, which you can learn from the postmaster or cashier in the bank.

Besides these premiums and presents to those who work for us, we give to each new subscriber, FREE, THE WHEELMAN SOUVENIR of the L. A. W. Meet in New York, May 28, 1883.

THE WHEELMAN SOUVENIR is a selection of superbly illustrated poems, taken from the choicest of our engravings for the past six months. It is 8½ x 10 inches in size, contains 16 pages, is printed on heavy calendar paper, manufactured expressly for it by S. D. Warren & Co. The paper is the same in quality as that used by the *Century* and WHEELMAN magazines, and is three times as heavy. It is a splendid art publication, and is undoubtedly the finest collection of engravings devoted to the wheel ever published. Price, \$1.00.

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We invite the attention of our readers to the parallelism between the two columns appended. The first column is made up of extracts from the prospectus of THE WHEELMAN, printed July 15, 1882. The second column is composed of extracts from the leading papers of the country, bearing dates mostly of March and April, 1883.

As a Bicycling Journal.

THE WHEELMAN enters upon a hitherto unoccupied field in American periodical literature. It is to hold the same relation to bicycling weeklies that the literary magazine holds to the newspaper press. It is published because the bicycling interests demand such a periodical.

The general aim of the articles furnished will be to build up an intelligent public appreciation of the uses of bicycles and tricycles, secure appropriate legislation in regard to the many interests of the wheel, encourage healthy competition and emulation among manufacturers and users, discourage gambling at races, and everything that would tend to degrade the use of the bicycle to the level of horse-racing and professional pedestrianism.

Recognizing the fact that wheelmen, as a rule, are gentlemen, and gentlemen in the truest sense of the term, the magazine will endeavor to be a wheelman among wheelmen, and will always strive to broaden and intensify that good fellowship which distinctively exists among wheelmen. The future of THE WHEELMAN, if it be only worthy of the name, is secure. To make it thus worthy is the determination of its founders.

There will be brief editorial comments on bicyclical matters of less general and less permanent interest than can be discussed in longer articles, and short notes on athletic progress in general. It will contain a brief and comprehensive *résumé* of wheel matters at home and abroad, races, trips, meets, and club doings. THE WHEELMAN will be a high-class American organ of bicyclical and tricyclical opinion and sentiment; and, aiming as it does to meet the wants and suit the tastes of its more cultured readers, will not cater to depraved tastes.

As a Bicycling Journal.

The bound Volume I. makes a very handsome appearance, and has a permanent usefulness in its descriptions of bicycling tours, by which the adventurous may be guided. — *The Nation*, New York.

One who is not already a devotee of the bicycle would soon be converted by reading this organ of the "wheelmen." — *The Critic*, New York.

THE WHEELMAN, the bicycle organ for this country, is as breezy and stimulating as the lover of outdoor life could desire. — *The Continent*, Philadelphia.

It has pleasant essays, serial stories, in which the wheel and wheelmen appear, poems, and lively records of bicycle rides in many countries. The reading matter is mostly fresh, lively, and agreeable, and the illustrations are good. — *N. Y. Tribune*.

No trade or profession or amusement in the United States is better represented in periodical literature today than the enjoyment of life which takes its round of pleasure on the bicycle and tricycle. It has a magazine of its own, THE WHEELMAN, which has lived successfully through the first six months of its existence; which has contained scores of valuable and well-written contributions upon the manly pursuit to which it is devoted, some of them good enough to be considered literature pure and simple, and which has been illustrated in the most lavish manner by artists of repute, whose average is as good as the average of the artists who illustrate *Harper's Magazine* or *The Century*. — *N. Y. Mail and Express*.

THE WHEELMAN, a monthly magazine, published in Boston, is a curious and noteworthy enterprise. . . . It has stories, excellently written, wherein all the personages are riders of the bicycle; it has poems quite up to the level of magazine verse, which display the romantic or the sentimental side of the bicycle; and it has illustrations, capably drawn, in which the bicycle is depicted in the most perilous positions. Besides this, it chronicles the movements of innumerable clubs, notable tours, and famous runs; and its prosperity marks the extraordinary growth in America of one of the most healthful forms of exercise that machinery has added to nature. — *N. Y. Herald*.

The pages are filled with the most delightful and instructive reading about bicycling, and must find great favor with the lovers and users of the whirling wheel. To those not acquainted with the delights of bicycle riding a perusal of the articles contained in THE WHEELMAN will open their eyes to a field where health, happiness, and pleasure abound. — *Norristown Herald*.

It is safe to predict that the next ten years will witness a growth in the manufacture and use of the bicycle in this country unparalleled in the history of the wheel abroad. To direct, encourage, and accelerate this growth in the best manner is the mission of THE WHEELMAN. To this end it has secured a corps of contributors of which any magazine might well be proud.—*Prospectus, July 15, 1882.*

While most of its matter relates to subjects chiefly interesting to bicycle and tricycle riders, there is much also that will be welcome to lovers of literature. The engravings are very good.—*The Churchman, New York.*

Besides much useful information concerning the history and manufacture of bicycles and tricycles, portions of the magazine are devoted to stories in which the wheel figures prominently. We cordially recommend THE WHEELMAN to the public.—*Albany Journal.*

As a bicycling journal it has been a success, and has risen to the front rank. It numbers among its contributors those whose names are familiar to bicyclists in this country and Great Britain, and who are recognized as authority in matters pertaining to the wheel. The illustrations have been excellent.—*Lowell Courier.*

It is by far the finest collection of cycling literature ever published, and is bright and interesting reading.—*Albany Argus, May, 1883.*

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The poetry of bicycling will find a place in its pages, for bicycling opens up a realm of feelings which can only be fitly clothed in verse.—*Prospectus, July 15, 1882.*

Poetry.

It has poems quite up to the level of magazine verse, which display the romantic or sentimental side of the bicycle.—*New York Herald.*

The poems are of more than ordinary merit.—*Boston Transcript.*

Illustrations.

In view of the fact that its readers and contributors will be cultured and intelligent people, its typographical and mechanical make-up will be equal to that of the best literary magazines.—*Prospectus of The Wheelman, July 15, 1882.*

The pages of the magazine will be illustrated by competent artists. It is the intention of the publishers to render this department worthy of the supporters of the magazine. We shall endeavor to make each number a pledge and advertisement for the next. In short, we propose to give the choicest thoughts and experiences of the ablest and most talented wheelmen, illustrated by our best artists, and embodied in the most appropriate dress that the highest excellence of the printer's art can secure.—*Prospectus, July 15, 1882.*

Illustrations.

The bound numbers of THE WHEELMAN for 1882-3 make a very handsome volume of nearly five hundred pages, printed on fine paper, in the clearest type, and, in the matter of illustrations, equalling any American magazine.—*Boston Transcript, April 3, 1883.*

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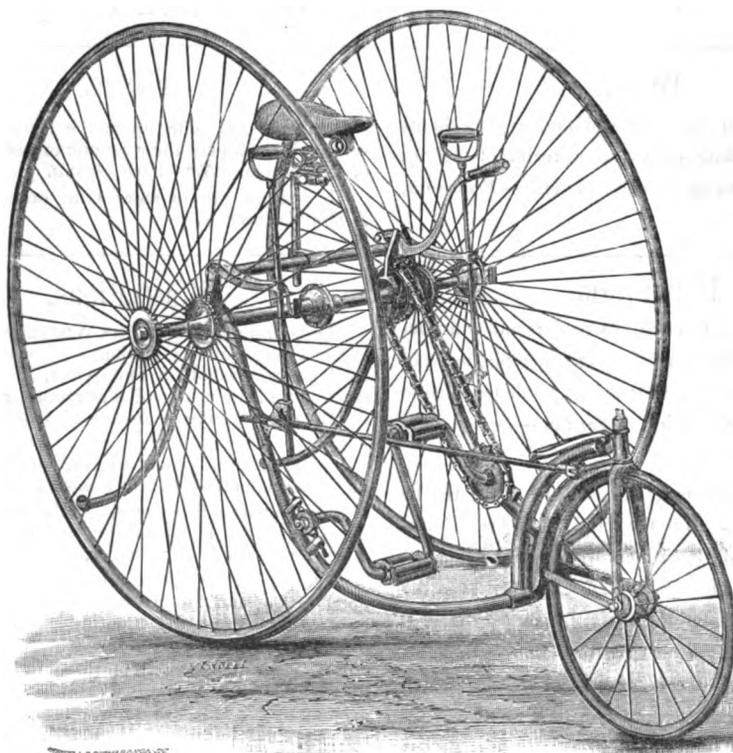
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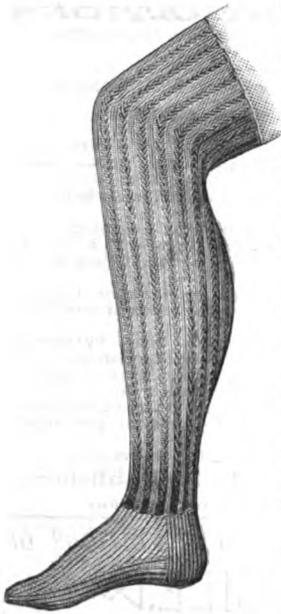


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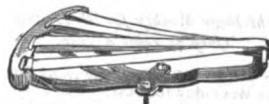
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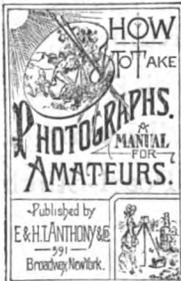
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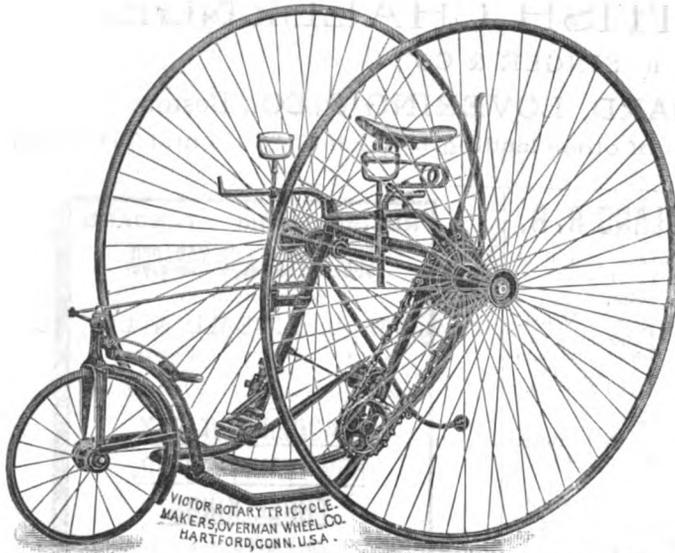
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THE WHEELMAN OFFERS THE FOLLOWING PRESENTS TO ITS AGENTS:—

1. A Columbia Tricycle to the person securing the highest number of subscribers to THE WHEELMAN before April 1st, 1884.
 2. A Full Nickelled Expert Columbia, any size, to the person securing the next highest number of subscribers before April 1st, 1884.
 3. A Standard Columbia (any size, latest pattern, ball-bearing, etc.), to the person securing the third highest number of subscribers before April 1st, 1884.
 4. A Waterbury Watch to all the rest of our agents who secure at least ten names.
- Send for complete instructions, or see Premium List advertising page.

The Wheelman Souvenir of the Fourth Annual League meet, held at New York May 28th, 1883 THE SECOND EDITION now ready. Price \$1.00. This is a superbly printed collection of our best engraving for the past nine months, with a most unique and tasteful cover, designed by L. S. Ipsen. It contains 11 pages, and is the same in its letter-press, illustrations and paper, as

The Art Supplement, a collection of our choicest illustrated poems of the first nine numbers of THE WHEELMAN. It contains 16 pages, is 8½ x 10 inches, is printed on superbly prepared proof paper. The paper was manufactured expressly for the Supplement by S. D. Warren & Co. It is the same quality as that used by THE WHEELMAN and Century Magazines, and is three times as heavy, thus furnishing engravings that can be framed. The illustrations are by J. Pennell, of Philadelphia, Hassam, Sylvester and Garret, of Boston. They were engraved by Sylvester. It forms the most splendid collection of engravings devoted to the wheel in the world. It is a rare artistic treat. The poetry is by Charles Richards Dodge, and is well worthy such magnificent illustrations. Two sample engravings, ready for framing, will be sent upon receipt of three 3-cent stamps. The Art Supplement will be mailed, post free, for 50 cents.

These engravings are from the magazine.

Speaking of our illustrations, the London (Eng.) Daily Sportsman says: "Both the letter-press and illustrations of this magazine are equal to the costliest and most elaborately got-up magazines known in England."

The New York Nation says: "The tasteful cover, the numerous illustrations of good quality, and the text itself, rank this among the most attractive of the monthly magazines."

The Boston Transcript says: "It is printed on fine paper, in the clearest type, and, in the matter of illustrations, equalling any American magazine."

The New York Herald says: "It has poems quite up to the level of magazine verse, and it has illustrations capitally drawn."

We have selected the choicest of over 100 engravings. We have chosen the best poems. We have printed them upon the best paper procurable. We have only a limited edition, and we invite our readers to secure a copy of the Art Supplement while it is obtainable. Price, 50 cents.

THE WHEELMAN COMPANY, 608 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE WHEELMAN offers the following Premiums to its subscribers. Any one can become a subscriber by sending \$2.00 to the Wheelman Company, 608 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. These Premiums are only to subscribers of THE WHEELMAN. They are offered FOR new subscribers not to new subscribers. Any person after subscribing for THE WHEELMAN, and paying \$2.00, can then receive premiums for all new subscribers he may send us. We will ship goods by mail or express, whichever may be deemed the better way. Where postage is charged extra premiums will not be forwarded until the postage is remitted.

For one new name we will present the sender with any one of the following lists of bicycle sundries:

1. Nickel Plated Gong Bell. Price, \$1.25. Oil can. Price, 20 cents. Postage, 12 cents.
2. Bags for holding wrenches, &c. Price, \$1.00. Padlock and chain for locking bicycle. Price 50 cents. Postage, 10 cents.
3. Club Valise, square bag. Price, \$1.50. Postage, 8 cents.
4. Cyclist's Wallet, No. 1. Price, \$1.50. Postage, 8 cents.
5. Duplex Whistle. Price, 75 cents. Blued Monkey Wrench. Price, 75 cents. Postage, 8 cents.
6. Large "Tally Ho" Whistle. Price, 75 cents. Art supplement. Price 50 cents. Miller's Bicycle Tactics. Price, 20 cents. Postage, 5 cents.
7. Spoke Grip Wrench. Price, 75 cents. Webbed Belt. Price, 65 cents. Postage, 7 cents.
8. Bundle Carrier. Price, 75 cents. Duplex Whistle. Price 75 cents. Postage, 10 cents.
9. Book Carrier. Price, \$1.00. Art Supplement. Price 50 cents. Postage, 10 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

10. Elastic Tip, for handles. Price, \$1.00. Pratt's American Bicycler. Price, 50 cents. Postage, 8 cents.
11. Two boxes of Cement. Price, 50 cts. Art Supplement. Price, 50 cents. Postage, 6 cents.
12. One pair Woolen Stockings. Price, \$1.50. Postage, 9 cents.
13. Box of Polishing-paste. Price, 25 cents. Bottle of Enameline. Price, 75 cents. Bottle Anti-rust, 25 cents. Postage, 10 cents.
14. One pair of Stocking Supporters. Price, \$1.00. Art Supplement. Price, 50 cents. Postage, 5 cents.
15. One pair Stocking Supporters. Price 50 cents. Flat Saddle Bag. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 8 cents.
16. Nickelled Wrench. Price, \$1.00. Padlock and Chain. Price, 50 cents. Postage, 8 cents.

For one new name and 50 cents additional we will present the sender with any one of the following lists of bicycle sundries:

1. Facile Stop Bell. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 8 cents.
2. Handy Tool-Bag, cigar shaped. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 5 cents.
3. Cyclist's Wallet, No. 3. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 6 cents.
4. Ordinary Hog-skin Saddle. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 15 cents.
5. Stockings, one pair, woolen, ribbed. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 8 cents.
6. One set (4) of Pedal Slippers. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 5 cents.
7. One pair Rubber Handles. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 11 cents.
8. Acme Stand. Price, \$2.00.
9. Stillwell's Perfection Lock. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 2 cents.
10. "Don" Tool Bag. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 6 cents.

For two new subscribers we will give one of the following lists of articles.

1. Handy Tool Bag. Price, \$2.00. Duplex Whistle with chain. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 6 cents.
3. Ordinary Hog-skin Saddle. Price, \$2.00. Bag for holding wrenches, &c. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 23 cents.
4. Ventilated Suspension Saddle. Price, \$3.00.
5. Small Racing Saddle. Price, \$3.00. Postage, 10 cents.
6. One pair Stockings. Price, \$2.00, Webbed Belt. Price, 65 cents. Small Horn Whistle. Price, 25 cts. Postage, 12 cents.
7. Facile Stop Bell. Price, \$2.00. Bag for Tools, &c. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 14 cents.

For two new subscribers and 50 cents extra we will give a Long Distance Saddle.

For two new subscribers and \$1.00 extra we give one of the following lists of bicycle sundries.

1. Boston Automatic Alarm Bell. Price, \$4.00.
2. M. I. P. Bag. Price, \$4.00.
3. Large Columbia Hub Lantern. Price, \$4.00.
4. One pair Canvas Shoes, leather tips. Price, \$4.00.

For three new subscribers we will give one of the following lists of articles:

1. Boston Automatic Alarm Bell. Price, \$4.00. Art Supplement. Price, 50 cents.
2. M. I. P. Bag. Price, \$4.00. Pratt's American Bicycler. Price, 50 cents.
3. Large Columbia Hub Lamp. Price, \$4.00. Padlock and Chain. Price, 50 cents.
4. Tricycle Lantern, rubber spring. Price, \$4.50.
5. Dropped Handles, standard. Price, \$4.00. Webbed Belt. Price, 65 cents.
6. Pair Canvas Shoes. Price, \$4.50.
7. A Waterbury Watch. Price, \$4.00. Art Supplement. Price, 50 cents.

For three new subscribers and 50 cents extra we offer the following lists of presents:

2. M. I. P. Tricycle Bag. Price, \$5.00.
3. Cradle Saddle Spring. Price, \$5.00.
4. A pair of Rat-trap cone bearing Pedals. Price \$5.00.

For three new subscribers and \$1.00 extra we will give:

1. Cradle Saddle Springs, enamelled. Price, \$5.50; and for \$1.50 extra, a Nickelled Cradle Saddle Spring. Price, \$6.00.

For four new subscribers we will give:

2. Art Supplement. Price, 50 cents. Pratt's American Bicycler. Price, 50 cents. Bound Volume of THE WHEELMAN. Price, \$1.50. Miller's Bicycle Tactics. Price, 20 cents. Bicycle Tour in England and Wales. Price, \$3.50.
3. Drop Handle Bars. Price, \$6.00.

For four new subscribers and 50 cents additional :

1. Evening Star Lantern, Japanned, hung on springs. Price, \$6.50.

And for four new names and \$1.00 additional we will give :

1. M. I. P. Serviceable Tricycle Bag. Price, \$7.00.

For five new names and 50 cents additional we will give :

1. H. Keat & Son's Bugle. Price, \$8.00.

For six new names and \$1.00 extra we will give :

1. H. Keat & Son's Bugle, nickelled. Price, \$10.00.

For seven new subscribers we will give :

1. H. Keat & Son's Bugle, nickelled. Price, \$10.00. Padlock and Chain. Price, 50 cents.

For eight new names we will give :

1. Aeolus Ball Bearing Pedals. Price, \$12.00.
2. Aeolus Ball Bearing Pedals, Rat-trap. Price, \$12.00.

It thus appears that to our old subscribers we give about a dollar and a half's worth of valuable articles for each new subscriber they may obtain for us. The full price of each subscription must accompany each name.

The following premiums are open to every one, both subscribers and non-subscribers :

• INSTRUCTIONS IN REGARD TO PREMIUMS, PRESENTS, ETC., ETC.

1. We offer the following premiums to pay you for getting subscribers for THE WHEELMAN. The list will be changed about March 1st, 1884. Our agents thus have fully nine months to earn these premiums.

- For 180 subscribers we will give a Columbia Tricycle.
- For 140 subscribers we will give a Full Nickerled 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.

THE WHEELMAN prefers to build up its list through its regular subscribers; therefore it offers them more liberal premiums than it offers to non-subscribers.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THOSE WHO OBTAIN NEW NAMES.

Send your new names as you get them. Always send the payment for each subscription with the name. We do not receive a new subscription unless payment is made at the time the new name is sent.

You can send for a Premium, or when you complete your list then select your premiums, as you may prefer.

If you send for your premiums after your list is completed, be sure and send us the name and address of each new subscriber, and the date when you sent each name, that we may see that they all have been received by us, and been entered upon our books correctly. We need the date to enable us readily to refer to your account.

Subscriptions to the Wheelman can commence at any time during the year.

Each new name sent must be that of a person whom you have induced to take the magazine, and to pay \$2.00 for it. We shall not give you credit for any names to whom you may have given the magazine, in order to increase your list.

The full price of \$2.00 must be paid you by the new subscriber whose name you send. If a less price is paid you, we shall not give you credit for the name on our Present List.

In addition to the premiums or commission THE WHEELMAN will give the following presents to its agents, January 1st, 1884, on the conditions named below:—

- 1st. A Columbia Tricycle.
- 2d. A Full-Nickelled Expert Columbia Bicycle.
- 3d. A Standard Columbia Bicycle.
- 4th. A number of Waterbury Watches.

These presents will be PUBLICLY AWARDED, WITHOUT FAIL, at the office of THE WHEELMAN, in Boston, on April 1st, 1884, and will be shipped to the address of the winners.

To the person sending us the largest number of subscribers to THE WHEELMAN before January 1st, 1884, will be awarded the first present—a Columbia Tricycle; price \$180.

To the person sending us the next largest number of subscribers before that date will be awarded a full-nickelled Expert Columbia (any size); price about \$140.

To the person sending us the third largest number of names before that date will be awarded a Standard Columbia (any size); price about \$125.

To those who secure over ten subscribers, and fail to receive any of the other presents will be awarded a Waterbury Watch.

These presents will be awarded in *addition* to the premiums to which the winners may be entitled, or in *addition* to 50 cents commission for each subscriber.

Thus, if the highest number be 180 subscribers, the winner will receive as a *present* a Columbia Tricycle, and as a *premium* a Columbia Tricycle.

If the highest number be 80 names, the winner will receive as a *present* a Columbia Tricycle, and as a *premium* a St. Nicholas Bicycle, or \$40 in cash. This is a most liberal offer, and is made in good faith, and it is hoped that the presents will be won honorably and with profit to the winners.

We wish to have it understood that the full price must be received from subscribers; that the full price, \$2 a year, must be sent to us. After you have secured 10 names, and prefer a commission to a premium, we will remit to you as often as you secure 10 additional names, if you desire; or we will remit the entire amount—50 cents for each subscriber—April 1st, 1884. After you have drawn premiums or commissions you are still a competitor for the presents.

In sending money, etc., etc., use the ordinary business methods, which you can learn from the postmaster or cashier in the bank.

Besides these premiums and presents to those who work for us, we give to each new subscriber, FREE, THE WHEELMAN SOUVENIR of the L. A. W. Meet in New York, May 28, 1883.

THE WHEELMAN SOUVENIR is a selection of superbly illustrated poems, taken from the choicest of our engravings for the past six months. It is 8½ x 10 inches in size, contains 16 pages, is printed on heavy calendered paper, manufactured expressly for it by S. D. Warren & Co. The paper is the same in quality as that used by the *Century* and WHEELMAN magazines, and is three times as heavy. It is a splendid art publication, and is undoubtedly the finest collection of engravings devoted to the wheel ever published. Price, \$1.00.

This is given *free* to each new subscriber. Bear in mind, we give premiums and presents to our agents, and presents to our subscribers.

The Wheelman Souvenir of the L. A. W. Meet.

A SECOND EDITION.

On account of the demand for the "Souvenir," a second edition has been published.

PRICE, . . . \$1.00.

VOLUME II.

The Second Volume of **THE WHEELMAN** is now ready. It is similar in size and binding to the first volume. It contains articles for all classes of readers. **PEDALLING ON THE PISCATAQUA; A SUMMER RAMBLE AMONG THE BLACK HILLS; A 'CYCLE OF THE SEASON; A HISTORY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CLUB; THE BICYCLE IN PHILADELPHIA; A TOUR TO THE NATURAL BRIDGE, and A DAY IN ANDOVER** are among the superbly illustrated articles.

There are, besides these, Sketches and Histories of Clubs, descriptions of Tours and Runs, Stories and Poems in endless variety, and from the pens of writers of ability and note.

It is accompanied by a very complete and admirably arranged index for Volumes One and Two, which reveals at a glance the wealth of information contained in them. The index will be sent to any one upon application.

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.

Subscribers, whose magazines have untrimmed edges and are in good condition, can, if they wish, exchange them for the bound volume, by paying 75 cents extra and postage one way.

Volume One can be had on the same terms. THE SEPARATE NUMBERS OF VOLUME TWO WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED FOR BOUND VOLUME ONE.

The price of each volume is \$1.50, post paid.

Remit by draft, P. O. Order, or registered letter.

THE WHEELMAN CO.,

608 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

We invite the attention of our readers to the parallelism between the two columns appended. The first column is made up of extracts from the prospectus of *THE WHEELMAN*, printed July 15, 1882. The second column is composed of extracts from the leading papers of the country, bearing dates mostly of March and April, 1883.

As a Bicycling Journal.

THE WHEELMAN enters upon a hitherto unoccupied field in American periodical literature. It is to hold the same relation to bicycling weeklies that the literary magazine holds to the newspaper press. It is published because the bicycling interests demand such a periodical.

The general aim of the articles furnished will be to build up an intelligent public appreciation of the uses of bicycles and tricycles, secure appropriate legislation in regard to the many interests of the wheel, encourage healthy competition and emulation among manufacturers and users, discourage gambling at races, and everything that would tend to degrade the use of the bicycle to the level of horse-racing and professional pedestrianism.

Recognizing the fact that wheelmen, as a rule, are gentlemen, and gentlemen in the truest sense of the term, the magazine will endeavor to be a wheelman among wheelmen, and will always strive to broaden and intensify that good fellowship which distinctively exists among wheelmen. The future of *THE WHEELMAN*, if it be only worthy of the name, is secure. To make it thus worthy is the determination of its founders.

There will be brief editorial comments on bicyclical matters of less general and less permanent interest than can be discussed in longer articles, and short notes on athletic progress in general. It will contain a brief and comprehensive *résumé* of wheel matters at home and abroad, races, trips, meets, and club doings. *THE WHEELMAN* will be a high-class American organ of bicyclical and tricyclical opinion and sentiment; and, aiming as it does to meet the wants and suit the tastes of its more cultured readers, will not cater to depraved tastes.

As a Bicycling Journal.

The bound Volume I. makes a very handsome appearance, and has a permanent usefulness in its descriptions of bicycling tours, by which the adventurous may be guided. — *The Nation*, New York.

One who is not already a devotee of the bicycle would soon be converted by reading this organ of the "wheelmen." — *The Critic*, New York.

THE WHEELMAN, the bicycle organ for this country, is as breezy and stimulating as the lover of outdoor life could desire. — *The Continent*, Philadelphia.

It has pleasant essays, serial stories, in which the wheel and wheelmen appear, poems, and lively records of bicycle rides in many countries. The reading matter is mostly fresh, lively, and agreeable, and the illustrations are good. — *N. Y. Tribune*.

No trade or profession or amusement in the United States is better represented in periodical literature today than the enjoyment of life which takes its round of pleasure on the bicycle and tricycle. It has a magazine of its own, *THE WHEELMAN*, which has lived successfully through the first six months of its existence; which has contained scores of valuable and well-written contributions upon the manly pursuit to which it is devoted, some of them good enough to be considered literature pure and simple, and which has been illustrated in the most lavish manner by artists of repute, whose average is as good as the average of the artists who illustrate *Harper's Magazine* or *The Century*. — *N. Y. Mail and Express*.

THE WHEELMAN, a monthly magazine, published in Boston, is a curious and noteworthy enterprise. . . . It has stories, excellently written, wherein all the personages are riders of the bicycle; it has poems quite up to the level of magazine verse, which display the romantic or the sentimental side of the bicycle; and it has illustrations, capitally drawn, in which the bicycle is depicted in the most perilous positions. Besides this, it chronicles the movements of innumerable clubs, notable tours, and famous runs; and its prosperity marks the extraordinary growth in America of one of the most healthful forms of exercise that machinery has added to nature. — *N. Y. Herald*.

The pages are filled with the most delightful and instructive reading about bicycling, and must find great favor with the lovers and users of the whirling wheel. To those not acquainted with the delights of bicycle riding a perusal of the articles contained in *THE WHEELMAN* will open their eyes to a field where health, happiness, and pleasure abound. — *Norristown Herald*.

It is safe to predict that the next ten years will witness a growth in the manufacture and use of the bicycle in this country unparalleled in the history of the wheel abroad. To direct, encourage, and accelerate this growth in the best manner is the mission of THE WHEELMAN. To this end it has secured a corps of contributors of which any magazine might well be proud.—*Prospectus, July 15, 1882.*

While most of its matter relates to subjects chiefly interesting to bicycle and tricycle riders, there is much also that will be welcome to lovers of literature. The engravings are very good.—*The Churchman, New York.*

Besides much useful information concerning the history and manufacture of bicycles and tricycles, portions of the magazine are devoted to stories in which the wheel figures prominently. We cordially recommend THE WHEELMAN to the public.—*Albany Journal.*

As a bicycling journal it has been a success, and has risen to the front rank. It numbers among its contributors those whose names are familiar to bicyclists in this country and Great Britain, and who are recognized as authority in matters pertaining to the wheel. The illustrations have been excellent.—*Lowell Courier.*

It is by far the finest collection of cycling literature ever published, and is bright and interesting reading.—*Albany Argus, May, 1883.*

Poetry.

The poetry of bicycling will find a place in its pages, for bicycling opens up a realm of feelings which can only be fitly clothed in verse.—*Prospectus, July 15, 1882.*

Poetry.

It has poems quite up to the level of magazine verse, which display the romantic or sentimental side of the bicycle.—*New York Herald.*

The poems are of more than ordinary merit.—*Boston Transcript.*

Illustrations.

In view of the fact that its readers and contributors will be cultured and intelligent people, its typographical and mechanical make-up will be equal to that of the best literary magazines.—*Prospectus of The Wheelman, July 15, 1882.*

The pages of the magazine will be illustrated by competent artists. It is the intention of the publishers to render this department worthy of the supporters of the magazine. We shall endeavor to make each number a pledge and advertisement for the next. In short, we propose to give the choicest thoughts and experiences of the ablest and most talented wheelmen, illustrated by our best artists, and embodied in the most appropriate dress that the highest excellence of the printer's art can secure.—*Prospectus, July 15, 1882.*

Illustrations.

The bound numbers of THE WHEELMAN for 1882-3 make a very handsome volume of nearly five hundred pages, printed on fine paper, in the clearest type, and, in the matter of illustrations, equalling any American magazine.—*Boston Transcript, April 3, 1883.*

Its illustrations, typography, and mechanical make-up, are excellent.—*Albany Journal, October 6, 1882.*

It is printed on fine paper, and the letter-press and illustrations are equal to the best of our monthly magazines.—*Oil City Derrick, February 8, 1883.*

The tasteful cover, the numerous illustrations of good quality, and the text itself, rank this among the most attractive of the monthly magazines.—*New York Nation, April 5, 1883.*

It has been illustrated in the most lavish manner by artists of repute, whose average is as good as the average of the artists who illustrate *Harper's Magazine* or *The Century*.—*N. Y. Mail and Express, April, 1883.*

The illustrations are unusually good, and the general make-up of the magazine is attractive and entertaining.—*Chicago Daily News, April, 1883.*

Altogether the April number of THE WHEELMAN will rank among the leading illustrated monthly publications of this country.—*Milwaukee Sentinel, March 29, 1883.*

The illustrations are first-class.—*Danbury News.*

It is profusely illustrated, and no conscientious bicyclist should neglect subscribing for it, which will help him to keep a firm seat on the machine.—*Puck, New York.*



The "Harvard Special."

THE BICYCLE FOR 1893 IS NOW READY.

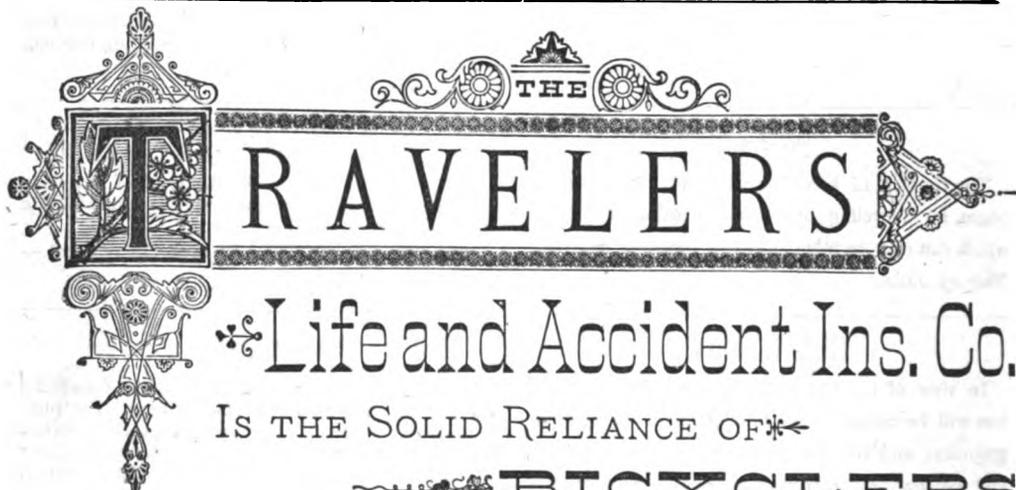
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THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. III.

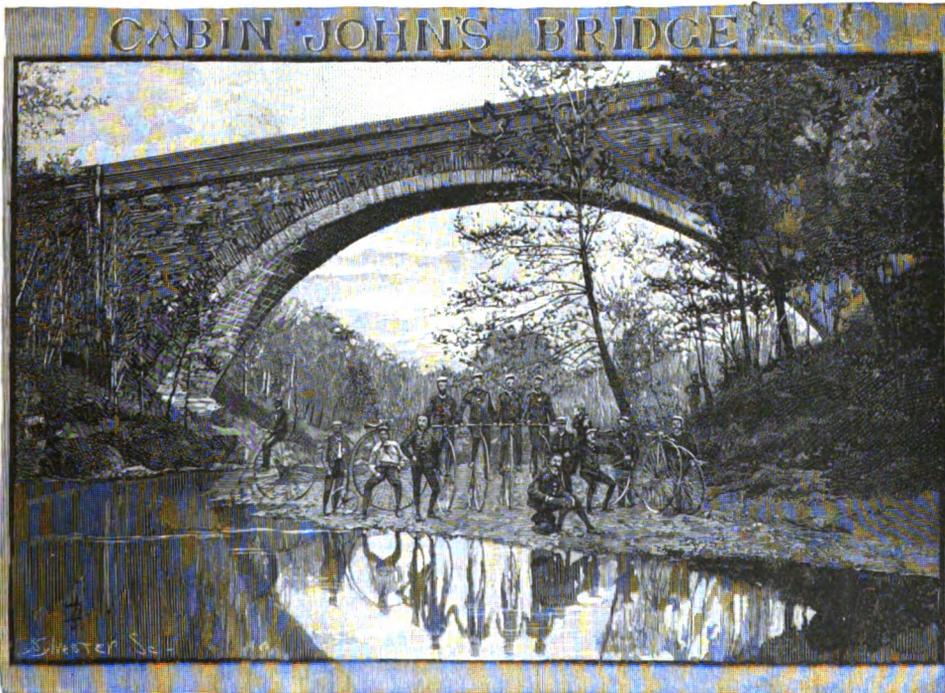
NOVEMBER, 1883.

No. 2.

THE CAPITAL AND THE CAPITAL CLUB.¹

WASHINGTON has always been called "the city of magnificent distances." The stranger tourist finds it so, even with its many lines of street-cars, hansoms, herdics, and other conveyances; but to the wheelman, tourist, or native, the name loses

The streets of Washington should be a nation's pride, for there are no finer in the country, though the nation's representatives and the country at large had less to do with them in the outset, in the matter of laying them and paying for them, than



much, if not all, of its significance, because distance is so completely lost in the superlative magnificence of its broad, asphalt paved streets. The home of the Capital Club, therefore, has earned another name, — and a far more significant one, though lost on the stranger tourist, — "the bicyclist's paradise."

the property owners abutting upon them, — and the thoroughfares prior to the advent of Governor Shepherd were wretched beyond description.

When the French engineer, who laid out the city in Washington's time, gave fifty-four per cent. of the land area to street and park, he did not foresee what a stumbling-

¹ The MS. for this article was prepared by a committee of the Capital Club, consisting of Messrs. Leland Howard, L. W. Seely, and Charles R. Dodge.

block the wide streets and avenues would prove in the way of a practicable paving scheme. This was fully realized after the war, when the *scheme* was being agitated, and the enormous cost of paving such

out the obligation of purchasing the ground. At first wood pavements were employed for the carriage-ways; but, from dampness of Washington winters, or other causes, they soon fell into decay, and were superseded by asphalt, *neufchatel*, and other "concrete" pavements, until now nearly the entire city is laid out in thoroughfares so smooth that their smoothness becomes almost monotonous.

The parking system has worked wonders, too, in the matter of shade, some streets having four lines of trees, from house to opposite house, so that in time one may ride for miles beneath their green canopies shielded completely from the heat of the noon-day sun. Then the parking itself, in some localities, presents the aspect of a continuous flower-garden, relieved here and there by vases, fountains, or ornamental trees, terraced oftentimes, and altogether presenting an aspect of rare beauty.

Thus Washington has grown more



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

broad thoroughfares arose as an insurmountable obstacle. But the difficulty *was* overcome most charmingly when the present superb parking system was devised, which has given to property owners in the majority of streets a grass plot or lawn, to enclose and beautify, with-

beautiful, year by year; people of wealth have become attracted to it as a city of winter residence; a friendly rivalry has sprung up among its own moneyed men in the erection of fine houses; the "high official" population early caught the fever, and the artistic building era commenced, and has

continued with a steady growth until many thoroughfares—as Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut avenues—show long lines of superb edifices as beautiful as any in the country.

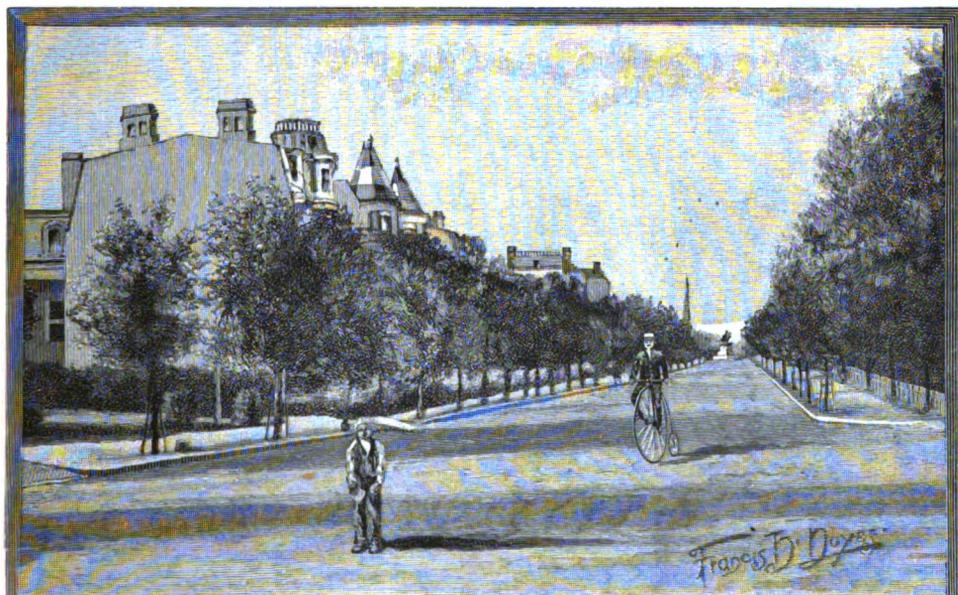
That the capital of the nation is a beautiful city even the Parisian visitor will not deny, and that the Capital Club is proud of its home—

“Where every prospect pleases,
And only” (politics) “is vile,”

will never meet with a contradiction.

It is worthy of note, in passing, that this club of wheelmen is perhaps the

of the sturdy pioneer was not diverted from the ruthless savage to the exciting scene at his feet; all were unconscious of the event then transpiring. Even the casual mention of the names of Hansmann, Einolf, Krauskopf, and Jessunofsky, aroused no memory of Kosciusko in the bosoms of the States-men who were chance spectators. In fact, the beginning of the Capital Club was a very small event. Seven men accomplished its organization, and it is fitting, as a matter of record, that their names should follow here. They are: Herbert S. Owen, Max Hansmann, F. D. Owen, L. P. Einolf, F. G.



VERMONT AVENUE.

only one thing in Washington not interested in or controlled by politics; however, a great change in the political situation *might* affect it somewhat.

Still it has a *leaning* toward governmental institutions, though the grand old capitol building experienced no tremor when seven wheelmen met in its protecting shadow, January 31, 1879, to effect the first organization, from which has grown the influential body now so familiarly known as the “Capital Bicycle Club.”

Greenough's Washington still held his nondescript sword in his left hand, motioning with the other to Columbus to throw the marble world a little higher; the Indian woman still covered; and the gaze

¹ And “malaria.”

Wood, L. N. Jessunofsky, and Chas. Krauskopf.

These early pioneers of bicycling in Washington had much to overcome in the way of prejudice, for though the introduction of the bicycle here may have been accomplished with greater ease than in many less favored cities, it must not be supposed that the American citizen, at home, relinquished at once and without a struggle his inherent right to grumble and oppose the silent innovation.

Complaints were early received at police head-quarters, and harrowing tales regarding the destructive nature of the bicycle and the recklessness of its riders were circulated, and by some implicitly believed. That no wheelman, in his senses, would

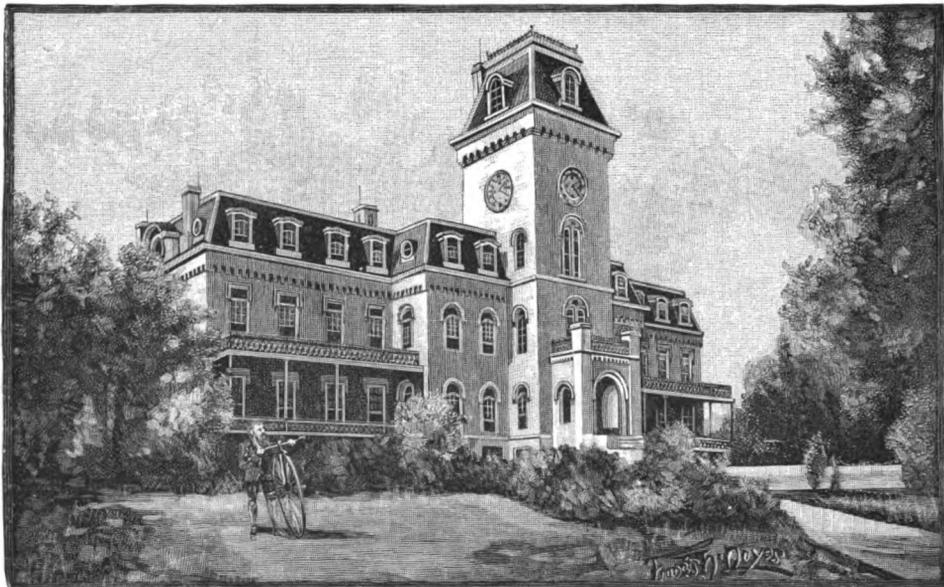
risk serious personal injury by collision with a pedestrian, the public did not yet understand; and when two members of the club were summoned to an interview with the chief of police there was a feeling that a crisis had arrived, and response was made with no little anxiety.

It was a fortunate thing for the wheelmen that the chief of police at that time was as clear-headed and sensible a man as Major Thomas P. Morgan, since District Commissioner, and now an honorary member of the club. Calling the attention of the two delegates to the numerous complaints received, and stating that he could

tion taken by Major Morgan has been held by his successors and the authorities generally, and to this liberal policy the club owes much of its rapid advancement.

The interview resulted in the passage of club rules, requiring the use of bells by day and lamps by night, which rules were religiously broken upon all occasions; but such was the moral effect of the club action, coupled, perhaps, with greater caution and a more conciliatory bearing when upon the wheel, that complaints diminished in frequency, and in time practically ceased.

Almost from the first advent of wheel-



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

not ignore them, the wheelmen were advised that, for their own good, they should adopt a course of action convincing to the public that bicycle-riding and the public safety were not incompatible. He then gave his own views upon the subject, — commendable to all prejudiced city authorities as models of good sense, which were substantially as follows: I approve of bicycling. My duties as chief of police enable me to see a great deal in which the young men of Washington are concerned, and as a result of my observation I shall do all in my power to encourage an honest, manly exercise, promoting the physical health of the participants, and tending to keep them out of bar-rooms and other questionable resorts. The favorable posi-

ing, the fair sex of Washington have declared in favor of the wheel, which even now excites outspoken admiration and envy, — very gratifying by contrast to the continuous ovation of tin cans and opprobrious epithets from the small-boy, often tendered the rider in his passage along the street, to say nothing of the epithets without the cans from the boy's father or big brother.

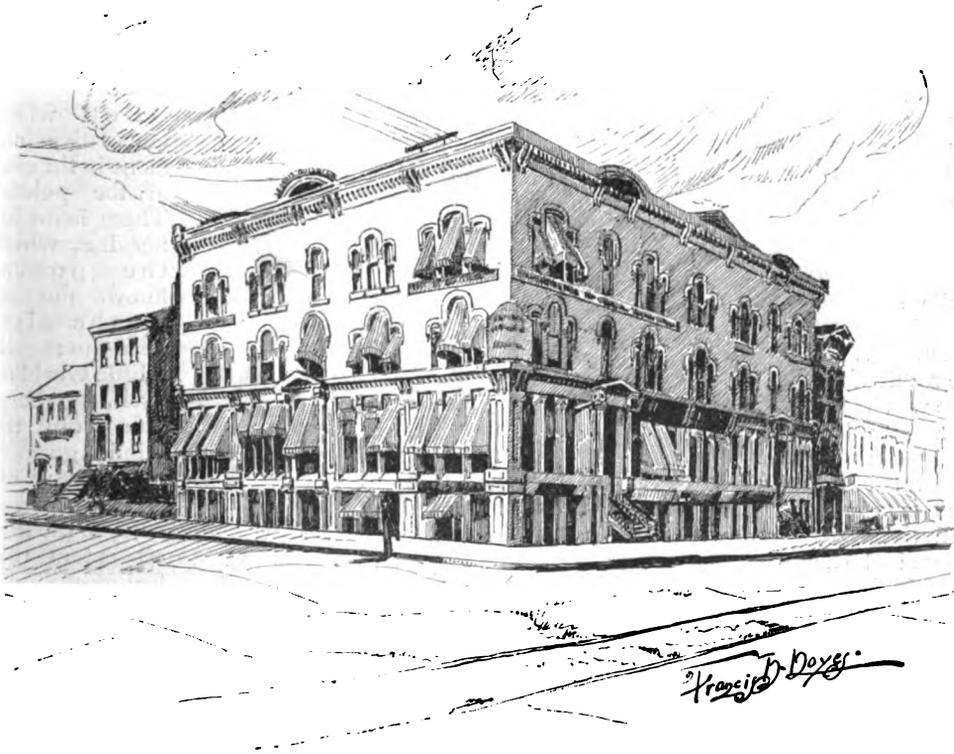
But with the growth of bicycling came an entire change in public sentiment, as leading business and professional men adopted the wheel for exercise or use, and still preserved their dignity. After the first shock to conventional ideas the attractiveness and fitness of the costume were readily conceded, and its appearance

on the streets now rarely provokes unfavorable comment. Apropos, in passing, there is an old resolution in the early archives of the club quite denunciatory to an up-town hotel-keeper, the *casus belli* being the ejection of a member of the club on account of his objectionable uniform.

In the darkest hours of 'cycling in Washington there has always been the consoling reflection that prejudice had no force within the beautiful grounds of the Soldiers'

and the replacing it again to prevent the entrance of some closely following carriage. How far the custom of giving the old veterans who kept the gates a present of "Fine Cut" and "Navy Plug," at Christmas, has contributed to this result is not stated.

The influence of the Capital Club in overcoming prejudice in Washington has been exerted for good, not in the capital city alone, but throughout the country; for the club has been instrumental in procur-



LE DROIT BUILDING.

Home, for its many miles of perfect roadway, its shaded walks and picturesque by-paths, have always been open to wheelmen, even when the all-pervading horse-owner was excluded. To be classed with members of Congress ought to satisfy the wildest ambition, at least Capital men have always been admitted to the grounds on Sundays, when all except our country's lawgivers were *religiously* excluded. After repeated abuse and insult upon the road, there has seemed poetic justice, if not full compensation for wrong, in the simple letting down of the chain at the entrance to admit a party of wheelmen,

ing the clearest and most outspoken judicial recognition of wheelmen's rights yet uttered in any State where the question has come up, — a decision which, in the city, renders wheelmen perfectly secure in the enjoyment of privileges which are theirs by right, but makes them liable, like others, for their abuse. The playful custom of horse-owners of "breaking up" a parade, or of running down an individual wheelman, now and then, received a sudden check in June last, when the widely published Lane vs. Chapman case came before the public, a day or two after the spring race meet. It was a very aggravated case, the full partic-

ulars of which, with the legal decision rendered, will be found in the August issue of *THE WHEELMAN* (pages 370 and 385), so it will not be necessary to repeat them here. In brief, it may be stated, however, that, in imposing fine, Judge Snell held that, in the eyes of the law, bicycles have the same rights and privileges, and are subject to the same restrictions, as other vehicles, and that their riders are no more bound to exercise special diligence in avoiding accident and collision than the driver of an ordinary carriage or wagon.

In a case shortly after the same judge upheld his former decision by fining a colored boy \$20 for running into and badly injuring a gentleman upon a crossing, while speeding on a frequented street. While the result of this case was heartily approved by all right-minded wheelmen and club men especially, who have labored long and faithfully to subdue public prejudice, it had a salutary effect upon wheelmen generally. It is said, however, to have caused considerable mental

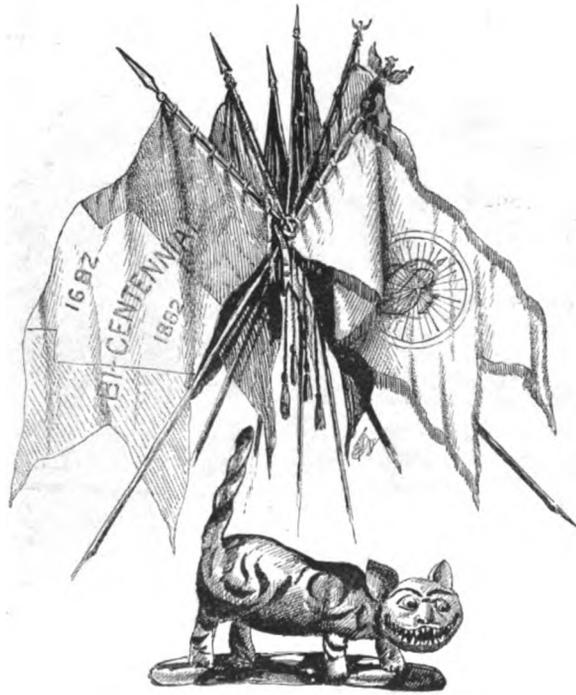
anguish and deep distress to a youthful aspirant for racing honors, who, when spurting down Fourteenth street, one evening, ran into and knocked down a gentleman as he was stepping from a street-car. Visions of police courts and stations flashed upon his brain as he picked up the demoralized victim, escorted him to his residence near by and procured a physician. His injuries were pronounced to be not of a serious character, a fine black eye being the most noticeable feature of the accident. The young man visited his victim assiduously during the few days of confinement, spending a small fortune in bananas and

other luxuries, and they became great friends.

In closing this theme, a word for the press of Washington is fitting. Always friendly toward the club, and free from prejudice against the wheel, it has ever extended to wheelmen a helping hand in forming a kindly public opinion, even suppressing accounts of accidents by frightened horses, — upon one or two occasions at least; once ascribing a runaway caused by the bicycle to fireworks, — and publishing most complete accounts of all

local wheel events as matters of general news.

But wheel clubs live not alone in the eyes of the public. There is an inner life, which the public knows not of, for the club head-quarters is a little world of itself, where, safe from the public gaze, it may throw off all restraint and enjoy to the fullest extent that feeling of kindly interest, one with another, and the pleasant interchange of thoughts and opinions, which always characterize fraternal association.



KLUB KAT AND FLAGS.

Early meetings of the Capital Club were held at houses of members, and later the first floor of a dilapidated mansion on Tenth street, near H, was rented. Once in permanent quarters club enthusiasm became aroused to a high pitch. Each night saw every member at head-quarters carefully cleaning or repairing his "wreck." If it happened to be perfectly clean and in good repair, he took it to pieces for the somewhat doubtful pleasure of putting it together again. Long runs were instituted, and the surrounding country explored. The first captain, in the fall of 1879, accomplished the feat of riding thirty miles

through Maryland with one leg of his breeches torn off.

In April, 1880, there was a general call for more central quarters, and the ground floor of No. 412 Eleventh street engaged. The funniest memories cling round the dirty old place (it is now used for a machine-shop), for many a watermelon has been cut within its precincts, and many a cider jug has come in full and gone out empty. It was here that the great "racket" of the unveiling of the stove took place to the delicious music of the overture to "Il Bomboso," composed by Maestro Noyes, and performed upon "domestic instruments." Here, too, the great standstill match took place between Owen, Schooly, and Seely, which was won by the former with a record of 2h. 22m., which remains to this day unrivalled. The greater part of this feat was accomplished "hands off," and he finally dismounted, only because he could not bear to miss his dinner. Shade of Ezekiel, look ever kindly upon old 412, and spare her long to gaze blandly with her open face upon passing wheelmen, and smile with cracking walls in memory of long ago!

The rapid growth in membership ere long caused another move, and in January, 1882, the club took possession of its present quarters, Rooms 10, 11, and 33 Le Droit building. The events which have transpired since have hardly passed into history, yet hundreds of delightful runs have started from the shadow of the Le Droit, many a wound has been nursed within its protecting walls, and many a stormy debate, wild song, and enthusiastic club-yell have shaken its windows. The main club-room has already a homelike aspect to us all. The benignant countenance of our first president, C. E. Hawley, smiles down upon the green surface of the club pool-table; the ferocious phiz of the klub kat gazes wildly out from its drapery of banners towards the dreamy face of the "Shadow Love" opposite, and the customary groups and individual photos hang thickly round the walls. Hazlitt, on his Marine, is running head-on into Higham, of Nottingham, and Dr. Coleman peers over the head of his Royal Challenge inquiringly at the gorgeous circus-poster of the Springfield meet, hung conspicuously under the reading-desk. Our Catholic member expresses his belief in the infallibility of the Pope in a cartoon on one side, and on the other, amid a solid mass of bugles, billiard-cues, maps, horseshoes,

and other relics of the road, hangs the gem of the collection,—a babe dimpled and white. To quote the words of the illustrious president of the Springfield Club, "the joy, the pride, the pet," of the club,—the klub kid,—the first child born to the organization, the only infant who has achieved the proud distinction of cutting his teeth on a British Challenge ebonite handle-bar.

In this room the klub kat was dedicated with imposing ceremony,— "Presented on behalf of the emperor of Japan," by C. E.



Hawley, and received on behalf of the club by L. W. Seely; and there on its pedestal it has stood—grim arbiter of our destinies—for twelve long months; and it has passed into tradition that so long as it stands there, solemn and silent, all will go well; but when removed by impious hands disaster will overtake us, and the direst calamities befall each member. Here, too, the club dictionary first saw light. The eminent lexicographer, C. G. Allen, a master of English "as she is spoke," soon discovered, on joining the club, many strange words in constant use. As the sport became older the number of these new words and peculiar slang phrases increased, and, with his exact and analytical turn of mind, he noted them all down with their probable meaning. The result was "a dictionary of the words and phrases peculiar to the Capital Club," which was

read on the eve of the third anniversary, January 31, 1882.

In this room, too, was organized a most interesting feature of the club, — a bicycle debating society, at the meetings of which, every fortnight, the members discussed a paper read by some one, on some point connected with the bicycle. Thus, one night the subject of "tires" would receive a severe handling; the next time, perhaps, "tracks," and so on. A great deal of good has come from this little intestine society, and men who otherwise would have paid no attention to the construction of their ma-



chines have become thoroughly conversant with the minutest points.

The inner life of the club is thoroughly enjoyable. Regular runs are held on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and every evening sees small parties starting out on tours of exploration or "practice runs" through the ditches, and gulleys, and commons of East Washington. A gathering of members every evening discusses pool, or dominoes, or whist, while "cleaning bees," in the machine-room, are of almost nightly occurrence. Through the winter a series of *soirées* is given, which have attained great popularity among the butterfly population of the city, and theatre parties, in full uniform, give frequent evidence of club spirit. The Capital Club was probably the first to give a "uniform dance," although the Meriden Wheel Club and the Milwaukee Bi. Club followed hard on its footsteps.

The machinery of the club is simple,

with four classes of members, — active, associate, honorary, and non-resident; the active only have a voice in the proceedings. All routine matters are decided by the executive committee of eleven, which holds monthly meetings and frequent special meetings. The club also meets monthly, and passes upon the action of the executive committee. The latter, in case of emergency, may act for the club, by unanimous vote, in any matter, however important. New members are recommended by the executive committee, their names posted for one week, and elected by a two-thirds vote of the club. The active membership is limited to sixty, while the associate and honorary lists have no limit. Uniforms are obligatory with active members, and optional with all others. The present uniform is too well known to riders through the country to need description, and offers a pleasing contrast to the aboriginal costume of polo cap and leggins, which was first adopted.

It seems to be the universal opinion, and it is one which Washington wheelmen have been called upon frequently to combat, that Washington streets are so fine that the temptation to do anything but throw legs over handles and glide down the smooth grades, or to start out in drill squads and evolute upon the faultless surface, never seizes, or never ought to seize, a Capital man. "My dear sir," replies the Capital man, "would you never tire of riding in a rink, and can you not imagine that even gliding by building after building of public interest would soon become an ancient story?" The suburban roads are not sand-papered, but there is something which every rider will understand in the constant exercise of every faculty upon a rough road. There is an exhilaration in a coast down a stony hill, in a source of danger on every side, which makes even a timid rider feel that he has more thoroughly *lived* in an hour of such riding than in a week of bowling over asphalt. It is this feeling which takes Capital men miles away from home upon every opportunity, and which has caused a thorough exploration of the neighboring counties of "My Maryland" and the "Old Dominion."

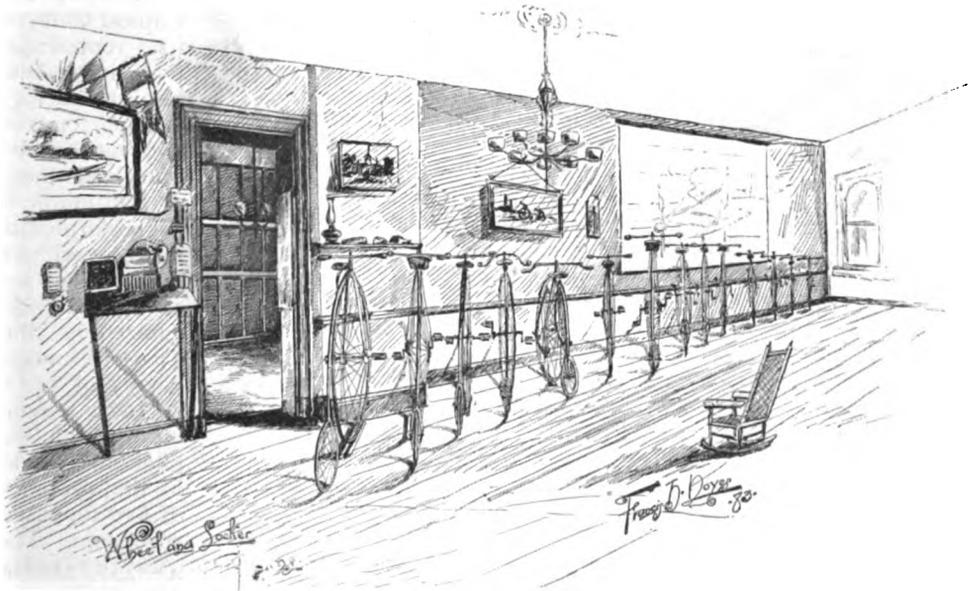
And then there *is* something to see outside of Washington: Bladensburg, the historic duelling-ground, six miles away, over a sandy road furnished with foot-paths worn smooth by the calloused feet of "culled" laborers and "po' white trash." Cabin

John's Bridge,¹ — that glorious stone arch, with its old hotel and its invariable parties of sweet girl picnickers, — ten miles from head-quarters, over macadam, as the goose flies.

How many bright memories are associated with it: quiet breakfast parties, with luscious spring-chicken (the genuine article), and flaky "flour doin's," — of snowy whiteness by contrast with the kindly black face of the "old aunty" who rules the "cook-house"; quieter confidential talks in the *interim* of rest, between chums, lying prone upon the grass, in the shadow of the trees, a hundred feet below the parapets; or, less quiet gatherings upon the

raced the rural "trotter" in a back town in Pennsylvania, in the "early days," and turned the laugh on the gaping jockeys by a complete walk-over. These and many other sunny memories! Dear Cabin John! — *our* pleasant "country seat."

Then there is Tennallytown, with its cock-fights and three-quarters of a mile coast. Rockville, with its seminary and base-ball nine, with our "Tip" and "Lele" on the "cullud" side; Great Falls, where the Potomac takes a flying leap down a succession of giant stairs; Alexandria, the landing-place of Braddock, the worshipping-place of George W—g—n, the death scene of Ellsworth, and the present



breeze-kissed hillside, to listen to Bert's inimitable yarns, while the waters babbled musically over the rocks, and the inanimate stone of the great arch flung back, in a chorus of mighty echoes, the peals of merry laughter. The time he raced with the calf, a-wheel, on this same road, and only headed him off at the very edge of the embankment, after as many turns as a hound-pursued fox would make; how the chicken ran so fast, along the fence, while fleeing from his on-coming wheel, that she broke her neck in attempting to dart through a familiar aperture in the pickets; how he

residence of Mayor Smith; Arlington, the former home of Lee, and the resting-place of ten thousand immortal warriors; and Mount Vernon, where — who can't fill in the gap?

Farther away are Harper's Ferry, the caverns of Luray, and the natural bridge, so graphically described in a former number of *THE WHEELMAN*; Baltimore, with its genial host of riders; Bull Run, Cedar Creek, Spottsylvania Court-House, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Five Forks. We older know them all by heart, and more than one Capital man took part in the great struggles which these latter names represent. Many a time has the writer — a northern man — exhausted by a long day's run, lain under the shade of some

¹ Cabin John's Bridge is the longest single arch of cut stone in the world. Span, two hundred and twenty feet; height to top of arch, seventy-eight feet. Built by the government to support the aqueduct supplying the city with water.

huge tree, and listened to "the other side of the story" from an old Confederate soldier, whose true Virginian hospitality had just been experienced.

But enough of runs. The climate of Washington is something which has been joked about for the last year by northern riders, and there is just a feeling of hesitancy about singing its praises here. This article is no "Handbook of Florida," to induce immigration; yet we do have advantages in climate. All winter long the glint and shimmer of the wheel is seen, and the exploits of Wilmot are outdone by many a Washington rider. In summer, so stated by General Hazen, Washington is the coolest city on the Atlantic seaboard; sun-strokes are few, and no wheelman has ever been overcome.

One thing the club suffer from — isolation. Our ideas are our own ideas; our machines were bought from a consultation of the "Indispensable," and not from our examination of similar wheels; our organization was and is upon an original plan. Our feeling of loneliness is evinced in our eager welcome of all outside wheelmen. It is a gala day when King brings over a party of Maryland men from Baltimore; we welcomed dear old Marsden like a brother when he passed through here on his way from the Chicago meet; and our eyes were opened to their widest extent on our first visit as a club to the North, and our friends of the Germantown Club can testify to our appreciation of the chance they gave us at Philadelphia, in October, 1882, to see what a real live northern club was like.

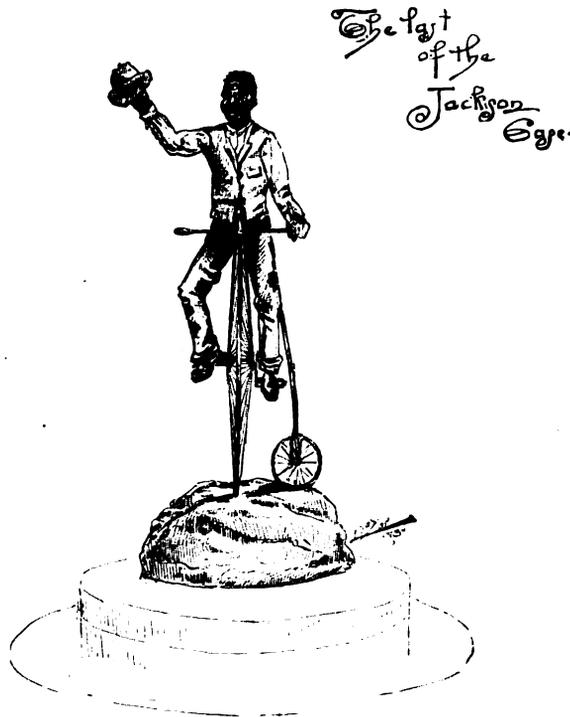
Perhaps it is this very isolation which has given to the club its independence, for, as the world goes, a sturdy self-reliance,

enforced by circumstance, in boyhood, makes the man of sterling worth. We do not wish to be thought boastful as a club, — it is *not* a Capital Club trait; but it is a serious question if there is another club in the country more enthusiastic to a man, or in which the members pull more thoroughly together. Mr. Prince noticed it when he came to settle in our beautiful city; and, as others have mentioned it from time to time, we take a pride in thinking it is so, because, to many of us, the club is father, mother, sister, *brother*, in the absence of dearer home associations.

Outside of Washington, the Capital Club, or its representatives, have done but little racing. Barring one or two races against Maryland men, at Baltimore, it has performed its racing-work at home. June 29, 1880, were organized its first annual races. They took place at Iowa Circle, on a rough asphaltum track, in the presence of five thousand spectators. The quarter-mile race was won by Wm. Chester (now of Prince-

ton College), in the good time of 41¾ sec. (flying start). The 1-mile and 5-mile were won by J. McK. Borden, in 3 m. 25 sec. and 19 m. 21 sec., respectively. In 1881 and 1882 the annual races were held upon the same track, and the 1-mile time was lowered to 3m. 10 sec., and the 5-mile to 17 m. 44 sec., also by Borden, who, in 1881, made a two-mile record of 6 m. 52 sec.

In the spring of 1883 a 4-lap cinder track was laid in the grounds of the Athletic Park, at an expense of nearly \$3,000, and the annual races for this year were held here, with the track in an incomplete condition. Never did racers before contend against such difficulties. The track was a regular quicksand, and fast time was out



of the question. The 2-mile open was won by Frank Howard, of Columbia College (scratch); the 1-mile open by J. Day Flack, of the Maryland Club (100 yards); and the 5-miles club championship by J. McK. Borden.

While upon the subject of races it may be well to make one more mention of that grand Garfield meet fiasco, called the "slush meet," by an over-facetious Capital man. Most elaborate preparations were made for the entertainment of visiting wheelmen, and a very interesting series of races arranged. Nothing else was talked of in the club for weeks, and when, on the night of the 27th of November, 1882, wheelmen came pouring in by all the northern trains, in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, it is safe to say that a more wretchedly disappointed and forlorn association never existed than ours. But the club men bore themselves bravely, and in this they were handsomely aided by the cheerful going-to-have-a-good-time-anyway demeanor which all of the guests assumed. The old walls of the City Hall rang with laughter as machines were packed away after the slush and mud had been wiped off, and the black night was made hilarious with song as the merry party tramped through the snow back to the hotels.

In the morning, detachments of visitors, guided by "Capitalists," ploughed their way around the city, visiting this or that place of interest, — Public Building, Museum, or Art Gallery, — and in the afternoon the hearts of the pretty girls in the booths at the fair, at the capitol, were gladdened by the sight of an hundred odd Philadelphia, New York, and Boston men clad in those "darling uniforms." Many a strange story could be told of the events of that afternoon. One *has* been told, — the "Owl" has many times hooted out a gentle reference to "the gallant Pit and the farmer's daughter."

On the 29th old Sol shone out once more, and the snow vanished as if by a miracle. A parade of one hundred and fifty wheels was formed and carried through the principal streets for two hours or more, and in the afternoon a contest in fancy riding took place at the east front of the capitol, all races being postponed on account of the condition of the track.

In the evening one hundred and twenty-five men sat down to a supper at the Riggs House. The utmost good-fellowship prevailed, and the speeches and responses by President Hawley, of the Capital Club;

Colonel Pope; Captain Wilson, of the Philadelphia Club; Captain Trego, of the Maryland; Messrs. Garvy, of St. Louis; Griffiths, of Boston; Jenkins, of New York; and others, closed the evening and the meet in as pleasant a manner as "our boys" could wish.

But the end was not yet. For six long months the club struggled with that hydra-headed monster, the G.M.F. Association, with bills of all sorts and descriptions, which the Association was in honor bound to pay; but beyond the amount for the grandstand, not one penny of the expenses of the meet has ever come from the plethoric purse of the Association. Upon one pretext and another, the club was put off time after time, and finally the entire debt was repudiated by the auditing committee, — D. G. Swaim, Judge-Advocate General of the army; and John W. Thompson, President of the National Metropolitan Bank, and of other influential organizations. Meanwhile the club had itself been losing credit from the long postponement, until at last, in desperation, it shouldered the heavy obligation, and paid it off.

With the perfect facilities afforded by broad, smooth streets, the club naturally became well drilled. To the peculiar ability of Mr. H. S. Owen, in devising new figures and evolutions, and his capacity for instructing others, the club has been indebted for the great success of all its drills. The first regular appearance of the club drill-squad was at the National Fair, in October, 1880, when six men went through some very pretty evolutions, and accomplished the then wonderful feat of standing still in "company front." In April, 1881, a drill-squad of eight men, under Captain C. G. Allen, gave an exhibition in the Bidle-street Rink, Baltimore, at the invitation of the Baltimore Bicycle Club. Fully two thousand of the beauty and fashion of Baltimore were present, and the hearty applause testified to their interest in the novel spectacle. The majority then rode painted wheels of a standard pattern, long since discarded; but the spokes, at least, glistened in the gas-light, — a bright compensation for hours of labor with crocus cloth and emery. The exhibition was repeated



CLUB BADGE.

some months later at the same place with equal success.

At the bi-centennial meeting in Philadelphia the club entered a drill squad, under Captain E. H. Fowler, but found no competition. The movements were made with some difficulty, owing to the softness of the track, rendering short curves and turns somewhat dangerous; but the gathering of appreciative wheelmen was generous with applause, and the handsome Keystone banner, the prize then won, now forms a conspicuous ornament at club head-quarters.

The most successful affair of this kind, however, was given at the Washington Skating Rink, in January, 1883. Twelve men, four on 56's, four on 54's, and four on 52's, constituted the drill squad, under the command of Captain L. W. Seely. "Standing room only" was a literal fact upon this evening, and the club outdid itself. A peculiar alternate still-mount, the invention of sub-captain Max Hansmann, was introduced on this occasion, and proved very effective. The wheels and platoons were beautifully executed, and the drill terminated with a stationary triangular figure, requiring in its successful execution the greatest skill and nice calculation of the twelve men forming it. The rink was found to be too small to drill sixteen men, so that the 50-inch squad, composed of excellent riders, was reluctantly disbanded.

The last appearance of the club drill squad was at the fourth annual races of the C. Bi. C., in June last, when eight men, under Captain Seely, secured the prize offered, — a split-second timer.

In fancy riding the brightest name on the club-roll is that of Herbert S. Owen, — brightest because of his originality in this direction at a time when trick-riding, and the capacity of the bicycle in that direction, were practically unknown.

His feat of riding down the Senate steps of the capitol was witnessed by several of his fellow-members, and the account of it had a wide circulation. He rode an ordinary 54-inch machine, which he mounted on the steps without assistance before commencing the descent. Before retiring from the arena of fancy riding he was a master of forty-five distinct mounts, and an infinite variety of tricks.

Rex Smith received the benefit of Mr. Owen's instruction, and, under his guidance and aided by his own gymnastic powers, is probably the best fancy rider in the United States. A trained athlete, of wonderful

strength and nerve, his command over his 52-Centaur is something incredible.

Seward Beall is by many looked upon as a coming man in fancy riding. To great strength and skill he unites perfect coolness and nerve, and performs many very difficult feats. Then there are other fancy riders in the club, unknown to fame; there is the prominent dentist, who has been seen on the street with a watermelon under each arm, with which he claimed to have mounted alone and unassisted; there is the family man, who takes his basket to market on the wheel every morning, and has done the pedal mount with a pitcher full of milk in one hand without spilling a drop.

A brief statement of the doings of the club abroad may interest the reader.

During the first year of its existence Captain Owen toured from Portland to Boston. He rode then a 54-inch Duplex Excelsior, all the bright parts of which were coppered in a truly elegant manner. On this machine he was one of the party in "The Wheel around the Hub," and was always supposed to be the original "Nim-pin," who stood still at the summit of a long hill, until a Worcester man rose up and claimed the honor. The old "copper-bottomed wreck," as it was called, was exhibited at the National Fair in the fall of 1879, labelled, "This machine has been ridden 5,000 miles." It long ago passed into other hands, and its owner has become a "Staromaniac; but it is thought that, sometimes, he compares the rattling ratchet on the sixty pounds of machinery which now carries him to the noiseless rush of his old Duplex with a feeling akin to regret.

During the fall of 1879, Messrs. Max Hansmann and H. M. Schooley rode from Washington to Boston *via* Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Hartford, and Worcester. It was in the days before uniforms were generally known, when a rubber band around the bottom of a pair of loosely flapping trousers supplied the place now filled by knee-breeches or knickerbockers. The tourists were the recipients of much attention and kindness on the route, where their "Special Challenge" and "Coventry Perfection" machines were absolute novelties. They were thirteen days on the road from Washington to Boston, and the postal-cards received from them daily make very interesting reading, even now.

In September, 1880, a published call for a grand meet in New York, — allowed by

the wheel press to pass uncontradicted, — induced five members of the club to take shipping at Baltimore. The affair was a great hoax; but it resulted in bringing together many prominent wheelmen, among them Fairfield, of Maine; Hazlett, of Portsmouth; Ely, of Cleveland; and Clark and Whyte, of Baltimore. Runs to Yonkers and Coney Island were taken, and execrable photographs of the party at West Brighton still remain, though it is believed not in public circulation. A night ride through Prospect Park and Brooklyn, running the blockade of the vigilant police, with unlighted lamps, terminated the day's excitement.

The exhibitions by the club in Baltimore have been alluded to. In addition to these, twenty-eight men attended the Oriole meet and races in September, 1882, taking part in the parade. In the following October twenty-six men were honored in leading the bicycle parade through Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and in being the guests of the Germantown Club, at the elegant supper at Bryn Mawr, after the races, as well as upon that glorious run on the Lancaster Pike, the morning following.

During the fall of 1882, Messrs. Hansmann, Allen, and Seely scored a "first on record," at the Natural Bridge, in Southern Virginia, visiting also the Luray Caves, and finding good roads throughout the section. This tour covered about five hundred miles.

At the League meet in New York seventeen members of the club, under Captain **Seely**, headed the third division of the parade, composed of non-League clubs, at which time the "parade form" of the club, and its disciplined riding, were particularly complimented by press and public, — points in which the members take special pride.

It has always been a matter of surprise to clubs and wheelmen from abroad that the order and discipline maintained in the Capital Club, mounted or unmounted, whether at home or abroad, while together *as a club*, are worthy of a well-regulated military company. An inordinate spirit that may occasionally be displayed by one or two members of an organization always reflects severely upon the character of the whole, and while the utmost latitude may ordinarily be allowed, yet on club runs, formal parades, or club excursions, the word of the captain should be law. It is so in the Capital Club.

The C. Bi. C. early retired from the

League of American Wheelmen, and has since seen no reason for rejoining that body. Its independent course is naturally abused by certain elements in the wheel-press, and to be abused by which is rather a compliment than otherwise. Its members prefer to owe allegiance to the Capital Club rather than to any organization professedly broad in character — practically exclusive. Under the badge of the Capital Club we feel that we do not need the emblem of the League; to the Capital Club all wheelmen carry their recommendation with them, and the fact that they may be members of the League will not in the slightest affect unfavorably the cordiality of their reception in Washington, and the heartiness of their welcome at all times.

It is only by looking back over the five years' history of the club — so short in time, so great in events! — that we can realize the changes that have taken place. The club is now the third in point of age in the United States, and it has seen the birth of nearly two hundred others. From a mental picture of the bleak steps of the Capitol, — on that January day in 1879, — with the seven shivering wheelmen assembled there, we turn to our well-ordered club-rooms, to which seventy members have access. From the recollection of the 46-inch "Aerial," which the pioneer wheelman rode, we look to our machine racks with their shining lines of wheels, the best makes, — Coventry, London, and Hartford. We see our limit of active membership reached, and applicants waiting for vacancies to occur. We see our ranks recruited from Washington's best citizens, — merchants, lawyers, doctors, teachers, and government officials, — men who, if old, recognize in the bicycle the means of renewing their youth; if young, the means of preserving it.

For the establishment of the policy which the members of the club have always pursued we are indebted to the activity, energy, patience, and example of Herbert S. Owen, one of the pioneer wheelmen of America, and the best road rider that ever crossed a bicycle. By aiming to make a good rider of each man as he entered the club, by correcting, through precept and example, defects of form, style, and action, by encouraging the development of fancy riding and club-drills, and, in general, by giving his whole energy to the cause of bicycling, he has made the club largely what it is.

And what of the future? That can only be revealed to us, day by day, as the hand of time shall turn each page whereon appears the record of events. But the thinker may ponder, the enthusiast speculate, and the idealist dream over it, — reclining listlessly upon the sofa, in a quiet corner of the club-room, peering through the filmy nothingness of cigar smoke; — or, mayhap, while gliding through some sunny woodland by-path, in a crisp November day, upon the steed we all love so well.

Denser now the filmy cloud, — swifter speeds the flying wheel, — and the picture grows and grows till the eye catches the outline of upreaching walls. There is the broad, familiar asphalt pavement, the pretty parking, and the beds of flowers; and the white flagging leads up to a handsome structure, new from the builder's hands. There is a wide oaken portal, and within are pretty rooms, furnished with all that taste, and art, or woman's fair hands, may fashion or devise. Long lines of wheels stand brightly in their places; yonder is the repair-shop, and beyond that, the kitchen, and —

But coming events *have* been foretold in dreams; — at least, the kat whispered last night that nearly the entire sum had already been subscribed.

APPENDIX, — STATISTICS.

The *personnel* of the club may be described more briefly and accurately perhaps by a few statistics than in any other way. The sixty-eight riding members are summed up as follows: —

Occupation. — Draughtsmen, 12; government clerks, 11; mercantile pursuits, 8; lawyers and patent attorneys, 7; examiners in the patent-office, 4; engineers, 3; teachers, 3; printers, 3; architect, newspaper business, banking, stenographers, 2

each; druggist, leisure, student, bank-note engraver, dentist, entomologist, litterateur, 1 each.

Age. — Average age, 26 years 9 mos.; oldest, 50; youngest, 19. (Candidates for admission are now required to be 21 years of age.)

Height. — Average height, 5 ft. 9 in.; tallest, 6 ft. 2 in.; shortest, 5 ft. 4 in.

Weight. — Average weight, 141 lbs.; heaviest, 180; lightest, 104.

Make of Machines. — Expert Columbia, 17; Extraordinary Challenge, 9; British Challenge, 8; Yale, 6; American Star, 5; Standard Columbia, 5; Harvard, 4; Royal Challenge, 3; Centaur, 2; Portland, 2; Coventry Perfection, 2; and one each of Imperial Challenge, Matchless, Facile, Grand, Union, and Special, by Bayliss & Thomas. In other words, manufactured by Pope M'fg Co., 22; H. B. Smith M'fg Co. (Star), 5; Challenge machines, 22; other English makes, 23.

Sizes of Machines. — In this account no mention is made of Extras, Stars, or Faciles, as they bear no proportion to the rider's reach. The upright or crank machines may be classified as to size as follows: 60 in., 2; 58, 1; 57, 1; 56, 12; 55, 1; 54, 12; 53, 2; 52, 10; 50, 8; 48, 1.

The first officers of the club were: —

Vice-President, Max Hansmann; *Secretary and Treasurer*, L. P. Einolf; *Captain*, Herbert S. Owen.

The present officers are: —

President, Leland Howard; *Vice-President*, Chas. Flint; *Secretary*, F. R. Lane; *Treasurer*, F. C. Donn; *Captain*, L. W. Seeley; *Sub-Captain*, T. C. Tip-ton; *Jr. Sub-Captain*, Jno. T. Loomis; *Executive Committee*, the above, and D. E. Fox, T. A. Berryhill, S. P. Moses, Jr., and N. D. Cram.



WATERMELON RACKET.

'CYCLING AS AN AID TO SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES.

IN *Longman's Magazine* for October is an exceedingly sensible article on 'Cycling as an Intellectual Pursuit. The writer, B. W. Richardson, M.D., proves by his personal experience that the bicycle and tricycle have conferred on men and women "a new faculty of locomotion." Having studied the question of muscular motion physiologically, he concludes that we are entering on a new era of locomotion, when men will no longer be servants to engines, but each one be his own locomotor, traversing any desired distance with all convenient speed, without fatigue, but rather with refreshment of body, quickening of mind, and enlargement of interests and knowledge; in short, that the art of flight over land and sea will be the virtual result of experiments now in progress. What has already been accomplished in 'cycling makes such predictions as these seem reasonable and modest. The writer recalls a calculation made some years ago by a man of science, whose reasoning was generally respected, proving it to be absolutely impossible for a person to propel himself by machinery at greater speed or for a greater distance than he could advance by walking. When we see how men have overcome obstacles, although contending against public prejudice, imperfect machinery, and defective roads, we hesitate to say what is in store for the future.

There is a visible danger, however, to the best future of this promising art. In England, as well as to some extent in this country, there is a tendency to make a "sport" of the exercise, so as not only to carry it beyond the limits of physical benefit and incur diseased bodily conditions by over-exertion, but also to shut wholly out of sight any nobler relations of 'cycling.

It must be granted that, viewed merely as a sport, 'cycling is incomparably superior to all others. For success in its pursuit it demands temperance of life. Betting in connection with races has never been encouraged, and the rewards offered are of the simplest kind; very rarely of money. Racing, moreover, is undoubtedly a test of machines as well as of riders, and manufacturers have been spurred up by contests in speed and skill to the use of the best mechanical genius and the

choicest workmanship in the construction of instruments.

But the art has higher relations; and besides developing physical strength, skill, courage, and endurance in the 'cyclist, it should call forth and employ powers and abilities of a different order. Indeed, it must do so, unless it be allowed to become a mere racing amusement, and, consequently, to fall into disfavor amongst the sedate and intellectual classes of society, whose views and opinions always ultimately rule the majority.

There are other fields in which the bicycle and tricycle may become very useful and popular in aiding the exercise of the observing powers. It is proposed that all the ladies and gentlemen who make an amusement of 'cycling should band themselves into an association for the collection of various kinds of information while making expeditions in their own or foreign countries. The headquarters of the society should be in some central and important city, and branch organizations should be in all the country towns. Each local association should have its own secretary, who should be a man of sufficient knowledge to give any desired information to travellers through his neighborhood, and whose duty it should be to issue, at stated intervals, historical or scientific reports containing all recent additions made by his branch of the society to local knowledge.

The whole society should be divided into four sections, of which one should be Archæological, one Geographical, one Natural Historical, and the fourth Mechanical and Constructive.

The entire body should be governed by a president, to hold office for one year, subject to reëlection for two years, but not for a longer time consecutively; also by a general secretary, a treasurer, and a council of twenty-four members, to conduct the business of the society between the general election meetings.

The branches should be governed by corresponding officers, a local president, secretary, treasurer, and council; and they should conduct local business, subject to the authority of the central organization.

The central society should have a house of its own, fitted up with all conveniences

and open to the use of all members, metropolitan and local. This institution should be provided with a full and carefully selected library of works relating to all subjects of interest to the organization, with a lecture hall and museum. Such a house would quickly become a busy establishment, the grand centre of communication for the 'cycling brotherhood of the whole world. It would be in constant reception of new information and of collections of all sorts of curiosities illustrative of facts and conditions of past and present, and would thus be a public treasury of information without a rival. In the central society, as well as in each division, an open meeting of the members, presided over by the general and local presidents, or by a vice-president eminent for learning, archæological, geographical, natural historical, or mechanical, should be held each month. At these meetings papers would be read by the members, as in the different learned societies, and the readings would be followed by discussion without voting, unless it should be judged desirable to take a vote on some special question.

It would be well that the papers read at the different meetings should be written by members of the different sections, following the order of division already given. Thus, at one meeting the subject would be antiquarian, archæological, or historical; at another the papers would describe the physical peculiarities and conditions of any regions visited by the writers. At a third meeting the subject would be natural historical, including observations in botany, zoölogy, entomology, geology, meteorology, and anthropology; while at a fourth the readings and discussions would refer to mechanical matters, and especially to inventions directly connected with the pursuit of 'cycling.

Such an outline of work as has been suggested gives scope to one of the most active and versatile societies in the world, and offers a field for industry and talent so inviting to the 'cyclist that he will need only to view it to enter upon it. Ladies could take as full part as gentlemen in adding to the useful and pleasant knowledge collected by the society. The archæologists could very quickly bring into the records of the institution a description of everything of true antiquarian interest. They could furnish reports of the battle-fields of the Revolution and Rebellion. They could collect relics of the Mound-Builders, and Aztecs, and add greatly to

our knowledge of other primitive and curious tribes. Many parts of our country offer rich rewards to investigations of this class. Such inquiries, moreover, are extremely fascinating to the majority of persons. No man or woman making the slightest pretence to culture would refuse an interest to results connected with the past of their country or with the interests and actions of mankind.

The geographers, who would form the second section of the society, would have equal facilities for the accomplishment of their work. There is not a natural feature or an artificial modification of surface on all our vast territory that would not afford them material for observation and report. In one respect alone they might perform a service of inestimable value to all government administrators as well as to individual travellers. They might in a few months make a report on the state of the roadways, highways, and byways of the country the like of which, for completeness and suggestiveness, has never existed. They could point out what are the best and what the worst roads; what are safe, what dangerous. They could indicate what methods of making roads are found on trial to be best adapted to different soils. Perhaps in time they might even be able to devise means of obviating the impassability of the mud of our Western States at certain seasons of the year. They could show what is the best basis of a road, and what upper dressing is most even, most dry, and most enduring. They could suggest the parts where, owing to excessive steepness of ascent or descent of surface, it would be proper for the engineer to improve the course by levelling it or diverting the line. They could show what sideways and narrow roads ought to be made for the sake of saving distances when travelling from the great highways to the surrounding towns and villages. By means of their cyclometers they could correct an immense number of errors respecting distances which the sign-posts almost invariably make. They could map out the parts of the country which are still unenclosed, gather up the very best information on the matter of waste lands, and record the local usages of such places for marking out boundaries and for defining public and private rights of property. They could define the lines of rivers and canals, and perform an essential service to the commonwealth by showing where, in the course of flowing streams, the greatest and

steadiest force can be supplied. They could show the best sources of fish supply, and the readiest means of conveying stores of fish to the centres of population. They could learn what parts of the land were most productive of different fruits and vegetables, and indicate the encouragement that ought to be given for the development or sustainment of those cultivations. They could discover what lands are out of cultivation, and what remedy can be applied for lack of productiveness in waste places. What a varied and inviting field for such investigations is laid open by our broad land! Think of all the mountains, hills, plateaus, valleys, forests, and farming and grazing districts, in the East, West, North and South, in regard to which no such information is anywhere accessible. What messengers of civilization and progress would be the carriers of such various and valuable news! How much worthier is such information of being sought out and published than the greater part of the sensational news, to gain which men contend against time and distance and risk property and life!

The possible work for the geographical section of the proposed association is worthy of being more fully elaborated than that of the others, as serving more fully to illustrate in its extent and bearing the plan before us. It has also been proper to dwell upon it fully, because it would, at first, be the most popular work, and certainly the readiest for execution. Knowledge of roads, maps of districts of country, and the extension and improvement of highways, are certainly matters of practical importance and immediate interest to all 'cyclists. There are at this moment hundreds of intelligent 'cyclists furnished with machines, ready equipped for the adventure, all capable of travelling their twenty-five to fifty miles a day, each one capable of adding something to the general stock of information on the topics just selected for mention. In ten years we might possess from these inquirers a new library of our country, making it so well known to ourselves and other people that all scholars would look upon us as the perfectors of geographical research,—a preëminence which we, so richly furnished with material and opportunity, ought assuredly to seize and retain.

There would be equal scope for work in the two other departments suggested as parts of the constitution of the new society. Ladies and gentlemen who are fond of

natural history in its various branches would very quickly become mistresses and masters of numerous facts, out of which essays and papers of perfectly original character would be produced. Meteorology, the study of clouds, weather portents, climate in its variations in different districts; anthropology in its widest sense,—man in respect to his different characteristics, mode of life, learning, physical culture, health, race peculiarities, would be subjects at command, and would yield profitable results to the investigators themselves, as well as to the inhabitants of the districts studied, and all to whom the information should be distributed.

Those, again, who were in earnest in following up the improvements of a mechanical kind in 'cycling machines would find constant opportunity for testing the quality and applicability of assumed improvements, with or without the test now almost entirely relied upon, of the long or short race on the track or the road. At meetings of the fourth section of the society the latest kinds of machines would be described, and the merits of whatever was new would be canvassed. At such meetings projects of a reasonable and practical kind for improvements would be brought under notice. At such meetings a special report might, from time to time, be brought up, indicating in what directions developments of sound advances and improvements had progressed, or conveying what was being attempted and effected by ingenious inventors and mechanists in the different centres of industry at home and abroad.

To make the new society complete in its working, one special event in its history each year should be the holding of a general congress, with an exhibition of new and improved machines and appliances for 'cycling purposes. The congress, held in the spring at any one of our large towns, would be, if properly carried out, as good a conference as any of the other great congresses to which the members of older societies are wont to repair. It would bring together youth and mature age for discussion of subjects the advancement of which are both agreeable to the mind and advantageous to the community. Its organization, framed on the model of the society, would give four days for meeting, during which, in the divisions of archæology, natural history, and applied mechanics, there would be opportunity for useful debate, and for comparison from year to year of the progress that was being made

in all departments, not excluding a final series of contests for records of the old type, in which "the sport" need not for any reason be forgotten.

The difficulty of carrying out this design is all at the beginning. The first question is the one that has to be answered. How shall the start be made? Shall some one of the existing clubs, unions, or associations take the lead, and, by an extension of its organization, be transformed into the new body? Or shall there be a new society altogether, starting from its origin with the several objects in view which have been projected? Or shall there be a combination of the existing organizations, and shall the new association be founded from a central council, formed by them in

union? It does not signify materially which of these three courses is taken. The last named — a combined council of existing bodies — would be the most likely to succeed rapidly; but there are so many obstacles in the way of beginning on this basis, and so many contending interests to be reconciled, that we shall probably have to wait for the time when the new society, starting on entirely new foundations, will be accepted as the fittest mode of development, notwithstanding a certain slowness of growth in the early stages.

That a programme promising results so rich will soon be carried out, although possibly with many a modification found necessary to its execution, must be with certainty anticipated.

H. H. M.

A BALLADE OF THIS AGE.

LONG years ago, when garb of steel
Was worn to war by gallants gay,
And valiant hearts o'erflowed with zeal
Their knightly prowess to display;
When men believed in elf and fay, —
Then lovers often wielded lance,
And risked their lives in mortal fray,
For maiden's praise or tender glance.

Oblivion now has set its seal
On those proud deeds of ages gray,
When Love to ladies made appeal
Through minstrel's lute or poet's lay;
Extinguished now is ev'ry ray
Of that bright sun of old Romance,
And unmoved now those *hommes d'épée*
By maiden's praise or tender glance.

- Time's onward course now doth reveal
Another chivalry to-day;
They ride no steed but trusty Wheel;
No garb of steel doth them array.
Yet gallant knights and true are they;
Full hard they ride, oft brook mischance,
And daring feats full oft essay,
For maiden's praise or tender glance.

ENVOY.

O 'cycling knights of our late day!
Her dearest prize Fortuna grants,
And sweetest guerdon doth convey,
In maiden's praise or tender glance.

Basil Webb.

OUT-DOOR INFLUENCES IN LITERATURE.

THE earth is the great reservoir of physical forces, and whilst no scientist has yet been able to discover how intimate or how perfect is the connection between the mental and the physical, there exists, no doubt, a correlation between the processes by which the body and the soul are kept healthy and vigorous by draughts on the great reserves of Nature. One grows tired of books and cloyed with all manner of art. Then comes a hunger and a thirst for Nature. Real thought-gathering is like berry-gathering, — one must go to the wild vines for the racy-flavored fruit. Art and Nature are really the antipodes of each other, — one is original, the other second-hand. When we go from the library or the studio to the woods and fields, we go to get back what Art has robbed us of, — the freshness of Nature. Art presents compositions; Nature offers the original elements. The suggestions of Nature come, as the flowers and leaves and breezes come, — out of the mysterious, invisible generator; but Art merely reflects its suggestions back upon Nature. What genuine poet or novelist has not caught his charmingest conceits from some subtle and indescribable influence of out-door things? In-door poets, like Dante G. Rossetti, always lack the dewy freshness of Helicon, the thymy fragrance of Hybla, no matter how much of the true maker's *labor limae* may appear in their works. Even Poe and Hawthorne disclose too heavy a trace of the must and mould of the closet. Each stands alone, inimitable, in his field, but lacking that balmy, odorous freshness of the morning woods and pastures, when the convolvulus and the violet are in bloom. We should have little faith in the bird-song described by either one of those wizards of romance.

"The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crisped and sere,"

in all their works. Cheerfulness and enthusiasm have always seemed to me to belong of right to the best genius. Shakespeare exemplifies it; the sublime audacity of Napoleon I. instances it. But Shakespeare was a poacher, and Napoleon loved to dwell out of doors. I hold that communion with Nature generates lofty ideas, feeds noble ambitions. The only way to

lengthen a yard-measure is to gauge each new length of cloth by the preceding one, and not by the yardstick. The growth will be slow, but amazingly sure. So in Art, if we cast aside the standards and permit such accretion as Nature suggests.

But there must be some excuse for going out alone with Nature other than the avowed purpose of filching her secrets and accumulating her suggestions; for, as a matter of fact, nearly or quite all of the available literary or artistic materials caught from her great reservoirs come without the asking, and at the moment when they are least expected. Then, too, the human mind seems to have no voluntary receptivity. The power of taking in new elements seems most active in the brain when the pleasurable excitement of a rational pastime is upon it. The artist is often surprised, while aimlessly sketching in the presence of Nature, at the sudden coming on of a genuine "inspiration," — a suggestion leaping out of some accidental touch, or out of some elusive, shadowy change in the phases of things. The direct study of Nature is dry, and its results, however useful and entertaining, far from satisfactory from a literary or artistic stand-point. As one can see an object better in the night by not looking straight at it, so the indirect view of Nature is best for the discovery of those inspiring morsels upon which the gods used to feed, and with which the poet, the novelist, and the painter of to-day delight to stimulate themselves. But the gods were hunters and athletes, as well as lyrists and songsters. They bent the bow with as much ease and delight as they blew in the hollow reed or thrummed on the stringed shell. They robbed the wild bees of their honey, and chased the deer over the hills; they followed the streams of Arcadia, and haunted the fountains and glens of both Italy and Greece. The poets are said to be the successors of the gods. The gums and resins, the spices and saps, the perfumes and subtle essences, of Nature make their nectar and ambrosia. It is the presence of this flavor of Nature that discloses the work of a genuine genius. No amount of cunning artisanship can create, it can only build. Genius works with animate materials and essences; its

"Conscious stones to beauty grow."

In a bit of verse I once tried to express my idea of the true poet:—

He is a poet strong and true
Who loves wild thyme and honey-dew,
Who, like a brown bee, works and sings,
With morning freshness on his wings,
And a gold burden on his thighs,
The pollen-dust of centuries.

This pollen-dust is to be found in the old woods as well as in the old books. The flowers of poesy are but impressionist sketches of the flowers of Nature. The little bloom of the partridge-berry has sweeter perfume than any lyric of Theocritus or Horace. From the proper point of view the big, vigorous flower of the tulip-tree is as full of racy, unused suggestions as it is of stamens. Virgil and Tennyson, Theocritus and Emerson, Sappho and Keats, have filled their songs with the most delicately elusive elements of Nature caught from out-door life. They are the half-dozen poets of the world who have come near in their work to the methods of the bee. The honey-cell and the poem are of divine art,—the honey and the idea of the poem are of divine nature. Rossetti and Poe builded lovely cells, but they had no wild-flower honey with which to fill them; theirs was a marvellous nectar, but it was gathered from books and art. "Volumes of forgotten lore" served them, instead of brooks, and fields, and woods, and birds, and flowers.

Now, literature is not the whole of life, nor is the study of Nature the whole secret of literary inspiration. But recreation of body and mind is drawn from obscure and various sources, and the well-rounded genius seems to feed itself upon Nature much more than upon books. A book is most useful as a literary helper, when it may be used as a glass with which to better view Nature. I would not be understood as saying that all worthy literature is or should be a mere interpretation of out-door life; far from it. Out-door life, I may say, furnishes the inspiration, the enthusiasm, the freshness. It furnishes the water for the clay, it gives the hand its certainty, the mind its new leases upon youth. It does not make the mind nor the hand; it merely informs them with the creative effluence of Nature, as Thoreau would express it. It has a fertilizing power,—this lonely communion with the out-door forms of life,—which one may trace in the best works of the geniuses of all ages. Pan, when he pursued the flying Syrinx, and at last clasped an armful of reeds instead

of the nymph, very accurately typified the poet. He took the reeds and made of them his pipe. He had caught the idea of music from the sounds of the rustling leaves and stems. If you would like to fully understand the meaning of this myth of Pan and Syrinx go clasp an armful of wild green reeds and hold your ear close to them. You will hear the sound of washing seas and rippling rivers and flowing breezes all blending together; voices from vast distances and snatches of immemorial song will come to you. Like Pan you will long for a pipe, that you may express what has been suggested to you by the reeds.

A while ago I said that direct, conscious study of Nature was not best for gathering those impressions most valuable to the poet and artist. Thoreau is a striking example of a poet spoiled by this direct study. Compare his poetry with that of Keats or Tennyson or Emerson, and it will be discovered that his obvious attitudinizing before Nature prevents him from appearing sincere, simple, and fresh in his conceits. It seems that the available material which one gets from Nature, save for scientific purposes, must be received aslant, so to speak,—must be discovered by indirect vision,—and while one is looking for something else. Thus while Thoreau was besieging Nature for her poetic essences, he failed to find them, though Keats had stumbled upon them apparently by accident.

"What melodies are these?

They sound as through the whispering of trees."

If ever the songs of a poet

"Come as through bubbling honey,"

and

"In trammels of perverse deliciousness,"

the songs of Keats did, and in them we may find in the best measure the influences of the indirect study of Nature.

Now, there are few persons who, like Keats, will absorb these influences without some stimulus other than the poet's love of solitude; nor is solitude for its own sake wholesome. On the contrary, it is inimical to healthy physical and mental development. Keats might have lived to finish all his "divine fragments" if he had been an enthusiastic canoeist, archer, or bicyclist. He died of consumption at the age of twenty-five years! If William Cullen Bryant had possessed Keats' genius, or if Keats had had Bryant's physique! Think

of the boy-author of "Endymion" singing till he was eighty! And yet such a thing might be if recreation were regular and judicious. If Keats were alive to-day he would be but eighty-eight years old, and yet his poems have been classics for more than sixty years! The study of Nature, as I have said, should be indirect, in order to perfect recreation. Some cheerful sport, to absorb one's direct attention, is the best aid to the end in view, and to my mind the best sport is that which necessarily takes one into the woods and along the streams, where wild flowers blow and wild birds sing, and where the flavor of sap and the fragrance of gums and resins are in the breezes. If I were a poet I think I should be one of that class described as

"Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty."

I could not be the one of the garret and the crust; better a hollow tree and locusts and wild honey. The redeeming feature of Walt Whitman's deservedly tabooed, and yet deservedly admired, "Leaves of Grass" is the sweet, ever-recurring wood-note, the sincere voice of Nature, half strangled as it is in incoherent sounds, — a feature that affects one like the notes of a wood-thrush heard in the depths of a dismal, swampy hollow. Too much time spent in the streets and crowds of the cities, — too much knowledge of the brutal side of life, — has given us a Whitman, a Baudelaire, and a Zola. Too much knowledge of Nature gave us a Thoreau. It is a curious fact that, so soon as a people have grown beyond the study and the love of out-door nature, their literature begins to be what French literature now is, — a literature without any true poetry. Daudet, for instance, is a poet, but he cannot make poetry. His novels are spiced with intrigues and immoralities, instead of with the flavor of out-door life. Zola sees nothing but the tragedies of the gutter and the brothel. He never dreams of green fields and melodious woods; he finds nothing worthy of his art in rural scenes or in honest, earnest life. He never goes into solitude with Nature. The literature of England, from Chaucer down to Dickens and William Black, is full of the fragrance, so to speak, of out-door life, and it will be so as long as the English man and the English woman remain true to their love of all kinds of open-air pastimes. The deer, the pheasant, the blackcock, the trout, and the fox,

have done much to fence the poetry and fiction of our mother-country against the French tendencies and influences.

But American literature is beginning to feel, in a certain way, the effect of much love of Parisian manners. Henry James, Jr., who just now leads our novelists, is much more French than American or English in his literary methods. His theory is, that the aim of the novelist is to represent life; but he nowhere recognizes "out-doors" or out-of-doors things as a part of life. Life to him means fashionable, social life — nothing more. The life of which Hawthorne wrote is *passé* to him. From his stand-point he is right. If realism, as the critics now define it, is a genuine revolution in literature, it may be a long while before any other fiction than Mr. James' very pleasant sort will be in demand. He is master of his method, and has made the most of his theory. But, without finding fault with Mr. James' charming novels, it may be asked if they would not be better were it possible for the author to inject into them something of William Black's knowledge of out-door things, and to give them the color and atmosphere demanded by the places where their scenes are laid. Social atmosphere he does give to perfection; but of the air his people breathe he knows nothing. He never sets his story in a landscape; its *entourage* is always an artificial one; he frames it, like an artist, with a frame exactly suited to its tone; but it would look as well in one place as another. In reading his stories we are thoroughly charmed, and would not know where to change a word; but we know all along that we are reading a story. He does not take us away from the spot where we are reading; but he chains us to our chair with the spell of his "representations of life" until the end is reached. Now, a little different treatment would change all this. The color and the atmosphere of the place should be added, as with the brush of the painter, so that we would find ourselves on the spot, feel the air, smell the perfumes, see the varied features of the region round about, as well as talk with the people and share their life. Let it be understood that I do not criticise Mr. James. He is a prince of novelists. I merely attempt to show that he might add to his charming stories the freshness of the breezes, the bird-songs, and the flowers, without abating in the least his placid realism or endangering his reputation for merciless analysis.

But even so delicately refined a novelist as Mr. James loses less by the lack of a knowledge of out-door things than does the least of minor poets. The singer must not, cannot, rely upon any other reserve than Nature from which to draw the freshness and racy flavor that every true poem must have. Still it must be remembered that mere descriptive writing, no matter how true to Nature, is not what gives that "smack of Helicon" of which Mr. Lowell speaks. The true critical test is one that will discover any trace of the simplicity, the artlessness, and the self-sufficiency of Nature. Whatever is truly fresh and original in literature will be found to contain something not acquired from books, nor from observation of society, nor yet from introspection; this comes, one might say, from the soil and the air by a growth like that of the flowers. I believe it is due, in nearly every case, to out-door recreation. It is felt on almost every page of Emerson, Tennyson, and William Black, and it is just as charming in a story like "A Princess of Thule," as it is in "In Memoriam" or "Wood Notes." John Burroughs has shown what a delightful study Nature may be to him who plays with her for the mere sake of the play. He has given us the extreme of what may be called wind-rustled and dew-dashed literature. What a grand novelist Henry James and John Burroughs would make if they could be welded together! Life would then be represented sympathetically from centre to circumference, — from the heart of an oak to the outermost garment of a "dude."

Mr. Hardy's novel, "But yet a woman," and Mr. Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs," leaped at once into popular favor on account of the freshness that was in them. In both stories a knowledge of out-door life is blended with a keen insight into the most interesting mysteries of the human heart. Mr. Isaacs was not only a master polo-player and a crack shot; he was also a philosopher and a lover of no common sort. In "But yet a woman" the descriptive passages and the epigrammatic paragraphs serve as a fixative for the story, setting it permanently, and giving it an air of its own. The physical atmosphere is as wholesome and sweet as the moral spirit is sane and pure. One would suspect that the story had been written in the open air, or, at least, in the country, with the library windows wide open. Indeed, sunshine and air are as antiseptic and deodorizing in literature as in the field of physical opera-

tions. Even Baudelaire occasionally, under the influence of a sea-breeze, wrote such a poem as "Parfum Exotique," or "La Chevelure." He had a charming knowledge of marine effects, and it seems to me that his verse

"Infinis bercements du loisir enbaumé"

is enough of itself to immortalize him. It is a whole poem. One sees the warm, creamy tropical water, feels the long, lazy swell, the infinite idle rocking, the balmy leisure, and takes in, as by a breath, the illusive charm of the ever-mysterious sea. Buchanan Read's "Drifting" might be condensed into that one line —

"Infinis bercements du loisir enbaumé."

In fact, the few poems worthy the name, written by Baudelaire, were made out of the sweet, warm shreds of his out-door life, while on a voyage in the far East. Even in France, this freshness of Nature is recognized and relished. In "Numa Roumestan" M. Daudet has, as one might say, wafted the odors of Provence through the streets of Paris. The critics felt the atmospheric change, and went to the windows to see the mistral flurrying along the boulevards. So, in America, when Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller sent their stories and poems over the mountains and deserts from our far Pacific coast, it was their freshness, — their woody, dewy, out-door flavor that recommended them. A happy blending of the bucolic with the latest fashionable tendencies, — a welding together of the pastoral and the ultra urban, made a great success of "An Earnest Trifler." It would be easy to multiply instances. The proofs are perfect that the influences of out-door life upon literature are of the subtlest and most interesting nature. Whilst every one must admit the paramount importance of human life in every form of literary composition, still the side-light of out-door nature is absolutely necessary to the historian, the poet, and the novelist, and he who neglects it fails in one of the prime requirements of the best art. As well might the painter draw a group of figures without color, atmosphere, or background, and expect to win the highest fame, as for the novelist or the poet to depend wholly upon human actions and conversations for his effects. The moral of all this need not be appended. Out-door life is the great recreator and regenerator. Nature is steeped in the elixir which has

power to freshen and renew our highest facilities. If "the proper study of mankind is man," still it is safe to say that sound lungs, healthy blood, a good appetite, and a clear brain, are indispensable to such study, and are to be had only by those who breathe pure air, digest their food, and read the human heart by the light of the sun.

Maurice Thompson.

GOING BY.

SHE pushes back her bonnet brown,
 A rustic glance to raise,
 Her blue-black lovelocks slipping down
 To veil the bashful gaze;
 In kerchief white and russet gown
 A-dreaming on the painted town,
 Half bold and wholly shy
 She lifts her head—her foot she stays,
 As I go by.

The lonely pastures stretch behind
 In yellow parching heat;
 I watch the dappled river wind
 By shallows clear and sweet
 Through mazy footpaths far and blind,
 With silver birch and poplar lined,
 My leafy way shall lie—
 Beyond them runs the village street—
 And I—go by.

Across the laurel-bordered rise
 The hills are blue as steel—
 The splendor of the harvest skies
 Is white against my wheel.
 Again the look of swift surprise,
 The graceful arm, the restive eyes,
 The gesture, frank and shy—
 A stranger's glance of lost appeal
 As I go by!

I cross the bridge, I mount the hill
 All black with hemlock shade;
 I pass the ancient, ruined mill,
 The green and silent glade—
 Yet haste or linger where I will,
 Her girlish figure draws me still
 And mutely waits reply—
 Late, late I come, my mountain maid,
 And all the world goes by!

Dora Read Goodale.

A POINT OF VIEW.

Hannibal Hammersmith, a Freshman at Harvard, to his uncle and guardian, John H. Hammersmith, Esq., in Iowa.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Nov. 5, 1882.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—Your very welcome letter of Oct. 30 is duly received, and I am glad to hear of your continued good health and of the welfare of the family. Your good advice is appreciated as always, and will be borne in mind. I am gradually "getting the hang of the school-house," and settling down to my studies in good earnest, while I am making new and pleasant acquaintances every day. So far I have made no unpleasant ones. I am very much pleased with the fellows I have met. There are not so many "stuck up" fellows here as I expected and feared to find, and a plain, homespun boy like me has plenty of comrades of his own style and way of thinking. Of course there are students here who would not look upon me as an equal, because I have not so much money as they have; but, among fourteen hundred, these are but very few. I shall get along quite comfortably without their acquaintance, companionship, or patronage. I haven't seen any "hazing" yet, and begin to think I am going to slip through without any unpleasant experiences in that line. Thanks to the firm stand taken by the faculty here, it is pretty much a thing of the past, and you hear no stories of such carryings-on as they have in some of our Western colleges.

I'm thankful I came to Harvard. It's the "boss"; there's no doubt about that. I tell you, it's a grand institution, and a fellow who comes here to study has opportunities and aids that no other college can offer. The professors are scholars all through, but are very approachable and considerate. I'm getting up a great admiration for President Eliot. He's smart, I can tell you; he runs this big college—*University*, I mean—as smoothly as clock-work, knows every detail, and watches every point as a general would manage a campaign.

When old Hollis Hall was on fire, a few years ago, they say he worked as hard as anybody, and went home drenched to the skin when it was over. A good story is

told of him at a fire a few weeks ago. A stable near the colleges was burning, and he was on hand watching to see if any college property was likely to be in danger. Some firemen were putting up a ladder near; the engineer, not noticing who he was, sung out, "Here, you; won't you help put this up?" and President Eliot sprang to it, and pushed lustily, until he was recognized and apologies were tendered. That's just the kind of a man he is. A few years ago a student had the small-pox, and he had him taken right into his own house, thus checking the threatened panic. Then, too, he is a prominent worker in all sorts of "good works" outside, whether it be civil-service reform, or saving the Old South Church.

Everybody here seems very public-spirited. It's in the air, comes down in the blood of the Puritans, they say. You can't help getting over your prejudice against these New Englanders by being at Harvard. They may be close or mean in some ways, but they are generous enough in all matters *pro bono publico*.

But to go back to President Eliot. It was he who proposed using that magnificent Memorial Hall for a dining-room for the students. The old college dons were fearfully shocked at the idea of making any such use of this building, erected at a cost of almost half a million, all raised from private subscription of graduates, in memory of their fellows who fought in the war for the union. Most of the faculty would have kept this hall shut up except upon great occasions, Commencement days, etc., but Eliot carried the day,—as he usually does,—and about eight hundred of us students go into that immense room three times a day and eat, with the portraits of the founders of the college, its past presidents, etc.,—some of them valuable portraits by Stuart and Copley,—looking down upon us. And sometimes the Cambridge girls come and look down upon us, too, from the gallery, which is open to visitors. The fellows call it "coming to see the animals feed."

That building and the Hemenway gymnasium (which cost \$125,000, and was given to Harvard by one graduate) are to me the grandest things here. Harvard furnishes just as fine a physical train-

ing as mental. A first-class physician has charge of this perfectly equipped gymnasium, and great attention is paid to exercise.

And this, dear uncle, brings me to a subject which I broach with reluctance. I remember your last words at parting were, "Now, Han, you are going to Harvard to study, to get an education. Just you let boating, and base-ball, and foot-ball and cricket alone. You have got no time or money to fool away on such follies."

Well, uncle, I don't hanker for boating or any kind of ball-playing, though the fellows do seem to have awful good times at these games, and I don't see that it keeps them back in their studies much, if any; but I'll promise not to spend any time or money at these, if you'll let me have a bicycle.

Now, I don't know as you know what a bicycle is, and you hardly can know until you have seen one; and then you can't know how delightful it is until you've ridden one. I also send you by this mail one of the Pope Manufacturing Company's catalogues, from which you will get some idea of this new vehicle, which I firmly believe is going to revolutionize man's method of locomotion. Just think of a man nicely balanced on top of a wheel about five feet high, with a little wheel behind to steer by, the whole thing not weighing over fifty pounds, and by a slight motion of the feet on pedals attached to the axle of the big wheel, flying along the road as fast as the best horses can go! You can't imagine it all — so don't try. They cover long distances with them, too. Why, the other night I was going down to the post-office when I saw four little red lights shooting along the street like will-o'-the-wisps, and running down to them I saw four men on bicycles. They carry lanterns fastened to the hub, which show red lights behind and on each side, and throw a bright light ahead, so that they ride in the night without danger. Well, I heard somebody shouting to the men, and they got off, and I heard them talking to the friend who had come out to meet them; and it seems they had been riding all day, and had been to Newburyport and back, riding over a hundred miles since 4 o'clock A.M., and they were going to ride ten or twenty miles more, though it was then raining. They belonged to the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, one of the large clubs here, composed of business men, lawyers, doctors, etc. Don't think, uncle,

that these bicycles are only for boys. Lots of middle-aged men ride them, several ministers, and some business men use them for business, and ride to and from their homes. It is partly for this that I want one. You know you wanted me to room away from the college grounds, thinking I could study better and be less liable to interruptions. Well, I think you're about right, and I like my rooms very well, but it is pretty hard work to walk half a mile back and forth to my meals at Memorial Hall three times a day, rain or shine; it takes a good deal of time, too, from my studies.

Now, with a bicycle I could run back and forth in a third of the time. Lots of students do this. Over a hundred students have bicycles, and at meal-times you will see from a dozen to twenty wheels leaning up against the building at the entrance to the dining-room. Some of the fellows live at quite a distance from the college, and ride to and fro daily. One friend of mine lives at his home in Brookline, riding over every morning and back at night. I could make a bicycle very useful, rooming as far away as I do, and it would be the best thing in the world for me to take my daily exercise with. Walking is said to be good exercise, but there is nothing exhilarating about it. I try to take a regular walk every day, but four or five miles is as much as I can do without fatigue; while twenty or thirty miles on the bicycle, through the beautiful country about Boston, can be done every day with enjoyment and great physical benefit. You can't imagine what beautiful surroundings Boston has in every direction, splendid roads, and fine country seats bordering them, with lovely lawns and noble elms. Talk about parks! — the suburbs of Boston are one immense park. Now, uncle, how much better for me to take my recreation in riding through these scenes, getting strength, pure air, and healthful exercise, than to be playing billiards, or cards, or going to theatres for my amusement! Not that I do these things much now; but you know "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." I suppose no fellow can get along without some amusement, and I can't imagine any so free from every objection as this of bicycling.

Certainly nothing could inspire more enthusiasm and confer more benefit at so slight an outlay after the first investment. The class of fellows who ride bicycles is remarkably nice. No "slouch," or loafer, or dissipated fellow, would care to ride a

bicycle. Those I happen to know who do ride are fine, manly fellows, just such as I know you would be glad to have me associate with.

Please, dear uncle, do not decide against this hastily. I know, at your distance, and never having seen a bicycle, you cannot understand what a splendid thing it is, or what a fascination it has. One feels like a bird, as he skims over the ground; lifted quite above its mud and its dust, the fresh air blowing in his face as he cuts through it; every muscle in play—not work—and the blood dancing in his veins. I tell you it is glorious! I promise you that if you will let me buy a bicycle, I will let all other amusements alone, and will be just awfully good. I will spend as little money as I possibly can until I have saved up enough to make up for the cost of the wheel.

I know that it seems a good deal to pay out. I should need a 54-inch, which would cost, for a Standard Columbia, with ball-bearings, which is as good as I want, \$105. But there is *no* expense in keeping it, you know; it isn't like a horse or a boat, in which the first outlay is only the beginning of expense. Many of the fellows have English bicycles, costing \$150, or more; but I can't see that they are much better than those made here. You know some folks think anything "Hinglish" is *so* much better. I could get a fair second-hand one for from \$60 to \$80; but I think it would be economy to buy a good one that has not had its best wear taken out of it. There is no chance for any discount—so dear to the student's heart—on a new one. The Popes are mighty stiff. There, uncle, you know now my dearest wish. I shall await your answer with hopeful impatience. I want one very, very much, and if you will gratify me in this desire you will, I know, never regret it.

My love to Aunt Catherine and to my sweet Cousin Bella. Tell her she will be very proud of me when I ride my bicycle through the streets next summer. She ought to have a tricycle, which is a sort of velocipede for ladies and old men. You can't complain that this is too brief a letter. Hoping to hear from you soon,

I am,

Your affectionate nephew,

HANNIBAL HAMMERSMITH.

N.B.—I forgot to say that I have already learned to ride. A friend kindly loaned me his bicycle, and has taught me to ride,

that I am all ready to start out on my own machine, if you will *please* let me get one.

H. H.

A REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

John Hammersmith, of Iowa, to his nephew, Hannibal Hammersmith, at Harvard.

DEAR NEPHEW:—Your letter of Nov. 5th is received, and I am pleased to hear that you are progressing in your studies, and that you like your Harvard, its professors, and its president. I am glad you are already so loyal to your college. Pride in one's State, country, town, family, school, or college, is most commendable and desirable, if not carried too far; and I am not sorry to find you "bragging," so to speak, of Harvard, its advantages, buildings, etc., so soon. But do not belittle other educational institutions in your zeal for that with which you are connected.

It gives me pleasure to see also that you find your prejudices against New England vanishing away by contact with its people. That has always seemed to me one of the chief benefits to be derived from sending boys from the West to Eastern colleges, rather than educating them nearer home. Local prejudices, ideas, manners, and customs, and even ways of talking, are eradicated or softened, and the young man becomes cosmopolitan.

I rejoice, too, that you do not find America's greatest educational institution—I had almost said its only real university—overrun with a false aristocracy, with "exquisites." Perhaps we of the West are too apt to think that it is so; and I am gratified by your assertion that the wealthy students do not assume control at Harvard, but that the medium class is well represented. Do not fear to be classed with them. Respect yourself, and you will be respected there, as elsewhere, by all whose respect is worth having.

And now, my boy, do you think it would add to your self-respect to be mounted a-straddle of a five-foot wheel and attempt to trundle yourself along the road? Only six weeks at college, and you ask me, "with tears in your eyes," to permit you to buy a hundred-dollar *toy*! I knew it would come, in some shape, sooner or later. I expected it. I feared it. You have got it, poor fellow! and

you've caught it earlier than I expected, and in, I judge, one of its worst forms!

Every boy who goes to college runs a great risk of catching some fever. Either he gets the boating fever, or the base-ball fever, or the cricket fever. But now it seems there is a *new* fever. Lord deliver us from *the bicycle fever!* Evidently from your "symptoms" it's the worst of the whole lot, and the catalogue you send shows some very severe cases of it. Certainly it impairs the intellect, and I judge that it entirely destroys the veracity of its victims.

It is one of the most discouraging things about sending a boy to college, that no sooner does he get there than he is seized with a great interest in some boyish amusement. Away goes his ambition to excel in his studies; position in the college nine, or in the college crew, becomes of more value in his eyes than position in his class.

I had dared to hope that you, Han, might escape this. But, no; you share the common fate. Perhaps I ought to be thankful that it's a new disease that you have contracted; but I fear it is all the worse. If one hundred and five dollars is the first investment, it must be one of the most expensive of college amusements. As you say, I don't know what a bicycle is. I never saw one, or heard of one before, and the catalogue you send me gives me but a very faint idea of it. The pictures of bicycles it contains fail to show what holds them up. If they were made as there represented, they could not hold themselves up for an instant, much less hold a boy up. The third wheel is not shown. Of course there must be one, and I infer that it must be the mate to the small wheel. Consequently, your "bicycle is simply an overgrown velocipede, differing only in size from such as little boys ride along the sidewalks. The pictures show only little boys on them, not yet arrived at the dignity of pantaloons. The idea that anybody can "cover long distances" upon such a thing is preposterous.

I'm positively ashamed of you that you should have swallowed that story of four men having ridden a hundred miles in one day. Fie! fie! boy; don't be so easily gulled by those Yankees. Can you so utterly have lost your wits? Can't you see that, noticing a "fresh"-man eavesdropping, these fellows talked loudly of their day's ride, to see how big a story

you would stand? Why, Hannibal! there's no horse that could do a hundred miles a day over country roads. Your good judgment should have told you at once that the story was a fiction.

I hope that you haven't made yourself the laughing-stock of the college by telling the story as though you believed it. I supposed that you had seen enough of the world not to believe all you hear, and certainly not to take for law and gospel statements made in advertisements, prospectuses, circulars, and the like. You send me this catalogue of the Pope Manufacturing Company as though that settled the question, evidently thinking me as credulous as yourself. Do you suppose I believe half it contains? Humbug! Why, this very fact that the appliance, whether it be a third wheel or some sort of outrigging, that holds the thing upright, is not shown throws suspicion upon the whole book.

It represents a man doing an impossible thing, as impossible as it would be to stand a pyramid on its apex. As well might it exhibit a wheelbarrow standing perpendicularly above its wheel.

You speak several times of some "machine"; perhaps that is the thing which supplies the balancing power; but, if so, it ought to be shown.

You ought to know that all these testimonials amount to nothing. Who knows any of these people who write so glibly of their achievements on the bicycle? Have you tried to find any of them personally or by letter? A "medical opinion on bicycling," and a letter from a "country surgeon" appear, but without any names appended.

I've no doubt that a muscular man might push such a velocipede about on good, smooth roads or sidewalks quite comfortably; but a few miles on a country road would tax one's strength to a dangerous degree. One writer is honest enough to say, I see, that he took the cars out forty miles to take a certain route, "because of the descent to the sea," and he rode forty miles in four hours. Well! possibly he might have done so if the "descent to the sea" was steep enough. The tables of "fastest times on record" must be taken "*cum grano salis*," and the statement that there are hundreds of thousands in use in England and thousands in America must, of course, include *all* children's velocipedes.

The list of patents is put in to give an air of business to the affair, and probably

to give some warrant for charging such an outrageous price for a large-sized velocipede.

You probably do not remember that some twelve years ago, I think, this velocipede craze went through the country, just as, according to your letter and this catalogue, it is going now in the East. It lasted perhaps a year, and then velocipedes which had cost in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars were sold for old iron. "History repeats itself," but not always so immediately, and this craze will probably have its little run and then die out.

The manufacturers have shown their shrewdness in changing the name of the vehicle, and I presume it has been improved; but that it will be of permanent or practical use I do not believe. We used to hear the same talk then of "revolutionizing man's methods of locomotion." Humph! Keep on walking to and from your meals, my boy, and wait for the flying-machine. Don't make yourself ridiculous and a nuisance by trying to ride a big perambulator on the Cambridge sidewalks, scaring women and children, and putting them in danger of their lives. In the streets you cannot go; first, because you would find it impossible to propel it over ordinary pavements without taxing your strength unduly; and, second, the authorities would not permit it, for, of course, it would frighten horses. No, no; remember that you are a man, or are getting to be one, and "put away childish things." If there are, as you say, some "full-grown men, and even ministers," who ride these new-fangled things, do not follow their example.

You express some respect for your college president. I am glad to hear it. It does you great credit. There seems to be "an irrepressible conflict" between college boys and college presidents. The former treat the latter with all the disrespect they can command, heap insults and injury upon them during their college course, and then go to the other extreme all the rest of their lives, and brag on the president under whom they studied and graduated, venerate him and praise him out of all proportion to his deserts. Perhaps this brings the average of respect and esteem about right; but I'd rather see a student pay proper deference to his president while he *is* his president, than wait to worship him afterward, perhaps when he is dead and gone, worn out by vexations and indignities which his undergraduates

have heaped upon him. So I am glad to have you speak so well of your president, and I admonish you to continue to do so.

Well, now, does President Eliot ride a bicycle? Can you *imagine* him doing such a foolish thing? I fancy not.

I shall hope to hear no more of this nonsense, and that having had *this* fever you will escape any run of the base-ball or boating fever.

Knuckle down to your studies, and don't let your thoughts run off into other channels again.

I have gone more at length into this subject than it deserves, because your letter shows that you have yet to learn the lesson that it isn't wise to "take stock" in every new notion that is brought to your notice. That lesson should be learned early in life; I trust you have learned it now.

Your aunt and cousin send love. "Proud to see you ride your bicycle through the streets next summer?" No, indeed. Spare us such a humiliation. Write often. Take good care of your health. Be a good boy.

Your affectionate uncle,

JOHN H. HAMMERSMITH.

Miss Bellâ Hammersmith, of Iowa, to her cousin, Hannibal Hammersmith, at Harvard.

DEAR COUSIN HANNY:—Your last letter was a veritable sensation in this very *unsensational* house. Quite a change from the short and not too sweet epistles with which you have favored the family since you left. Pa brought it in unopened, and said almost anxiously. "A long letter from Hannibal," and settled back to read it as he would a favorite sermon. At ma's request he read aloud, and you may be sure that I listened with curiosity and enjoyed it hugely.

Oh! you sly dog! As he read through your "goody, goody" talk, my eyes opened wider and wider. "Has Han experienced a 'change of heart'?" I wonder. "Is he sick, or in love, or what?" No hero of a Sunday-school book could have written a more moral, pious, and "eminently proper" letter than yours. Your love and respect for your teachers, and your appreciation of your school, were something to draw tears to the eyes of a fond parent,—or say, cousin! But I saw through your thin disguise, dear cousin, if pa and ma didn't. Long before he came to it, I knew that you were going to ask some great

favor, and that you were working pa up to a favorable state of mind. You very nearly *overdid* it, you schemer, and I am only surprised that pa didn't see what was coming; but evidently he didn't, and when he read, "and this brings me to a subject," I actually held my breath in my curiosity.

Ma, who also "had an inkling," I guess, of what your fine words were for, leaned forward in anxious suspense. You could have heard a pin drop. And when pa read out, "If you'll let me have a bicycle," ma, pa, and I all exclaimed in one breath, "*A what?*" I wondered if it was some sort of an animal, or a new style of garment, or a boat of some kind. But your explanation came, as I pondered on it, and pa gave a grunt of disgust, and ma said, "Ho!" But I, loyal to you, Cousin Han, bound to get in a favorable word, said, "Wouldn't it be nice?"

Pa looked up over his glasses and exclaimed "Humbug! *Will* Han never be a man?" But your eloquence made a favorable impression on ma; and as for *me*, gracious! I can hardly wait to see you on the wonderful wheel! Oh, you men! There it is again. You have all the fun. I never can forgive old Mother Eve for loading us with skirts, and so hampering us that we can't enjoy anything — *but* our dresses. Humph! You say I ought to have a tricycle, "a thing made for old men and women." Well, I reckon I'm not going to be classed with old men and women just yet! When you bring that buycycle

home I'm just going to ride it; if it won't be proper to ride it by daylight, I'll ride it *evenings*. If this new thing is half what you say it is, the ladies of America are not going to leave all the enjoyment of it to you men, I know. If they do, I'm ashamed of them. "We'll find a way, or make one," to ride, if we all have to discard skirts, and even wear "bloomers." Can't we ride it "sidesaddle"?

Well, Han, pa is down on the idea of your having anything of the sort, and was quite stirred up about it; said he had hoped that you wouldn't make a fool of yourself and get some hobby outside of your studies, etc. But he's softening, Han, he's softening, and you trust me to keep quietly at work on him in your favor. I've got ma all right. She will help us to conquer his prejudices, and we will use all our influence — very slyly and quietly, you know — to get pa to give his consent to your having one. I heard him say today, when off his guard, "If Hannibal *should* have a bycicle" — I shall never be able to spell it so as to be sure that I am right — "he would have no excuse for not calling oftener on his Uncle William down at Plymouth"; and when pa says *if*, he's got a good ways toward yielding. Don't fret, coz, you will have that bicycle before you come home or my name isn't Hammersmith, and I am not

Your affectionate little cousin,

BELLA.

THE ROCKINGHAMS' GREAT BEREAVEMENT.

In order to fully realize the deep anxiety and the intense excitement that the members of the Rockingham Club, and all the residents of Rivermouth, passed through, when the report of the death, at Springfield, of their favorite captain was announced to them, we must go back to the beginning of the year. The first the club heard of the proposed tournament was through the bugler of the enterprising Springfield organization, while he was on a visit to his old homestead, in a town adjoining Rivermouth. The magnitude of the project electrified the Rockinghams, and when the date was publicly announced, the members began to arrange their summer vacations so as to take it all in.

President Lowbrook, the champion long-distance rider of the State, was at a standstill, trying to decide whether the Down East trip or the Springfield tournament was the better for his various interests; and there he sat all through Elwell's Eastern excursion, and then generously allowed his musical brother, Goodwind, to act for him at Springfield. Captain McIntire was perched on the fence all the spring, but he jumped on the Springfield side, and so became the lamented hero of this sketch. His rise from the ranks to the captaincy had been most rapid. All available material in the city had been so completely captured by the club the preceding year that he, a new resident in the city, was the only member added to the ranks during

the season; but so enthusiastically did he work for the club's best interests, so strongly did he advocate all measures tending to improve the morals of the members, and make the club-rooms so unobjectionable that the parents had no hesitancy about placing their sons in them, that when Mr. Ekscheef surprised and grieved the members by resigning the captaincy, he was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Ekscheef, the pioneer wheelman and veteran office-holder, immediately added to his stock of half-a-dozen wheels that filled his bicycle stable, a nickelled Expert, on which he declared he would, if necessary, wheel all the way to meet his friends at the wheelmen's Mecca of 1883. Even Mr. Nokarfe, who had not yet dared to don his first pair of knickerbockers, doubled his daily walks and hall rides, and smiled with satisfaction when he was able, after daily measurements, to tell the boys that there was a visible increase of muscle, and that, with careful padding, he would not be a discredit to the club in that important respect.

The number of entries for the trip increased as the time approached, and nothing was discussed at the monthly meetings but Springfield, and how the club should be equipped. The club banner caused the greatest debate, not even excepting the famous hat, cap, or helmet discussion. The colors, scarlet and white, were adopted several years previously; but how they should be arranged on the flag was debated for hours. As to shape: some wanted a banneret, while others declared they would only ride after a pennant. Then came the inscription and style of lettering. No two could agree; and so three of the most radically opposed members were delegated to settle all these vexations. A nickelled standard-holder and a pole, surmounted by a League pointer of brass, were presented by the two oldest members.

It was the club's proudest morning when the excursionists rode to the depot, all equipped for Springfield. There was just breeze enough to extend the brilliant pennant so the crowd could read the neatly-cut inscription, "Rockingham," across the scarlet field. It was carried by Goodwind, who was mounted on the "Baby," so called because it was the largest wheel the club could boast. The wheel having been put in mourning by the application of a coat of the blackest asphalt, it was solemnly rechristened "Nigger Baby," by Mr. Sharpe, the club wit.

The club assembled each evening at Loafer's Head-quarters, and read the letters, papers, and bulletins sent by the fortunate ones. They shook hands all round when the club was honored by the appointment of their old captain, Ekscheef, to a prominent position on the staff, and again when the club received a good place in the parade. They cheered when Hendee outspurred the Englishman and prevented the boasting Britisher from burdening himself with the care of transporting to England "all those blasted watches and prizes" which he publicly proclaimed he should capture. They looked up to the wall where hung the flaming red lithograph of Hampden park, and selected the Rockingham tent, only a few of the club knowing that they were comfortably lodged six stories higher, under the eaves of Hotel Warwick, where they were free from tent demolishers, and were rarely disturbed by the fish-horn and calliope serenaders.

Thursday evening nearly all the club assembled again, and were listlessly discussing the latest news when Mr. Header rushed into the room, pale as a brunette could be, and, if possible, more excited and stuttering than ever.

"What's the matter, Header," inquired Sharpe, — "broken your seventh handle-bar?"

"Bau — bau — boys, our captain is dead," he gasped.

Every member was on his feet instantly, as Header tried to read from a damp newspaper which he clutched in his trembling hand; but it was no use; he broke down completely and laid his head on the shoulder of Sharpe, who remarked, as he loosened the paper from Header's set hand, "This is very good acting, indeed. Header only needs a tongue and genius to be a second Booth." The club became impatient as Sharpe slowly scanned the columns. Suddenly the pink faded from his jolly face, and his voice cracked, as he said, "I'm afraid it's true. I'll read it."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Sept. 20, 1883. — The Board of Officers of the League of American Wheelmen met at Hotel Warwick this morning, President Beckwith occupying the chair. Appropriate resolutions were passed on the death of W. W. McIntire, of Rivermouth, N.H.

For many minutes none dared to break the deep silence that prevailed. Then blundering Pharaoh said, "Boys, we'll have to wear crape on our left arms, and abstain from riding, for thirty days." It

was a relief to the members to have something to smile at.

"What paper is that?" asked a doubting member.

"*Bau — Bau — Boston Journal*," sobbed Header.

"And here's the *Traveller*, and two or three others with similar dispatches," said a new-comer; "and they wouldn't all print it if it wasn't true."

"Let's go down and see the president," suggested Pharaoh; "he may have a dispatch when the body is to arrive."

And to the president's store they solemnly marched. All but Header. He does not believe in walking anywhere that he can ride. He was so agitated that he kicked a dozen times before he made up his mind to rise into the saddle, and then he failed to mount. Three more attempts only increased his nervousness, and by that time he had reached the cobble-paved street, a third of the distance to the president's store. "Ho — ho — hold my machine for me," he stuttered.

But none of them would assist, and a by-stander, who attempted to aid him, was soon under the wheel, while Header picked up another broken handle-bar. The club found the store crowded, the news having preceded them. They had great confidence in their president, whom they had always found to be calm and clear-headed; but he was strangely excited; yet he told them he did not believe a word of it. "Why, Ekscheef is too cool and too much of a business man not to have telegraphed me if any accident had occurred. You all know how calm he was, and how every detail was attended to, when we all thought Hiltoff was killed, as he laid unconscious and bleeding so long; and then how carefully he broke the news to the boy's mother. No, I don't believe a word of it. It is a terrible mistake. However, I will telegraph if you wish it." The crowd followed him to the office, where he wrote and sent a dispatch to the clerk of the Warwick House. An hour passed and no answer, and the street became crowded.

Somehow a rumor started that the body was coming on the Pullman train. Pharaoh to this day denies that he was author of the story, but he confidently led the procession to the depot. By this time it seemed as if the whole city had heard the dreadful news. Even the curfew bell failed to deplete the streets and start the regulars homeward. No such excitement had prevailed since the day Garfield was

shot. Machines could have been bought for a song, and no one dared to ride to the depot.

"There's the box!" said Pharaoh, as the baggage-car rolled into the depot. But he was mistaken, and not a bit of information could be learned from the passengers. Back to the telegraph office the crowd surged, and still no news. The president looked discouraged as he ran to the telephone office. "Can you talk with Springfield?" he asked.

"Yes, by repeating at Boston and Worcester."

Soon an answer came from the latter place. "The telephone lines are down between here and Springfield," was feebly heard over the hundred miles of wire.

"Telegraph for us at once from Boston and Worcester," was answered back.

Another hour passed, and then Manchester was tried, and answered that the Associated Press despatches were going over the lines and would not be interrupted. The offices emptied slowly, but long after midnight little groups hung around hoping for news.

The residents of Rivermouth took in the *Morning Barnacle* earlier than usual the following morning. The news was confirmed by startling headlines. The item was as follows: —

DEATH OF WM. W. MCINTIRE. — The Associated Press despatches from Springfield, Mass., Thursday, Sept. 20th, in the report of the meeting of the officers of the League of American Wheelmen said: "Appropriate resolutions were passed on the death of W. W. McIntire, of Portsmouth, N.H." As we have from time to time mentioned, a number of prominent officers and members of the Rockingham Bicycle Club of this city, went to the great convention of wheelmen at Springfield, but we were on Thursday evening unable to learn anything further than was contained in the press despatch as to Mr. McIntire. During the bicycle races of Wednesday, the 19th, a number of accidents took place, owing to the spectators crowding the wheelmen; but the reports said that though some of the riders were severely injured, none were fatally hurt.

[A telephone message at a late hour in the evening, stated that the report of Mr. McIntire's death was correct, he having been thrown from his bicycle on the 20th, and struck on his head.]

But the president had not given up all hope. As usual he rode to his store on his wheel, notwithstanding the shocked countenances he saw, and the loud condemnation he heard from many friends. Again the captain's music-store and Ekscheef's bank contained anxious inquirers. The depot was visited, and still no news. As the forenoon wore away even the hopeful

president could find no encouragement, and no one to sustain him. Before the noon hour a musician from an adjoining town had applied for the captain's position as organist at the Congregational church; steps had been taken to drape the organ; his pastor had chosen an appropriate text for the following Sunday, and the chaplain at the Odd Fellows Lodge had referred feelingly to the late brother. Telegrams poured in from relatives and bicycling friends proffering all manner of assistance.

At 3 P.M. the now regular attendants at the depot discovered the rim of a well-known bicycle at the partly open door of the baggage-car. A dozen impatient hands pushed open the slide, and there, beside the wheel, stood their captain, as well and ruddy as ever, though looking sorely puzzled at the frightened looks that greeted him, and at the hearty cheers that quickly followed. Not till then did he fully realize the excitement the report had made in Rivermouth.

"Has any one told my wife?" he anxiously inquired.

But no one knew certainly, for she was visiting the old home in York, seven miles away. Pharaoh wanted the captain to head a triumphal procession down the main street. But he broke away from them all, and, mounting his wheel, went spurting through the streets, right over the slippery cobble-stones, answering not the wondering and amazed looks of his friends, or the calls for explanation, and cheers of congratulation, that greeted him from every side. The remembrance of the admiral's wife, crazed by a similar report, filled his brain, and spurred him on. Over the bridges, forgetful of tolls; up and down sandy hills never conquered before; past rearing horses, unmindful of warning hands, rushed the anxious captain, right up to the door of the old homestead. Relatives met and restrained him, but he thrust them aside, and stopped not till his wife was in his arms.

"They wouldn't tell me; but I knew something had happened to you," she sobbed, woman-like. "Now tell me the worst, for I know you are hurt."

"Why, nothing at all. The fools even had my head broken short off; but I am as well as ever," he explained.

"But something might have happened to you, and" — well, that is all he would tell us of the happy meeting.

How the report originated was not explained until the club returned the follow-

ing day. The first the Springfield party knew of the report was after they had brushed and primped for the bicyclers' ball, which was to end the festivities, and to which the popular local bugler had invited them, and promised plenty of partners. Ekscheef had shined up his jewellery and paste diamonds, and arranged across his coat the badges, medals, and pins he was and was not entitled to wear, so that he resembled a diminutive Indian chief decked out for the war-path. Nokarfe feared the close scrutiny of experienced feminine eyes, and had exchanged his knickerbockers and pads for low tide pantaloons and hose that required no attention and gave no anxiety. Goodwind blackened his just visible side-whiskers, invested in a new collar and gorgeous bow, shined the lower half of his No. 9 buttoned boots, and, in his conceit, imagined he only needed a cane and eye-glass to successfully compete with the New York dudes. The captain was proud of his club, but secretly glad the events were so nearly over, and he could return to his little family.

The elevator landed them in the office, where the clerk looked inquiringly at the captain.

"Your name is McIntire, isn't it?"

"I'm sure it is," said the captain.

"Well, I was sure I saw you go upstairs awhile ago, so I answered this telegram and said you're alive. Want to read it?"

The members encircled the astonished captain while he read it:—

CLERK OF THE WARWICK HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.:— Is the reported death of W. W. McIntire, of Rivermouth, N.H., true? Answer quick.

F. J. LOWBROOK.

"I'm afraid his answer wasn't full enough," said Ekscheef. "Perhaps by this time the story is that we are all dead. I will send one saying that the Rivermouth party are all well and lively. Not a single header even."

The captain took it the hardest; but he soon cheered up with the thought that his wife was out of the city, and would not hear the rumor. Yet he made immediate preparation for his homeward trip, not waiting even to find out how the rumor originated. Ekscheef solved the mystery. His old friend, Chief Consul Marsden, one of the most beloved of wheelmen, had died in New Haven in July, and at the meeting of the officers of the L.A.W., on Thursday, resolutions of respect and sympathy

had been presented and passed, and then the officers proceeded to the next business in order and elected Captain McIntire, a representative of the L.A.W. for New Hampshire. A blundering reporter or telegrapher substituted the name of McIntire, of New Hampshire, for Marsden, of New Haven, and the Associated Press spread the news all over the country.

The excitement at Rivermouth is nearly over, and the club and its captain are in higher favor than ever, as was indicated by the increased attendance at the church the following Sunday to hear the old organist, and listen to the third and latest sermon the pastor had prepared that week. Sharpe came early, and his first victim was Ekscheef, who came in with Miss Blue, at whom Sharpe hummed an air from the "Wedding March," as they seated themselves in front of him. The only revenge Miss Blue had was when she caught Sharpe wiping away a tear when the pastor referred so feelingly in his

prayer to the events of the week. Header bumped his knee against a pew door Sharpe had wickedly swung out into the aisle, which so disconcerted him that he walked past his pew and did not discover his mistake until his pretty sister, who rides a "Sociable" with him, came in later and asked him to back pedal. Sharpe, who witnessed the exchange of seats, whispered to Ekscheef, "Header would make a good standard-bearer; his face has all the club colors—scarlet, white, and guilt." The president, Goodwind, Nokarfe, and other members, were in various parts of the house. Even the atheistic Pharaoh attended for the first time in many years. He ascended to the singers' seats in the rear gallery and placed himself beside his beloved captain, to whom he consolingly, but loudly, whispered at the close of the prayer, "If you had been in that box I bet we'd have worn crape for you all winter long."

C. A. Hazlett.

A VERSICLE.

I WILL write you a rollicking, nonsense rhyme,
 Of a man on a wheel of steel,
 Who was always singing, in tuneful time,
 In praise of his shining wheel.
 He sang at the break of the dawning day,
 He sang when the night grew chill,
 In a sort of a reckless, roystering way,
 With a right good royal will.

And sorrow slid off from his careless life,
 Like drops of rain from a spire,
 And he hadn't a fretful thought of strife,
 Nor a hopeless vain desire;
 So wherever he went, and whenever he sang,
 His manner, so free from guile,
 Made every one glad, and the welkins rang
 At the sight of his sunny smile.

And the women and children, and grown-up men,
 Would beg of him, all the while,
 To tell them the secret, there and then,
 Of his everlasting smile.
 "I ride a good deal, on a wheel of steel,"
 Said the man; "and a conscience clear
 Will make you feel that a real steel wheel
 Is a source of endless cheer."

James Clarence Harvey.

A SHADOW LOVE.¹

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

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

XXVIII.

"Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not,
Love may sink by slow decay;
But by sudden wrench believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away."

ON a blustering day in March, such a day of damp "east winds" as is sure to carry terror to the heart of the average Bostonian, two gentlemen were crossing the Charles-river bridge in a horse-car, *en route* to Cambridge.

Without, there was "a nipping and an eager air," as the breeze blew straight in from the bay, ruffling the waters of the river into innumerable little white caps, which broke sullenly against the piers and shipping, while within the air was chilling and comfortless.

The taller of the two, with intelligent face and iron-gray hair, sat gazing listlessly out of the opposite window, while his companion, English in dress and features, read the advertisements displayed upon the panels, or idly studied the half-dozen shivering fellow-passengers. At length the end of the bridge was reached, the conductor made his appearance; but the elder gentleman, still absorbed in his own thoughts, failed to observe him, or to note that his companion had taken out his purse.

"Harvard Square?" the official inquired.

The Englishman gave a furtive glance into the man's face, looked towards his friend, and back to the conductor again.

"We wish to stop at the Museum of Comparative Anatomy," he replied, again glancing towards his companion, as if to feel assured that he was right.

"Tickets or change?"

"Here, Mr. Manning, I have tickets," said the doctor, suddenly waking from his reverie.

"But I have *not*," the Englishman replied, with his usual persistency, pushing back the doctor's hand, while the conductor was tearing off the bits of paper. In a moment he continued: "Professor Gan-

tier was very kind to send so pleasant a letter of introduction to Dr. Westfield; I imagine they are personally acquainted."

"Yes, the doctor and the professor were great friends when the latter was in America, and the friendship has continued as warmly ever since. The doctor is also a personal friend of mine, and while my simple introduction would have secured for you the freedom of the Museum, this letter of Professor Gantier's will prove of special advantage. I am glad, Mr. Manning, that you have at last decided to return to Paris to study under the direction of Professor Gantier, for I know of no scientist more worthy to direct a young man than he. Besides, having a personal interest in you, he will be more careful to insist upon good work, so that you will but succeed in any field to which he may direct you.

"I also approve of your plan to remain upon this side of the Atlantic for a month or two, to visit the more important of our American museums and make acquaintances. Of course I shall give you all necessary letters of introduction to aid you in your object. But will you be able to arrange your business affairs in England to remain away for so long a time?"

"Oh, there will not be the least trouble on that score," Wellford replied, with positiveness. "Fordham, the superintendent of the mill, was in father's employ for over twenty years, and after settling up the estate I allowed him to purchase a small interest, for the express purpose of securing a continuance of his faithful services. Then I shall go home, on my way to Paris, anyway, and after that an occasional journey to England will *not* be such a terrible undertaking."

Wellford's final decision to open the book of nature, as a searcher after the truths of scientific revelation, had not been made hastily. The desire to know more of the great world in which he lived did not depart when he lost the companionship of Professor Gantier and the doctor, upon quitting Paris. He brooded over it

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during all the weeks of his father's illness, and in his mind formulated plan after plan for the furtherance of his desires, one by one being reluctantly abandoned, as each in turn proved impracticable. But when, at his father's death, he found himself beyond the influence of parental prejudice, with means at his command to do as he wished, he felt that the opportunity had come, and it only remained to find the way.

As he viewed it now, there was nothing incompatible in being a scientist and directing a woollen mill; in fact, his bread and butter easily assured by the one, the starvation fiend could never prove a hindrance to good work in the other, and each in a different way would be an advantage. He resolved to return to Paris as soon as matters at home had once more settled into the old ruts, and lay the subject before Professor Gantier for his advice and direction. Then the professor's warning letter regarding Ruth had been received, and, forgetting everything but his love for the girl, he had hurriedly returned to Paris to find her gone, and subsequently followed her to America; and in those first few weeks of disappointment and anxious waiting, after his arrival in the New World, certainly the subject was farthest from his mind.

Then he had met Ruth again, after months of weary longing. He had learned how false a friend Hoyt had been to him, and how cruelly the man had wronged him, when there were none to refute his slanders. He had met Ruth, with his heart overflowing with love for her, and learned almost from her own lips how hopeless was the love he had cherished so fondly. He had been confronted by one who had the right to claim all of her love, her loyalty, and devotion; they had met, not in anger, but as quondam friends; there had been brief but bitter explanations, and they had parted, their hearts heavy with a sudden weight of poignant grief; and stunned and crushed by the unhappy revelation, for the time being, past, present, and future even, seemed to the young Englishman but a great, hideous blank.

As iron, changed and softened by the forge-fire, is moulded and shaped anew under the ringing strokes of the blacksmith's sledge, so with suffering and the cruel blows of adversity are men's natures made better and nobler.

After a few days had passed, and Wellford had begun to realize the hopelessness

of the unhappy situation, he endeavored to occupy his mind with other things, believing that it was the more manly course to pursue. He knew he loved the girl immeasurably more now than when he had parted from her; he felt that she had given George Thorne her promise fairly and honorably, and that as far as himself and the world were concerned there it would end. But he knew that which the world would never know, — that her love for himself was not dead, though she herself had supposed it so before that strange, fateful meeting in Washington; and his heart told him she would keep her promise to George faithfully, and give him the loyalty of her woman's heart without reserve.

So there was nothing now to stand between himself and his dream of becoming a naturalist. The doctor had remained warm and friendly, and had urged him to enter upon his studies at once, and he had decided to do so. But when he attempted to formulate plans for immediate action he found his mind in so unsettled a state that he concluded to travel for a couple of months instead, and see something of the New World, before he should again return to the Old.

And now he had returned from his wanderings, a serious-faced, handsome fellow of three and twenty, with a new-found purpose in life, a will to pursue it untiringly, and a manly strength of character to aid him in all his undertakings. And to-day he was on his way to the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, to make the small beginning which might prove the turning-point of his life.

Here Edwin Hoyt drops out of the narrative. Wellford met his old friend upon the street, a few weeks after returning to Boston, and they exchanged empty compliments and parted. Once since they had met, but only to pass each other with a cold bow.

That there had never been an engagement between Miss Mayne and this gentleman, or, indeed, anything more than friendly cordiality, Wellford had learned, though he knew nothing more. But the doctor knew that the acquaintance came to a sudden and disappointing end, as far as the young man was concerned, not long after the reading of the letter from Professor Gantier, enclosed in the package intrusted to Wilson's care; and Ruth knew that her brother's face became almost livid with anger, and his eyes burned like two coals of fire, when he reached that portion of

the letter in which Hoyt's statement was repeated, that he was soon to marry Doctor Fred's sister.

And Ruth knew more than they all, though she kept the *dénouement* of Hoyt's presumptuous folly to herself, explaining satisfactorily why the gentleman had called so seldom since their return from Europe. After that his name was never mentioned.

George came frequently to Boston, for he was a most devoted lover, and could not remain long away from his *fiancée*. After that strange episode of his visit to Washington, for a time he feared that Wellford's sudden return might prove the death-blow to his darling hopes. He knew beyond all doubt that Ruth's love for the Englishman had never been wholly extinguished, and at one time it would not have surprised him greatly had she broken their engagement,— though it would have broken his heart at the same time. But she had never even hinted at being released from her obligations; more than this, she had frankly told him in as many words, but with quivering lips and dimmed eyes, that Mr. Manning could never be more than a friend to her, and that she should keep her promise sacredly. And since that hour she had appeared so true to him that he had never again doubted her love.

As for herself, she had grown so used to patient, silent suffering, that she sometimes feared her heart was dead.

A few days after the opening of the exhibition the doctor went to New York, partially on business at the Park Museum, but more particularly to view the pictures with Grace.

It was 5 o'clock when he reached the city, and nearly half an hour later before he alighted at an east-side "L" railroad station, not many blocks from Miss Thorne's studio. He knew it was late and that he might not find her in, but he had resolved upon spending the evening with her at the Art Gallery, and desired to make the engagement before she returned home. Then it was far pleasanter to meet her in the artistic atmosphere of her studio, surrounded by her pictures and the souvenirs of travel, than amid the conventional adornments of the modern parlor, especially as he would be more sure of finding her alone.

He was a man who could be cool under very trying circumstances; but upon this March afternoon, as he unloosed the buttons of his overcoat, and began the ascent of

the last staircase, he felt that his heart was beating a little less normally than usual. He hoped she had not gone, for he wanted to congratulate her upon the acceptance of her picture in the studio where it was painted, and tell her, unheard by other ears, how proud he was of her success. Then he reached the door and knocked.

For a moment there was no sound, and he feared that he was indeed too late; then he heard a soft footfall, and all was silent again. He waited a full minute, and, gently knocking once more, the steps approached, and the door was quietly opened.

She greeted him with a startled exclamation, and for a moment stared at him in a half-frightened manner; then, without a word, opened wide the door to admit him.

The doctor was startled at the apparition which confronted him, for the whiteness of the girl's face, and its expression of utter woe, touched him to the heart.

"Grace! what *does* this mean?" he demanded.

With a painful effort to appear at ease she gave him her hand, and said with a hollow smile, —

"Oh, nothing at all, — I was only surprised at seeing *you*; I thought it was my brother."

The doctor retained her hand, while he led her to a chair and seated himself beside her.

"Won't you tell me?" he again asked, kindly. "I know something unusual has happened."

He glanced up hastily, and, looking toward the door-way, knew all without further question; for, leaning against the wall, where it had been left by the porter, was the picture she had painted for the Exhibition. He started involuntarily; both were silent a moment, and then, with an affectation of indifference painful to observe, she said, —

"Yes, my picture is rejected, thanks to the jury of admission, who have generously saved me the mortification of seeing so wretched a thing hung."

The doctor only shook his head as he sat in thought, his eyes turned toward the rejected canvas.

"It is nothing," Grace continued, with a defiant toss of the head. "The picture is no better nor worse than the day before it was submitted, nor I a better or poorer artist. The mistake was in dreaming for one moment that *I* could be admitted there, for I am only a poor, struggling student,

with far more ambition than knowledge or ability."

Her voice faltered, and she turned to the window.

"No, Grace, your picture is neither better nor worse, nor you a better or poorer artist," the doctor said, kindly; "but I am satisfied that there are pictures with less merit in them than in yours now hanging upon the walls of the Society's exhibition-rooms. You have lost nothing surely,—you have gained, for even if unsuccessful, I am satisfied some of the jury voted to admit you; and, though you were not admitted, you have made friends for another trial. You should remember how —

" 'Godlike 'tis
To fail upon the icy ledge, and fall
Where other footsteps dare not '—"

"Do not taunt me, Doctor Mayne!" she exclaimed, with feeling. The tears came into her eyes, but she brushed them hastily away, and again turned toward the window.

Oh, how swiftly thoughts of the happy summer in Europe flashed through her brain like burning words upon the electric wire! She lived it all over again in a few seconds, reviewing each scene, down to the very present. She knew how well she loved Doctor Mayne, how determinately she had tried to shut the doors of her heart against him; and she felt that he alone was responsible for the rejection of her picture, through that love. She had endeavored to work; she had studied as she had never studied before; but it had only ended in a spiritless effort; and whether she cared to admit it or not, each day had been but an impatient waiting for the next, and the next, and the next, until she should see him again. Where would it end? Where could it end, when she had told him so many times, in their conversations, that art alone was to be her ambition and her *life*? It was simply, now, a question of love and pride,—and, when she thought how strong were both, she trembled for the consequences.

The doctor felt her change of manner, and saw the tear-drop steal over her cheek as she turned to the window, and, laying a hand kindly on her arm, he said,—

"It pains me deeply that you so misunderstand me. I want to be your friend,—I want you to feel that I *am* your friend."

"Yes, you have been very kind to me," she answered—without changing her position,— "more kind than I deserve, and

I am proud to feel that you *are* my friend." Then she clasped her hands before her and looked down to the floor.

"You say I have been kind to you," the doctor pursued. He endeavored to look into her face, but her head was still turned away from him. "I hope I have been so, for there is no kindness, no service, no sacrifice, that I could do, or make for you, that would be too great, if it gave you pleasure. Yet why have I been kind to you?"

The doctor paused; her only reply was a half-convulsive sob, as she again turned toward the window.

"It is unfair to ask you such a question, I know," he went on, "for there can be but one reply. You know how deeply I love you, Grace"—

She turned toward him imploringly.

"O Doctor Mayne! Don't—I pray you, leave me, before I seem unkind to you in return for so much kindness!"

"Shall I leave you? Yet I will, if you really wish it, for I would go to the ends of the earth rather than give you pain."

How desperate was the struggle 'twixt love and pride! How the poor girl longed to give up of the struggle, and, laying her pride at the doctor's feet, show him how great was the measure of a woman's love! Her heart fluttered wildly in her bosom, and her temples throbbed painfully. As she was still silent the doctor continued,—

"Doubtless you are able to recall our conversation in the Cathedral of Cologne. I asked then that I might be *ever* near you, a true and trusted friend. I ask you now to be my wife."

For a single moment she closed her eyes as though she longed to forget herself in oblivion; but when she opened them again they fell upon her rejected picture, and once more pride was in the ascendancy. Then, in a low calm voice, she gave him her answer,—

"Doctor Mayne, I respect your love too deeply to wish to wound your feelings by slightest word of mine; and I feel honored above many of my sex in having won the love of so true and good a man, though Heaven only can know the suffering it has brought, and will bring upon us both. You have asked for my answer; it is not right that I should withhold it longer, for I can never be to you other than a friend. *We must part forever.*"

He was a man, and, though the words had fallen upon his ears like clods upon the coffin of a darling hope, he bore it

with all the manfulness of his great, manly nature; but as he left the fair girl's side, after their parting, and entered once more the careless, thoughtless world, he carried, deep hidden in his heart of hearts, A SHADOW LOVE, tenderer, sweeter far than the sweetest, tenderest dream of youth.

And in a studio, high above the rooftops and the busy bustle of the streets, with the fading light of day streaming faintly through the quaint mullioned window, a slight, girlish form reclined upon a sofa, her face buried deep in the pillows. A hushed and holy stillness seemed to have fallen upon the place, broken only by the sound of some one sobbing.

XXIX.

"And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which might ne'er be repeated; who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes!"

SPRING had come at last, not in name merely, but in all the tangible splendor of budding, blossoming actuality. The March winds had shrieked themselves hoarse, and, not having been successful in frightening anybody, like bustling cowards, had themselves fled affrighted into their airy caves before the warmer sunshine. April had wept herself to sleep upon the throbbing, swelling bosom of tender May, and the violets and the trailing-arbutus were in blossom once more on the hill-sides and in the shaded woodland dells.

Again the skies were of that soft, clear blue, which the ocean takes on when it is asleep in the sunlight and the lazy waves scarce heed the saucy breezes playing above them. In every field sleeping germs were waking to new life, and over every sunny slope Nature had spread a carpet of green velvet; new leaves put forth in every tree, and the robins were all singing tender love-songs to their mates.

It was the first week in May. Wellford had made the round of the "scientific centres" Doctor Mayne had advised him to visit, and returned; he had been ten days in Boston, and in a few days more was expecting to return to England, and subsequently to Paris. In the course of his travels he had gained much, in the way of suggestion, which would be useful to him in making out a line of study, and getting a fair start. He had kept his mind occupied, as far as possible, to the exclusion of things not essential to his happiness, — or

that contributed to his unhappiness, — and he had made a few friends.

And now the days were long again, and in the golden splendor of their dying hours, and oft into the shadowy twilight, — sometimes alone, sometimes in the genial company of a "Boston," or a "Massachusetts," — the young man sought relief from much thinking in many a merry "wheel around the Hub." Paris and the Bois de Boulogne, Suresnes, Saint Cloud, Versailles, and Saint Germain, had grown to be but memories; while Arlington, and Waltham, Newton, Chestnut Hill, and Auburndale, or the nearer Milldam, now were bright realities. There were brisk club runs for exercise and practice; there were pleasant moonlight runs, in the company of some congenial spirit with a soul for sentiment, amid the *echoes and shadows* of drowsy nature; or, mayhap, his companion was a rambler in fair fields of literature, a *wheelman* after his own heart, slight and graceful, poised upon a "56," or energetic on a "52"; and, sometimes, it was a quiet, dreamy run, with only a silent wheel and thought for company.

Oh, the joy of these solitary spins, when the brain is filled with a thousand cobweb fancies, — films of nothing, out of which the ceaseless shuttle of the brain weaves fabrics of more airy lightness than the "woven wind" of India's looms!

The wheel glides smoothly down the winding road, the sunlight sifting through the branches of overhanging trees and falling in bright patches on the ground; there is witchery in the air, and a song on the heart; the shuttle flies more swiftly than the flying spokes, and soon upon the thought-woven fabric appears a bright picture of some tender memory!

At length a steep incline is reached, the thread of fancy snaps, the dream vanishes, and exultantly each member leaps to the charge, fighting every inch of ground with dogged persistency, until the summit and the victory are gained. And then the "other side," like the down-hill of life, when the weary years of toil are passed, — legs over the handle-bar and brake off, it is a delirious, whirling rush for the shadowy vale below. But here the metaphor ends.

And now the picture is a mossy bank, sloping down to the margin of a deep, still pool; overhead, thick canopies of rustling green, and through their openings glimpses of a blue summer sky; the breezes blow softly, and the waters mur-

mur over the shallows, or babble joyously among the rocks below, their music falling upon the ear like the dreamy echoes of childhood. The wheel is prone upon its side, pedal and handle-bar sunk deep into the soft grass, a colony of busy ants exploring the cuts and crevices in its well-worn tire. In a bush hard by a silly bird is chattering about her nest of speckled eggs which she fears may be molested, not having sense enough in her little cranium to keep still about it, and avert the danger; wild flowers blossom everywhere, and earth and air are filled with myriads of creeping, flying things, dreaming away the happy hours in a blind, purposeless (to them) cycle of existence.

So the great heart of Nature throbs, the world turns round and round, old Time moves on with silent tread; but the dusty wheel is still, and the tired wheelman sleeps.

He is dreaming of the sweet summertime: —

Summer is coming, is coming for me! —
The daisies are coming, too;
The sweet birds are singing in every tree —
Is summer, love, coming for you?

Summer is coming, is coming so soon,
I feel its warm breath in the air;
The daisies are opening; the meadows in June
Are smiling with verdure fair.

The dainty spring flowers have all gone to sleep, —
The daisies are constant and true;
The summer is coming! Love, shall I keep
A thought and a daisy for you?

And not the daisies alone, for when the hill-sides grow white with their saucy, graceful bloom,

“Those little rimless wheels of fate,”

the hedge-rows will blaze in the crimson of June roses, and bluebells will brighten the thickets. But the summer has not come yet, for it is only May.

But time is fleeting. Life was no longer a dream to Wellford Manning, but had grown to be an earnest, purposeful reality. Again the hour of parting came, and once more he turned his eyes to look across the blue Atlantic.

“Love goes toward love as school-boys from their books;
But love from love to school with heavy looks.”

If Shakespeare could have known this big-hearted fellow personally, he could not have written more truly of him. Certainly, it was love parting from love, probably forever, and not only with heavy looks, but with a heavy, aching heart, which saw in

the future not one single ray of hope. And he was crossing the Atlantic to go to school again — as one of Nature's pupils.

He had not trusted himself to say good-by to Ruth alone, but took advantage of a time when he knew the doctor would be present.

Their words of parting were kindly, — there are those who might have thought them commonplace, — though they were not as empty and meaningless as the partings of half the people in the world, who love not any too well, but more wisely. They exchanged the kindest wishes for the future happiness of each, and expressed the hope that in some manner, not provided for, each might occasionally hear of the other, and then they said good-by.

Simply *good-by*, while the hands closed in a last warm pressure, and eyes looked into eyes with a long, lingering gaze. Alas! how cold and empty is human speech, when, in such a moment, the trammelled heart breaks its bond of silence and grows mutely eloquent! When soul thrills answering soul through the fervent pressure of two burning, throbbing palms, and eyes, with the rapidity of thought, flash to and fro such tender messages, that, for the glad moment, Time stands still, and life rolls backward as a scroll.

Then the loved form glides into the nothingness of empty air, the spell is suddenly broken, and, like a resistless tide, the old life comes rushing in again, the heart takes up once more its weary burden of silent grief, there is a tear-drop, and —

“A riple closes over us.”

XXX.

“Wherefore it is
All love which finds its own ideal mate
Is happy, — happy that which gives itself
Unto itself, and keeps, through long, calm days,
The tranquil image in its eyes, and knows
Fulfilment and is blest, and day by day
Wears love like a white flower, nor holds it less
Though sharp winds nip, or hot suns fade, or age
Sully its perfect whiteness, but inhales
Its fragrance, and is glad. But happier still
He who long seeks a high goal unattained,
And wearies for it all his days, nor knows
Possession sate his thirst, but still pursues
The fleeting loveliness — now seen, now lost.
But evermore grown fairer, till at last
He stretches forth his arms and takes the fair
In one long rapture.” . . .

It is almost a year since Wellford went abroad, and the dreary month of March has come again.

He has been doing good work with Professor Gantier on the structural anatomy of certain forms of vertebrate animals, and has already published the results of a portion of his investigation, Doctor Mayne considering it a genuine contribution to science. He corresponds with the doctor regularly, though his letters are more those of a scientific man writing to a *confrère* than a correspondence between friends. There is no doubt, however, that the doctor values these epistles very highly, and as the doctor's letters frequently contain a line or two, at their close, regarding *other* friends, with occasional remembrances joined with his own kindly sentiments of lasting regard, it is probable that Wellford holds the epistles of his friend, if anything, more highly.

In the language of a cold, unfeeling world he has never gotten over that love affair with the doctor's pretty sister,—and it is probable that he never will. He has tried hard to interest himself in other things, however, plunging into study and laboratory work with such enthusiasm and downright energy that even Professor Gantier wonders, now and then, if Time, the great healer, has not softened, in a measure, the bitterness of his sorrow.

Wellford has never lisp'd Ruth's name to the old scientist since his return to Paris, and the Frenchman is likewise silent,—thanks to a slight explanation of affairs vouchsafed him by Fred, and handled most delicately, which preceded the Englishman's advent by a couple of weeks.

But in one of Wellford's pretty rooms, not far from the professor's cosy apartments, there hangs upon the wall a life-size portrait of a lady, done by one of the first artists of Paris. And when the occasional stranger-visitor gazes upon it in wondering admiration, and asks who she may be, the answer is always the same:

"It is a copy of a photograph I purchased in Rome."

Two years have passed since the photograph was taken; it was called a very faithful likeness at the time, but in the past year the features have changed somewhat, as the face has grown more serious and thoughtful. There is a calmer, sweeter expression now, though the lines of the mouth have grown firmer, while the eyes are more dreamy.

She has kept her promise to George Thorne faithfully and uncomplainingly, patiently endeavoring to look upon the

brighter side of life, even when the clouds were darkest. George has been very happy in her love, and has shown her every mark of tender affection that a devoted lover might show, and now they are to be married in June.

At first it was Ruth's preference to wait until the fall; but George urged the earlier date quite strongly, and the doctor also expressed the wish that it might take place before his visit to Europe,—as he was anticipating absence abroad for the remainder of the year,—and finally she consented.

Since his final rejection the doctor has not once seen Grace Thorne, though he has been in the city several times. Far from having forgotten each other, there are still evidences of warm friendship on both sides, though regarded by each as simple *friendship*, and nothing more.

Perhaps an occasional meeting would have afforded a quiet consolation to the doctor; but, appreciating fully Grace's feelings in the matter, he wisely concluded it was best to remain away altogether. But, after all, it was not possible to long lose sight of each other,—as the world expresses it,—for George was a frequent bearer of kindly messages between them, and his relations toward Ruth would, in any event, have insured a continuance of friendly interest in each other, for family reasons, if for nothing else.

The rejection of her picture, the year before, had been a bitter experience to Grace, and for a time it was almost a death-blow to her ambition; then she went to work in earnest, studying harder than ever, working early and late, until George declared she was trying to kill herself, and begged her to rest. But his words were as the idle winds, for she kept right on with her work, saying she should die, anyway, if she stopped, and death in a good cause was not such an unenviable thing, after all.

At length she won her triumph, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of her canvases hung at last at the American Society's exhibition. It was a proud day for her; and among the kindly congratulations of interested friends none gave her more quiet joy and real pleasure than those of the doctor, transmitted to her in a few lines upon a note sheet, the day after the opening.

Then, too, her pictures were beginning to sell; she had been asked to do some illustrating for one of the book publishers, and at length began to feel that her efforts

might some day be crowned with success.

Her strongest work was in figure painting, and at the present time she was bending all her energies in this direction, employing models continually, costuming them as lords, ladies, brigands, beggars, and painting them in different poses, over and over again, until George expressed himself heartily sick of seeing them about the studio, and suggested something new.

He had taken quite a fancy to the face of a little Italian flower-girl he frequently met on Broadway. One day he stopped her, and learning that she would pose, took the number of the house and the name of the street in which she lived, and promised her a sitting. Several days passed, and late one afternoon, as George ran into the studio to accompany his sister home, Grace spoke of this model, expressing the wish that she might have her for a sitting the next day.

"I am sorry you are so late this evening," she said, as he seated himself before a new charcoal sketch. "I was going to ask you to find Paolina, and have her come to sit for me in the morning."

"Why, I can go now," he said, rising. "It is not late."

"But I am all ready to go home," Grace interposed.

"So much the better," her brother replied, "for I can walk with you as far as the 'L' station." He fumbled in his pockets a moment, and then exclaimed, "Provoking! I believe I have lost the address!"

"Can't you recall it?" the artist asked, while she paused in her preparations; "the name was Paolina Feretti."

"At all events I think I can find her," the young man replied, "for the house was in Crosby street, and these Italians all know one another."

They passed out upon the sidewalk together, and sauntered slowly in the direction of Broadway.

"I received a letter from Ruth to-day," George resumed.

"Yes?" she replied, as much as to say "Go on."

"She is coming to New York to-morrow upon a little visit" —

"Alone?" Grace questioned, abruptly.

"No, the doctor is coming to see the exhibition."

"Oh! I thought so."

"Grace, it is perfectly exasperating the

way you have treated that man," the brother observed nonchalantly.

"Well, I never treated him ill until he began talking of marriage."

"And why are you so bitterly opposed to marriage? Have you ever stopped to think if anything happened to me how alone you would be in the world?"

"And the little fortune papa left us would be just as large as it ever was, would it not?"

"Yes, but" —

"Then I am a 'rising artist' now, you know," she continued, with a smile, "and ability to earn one's bread and butter makes one terribly independent, I assure you. No, George, I shall be content to look at happiness through your eyes and Ruth's, for I would never be willing to tie myself for life to any less noble-natured man than Doctor Mayne, and, if I married *him* — well, I am afraid the *artist* would be lost in the *wife* in a very short space of time."

"Will you see the doctor to-morrow, when Ruth comes?" he ventured, looking into his sister's face inquiringly.

"No!"

A pained expression came over his features, for Ruth had planned a quiet dinner-party of four for the morrow, and it was to obtain his sister's consent that George had broached the subject at all. She saw the look, and as George walked in silence for the remainder of the block she had ample time for reflection.

"That is, I had rather not," she said, at length, "unless it would be a pleasure to you and Ruth."

They had reached the station, and Grace ascended several steps.

"Well, find Paolina, and tell her to come at 10 o'clock, sharp, in Roman peasant costume. I will think of your request, George, on my way home, and give you my answer when you return."

"By-by!" he said, laughingly.

She stood still, looking after him as he waved his hand to her and vanished into the crowd, on his way to take a 'cross city line of cars. She waited several minutes, gazing after him, not knowing why she did so, and then slowly climbed the stairs to the platform.

"Yes, I think I will see the doctor," she mused, "to please George, he is such a dear, good fellow." It was a pleasant thing to remember — that kindly resolution — in after years.

An hour later, in one of the narrow streets in the lower part of the great city, a mob of rough men and ragged and dirty women and children were gathered together in front of a vile drinking-den in the Italian quarter. In the midst of the crowd was a prostrate man, and two policemen were bending over him.

"What the devil's the row?" roughly demanded a new-comer of a swarthy padrone standing at the edge of the group.

"Noa rowa — Italiano sho-ot te Americano (pointing to his breast) wit te pistola; noa rowa!"

"Drunk and ugly," a by-stander put in. "No place for a gentleman this time o' night, anyhow; and the man *was* a gentleman, and a-minding of his own business."

One of the policemen was roughly searching the man's pockets.

"Here's something; we're all right now," and he drew forth a dainty envelope superscribed in a woman's hand. "Read the name, Tom, it's gettin' too d—n dark for my eyes."

It was the letter from Ruth.

Oh the horror and agony of that dreadful night, as the loved form lay unconscious on a bed of death! And oh the weary hours of waiting for the dull gray dawn of morning, which seemed never to come! If he would open his eyes,— if he would only speak once before he died! It was terrible to see him lying there so pale and haggard, while the lagging moments crept by at funeral pace, life slowly ebbing away, and that poor girl, convulsed with grief, bending over him in the agony of despair.

Kind neighbors and friends did what they could, but at such a time what is there to do save, with simple presence, to stand betwixt the stricken heart and the horrible emptiness and silence of almost tangible space, peopled with its dread ghosts of the imagination?

The doctor learned of the shooting, from the morning paper, almost upon arrival, and before the boat had come to her place at the pier, and he lost no time in getting ashore. Taking a carriage, he proceeded without delay to the Thornes' lodgings, only telling Ruth that George had met with quite a serious accident, and it might be best to go to the house at once.

Ruth was not prepared, therefore, for the scene that met her gaze as she entered the room where her lover lay. Grace was kneeling at the head of the bed, her face

buried deeply in the pillows, but at Ruth's frightened exclamation she started to her feet, and with a cry rushed into her arms, and for a moment neither was able to speak.

It was not long after that George opened his eyes and faintly called for a draught of water. Dr. Mayne was standing by the bedside, and as he brought it a smile of recognition went over the sufferer's face; then he asked for Ruth and his sister.

Through the long day they hovered about his bedside, smoothing his pillows, or whispering loving words of hope to him, in the intervals when he roused himself from the stupor that had come over him; then the twilight shadows gathered again, and the turbulent city once more grew silent.

A little past midnight the doctor noted a change. Grace was reclining upon the lounge in the next room trying to get a little rest, while Ruth sat by the bedside. Presently George whispered Ruth's name, and turned his face toward her.

"I am easier now," he said, faintly. "Where is my sister?—is the doctor here?"

Doctor Mayne called Grace at once. As she approached the bedside George put out his hand to her, and smiled as he said, —

"Now we are all together — once more" —

It was evidently an effort, and he closed his eyes a few moments before he went on.

"But I am going — away soon — something tells me *very soon* — and — then" —

He gave his sister's hand a faint pressure, as he looked into her eyes intently, and in a moment turned toward Doctor Mayne.

"You know — what I want to say; when I am gone *she* will be — all alone in this great, selfish world."

The poor girl tried to speak, but was unable to control her feelings sufficiently. Then her head sank upon the pillow, as she endeavored to suppress a choking sob, and for a moment the silence was oppressive. Then the doctor, with strong, brave words, but tender as a woman's, while his eyes dimmed with tears, gave the dying man the dear assurance that he craved. The wan face brightened; turning to Ruth, who held the other hand, he said, softly, —

"Come nearer — put your arm under my head — and let me lay my cheek against your shoulder — for I want to tell you for the last time — how much I love you. There! — it won't — be long!"

Again he closed his eyes, for he seemed to be sinking rapidly. The doctor stepped to the table for the brandy, but George shook his head when the draught was brought to him.

"I am going — *soon*," he said, after a few moments' pause, "and perhaps it is just as well — for *he* loves you, Ruth — not as I have loved you — but — dearly, I know — besides you have your brother to — care for you."

Again he paused, and the doctor moved noiselessly round to the opposite side of the bed from his sister. The silence grew almost audible, the ticking of the little French clock upon the mantel sounding like distant anvil strokes.

"It was selfish in me to hold you to your promise, when — you — loved *him* first — but I have been *so* happy, and — I am quite sure you — love me — a little" —

"I *do* love you, George!" she faltered, bravely hiding her emotion; "I love you dearly, and you *must* not leave us! — you *will* get well again" —

"No-o — it is nearly over" —

Once more he closed his eyes, and his breast heaved as though with a deep sigh.

"I am — free — from — pain — now — kiss — me" —

The tired head sank upon that dear bosom ere the quivering lips could grant the last fond request; the lids closed in a peaceful sleep which should know no waking, and Grace was alone in the world.

The June roses are in bloom again; the parks and lawns are smiling in the tender verdure of early summer, and gay Paris is at its brightest. How like a dream the last two years of Wellford Manning's life, as he reviews it to-day, on his way home from the hotel, where he has been to call upon Doctor Mayne for the first time since his arrival.

How charming that he should have met the professor at the very threshold of the door-way, upon precisely the same errand; — for the old Frenchman has such a way of making everybody at ease there is never opportunity for embarrassing pauses after sudden surprises. And Ruth, — how womanly she had grown; how serious and thoughtful! yet the expression of her face seemed sweeter than the pictured love of by-gone days. And the doctor and Grace were married!

No wonder the two years seemed a dream to him as he walked briskly on toward his lodgings.

Professor Gantier took it all very philosophically, though he made some quite cynical remarks to the doctor about fools who marry late in life; and the doctor, in turn, called him an incorrigible old grumbler, who would be only too glad of the opportunity to marry, himself, if he could find the woman who would have him. But the professor understood the matter perfectly, and told Wellford, in one of their confidential talks, that he knew all the time that Grace would marry the doctor, for she couldn't help it; and the doctor's kindness at the time of George's death was only the straw that broke the camel's back.

So the days sped swiftly on; the doctor and his wife appeared to be more interested in Art than Fred Mayne and Grace Thorne had ever been, and the limit of the honeymoon seemed to have been extended indefinitely. Ruth was happy because her brother was happy, and, preferring to find a quiet enjoyment in books and in solitude, she was left much alone. But the longest book must have an ending, and sometimes she had not even one of these little, unobtrusive friends to entertain her, and so it happened, one bright afternoon, when she had been in Paris a month and more, that she found herself with nothing to read.

Her thoughts were with the past, and it was not strange that her wandering gaze should rest upon a little morocco-bound volume upon the table, near, bearing the title, "Deutsche Liebe," or, as the English translator puts it, "Memories." Taking it from the table she opened it to the last chapter, which she had read and re-read and wept over perhaps a dozen times, and had begun to read it again, when a gentleman was announced. Hurriedly laying down the open book, to keep the place, she crossed the room hastily to welcome her visitor.

"Why, Mr. Manning!" she said, with surprise; "I did not dream it was you."

"No?" he half-questions.

"I thought you were engaged with the professor this afternoon."

"No, I have come to ask you to go to ride with me instead; and you *must* not refuse, for I have a particular reason for asking you *this* afternoon."

"Then I *will* not refuse; but, surely, I may know the reason, may I not?"

He smiled pleasantly, and answered, —

"Yes, when we return."

She was soon ready, and when she again emerged from her own room Wellford could but recall that bright day, nearly

two years before, when he had first walked with her in the streets of Paris, on their way to visit the professor.

And as they rolled through the magnificent Avenue de Neuilly, past Courbevoie, and along the lovely banks of the Seine, where Hoyt and himself had passed so many happy hours a-wheel, he felt a joy such as he had never experienced before.

The birds sang as blithely as then; the skies were as blue, the breezes as soft, and the landscape as beautiful; again the bees hummed as merrily as they flew from flower to flower; the voices of the boatmen upon the river rang out in songs of gladness, and the bright equipages flashed by as gayly as though the world had never known a disappointment or the human heart a sorrow. To-day all was light, and life, and gladness.

"Why did you wish to ride this particular afternoon?" Ruth demanded, as she drew off her gloves and threw herself into a big easy-chair upon their return.

The young man placed his hat upon the table, and seated himself near her upon the sofa. "Haven't you an idea?" he asked, looking into her face seriously.

She was removing her hat, and when she had done so he arose to take it; but she quietly laid it in her lap, and he returned to resume his seat upon the sofa.

"No, truly, I haven't an idea,—unless that the day was so beautiful."

He espied the little volume lying upon the sofa, and, pausing, took it in his hands.

"How every life has its *memories!*" he said, thoughtfully, turning the leaves slowly one by one. "Mine have been sad ones of late; but to-day, somehow, they seem faintly tinged with joy. May I tell you the story of a photograph?"

He stood before her, the book in his

hand,—with his finger keeping the place to which it had been opened,—while he gazed intently at the lettering upon the back. For a moment the girl's eyes lighted roguishly, though their expression was not observed by her companion as she said,—

"It was purchased in Rome, I believe?"

He gave a quick glance into her face; but it was as calm as a summer morning.

"You have heard the story?" he returned.

She continued,—

"He followed the lady to Paris, did he not? And then made her acquaintance, as the friend of her brother?"

"You are smiling!" he made answer, his features growing more rigid; "perhaps you are thinking that he was very foolish, and long to tell him so?"

"I have not said so, surely!—but that was *two years ago*"—

"Yes," he replied, his thoughts reverting fondly to the rapture of that first introduction, "*that* was two years ago *to-day*; and it was the happiest day of my—of the young man's life, except"—He paused abruptly, and began perusing the gilded lettering again, while the girl played with her hat-strings, and for a few seconds there was an awkward silence.

"Ruth, is there any reason why *this* should not be a far happier one?"

Her face grew serious for a moment, as she gazed down to the floor without replying. Then, as she looked into Wellford's face again, her own beaming with an expression of deep love and confidence, he tossed the book of *memories* back upon the sofa, and, with an arm thrown lightly around her shoulders, bent down and kissed her very tenderly.

THE END.

TO THE KAT.

- GRIM as the Sphinx,—a shadow of *old Egypt's* time
 Flung down athwart our pathway in a Christian age;
 A thing of worship, snatched from off some carved page
 In a vast pagan pyramid, and sung in Christian rhyme.

As ancients worshipped, long ago, thy kind, so we,—
 Thou sacred symbol of a Pharaoh's kingly state,—
 Have learned to look on thee as born of fate;
 Have found in thee an arbiter of destiny.

Arthur Penfield.

THE COLUMBIA BICYCLE PRIZE CUP.

THE incentives to athletic contests have in all ages been essentially the same. The physical enjoyment of action, the mental delight in achievement, the personal impulse to attain superiority, are amongst the chief of these incentives, at least with manly and courageous men; and to these is to be added the stimulating glory of public approval, the popular praise of them that do well, applause of them that do better, and worship of them that do best. These are at once the most natural motives and the most honorable prizes. "Whoso in the games or in war have won delightful fame receiveth the highest of rewards in fair words of citizens and of strangers," sang the poet whose immortal odes commemorated the winners in Grecian races. It is always, however, an inherent necessity that there shall be certain formalities of auspices, time, method, and means of conflict, as well as stated selection of competitors, in order that a competition may be a definite event and not a scramble or a delusion; and, further, that there shall be some tangible trophy to be won, not for itself alone, but as evidence of title to the honor, so to speak, and as an emblem or memento representing all the values attained in the winning.

The first requisite of such a trophy, then, is, that it should be emblematic; so a leafy crown of victory was for him who "hath won longed-for glory in the strife of games, for whose strong hand or fleet foot abundant wreaths have bound his hair."

But the frail crown of laurel leaves must also be superseded by something more enduring. And the third requisite is for distinctiveness, preciousness, for something that is unique, or has no mate. Mere costliness should be no factor in the prize; but costliness of thought in its design and of skill by which it is wrought, and of appropriate material to embody its idea in imperishable and exquisite form, are to be desired more than gross expensiveness, practical usefulness, or convertible money value.

Indeed, here may be drawn the true line of distinction betwixt amateur and professional prizes. It is the real amateur whom we have been considering. The professional may enjoy his art, and may make good sport for beholders; but he reduces the

art of his choice to a trade, a business, and seeks a business value in his rewards. A roll of current coins, or some other available merchandise, is his appropriate reward; but for the amateur, a bit of sheet metal wrought by artist hands into a beautiful vase, or of molten bronze, or of paint and canvas, or anything by which art may speak in language of grace, and strength, and beauty of the victory won.

For reasons quite appreciable few of the cups or other prizes offered in the minor athletic competitions, or even in the greater ones, possess in any marked degree these appropriate art qualities; that is, that are emblematic of anything significant, or are rare or distinctive, or that have in them costliness of thought or artistic expression.

The most conspicuous instance of a prize embodying all the requisites for award in an amateur competition which has come to notice in recent years in connection with bicycling, or, indeed, with any athletic art, is afforded in the "Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup," of which a brief description, and the rules under which it was offered, were published in *THE WHEELMAN* for June last (Vol. II., p. 227), before its completion, and which is shown in an engraving forming the fontispiece of this number. Indeed, its appearance is an innovation upon the prevailing fashion in prizes in several respects. The first departure was in obtaining the services of an artist of wide distinction in designing it; and Mr. L. S. Ipsen, himself an enthusiastic wheelman, a member of the Middlesex Bicycle Club and of the L.A.W., has made it a work of sympathy as well as of professional care to trace a worthy design, and to watch its execution in silver and bronze. He chose for the general form a horn after the style of the old Scandinavian drinking-cups of the eighth and ninth centuries, introducing this for the first time into American art. The American public has now, however, an opportunity of seeing another fine example of its use in a form of royal costliness at the Foreign Exhibition in Boston. The appropriateness of the horn, as the body or framework of the prize, cannot be gainsaid, as, besides its graceful curves and natural beauty of form, it is in itself an emblem of strength, courage, and conquest. It was used in ancient art to express plenty

and blessing, and to serve for libations of gladness and homage.

Upon this general form the artist has impressed a style of treatment at once tasteful and appropriate in ornament and significant in idea. The winged wheel rolling in bronzed silver dust, with which it is surmounted, shows how skilfully the artist can make an old device take a new expression; and the broad band of bas-relief figures near the top, full of variety and harmony, suggests all the action and pantomime of a score of bicycle races. The horn is poised upon an elegant bronze pedestal of fine proportions and finish, and held thereon by two dragon's feet. The house of Shreve, Crump, & Low has preserved its fame for excellent workmanship in the execution of the design and an almost faultless embodiment of the artist's design.

As a whole, this trophy bears long, deliberate examination; and, indeed, the longer it is looked at the better it is appreciated. It is not, of course, as imposing as the Bryant vase; nor is it as expensive or as showy as some other memorial pieces; for, when one has read of thirty thousand dollars expended in the handwork of one foreign vase alone, he is inclined to be modest in his claims for American art. But here is a trophy of some fifteen inches in height in which the *repoussé* work and molten and wrought trimmings in silver and bronze represent values many times greater than that of the metals upon which the design is imposed, and which will stand as a monument to the generosity of the giver¹ as well as to the prowess of the winner into whose hands it may fall.

Many readers are familiar with the conditions of the offer; but some are not. These are interesting, too, since they follow the course of the prize and determine its disposition. It is to be won three times by the same competitor, in amateur twenty-mile bicycle races, or else in one race by completing that distance in less than an hour. The distance is a substantial one, and probably best suited of any to test the qualities of a racing man. The distance has not yet been covered in an hour in this country, though it is reported to have been three times done in England, and an American has come within seven minutes and thirty-three seconds of accomplishing it here. This offer is in encouragement of fine training and rapid racing here; and

¹ The total actual outlay by The Pope Manufacturing Company for this prize has been nearly fifteen hundred dollars.

for this reason, and to keep it from English semi-professional amateurs who occasionally make a raid upon our tracks, it is only open to competition by American citizens. The L.A.W. and the N.A.A.A.A. are the guardians of amateurship in this country, and their sanction is invoked to keep it within amateur reach. It is with the bicycle—the velocipede having its driving and guiding wheel combined in one and forward, and a trailing wheel behind, and a direct cranked axle with pedals for foot propulsion—that records have been made and the art of wheelmanship developed; that has made a place for all velocipedes in the public appreciation and the highways as well as the race-courses of the world, and that nineteen-twentieths of all the wheelmen in this country ride; and so competition for this cup until won, whether in one or in three years, was limited to be by bicycle, on a track clear of all but bicycles, and to be taken from one trial winner to another only by the same instrument. It is to be a free gift to the wheelman who attains the eminence to win it, and so the small entry fee to be prepaid as a guaranty of good intention to compete is to be returned to each one who rides the distance. And in order that the winner for the time being may have a suitable memento of his victory, and an evidence of inchoate right to the cup, the donor has provided a medal in coin gold, bearing an engraving of the cup, and its name, and an autograph signature of the president of The Pope Manufacturing Company, on one side, and on the other the names of the contest, the place, and the winner, and the date and the record time on the other side (a cut of which is given on p. 146), to be presented to him as a personal souvenir.

In some of the conditions a likeness to those of the celebrated Astley Belt and United States Belt, and other rules, will be observed, whilst some of them are, of course, peculiar to the individual prize; and all appear to be such as may hold the course of the prize, after its setting adrift, to the direction intended by the donor. These conditions all appear to be reasonable, and have already received the approval of many wheelmen. They would have been put to the test in the recent Springfield tournament (where a race for this prize was held out by the management as one of the events, and four entries from prominent racing men were received for it), had not the manager of the races rejected this cup at the last moment in favor

of a substitute prize, for some reason not yet fully explained.

Whether any competition be held for the Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup during the remainder of this season or not, it will probably afford a fine additional interest to one or more race meetings next season, and may perhaps have some tendency to encourage, by example at least, the offering of prizes of more artistic value and discriminative taste for competition in bicycle races. In many other ways the

American people are learning to prefer the beautiful and expressive to the ugly and nondescript, and that the former is not necessarily more expensive. If they learn it in this, and if wheelmen encourage such offers and demand something less common-place in the way of trophies for amateur races than the hitherto prevailing fashion has furnished, it can but have a good effect upon all the interests of wheelmen.

Charles E. Pratt.

ECHO.

ACCORDING to mythology, Echo was the most unfortunate of her race. An oread or nymph of the mountains, she on one occasion, by her untimely and artful loquacity, deeply offended Juno. The goddess punished her by rendering her unable to speak unless first spoken to, — a disability from which she has never recovered. Afterwards a still more grievous misfortune befell Echo, she having fallen in love with the youth Narcissus, who remained obdurate and unmoved. They do say, — and the story seems credible, — that the heart-broken oread pined into a shadow, and from a shadow into sheer nothingness, only her sweet, melancholy voice continuing to haunt her mountain home. Narcissus became a flower, — a “white daffodil,” — with a drooping head, fondly gazing at its image in the water. Nothing being more absolutely voiceless than a flower, Echo could not even talk with her beloved Narcissus, and so fell into an austere habit of silence, from which she never rouses except when some rude provocation is given. This theory for what it is worth; we do not pretend it is authenticated.

The poets have always been on terms of friendship with Echo; but their opinions and representations of her character differ widely. Sir John Davies reports her to be a dancer, a lively, volatile creature, who can't

“Forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear;
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth every trick.”

George Herbert (with difficulty we spare the adjectives “quaint” and “old”) hails Echo as an ethereal messenger, and proceeds to a devout cross-questioning: —

“O who will show me those delights on high?
Echo. I.
Thou, Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.
Echo. No.”

In Comus, the lost lady searching for her brothers invokes Echo to guide her where they are: —

“Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,
So mayest thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.”

In Brydges' sonnet, which Wordsworth and Southey so extravagantly praised, two sleeping nymphs are seen in the deep woods; at the sound of the hunter's horn, timorous Silence starts back into denser shade; not so her sister, Echo: —

“With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock and hill to hill,
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockly play
With thousand mimic-tones the laughing forest fill.”

That Echo, like a good child, speaks only when spoken to (notwithstanding she is heard and not seen) is an obvious fact; but to prove that she is not always as civil and acquiescent as represented, we give some part of a conversation between her and a would-be suitor. Can it be that this pert, equivocating spirit is the same with the sweet informer, whose replies so delighted devout Herbert? Let us hear and decide: —

“Echo, lonely Echo, may I win thee if I try?
Try.
Try I will; but thou away on tricky wing dost fly —
Lie!
Dost not? Surely, then, I'll overtake thee by and by.
Ay.
Echo, love me as thou didst Narcissus long ago —
Go!
Must I? Never true heart served a faithful lover so —
So?”

It would be easy to believe that primitive man gave the mysterious daughter of earth and air a place among his deities; that he built her temples, and sought to propitiate her with sacrifices. Hearing himself tauntingly answered from the uninhabited rocks and woods, he must naturally have inferred that some spirit inimical to himself presided in those places. It was doubtless a great gain to the science of that twilight time when poor Echo's incapacity for monologue was discovered.

There is a charm in sending our voices to places inaccessible to our feet; it is performing the journey by proxy. We send a vocal shot, and are pleased at the prompt ricochet. When we rouse the echo we practise a kind of enchantment; we do not take away the power of speech, but temporarily give voice to the voiceless. The silent and self-absorbed wilderness will talk with us; only we must take the initiative, must speak first.

As form is imaged by a reflecting surface, so also is sound; but in the latter case the reflecting surface is not so readily distinguished. Look in a quiet stream, and you see your face drawn in definite and nearly constant lines; but the mirror that gives you back your voice is but vaguely surmised to be in yonder wood or hillside; just where the phonetic blow struck, just where is the centre of the reflected sound, remains uncertain.

"The bird we hear is of the cuckoo's brood, —
'A wandering voice, a mystery.'"

Here in the woods is an attentive listener, who records instantly all that is said or done. Each stroke of the chopper's axe is followed by a sharp cry of grief and accusation. Seemingly, there is somebody here, whom it cuts to the heart when the heart of the good old oak or maple is laid open. The hammer of the woodpecker, whose workshop is "up-chamber," is answered by a kind of hollow spirit-rapping; the partridge drumming awakes a responsive roll; the scornful halloo of the crow, the barking of that busybody, the squirrel, the splash of the muskrat dropping into the still sleek water, are all quickly and faithfully reported. When the leaves have fallen, — the muffling curtains and tapestries of the forest interior removed, — Echo seems to wake to new freedom. After an ice-storm has sheeted every hanging branch and low shrub, what tinkling reports are heard whenever the ice-bound twigs clash to-

gether or break away and fall on the glassy floor!

Children especially delight in echoes, as who cannot testify that remembers his own youthful experiments in this branch of acoustics? What youngster has not, at the risk of a broken neck, clung to the edge of a rain-barrel, and leaned his head far into the opening, just to hear the mellow, mumbling sounds his voice called forth? Some little-used chamber of one's old home is sure to be remembered for the eerie confabulations held there by the child and Echo. A friend of ours, whose early life was passed among the hills of New England, recalls a pleasant game which she and her brother used to play with the mountain nymph. The two, while swinging on the boughs of a chosen orchard tree, would take turns in shouting at the top of their voices, "Bring me a pound-sweet apple!" Twice, and from opposite directions the cry was repeated, "Bring me a pound-sweet apple!" as though a couple of oreads were contending for the possession of the prize fruitage.

When Echo takes up her abode within walls she seems to prefer unfinished apartments. In the dreaded house-cleaning season, when you have denuded the floors, and turned out of doors tables, chairs, mirrors, and curtains, Echo comes visiting, sits aloft near the ceiling, and despitefully mimics the earnest tones which you use in directing your house-cleaning allies. She is also a frequenter of town-halls, churches, and other assembly-rooms, unless excluded by some device of the builder. In many a place of worship, she plainly declares her unhallowed pagan origin by her disturbing and uncanonical responses to the preached word. In the Middle Ages it may have been attempted to expel this disorderly spirit by exorcism with bell, book, and candle.

The Miltonic epithet, "Daughter of the sphere," has a touch of the new poetry of science, when we remember Echo's great liking for concave surfaces, and that architecture has its vaults and arches named for her. Whispering galleries illustrate this principle; and the one in the dome of St. Paul's, where the ticking of a watch or a gentle whisper can be heard from one side to the other, is surely a suitable habitation for the "Daughter of the sphere."

Some echoes may be classed as historical; and were we to visit their haunting-places we should probably not neglect to make them speak to us. In this historical class

may be mentioned the echo at the tomb of Metella, near Rome, where the acoustic conditions are such that an entire hexameter line is repeated with perfect distinctness. Sixty pistol-shots for one are given by an echo produced from the walls of a castle not far from Milan. An ancient fortress in Flanders has an intriguing Echo that says nothing to the person speaking, but hastens to repeat all to the listener at a distance,—the listener, however, being unable to hear the original sound. In the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, is a cave, entering which the visitor hears no reverberation of his voice, but, having gone a little farther, to his surprise overtakes the leisurely echo. At Lake Killarney a singular reduplication of sound-shadows is observed, the first in the series being less sonorous than those which directly follow.

We might speak of a class of echoes entirely different from any previously mentioned, inasmuch as the physical ear is not concerned in their identification. We might speak of the echo that lives in the

mind, ranging through all the vacant chambers there—a dully, importunate thing, that rings over the last words of a conversation or an isolated and meaningless phrase from a printed page. For instance: once reading that the following caution had been posted at some point on a harbor, — “TORPEDOES. Don't anchor here,”—the mental echo, for hours afterwards, kept repeating the words with a kind of fustian rhythm and impressiveness. Sometimes it is a measure or a simple cadence from an old song which the mind-echo takes up and repeats with tiresome exactness and regularity until sleep or some interrupting incident comes to our relief.

There is still another class of echoes of which we may say nothing, except to claim that they are more wonderfully minute than those heard in the dome of St. Paul's, more wildly multiplied than those of the Irish lake:—

“Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.”

Edith M. Thomas.

SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER.

WE have before us this month a book of most decided and original flavor,—Maurice Thompson's *Songs of Fair Weather*. The author has caught and sung for us, in freshest and truest notes, the poetry and joy of a life out-of-doors in all its tunes and moods, with all its active and inspiriting pleasures, as well as its tender dreams and fancies. All the warm and sunny seasons, when skies are clear, birds sing, seeds spring into flowers, and fruits are gathered,—when man can live under the sun and the trees, and be filled with nature's spirit,—have their own songs here. The poet views his own life as a happy succession of nature's moods:—

“I seem to look through all the lapsing years,
And see my path wind through a holy land,
While wondrous as the music of the spheres
Is the soft murmur of time's golden sand.

“I see my springs go by, a golden train;
I see my summers, with their corn and wines;
I see my autumns come and come again,
And roaring winters through the windy pines!”

And again:—

“I heard the woodpecker pecking,
The bluebird tenderly sing;
I turned and looked out of my window,
And, lo, it was spring!

“The loves I have kept for a lifetime,
Sweet buds I have shielded from snow,
Break forth into full leaf and tassel
When spring winds do blow.

“I forget my old age and grow youthful,
Bathing in wind tides of spring,
When I hear the woodpecker pecking,
The first bluebird sing.”

One more sweet spring song we must quote, and then forbear for lack of space:—

DROPPING CORN.

“Pretty Phœbe Lane and I,
In the soft May weather,
Barefoot down the furrows went,
Dropping corn together.

“Side by side across the field
Back and forth we hurried;
All the golden grain we dropped
Soon the ploughshare buried.

“Bluebirds on the hedges sat,
Chirping low and billing;
'Why,' thought I, 'not follow suit,
If the maid is willing?'

"So I whispered, 'Phœbe, dear,
Kiss me —' 'Keep on dropping!'
Called her father from the plough;
'There's no time for stopping!'

"The cord was loosed, — the moment sped;
The golden charm was broken!
Nevermore between us two
Word of love was spoken."

He tells of the hour before dawn, when —

"The emphasis of silence made
The fog above the brook
Intensely pale; the trees took on
A haunted, haggard look.

"Such quiet came, expectancy
Filled all the earth and sky;
Time seemed to pause a little space;
I heard a dream go by!"

Of November he sings —

"A hint of slumber in the wind,
A dreamful stir of blades and stalks,
As tenderly the twilight flows
Down all my garden walks.

"My robes of work are thrown aside,
The odor of the grass is sweet;
The pleasure of a day well spent
Bathes me from head to feet.

"Calmly I wait the dreary change, —
The season cutting sharp and sheer
Through the wan bowers of death that fringe
The border of the year.

"And while I muse, the fated earth
Into a colder current dips, —
Feels winter's scourge, with summer's kiss
Still warm upon her lips.

All the old and ever-young nymphs and
goddesses that dwelt among Greek woods
and mountains are seen and adored by this
new frequenter of their haunts. He enters
the lists with Atalanta : —

"When spring goes old, and sleepy winds
Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love, in green, cool groves,
Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

"She throws a kiss, and bids me run,
In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
And at the end, I know, is death.

"But joyfully I bare my limbs,
Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew thrill
The vigor of Hippomenes.

"O race of love! we all have run
Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
For life or death, or anything!"

He tells us how his own eyes saw : —

"And Ceres came across the wheat
That, like bright water, dimpled round
The golden sandals of her feet."

He exquisitely describes Diana, with her—

"bow of yellow horn,
Like the old moon at early morn."

He sees the —

"naked baby Love among the roses,
Watching with laughing gray-green eyes for him;"

and his mother, —

"Racy of earth, yet full of fire divine,"

pure, for she came to him —

"Out of the white foam-lilies of the sea,
Out of the salt-clear fountains clearest stream,
The embodiment of purest purity."

Our poet is an angler, passing days "in
haunts of bass and bream," where —

"Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream."

He describes the sights about him while
he sits patiently, "keenly expectant" :—

"Out of a giant tulip-tree
A great gay blossom falls on me;
Old gold and fire its petals are;
It flashes like a falling star.
A big blue heron, flying by,
Looks at me with a greedy eye.
A bumble-bee with mail all rust,
His thighs puffed out with anther-dust,
Clasps a shrinking bloom about,
And draws her amber sweetness out."

At last he feels "a mighty weight," and
then —

"I follow where my victim leads
Through tangles of rank water-weeds,
O'er stone and root and knotty log,
O'er faithless bits of reedy bog.

Through graceful curves he sweeps the line,
He sulks, he starts, his colors shine,
Whilst I, all flushed and breathless, tear
Through lady-fern and maiden's-hair.

A thin sandpiper, wild with fright,
Goes into ecstasies of flight,
A gaunt green bittern quits the rushes,
The yellow-throat its warbling hushes;
Bubble, bubble, flows the stream
Like low music through a dream.
At last he tires, I reel him in.

I raise the rod, I shorten line,
And safely land him, — he is mine!

Damp, cool breath of moss and mould,
Noontide's influence manifold;
Glimpses of a cloudless sky, —
Soothe me as I resting lie.
Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like low music through a dream."

But chiefly, and with all his soul, the singer is a bowman. By river and lake, in Florida and the West, he feels that —

"Life is a charm and all is good
To him who lives like Robin Hood."

But he is scarcely at home in "this younger land." While —

"I blow the reed, and draw the bow,
And see my arrows hurtling go
Well sent to deer or wary hare, —

I think how sweet if friend should come
And tell me England calls me home.

I wait and watch, for soon I know
In Sherwood merry horns shall blow,
And blow, and blow, and folk shall come
To tell me England calls me home.

I walk where spiced winds rattle the blades
Of sedge-grass on the summer glades;
Through purpled braids that fringe the mere
I watch the timid tawny deer
Set its quick feet and quake and spring,
As if it heard some deadly thing,
When but a brown snipe flutters by
With rustling wing and piping cry.
I stand in some dim place at dawn,
And see across a forest lawn
The tall wild-turkeys swiftly pass
Light-footed through the dewy grass;

I shout, and wind my horn, and go
The whole morn through with bended bow;
I live and keep no count of time,
I blow the bubbles of my rhyme;
These are my joys till friends shall come
And tell me England calls me home.

Ah, call me, England, some sweet day,
When these brown locks are silver gray,
And these brown arms are shrunken small,
Unfit for deeds of strength at all;
When the swift deer shall pass me by,
Whilst all unstrung my bow shall lie,
And birds shall taunt me with the time
I wasted making foolish rhyme,
And wasted dreaming foolish dreams
Of English woods and English streams,
And of the friends who would not come
To tell me England called me home.

Such words are sad; blow them away,
And lose them in the leaves of May.
O wind!

And here, these better thoughts, take these,
And blow them far across the seas,
To that old land and that old wood
Which hold the dust of Robin Hood!
Say this, low speaking in my place:
The last of all the archer race
Sends this his sheaf of rhymes to those
Whose fathers bent the self-yew bows,
And made the cloth-yard arrows ring
For merry England and her king,
Wherever Lion Richard set
His fortune's stormy banneret.
Say this, and then, oh, haste to come
And tell me England calls me home!"

The songs are beautifully printed on linen paper, and bound in parchment, forming a very tasteful and dainty volume.

A BICYCLE TOUR IN TYROL AND SWITZERLAND.

THE summer holidays, an "Expert Columbia," proximity to the finest scenery in Europe, and a necessary but not superfluous amount of cash in hand, — these are the four factors of a problem by no means hard to solve: the solution in my case being a month's tour in Tyrol and Switzerland. As it has fallen to the lot of very few American bicyclers to make such a trip I have thought that a brief account of my experience might be of interest.

The first objective point was Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol, and the radiating point for excursions in all directions. The best route thither is *via* Rosenheim and Kufstein, but as the scenery between Munich and Rosenheim is very dull, and

the road very poor, I deviated from my rule, and took my machine by train to R.

Mounting the wheel at that place on the 10th of Aug., at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I set off for Kufstein. The opening of the tour was not altogether auspicious. It had rained the day before, and the road, not very fine at its best, was "heavy"; rideable, indeed, but not very enjoyable. The sun was shining when I left Rosenheim, but before long the fog-bank gathered over the mountains; then came a sprinkle; then occasional showers, and finally a gentle but steady rain. But there was only one thing to do, and I did it. I had agreed to meet friends the next day in Innsbruck, and Kufstein must be reached

that night. Occasionally I asked the passers-by how far it was, and sometimes had the encouragement of hearing that it was farther off than it had been half an hour before; but I had faith in the immovability of the town, and knew I was steering in the right direction, so the conclusion was unavoidable, that if I made "the wheels go round" long enough I should get there.

I was frequently reminded that I was on the frontier between Germany and Austria by meeting revenue officials scattered along the road. But as there was nothing in my appearance suggestive either of diamonds or cigars I passed them unmolested.

At length Kufstein (22¾ miles) suddenly came in sight, and the moist condition of my garments could not prevent my admiring the picturesque situation of the town, on the banks of the Inn, amid lofty hills, and having as its most peculiar feature an abrupt elevation, in the very midst of the town, surrounded by a fortification.

On the following morning, finding that my clothes had fully dried during the night, under a dubious sky, but with the promise of a gentleman at the hotel that it wouldn't rain, I started up the valley for Innsbruck. For the first half mile I encountered the deepest and muddiest mud that ever was; then the road became suddenly better. After an hour or two the sun asserted himself, and things moved swimmingly.

I passed several villages, occasionally a quaint old town, while, here and there, on a hill, stood that culminating ornament of European scenery, a ruined castle. At Bixlegg there were posters up announcing the performance of the "Passion Play" on the following day.

At 3 o'clock arrived in Innsbruck (45¾ m.). A very conspicuous object, as one approaches it, is the bridge, a mile long, with nearly two hundred arches, spanning the dam and the adjoining lowlands. This city has only one rival, Salzburg, for the honor accorded to it by an enthusiastic writer, who calls it "the pearl in the circlet of Austrian cities." As my tour was for the purpose of sight-seeing full as much as for riding, I remained there two days. On Monday made the acquaintance of Mr. Mackley, an Englishman, and consul for Tyrol of the "Bicycle Touring Club," with whom I made two little excursions, aggregating twenty-one and a half miles. He is a great admirer of the mechanical skill of America, and has for

several years taken the *Scientific American*. He examined my machine very critically, and was so much pleased with it that he requested the address of the manufacturers with a view to purchasing.

On Tuesday morning I rolled away from Innsbruck to go over the Brenner pass. After riding about six miles, somewhat ascending, I reached the point where the Innsbruck riders always dismount and walk fully three miles up grade. I didn't have time to walk, so I rode, and not being winded, kept on for ten miles more before resting. When within a mile of the top I walked for five minutes, reaching the summit in a little less than three and three-quarters hours; distance, twenty three miles. In the afternoon came the other side of the story in the descent to Sterzing. This was one of the most exciting parts of the trip, as the distance of eight miles is made up largely of a series of steep hills, some of them with sharp curves. I doubt if I should care to make that run again; but I was not so unfortunate as the gentleman I lately read of who made the descent of Mt. Washington at the rate of about six miles an hour, some of the time going "so fast that he could not see, and had to turn his head to breathe."

The scenery on the way to Sterzing is fine, and from there to Franzensfeste the road is superb. The latter town, at the intersection of the Brenner pass and the Pusterthal, contains the largest and finest military fortifications I have ever seen. Diverging at this point to the east, for a trip through the Pusterthal, I soon reached Mühlbach, fifty-three and a quarter miles from Innsbruck, a very pretty village, but with nothing more important in its history that I know of than that I spent the night there. In the small hours of the morning I was awakened by the roar of cannon, that shook the house, the clang of bells, and a great tumult generally. I supposed it was some great military celebration, and inquired what sort of a holiday it was. "The anniversary of the Virgin Mary's ascension to heaven," was the reply. It struck me as being decidedly unique to commemorate that event with artillery, and I think Mary herself must have smiled a little.

At 8 o'clock I continued the journey through this central valley of Tyrol, sauntering along at ten miles an hour, up and down hill, reaching Bruneck (fifteen miles) at 9.30. After a light lunch I was again in the saddle, and soon found

that the road was taking me by a winding course up a high hill. For twenty minutes the grade was a stiff one; but, of course, nothing would induce me to dismount, so I crowded on steam and pushed ahead. A freight-train left Bruneck at the same time, and made about as hard work of it as I did, and a great deal more noise. For a while we kept along together, although my course, being more winding, was longer; but finally I drew away from it, and did not see it again until it reached Toblach, where I was resting.

At this point I made a southerly detour in order to pass through the valley of Ampezzo, one of the most celebrated in Tyrol. The view suddenly changes. The green and sloping mountains of the Pusterthal give place to sheer, jagged, and barren masses of rock, defiant of nature's efforts to soften their outlines with the covering of vegetation. It is true these mountains are smaller than many in Switzerland, but whereas the latter are often blended in an almost unbroken chain, these in the Ampezzo are so thoroughly isolated, notwithstanding their nearness, as to give a peculiar impression of immensity.

The steady up grade of the first six miles, combined with a stiff and persistent head-wind, gave me hard work; then came an easier stretch, during which I passed the lofty Monte Cristallo, with a glacier upon its side and the little Durrinsee at its base, giving back so clear a reflection of the mountain that one sees photographs of it everywhere.

It is through this valley that you find one of the most magnificent specimens of carriage-road engineering to be seen anywhere in the world; especially in the six miles before reaching Cortina, and the fifteen beyond, where the road, immensely broad, and smooth as a floor, winds down the mountain side with the evenness of a railroad grade, apparently, like the old Roman highways, perfectly regardless of expense.

Cortina, fifty-one and a half miles from Mühlbach, was reached at about 5.30, and on the following day I pushed on to Belluno (forty-five miles). In the first hour covered twelve and three-quarters miles easily; but, as long spurts are not advisable in such a tour, I took the remaining distance more leisurely. I was now forty miles over the Italian border, and would like to have gone farther south, but it was the hottest part of the year; besides, it would have brought me too deep into the region of the Italian language and of earthquakes.

When within five miles of Belluno I came the nearest to an accident of any time in the tour; or, rather, I should say, to being the cause of an accident. It happened in this wise: I always keep a sharp lookout for horses, and watch carefully as they approach, to see what they think of me. I have rather prided myself on being able to prognosticate with a good degree of accuracy what their movements will be. But the beast I met near Belluno beat all my calculations. He approached with the utmost unconcern to within thirty feet, then sprang, whirled the wagon around, dashing it against a curbing-post, and made off at a rate that must have surprised himself, for to all appearances the animal hadn't been able to exceed three miles an hour for twenty years. This spirited evolution resulted in promptly spilling the upper half of an oldish gentleman over the edge of the wagon. As the horse took a "straight-away" course, the man succeeded in drawing himself in, after which he proceeded to draw in the horse. His efforts were materially aided by the fact that in the collision against the curbing-post the hind wheel had become bound, which made it rather hard for the horse. In about ten minutes the man appeared, leading the team. Just at that point I felt awkward. I thought perhaps I ought to take my hat off, as they walked by, just as one does when a funeral procession passes. I apologized in German; he responded in Italian, neither understanding the other. I observed that he bore himself with a great deal of dignity, while perhaps swearing at me internally. But I had been pretty well frightened; so had the horse; so had the man; and to show a proper respect for the occasion I rode very slowly at first; but the solemnity soon wore off, and I quickened my pace.

The task for the next day was to get back to Cortina, and, although only forty-five miles, it required six hours. The wind had very provokingly, and as it seemed to me, very unnecessarily, whisked around to the north during the night, and the last ten miles was a tremendous pull. But a good dinner at Cortina made me forget my troubles, followed by a good night's sleep, or what would have been a good night's sleep if it hadn't been for an unearthly clatter of bells in a town close by. I feel constrained to allude once more to this matter of bell-ringing in Tyrol. It is horrible. At the slightest provocation, even without any provocation at all, by day

and by night, they shake up those bells as if the whole town was afire. The very smallest church has at least two, and the larger ones half a dozen or more. But it must be confessed the ringing is not monotonous. They play all sort of antics on the bells, the most peculiar being a sort of drum tattoo struck upon the one of the highest pitch, while beneath that, without being able to detect any distinct strokes, you hear a constant reverberation from two of the lowest pitch. The effect is very novel, but one doesn't fully appreciate the novelty when it wakes him up in the middle of the night, — by which I mean, four o'clock in the morning.

After rolls and coffee, a rather meagre breakfast for a bicycler, I rolled away from Cortina. It was more like a September morning, clear and cool, and the run back to Toblach (18 miles), the finest part of the Ampezzo, was delightful. From Toblach I continued easterly through the Pusterthal without any special incident. Near Lienz, on account of extensive alterations in the rail and carriage ways I had to use a temporary road, partly ridable and partly not. In the afternoon reached Lienz (49¾ m.). As there is nothing remarkable about this place I will skip the next thirty-six hours and say that on Monday morning I was up with the lark, — if larks rise at six, — saddled at 7, rolled easterly for three and a half hours, when my cyclometer registered 33¼ miles. A brief rest and off again for Villach (67¼ miles) which was reached at 2.45. As I neared the town, had a fine view of the range of mountains just south of V. and stretching away to the east, their sharp outlines softened in a drowsy August haze.

After thirty minutes' locomotion began again, as it was my purpose to reach Klagenfurt. The road was hilly, and I was sorry to find that most of the hills ran up instead of down, but muscle counterbalanced gravity. The finest part of the way was along the Worther See, a lake ten miles long, with steamboats plying upon it in summer, one of which pulled along with me for almost the whole length.

Met a tricycler, and had my mouth all made up to speak, but he was either ashamed of me or ashamed of himself, I don't know which, for he hardly looked at me. At 6 o'clock arrived in Klagenfurt (91¾ miles), and wasn't I hungry! Had to have two suppers. Normally, I am not a glutton, but that night I did seem to be in pretty good health.

I had now reached the eastern limit of my tour, and the next morning the star of empire began to roll westward. Nothing of special interest occurred until afternoon when I met the remains of the Grazer Club. I think I must tell you a little about this club. The Grazer Club belong in Graz, and started out a week or two before, eleven strong, to make a long tour and get unto themselves a great name. They were going as far south as Venice, and were advertised to appear all over the eastern part of Tyrol. Everybody asked me if I had seen the Grazer Club. They hadn't, but were expecting to. Evidently the ambition of the club exceeded their muscle. They began to dwindle. On reaching Lienz I learned that two more dropped out at that place and took the cars for home. As I said, in the afternoon I met what was left of them. Four remains and no remainder. They were going to Graz as fast as possible. I kept on and at 6.40 dismounted at Lienz (91½ miles).

I have not scattered in many allusions to the weather, for it was fine every day. The next day rode to Toblach, and thence by a slight but almost constant down grade for eighteen miles to Bruneck. The approach to this place from the east gives a fine view. Beneath you in the valley lies the town, high up on the south side a castle, while on the north side are two of the lofty Tyrolese alps. Riding on I reached Mühlbach (62½ miles from Lienz), at 5.30.

I had still three important cities to glean in Tyrol: Trient, Botzen, and Meran; and the following day I took a southerly course through a valley so narrow in places that there was hardly room for railroad, carriage road, and river; passed through Botzen and reached Trient (72¼ miles) at 6.30. Remained till noon the next day, roaming about the town, and finding it a strange compound of dilapidation and elegance, then returned to Botzen (37¾ miles), where I spent a day. This lies in a region famous for its fruit, and I had planned to be there at the beginning of harvest. Found the most delicious grapes, plums, pears, and peaches, tasting all the better for being so cheap.

Saturday night ran up to Meran (18¼ miles), and spent Sunday. This is a great place for people to go to who are out of health. There are curing establishments of all sorts here, with numerous little parks in which the dilapidated ones can walk. Considering how many sick people there are there, it seems to be a very healthy place.

Had intended to be off early on Monday morning, but the cook wasn't up in season, and I didn't leave until my usual hour of 7. My course for the day ran westerly to Glurns, then northerly to Landeck. The feature of the day was the making of the Finstermunz pass. A little walking was necessary in the ascent, but from the summit to Landeck is fine riding. At one point of the descent is a magnificent view up and down the valley, equal to anything of the kind in Switzerland. The road is superb, and the rider is tempted to make a "rapid transit." I would recommend caution, however, in the descent, as at two different points I found a squad of cows lying in the middle of the road,—and cows think slowly. At 5.45 reached Landeck (78 miles), and the next day Feldkirch (54¼ miles). That was the hardest day's work in the trip. I knew at the outset there wouldn't be much fun in it, but it was my shortest cut into Switzerland, and I resolved to push through. It involved the making of another pass, besides a good deal of poor road. At one point of the descent the machine came very near running away with me, but I didn't "turn my head to breathe," and the front wheel didn't "smoke," as front wheels are sometimes reported as doing. But if I were to make the same tour in Tyrol again, I would have two brakes on the machine, both for safety and for comfort. Imagine a macadamized road, worn down to the coarse stones and covered with a thick layer of dust, and you will know my experience from 12 till 2 o'clock. A railroad is now being built through that region, and if I ever see that stretch of country again, I rather think it will be through the car windows.

In many places my vehicle caused unequivocal amazement. Not unfrequently on approaching a village I would see a man in the middle of the street staring at me, then dart into the house and presently appear with all his sisters, cousins, and aunts, whose breathless silence as I rode by spoke louder than words. The effect was not always of the happiest kind. One little fellow dropped his wheelbarrow in the middle of the street, and ran as if a certain gentleman, never reported to have ridden the bicycle, were after him.

The following day I crossed the Rhine, where I took leave of Tyrol, coasted along the east end of Lake Constanz, and struck inland to St. Gallen. Nothing more entertaining happened on the way than the threat of a street laborer to dislodge me

with a hoe if I didn't get off the sidewalk. Distance 38¾ miles.

Next morning started for Zurich, which I reached at 4.30, distance 54¼ miles. Friday was devoted to "doing" the city and the Exposition. I have seen no city in Switzerland, not excepting Geneva, that I like so well as Zurich. In solidity and elegance, as well as the display of enterprise, I doubt if any city in the country surpasses it. Probably few in America know anything about the Exposition being held there, but any one in this region who has not visited it is considered behind the times. It is not "international," and to me that is one great beauty of it. It is a complete exhibit of what "we Swiss" can do. The buildings are very tasteful and attractive, and although in the heart of the city the grounds are ample and finely laid out. It is the daintiest little Exposition you can imagine; a great success financially, and the Swiss are as proud as peacocks over it. Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

On Saturday had a charming run to Zug, with a view on the way of almost the entire length of the lake of Zurich; thence along the shore of the lake of Zug to Arth, at the foot of Mount Righi; then to Goldan, and past the famous landslide of 1840 or thereabouts, chiefly interesting because it killed so many people; along the little Lowerzer See to Schroyz; thence to Brunnen, on Lake Lucerne, and along the north shore of Lake Lucerne (61¼ miles). Things there were at the height of the season, so the first night I lodged in the fifth story. Next morning fell three flights and had a pleasant room. A powerful rain in the afternoon made the roads too heavy for riding, so I remained in Lucerne on Monday, with only a ten-mile run for exercise. The next morning, with an ominous rainbow in the west, set off for Berne. At length the sun conquered the clouds, and I rolled along all the forenoon over a smooth road. On nearing Berne, had a fine view of a portion of the Bernese Alps. But the morning's rainbow must have its fulfilment: the clouds gathered, and I entered Berne under the fringing drops of a storm. Distance, 58¾ miles. Time, 6¼ hours.

On such a trip one often finds no one at the hotels among his fellow-tourists who is companionable; at other times you meet very pleasant people. At the hotel in Berne were several very pleasant English people, one of the ladies being especially

sociable, — not “advanced” enough to be well preserved, but likely to become so, being rather dry constitutionally. I wouldn’t call her an old maid, but she was certainly the most thoroughly unmarried person I ever saw. Berne is a nice place to visit, but everything is expensive there, from the hotels down to the little wooden bears.

The remainder of that day it rained, and the next day. Thursday morning, with heavy roads, but with a change of wind, I rolled out of town northward at 7 o’clock, reaching Solothurn (23¾ miles) at 9.45; Oltin (21 miles), at 12; and Aarau (8 miles), at 12.45. After “thirty minutes for refreshments,” I was in the saddle, and made the next 33¾ miles in 3½ hours, although the last ten of it the road was heavy again with a fresh rain. Reached the hotel in Zurich at 4.45. Distance, 86 miles.

The next morning was an elegant one for riding, a genuine autumn morning, clear and cool. Having only about fifty miles to make that day I proceeded leisurely, *vid* Winterthen, a prim little town, and Franenfeld, reaching Constanz, at the head of Lake Constanz, early in the afternoon. Distance, 56 miles.

The Island Hotel, where I stopped, is the most unique that can be imagined. Originally a monastery, it has been remodelled, perhaps one ought to say, degraded, into a hotel, situated on a small island, the remaining grounds of which are very tastefully laid out. But, notwithstanding the alterations in the building, its former character is evident throughout. One of the “sights” of Constanz is the dining-hall, which was formerly the chapel, an imposing apartment, with two rows of columns and a lofty ceiling. I also saw the room, or, rather, dungeon, at one corner of the building, where the martyr, John Huss, was imprisoned for eighty-five days, awaiting his execution. A fifteen-minutes’ walk outside the town brought me to the spot of his martyrdom. Instead of one of those marble, gingerbread shafts, such as I expected to find, the monument is a grand old weather-beaten rock, the base and one end covered with luxuriant ivy and enclosed within an iron railing. The stone bears the simple inscription:

JOHANNES HUS.

+ 6 (14) Juli. 1415.¹

¹ In this country a person’s death is always indicated by a cross prefixed to the date.

On Saturday morning, September 8th, I mounted the wheel for the last time, and coasted along the south shore of the lake of Constanz; then north to Bregenz and Lindan (56¼ miles), where my tour terminated; thence, by rail, to Munich.

From the day I left Rosenheim until I reached Lindan I made no use either of cars or of post-wagons, so that my record of distances does not include any railroad rides topped off with a little bicycle run. The amount of walking was too insignificant to be worth mentioning. The entire length of the run from Rosenheim to Lindan was, 1,264¼ miles, making an average of fully fifty miles per day, six days in the week, for a little over four weeks. My daily average expenses from leaving Munich until reaching it again, were \$1.85. In the smaller places stopped at the best hotel I could find; in the large cities at hotels of “second rank.”

I did not bear off so much as a scratch in memorial of the tour; indeed, as the poet has expressed it,

“Not a ‘spill’ was heard, not a funeral note,”

from beginning to end, partly because I go upon the principle that it is easier to be careful than to repair damages. It is hardly necessary to say that I am in quite a robust state of health, and, as for color, can almost rival Orebus himself.

I should be doing injustice to close my account without a word of commendation for the machine that bore me so successfully through the trip. I need only say that it gave me not the slightest trouble in any respect, during the whole tour. Easy running, noiseless, and durable, the “Expert” has proved itself to be eminently a *touring* bicycle.

All my baggage for the trip I took with me in a “multum-in-parvo-bicycle-traveling-bag,” — not so long as its name and about half as wide. Without the capacity of a “Saratoga,” it still contained all that was absolutely necessary with the exception of a full-dress suit; but in travelling it is not really necessary to take that; you can always borrow one from the “waiters.”

Such a tour constitutes a novel and delightful episode in one’s life, and I can wish my bicycling friends no better fortune than the privilege of a similar experience.

H. E. Parkhurst.

MUNICH, 13 September, 1883.

CASTLE TRUNDLE.

IN THREE PARTS.

I.

I HAD decided to run away. The whole thing did not seem worth a picayune, and I was so unreasonably miserable, I would have sold out my interest in life and thrown eternity in for total annihilation and relief from thought. This was a shameful state of mind for any young man to be in, — a fairly respectable fellow, too, with professional ambitions. Some people can take things entirely on the surface; but they cut to my marrow. Disappointment murders me. I turn a trouble over until the air is full of it. I knew if I didn't make a move of some kind, more would come. If I had trembling nerves, some of my muscles were steel-hardened. And if I could not spare a great deal of money for a vacation, the horse I proposed to fly with called for neither oats nor railroad tickets. I told the folks at home not to be surprised if they lost sight of me for an indefinite time. I was going to ride my bicycle into the unknown, and should resent any question which would force me to plan ahead. But I struck out West. For days I drove the wheel with delight and fury. All the by-ways were full of quieting, pulse-cooling life. I ran along many a mile, feeling the dusk fall like a benediction spoken out of the skies; and that was all I wanted to hear spoken, at first, for my instinct, a long time, had been to avoid talking to human beings like myself. The eternal "good-mornings" and "good-evenings," the chat or inquisitive remark, the covert criticism and selfish snub, — I had them all behind me now! I could sail along with the silence of a spirit, and need not even glance into the startled countryman's face. The village children scarcely gathered before I was past. It was healing; it was life. It was nearly that mute and invisible observance of humanity for which I had ached when I felt worried and crowded. In fact, the man who never tried such an experience can form no idea of the change there was in me when I had been out a week. I grew fairly companionable, and considered my secret hurts balméd and tied up, as you might say. I took to my horn for the pleasure of making a noise, or whistled

operatic airs to the blackberry-vines along the fence. It was July weather, but I came across at least one country school in full blast, and we nooned together. The boys all took a pitch from my wheel, and I divided up my lunch, and in return tasted every variety of cake and pie baked in the district.

I began to love everybody; and not anybody in particular too well. I had struck the philosophic happy medium. The golden age was open to me. Even railroad cars joined me kindly to my race, and no longer tore my nerves when I took to them for an uninteresting distance. I allowed myself and my wheel to be talked to, and to receive suggestions. A man from Illinois said I ought to go it on the prairies, and a man not from Illinois said I would not go it very far if I got stuck in some of the slews. Then a man from the Hoosier capital told me there was a beautiful lake region in northern Indiana which I ought to explore. So I got off at Indianapolis, and the broad streets of the city melted into country bowers, and I found only about ten miles of boggy country in a fifty miles' run, with turnpike roads in every direction.

This dive at the northern Indiana lake region was what brought me to that photographic car. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon and a storm had been threatening several hours. Distant farm-houses appeared to sleep under the air's sultry night. The cut hay, smeared over a field, was being stacked as rapidly as men could haul and pitch it. I remember noticing the man on the top of the stack pause as if to get a better footing on his fragrant quaking monument, and make a gesture as if exclaiming at me. But a clap of thunder covered his voice just as the lightning ripped one long gash in the northern sky. I knew if I did not get under cover soon I should be a stormy petrel of a wheelman. The country was populous, but the sudden whistling wind which chilled my arms gave me to understand that, having waited so long, I need not hope to hunt a house now before the storm broke. The woods were dense with a blackness moving solidly out of the north-

west; but through whirls of dust and twigs I saw a photographic car lumbering ahead of me on the road.

The entire storm-cloud was green, and its roar made me lift my voice to a shout, as I whizzed abreast of the driver.

"May I come aboard?"

"Certainly," said he, stopping his horses and getting up to move his stool out of the way.

I had set my wheel against a wall of the interior when he was driven in, and we were both obliged to put our shoulders to the door before it could be closed; then the blue-lined structure rocked, picture-frames clattered, and a camera in one corner came down with its mantel about its head, like a still-life Cæsar. A section of skylight was the only means of admitting day, and through this the lightning flung its flames of fire, the sash rattling with instant thunder; the dust and grime upon the panes were drenched by floods; looking up you could see the floods resolve themselves into individual rods of rain, coming from unknown depths in the sky, to rattle and slash and shiver into splinters of drops on the roof of the photographic car.

I noticed this, and I noticed the exquisitely tidy interior; the camp-seats and rattan-rocker threaded with blue ribbon; the square of looking-glass held by strips of moulding to the wall. And I took a second look at the driver, only to smile with him.

"Where have I seen you?" I said, raising my voice above the storm.

"Taking photographs in Tipton, perhaps," he called back; after which he flattened the corners of his mouth, and looked at the painted floor as if enjoying himself. We were both upon camp-chairs. He placed his cap on his knee and leaned back against the door. He was about my age, a handsome, radiant young fellow.

"I don't know how to shelter them," he said. We heard the horses moving uneasily in the rain. "It's impossible to bring them into the ark, and I presume they won't run off unless a flood comes, to make it easier sailing. You observe they weren't blooded stock?"

"I didn't observe them at all," said I. "Here's my excuse for despising all horse-flesh."

"It looks like a good machine," said he, sweeping my wheel with a trained eye.

"This sort of a thing," said I, "is coming nearly as close to Mother Nature

as riding the wheel. But it's so slow. How do you stand that?"

"Well, I've seen some fast days of my own," he replied. "And it moderates a fellow's feelings to creep along with the old castle creaking over his head, and to estimate its capacity doubtfully at every little hill. It's a pretty good-looking turn-out, isn't it?"

"Too good. You ought to smell worse of chemicals, and have piles of dirt swept into the corners."

"The other room is where we keep the chemicals. Jupiter! what a clap that was! I'd better look in there."

He did so, closing the partition door after an instant's waiting.

"It's a regular parlor coach," I continued, "and I suppose you have sleeping and dining room attachments?"

"Well, don't build your expectations any higher," said he.

"I won't," said I, feeling more strongly every minute the freemasonry of equality that was working between us. "Here's my card. My name is Rogers. I'm a stray atom from New York City. But that isn't you on the rear end of the car. is it? I read as I bowled up, 'Hill's Photographic Palace.'"

"Hang his palace! No, my name's Rains," said the photographer, taking my card. "Suits the weather just now."

I said it was a cooling name, but the fact was it made me burning hot.

"Not from Albany?" I said.

"No. From Cincinnati."

"You haven't tortoiséd along in this thing all the way from Cincinnati?"

"No, I haven't," owned Rains, "any more than you've whirled your wheel the entire space betwixt here and New York."

"But I've pretty nearly done that. I'm making a tour through sylvan places, you see. They told me there was a nice lake region above here; and then I can go from Michigan City either by steamer or train to Chicago. Do you know the name of the next town?"

"Kokomo. It's a county seat," said Rains, "and I shall tie up near the courthouse square, and look out for the rural Hoosier. But I shan't get many of him. His ideas are looking up, and he doesn't care about squinting at a trading camera, except at fair-time, when he feels reckless with money, and inclined to stoop in his amusements."

"You talk like a man of experience."

"And you talk like a man who thought I was playing travelling photographer."

We both laughed.

"Maybe you've never been in reduced circumstances," continued Rains, in an injured tone.

"I've been in other tight fixes," said I, "and can conjecture a hundred reasons why a man like you should go in for this."

"You flatter me," he said. "But I knew you would see I'm a nobleman in disguise."

The first fury of the storm being by this time over, he set back his camp-chair and opened the door, letting in a damp rush of meadow scents and loam perfumes. We both pulled our lungs full. The rain was still pouring, but it no longer flapped like a gusty curtain at the corners of the car, or interposed like a wall miles thick between us and distant views.

The lean horses were standing with their heads and tails drooped as if humbly petitioning the gods to strike them with lightning.

"I don't think we'll trundle any farther to-night," said Rains. "Look at the road ahead, will you?"

"I'd rather not," said I, ruefully.

He laughed.

"I never look at it as adapted to the elephantine progress of this car. It's fair turnpike; but the ruts and the gray mud and the driving rain are a little more than a child of the desert and a Romany of the road like me wants to feel through after dusk."

"Don't you always tie up at dark?" I inquired.

"Let me recollect what I always do. Last night I tied up, and the night before I was stationary at Tipton. Yes, I believe I always tie up at dusk. And it will come early this time, with so many of these liquid pencil-strokes scratching out the daylight."

"Nice idea," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "strikes me that way. A great many of these artistic figures of speech occur to a man of my profession. You may have it gratis. You're a journalist, aint you?"

"Yes," I said; "and so are you."

"Perhaps I once was. But you needn't insult me by alluding to it when you find me travelling in my own car."

Rains now turned up the bottoms of his trousers, and took a gum coat out of a locker which was covered with a carriage-

cushion. I also began to pull a waterproof garment out of my knapsack.

"You needn't do that," said he. "You'll be welcome where you are to-night if you can rough it."

"Roll in the lap of luxury, you mean, and keep from mudding my tire. Of course I'd like to stay if it wouldn't be imposing on you. I slept on the top of a blessed haystack one night," said I, "and I know it was sweeter than any farm feather-bed that you could find in Pennsylvania. It beat the country tavern. But I haven't seen anything along the whole route that tempted me as this does."

"Then you'll stay?" said he.

"You couldn't drive me off," said I, and we both dropped to the ground to attend to the horse.

"I'll guide the car off the road among the trees," said Rains. "Now that the electrical display is over, there'll be no danger."

"Certainly. Otherwise there might be a collision with passing vehicles in the night. This is a pretty populous part of Indiana, isn't it?"

"Rather. And while we are about it we will conceal ourselves entirely."

I went around behind the car and pushed. It jolted over the wet grass and ploughed its way among scraping boughs. I thought I heard a woman's small shriek or exclamation as the right hind wheel crunched over the end of a crumbled log; but I was pushing so hard, and the blood was throbbing so in my head, and the leaves were pouring such sudden reservoirs of water down my neck, that I could not be sure I heard anything besides the laboring of the vehicle, after all.

It occurred to me, and I shouted to Rains, "You'll wedge her so deep among the trees you'll never get her out again." For he led and coaxed the horses in a devious line farther and farther from the road.

"Well, I don't want to do that," he responded. "Would you mind going back to the starting-point and telling me whether you can see anything except the track she made running in?"

I thought he was carrying his desire for privacy to extremes; but I went back and found that only the heavy wheel marks could be distinguished through the fast thickening dusk. "And these," I added, "will be washed away if it continues raining."

"All right," responded the young man,

who was now my host. "Thanks, won't you go in and make yourself comfortable now, while I find a place for the horses to drink, and give them their feed, and tie them up for the night where they won't annoy us?"

I got upon the platform before the open door, and he entered the car and carried from some receptacle a sack of grain across his shoulder.

"Isn't it delicious?" I said. "We get the full flavor of an agricultural man's life without his weight of responsibility. Why do you banish the horses? I'd like to hear them grinding and stamping. I think I'd like to wake up and hear one of them squeal, and feel as if I ought to take a lantern and grope through a dusky barn, starting at the rats in the granary or at the long fish-lines of hay hanging from the mow—to see what was the matter with that horse."

"I shouldn't feel just that way," said Rains. "So I'd better put them in a back stall of Robin Hood's barn."

The mesh of green leaves was close around me, as I stood under a jut of the roof watching him unfasten the traces. He had refused my further help, saying he left all the harness, excepting the bits, upon his horses over-night.

The rain rested from pouring, and only whispered far off. Monotonous drops, held in reserve by the leaves, spattered at regular intervals on the roof of the car. I felt as if I had found a good inn.

"All you lack," said I to Rains, as he took the horses' leading-straps over his arm, "is the presence of lovely woman. We can't take them with us on the wheel, and a bicycle's solitude is its only drawback. But you might carry a drawing-room full of sisters and cousins and so on."

"My wife and my sister *are* in the chemical room," owned Rains, pausing.

"No!"

"Yes, they are. They hid away there from the lightning. This is my wedding trip," he added, with a hardy smile.

"Well, now you've scooped me! And do you mean to say it's your wedding trip, and you're asking me to intrude on it?"

"Oh, it won't be any intrusion at all. You don't know much about it if you haven't found out young married people are always anxious to entertain as soon as they have set up an establishment in life."

"Well, you have my congratulations, if you'll accept them. But I don't know the least thing about it, and never expect to."

"That's the way we all talk at some time or other; but fate is silently hemming us in."

After he disappeared among the blurred foliage I kept an expectant eye on the partition door. Behind that lay the refining or destroying spirit who made these blue walls a casket of beauty, or a mere perambulating hut. The whimsical disposition of my host made it appear possible for him to marry the widow and portable effects of some deceased photographer. I could not imagine any woman in my own set consenting to ramble out her honeymoon in such a way, even to please the most amusing of husbands. The photographer's widow probably owned a snug house somewhere, and she was herself a snug, pretty woman, with well-marked features for taking. She knew the business, and it was she who shook the rattle or sawed on the mouth-harp to keep the babies quiet until Rains could drop the cloth over the mouth of his loaded camera, draw out the plates, and exclaim, "That will do!"

These speculations were not serious. But my enjoyment of them ended as if shocked by a silent earthquake, when two young ladies came out of the chemical-room and met me. One was slim, long-waisted, stylish, and fluffy. She had pale-blue eyes and little, bloodless hands, and held to the other with unembarrassed, leaning grace. What was I to them? I knew she was my host's bride, because the other, vigorous, large, and beautiful, so full of individuality that the sight of her swung me helplessly around like a leaf in a whirlpool—was the woman from whose memory I had run over mountain and State.

After the first start at hearing Rains' name I had not connected her with him in my mind. Her home was in Albany. He was a Cincinnatian, and a Western man. Nevertheless, he was her brother.

I held my cap in my hand and stood still, feeling the blood leap through every artery. She recognized me very calmly, and gave me her hand to touch, after which she introduced her sister-in-law. She also said they had heard my voice in the dark-room.

"And when I heard it," added the slim bride, "I was frightened worse to know a stranger was in here than I was by the lightning. Though we are *so* glad to have you stop. You are an old friend of Will's, aren't you? But just now, you know, we want to avoid almost every one. We *have*

to be real careful. Will told you, of course; and doesn't it seem funny that we have been four actual days and nights in this thing! I say to him every day, 'Will, what *do* you suppose ma would say if she knew it?' Ma thinks we've nearly reached Denver by this time. Do sit down, Mr. Rogers. When did you and June get acquainted?"

"Last summer," replied June, with crisp precision. "We are wedged in among the trees here."

"Yes, and it's *so* much better," exclaimed the slim bride; "only I thought we must be going to the end of the woods, over fences and everything. But last night we stopped in an exposed place, and Will seemed to worry all night. I knew he expected an attack."

"He seemed in very good health and spirits." I found voice to assure her.

"Oh, yes, his health and spirits are all right. I didn't mean *that*; I mean he expected the car to be regularly besieged. And he knows ma will never forgive him if he gets June and me hurt or frightened to death."

I was going to ask her who would besiege the car in this peaceable State and community, though while June Rains was near me I felt little interest in anything else; but my host himself, having bestowed the horses to his satisfaction, now reached the door. My eyes loved him that instant for a decided family resemblance to June; and the next instant my whole nature hated him for indicating her with a bend of his head as "my wife," and then presenting me to her bridelike companion, whom he bade me greet as "my sister!"

M. H. Catherwood.

[To be continued.]

THE WHEELMAN'S JOY.

THE shadow of my silent steed
Flies over hill and vale,
As swiftly as the clouds that speed
On Notus' fav'ring gale.

No whip, no spur, its sleek thigh wounds;
Nor galls the chafing rein;
But, free as Helios' steed, it bounds
Along the shining plain.

Fly on, fly on, my glorious wheel,
And round the belted earth
Go flashing with thy spokes of steel,
Like star on heaven's girth!

My toils, my cares I leave behind;
Away, away, I spin.
The birds that travel on the wind
Seem all my kith and kin.

Look how the groves go by the fields,
The fields go by the groves!
What joy the flying 'cycle yields,
As swiftly on it moves!

Now cleaving with its noiseless hoof
The white dust of the plain;
Now sliding down the mountain's roof
Like a silver drop of rain!

Oh, merry are the wheelman's days;
His dreams are deep and sweet;
He glides down all life's troubled ways
With vevlet 'neath his feet!

Paul Pastnor.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

Winning its Way.

THE St. Louis reporter is nothing if he is not witty. *Vide* the *St. Louis Republican* some weeks ago.

BOUGHT A BICYCLE. — Mr. Fred Cochrane, who advertised a week ago for a second-hand bicycle, went on 'Change yesterday with his right foot in a sling, and making his painful way towards the pork corner by the aid of a pair of new crutches he sat down by the water-cooler, and was asked what the trouble was by one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven persons. Finally some kind friend furnished him a placard which read: "I bought a bicycle yesterday. I tried to ride it. My ankle is dislocated. Good-by. God bless you."

A second-hand rubber-tired bicycle, almost new, can be bought cheap by addressing X 15, care Merchants' Exchange.

If the above were all true it might be funny, as Mr. Cochrane (firm of Bartle & Cochrane) is an enterprising businessman of St. Louis, an ardent admirer of horse-flesh,— particularly blooded stock,— and is himself an expert horseman. But the facts are that, having first become interested in *THE WHEELMAN* through the contributions of his cousin to its pages, he lastly became interested in the wheel to the extent of purchasing one. He rides a 50-inch Columbia, when he isn't riding a Kentucky thorough-bred,— has no idea of parting with it, believes in it, and proposes to give it a fair trial. In a recent letter to the writer, he says, in closing, "Come on to St. Louis, and we'll take a fifty or a hundred mile bicycle ride together."

I SEND you this from the *Continent*:—

"Bicyclists are becoming such a power in the land, through the capital invested in the manufacture of the machines, through the clergy, and journalists, and lawyers, and citizens generally who use them, that it is time all this energy to brain and muscle were given an object aside from the very praiseworthy one of pastime and exercise. In no one particular, perhaps, is our great and glorious republic inferior to the *effete* despotisms of Europe save in the matter of public roads. Go a few miles outside the limits of any city, and you find yourself on the ordinary country road, namely, a strip of local

territory fenced off from the adjacent fields, and more or less rounded up into a road-like shape. Of course this state of things is largely unavoidable, owing to the vast extent of the country and its newness but the bicycle has developed a class of travellers who have brains and energy, and capital to back them, and to whom good roads are essential for the enjoyment of their chosen recreation. If towns would annually build, say one mile of good macadamized road for each two thousand inhabitants, beginning at some central point, ten years would make an enormous change in the facilities of travel, and the cost would be more than saved in the decreased wear and tear of vehicles and horse-flesh. Here, then, is the bicyclist's opportunity. Should the tariff or the civil service fail to serve as nuclei for the new political party, let the bicyclists combine on a basis of reforming the roads, and success will await them. States have been made and unmade for less worthy motives."

I send you the following extract from the *Journal de la Côte-d'Or*, published at Dijon, August 24, 1818:—

"Trial was made to-day, at ten o'clock in the morning, in the Place Royale, of the travelling machine, called the *draisine* or *velocipede*.

"M. Lagrange, a turner at Beaunequi, came yesterday from that city, seven leagues distant from Dijon, in two hours and a half, and rode very rapidly through the Place Royale in all directions. He seems very skilful in this exercise. Two *draisines* were seen in motion at the same time.

"Persons desirous of procuring for themselves this new means of transportation, which answers perfectly to the name *velocipede*, may apply to M. Lagrange. We are informed that to-morrow, during the exercises which will take place in the Park on the occasion of the festival of Saint Louis, M. Lagrange proposes to give a fresh proof of the celerity of this economical steed, which consumes neither hay nor oats."

EDITORIAL.

'Cycling and Study.

THERE are three separate and not necessarily dependent fields in which the bicycle and tricycle are used: as a factor in transportation, as an instrument of recreation, as a means of sport.

As a means of sport, 'cycling stands at the head in pure athletics.

It affords the finer elements, and those elements in a most intense degree, which enter into the nobler physical contests. Bicycle-racing far surpasses horse-racing in intrinsic interest, because it affords physical contests between the men themselves. It surpasses sculling in many ways. As a sport it may be claimed to be *par excellence* the best.

As a mode of recreation bicycling and tricycling are scarcely equalled by any other pastime. A few of the elements of this excellence may be mentioned. It takes one into the open air. It affords opportunity for the general, symmetrical, and thorough development of all the muscles and functions of the body. It exhilarates the mind, and, above all, it is an enticing, fascinating mode of exercise. This last point gives value to the other excellences of 'cycling and superiority to 'cycling itself as a mode of recreation. It is possible to swing dumb-bells, to walk, to ride, to take exercise in various forms; but it is not possible, always, to be *induced* to take exercise. Here is where the bicycle surpasses all other instruments of exercise. A man can't resist the fascinations of his wheel, and, if he owns one, must use it.

Viewed, then, in this light of pure athletics, 'cycling commands the interest and demands the approval of all right-minded people; but it is not purely as a sport or purely as a recreation that it makes its highest claims or its strongest appeals. It is when it appears as *applied* 'cycling, so to speak, that the full possibilities of the wheel are seen and appreciated.

As an aid or an incentive to intellectual effort the bicycle opens up a most fascinating and useful field.

The bicycle, at the present day, affords the only fascinating mode of travelling so as to study the natural aspects of the countries traversed. Rare facilities are afforded the amateur photographer; the artist can easily carry his easel, water-colors, etc. The geologist, the botanist, the archæologist will find the tricycle a most serviceable

machine. *Apropos* of this subject we will quote from an editorial by Lacy Hillier in the *Tricyclist*:—

Gazetteers and Guide Books are either too bulky or too diffuse, but this one work contains all the salient points of such histories as the tourist seeks to learn, which can be subsequently pieced out with the aid of other and more elaborate tomes. In the same way doubtless there are works which would fully post the geologist, the entomologist, the botanist, and all other classes of scientific amateurs as to the right things to look for and the right places to look for them in any given county or district. It is this particular point that we want information upon, and doubtless some of our readers will be able to help us. Any one, for instance, who has had the good luck to fall in with an enthusiastic archæologist, in the person of a resident C.T.C. Consul, will at once understand what we are driving at. The completeness with which the district was "done," the number of minor objects of interest which were ferreted out, some of which would have been missed altogether but for the local man's knowledge; the legends and tales of every turn of the road which such a companion bristles with, all go to add to the interest and pleasure of the visit. We have personally, on many occasions, had the pleasure of showing 'cyclists over what was once our "home district," that of Chichester, and we venture to fancy that our local knowledge was of value. In the same manner, to an ordinarily intelligent tourist, the flora of a district would be of great interest, especially if he possessed the slightest smattering of botanical knowledge. For instance, in a certain field close to Chichester there grows a plant found nowhere else in England, but which is plentiful in certain parts of France. What a find for a botanical tourist from some distant shire! Not to multiply cases or become tedious, we only wish to suggest that any reader who may know of such works as those we inquire for, or who can contribute to our columns any tour, embodying in general terms some reference to one or other of the various branches of science to which we have alluded, should put his information into a readable form, and send it us for insertion in these pages; whilst, doubtless, with a little labor, we could tabulate or generalize the information into a brief and compact form for future reference.

MR. S. A. AUTY, late Secretary of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, calls our attention to a mistake in our August (1883) number, in which we say: 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 course of the late secretary. We should have said the late *treasurer*. We regret exceedingly the mistake, and thank Mr. Auty for calling our attention to it.

Records in France.

It is a singular fact that French 'cyclists have no such enthusiasm as their English neighbors for making records, but seem to ride for the most part purely for the pleasure and benefit of the exercise, making 'cycling rather a pastime than a sport. No official table of the best times made by bicyclers, has yet been drawn up in France. The fact is to be explained, in part, by the imperfections of the French tracks, which are usually temporary makeshifts, and in part also by the fact that the distances actually made in races do not always correspond exactly with those announced on the programmes. But, while the public highways of France are quite as fine as those of Great Britain, French bicyclers, even there, show no disposition to follow the example of Englishmen, who for some-

time have been given up to a veritable frenzy of 24 hour races on the highway, with both bicycles and tricycles, for the purpose of beating the record. Mr. Marriott, the winner of the 24-hour race of the London Tricycle Club, who expected long to retain the record of 351 kilometers, saw it taken away from him a few days later by Mr. Bird, of the Speedwell Bicycle Club, who covered 356 kilometers in the same time. The ages of Messrs. Marriott and Bird are respectively forty and thirty-four years.

We give here cuts of both sides of the medal to be given to the winner of the Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup. (See page 128.)



WHEEL NEWS.

A FORMAL complaint has been entered at the Post Office Department, by E. C. Hodges & Co., against the mailing of the *Wheel* as second class matter. Pending the settlement of the question, the *Wheel* has been detained at the post-office.

COL. A. A. POPE was toastmaster of the reunion banquet of his regiment, the "Old 35th," at Roxbury, Sept. 17th.

THE judges of the articles written for the prizes offered by the Pope Manufacturing Company, upon the bicycle and tricycle, by physicians, and published in medical journals, have awarded the prizes as follows: First to Dr. George E. Blackham, Dunkirk, N.Y., "The Bicycle and Tricycle as Aids to Health and Recreation." Second to Dr. J. F. Baldwin, Columbus, O., "Physicians and the Bicycle." Third to Dr. Charles A. Kinch, New York, N.Y., "The Bicycle and Tricycle for Physicians and Patients." The prizes are a Columbia Tricycle, an Expert Columbia, and a Standard Columbia.

THE *Bicycling World* had a special edition of 10,000 copies at Springfield.

THERE were 400 wheelmen in line at the meet in Philadelphia, held on Sept. 29th. Col. Sanderson was commander, and Col. A. A. Pope and Dr. N. M. Beckwith, aids. Geo. D. Gideon, the veteran racer, was the recipient of much applause during the races. In every way the meet was a great success.

MR. ABBOT BASSETT, business manager of the *Bicycling World*, made 104½ miles on a Victor Rotary on Saturday, Sept. 29th.

The route lay through Chelsea, Everett, Malden, Medford, Somerville, Cambridge, and Newton, to Natick, returning to Malden, then through Lynn and Salem to Ipswich, and return to Chelsea; whole distance, 104½ miles; whole time, 16½ hours; riding time, 14½ hours. Reports he came home fresh and smiling.

Clubs.

THE Denver Bicycle Club consists of about twenty members, with five or six more anxiously awaiting the arrival of their wheels in order to take an active part in the glorious sport.

We are too far off to enjoy the benefits and pleasures of a very frequent exchange of visits

with other clubs, and so have to enjoy ourselves as best we can amongst ourselves. We have some of the best roads in the country, and every visiting wheelman who has tried them gives the same verdict, — 't Can't be beat."

We haven't a very large record of runs to report, still we occasionally steal away for an afternoon in the direction of some town where we are sure of a good supper. — the last consideration always being the most weighty one next to a good road.

A club run being called by the captain for Saturday afternoon, found eight of us at the meeting point, the riding-school of the Columbia agents, — a club-room being a visionary dream of the far-off future, which no one has, as yet, had the hardihood to give expression to in words. Eight is a very insignificant number when compared to the large turnouts of eastern clubs. But you must remember that bicycling here is, as yet, in its infancy, although it is surely and steadily growing. However, we attracted considerable attention as we wheeled noiselessly out of the city (especially that of all the dogs in the neighborhood). When we were fairly out of the city, and started on our favorite road, which we consider to be just a little better than any other road in the country, we found a threatening-looking thunder-cloud following in our rear, whence ensued a lively race to keep ahead of the storm; but, as we had to wait for the slow ones in the rear, we received a slight wetting.

After about five miles of first-class roads, without any mishap, we came up with a mule-team, which seemed inclined to dispute our passage. Of course such arrogance was immediately resented by a spurt. The driver of the team lashed his mules into a dead run, and our "fast man" lay over the handles to some of his best work. The bicycle was already ahead, when, lo! he incautiously leaned too far, and

"Over the handle-bar
He went like a shooting star,"

performing the series of gymnastic feats so well known to all experienced wheelmen.

"We picked him up from the hard, cold ground,
And the full extent of his injuries found"

to be only a few scratches, and a sort of black-and-blue-all-over-in-spots feeling. We reached Littleton, our objective point, without any further mishap.

The run home of ten miles was made without any incidents or accidents of importance in fifty-one minutes.

A NEW Club — Central City Bicycle Club — has just been organized at Syracuse, N.Y., with the following officers: President, Carl G. White; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank W. Padgham, 17 Shonnard st; Captain, Lute S. Wilson.

THE Akron Bicycle Club contains the following members (club was formed early in the season): Joe Smith, President; Grant Merriam, Secretary; Clarence Howland, Captain; Chas. Howland, Bugler. In all probability a 64-inch wheelman will soon join our ranks if he gets his wheel. The Club will join the L.A.W.

THE Oberlin College Bi. Club was organized Sept. 15th, 1883, with a membership of nine, and with a prospect of several more joining us soon. The officers elected are as follows: President, G. S. Lee; Secretary, C. H. Covell; Treasurer, F. M. Covell; Captain, R. M. Lee; Lieutenant, H. E. Beecher.

A NEW club has been formed at Adrian, Mich., christened "The Maple City 'Cyclists," eight members, officers as follows: President, W. B. Mumford; Vice-President, H. M. Judge; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Burnham; Captain, I. H. Finch; Lieutenant, C. G. Weisinger.

AT the semi-annual meeting of the Hyde Park Bi. Club, Sept. 5th, the following officers were elected: President, T. O. Walter; Secretary and Treasurer, W. D. Smith; Captain, A. D. Hale.

AT a meeting of "The Lehigh University Bicycle Club," held to-day, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. P. Smith, '84; Captain, J. W. Packard, '84; Lieutenant, Barry Searle, '84; Secretary and Treasurer, J. R. Engelbert, '84. Club Committee: G. S. Patterson, A. P. Smith, J. B. Price, P. D. Millholland. The club numbers 20 members.

The Denver Bicycle Club now numbers fifteen active members.

There was a new club organized here on the 21st inst., called "The Colorado Wheel Club," with a membership of nine.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Captain, W. H. Jackson; Lieutenant, F. C. Failing; Secretary and Treasurer, H. C. Kimball.

It is to be a League club, and the badge adopted is the League pin pendant from a bar with the club initials engraved thereon. The rules adopted were substantially those of the Massachusetts Club.

All our roads are now in fine condition, and as the cooler weather comes on we are enjoying some fine wheeling.

Three of the Denver Club will take a week's tour to Cheyenne and Laramie about the first of October.

We have received pleasant calls at headquarters, during the summer, from the following wheelmen: F. T. Davis, Mt. Vernon Bi. Club, New York; Mr. Mallory, Waltham Bi. Club, Waltham, Mass.; V. C. Place, Canton, Penn.; J. E. Witmer, Marietta Bi. Club, Marietta, Penn.; Harris I. Carpenter, Massachusetts Bi. Club, Milford, Mass.; James S. Brierly, Secretary-Treasurer Canadian W. Asso., St. Thomas, Ont.; C. H. Imhoff, Lincoln Bi. Club, Lincoln, Neb.

Respectfully yours,

CHAS. A. POLLEY,
Capt. Denver Bi. C.

CHICAGO, Sept. 17, 1883.

The following is a correct report of races held under the auspices of the Chicago Bicycle Club, at Woodstock, Ill., Sept. 14th.

First. $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile dash. Entries: L. W. Conkling, E. Mehring, N. H. Van Sicklen, and A. T. Bennett. Conkling 1st, 52s.; Van Sicklen 2d, 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Mehring 3d, 56s. Bennett slipped his pedal and took a header, resulting in a black eye.

Second. 100 yards slow riding. B. B. Ayers, Capt. E. F. Brown, Bennett, Mehring, and Van Sicklen were the entries. Ayers and Brown crossed the line together in 4m. 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., resulting in a tie. Ayers and Brown rode over, Brown winning in 4m. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Brown rode a 60-inch wheel.

Third. 1 mile. L. W. Conkling 1st, 3m. 42s.; A. T. Bennett, 3m. 43s.; Van Sicklen, 3m. 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Fourth. 2-mile handicap. Mehring, Bennett, Stevens, Van Sicklen, of C. Bi. C., and W. M. Wise, of Sycamore. Mehring and Stevens were given 10s.; the others started at scratch. Mehring, 1st mile, 3m. 55s.; 2d mile, 4m. 3s.; 2 miles, 7m. 58s. Van Sicklen 2d; 2 miles, 7m. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Fifth. 3-mile. E. F. Brown, Mehring, and Ayers started. Brown took the lead and held it, winning in 12m. 51s.; Mehring 2d, in 12m. 55s.; Ayers distanced.

The track was a clay-bottom horse-track, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, in very bad condition, being covered with loose sand and stones; the home-stretch is up-

grade, being about one in fifty feet rise, and an adverse wind was blowing quite brisk.

On Saturday, Sept. 15th two handicap races were run on the track of the Pullman Club, a, Pullman, Ill. The entries were, for the 2-mile Conkling, E. Mehring, G. Mehring, and S. Vowell. Conkling started at the scratch, the others having 10s. start. E. Mehring won; time, 7m. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Conkling 2d, time not taken.

Second 5-mile handicap won by G. Mehring; time, 19m. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Vowell 2d, time not taken; as there were no second prizes no second time was taken.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3, 1883.

There were some amateur and professional races run here Saturday evening, of which the following is the report:—

1st. One-mile race, in heats, best two in three, the entries were John Valentine, A. T. Bennett, and N. H. Van Sicklen. Van Sicklen won the two first heats, in first 3.23 $\frac{1}{2}$; second, 3.30. Bennett second, Valentine distanced. Prize, silver cup.

2d. Five-mile race, handicap. Van Sicklen scratch, Geo. Mehring and S. N. Vowell 30 seconds start. Won by Mehring. Time, 18 m. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, Vowell second. Van Sicklen took a header at the end of two miles, and did not finish. Prize, a silver cup.

3d was a twenty-five mile race between Woodside and Morgan, the latter winning by about three yards, in 1 h. 32m. 30s. Prize, \$250.

The track was *eleven* laps to the mile, and only *ten* feet wide, with raised ends or curves.

N. H. VAN SICKLEN.

PRESCOTT, A.T., Sept. 20, 1883.

As an item of curiosity I send you the following account of a race that took place here to-day. The contestants were J. C. Willoughby, mounted on a 48-in. Standard Columbia, and Theo. Eggers, a foot-racer, well known in Colorado and this part of the country. Conditions were, 100 yards, best three in five heats, bicycle to have flying start, stakes \$150 a side. Eggers won first heat in 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, Willoughby won second and third heats in 10 seconds each; fourth heat resulted in a dead heat, whereupon Eggers gave up race and money. Track was quite sandy for bicycling.

We have five or six bicycles in this part of the Territory, and will probably organize a club by next spring.

THE meet at Manchester, N.H., held in connection with the New England Fair was very

successful. The whole number present was about seventy, of which fifty participated in the parade. The following clubs were represented: Manchester, 16; Rockingham, of Portsmouth, 8; Nashua Wheelmen, 6; Star, of East Rochester, 2; Penacook, of Fisherville, 3; Pittsfield, 2; Concord, 2; Weare, 1; Boston, 2; Boston Ramblers, 1; Tremont, of Boston, 1; Lowell, 5; Lawrence, 11; Worcester, 5; Massachusetts, of Boston, 2; Newton, 1; Brockton, 1; with some unattached riders.

The order of the parade was as follows:—

First Division.—Chief, Capt. C. H. Wilkins, Manchester Bicycle Club; Aids, Rev. H. F. Bedinger and E. P. Comins, Concord; Bugler, G. W. Hendrick, Nashua; Manchester Bicycle Club, Rockingham Bicycle Club; Star Wheel Club, Nashua Wheelmen, Penacook Wheel Club.

Second Division.—Chief, Capt. W. B. Everett, Boston Bicycle Club; Aids, W. W. Hall, Boston Bicycle Club; E. A. Hemenway, Tremont Bicycle Club; Capt. E. F. Tolman, Æolus Wheel Club, Worcester; Lawrence Bicycle Club; Lowell Bicycle Club; Worcester Bicycle Club; Brockton, Newton, and unattached riders.

The racing men did not enter the parade. At the close the party rode to the police tent, which was occupied as a dressing-room by the racers. The races were called on at once, and were well contested. The time made was not remarkable, except on such a track. Some of the best and fastest men did not start, as the track was too soft and rough for their light racing machines.

In the two-mile race there were four starters: Midgeley of Worcester, Tacy of Lawrence, McMaster of Nashua, and Stahl of Boston. The contest was between Midgeley and Tacy, as Stahl did not finish, and McMaster was in too fast company, and was interesting only as an exhibition of the elegant racing "form" of Midgeley. Tacy led in both heats to the last quarter, when Midgeley easily spurred to the front and won by several lengths. The winner's time was 8.17½ and 8.41½.

The one-mile race was contested by Wattles of Canton, Hatch of Northborough, and Cotton of Lawrence, who finished in the order named, best time 4.39; 4.26½.

The half-mile race was well fought, and excited much enthusiasm. Dean of Worcester won in two straight heats, his time being 1.57½ and 1.54½, Hatch of Northboro' coming in second. Segur of Andover, Mass., started in this race, but withdrew after the first heat.

The "New Hampshire race" was regarded with much interest, and was won by Jenness of Rye, in 4.20½, with McMaster of Nashua, and Moses of Portsmouth, following in the order named.

The officers of the race-meeting were: Referee, C. A. Hazlett, of the Rockingham Bicycle Club. Judges, W. B. Everett, Boston Bicycle Club; E. F. Tolman, Æolus Wheel Club; E. A. Hemenway, Tremont Bicycle Club. Time-keepers, W. W. Stahl, Boston Bicycle Club; F. A. Fielding, Lowell Bicycle Club; F. J. Philbrick, Rockingham Bicycle Club. Starter, J. N. Pearsons. Scorer, F. C. Baldwin. Clerk of Course, C. A. Smith,—the last three of the Manchester Bicycle Club.

A TWENTY-FOUR hour race was run in Mechanics' Pavilion, Portland, Oregon, for a purse of \$500, with the following starters: Merrill (scratch), Gove (20 miles), Warren (30 miles), Ripperton (50 miles). Only Merrill and Riperton finished, Ripperton having 266 miles 13 laps to his credit. Actual distance 216 miles 13 laps, and Merrill having 253 miles 8 laps to his credit.

At the close of the race Merrill filed a protest against the referee's awarding first money to Ripperton, claiming that the score was not correctly kept. Each contestant had a scorer of his own selection who had at all times watched the scoring of the others, and it is not at all likely that there is ground on which to base Merrill's claim.

THE Brockton wheelmen may congratulate themselves on the success of their race meeting held in connection with the Brockton Fair, Oct. 3d. About 200 wheelmen from Boston and suburbs, and various other towns in the State and Rhode Island, gathered themselves together at the Brockton Theatre at 12.30 to partake of the dinner prepared for them.

THE RACES.

THE track was in good condition, and there was very little wind. Mr. W. M. Pratt, of the City Club, was starter. The first race called was:—

Five-mile Championship of Plymouth County.—Prize, gold medal, value \$75. H. A. Carr and Silas Howe both of City club. Carr won in 19.47½.

Two-mile best two in three.—Prizes, Star bicycle, silver chronograph, Auburndale timer. E. P. Burnham, Newton (1); Charles Frasier, Smithville, N. J. (2); A. H. Robinson, Kensington, Eng. (3). Time 6.12½ and 6.25.

One-mile Handicap, best two in three. — Prizes, gold watch, chronograph, Auburndale timer. H. Edgerly, Cambridge, (1); F. L. Dean, Worcester (2); J. W. Wattles, Jr., Canton, (3). Time, 2.55 and 2.50. Handicap not given.

Half-mile dash, best two in three. — Prizes, silver chronograph, watch, pair ball pedals. Robinson (1); Burnham (2); Frasier (3). Time 1.30 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 1.28.

Two-mile for Star Bicycles. — Prizes, chronograph, Auburndale timer. Frasier (1); Pressy (2); N. G. Norcross, of Lowell, (3). Time 7.08.

One-mile Tricycle. — Prizes, gold watch, chronograph, silver watch. Burnham (1); W. W. S. Hall (2); F. Morris, Boston, (3). Time, 3.40 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 3.35.

Half-mile without hands. — Prizes, chronograph, silver watch, silver watch. Pressy (1); F. B. Brigham, No. Attleboro', (2); G. E. Cain, Lynn, (3). Time, 1.37.

Half-mile Consolation. — Prizes, silver watch, Auburndale timer, ball pedals, Hub lantern, L.A.W. badge. Five starters. F. G. Crosby, Newton (1); E. P. Marshall, Brockton, (2); W. Finley, Boston, (3); L. B. Gould, Brockton, (4); G. Freeze, Boston, (5). Time, 1.30.

One-mile Club. — Prizes to winning club, club colors; to first three men, gold club badges. City club won. Time, 3.11 $\frac{3}{4}$.

There was an award of the prizes, an exhibition of fancy riding, and a ball at the Theatre in the evening.

THE one-mile bicycle race, given by the Central Illinois Fair Association, came off on the evening of September 8th, as advertised, in the presence of a very large and enthusiastic crowd. The track was illuminated by a large number of very strong electric lights, which made the race plainly visible, though the track was one-half mile. The track was in excellent condition, but a very strong wind down the first quarter, prevented good time being made, though several of the contestants were well able to make fast time under more favorable conditions. The race was hotly contested from first to last, hence the slow time must be attributed solely to the heavy wind.

The participants were as follows:—C. E. Stone, C. E. Duryea, D. R. Davies, P. W. Stone, and A. Young, St. Louis; L. W. Conkling, and N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago; Chas. F. Vail, and H. E. Whetzal, Peoria; Chas. Dodge, Normal, Ill.; E. Keller, Logansport, Ind. Chicago and St. Louis were pitted against each other, and both were determined to win, which, added to the natural excitement of a race

between good men for valuable prizes, made an exceedingly interesting race. Bicyclers were present from many distant towns.

The race was strictly according to League rules. The men started in good shape. Three men got tangled up, however, and were thrown about twenty feet from the scratch. H. E. Whetzal and E. Keller were two of the three, and did not again appear in the race. Conkling took the lead on the home stretch which he held until within a very few feet of the scratch, when C. E. Stone by a tremendous spurt came up alongside him, when both men passed under the wire seemingly simultaneously. The judges gave the heat to Stone, as he was a mere trifle ahead. Time, 3.46 $\frac{1}{2}$. Conkling, second, time, 3.46 $\frac{1}{2}$. C. E. Duryea, third, 3.58.

In the second heat Stone again won. Time, 4.02 $\frac{1}{2}$; Conkling, second, 4.04; P. W. Stone third, 4.08 $\frac{1}{2}$. In the third heat Stone took the lead down the first quarter, as his greater strength gave him an immense advantage against the heavy wind. Conkling stood straight on his 60, presenting 6 feet 2 inches to the wind. On the home stretch Conkling made a magnificent spurt, however, taking the lead, and coming in ahead. Time, 4.03 $\frac{1}{2}$; Stone, second, 4.05. P. W. Stone, third, 4.05 $\frac{1}{2}$. The fourth heat was started in good shape, and Stone took the lead as usual, which he managed to hold until the finish, giving him the race. Time, 4.08 $\frac{1}{2}$; Conkling second, 4.11 $\frac{1}{2}$; C. E. Duryea third, 4.12 $\frac{1}{2}$. Stone was therefore entitled to the Full Nickel Expert Columbia bicycle, offered for first, while Conkling took the diamond L.A.W. badge for second prize. As Duryea and P. W. Stone were tied for third prize, they ran a heat together. Soon after the start the electric lights, which had been behaving perfectly, went out entirely, leaving the course in inky darkness. The boys went on, however, when the light was started again, and again went out. The race was finished in the glare of the light, however, amid cheers from the spectators, who admired their pluck in riding in Egyptian darkness. The time was necessarily slow. Duryea came in ahead. Time, 4.21; Stone, 4.25.

The town was not clear of visiting wheelmen until the first of the following week, and in the interval the visiting wheelmen were shown around in good shape, and left apparently well pleased with their treatment. Such an influx of visitors was entirely unexpected, however, as more than half the entries were made on the day of the race, and we had no means of knowing that so many would be here. Had the club known,

nothing would have pleased it better than to have given the visiting wheelmen a banquet.

Our club is steadily growing in numbers and influence and is closely crowding 40. It is only a question of time when another club will be formed, as there are quite a number of unattached wheelmen who will not be content to remain long unorganized.

On Sept. 30th three of our members were mixed up in what might have resulted most seriously for bicycling interests in this section. A half-drunk German, notorious for his reckless driving, was driving in the street-car track in the lower end of the city. Without checking his horse, which was going at full speed, he attempted to turn out of the track. The wheels went out of the track with a jerk, and the momentum was such that it was dashed against the stone curbing, and the two occupants of the vehicle thrown violently against the stone pavement and curbing. One of them was so badly injured that he soon died, while the other was rendered unconscious. Just as the accident occurred, three of our club — Chas. and Will. W. Thompson and Richard Roberts — turned the corner. Two of them escaped uninjured, but Chas. Thompson (not having time to get out of the way) was run down and his machine crushed. He grasped the shaft of the wagon and was dragged a short distance when he let go. Had he clung an instant longer he would have been dashed against the curbstone with the two men and seriously injured. As it was, he escaped unhurt. A crowd gathered at once and the natural inference was that the bicycles had scared the horse and caused the accident. As one of the men was apparently dying, covered with ugly wounds, shedding blood freely and breathing in a painful manner through a hole in his wind-pipe, and another man was being carried away unconscious, the crowd needed little to do damage to the wheelmen. There was considerable talk, and for a few moments it looked dark for them. Here was an opportunity for the opponents of bicycling to make the most of, and we confidently expected to have trouble. However, so far, every paper has sided with the bicyclists and roundly blamed the driver for running the wheelmen down. The *Journal*, in commenting on it, says: "Thompson mourns the loss of a \$175 machine, and Mahl his life." As the cause of the trouble paid the penalty of his recklessness with his life, the L.A.W. has no opportunity to defend its members by prosecuting him.

Very truly,

H. G. ROUSE, *Sec'y P.Bi. C.*

The Springfield Meet.

MONDAY, September 17th, looked as if there would be no meet. About 5 P.M. a heavy thunder-shower drenched the city and chilled the ardor of wheelmen.

Tuesday dawned bright and clear, however, and the shower of the preceding day proved an auxiliary instead of a drawback. The air was clear and bracing, there was no dust, and the track was in the best possible condition.

FIRST DAY. — At exactly twenty minutes past 2 P.M., the first race was started.

One Mile, 3.20 Class. — Thirty-two entries, eighteen starters; A. B. Prince, Pittsfield, (1); H. W. Smith, Worcester, (2); W. Barton, Springfield, (3). Time, (1) 3.05³/₄; (2) 3.06¹/₂; (3), one length behind. First prize, gold watch; second, silver ice set; third, Ritchie's cyclometer.

One Mile Tricycle Race for Championship of United States. — Nine entries, seven starters. W. W. Stall, (1); A. G. Powell, (2); L. H. Johnson, (3). Time, (1), 3.33; (2), 3.34¹/₂; (3), one length behind. Best previous record, W. B. Everett, 4.32. Prize, gold medal; value, \$200.

Ten Mile Amateur for Championship of United States. — Eleven entries, ten starters in the following order: T. W. Midgley, Worcester, (pole); C. H. Jenkins, Louisville; A. H. Robinson, W. Kensington, Eng.; C. D. Vesey, London, Eng.; Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield; Chas. Frazier, Smithville, N.J.; H. D. Corey, Boston; E. Pettus, New York; J. H. Low, Montreal; W. G. Ross, Montreal. This was the finest race during the tournament. They were all good men, and, while Hendee was the favorite, no one felt absolutely sure he could name the winner. The last mile was made in 2.58¹/₆, and the enthusiasm knew no bounds as Hendee crossed the line, winner by ¹/₈ sec., with Robinson second and Corey third by half a length.

Time by miles and leader: —

Miles.	Leaders	Times.
1.	Vesey	3m. 16 ⁷ / ₈ s.
2.	"	6m. 36 ² / ₅ s.
3.	Midgley	10m. 02s.
4.	Vesey	13m. 27 ³ / ₈ s.
5.	"	16m. 57 ³ / ₈ s.
6.	Pettus	20m. 29s.
7.	Corey	23m. 55 ¹ / ₈ s.
8.	"	27m. 33 ¹ / ₈ s.
9.	Hendee	30m. 45s.
10.	"	33m. 43 ¹ / ₈ s.

Prize, gold medal; value, \$300.

One-Mile Ride-and-Run. — Six entries, three starters: W. J. Landen, Jr., Springfield; Burt Pressy, Smithville, N.J.; H. W. Smith, Worcester. Pressy (1), Smith (2), Landen (3). Time, 4.34²/₅, 4.38¹/₅. Prizes, gold watch to first, diamond ring to second, French plate mirror to third.

Half-Mile Dash. — Sixteen entries, twelve starters: Robinson (1), Burnham (2), Ross (3). Time, 1.25, 1.25²/₅. Prizes, silver nut-dish to first, diamond collar-button to second, seal ring to third.

Two-Mile Handicap. — Twenty-three entries, fifteen starters, as follows: E. P. Burnham (scratch); Chas. Frazier (2s.); A. G. Powell (3s.); A. Dolph, New London, Ct., and W. C. Palmer, New Haven, Ct. (4s.); A. B. Prince (6s.); Chas. H. Chickering, C. S. Fisk, and W. R. Pittman (12s.); J. Tacy, Lawrence; J. F. Ives, Meriden; J. F. Lynch, Meriden (14s.); Alan Arthur, Montreal (16s.); C. A. Bowman, New Haven (27s.), and N. P. Tyler (32s.) It looked as if Burnham had been too heavily handicapped, but he rode pluckily, and deservedly won the race in 6.04. Fisk (2) in 6.24¹/₅ and Prince (3) in 6.34³/₅ actual time. The best previous record was 6.14, by Frank Moore, Birmingham, Eng. Prizes, picture, chronograph timer, silver pitcher, and goblet.

Two-Mile Springfield Club Race. — Four entries, two starters: Hendee and Fisk. Fisk dropped out, and Hendee attempted to beat Burnham's time, but failed. Time, 6.17. Prize, gold medal.

Twenty-Mile Horse-Bicycle Race. — Berte Le Franc used ten horses, and four bicyclers. Prince, Higham, Morgan, and Keen, alternated every mile. Bicyclers won by ³/₄ mile. Time, 1hr. 2m. 9¹/₅s. Keen's five miles were made in 2.55, 2.58¹/₅, 3.00, 2.58¹/₅ and 2.52¹/₅ respectively, each being faster than any of his competitors' miles. Prize, purse of \$500.

Second Day. — The second day was even finer than the first, as the wind of the first day had subsided to an almost imperceptible breeze.

One-Mile without hands. — Five entries, three starters: Pressy, Jenkins, and Fisk. Pressy (1), Jenkins (2), Fisk distanced. Time, 3.11, 3.11¹/₅. Best previous record, 3.28³/₅, by W. Q. Hatch, of Northboro', Mass. Prizes, picture, Rogers group, berry-dish.

Two-Mile Scratch. — Thirteen entries, seven starters: Ross, Frazier, Dolph, Prince, Corey, Robinson, and Vesey. Robinson (1), Corey (2), Vesey (3). Time (1), 6.02¹/₄; (2) 6.02²/₅, (3) one length behind. This broke Burnham's

record of the day before. Prizes, picture, placque, Goethe's works.

Ten-Mile Handicap. — Fourteen entries, eleven starters, as follows: Robinson, scratch; Vesey, 15s.; Burnham, 60s.; W. C. Palmer, 1.15 Tacy and Henry J. Hall, Jr., Brooklyn, 1.30; Robert F. Way, Hartford; H. J. Redfield, Hartford; J. L. Strong, Easthampton, Mass.; Stevens and Chickering, 1.35. Robinson was evidently too heavily handicapped, and gave up in the third mile. Burnham won with Chickering close up. Chickering passed Burnham on the inside twice, Burnham claiming a foul in both cases. Time: (1) 32.48²/₅; (2) 32.48³/₅; (3) Palmer distanced. Chickering had 35s. start on Burnham, hence Burnham's actual time was 32.13²/₅, which beat the previous record, which was 33.34. Prizes: Rudge racer, gold stop-watch, gold watch.

Tug of War. — Five clubs entered, three starters: Springfield, Newton, and Meriden. Hendee came in first, Corey second, Fisk third, the Springfield club making the best average, won the first prize. Time: Hendee, 6.02³/₄.

Five-Mile College Race. — Seven entries, four starters: A. D. Claffin, Harvard, (1); Lewis Hamilton, Yale, (2); W. R. Crawford, Yale; F. W. Williams, Amherst. The latter soon dropped out. Claffin won easily. Time: (1) 16.48; (2) 16.52. Prizes: \$500, silver cup.

Twenty-Mile Amateur for Columbia Prize Cup. So the race was announced, but just before it was to come off Mr. Ducker announced that the cup had been withdrawn and another cup, which the club had ordered two or three weeks before in Providence, substituted in its place. There were six entries and three starters. Jenkins, who was not well, and only entered by request, withdrew after two miles, and the race was between Midgely and Hendee. Hendee won by three lengths. The crowd, with criminal heedlessness, surged over the track at the finish, and both riders, exhausted by the long, intense struggle, were thrown from their machines. Hendee was picked up senseless, and carried to the judges' stand, where he soon recovered.

Time by miles, with leader: —

1.	Hendee	3m. 9 ¹ / ₅ s.
2.	"	6m. 19 ¹ / ₅ s.
3.	"	9m. 33 ² / ₅ s.
4.	Midgley	12m. 47 ³ / ₅ s.
5.	Hendee	16m. 1 ² / ₅ s.
6.	"	19m. 31 ³ / ₅ s.
7.	"	22m. 52 ³ / ₅ s.
8.	Midgley	26m. 15 ³ / ₅ s.
9.	Hendee	29m. 42s.

10.	Midgley	32m. 47½s.
11.	"	*36m. 7½s.
12.	"	*39m. 34½s.
13.	"	*43m. 6s.
14.	"	*46m. 38½s.
15.	"	*50m. 16¾s.
16.	Hendee	*53m. 29¾s.
17.	"	*56m. 54¾s.
18.	"	*60m. 39s.
19.	"	*64m. 23¾s.
20.	"	*67m. 32s.

*Record broken.

Ten-Mile Professional Handicap. — Eleven entries, nine starters: Prince, Higham, Morgan, Keen, Young, Neilson, Robert James, Birmingham, Eng.; Kline, New York; Rollinson. Prince won; James second, Keen third, and Higham fourth.

Time, by miles, with leader: —

1.	Keen	3m. 2s.
2.	James	*6m. 7½s.
3.	Keen	*9m. 6¾s.
4.	Prince	*12m. 14¾s.
5.	Higham	*15m. 24¾s.
6.	"	*18m. 36s.
7.	Morgan	*21m. 53¾s.
8.	Keen	*25m. 3¾s.
9.	Higham	*28m. 14s.
10.	Prince	*31m. 6¾s.

* Beats record.

Prize, \$500 purse: \$250 to first, \$150 to second, \$75 to third, \$25 to fourth.

THIRD DAY. — The weather continued favorable and at 10 A.M. a large crowd assembled to witness the competitive club-drilling. The only contestants were the New Haven and Rochester (N.Y.) clubs. The Rochester club easily carried off the prize, although the New Haven boys did well.

Prizes, club banner and silver cup to each member for first, and, for second, bicycle bugle.

Master Geo. Nash gave an exhibition of fancy riding, performing some wonderful feats.

At 1.30 Wilmot and Sewell showed what skill and training can accomplish. Wilmot is a wonderful rider. They elicited the heartiest applause.

After this exhibition the races were called.

One-Mile Scratch Race. — Ten entries, seven starters: Ross, Dolph, Robinson, Vesey, Frazier, Hendee, and Corey. The excitement was intense, for a better field it would be hard to pick. Hendee took the lead and held it to the home-stretch, when he gave out, having been hurt the day be-

fore. They passed under the wire: Corey 1st, Robinson 2d, Ross 3d. Time (1), 2.51½; (2), 2.52; (3), a length behind, all three coming in better than last year's record, which was 2.54½, by Frank Moore, Birmingham, England.

Time by ¼ miles is: —

Miles.	Leader.	Time.
¼	Hendee	*42½/58.
½	"	*1m. 24½/58.
¾	"	*2m. 11s.
1	Corey	*2m. 51½/58.

* Record broken.

Prizes, gold chain and charm, diamond L.A.W. pin, statue.

Five-Mile Handicap. — Twelve entries, nine starters: Prince, 5s.; Fisk, 20s.; Palmer, 45s.; Chickering, Tacy, Strahn, Hamilton, B. G. Sanford, New York; handicaps not given; Frazier, scratch. Fisk (1), Frazier (2), Prince (3). Time, reckoning from the time scratch man started: (1) 15.39¾ (actual time, 15.59¾); (2) *15.40; (3) 15.43½ (actual time, 15.48½).

* Record broken.

Prizes, Rudge racer, gold watch, picture of Priscilla.

Five-Mile Tricycle. — Seven entries, three starters: Johnson (1), Powell (2), Midgely (3). Time by miles with leader: —

Miles.	Leader.	Time.
1.	Midgely	3m. 39¼/58.
2.	"	*7m. 31½/58.
3.	"	*11m. 21s.
4.	"	*15m. 10½/58.
5.	Johnson	*18m. 35½/58.

* Records.

Prizes, Victor Rotary tricycle, tilting ice set, cat's-eye pearl ring.

Twenty-Mile Professional. — Ten entries, five starters: Prince, Higham, Morgan, Keen, and James. Higham (1); Keen (2); James (3); Prince, (4).

Time by miles with leader: —

Miles.	Leader.	Time.
1.	James	3m. 14½/58.
2.	Keen	6m. 21s.
3.	"	9m. 29s.
4.	James	12m. 42¾/58.
5.	Keen	*15m. 46s.
6.	"	*18m. 59s.
7.	"	*22m. 12½/58.
8.	James	*25m. 27s.
9.	Prince	*28m. 48s.
10.	James	*32m. 7¾/58.
11.	"	*35m. 25½/58.
12.	Keen	*38m. 52¾/58.

13.	James.....	*42m. 19 ³ / ₈ s.
14.	Morgan.....	*45m. 49 ³ / ₈ s.
15.	"	*49m. 15s.
16.	Prince	*52m. 43 ¹ / ₈ s.
17.	James.....	*56m. 12s.
18.	"	*59m. 45 ¹ / ₈ s.
19.	"	*63m. 26s.
20.	Higham	*66m. 30s.

* Record broken.

Prizes, handsome gold medal to winner and a purse of \$1,000, divided as follows: \$500 to first, \$300 to second, \$150 to third, and \$50 to fourth.

Twenty-five Mile Amateur Championship of United States.—Sixteen entries, nine starters: Low, Midgley, Frazier, Burnham, Hamilton, Hall, Pettus, Robinson, and Vesey. Midgley and Burnham were both unfortunate in having their machines break; both rode a plucky but losing race. Robinson (1), Frazier (2), Vesey (3). Frazier fouled Robinson near the wire on the last mile by taking the pole immediately in front of him, compelling Robinson to slow up to avoid a header. Robinson entered a protest, and his claim of a foul was sustained, and the race given to him. Time: Robinson, 1.23.12; Frazier, 1.23.10.

Time by miles with leader:—

Miles.	Leaders.	Time.
1.	Vesey	3m. 11s.
2.	"	6m. 23 ¹ / ₈ s.
3.	Burnham	9m. 43 ¹ / ₈ s.
4.	Vesey	12m. 49 ¹ / ₈ s.
5.	Burnham	16m. 9s.
6.	Midgley	19m. 27s.
7.	Pettes	22m. 37s.
8.	Frazier	25m. 55s.
9.	Pettus	*29m. 55s.
10.	Vesey	*32m. 17 ¹ / ₈ s.
11.	Midgley	*35m. 44s.
12.	"	*38m. 55s.
13.	Pettus	*42m. 9s.
14.	"	*45m. 34 ³ / ₈ s.
15.	"	*48m. 55s.
16.	Vesey	*52m. 11 ³ / ₈ s.
17.	"	*55m. 27 ³ / ₈ s.
18.	Pettus	*58m. 54 ³ / ₈ s.
19.	Vesey	*62m. 25 ³ / ₈ s.
20.	"	*65m. 46 ¹ / ₈ s.
21.	"	*69m. 15 ³ / ₈ s.
22.	Pettus	*72m. 51s.
23.	"	*76m. 25 ³ / ₈ s.
24.	Hall	*80m. 5 ¹ / ₈ s.
25.	Frazier	*83m. 10s.

* Record broken.

Prizes, gold medal, studded with diamonds and rubies, value, \$500; a medal, as a memento to every man completing the 25 miles.

One-Mile Consolation.—Seven starters: A. Dolph (1), C. S. Stevens (2), S. J. Mills (3), J. A. Cross (4), R. F. Stahl (5). Time: (1) 3.04³/₈, (2) 3.05³/₈, (3) 3.07. Prizes, centennial timer, diamond snake ring, diamond pond-lily pin, diamond snake ring, seal ring.

After this race Corey set out to run ten miles against time. Fisk, Prince, and Ross acted as pace-makers.

Below is the score:—

Miles.	Time by miles.	Total Time.
1	3m. 7 ³ / ₈ s.	3m. 7 ³ / ₈ s.
2	3m. 4 ¹ / ₈ s.	6m. 11s ³ / ₈ .
3	3m. 11s.	*9m. 22 ³ / ₈ s.
4	3m. 17s.	*12m. 39 ¹ / ₈ s.
5	3m. 8 ³ / ₈ s.	15m. 48s.
6	3m. 10 ³ / ₈ s.	*18m. 58 ³ / ₈ s.
7	3m. 13 ³ / ₈ s.	*22m. 12s.
8	3m. 12s.	*25m. 24s.
9	3m. 13 ¹ / ₈ s.	*28m. 37 ¹ / ₈ s.
10	3m. 2 ¹ / ₈ s.	*31m. 39 ¹ / ₈ s.

* Record broken.

Prize, gold watch, value, \$150, as a memento. Corey now holds the one, three, four, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten-mile records.

Officers of the Meet.—Referee, Fred Jenkins. Judges, Gilbert H. Badeau, F. A. Egan, Fred T. Sholes, F. C. Hand. Timers, O. N. Whipple, George Avery, George Robinson, W. C. Marsh. Scorers, George Taylor, George D. Baird, Charles Haynes, Fred Ripley. Clerk of the Course, Chas. E. Whipple. Assistant Clerk of the Course, D. E. Miller. Starter, Henry E. Ducker.

The parade took place on Wednesday, at 11 A.M. The order was as follows:—

Two mounted police flankers.

City Marshal R. J. Hamilton, in carriage.

Detachment of six mounted police officers.

Two pace-makers.

Decorated barge, containing Colt's First Regiment Band, of Hartford, twenty-five pieces, W. C. Sparry, leader.

Chief Marshal, Dr. N. M. Beckwith, of New York, President of the League of American Wheelmen.

Adjutant, Capt. W. N. Winans.

Bugler, Edwin Oliver.

Aids: Col. A. A. Pope, H. E. Ducker, W. H. Miller, B. G. Sanford, Geo. H. Day, E. M. Gilman.

First Division. Commander, T. S. Rust, Meriden, Conn.

Aids: William V. Gilman, E. K. Hill, Abbot Bassett, C. A. Hazlett, and A. T. Lane.

Springfield Bicycle Club, fifty-six men.

Visiting clubs in this order: Scranton, of Scranton, Pa.; Ramblers, of Boston; Marylands, of Baltimore; Greenfield, of Greenfield; Meriden, of Meriden; Rockingham, Montreal, Buffalo, Ramblers, of New Haven; Albany, Schenectady, Trojans, of Troy; Rutlands, of Rutland, Vt.; Chelsea, Clinton, and Lawrence.

Second Division. Decorated barge with Hutchins' Band, twenty-five pieces, G. H. Southland, leader.

Commander, Fred G. Bourne, New York.

Aids: Henry S. Redfield, J. W. Jewett, F. T. Sholes, C. G. Ross, Capt. Clark, Albert Trego, L. H. Johnson, and Frederick G. Tuttle.

Clubs: Massachusetts, Connecticut, Holyoke, Capital, of Washington; Orange Wanderers, Orange, N.J.; Philadelphia, Frankford, Germantown, Hudson, City, of Brockton; Boston, Nashua, Thorndyke, of Beverly; Framingham, Chicopee, Stars, Hyde Park, Utica, Newport.

Third Division. Decorated barge with Little's Band, twenty-five pieces, E. H. Little, leader.

Commander, R. V. R. Schuyler.

Aids: Harold Serrell and Will Parker.

Clubs: Citizens', of New York; Ixions, of New York; New Haven, Millville, N.Y.; Kings County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn; Leominster, Columbia, of North Attleboro'; Rochester, N.Y.; Rhode Island Club, of Providence; Berkshire, of Pittsfield; Chicopee Falls, Northampton, Marblehead, East Hartford, Æolus, of Worcester; and New Britain.

Delegates from the following clubs were scattered through the line: Missouri, Penacook, Mount Vernon, Columbia, of New York; East Bridgewater, Batavia, Clinton, Canandaigua, Roxbury Highlands, Pequonnock, Chicopee, Æolus, of Paterson, N.J.; Cambridge, New York, Worcester, Hermes, of Chicago; York Wheelmen Biddeford, Me.; Nova Scotia, Easthampton, Holyoke, and Cambridge.

The procession was twenty minutes passing a given point, and moved over the following route: Through Clinton, Main, Carew, Chestnut, Worthington, Main, around Court square, down Main, Locust, Mill, and up Main street to the park, where the line was dismissed. There were 692 men in the line.

The Connecticut Club had twenty-two men in the parade, and secured the prize bugle.

The exhibition was a success. The Overman Wheel Co. had a fine exhibition of tricycles. J. S. Stevens & Co., Chicopee Falls, had some bicycle guns and rifles, which were well made, and looked as if a bicyclist could use one of them to advantage. Stoddard & Lovering came next, with an exhibition of their various machines. The American Bicycle Co., of New Haven, had on hand their patent air-cushion attachment to the backbone, just above the rear forks. Next came Fay, with an exhibit of shoes, and just beyond them was the Pope Manufacturing Co.'s display, which was very attractive. They had on hand samples of all their various machines, and of the different parts. Then came the Harwood Safety Step, and beside it the Missouri Wheel Co.'s "Jumbo," Albin's eight-foot machine, and just beside it a twenty-inch wheel, the largest and smallest bicycles in the world. Ira Perego, the popular furnisher of New York, had an excellent display of hosiery, gloves, jerseys, etc., etc. H. L. Belden occupied the lower end of the hall with a stand covered with souvenir placques of the meet. The American Star occupied the space just around the corner, and then came C. W. Hutchins, with a display of band instruments and souvenir medals, with the head of Mr. Ducker stamped on one side in relief.

S. T. Clarke & Co. followed with the largest exhibition of machines in the hall. An 18-pound 54-inch wheel in his display attracted a good deal of attention. Next came THE WHEELMAN art exhibit, original drawings and engraver's proofs, and a table on which copies of the magazine were for sale.

E. A. Whipple exhibited Lamson's L.A.W. badges and the Facile stop-bell. R. V. R. Schuyler had a fine display of American clubs, and Cheylesmore and Imperial tricycles. His 63-inch club, full nickelled, showed up well. The new machine, the Otto, occupied the next space, and was the centre of attraction. Next came the Burley saddle exhibition, tacked up against the wall.

There was a great deal of sport and but little sleep indulged in at the camp.

L.A.W.

THE fall meeting of the board of officers of the L.A.W. was held at Hotel Warwick, Springfield, Mass., September 20, 1883. The following officers were present: President, N. M. Beckwith; Corresponding Secretary, F. Jenkins; Treasurer, W. V. Gilman; E. M. Gilman, repre-

representative New Hampshire; E. K. Hill, chief consul Massachusetts; H. S. Tibbs, chief consul Canada; J. D. Miller, representative Canada; Stephen Terry, chief consul Connecticut; T. S. Rust, representative Connecticut; A. G. Coleman, representative New York; Yates Penniman, representative Maryland. The meeting came to order at 9.30 A.M., President Beckwith in the chair. In the absence of the recording secretary, Chief Consul E. K. Hill, of Massachusetts, was appointed recording secretary *pro tem*. The corresponding secretary presented no written report, but stated that thus far 1,500 applications had been received; that a circular of information had been issued, and that he had issued membership blanks to division secretaries; that one hundred stencil outfits had been received and distributed among a few States, and to the various wheel publications. He thought a new hotel certificate was needed, as the original one was not very artistic; that on the mail vote on changes in the constitution, out of 2,300 ballots sent out but 575 were returned, which was about fifty less than the number of votes cast at the League meet in New York. Treasurer Gilman presented the following report:—

TREASURER'S REPORT.

TRIAL BALANCE, 1 SEPTEMBER, 1883.

CASH.	Dr.	Cr.
Balance in treasury 1 June, 1883.....	\$1,025 38	
Membership assessment.....	816 00	
Admission fees.....	366 75	
Badge account.....	1 00	
Interest account.....	18 07	
Expenses of corresponding secretary's office.....		\$156 78
Salary of corresponding secretary to date.....		40 00
Expenses of treasurer's office.....		46 00
Salary of treasurer to date.....		40 00
Membership tickets.....		25 00
Consular outfits including stencils, etc.....		100 00
Reporting business meeting at New York.....		16 00
Expenses of Massachusetts Division L.A.W., 1882-3.....		136 49
Subscription to official organ for entire membership.....	1,074 50	
Abatements to division officers.....	68 75	
Balance.....		523 68
	\$2,227 20	\$2,227 20

Balance accounted for, as follows:—
 In Second National Bank, Nashua, subject to check..... \$505 18
 In money-drawer..... 18 50
 \$523 68

The credit items above exhibited are as ordered by special vote of officers or with approval of finance committee, as set forth in rule 6, constitution L.A.W.

Respectfully submitted,
 W. V. GILMAN, Treasurer.

Stephen Terry (Hartford) was elected chief consul of Connecticut, E. L. Beckwith (Galveston) chief consul of Texas, W. L. Howe, chief consul of Iowa. Harry Bates's resignation as chief consul of Indiana was accepted.

E. S. Fogg (Woodstown), B. S. Rose (Trenton). elected representatives for New Jersey. W. W. McIntire (Portsmouth), elected representative for New Hampshire, and F. H. Benton (New Haven), representative, for Connecticut. On motion of Mr. Terry it was voted that it is the sense of this meeting that when the membership of a State increases so as to entitle it to an additional representative the president shall fill the vacancy thus created.

Treasurer Gilman spoke of the death of S. A. Marsden, late chief consul for Connecticut, and moved that the Chair appoint a committee of three to draft suitable resolutions. The motion being carried, the Chair appointed Messrs. Gilman, Terry, and Coleman as the committee, who retired, and shortly returned with appropriate resolutions, which were accepted by the meeting.

On motion, the Chair appointed Messrs. Hill, Terry, and Penniman a committee to look into the matter of hotel certificates, and report to officers through mail. The chairman of the racing board was not present, but the corresponding secretary read his written report, which contained statistical information in regard to the sanction of races and the creation of championships, etc. On motion of Mr. Jenkins it was voted that the Star, Facile, and Extraordinary Challenge be recognized as bicycles, and be admitted to races as such; and that no race where these machines are excluded shall receive the sanction of the League.

L. L. Atwood, consul at Pittsfield, Mass., was protested by Messrs. Pettus and Hall, of Brooklyn, for exceeding his capacity, in refusing to allow them to race with legs bared from the knees down to the tops of racing-socks. The protest was sustained, but Mr. Atwood was not deprived of his office. The matter was referred to the chief consul of Massachusetts to instruct Mr. Atwood what the duties of consul are, etc. Mr. Jenkins moved that it be the sense of the meeting that, in case an application for membership is received from the secretary of a club for a member residing outside the State where the club is located, the dues shall belong to the division of which the club is a part. Carried.

Mr. Jenkins asked if it would not be well to change the wording of the rules relating to membership. It reads "Any wheelman," etc. In New York the ladies cannot obtain the privileges of Central Park unless they belong to the L.A.W. The president thought no action would be necessary, as the term *man* includes the female sex.

Mr. Jenkins asked for a ruling regarding the date when chief consuls and representatives shall

enter upon the duties of their office. The Chair ruled that his term commences with the annual meeting.

Mr. Jenkins stated that the Maryland Club had entered a protest against R. F. Foster, of Baltimore, for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and he had been suspended from the League. The matter will go before the membership committee.

Mr. Jenkins said that certain of the Western States had chosen presidents of their divisions, and he asked if they should be recognized by the League. The president thought that, while it would do no harm to have such officials, the League must look to the chief consuls as the first officers in the divisions.

President Beckwith said that he had received a protest against Mr. Jenkins from R. F. Foster, of Baltimore, but, inasmuch as it was not signed by four League members, he had not entertained it. — *Bicycling World*.

English Notes.

AUGUST 18th the records from 10 miles to 20 miles were lowered. Also for $\frac{3}{4}$ mile and for 1 mile, for either amateur or professional times, and for every mile, excepting two miles, from 1 to 20 inclusive for professional times. Howell made 1 mile from stand-still start in 2.40 $\frac{1}{2}$. Lees made the 20 miles in 58.34.

THE 20-mile championship was made in 59.41 $\frac{3}{4}$, by Wood. The last mile was made in 2.31 $\frac{3}{4}$.

THE tricycle road races have been stopped by the police.

WOOD won the 25-mile championship in 1h. 26m. 37s., his principal competitor being Howell. Mr. G. H. Adams, accomplished 241 miles in 24 hours on a "Facile." Mr. Brown had previously made 255 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 24 hours.

French Notes.

THE Popular Gymnastic Society, of Lourain, appointed for Sept. 2 a grand gymnastic festival at the Parc St. Donat, for the benefit of the victims of the catastrophe of Ischia.

RACES AT VILLENEUVE-SUR-LOT, 19 AND 20 AUGUST, 1883.

THESE races were a great success, thanks to the presence of the best French racers, MM. Médinger, de Civry, Terront, and Hounney, of Paris. The track, which measures exactly 375 metres in circuit, and from five to six metres in width, is one of the finest in appearance in

France. It is of oval form, making almost the whole circumference.

On the first day the international race of 10,000 meters was easily won by M. Médinger, of Paris, 20m. 30s.; 2d, M. Terront, of Paris, 20m. 33s.; 3d, M. de Civry, of Paris, 20m. 39s.

Handicap. — 3,750 metres. 1st, M. Terront, scratch, 7m. 58s.

2d Day. — Race of 40 kilometres. MM. Terront and Médinger, *ex æquo*, 1h. 32m.; 3d, M. de Civry, 1h. 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.; 4th, M. Hounney, 1h. 34m.; 5th, MM. Martini and Lascombes, *ex æquo*, 1h. 43m. M. Médinger, although having changed machine four times, was able to regain the distance he had lost, and arrived dead heat with M. Terront, both followed by M. de Civry, who was on one wheel. The approach of MM. Martini and Lascombes gave rise to a magnificent struggle; the two competitors were under such headway that they had not presence of mind to follow the track, and came full tilt against the tribune of their predecessors, but fortunately there was no accident to deplore.

Race of Skill. — 1st, M. Terront; 2d, M. Hounney.

RACES AT NANCY, AUGUST 26, 1883.

THE races organized by the 'Cycling Club of Nancy took place in magnificent weather. Spectators were sparsely present, which is astonishing in a city as important as Nancy.

The track was well shaped, but bad, the committee having had the unfortunate idea of covering it with gravel, thinking that it would harden with use. Consequently times of the races, which were of necessity very poor, will not be given.

The International race of 10,000 meters was very interesting. It was won by de Civry, of Paris, with Messrs. Duncan and Etienne coming next at equal distance, and Mr. Heitz taking the third place. During the first two rounds the five racers remained abreast; but during the third Mr. de Civry made a slight advance, while Mr. Heitz lost on the group of the three other racers, and lost by one lap on the sixth round. On the ninth round a spoke of the large wheel of the bicycle of Guhraner, of Paris, having broken, he was obliged to leave the track. The strife between Messrs. Duncan and Etienne was very keen up to the twenty-fifth and last round. At that point victory seemed about to fall to the English racer, but Etienne resisted defeat valiantly, and the two passed the goal precisely together. Mr. de Civry was in advance about half the length of the track.

In a tricycle race of skill Mr. Duncan won, and Mr. de Civry stood second.

In the evening a banquet at the Hotel de France united victors and vanquished. M. Ducret spoke,

congratulating the racers upon having, in spite of the great heat and the state of the track, given races of so fine character. Prizes were then distributed.

BOOK NOTICES.

The English Novel.¹

AMONG the introductory sentences in the first lecture of this book are several which show that Mr. Lanier had, long before that time, planned several series of lectures which should treat of representative forms of expression, historically and philosophically. This volume contains the second of these series, the first having been published under the title of "The Science of English Verse." As is said in the present volume, there are no works which adequately present critical treatises of the great literary forms of expression. The literary tastes and genius of Mr. Lanier, as well as the philosophical cast of his mind, naturally directed him to these subjects, and the two series of lectures mentioned were delivered to the students of Johns Hopkins University.

It is unfortunate that these lectures were not revised for the press by Mr. Lanier himself before his death, for they are evidently his notes, and would have been, no doubt, thoroughly rewritten and enlarged upon if the writer had lived. There is often a lack of unity in the lectures, and a diffuseness, which, though useful in spoken discourse, is detrimental in a printed book, where we look for logical consequence. Mingled with the subject-matter are extended remarks upon other themes suggested to the lecturer, which, in their present form, are often confusing.

In spite of these things, however, the book is a most noteworthy one in both subject and treatment. It is a philosophical discussion of the rise of the novel. Beginning with Greek life, the author traces the growth of the idea and consciousness of personality down to the present time. It was the development of this idea that gave rise to that form of literature, the novel. Men felt their own personality and those of the men about them, and, perceiving the difference, sought for a method of expressing these complexities. In working out his philosophy, Mr. Lanier discusses all the great novelists from Richardson to George Eliot, and analyzes their works and style.

This is a most suggestive book upon the most important of literary topics. The enormous amount of fiction produced and read each year, and the fact that most of the patrons of libraries read nothing else, show the influence this class of literature must have, and the importance of the subject.

As the work of an earnest literary thinker and critic, this is the most valuable discussion of the novel yet produced.

Development of English Literature and Language.¹

THAT this masterly and comprehensive work has been appreciated is shown by the fact that, though first published but a year ago, it has reached a third edition. Such appreciation is well deserved. In scope, in thoroughness and accuracy, it is beyond question the most complete and satisfactory review of the whole range of English literature ever printed. Not only is the language traced from its beginning in the Anglo-Saxon, down through all the periods of foreign influence which modified it, but the course of literature, from Beowulf to Emerson, is followed carefully, each step made clear in a scholarly, critical style. But we could not do these volumes justice without further explaining the author's plan, which is in itself the best recommendation of the work. He is writing a history of the *Development of English Literature and Language*, not a mere history giving results and facts. It devolves upon him to show the causes of things. In this point the plan of the book, if not wholly unique, at least is so in completeness and thoroughness. We quote from the Prologue to the work: "Neither the artist nor his art can be understood and estimated independently of his times. . . . Consequently, each of the periods into which the work is divided, according to what seemed their predominant characteristics, is introduced by a sketch of the *features* which distinguish it, and of the forces which go to shape it, including *Politics*, the state of *Society*, *Religion*, *Poetry*, the *Periodical*, *History*, *Theology*, *Ethics*, *Science*, *Philosophy*." From this short extract, it can be readily seen how splendidly the work has been planned. In the execution of this plan the author shows a broad knowledge of English literature and the history of the English language, a deep scholarly sympathy with the best in that literature, and a mature and ripe critical judgment. It cannot, indeed, for specialists take the place of the many books detailing fully the subjects connected with our literature, but as a single work it is a compact and well-nigh complete view of the subject in hand.

¹The English Novel and the Principle of its Development. By Sidney Lanier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

¹Development of English Literature and Language. By Alfred H. Welsh, M.A. In two volumes. Chicago: S. C. Griggs, & Company. 1883.

Newfoundland.¹

FROM the press of Rockwell & Churchill, with the imprint of Doyle & Whittle as publishers, we have a handsomely bound, well-printed octavo volume of about 450 pages, entitled, "Newfoundland: Its History, Its Present Condition, and Its Future Prospects." It is, we must confess, one of the most fascinating histories we have ever read. It tells of a country more than two-thirds the area of the New England States, with the most interesting and wonderful history, the richest and most varied natural resources, and the highest prospects for the future. The work is exceedingly interesting. We may also add that it is highly instructive, full of eloquent and graphic description, and teeming with historical facts and useful statistical information hitherto beyond the reach of the general public. There is a handy and useful index, and some capital illustrations. It is one of the most instructive and interesting books that the press has given us for a long time. It deals with the subject in a pictorial and striking way, takes up its history, social life, political and religious, and economical surroundings, and describes at great length its commercial aspects and the natural resources of the place. Both writers possess a glowing and eloquent style, and have done their work well. There is not a dull page in the book. It will do for Newfoundland what Wallace's "Russia" has done for that vast empire, and what Dent's "Last Forty Years" has done for Canada. Every chapter is a monument of labor on the part of the author. No pains have been spared, evidently, to secure accuracy in every detail. The matter is invaluable; the manner in which it is presented is beyond all praise. We can cordially commend this valuable book to our readers.

One is surprised to see how much of interest centres around Newfoundland. As a place in which to invest money and expend energy it affords equal inducements with any region in North America. The volume is published at about one-third of the cost of the English edition.

Minor Notices.

IT would seem as if Mrs. Dahlgren² had some spite against Washington society. The picture she draws of it is certainly not flattering. One sees at once that it is overdrawn, and, while there is some truth in her criticisms, the larger part of them are wholly unfounded and unjust. Her style is spirited, but acrimonious throughout. By way of contrast with the vulgarity and ignorance of Washington, Mrs. Dahlgren draws a picture of European culture

¹ Newfoundland: Its History, Its Present Condition, and Its Future Prospects. By Joseph Hatton, author of "Today in America," etc., and the Rev. M. Harvey, author of "Across Newfoundland." Boston: Doyle & Whittle. 1883. \$2.50.

² A Washington Winter. By Madeline Vinton Dahlgren. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

and refinement, which is very stiff and unnatural, and would no doubt be as quickly resented by Europeans as her delineations of Washington society are by us.

"COREA, THE HERMIT NATION,"¹ is the title of a 450-page volume from the pen of W. E. Griffis, of Schenectady, N. Y. Mr. Griffis was, until lately, connected with the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan, and is the author of "The Mikado's Empire." He is, therefore, eminently qualified to treat of this subject; and the size of this volume, and the evidences of carefulness and the thoroughness of research bestowed upon it, show that he has used his knowledge to the best advantage. The book is a complete mythological, mediæval, modern, political, social, and religious history of Corea and its people. A large number of maps and several excellent illustrations add a great deal of interest, and serve to make the situations clearer to the reader. Mr. Griffis has added a complete and very valuable list of the works which have any bearing on Corean history. The book is encyclopedic in its scope.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Phila., have issued a "Primer of Politeness," which is designed for the use of home and school government. There are questions and answers, and, following some of the more important ones, are short stories connected with the life of noted personages, illustrative of the subject discussed. This is an excellent idea, and will serve to impress the lesson firmly on the minds of the youthful students.

"THE PRICE SHE PAID" is a serio-comic story, whose title operates against it. Once beyond the title, however, one finds much in it to interest and amuse. It is written by Frank Lee Benedict, who is the author of several other novels, "Saint Simon's Niece," "Madame," etc., and is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE Railroad Gazette Co., 73 Broadway, New York, send us "Painting and Painters' Materials," a book about oils, varnishes, paints, colors, and the use of color. It treats of nearly all the difficulties met with in their use. It is properly an experienced painter talking about paint, and backing his opinions with scientific facts. Many practical painters and authorities on the various subjects treated, together with a writer who has given the subjects more attention than any other one individual ever probably gave to it, have produced this volume, covering every point and subject of interest and value to the painter, — the changes in the qualities of paints, in the lustre and surface of varnish, changes in vermilion, the powdering of white lead, the fading of lakes and other colors, the composition, value, and serious ob-

¹ "Corea, the Hermit Nation." By William Elliot Griffis, late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

jections to ready-mixed paints, the mistakes in using color in house, car, and carriage decoration, together with thoroughly practical hints on the methods of doing work, lists of good combinations of color, etc.

WE have received from J. R. Osgood & Co., another of Col. Waring's horse stories, entitled "Ruby." Col. Waring is inimitable in this line, and "Ruby" is one of his best.

"LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER." Based upon Kostlin's life of Luther, as prepared by Prof. W. Rein, Seminary Director at Eisenach, in Germany, translated and edited by the Rev. G. F. Behringer, Brooklyn, N. Y. The memorial celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth is exciting a world-wide interest. Aside from all religious questions, the great reformer occupies a conspicuous place in history, and as a historical character alone his life is worthy of study. To present an attractive and popular record of the man, which shall at the same time be scholarly and reliable, is the aim of this volume. It retains all that is valuable and interesting in the two volumes (not the condensed work issued in one volume in Germany, and announced for publication in this country) of Köstlin's extensive work, omitting abstruse and technical points of purely theological interest, and yet presenting the salient features of its subject in so attractive a manner that the interest never flags. We greatly err if it will not prove the best popular life of the great reformer ever printed in the English language. It will be printed in Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library, No. 101. Price 25 cents, in paper; cloth, \$1.00. Ready Nov. 2.

Literary Notes.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co., London, who are publishers to the India office, and issue probably the largest number of the notable English works on Oriental subjects, are to republish Dr. S. Wells Williams' great work on China, "The Middle Kingdom," simultaneously with its appearance in this country.

MR. CHARLES C. PERKINS'S new book, "Historical Hand-book of Italian Sculpture," will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Perkins's elaborate works on Italian sculpture are so well known and rank so high as authorities that there is good reason for believing that this smaller work will assume an important place in art literature.

The poems chosen for illustration are: It is not Always May; Daybreak; The Village Blacksmith;

The Day is Done; Seaweed; The Evening Star; Cadenabbia; Amalfi; Snowflakes; Songo River; Chrysaor; Moonlight; The Lighthouse; The Bells of Lynn; Three Friends of Mine; The Tides; Elegiac; The Tide Rises, — the Tide Falls; Mad River in the White Mountains; Becalmed.

These poems are illustrated with fifty designs, in which Mr. Ernest Longfellow interprets their spirit with rare grace and beauty. A fine new portrait of Mr. Longfellow is prefixed to the volume; and peculiar interest attaches to the book from the fact that the portrait and all the illustrations are from the hand of the poet's son. It will be in all respects a very tasteful gift-book.

"MERCEDES" is a historical drama of admirable spirit and grace, based on a very striking incident of a Spanish campaign while Napoleon was emperor. The remaining contents of the volume include many of the lyrics written by Mr. Aldrich during the last seven years. Readers of modern poetry do not need to be told that these seven years have produced very few lyrics worthy to be compared with those which are embraced in this book.

A NEW work from the pen of Professor George P. Fisher is always a welcome event, and his new volume, "The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief," announced by Messrs. Scribner, devoting, as it does, special attention to topics connected with modern theological thought, is likely to be received with special interest. The book embraces a discussion of the evidences of both natural and revealed religion, and among the subjects treated are the arguments of design and the bearing of evolutionary doctrine on its validity; the reality of knowledge; the miraculous element in the gospels; the truthfulness of the apostolic witnesses; and a variety of subjects relating to the Scriptures and the canon.

Books Received.

The Diothas; or, A Far Look Ahead. By Ismar Thiuseu. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A Righteous Apostate. By Clara Lanza. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Recollections of a Naval Officer. By William Harwar Parker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A Fair Enchantress; or, How She Won Men's Hearts. By Miss M. C. Keller. T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia.



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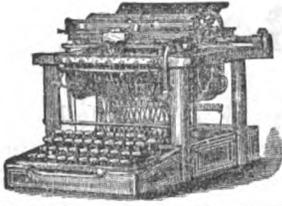
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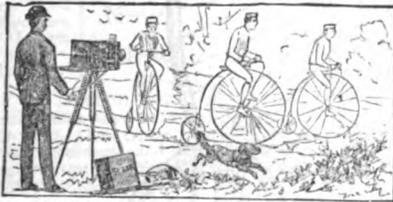


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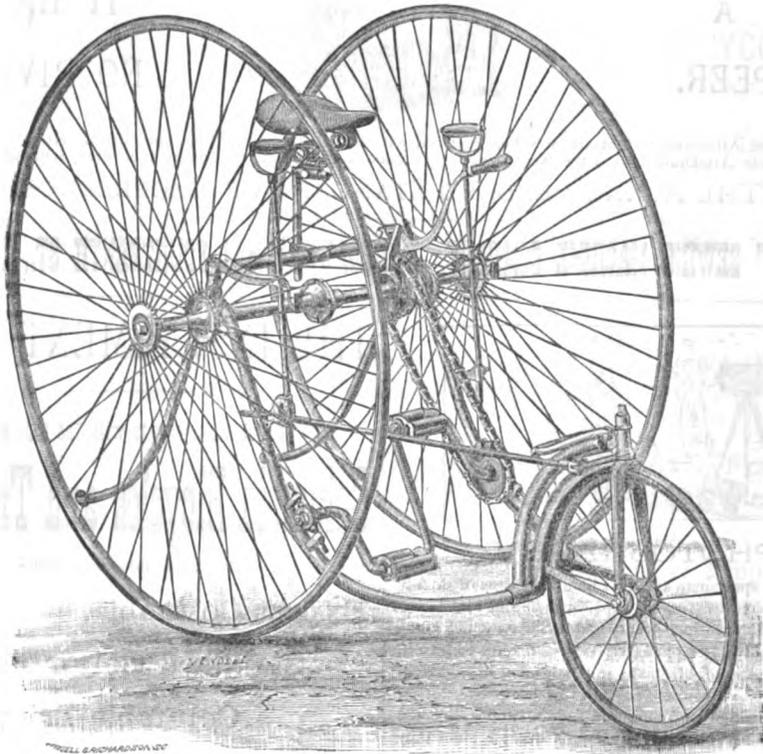
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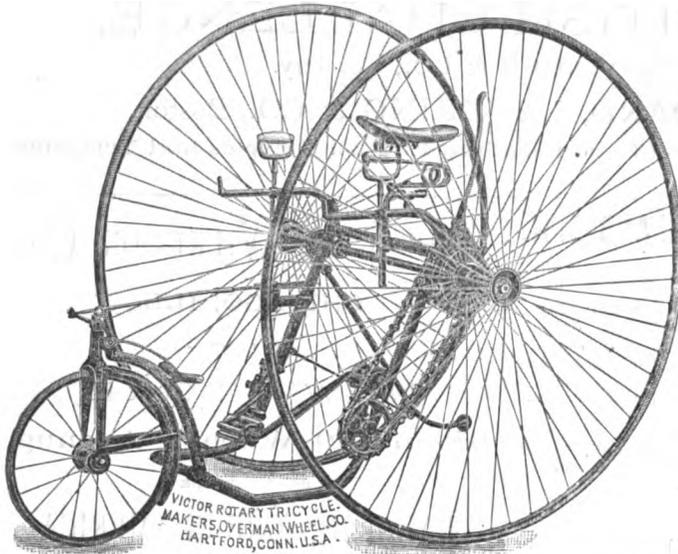
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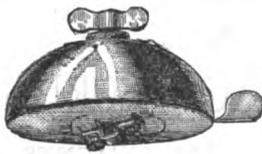
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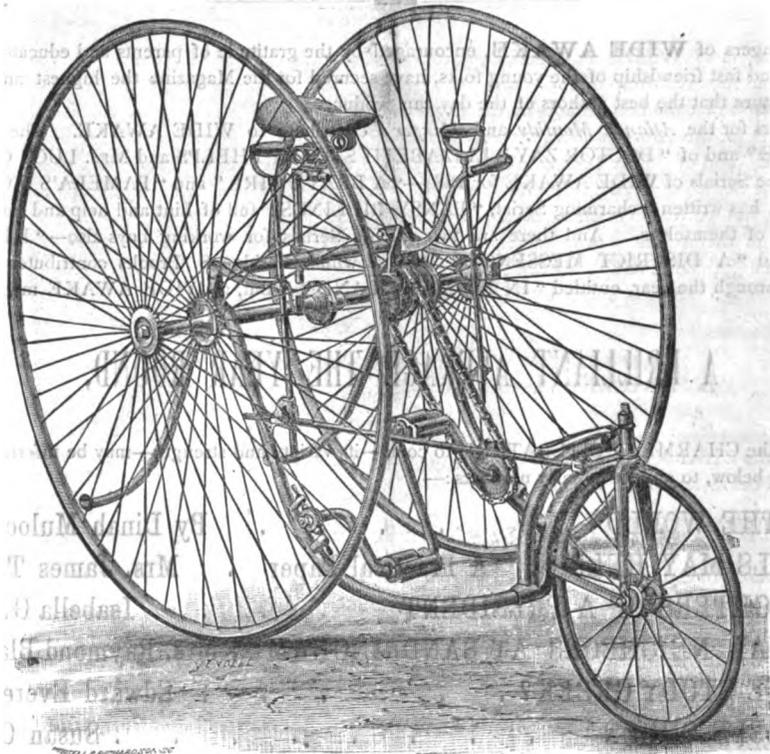
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THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1883.

No. 3.

A HILL BY THE SEA.

MEMORIES OF AGAMENTICUS.



THROUGH THE WOODS TO THE VILLAGE.

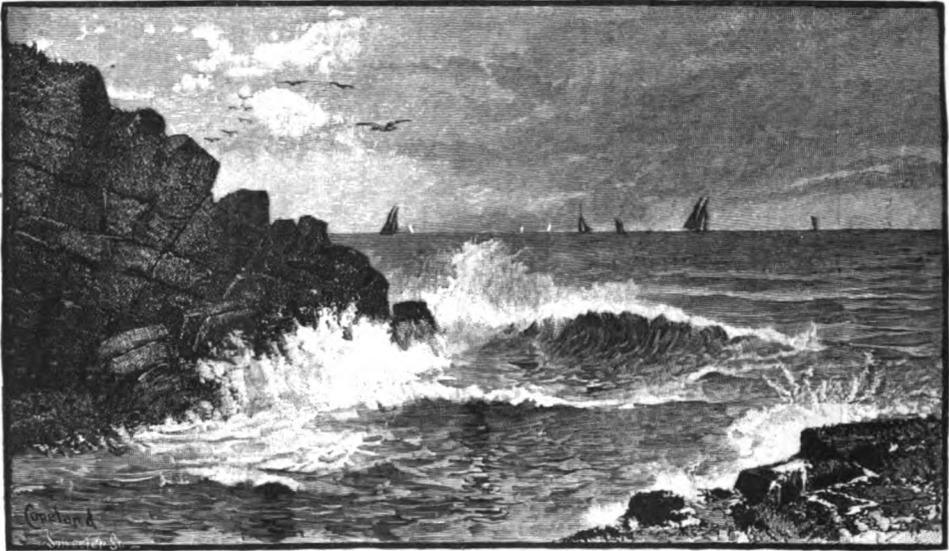
A THOUSAND by-ways in our country are filled with beauties too often passed by unnoticed for years, until some circumstance leads to the discovery of the long-hidden charms.

It is like awaking the Sleeping Beauty, who for a hundred years had slumbered unmolested, to arouse the echoes

"That from dreamless slumbers in the caves awake,
And haunt the wood, and linger near the lake."

Many a time the cars had taken me through a little village near Agamenticus; many a time I had waited eagerly for the long train to start from the station, and bring me to places of interest. little think-

village to the farm lands and the hills. It was there that I suddenly found the "Sleeping Beauty." Before me lay a landscape, hushed and dream-like, beneath the faint light of a pale moon. The western sky still glowed with the red of sunset, but from the valleys the evening mists were slowly rising, and in the distance the lights of the village appeared, one after another, in the cottage windows, serving both as welcome and guide to the returning laborer. On the hills the moonlight cast long shadows and the trees that crowned their summits stood out clearly against the sky. At my right a dense forest of white pines seemed almost impenetrable, while the few tree-trunks that reflected the light only ren-



THE CLIFF.

ing that less than an hour's ride on my wheel would bring me where

"The dark, green fields contented lie;
The mountains rise like holy towers;
Where man might commune with the sky;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams
With joyous music in their flow."

But, on this particular summer, I and my wheel, being on a journey of discovery, came unexpectedly upon this very town. On nearer acquaintance it proved to be a busy place, — too busy, in fact, to tempt the wheelman to linger within the sound of its bells and whistles; so I turned up the shady, winding street that led from the

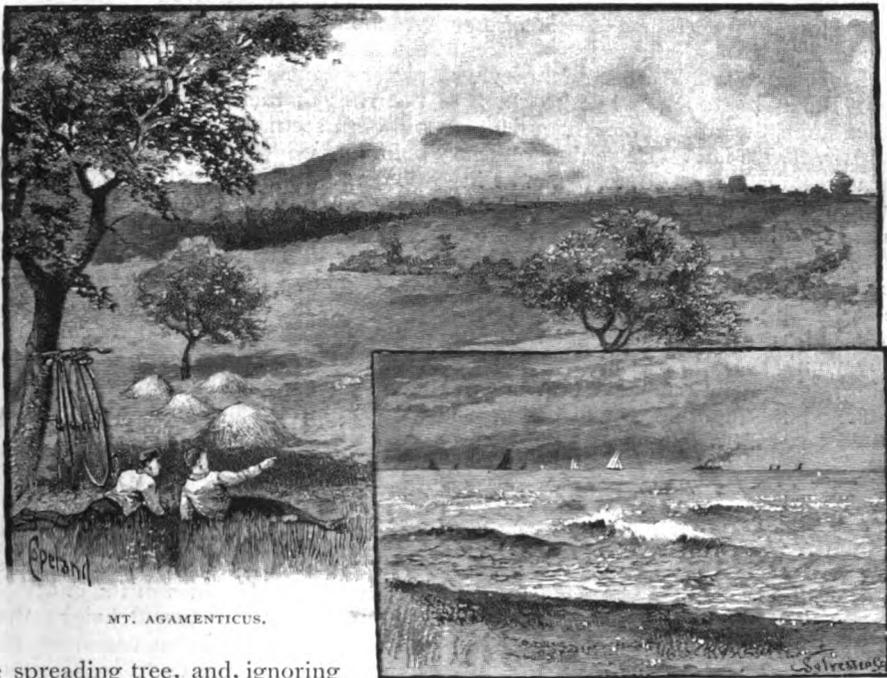
dered the forest still blacker. "The wind came up out of the sea" and touched the pine branches, as a master touches the keys of a mighty organ, and the air was filled with wonderful melody.

Succeeding days revealed new beauties and new objects of interest in this retired spot, and many pleasant runs were made between hill and shore.

The shortest path to the village from the farm-house which was my home during my stay in this region was quite unlike the dusty road through which I had wheeled on the evening of my arrival. To go "across lots to the post-office" was to follow a narrow path, amid the tall, waving grasses, then on through a sunshiny field gay with daisies, red lilies, and golden-

rod; then through a cool grove, carpeted with wild flowers and mosses, ferns and trailing-vines. Here the path widened and descended into a green ravine watered by a broad, shallow brook, whose only bridge was a worm-eaten log, which, though securely fastened, bent with every step. Beyond the brook the path leads through a clump of oaks and chestnuts, then through a green lane, which at length "has its turning," and emerges into the busy street. What a delight it was to follow that winding brook! Often I have left my faithful wheel resting on a bank of moss beneath

of pictures were revealed well worthy the poet's song or the artist's portrayal. I wandered through the smooth meadows, by the stream with its varying charms, — first a tiny waterfall and then a ruined mill-dam, whose rocky foundations are spanned by fallen tree-trunks. The opposite side of the stream was hilly and wooded; but it was an easy matter to cross the brook on the fallen trees, and climb the ascent to the woods. Here the air was delicious with the odor of the pines, and the ground, thickly covered with pine-needles and moss, was soft to the feet. The



MT. AGAMENTICUS.

some spreading tree, and, ignoring the more modern luxury of the rustic bridge, have swung myself, by the aid of overhanging branches, down a steep embankment to the water's edge, where I could cross the stream by means of "stepping-stones." The waters seemed to sing the sweet idyl of "The Brook": —

"I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the nettled sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows."

And as I followed its course, as it hurried on "to join the brimming river," a series

birds sang in the high branches, and the squirrels, evidently much surprised at the unwonted intrusion on their domain, chattered vivaciously to each other. A wide avenue through the woods was filled with ferns exquisitely fresh and graceful; a single red lily lifted its ruby flower from among the emerald greenness.

A few moments more and I had mounted my wheel and was on the road to visit the neighboring farms, where I was cordially welcomed, and opportunities were afforded to examine many curiosities, interesting because of their connection with the early history of this region. Indian relics — scalping-knives, tomahawks, great stone clubs, gouges for making canoes, sinkers

and arrow-heads — have been found in this neighborhood in large numbers. An old inhabitant told me he had broken three ploughshares in one day by striking against the rounded stones used by the Indians for ovens. The tribes inhabiting this region were under the rule of Passaconaway, the chief of the Pennacooks. He “possessed talents and sagacity which gave him most exalted rank and influence among his countrymen. He was a prophet, or *pow-wow*, as well as a civil ruler, and, by that claim to the supernatural which has always exerted a potent spell over the savage mind, he swayed and controlled them at his pleasure. He claimed that he could restore a burned leaf to its former beauty and greenness, and that the cast-off skin of a serpent would become a moving thing of life at his touch, while he himself could assume the appearance of a flame; thus his will was law. Becoming old, he made a great feast, in 1660, to which he invited his tribes, calling them his children. ‘Harken,’ said he, ‘the white men are sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their father. His sun shines bright above them. Sure as you light the fires, the breath of Heaven will turn the flames upon you, and destroy you.’” But they did not heed his warning, and their broken implements of war, and the deserted hearthstones, are the only reminders left us of the famous tribes.

On the highest shelves of the old-fashioned cupboards are also stored rare old china, pewter plates, once the wedding dowry of some Priscilla, and tiny silver spoons, used in the old days when tea was a luxury. Tall clocks stand in nearly every kitchen, and in the attics are disused spinning-wheels, — the latter regarded with especial interest by the wheelman, who fancies he has inherited his devotion to the wheel from some industrious ancestor.

The farm-houses are surrounded by well-tilled fields; and near the homes are wide barns, stored with hay. One of these in particular comes back to me as a pleasant memory, because of the almost human friendliness with which it made room for its inmates. It was an old barn; its rafters were gray with time and festooned with cobwebs. Here was a whole colony of barn-swallows, that built their nests in the dim corners, undisturbed and secure. In and out of the great doors they flew, or through the broken windows high above the loft. Here they made their homes, lived their little lives, filled, no doubt, with

joys and sorrows, comedies and tragedies, and the old barn knew all their secrets.

At twilight the faithful horse here found his oats awaiting him in the stall, the weary oxen were unyoked and led into the barn for their night's rest. One by one the chickens flew to their chosen perches near the stalls, the cows came home from the pastures, and a flock of sheep left the meadow to find shelter in the fold. The great doors of the barn were wide open, and the rays of the setting sun touched beam, and rafter, and hay-mow, and, like an alchemist, turned them all to gold. A grandfather, with the milking pails on his arm, entered, followed by his four little grandchildren, their bright dresses giving the focus of color to the scene, while the patter of their feet on the worn floor, and the ring of their sweet voices, made the old barn seem even more hospitable than before.

A morning's wheel over poor roads, strong and sandy, ended in a refreshing view of the beach; but a little farther on was a cliff rising like a castle from the waves, and, leaving my machine, I hastened on foot to the lonely rock.

“The sea is bluer than usual, sir,” the man had said with whom I left my wheel; and, indeed, on that early autumn day the sea and sky had a depth of wondrous color that is beyond description, — blue — blue — blue, — as far as the eye could see, above and beyond.

The waters were as calm as a lake, except where the tide broke constantly against the rocks, dashing the white spray far up against the sides of the cliff.

Standing on this grand height, that for ages has withstood the ceaseless, tireless command of the waves to make room for them, one cannot but feel a sense of security and rest. “Hitherto shalt thou come but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed,” comes to the mind with new meaning as the eye looks from this stony barricade to the glittering line of sand that forms the beach on either hand. Thence, as well as from this rocky height, the waves again and again returned to the sea conquered. The two, the cliff and the shore, seemed like perfect characters that no storm could overthrow. — no calm, subtle day entice to an unguarded moment. The cliff, in its strength and grandeur, and the quiet, beautiful shore, were types of noble, manly, and womanly lives.

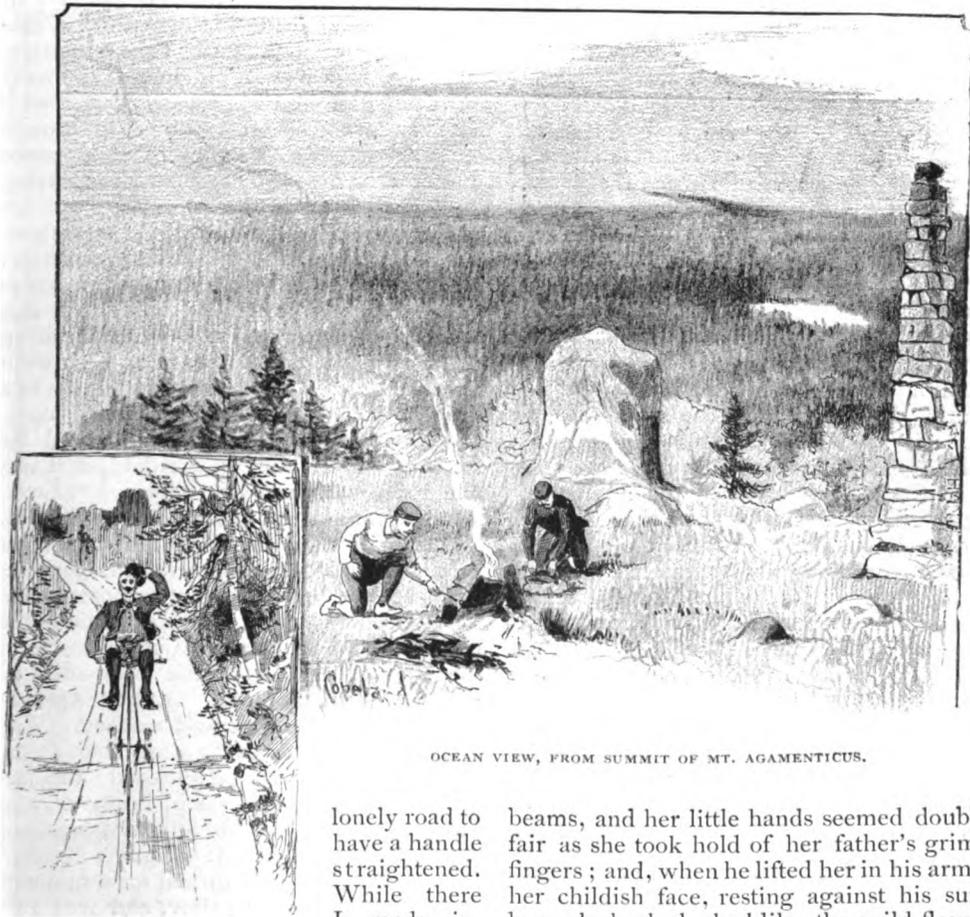
While returning, I passed a field that was so thickly covered with picturesque

rocks as to seem an American Stonehenge, with Druid temples and altars. Not far away is a granite boulder, which rises to a great height, and is over fifty feet in circumference. It is so striking a feature in the landscape that it was probably used by the Indians as a landmark and meeting-place.

In spite of the recent warning in *THE WHEELMAN* to avoid the "village blacksmith" if the bicycle needs any attention, I was obliged to stop at a little shop on a

all this place 'most as well as I do myself, and she believes all the stories I tell her, every word of them, sir!"

The child and her dog now came from behind a pile of old iron, in a dark corner of the shop, and, as the strong light from the forge fell upon her, there was something almost weird in her beauty. As she stood beside the stalwart blacksmith, she looked no larger than a child of seven, though she told me she was twelve. Her hair was as bright as if spun from the sun-



OCEAN VIEW, FROM SUMMIT OF MT. AGAMENTICUS.

lonely road to have a handle straightened. While there I made inquiries concerning the rock and its history.

"Has it a story?"

"A story! yes, indeed, lots of them, sir. Ask my little girl here; she knows them all by heart. Here, child; this gentleman wants to know about the big rock yonder;" and, in a quick aside to me, he added, "She's blind, sir; and I tell her stories to amuse her, and carry her about through the woods and down to the sea. She knows

beams, and her little hands seemed doubly fair as she took hold of her father's grimy fingers; and, when he lifted her in his arms, her childish face, resting against his sun-burned cheek, looked like the wild flower that blooms beside the weather-beaten oak. Her story of the rock was in substance as follows:—

"When the English made their first settlement in this region they found two Indian tribes bitterly hostile to each other. This hostility was increased when one tribe became friendly to the white strangers. The chief of this tribe was a young brave, who loved the daughter of his enemy, the aged sagamore of the other tribe. His

daughter was a typical Indian beauty, with long black hair, dusky eyes, and a step so light and fleet that she was called the Wind.

"The lovers' meeting-place was the old rock, and many a time the Indian girl had stolen away from the camp-fire, and noiselessly made her way through the forest to the place where the noble chief awaited her. One night she told him that on the following day the English settlement was to be burned by her father's command. As the young chief was the friend of the 'white men,' he promised to warn them of the coming danger; and with a tender farewell to the weeping girl, and the assurance that he would return to her when the moon was full, he hastened away.

"But the Indians had suddenly changed their plan of attack, and that very night, as the young chief went to the cabin-doors to arouse the English to arms, the hostile tribe made a most savage invasion upon the settlement, and the friendly Indian was one of their first victims

"When the moon was full the maiden waited by the rock, — waited until the moon sank behind the pines and the morning dawned. From that time on, in summer's heat, or winter's cold, the shadow of the waiting Indian girl can be seen when the moon is full."

In a mountainous country the attention is somewhat distracted by the numberless forms and varying lights and shades of the surrounding hills; and thus it often takes years to become fully acquainted with the entire range. But, while near the sea, I had only one mountain to study, and it became a friend to me.

Whichever road I followed, on my many cycling trips, I always saw the symmetrically rounded outline of Agamenticus. Sometimes my wheel would take me so far away that the mountains seemed like a blue cloud in the distance; sometimes I would dismount near its base, and wander for hours through the old forests which surround it. At dawn it caught the first bright sunshine; at evening it long reflected the rosy sunset, and in the night, beneath the stars, it kept its solemn watch over land and sea. On clear days each tree could be seen from base to summit; when the atmosphere was hazy it seemed to veil itself in violet mists and purple shadows. After a storm it was wonderfully beautiful, — its sides illuminated by the strong yellow light that broke through the dark clouds, while far above arched the glowing rainbow.

It was a pleasant morning when I started to make the nearer acquaintance of Agamenticus. For several miles I wheeled through country roads, past small villages with their district school-houses and tiny white churches, — now through a forest road, under a grand arch of white pines, — now past deserted homesteads, the unpainted houses half-hidden by vines and tangled shrubbery; the old well-sweeps, a few gnarled apple-trees, and gay flowers near the doors, the only reminders of the former happy home life.

At length the ride a-wheel ended; a pair of bars separated the highway from a side road which led to the base of the mountain. Near the bars was an old house, so lonely in its situation and appearance that, had it not been for the cheerful song heard through the open window, I should have supposed it another "deserted home." Here leaving my wheel, I made the necessary inquiries as to the path to the top of Agamenticus.

A mile-and-a-half walk through a narrow, up-hill road, over rocks, under low hanging branches, through sunshine, through shadow, brought me to a small clearing at the very foot of the mountain. Unbroken forests extended on all sides, but here was a little home, with fields of ripening corn, and an orchard and garden. I asked the farmer, whom I met in his field, if it was not lonesome there in winter. "Lonesome? No, indeed; the roads are splendid, and teams are passing all the time, drawing thousands of logs." But even that amount of gayety seemed somewhat monotonous to the wheelman, and I almost pitied the hermit-life of the farmer, until I came to the house, and saw the rosy-cheeked children about the door. An hour's steady climb and the summit was reached. The ascent was easy, since for some distance the "wood-road" could be followed; the last part of the way was steep, however, and the path could not be followed without careful observation of "blazed trees." When near the top, I turned for a moment to look at the forest below, and was surprised by an extended view.

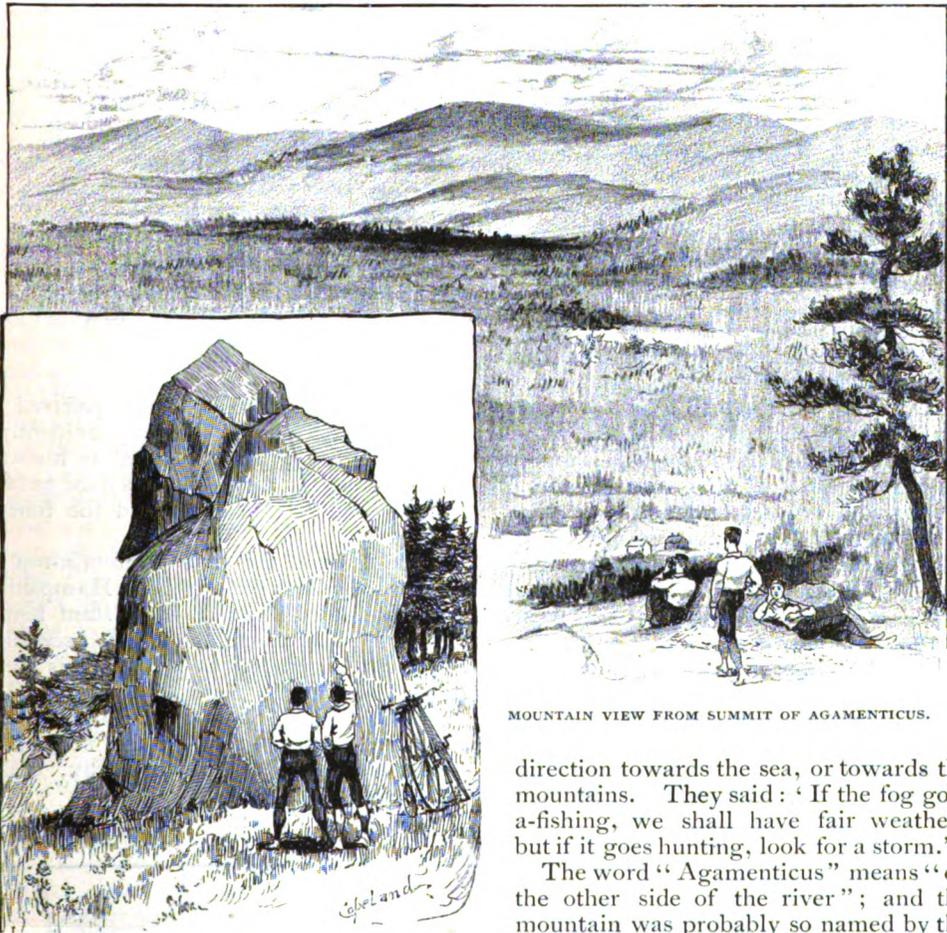
Standing on a rocky ledge, with the highest point of Agamenticus yet a few feet above, one can look far out to sea. In the dense forest below were two small lakes, clear as mirrors, reflecting the trees that encircled them. A few moments more, and the summit revealed a wide outlook, including the forests and one beautiful lake, the sea-coast, and the villages of York and Wells, and beyond, the broad ocean with

its white sails. 'Tis said that this mountain is a land-mark for sailors, and they have no need of a chart, "as long as old Agamenticus is in sight." It is seen some sixty miles out at sea, and is supposed to be the land first discovered by Captain Gosnold, in 1602. The view in the opposite direction is somewhat similar to that just described; instead of the sea, a range of mountains forms the background of the picture. An old book in the Massachusetts Historical Society furnishes the following glowing account of the view from this spot:—

afford a sublime spectacle, and on the sea-side, the various indentings of the coast, from Cape Ann to Cape Elizabeth, are plainly in view on a clear day; and the wide Atlantic stretches to the east as far as the power of vision extends."

The Indians had great veneration for the tops of mountains, as they supposed them inhabited by invisible people, and therefore rarely dared to go to their summits.

"The Penacook Indians used to predict the weather from the movement of the morning fog, which usually passed off in a



MOUNTAIN VIEW FROM SUMMIT OF AGAMENTICUS.

THE ROCK.

"From this elevation there is a most enchanting prospect. The cultivated parts of the country, especially on the south and south-west, appear a beautiful garden, intersected by the majestic river Piscataqua, its bays and branches. The immense ranges of mountains on the north and north-west

direction towards the sea, or towards the mountains. They said: 'If the fog goes a-fishing, we shall have fair weather; but if it goes hunting, look for a storm.'"

The word "Agamenticus" means "on the other side of the river"; and the mountain was probably so named by the Indians because the river Agamenticus lay between it and the sea-shore.

The summit of the mountain is covered with low trees and bushes, while here and there are large boulders, one of which, it is said, is the tombstone of St. Aspinquid, whose legend, as found in Vol. III. of the Historical Collections of New Hampshire, is as follows:—

"He was born in 1538, and was more

than forty years old when converted to Christianity. He died May 1, 1632, on Mt. Agamenticus, where his sepulchre remains to this day. On his tombstone is still to be seen this couplet:—

“Present, useful; absent, wanted.
Lived, desired; died, lamented.”

“The sachems of the different tribes attended his funeral obsequies, and made a collection of a great number of wild beasts, to do him honor by a sacrifice on the occasion, agreeably to the customs of their nations,—and on that day were slain accordingly, 23 bucks, 67 does, 99 bears, 36 moose, 240 wolves, 32 wild-cats, 8 catamounts, 432 foxes, 32 buffaloes, 400 otters, 620 beavers, 1,500 minks, 110 ferrets, 520 raccoons, 900 muskquashes, 501 fishes, 3 ermines, 33 porcupines, 50 weasels, 832 martins, 59 woodchucks, 112 rattlesnakes—total, 6,711.

“He was a preacher of the Gospel to sixty-six different nations for forty years,—from the Atlantic ocean to the Californian sea.”

It is supposed by some that St. Aspinquid is identical with the great Passaconaway already referred to, and that he was so named by the English after his conversion. Though the history of Passaconaway and the legend of Aspinquid fail to agree in some points, yet there are reasons for supposing they refer to the same person.

Passaconaway certainly gave great evidence of his belief in Christianity. Eliot, the missionary to the Indians, mentioned him in “The Lights Appearing,” written in 1649, as follows:—

“The chief at Pawtucket, and at Merrimack, is Passaconaway, whom I mentioned to you the last year who gave up himself and his sons to pray unto God. This man did this year show a great affection to me and to the word of God.” The saga-

more urged Mr. Eliot to come often to instruct his tribe, arguing that “they soon had forgotten what he taught, it being so seldom”; and, “many of his subjects would not believe him (their chief) that praying to God was good.” He wished “praying to be opened to them.”

Passaconaway was so opposed to the wars against the English that he is said to have withdrawn from the tribes and secluded himself in the distant woods. All this agrees with the record of St. Aspinquid’s life. A few stories concerning him are still to be found in the quaint language of the early time, from which the following selections are taken:—

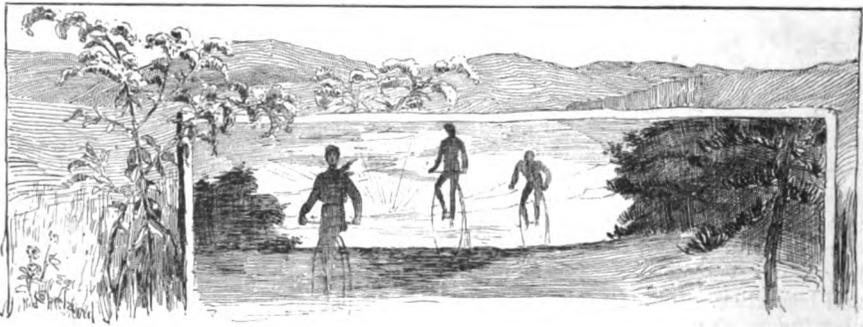
“Strange man was he; ’twas said he oft pursued
The sable bear, and slew him in his den,
That oft he howled through many a pathless wood;
And many a tangled wild and poisonous fen
That ne’er was trod by mortal men.
The craggy ledge for rattlesnakes he sought,
And choked them one by one;
O’ertook the tall gray moose as quick as thought.

And once upon a car of flaming fire
This dreadful Indian shook with fear to see
The king of Penacook, his chief, his sire,
Ride flaming up towards heaven,
Than any mountain higher.”

The “strange man” here referred to was a wonderful Indian brave, evidently a Penacook. He had wandered in his wild freedom too far away from his tribe to hear of the death of his chief, and the funeral obsequies.

Gazing from the high mountain-top of one of the White hills of New Hampshire, his eye turned towards his distant home. The sacrificial flame and smoke ascending from Mt. Agamenticus arrested his attention, and gazing, “shook with fear,” as from its midst he saw ascending to the “happy hunting-ground” the soul of his venerated sachem, Passaconaway, called St. Aspinquid.

C.



HOW MR. O'TULLIVER BARD WAS ASSASSINATED.

THE business of the club was proceeding with unusual dulness when Mr. Perker entered the club-room hurriedly, and with visible tokens of strong excitement. The club all noticed this, and waited by common impulse for him to speak. As soon as he could catch his breath and collect his thoughts, he addressed the Chair, and made the startling announcement:—

“Mr. President,—I have just been informed that intelligence was received by his family, a few minutes ago, that our fellow-member, Mr. O'Tulliver Bard, was shot at by a drunken hackman, to-day, in the streets of Pontiac, where Mr. Bard went this morning on his bicycle for an excursion.”

This news naturally created a sensation. A buzz of indignant comment ran around the room, during which Mr. Twiddle came rushing in, even more breathless and excited than Mr. Perker had been. As soon as Mr. Twiddle could speak he announced:—

“Mr. President,—I have just heard a report, which came, I am assured, directly from the family, that our esteemed brother, Mr. O'Tulliver Bard, was shot and instantly killed by a hack-driver in Pontiac, about 2 o'clock this afternoon. Mr. Bard was just leaving that town for Detroit when the affray occurred. This statement I obtained from a lad who is employed as a stable-boy by one of the neighbors of the Bards; and I at once hastened here with it, instead of going to Mr. Bard's house, in order to inform the club before its meeting should adjourn.”

This announcement created a prodigious excitement. All the members fell to asking questions at once of Mr. Twiddle. For five minutes the proceedings were confused and disorderly. The Chair then called the club to order with the suggestion that, as yet, neither the Chair nor the club had received any certain information that Mr. Bard was dead. It appeared that Mr. Perker had heard a street rumor that Mr. Bard had been shot. Mr. Twiddle had been told by a stable-boy, employed by one of Mr. Bard's neighbors, that he (the stable-boy) had heard that Mr. Bard was killed. The Chair, however, was resolved not to bury any member of this club until it was known, beyond doubt, that burial was neces-

sary. The Chair was not ready to credit these horrible rumors; hence the Chair, upon the first announcement made by Mr. Perker, had instantly despatched the janitor to Mr. Bard's house with instructions to ascertain the exact facts, and hurry back with definite and trustworthy information. Meanwhile, the Chair would suggest that all proceedings be suspended until the return of his messenger, the club meanwhile taking a recess, which would give members time to consult with each other. The suggestion of the Chair was at once adopted.

The club members gathered in little groups and discussed the tragedy and the situation in low and solemn tones, while the Chair sat with his elbows on the table and his chin supported by both his hands, gloomily awaiting the return of the janitor, and thinking over his acquaintance with Mr. Bard. That he had become involved in some trouble, the president saw no reason to doubt; but that any such tragedy had occurred as was reported the president could not and would not believe.

Mr. O'Tulliver Bard was a warm-hearted, impulsive, generous, and manly young Irish gentleman. To get into a scrape easily was his normal condition; but it was also his normal condition to get out of it with equal facility. Everybody in the club liked him. He was a bold and reckless rider, apt to take a header, from sheer carelessness, every little while; but ready to laugh as heartily as anybody at his mishaps. His jollity was perennial and infectious. Fun oozed from him as naturally as water from a pump-spout. His capacity for making amusing blunders, in both speech and action, was simply amazing. But, withal, he had a fund of shrewdness, and, sometimes, really brilliant sense. Hence, he was a successful business man, and well-off for a young fellow of his age. He was naturally a gentleman—courteous, kindly, and gallant. While he had the hot-headedness of his countrymen, he was not quarrelsome. A better companion on a bicycle excursion it would be difficult to find, or a more pleasant one on any occasion. Although he had been well educated, his speeches, whenever he attempted to make an address, were racy of Irish blunders and bulls, so that it was

really delicious to listen to him. He had, I know, started for Pontiac in the morning in company with Messrs. High, Lowe, Condor, and Littleweed; and I felt confident that these gentlemen would take good care of him; and, if anything really serious had happened, they would immediately have telegraphed the news to me.

Just as the suspense was becoming quite painful, the tramp of many feet was heard upon the stairway leading to the club-room, and in a moment Messrs. High, Lowe, Condor, and Littleweed entered, and after them followed — could it be possible? — no — yes — Mr. O'Tulliver Bard! All the party were evidently in gay spirits; but they were struck with the evident astonishment of the club, and stood staring and wondering what it meant. They were more astonished than the rest of us when the president, followed by the entire club, rushed at O'Tulliver Bard and shook him frantically by the hand, and capered about him half hysterically, as if frantic with joy. Mr. Bard's eyes bulged out and his mouth stood open with speechless amazement at this enthusiastic reception; but he shook hands with each of us just as zealously as if he understood what it all meant, turning with a ludicrously puzzled look from one to the other, as if to ask for an explanation.

Before any one could explain, the janitor came in. On seeing Mr. O'Tulliver Bard he was so shocked that, what with his being out of breath from running, he sat down in a chair, and then collapsed, and sat down on the floor. The secretary promptly began to pour water on his head; and as soon as it began to run down the back of his neck he revived suddenly, knocked the pitcher out of the secretary's hand so that it fell and broke, splashing water all over Mr. Layout's new pants and Mr. Perker's freshly-shined boots. Then the janitor hurriedly leaped up, grasped Mr. O'Tulliver Bard's hand, gave it a tremendous shake, and exclaimed: —

“So ye're alive, after all. God bless you! I'm mighty glad of it! Why, I've just been to your house, by order of the president, where I told yer folks that you were shot and assassinated to death with a pistol by a bloody hackman; an' I axed 'em if it was true; and they all set up a-shriekin' and a-wailin', and the old lady gave a great shriek, an' fainted right away; an' the only answer I could get out of any of 'em was from the little girl; and she said I was the foremost one to bring the

bad news, — bad luck to me! — an' where was the body. An' with that I came away as fast as ever I could to report to the president. But I'm thinkin' ye'd better run home, an' show 'em ye're alive, to oncet.”

“The devil ye did!” exclaimed Mr. Bard, turning and flying down the stairway, four steps at a bound, at the risk of breaking his neck.

The president instantly despatched Mr. Littleweed after Mr. Bard, after hurriedly explaining the situation to Mr. Littleweed, with instructions to bring Brother Bard back to the club-room as soon as the alarm in his family should be quieted.

During their absence, Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor explained that Mr. Bard did have some words with a hackman in Pontiac, about the right of way when the street was blocked up with a brick pile, all but a narrow passage; but, just before the rest of the party came up, the hackman good-naturedly backed his team out of the way. Then a yellow cur ran out of a house-yard and snapped at Mr. Condor's heels, making him fall off his wheel, whereupon Mr. Condor, who carries a small pistol for dogs, shot at the cur, which ran under the house yelping; and his owner came out and said it served the dog right. They could not account for the report which had alarmed the club, unless some railroad passenger had got the affair mixed up, and brought the alarming story to the city in advance of their arrival.

In about half an hour Mr. Bard and Mr. Littleweed returned. They reported having found the family and the neighborhood greatly alarmed and excited; and Mr. Bard's reception at home, Mr. Littleweed said, was a “genuine ovation.” They had quieted the excitement as speedily as possible, and returned.

The club was now called to order again, and Mr. Perker withdrew his resolutions. Then Mr. Lowe moved that Mr. O'Tulliver Bard be requested to address the club concerning the extraordinary events of the evening.

The motion was carried unanimously, whereupon Mr. O'Tulliver Bard arose to address the club, amid tumultuous applause. He was a good deal embarrassed, but gained confidence as he proceeded. Mr. Bard said: —

“Mr. President, — Sir, when I was shot and killed by this hack-driving assassin, I did not know of it until I was

informed of it by a member of this club, when I immediately contradicted it. [Laughter.] I take this occasion to assure you, sir, that, in truth, it's a lie; and that this most reprehensible occurrence did not occur. [Applause.] But, sir, and gentlemen all, it fills my bosom with grateful pride to observe that the report of the assassin's pistol—which, sir, was never fired at all, and, moreover, there wasn't any assassin nor any pistol—created a sound which reverberated through the halls of this club, so that in the shocked silence the warm hearts of my fellow-members stood still with chilly horror till you could hear them beat with generous indignation. [Loud applause.] Sir, it was truly fortunate that the author of this horrible villany never committed it. [Laughter.] Every sensible mind shudders when it contemplates the worst crime which illustrates the annals of this club, and draws a breath of profound relief that it did not take place. [Applause.] As you all perceive, gentlemen, the rascal did not kill me, and I freely forgive him for it. [Laughter.] But, sir, if it had been otherwise, if I really had been murdered, I should now stand here to thank you all the more warmly for your noble sympathy in this nefarious transaction. [Loud applause.] Sir, there has been a mistake; I have not been injured; in reality my enemy is my friend. He is a hackman, by the name of O'Dowd. [Laughter.] We had an angry altercation, it is true, but it was in the most friendly spirit. [More laughter.] There was no pistol and no shooting, beyond a few cutting remarks. [Great laughter.] There wasn't even a blow struck by either of us, except that maybe he had been drinking. [Applause and laughter.] Neither of us feared the slightest personal danger, which is what we were both apprehensive of during the controversy. [Loud laughter.] It was an affair of no importance whatever; and I am proud and grateful that the club has made so much of it. [Much applause.] I trust, sir, that whenever any member of this club is likely to get into difficulty, we shall all of us be ready to help him along. [Tremendous applause.] As for myself, gentlemen, I shall always be eager to shield any of my fellow-members against an assault from any quarter, as soon as I know that it has been committed. [Great laughter.] Sir, it will inspire each of us with courage to feel that, the moment he is confronted with danger, all the members

of this club will range themselves behind him. [Applause.] Then if he falls he will fall standing proudly erect in the full strength of our noble organization. [Prolonged applause.] Again, gentlemen, all, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for supporting me so generously through the imminent peril which, fortunately, I was never really exposed to. [Long continued and tumultuous applause.]”

The hour being late the club then adjourned. But no one left the room. We all wanted to hear Mr. O'Tulliver Bard relate his encounter with the hackman. Cigars were produced and lighted, and Mr. Bard, after elevating his legs upon the secretary's desk, blew out a cloud of smoke, and proceeded to explain:—

“Well, gentlemen, the way of it was this: There was a narrow passage, just wide enough for one team, for about thirty feet, between a brick-pile and the ditch. I saw the hack coming, and I put on a spurt to pass the obstruction—the passage, I mean—first. The hackman saw me, and he whipped up his beasts, to get through first. I beat the fellow, and got nearly through when he met me. He pulled up, and I pulled up.

“‘Get out of the road with that thing,’ says he, ‘or I’ll run ye down!’

“‘Divil a get!’ says I, dismounting and standing in front of his team. ‘Get out yourself!’

“‘With that he lashed his horses, and made ’em prance, but he took good pains not to let ’em go forward any.

“‘Be off!’ says he.

“‘Do you own the road?’ says I.

“‘Are ye goin’?’ says he.

“‘Divil a go!’ says I.

“‘Then I’ll make ye!’ says he.

“‘Fire away!’ says I.

“With this he climbed down from his seat, and wound the lash of his whip around his wrist, taking the stick in his hand with the loaded end up for a club, and came at me; and I picked up a brick, and put myself in the attitude. When we were near enough to begin he raised up his whip, and I raised up my brick.

“‘Now, ye divil,’ says he, ‘will ye git out of the road?’

“‘I won’t,’ says I.

“‘Do ye mane it?’ says he. ‘This is the last time of axin’.’

“‘For a last time, never a stir!’ says I.

“Then he looked me in the eye for a minute, and I looked him in the eye.

“‘Well, then, if ye won’t, be gob I

will meself,' says he. And with that he took his team by the bits and backed 'em out. Then he took off his hat and bowed very polite. 'There's the road,' says he, 'an' joy go with ye.'

"Seeing him so accommodating, I just took my wheel and backed it out the other way. 'I only meant to teach you manners,' says I, 'because you hackmen think you own the whole road. But you're welcome to go by, and God bless you!'

"Gentlemen first,' says he; 'go by yourself.'

"I'm in no hurry,' says I.

"Will ye go on?' says he.

"I won't,' says I.

"I'll make ye!' says he.

"With this he came at me again, and I met him half-way.

"Is your name O'Tulliver Bard?' says he, walking up as fierce as a lion.

"It is,' says I.

"I'm Corny O'Dowd,' says he, 'and I've often druv yer father. It's a foine ould gentleman he is.'

"Will you shake hands?' says I.

"Faith an' I will,' says he.

"So we shook. Then says he, 'Guv me the order; for it would ill become the likes o' me to dispute with your father's son.'

"Then I'll ride on,' says I, 'and here's a cigar to smoke in remembrance.' And so I mounted and rode on, and presently the other gentlemen came up; and that was all the murdering any of us got, except the shooting of the dog by Mister Condor."

President Bates.

PIXIE AND I.

EVEN the "second fastest on record" ocean passage grows wearisome as you lie off the bar waiting for the tide's consent to your English tours, and at least two of the "Alaska's" passengers were very glad to leave the gallant steamer in mid-stream, and reach the Liverpool docks by means of a black little tender, on the first of August, 1883. We were two youths from the nutmeg State, newly fledged graduates of the Yale Medical School, and had had great trouble in deciding how to come over. Some of my friends had told me I should enjoy the experiences of a steerage trip, while at least two had sent me checks to pay for a cabin passage; but I decided in favor of the steerage experience, and money saved, while my friend, "Doc.," as he is always called, bought an "intermediate" passage ticket. We chose the "Alaska" because the misery would be over more quickly on the "Queen of the Ocean," and went on board with all our traps early on the morning of July 24th. My fears were all centred upon the subject of the steerage "bed," and were quickened when I saw the calico bags which were being sold upon the dock. I sought the steward at once, introduced myself by means of four shillings, and found that I could for a sovereign have a hair mattress in the steward's room, which had accommodations for eight, whereas only four slept there, the steward and his assistant, a New

York police captain, and myself. This room was in the steerage, and it struck me as a grand good way to acquire the experience and the reputation of the steerage passage, and yet obtain as comfortable a bed as if in the first cabin; so the steward and I shook hands, the shake costing me four dollars and eighty-eight cents. The steward did everything for my comfort — was very obliging and kind. The "Doc." had a berth a little farther forward, in the intermediate cabin, where we both took our meals, getting on very well with the assistance of two large baskets which my mother and other New Haven friends had filled with canned meats of all kinds, sardines, jellies, crackers, canned chocolate, pickles, jars of blackberries, and maple syrup. Fortunately, the sea was such that we could eat with a good degree of impunity. The weather was fine, though a good many were sick for a day or two. We both escaped, being doctors. Most of my days were spent in studying up routes and brushing up my French enough to carry me through Belgium, for my plan was to avoid the railroads as much as possible. I intended to ride directly to London through the midland counties, spend a few days in London, and then, leaving most of England, Scotland, and Wales till another time, take two weeks or more and see Belgium and Holland very thoroughly, riding on through Germany to Göttingen.

In Göttingen I wish to study German and medicine in conjunction with bicycling trips through the Hartz mountains, down the Rhine, through the Tyrol, and to Berlin and Dresden. Then, in the spring of '84, I want to spend six weeks in Italy with my wheel, going to France and Switzerland in the late summer, with just a taste of Spain; then spend the next winter in Vienna, working in the hospital and riding down through Southern Austria. If the plans are carried out, shall I not have a bicycle feast? As to the success, I will tell you as time goes on, though I am a firm believer in the silent steed as a means of travel, and wish more American wheelmen would make a practical use of their machines in Europe. As ill-luck will have it, though I have owned two bicycles I have none at the very time I most wish it. My "Special Columbia," which has carried me one hundred and twenty-five miles from light to dusk, through several races and many a tour, was sold after my graduation from college, that it might not give credence to the story so common among business men as to the uselessness of college boys for real work. So I must buy an English wheel. But, to give up the planning and come back to facts; we two "medics" stood and with anxious eyes saw Mrs. Langtry and her fourteen large trunks pass the custom-house officials without a pause, while we must wait until two or three dignified Britons can examine the several hundred trunks which precede ours; but at last we too hail our cabman and are driven to the Star and Garter Hotel, paying perhaps three times the proper fare on account of our honest American faces. I go at once to the special club agency, and am informed that I cannot receive a 48-inch before three weeks. After spending the whole afternoon without finding what I want — a light machine — I find a company in Birkenhead, "The Wirrol," which will build me a bicycle with "Æolus" ball-bearings to both wheels and to the pedals, to weigh thirty-six lbs., with saddle, and to have seventy-two spokes to the front wheel; and they will lend me a wheel for a tour through North Wales while I am waiting a week for my own machine. In the absence of my Yankee "Pixie" I can do no better than to accept this proposition. My friend "Doc." is not a cyclist, and sorrowfully consents to see to my luggage and meet me at Chester for a couple of hours, and afterward go to London with me, meeting my bicycle at the various points

of interest by train. On the afternoon of the 2d of August, the day after our landing, I cross the ferry and mount my wheel at Birkenhead, having promised to meet "Doc." at the Pied Ball Hotel, and have tea with him and see the Cathedral.

I leave at four, and have before me a famous road of sixteen and a half miles. I need not say that I am happy with a capital surface, no hills, no medical books demanding instant perusal, and my favorite steed under me. I ride along rather leisurely, the more to enjoy my first view of the "hedged of England," and the country seats which line the turnpike. Reach the "Pied Ball" at a quarter of six, and find no "Doc."; leave my wheel and go to the Cathedral for half an hour. This dates back to 1093, and is the first really ancient thing my eyes have ever beheld, — barring some evidences of the glacial period, which our geological professor once pointed out to us; therefore it is the more interesting. Saw here two old friends. They appeared in the shape of two flags which were in the battle of Bunker Hill. Carried away some ivy leaves from the outside of the cloisters, walked a little way upon the wall, and went back to the inn to sit down alone, as is the English custom, to a great roast of beef. Look about and wait for the "Doc.," but all in vain; and at last give him up and start for Wrexham. [Afterward learned that he has forgotten the name of the inn, and gone to the first one shouted at him by the cabmen at the Chester depot; there he lives for two days in great style, consuming enormous quantities of mutton-chops, and at length goes back to Liverpool to await my return from the Welsh trip.] Leave Chester at eight with a good hour of daylight still awaiting me (the days are long here in the North), and ride for several miles with a Chester cyclist, who is very agreeable, but who nips in the bud my plan of riding through Eton park by saying that wheels (of bicycles) are not allowed there. So we are obliged to view the Hall, a fine pile of buildings, from the end of a long avenue. After bidding our friend good-by, Pixie and I light up our "King of the Road," and pull up Marfoot Hill, one and a half miles long, and good hard work, after which comes a level stretch into Wrexham, where we are really in Wales. The pretty barmaid at the Pied Bull had told me to go to a little inn kept by a Mrs. Parry, and there I dismounted at quarter of ten, after eleven and three-quarters miles from Ches-

ter, and I was glad to see my supper before me. The inn proved to be a very small one, so that I was obliged to sleep in the same room with a sixteen-year-old son of my landlady, who was very curious as to Americans. He said he had seen but one, an old Moravian missionary, who told two stories at the Wrexham church: one about the size of the potatoes, and other field products in America, something of the Munchausen order; and the other, to prove that Satan does not possess foreknowledge, in that he did not foresee that Job would praise the Lord in the midst of his afflictions, and prevent it by placing a great boil on the end of his tongue. After a wretched night's sleep I began work at 8 o'clock, with a steep hill and a road rather poor, but ridable, to Ruabon, five and a half miles, and here I must say the comparison of roads in England and America is on an entirely different basis. In touring in America you must often walk for several miles at a time, and a road where you can ride is "rather good"; while in England the supposition is that you can ride everywhere (with the exception of a short pitch occasionally, if you are in a hilly country) unless walking is expressly mentioned; and in my log I shall adopt that system, and "rather poor" will mean that the surface is such that you cannot ride very fast comfortably, on old macadam, for instance; while "poor" means slow and careful riding; and "bad" means very slow riding and hard work, a sandy or very rutty road, etc. At Ruabon, on the left, as you enter the town, is the large gate leading into Wynnstay park, the property of Sir Watkins Wynn, who belongs to one of the oldest families in Wales, which, as you remember, is the country in which several genealogical trees date back to Noah, or thereabouts, and who is often called the "King of Wales." The buildings are ancient and interesting, while the park is magnificent; the oaks and lime-trees are unsurpassed in England, very old, and of immense size. Two or three oaks must have been strangely educated in their youth, for they have grown up with trunks in the shape of tetragonal prisms, and very perfect ones from the ground to the first branches, twenty feet or more, and eight feet in diameter. After an hour and a half in the park, I rode on to Llangollen, six miles, over a good surface and through a beautiful valley. At Llangollen I crossed the River Dee into the town, and stopped for a couple of glasses of lemonade,

which in this country never sees a lemon, but is a mixture of water and CO_2 put up in bottles, with a slight flavoring added. Met a member of the C.T.C., had a pleasant talk with him, and we exchanged information as to roads. Rode up the valley of the Dee, stopping after ten minutes to visit a little rustic bridge, from which you have a good view of the rapids and falls just above. Reached Coswan, ten and a half miles from Llangollen, at half-past twelve, and went to the Owen Glyndive Hotel, where I was given a princely repast, and, medical lore still occupying space which used to be muscle, slept for two hours the sleep of a tired and inexperienced wheelman. At half-past three I bade good-by to the motherly hostess, who was very solicitous as to my health, and was off again with a poor road before me, and ten miles of it, to Cerrig-y-Druiddion; but I was amply repaid by the beautiful glens and the Conwyd Falls. The scenery was like a combination of the Berkshire Hills with Watkins Glen imported from New York to finish it off. The foliage was as green and fresh as if it were June, not August, and it was easy to believe that here exists the finest scenery of the three isles outside of Scotland. The road rose gradually for five miles, then there was quite a steep patch, and, by riding the wheel close to the wall, I could look down one hundred feet into Cerrig-y-Druiddion glen, with its cascades and piles of rocks. The road improved all the way to Cerrig-y-Druiddion, and was nearly level with a good surface from there to Peutre Voelas, five miles. Left Peutre Voelas on the right, and had seven miles and a quarter of almost continual coasting to Bettwz-y-Coed. The eleven miles from Cerrig-y-Druiddion to Fairy Glen was ridden in fifty-two minutes; then climbed down into the glen and rambled about for twenty minutes, adding to my collection of wild flowers, and wishing I could throw a line into some of the pools, which seemed made for trout. Leaving my trout, I continued my coast down the hill and over the bridge into Bettwz, where I lunched at the Temperance Hotel, and met two Americans, who were walking through from Chester to the summit of Snowden. It was already 6 o'clock, but I decided to go on to Pen-y-Gwryd.

From Bettwz the road ascends with a pretty steep grade for two miles, and there I was glad to dismount and visit the Swallow Falls, at the right of the highway.

and the most noted in Wales. The water pitches down in three cascades, and is almost as black as ink. Three miles farther on is Capel Curig, and there I stopped at the Royal Hotel for half an hour, and obtained a fine view of the Peak of Snowden. I wished for more time, that I might join a party in a climb to the summit, mounted on the back of a Welsh pony. Rode and walked, about half and half, over four and one-quarter miles of very rough road, most of it up hill, to the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel, at the foot of Llanberis pass, which I reached at 9 o'clock. Here I found wretched accommodation and poor food. The day's ride, fifty-three miles, in addition to the sight-seeing, made me very tired, and it was with a groan that I rose at 5 o'clock, ate a cold breakfast, and started for Cærnarvon, fifteen miles distant, over the pass. The ascent almost immediately became so steep and so rough that I was obliged to walk; to cap the climax, the descent was such that I dared not attempt to ride it for a long time, and had space to admire the mountains, with the cliffs and deep gorges. In the early morning I was the only traveller; could hear the hawks screaming overhead, and see sheep everywhere. Here and there, in a sheltered nook, nestled a stone house, built after the usual Welsh pattern, but so low that rocks falling from the cliffs would probably bound over it, and so strong that it seemed as if no ordinary avalanche could affect it. Just before reaching the top of the pass a fog crept up the valley, leaving three peaks in sight, while loneliness and walking made me wish for the presence of the two friends who made a trip to Saratoga so jolly four years ago. After three miles of walking I mounted and skirted for several miles Lake Llanberis, the hills on each side of which are bored through and through by slate quarries, the largest in the world. My time for the six and three-quarter miles from Pen-y-Gwryd to Llanberis is nearly two hours. I could almost run a slow race with it. From Llanberis we climbed up-hill, Pixie and I, for a mile, and then had a level and downhill for the remaining seven miles, and came into Cærnarvon with enough spirit to enthuse over the grand old castle, which many pronounce the finest in Great Britain. It is situated directly on the bay, and from the high tower you can see the Peak of Snowden, Holyhead stack, and the Menai bridges. Cromwell succeeded in blowing up only a small portion, and it is in wonder-

fully good preservation. The first Prince of Wales was born here, and must often have endangered his life and tried the patience of his mother by the many frocks he wore out creeping up and down those long circular flights of narrow stone stairs. You pay threepence admission fee (which very likely helps pay the debts of the present Prince of Wales, who was not born here, and has been reared in greater luxury). The wise old Welshwoman at the door of the castle took me for a fellow-countryman, and at once began to decry the vulgarity of Americans in their use of "I guess" and "I calculate"; said that she could "always tell an American" as soon as she spoke with him. I said that I thought it was very easy to do so; that perhaps their English would improve as the number of the aborigines decreased, and departed with a smile. Went into a bakery for a lunch, as that is the only place in the country where you are not charged for attendance, and at half-past one mounted for Menai bridge, eight miles, and a superb road. Pixie and I went over the suspension bridge, nearly six hundred yards long and one hundred feet above the water. A little way below is the Britannia tubular bridge (railway), built by Robert Stephenson, and between the two is an island with a parish church on it, said to have been built in 640! On the opposite side of the strait is a colossal statue of Lord Nelson, and a column to the Marquis of Anglesey. Two miles and one-half brought me to Bangor, over very good surface. At Bangor is a cathedral founded by a Welsh bishop, in 525, and in it are several very old tombs. The good roads continue for fourteen and a half miles, to Conway, passing through Abar and Llanfairfechan, which latter is a very jolly little watering-place with beautiful houses and neat streets. The road is near the sea most of the way, and part of the time it clings to the side of a bluff which rises nearly perpendicularly from the water. The view was very fine, but the wind had too good an opportunity where the road was so exposed, being, as is usually the case, rather contrary. Conway boasts a castle larger than that at Cærnarvon, but in ruins. It is well worth a visit, and I was favored by finding a medical society enjoying a picnic there, and forming a rather incongruous picture. At Conway I was within half an hour's ride of Llandudno, the most popular watering-place in Wales, but I did not visit it; kept straight on to Abar, eleven and a half

miles, and a rather poor road, arriving at a little after six. Put up at the Temperance Hotel, and had a good dinner. The day's ride has been fifty-one miles, but the hard climb up and down the pass, and the unwonted amount of exercise, have lamed my ankles. The *Tendo Achillis* complains, and will probably make the next week a disagreeable one. I shall never forget Abargele on account of a little play which was there enacted. The scene was laid in a Welsh hovel, called the "best barber-shop in Abargele"; the *Dramatis Personæ* were a boy, a razor (?), a barber (?), a dirty towel, and myself. The acts rattle along to a lively tune; the boy lathers my face; the razor scrapes off hair and skin; the Welshman grins wickedly and points to the towel as the only lavatory; the towel makes me sick, and I pay the three ha'pence charged, and resolved to grow a beard thereafter. Nine o'clock the next morning sees me ploughing along through the rain, with a rubber suit to comfort me. Six and one-half miles to Rhyddlan, where I find a third old castle, which, from a distance, is much the most beautiful of the three, with its turrets absolutely clothed in ivy—a sight very fair to an American's eyes. The road, which has been very heavy, improves decidedly as I ride on toward Flint, leaving Holywell on my right. The eighteen miles are covered in two hours, and at Flint the rain is left behind. Have dinner here, and dry my clothes, and at 3 o'clock mount for the most uninteresting portion of the trip, the twenty-one miles between Flint and Birk-

enhead, by way of Queen's Ferry, arriving at six, tired, and with lame ankles, but deeply in love with the 'cycling of Old England. The expense of the trip per diem was just seven and sixpence, including everything, photographs and two or three little souvenirs.

There is one thing to be remembered in the shape of advice: Always make a bargain before you put up at a hotel for the accommodation you wish, whether it be dinner merely, or supper, lodging, and breakfast; otherwise you will be imposed upon as I have been. You will have a bill for lodging, so much; attendance, so much; candles, so much; butter will be charged if you have any, and if the water were good enough to allow the drinking of a second glass, I think it would be charged too. The only difference between a Welshman and a Spaniard (I have been told) is that the Welshman will keep a contract if one is made; otherwise one will fleece you as much as the other. And this advice can be applied all through England, and is strictly followed by the British 'cyclists, for John Bull's reputation for "fair play" is founded chiefly upon his love for "fair play" toward himself. It has always been my ambition to ride my wheel on good roads, and the realization is every whit equal to the anticipation, though one cannot expect a smooth floor in a hilly country. Next month will you ride with me and my new steed, Pixie, through the midland counties, to Kenilworth, Warwick, and Windsor?

G. F. F.

THE WHEELMAN'S LAMENT.

AFTER SHAKESPEARE.

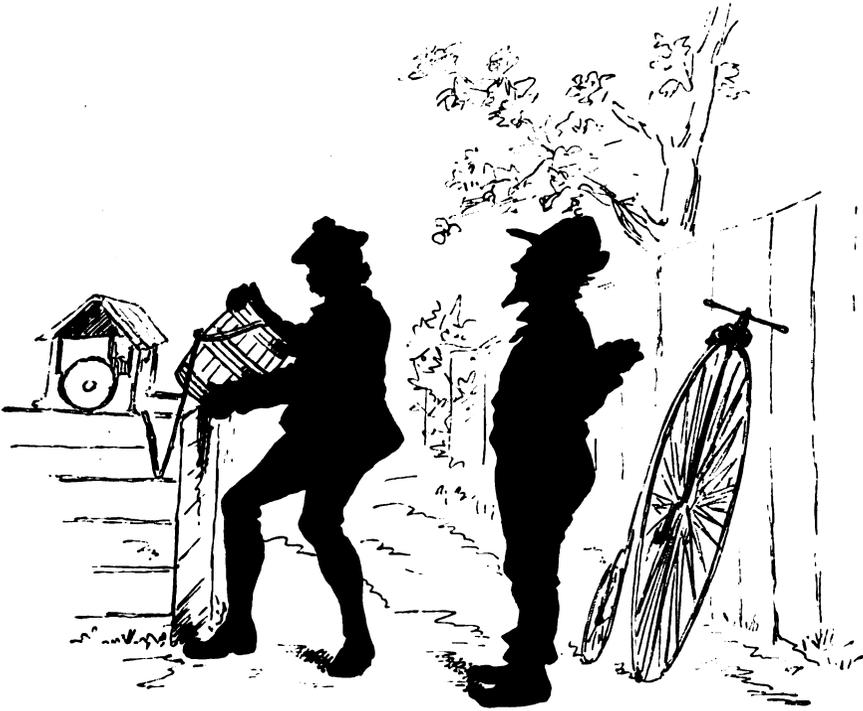
Oh, now, for months,
 Farewell the pleasant ride, farewell content,
 Farewell the kneed breeches and the flannel shirt,
 That make bicycling comfortable! Oh, farewell!
 Farewell the nickeled wheel, and the shrill calliope,
 The convivial meet, the jolly dinner,
 The exciting race; and all gayety,
 Fun, frolic, and poetry of delightful wheeling!
 And, O you small boys, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
 Farewell! The wheelman's occupation's gone.

Ellsworth.

SI. PLUNKITT.

At farmer Plunkitt's well I stop,
The bucket's rim to kiss;
As down my throat the waters drop,
Down trickles, also, this:—

“ I want ter know! Du tell me now.
Yu ben't thet feller, be yer,



“ I WANT TER KNOW! DU TELL ME NOW.”

Az puts them rhymes in print? I vow!
I'm plaguey glad tu see yer.

“ I yused ter pen fur papers tu,
When I waz 'bout so big;
But now I haz tu much ter du
A pennin' fur thur pig.

SI. PLUNKITT:

“ Them things be eazy rode. Oh, yes,
 I yused one time tu spin 'em;
 Enjide thur sport sum, tu, till Bess
 She sot hur foot ag'in 'em.

“ I seed a chap astride a bi.,
 It peered so eazy rid —



“ I SEED A CHAP ANTRIDE A BI.,
 IT PEERED SO EASY RID.”

‘ Si. Plunkitt, buy a bi.,’ sez I;
 An’ by an’ by I did.¹

“ ‘ What’s thet?’ sez Betz. ‘ A hoss,’ sez I.
 ‘ Gee-hossy-phat!’ sez Betz,
 Az up I fly a fathum high,
 An’ thru a hot-bed sets.

¹ If ‘Cycling’s critic sees that verse, farewell, my reputation; the “ I saw Esau ” style’s a curse in his good estimation.

“ ‘Thet there’s a hoss,’ sez Betz tu me.
‘ Az ort tu jine a surcus ;’
‘ Lor, Betz,’ sez I, ‘ how green yu be!
I did that thar a-purpus.’

“ I mounts ag’in. ‘ Shet up yer jaw !’
Sez I, az down I slid ;



“ ‘ LOR, BETZ,’ SEZ I, ‘ HOW GREEN YU BE!
I DID THAT THAR A-PURPUS.’ ”

Sez Betz, ‘ I didn’t speak ;’ ‘ Oh, pshaw !
I thought,’ sez I, ‘ yer did.’

“ I took mi boots an’ westkit off
With great deturminashun.
An’ up I gets — Betz gave a korf
An’ balked mi kalkulashun.

“ I shooted down thur hen’ry stair,
 Clean thru a winder shot,
 I pawed thru air, I sawed thru air,
 An’ soled miself a lot.

“ ‘ See what yer done!’ I yelled, mi hed
 An’ ev’ry jint a akin’,



“ I PAWED THRU AIR, I SAWED THRU AIR,
 AN’ SOLED MISELF A LOT.”

‘ Thet tarnal korf o’ yourn,’ I sed,
 ‘ Kum nigh my koffin’ makin.’

“ Sez she, ‘ Jest let me hold it, Si,’
 I looked Betz Plunkitt thro’;
 She’d balked mi game so orfun I
 Waz sumwat skeery tu.

“ ‘Wal, hold,’ sez I; ‘Set straight,’ sez she;
‘Shet up, yu’ll balk!’ I hollered;
Tu late — hur knee was driv in me,
An’ haf hur hoof I swallered.

“ ‘Gol-ri!’ sez I (quite kalm an’ kool),
‘Cl’ar out! yer in thur way!



“SECH KOMMENTS WOULD UNNARVE A MULE!
GIT IN THUR HOUSE, AN’ STAY!”

Sech komments would unnarve a mule!
Git in thur house, an’ stay!’

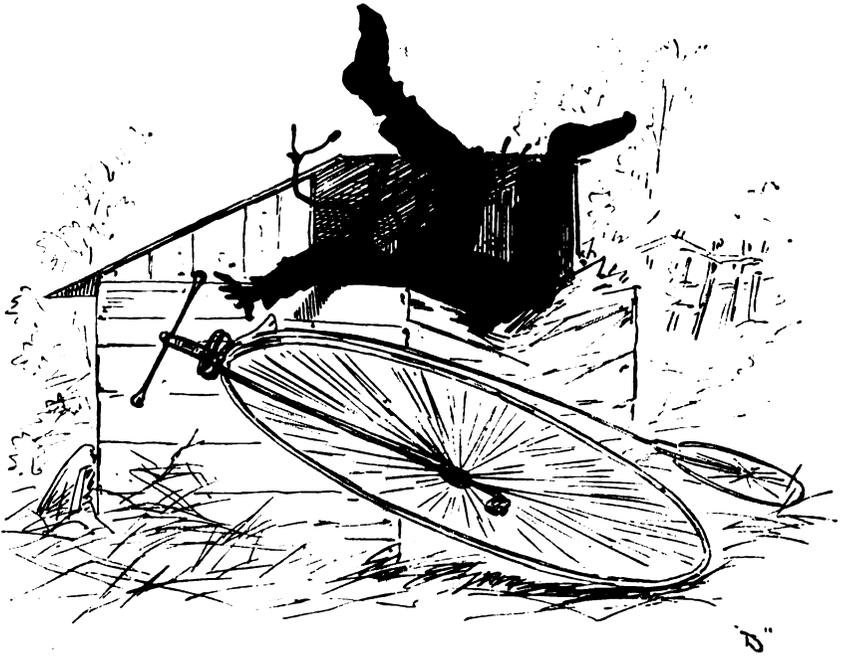
“I slacked my spenders, chucked mi tie
An’ koller on thur grass —
‘Thur sty I’ll fetch this time,’ sez I,
‘Or style miself an ass.’

“I fetched thur sty — inside — kerslam!

Az sure az I'm Si. Plunkitt;
Kum mighty nigh a sayin' damn,
So pesky loud I think it.

“I riz. Betz on thur pyazzy stood.

‘I'll quit,’ sez I, ‘this minnit —

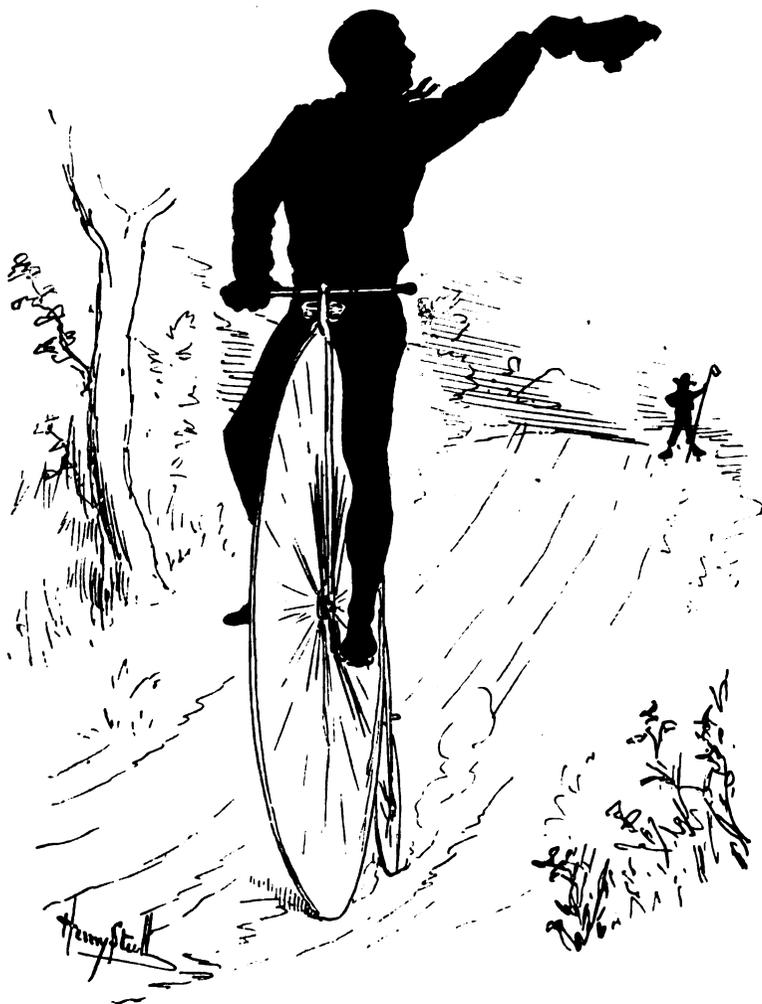


“I FETCHED THUR STY — INSIDE — KERSLAM.”

I'll quit it, Betz,' sez I, 'fur good,
Az yu're so set ag'in it.'

“Oh, yes, them things be eazy rid,
Ter mount, glide on thur seat;
Stop gradyerly, thur way I did,
An' lite upon yer feet.”

The music of his nasal twang
No longer rhythmic flows ;
No more his verdant breath doth hang
About my weary nose.



"THET'S JEST THUR GRACEFUL WAY I GLODE,
TILL BETZ GOT SOT AG'IN IT."

I say farewell, I gain the road,
Faint follows as I spin it—
"Thet's jest thur graceful way I glode,
Till Betz got sot ag'in it."

S. Conant Foster.

PARIS AND VICINITY THROUGH A 'CYCLIST'S EYES.

PARIS offers every inducement to devotees of the wheel : it has its broad, well-kept macadam avenues running out of the city in different directions ; its interesting and often beautiful suburbs, containing unexcelled roads ; its Bois de Boulogne, in which one can take so readily a pleasant afternoon or evening spin of twenty miles if wished for, in exploring its fine curving roads, crossed and recrossed by foot-paths and horse-pads. Then, on the other side of the city, is the Bois de Vincennes, second only to that of Boulogne in attractiveness, and possessing a terrace road, which commands a complete view of the broad valley at the confluence of the rivers Seine and Marne and the fort-crowned hills around. This road is traversed in going to Fontainebleau. Fine roads lead from the city to St. Cloud, Sèvres, Versailles, Forest and Chateau of St. Germain, etc. In the park adjoining the latter is another terrace road overlooking a large reach of country away to Paris, one being only prevented from seeing the whole city by the intervention of Mount Valéncia, crowned by the strong fortress celebrated in the Franco-Prussian war. These and other suburbs of the city give opportunity for many pleasant and alluring spins in leisure afternoons. Within the walls of Paris itself are the charming districts of Passy and Auteuil, lying near the Bois de Boulogne, and containing many a tree-arched road lined with pretty and elaborate villas.

In Passy, as many know, resides Victor Hugo, so well loved by the French people, and from whose writings most of us have derived much of beneficial entertainment. Throughout these places, as in many others adjoining, the roads are universally good and often fine. It is possible to penetrate to the heart of the city without crossing a rod of stone pavement, — the main Boulevard having nearly half its length macadam or wood for surface ; and wood pavement in Paris does not mean a Devonshire-street job, but a durable and smooth road-bed ; connecting streets are laid with asphalt, completing the link.

I can mount at the door of my hôtel, adjoining the Place Vendôme, and ride to all the principal points of interest beyond the fortifications — including all that I have before mentioned — on macadam-sur-

facéd avenues and boulevards whose width and beauty all the world knows.

The French riders, of whom, strange to say, there are not many, have rather odd ideas about both machine and dress. I have never yet encountered one wearing what we consider a wheeling suit — knickerbockers and stockings.

The favorite costume seems to be an ordinary jacket, white canvas trousers, loose at the bottom, and a white canvas naval hat. I have seen fellows in Paris riding without coat, and with *rolled-up shirt-sleeves*. The youngsters delight to get some antiquated machine of a species between a bicycle and a "bone-shaker," and *toil* along the streets in this simple costume, bent over the handle-bar, as if they were working a treadmill at so much the hour. A properly attired 'cyclist is so much of a rarity in this vicinity that an English lady exclaimed to her companion one day as I passed her in the Bois, "Now, that's an Englishman, I'm sure!" I politely informed her of my true nationality. In all my riding in the city and tours outside I have been universally treated with politeness by teamsters, toll-gate keepers, and people in general, never having even encountered a "*cocher*" who was inclined to be disagreeable. Among the country people a good machine is the object of much good-natured curiosity, some of them holding amusing arguments as to whether it can go as fast as the "*chemin de fer*" or not.

Strange as it may seem, I have nowhere met the degree of astonished curiosity as that experienced on a recent tour through the centre and south of England. There my patience stood by me for six days, but the seventh it fled, and I fear my replies to one or two innocent rustics were unkindly short.

I understand that there are certain existing laws in Paris closing the main boulevard and the avenue des Champs Elysées to wheelmen ; but if so, they are virtually a dead letter, for the efficient C.T.C. Consul. M. Devilliers, informs me that one can now ride on the Boulevard, and I myself have ridden down the full length of the avenue des Champs Elysées a number of times without the slightest molestation. There is one rule, though, which is some-

times enforced. In the *Bois de Boulogne* are the race-courses of Auteuil and Long-champs; and on afternoons when races are held in either, calling an unusual number of carriages into the Bois, 'cyclists are enjoined from entering. Notwithstanding, I have gone in a number of times on such afternoons, and only once have had my attention called to the rule. It should be added that I avoided all roads leading from the city to the race-courses. Thus it will be seen that the officials are quite kindly

disposed to the wheel. About every condition being such as to encourage 'cycling, it is surprising that the natives are not more addicted to the art. Let me advise my brother wheelmen in America, should they ever cross the ocean with their machines, not to omit France from their tour; nor to neglect a chance of wheeling over Normandy's ideal roads, and seeing her interesting and historic country. Of this matter of touring I shall write comprehensively later.

W. R. Griffiths.

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THE QUIET HOUR.

At sunset out across the hills,
I rode unto the dying day;
The brooks sang low with tender trills,
The birds were silent on my way.

The crickets chirped in monotone,
The bees were sleeping on the hill.
The wind swept by with solemn moan —
My heart grew sad, my voice was still.

Yet, in my breast sweet thoughts were born,
Unmixed with aught of earth's alloy,
And words were faltering and outworn
That sought to voice my silent joy.

The quiet hour of eventide
Subdues man's stormy soul within,
And pure thoughts through his musings glide
Without a trace of soil or sin.

But, with the joy of high-born thought,
There is a lingering touch of pain, —
A yearning with sweet suffering fraught,
When utterance strives, and strives in vain.

But while the sombre shadows slept
Upon the hills and o'er the vales,
Between the trees the moonbeams crept,
And swift illumed the quiet dales.

The silver moonlight, sifting through
The leaves and branches of the trees,
On wings of light around me flew,
And mingled with the shifting breeze.

Like mist at morn, sad thoughts took flight,
The wide world opened like a scroll,
And ere the day had turned to night
Delight alone filled all my soul.

James Clarence Harvey.

THE ENVIRONS OF SPRINGFIELD.

THE bicycle is an index to the existence of good roads just as certainly as the good roads themselves are an index to the existence of a high degree of civilization in the locality possessing them. There is solid significance, therefore, in the fact that the largest and most energetic bicycle club in America is now flourishing in the little inland city of Springfield. If the highways of Hampden County had not been greatly improved from their condition of thirty years ago, it is hardly probable that the last three years would have witnessed the phenomenon of an increase in the number of local bicyclers from three to three hundred. The present "tournament" may no doubt be made to teach various interesting "lessons" as to the power of personal energy and shrewdly-planned business combinations in bringing great things to pass; but its most impressive and lasting lesson ought to be connected with the fact that an exceptionally good series of local roadways is the ultimate basis upon which the tournament itself really rested. Were the roads of the region as poor now as in 1850 Springfield bicycling would not be much of a power to conjure with, — would not supply the machinery for creating so great an exhibition as that which lately attracted thousands of strangers to the city.

The late Samuel Bowles, while editor of the *Springfield Republican*, in his varied efforts to persuade the citizens to improve their special local advantages, and to improve upon them, took frequent occasion to direct their notice to the attractiveness of the numerous roads in the region round about, and to the comparative inexpensiveness of expanding these into a connected series of "park drive-ways," to be used for purposes of pleasure and recreation rather than for heavy business traffic. His plans for thus easily ensuring some excellent "breathing-places" around a city whose lack of a central park could only be met by an enormous expenditure of money, always seemed to me eminently practicable as well as admirable; and I still hope that in the course of a few years more, when a thousand or so of Springfield's citizens shall have become regular riders of the wheel, these same plans may be realized. The men who drive horses may not always greatly love the men who drive wheels

(though, of the numberless things which "frighten horses," it would be hard to name one which causes fright less frequently than the bicycle), but they always do have a great liking for good roads and they ought clearly to see not only that good roads will develop bicycling in any given locality, but that the increase of bicyclers there will tend to make the good roads better and more numerous. In like manner, this present minute report of my personal observations on the roads of Hampden county which are most practicable for bicycling, though designed chiefly as a guide for the benefit of visiting wheelmen, will serve also to assure other strangers that the environs of Springfield may be readily explored by any sort of pleasure-carriage. Old residents, too, may, perhaps, be interested in reading of well-known paths as related to the new mode of locomotion, and the description may possibly even recall to their minds some agreeable combinations of routes for their own afternoon drives.

In pushing my bicycle a distance of eight thousand miles I have made trial of about four thousand distinct miles of roadway, situated in fifteen separate States of the Union, and in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the islands beyond; but in this somewhat extended experience I have never found another town of which it can be said, as of Springfield, that a bicycler, starting at its central square or city hall, can ride without dismount for eight or ten miles towards all four points of the compass, — north, south, east, and west. The streets of the nation's capital city are incomparably the cleanest and best paved ones to be anywhere found upon the North American continent; but when a Washington wheelman gets beyond the limits of the municipal asphalt, his choice of routes for a comfortable afternoon's ride become extremely limited. The New Yorker has within easy reach, — north, south, east, and west of his beloved Manhattan island, — finer and more extensive macadamized roadways than any which Western Massachusetts can boast of; but the four series of roads are disconnected by water from each other, as well as from the island, though many miles of good riding may be had on the northern part of the island itself.

The State House at Boston stands on a hill beside the sea, but though the man who mounts its glistening dome beholds much water, he also overlooks a territory possessed of a larger "mileage" of smooth, hard roadway than exists elsewhere in any such small area of the New World. The entire suburban region, within a radius of fifteen miles or so, is cut up by a network of roads which are almost all excellently macadamized, so that a bicyclist may ride long distances without the necessity of dismounting or of frequently repeating his course. The rolling country around Boston does, indeed, justify the laudations of its friends who extol it as "the paradise of American wheelmen." We have nothing elsewhere to equal it, or to be easily comparable to it. The region that ranks next to it in attractiveness must be "next by a very long interval"; but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, that rank may fairly be assigned to the region around Springfield. Outside the Boston suburbs, I think there is no other place but this where the bicycle may be driven so far in so many directions without stop, and where such extensive and pleasant routes, which involve no repetitions of one's course, may be so easily laid out.

"Purgatory," rather than "Paradise," however, would be a visiting bicyclist's designation of that section of the city's chief thoroughfare on which he first tries his wheel when he emerges from the eastern portal of the railroad station, for this is just about at the middle of that busiest mile of Main street, where the macadam has been worn into ruts, and holes, and ridges, where it is kept almost continuously muddy by regular watering-carts or casual showers, and where every one of the cross-walks causes a tremendous jolt. This mile section of roadway, which stands in such crying need of a new top-dressing of powdered stone, extends from Memorial Church, on the north (where the cyclist turns to the left in seeking the northern entrance to the camp on Hampden Park, or the West Springfield route to Holyoke), to State street, on the south, which thoroughfare leads eastward up the Armory Hill, and is the old post road to Boston. The horse-car tracks run along it for a mile and a half, and, though the first half of this distance is up-grade, it is macadamized smoothly enough to be rideable for a bicycle. At the fork, where the horse-car tracks end, the left road should be taken, and again the left into the woods,

at the next fork, two and a quarter miles beyond. Thence the course extends four miles in a pretty direct north-easterly line across the plain, after which a choice of several streets is offered in descending to the hotel in the manufacturing village of Indian Orchard. The hill to the eastward may be easily ridden up, and the rider soon crosses the Chicopee river, at the Jenksville bridge, beyond which he can proceed on the sidewalks for a half mile or more towards Three Rivers before being forced to halt. This point, where he stops, is upwards of nine miles from the city hall in Springfield, and marks the easternmost limit of good riding. The whole distance may be done without dismounting, though at many seasons of the year an average rider would be unlikely to get across the sand plain without once or twice leaving the saddle. On the last Thursday of last December, when the sand was well packed together with frost and ice, I myself rode without stop from the west end of the South bridge, which is a mile and a half below the corner of Main and State streets, to the hotel in Indian Orchard. The time was an hour and a quarter, and the cyclometer recorded the distance as exactly eight miles. Its record between Jenksville and West Brookfield, is twenty-four miles, by either one of two routes, both of which are very poor, and necessitate much walking through the sand. The route which I recommend as preferable leads through Three Rivers, Thorndike, and Ware; while the one usually taken by tourists leads through North Wilbraham, Palmer, West Brimfield, and Warren. The point of separation is at the Jenksville bridge, where the man bound for Palmer turns to the right, instead of crossing the river; and the two routes come together again at the pond, which lies a mile to the west of the hotel in West Brookfield. From that point to Worcester and Boston the roads are almost continuously rideable, and they generally supply very good riding. The best route from Worcester to Boston leads through Shrewsbury, Northboro', and Framingham.

The northward ride from Springfield is the smoothest and prettiest one, however, and usually ends at the Holyoke House, nine miles from the city hall. The up-grades are few, and easily ridden in either direction, and there is nothing to prevent the veriest tyro from doing the whole distance without dismount, except occasional repairs to the road-bed. This consists

for the most part of reddish gravel, containing clay enough to pack it firmly together; and, though liable to be badly affected by the spring frosts or by long-continued rains, it undoubtedly forms the best single stretch of country road in Western Massachusetts. The road-races of the bicycle club are run upon it, and its average smoothness is shown by the record of time made therein, — 38 minutes. The tourist from Springfield should turn left from Main street at the gray stone church, where the double-track of the horse-railroad terminates, and he may there advantageously take the concrete sidewalk for a few rods, if he returns to the street level at the second gateway, before reaching the slight ascent to the railroad bridge. Descending past the entrance to the park, he turns left to the iron bridge across the Connecticut, and thence goes northward along the river road to Holyoke. He should not turn towards the river, however, at the two places in the road where signs point eastward to Chicopee. From the Holyoke House I have ridden westward over the canal bridges and railroad track, and, on the concrete sidewalks, to the crest of the hill, on which stands the city hall, a massive structure of granite. Thence through the park, and by streets leading northward and westward, one may reach the old turnpike in Ireland Parish, at a point just above Craft's tavern, distant about two miles from the Holyoke House. There are excellent views along this course, and I think that an expert rider might cover it all without a dismount, though I myself have never been able to conquer the long, winding Ewingsville hill, which forms a part of it, and which needs to be descended with considerable care. On reaching the turnpike I have ridden northward without stop for some two miles, or to a point beyond the brook at the foot of the long descent. Two miles above here is the station at Smith's Ferry, and two miles farther is the station miscalled Mount Tom, though that lofty peak stands far away to the west. The roadway of these four miles is the worst stretch which the bicyclist will encounter on the west side of the river in touring from Hartford to Bellows Falls, being so soft and sandy as generally to forbid progress except on foot. From the Mount Tom station I have found fairly good riding to Easthampton, two miles, and an excellent road; thence backward for a similar distance to a certain point on the ascent of

the real Mount Tom. The last mile of the ascent, ending at the half-way house, I accomplished on foot, but I think the descent towards Easthampton might be safely made on the wheel, and no stop be required before completing the three miles. The two miles of roadway leading downward from the half-way house to Craft's is softer than the other slope, and requires considerable walking; though the turnpike southward from Craft's continues good for about two miles to Gates' hill. The rider who can descend this safely, and ascend the shorter slope which succeeds it, will have no trouble in reaching the main river road again, at the watering-trough below Ingleside, six miles from the Springfield bridge. The mile between the trough and Gates' is rather difficult for one going northward, and, though I have ridden it all to the final hill, I have never tried that hill, and do not believe it can be mounted. The view from this upper road is even finer than that from the smoother road below, and a northward descent into the latter may be made by the tourist who does not care to turn under the railway track towards Gates'.

My recollection as a pedestrian of twenty years ago is that the main road from Easthampton to Northampton, five miles, would be practicable for a bicycle; and other wheelmen have told me that the meadow road, from Mount Tom station to Northampton, is for the most part ridable, and that they had little difficulty in proceeding thence through Hatfield and Whately to Deerfield. The route of my own first ride up the valley was less wisely chosen, however, for I was forced to walk through three miles of sand before reaching Hatfield, and another mile of the same after leaving it. My advice to tourists, therefore, is to take the train from Smith's Ferry to North Hatfield, as I have done on subsequent occasions. From that point to South Deerfield the distance by the "east road" is six miles, and by the "west road" only about three-quarters as far, though I have found the former to be preferable. Thence one may go most pleasantly without dismount for seven miles or more to the Cheapside bridge, below Greenfield; and the road continues good to Bernardston, Brattleboro', and Putney. The distance to that point from Springfield, omitting the short railroad ride indicated, is fifty-six miles, and I have wheeled it, without special effort, in a single day. On the following forenoon I occupied three

hours and a half in accomplishing the next fourteen miles to Bellows Falls, where I took train over the mountain to Rutland, and wheeled thence westward to Whitehall, in the course of the afternoon, a distance of twenty-five miles, whereof the first two-thirds supplied most excellent riding.

The westward route from Springfield is the shortest, and in some respects the most difficult, for there are several hills to be climbed, whereof the first is extremely tiresome, and there is said to be no good riding whatever beyond the western end of Franklin street, in Westfield, which is the extreme point to which a rider may go in that direction without dismount. The distance from Springfield city hall is ten miles, and a combination of careful riding and good luck seems to me necessary to enable a wheelman to get over it all without a stop. From the end of the iron bridge over the Connecticut the tourist continues westward along the north side of the Common, in West Springfield, and then northward a few rods to the post-office, where he turns westward again and soon reaches the big hill, which is quite hard to climb, though its surface is smooth and hard. A quarter mile beyond, where the left-hand road leads downward to the Miteneague Railroad station, he must turn uphill to the right, and a mile later he will descend to Block brook, and climb a much longer hill. In the course of the next mile he will encounter the steepest descent of the route, and will cross the bridge over the railway crossing under it again, a little ways on, at the so-called deep-cut, and still again a half mile westward. The road follows the tracks for a mile and a half, and then divides at Millbrook, the right-hand branch going under the tracks, and thence in a curve of two miles to the railway station in Westfield. The left-hand road, which is much the better one, crosses the brook and then the river, and in another mile crosses the river again and brings the tourist to the thickly-settled part of the town, though the central park is nearly a mile beyond; and the Pine Hill cemetery, which is the end of the smooth riding, is nearly a mile beyond the park. There are several miles of concrete sidewalks in Westfield, along which the bicyclist may glide without need of dismounts, and the road leading to Southwick is said to be a fairly good one. At the close of last December I wheeled from Westfield to Springfield with only one dismount, and

that happened on the long upward climb after crossing the railroad bridge, though I understand that this hill has often been conquered by other wheelmen. The road branching northward from the brow of the hill west of Block brook leads to the mountain picnic ground, called Bearhole, about two and a half miles distant, and most of it is practicable for the bicycle. Very extended views may be had from the lofty ridge along which this road runs. The return route from Westfield may be still further varied by descending the hill at Miteneague, crossing the Agawam river, climbing the hill beyond, crossing again at the covered Agawam bridge, and proceeding thence in a straight line eastward to the old covered bridge at Springfield. The distance, three miles, may be done without dismount, though the first half, ending at the Agawam bridge, requires careful riding. Instead of the second half, another good route of equal length leads northward along the river across the railroad track, and thence eastward along the south side of the common in West Springfield to the iron bridge. The main street of the town extends a similar distance southward to the old bridge, and has a brick sidewalk which is continuously rideable, though no need exists of resorting to it except in muddy weather. Roughly speaking, the roads connecting the three bridges may be said to form an equilateral triangle, each side of which is a mile and a half long; and the whole circuit may be made in either direction without dismount.

The southward route from Springfield crosses the iron bridge into Agawam, about a mile and a half below the city hall, and extends along the river bank for nearly three miles till it reaches the main road at Porter's distillery. I have ridden this course northward without a stop when November frosts had stiffened the sand; but I think that at most seasons of the year there are some soft places which can hardly be driven through. An excellent clay road extends southward from Porter's through the town of Suffield; and in August last I rode down it for seven miles until a new coating of gravel on the hill beyond the bridge, two miles north of Windsor Locks forced my first dismount. Four long hills had to be climbed on this course, and I considered the act of riding up the last and longest of them, which is directly opposite Thompsonville, quite a creditable feat. The two following miles of roadway were the smoothest of all, and commanded a fine

view of the eastern side of the valley. From the old bridge over the Agawam, by the main road eastward along the river and then southward, the distance to Porter's distillery is three miles, and the first two-thirds of it may be easily ridden in either direction without stop, over a road of clay and gravel, though two hills have to be climbed near the river. For a mile to the northward of Porter's the roadway is rather soft, and the eastern sidewalk supplies a preferable path; but an expert rider might perhaps have the luck to reach the distillery without a dismount (six miles from the city hall, by way of the north-end bridge), and he could then go at least seven miles farther without halting, and perhaps also to Windsor Locks. As a Hartford man has wheeled up to this point without stop (thirteen miles), it even seems possible that a bicyclist might stay in his saddle for the entire route from Springfield to Hartford, twenty-eight miles, as here described. Indeed, I have heard it rumored that a Springfield man has really wheeled to Hartford without stop, down the east side of the river, but I can hardly credit the story, because such a feat would seem to me more remarkable than anything yet known to have been accomplished on a bicycle. The roads through East Hartford, East Windsor, Enfield, and Longmeadow, are for the most part soft and sandy, and though the bicycling tourist is cheered by many miles of good sidewalks, these are by no means continuous. I drove my wheel down this route, on the 9th of January, over the frozen snow and with a strong north wind at my back (twenty-eight miles), in less than five hours; but my progress along the same course in summer has been considerably slower.

A south-westerly ride of nine miles without a dismount may be had by way of the North and Agawam bridges, through Feeding Hills, toward Southwick ponds. Turning to the right after crossing the Agawam river, the left-hand road must be taken at the first fork, and a rather difficult hill ascended; then, about a mile from the bridge, where four roads meet, a turn should be taken away from the telegraph poles, and the main road leading from Middeneague should be followed straight across the plain, two and a half miles, to the town hall in Feeding Hills, and three-quarters of a mile beyond it, when a turn should be taken to the south, and, after two miles more of level riding, another turn westward, to a short hill which causes

a stop. About five miles beyond, after several other turns, the picnic grounds between the ponds are passed. The main road is reached at the Methodist church, a mile westward, and the southward course from there continues smooth for two miles, to Veits' tavern, just beyond the Connecticut line, where five roads come together. One of these leads to the old copper mine and prison on Turkey hill, in Simsbury, and is presumably rideable; and the route thence to the river road in Suffield cannot be a difficult one. I was told that the northward course from the Methodist church, through Southwick to Westfield, was generally smooth and hard; and the "back-street" route from Feeding Hills to Westfield is also said to be practicable for the wheel. From the point about three miles south-west of Feeding Hills, where the Springfield rider is first forced to stop, he may return through Middeneague, climb its steep hill, coast down the long hill to the post-office in West Springfield, and ascend the church hill, ten miles, without dismount. The view from the hill is a fine one, but its northern slope must be descended with care, on account of the loose gravel. The westward road from the church makes two southward turns in reaching Middeneague, but avoids the hills, and is all rideable, though usually requiring dismounts.

The roads branching off towards Chicopee, at points one mile and a half and two miles above the church hill in West Springfield, are not as hard as the main road to Holyoke, but can usually be ridden to the bridge without dismount. The planking of this bridge needs more attention than that of the two iron bridges at Springfield or the one at Holyoke, but is much better than that of the old bridge at Springfield, whose cracks threaten disaster to the tires of a careless rider. The village streets of Chicopee and Chicopee Falls are not particularly bad, but their numerous concrete sidewalks supply much pleasanter riding, and the curbs are not usually abrupt. The town hall in Chicopee stands three-quarters of a mile from the bridge, and the approach thereto, along the left-hand sidewalk of Exchange street, is uninterrupted. There is no need of a stop in crossing the road in front of it to the concrete walk leading up hill to the bridge at Chicopee Falls, about two miles. I myself, on the 25th August, continued across the bridge, and climbed the steep hill beyond it, but was forced to dismount at the

end of the sidewalk soon after beginning the descent. This was at a point nearly three miles from the town-hall, and the road keeps descending for two miles farther, until it reaches the railroad crossing a few rods below the Williamsett station. The whole descent may be easily made without dismount, though hardly any riding would be possible on the upward slope. The main road leading back to the town hall, distant four miles, is called Chicopee street, and is entirely level, but is believed to be too soft for bicycling. In the other direction, for two miles along the riverside north of Williamsett, I found this road to be ridable, except a few short pitches, though none of it supplied good riding, and the whole would probably be impassable in bad weather. A mile of smooth riding on the sidewalks and bridge extends this route to the Holyoke House, whence a return may be made to Springfield over the well-known course. From the town-hall in Chicopee to the Memorial Church, three and a half miles, one may easily go without dismount (the road being really an extension of Main street, and macadamized as far as the city limits), and, of course, the return from Holyoke to the city-hall may be made by this route also without dismount. The northward ride would be less agreeable, on account of the need of climbing the Chicopee hill,—from which, by the by, a fine view of the valley farming-lands may be had. The route connecting Chicopee Falls with Indian Orchard is about five miles long, and nearly a quarter of it usually has to be travelled on foot. The extension of State street, beyond the terminus of the horse-car tracks, supplies good riding for two miles or so in the direction of Sixteen Acres; and Walnut street, which branches southward from State at the corner of the Armory grounds, may likewise be easily followed for a mile and a quarter, to the water-shops, and twice that distance beyond into the region of East Longmeadow, whence it is likely enough that a practicable route might be found leading through Longmeadow proper, and so back to Springfield. The return from the water-shops may also be made by following the horse-car tracks through Central, Maple, and State streets back to Main, mostly on a down grade; or, if the cemetery be visited, Pine street may be traversed thence to Crescent Hill, where a fine view may be enjoyed, and a winding descent be made thence to the region of South Main street. The steep

slope of Ames' hill, leading into Maple street, should be descended with caution; and the south sidewalk of Union street should be taken by hill-climbers, as they approach the summit, or they will be unlikely to reach the summit. Visiting bicyclers should remember that the most commanding view of the whole Springfield region may be had from the tower of the United States Armory, and, also, that the smooth roads and walks within the government grounds are guarded by government muskets against the passage of bicycles.

An inspection of the roads as outlined on the county maps may doubtless suggest the exploration of other attractive bicycle routes in this region; but the ones described in this present report are certainly numerous enough to support my opening assertion that the region is exceptionally well adapted for bicycling. Without going outside these roads, and without repeating his course upon them, a rider who starts at the city hall may lay out pleasant round-trip routes of any desired length. Thus, up the east side of the river, through Chicopee Falls and Willimansett to Holyoke and down the west side, through the old bridge and Water street to the starting-point, supplies twenty-one miles, without a rod of repetition. This may be increased at will to twenty-eight, twenty-nine, or thirty miles, by taking one of the westward and southward routes through Agawam to Porter's distillery, and there turning back northward by the river road to the starting-point. Or a rider may continue down the west bank and cross the river for the return journey at Thompsonville, or Enfield, or Windsor Locks, or Hartford, in which latter case his circuit will be about seventy-five miles long. The west side route to the Holyoke House, thence westward to Ireland Parish, southward to Ingleside, eastward to Chicopee, and homeward through Carew, Chestnut, and Dwight streets, offers a circuit of about twenty-two miles, with hardly more than a mile of repetition; and a very skilful rider might, perhaps, do the whole distance without a stop. The simpler Chicopee circuit, ridden in the same direction, may be easily done without dismount, whether restricted to ten miles or increased to twelve; or it may be increased to seventeen by the addition of Chicopee Falls and Indian Orchard on the east. A westward circuit of seven or eight miles, involving no repetitions—and, in the case of a good rider, no dismounts in either direction—may be made from the old

bridge to Agawam bridge, to Mitteneague bridge, to the West Springfield post-office, to the church on the hill, and thence northward or eastward down to the river-road leading back to the north bridge and the city hall. If this route be continued northward from the church to Chicopee, a man may keep his saddle for fifteen or sixteen miles before reaching the starting-point; and the length of the Holyoke and Indian Orchard circuits can, of course, be increased by combination with this route. Assuming the rideable character of the roads (as yet unexplored by me) connecting Westfield with Southwick, and with Feeding Hills, a Springfield 'cyclist has choice of a thirty-two-mile or a twenty-two-mile circuit in visiting the former village. Equally long south-western circuits may be made from Springfield to Southwick ponds, Simsbury, and Suffield,—the shorter one leading thence up the west bank of the river; the longer one extending across Enfield bridge and thence through East Longmeadow to the water-shops and the city-hall.

The route by which a rider may, without dismount, reach the top of the church hill in West Springfield, from a point ten miles to the south-west, has already been described; but there will then be no obstacle to his easy progress to the Holyoke House, seven miles farther, and for another mile to the south end of the concrete sidewalk in South Hadley Falls, making eighteen miles straight-away without stop. Or, if he were strong enough to climb westward from the Holyoke House and surmount the Ewingsville Hill, he might even cover twenty-one direct miles of roadway before the sands below Smith's Ferry forced a halt. From the church hill in West

Springfield north-eastward to the town-hall in Chicopee, and thence southward to the bridge below Springfield, a distance of ten miles, no obstacle exists to cause a dismount; and as it is sometimes possible to continue thence three miles to Porter's distillery and seven miles to the covered bridge, a lucky rider might chance to do the thirty miles without stop, though he would finish at a point hardly a dozen miles distant from the point of starting. Still a third variation of this route for a long stay in the saddle would lead through Feeding Hills, West Springfield, Chicopee, Springfield, and Indian Orchard, to Jenksville. The distance is about twenty-seven miles, and the chance of completing it without stop is considerably better than in the case of the thirty-mile and twenty-one-mile routes.

I should be glad to see the competitions of the local club take the form of road races, wherein the victory should be given not to the fastest rider, but to the one who covered the most miles of roadway without leaving his saddle or repeating his course. The effect of such contests would be to fix public attention upon the fact that the region has such an unusually large proportion of good roads as to make it an attractive place for bicyclers to visit and explore individually, and an appropriate place for the race-course and camp-ground, which may be annually made the scene of their largest collective gatherings and exhibitions. Yet, the proportion of good roads ought to be still larger and the quality of the best of them ought to be still better. Let us hope that the ultimate influence of the tournament will be in the line of helping bring to pass both of these desirable things.

Karl Kron.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N.Y.

WHEELMAN'S SONG.

OH, the knights of the olden time
 Were brave and strong and true,
 And they loved their faithful steeds,
 My wheel, as I love you.
 And swiftly forth they rode,
 Some knightly deed to do,
 To win their lady's praise,
 And for her hand to sue.
 Knight of the wheel am I,
 My lady's eyes are blue;
 I kneel to kiss her hand;
 She whispers, "I'll be true."

—*Greylock.*

CASTLE TRUNDLE.

II.

I NEVER was skilful at concealing my emotions, even when social pressure was upon me. Instead of lightly telling Rains I had met his bride a year before, and expressing surprise that marriage only changes the prefix to her name, I darted my arms up into the air, knowing the blinding, crashing power of a shot through the head. They came down instantly. I was not so far gone as to be unconscious of cutting an absurd figure before her. And, in coming down, they grazed my bicycle, and laid hold of it. I pulled it towards the door. It had cured anguish, and should do so again. The merest twinkling of time had changed my attitude towards the people in the photographic car; but these abrupt gymnastics were quite absurd to them.

"What are you going to do?" asked Rains, with a tincture of indignation in his voice.

"Make the next town. I can do it in a little while, and the rain is over," I explained; "I can't intrude on you, after all."

"We took the risks; and you said nothing could drive you off."

"There's quite a breeze springing up. The road will dry," I said, setting my face towards it.

"Why, it's raining again," he exclaimed. "Don't you hear it on the roof of the car? And growing dark, too."

"But I feel as if I want a breath of fresh air," said I, "and a run in the rain. I'd like to be drenched through to-night. It would be a baptism I wouldn't forget."

"Oh, well, if you're dead set that way," said my host, "we won't force our very limited hospitality on you. But I could cool you off with a dash from the horse-bucket."

"Now, there, Will," exclaimed the slim young lady, "that's the way you go into all your difficulties. You will rush in and say absurd things that you don't mean, and play jokes and tell white fibs. I do not see why people ever take you in earnest. I know I didn't until the third time. You won't be intruding *at all*, Mr. Rogers," she declared to me. "We have plenty to eat, and we won't allow you to start off in the dark."

June had sat down on the locker. I took a brief last glance at her while acknowledging the party's hospitality. I said I expected a telegram in the next town, and must go on.

"Now, isn't that singular," said Rains. "when a little while ago you didn't even know the name of the town."

I said I had forgotten about the telegram until I heard the name of the town; and June, lifting her eyes to mine, inquired if it was a telegram concerning my baby.

I replied that it was. It would do the little fellow no harm to trace a lying message to him. I would face it out on behalf of the baby.

"He is quite well this summer, isn't he?" she pursued with gentle indifference.

I said he was very well when I left home, but one never could tell what might happen in this world.

She assented that this was true.

"My turn to be scooped," said Rains, "and by a Young Men's Christian Association on wheels, roving around the country and pretending he doesn't know the least thing about family life! How did my sister know anything about your children? Are there a dozen little bicycles on the road behind you? Come, let us pierce this mystery," he exclaimed, spreading his arms across the door.

"There is no mystery about it," said June Rains. "I met Mr. Rogers last summer in the mountains. And I would have introduced you to him as a civilized man, brother Will, if you had only given me a chance. But he can't believe in you now." She dusted some speck off her dress with the back of her fingers, and this indifferent gesture pushed a load as huge as the planet from my mind. I hugged the bicycle with one arm; it knew upon what clouds I could have propelled it. Again the slim young lady stood before me in the appropriate character of bride. Again June Rains' noble shadow in her brother's face excused whatever he did. I mentally readjusted my world, and had but one consuming anxiety, which was to stay in the photographic car when I ought, by all means, to be leaving it.

"Of course," exclaimed the slim bride, perhaps reading my face, which June gave herself no trouble to do, "Mr. Rogers

never *imagined* you were in earnest, introducing *June* as your *wife*, and *me* as your *sister!*"

"Oh, certainly not," said I; "certainly not."

"You don't know," said Rains. "Maybe people marry their sisters in that ungodly city he hails from."

I looked anxiously out of the door while fastening on my knapsack.

"You shall have the right of way," remarked my host, taking his arms from the door. "I won't bar any man from soaring when he's determined. I've felt my soul froth up like a Seidlitz powder, and know what it is."

"The weather does seem threatening yet," I said.

"It's *raining*," said Mrs. Rains emphatically, undulating towards the door, and taking a look at the dim, wet weeds, "and it's almost dark. I *do* think you ought to stop with us."

She was much more elegant in figure, much more heart-warming in manner, than she had seemed as bride's sister.

"We will make you as comfortable as possible, Mr. Rogers," said June; and that very instant I let down my knapsack as if I had only been hesitating on the score of comfort.

"Don't laugh at me," I begged my host. "I want to stay, and I will. This pretence of going was only made to draw you all out. No man in his senses would want to leave such a place as this if he had the slightest encouragement to linger."

"We can make ourselves snug," asserted Rains; "and after giving a man such a hearty welcome to wade the mud with me, and push the car in here, I shall feel a little easier in my mind if he lets us return a few of his good offices. And I'm hungry myself. You can't pelt a couple of horse-frames all day, and yearn for distant vistas, without getting hungry."

"How far have we come now, Will?" inquired the bride with eager interest.

"About twenty-three miles."

"Not twenty-three miles to-day!" I exclaimed. "Didn't you say you were in Tipton yesterday? and that's only twelve miles south."

"Twenty-three miles since we started on our pilgrimage. As photographic artists we hail from Noblesville."

"And you said it was only three miles farther to the next — and last — place," continued the bride. "Oh, I shall be *so* glad! Yet we've had ever such a splendid

time. I never dreamed of doing such a thing in all my life. Once ma and pa and I camped out with a party in the Tennessee mountains. *That* was roughing it. But, oh dear! it wasn't like joggling four or five days in a house on wheels, squalling when you go down a little hill, and just being sure the thing will slide off backwards when you go up a grade. Only I do pity the horses. We could have come faster if it hadn't been for the horses."

"My dear Mrs. Rains," observed her husband, "we couldn't have come at all if it hadn't been for the horses."

"Well, I mean it's hard for them."

"Mere existence is hard for them. I have come to the conclusion that those two old baits have lost all interest in life. Didn't I hire another pair for ten miles, to rest them, and didn't they come to their work again more dejected than before?"

"And I wonder if it will make any difference about your hiring that pair? If those young men will say it was taking an advantage?"

My host laughed, and recommended Mrs. Rains not to trouble herself about advantages. She did not know what the other side might undertake to do.

This rattle of words made at the time no more impression on me than the rattle of water-drops on the roof. I sat down not far from June. Being on the locker, she was raised above me. She was busy with some needle-work, and after glancing my way, quietly continued it.

I forgave her all that she ever did, and she had held my life in her hands, choking it for a year. To be in her society was to have every environment raised to a level with paradise. My will was gone. I wanted nothing but to feel the currents of her nature around me. Even with our backs toward each other, we had, in times past, been moved by the same impulses, had started, speaking a word in unison, or had talked together in long silences. Even now, with twelve months' estrangement betwixt us, I found myself in my old attitude, and my old trance of delight watching her. So far as I was conscious of attendant circumstances there never was a lovelier rainy night, no sweeter sound was ever uttered than the cry of the frogs; no better air blows from heaven's gates than the breath of those shorn hay-fields and that crushed-woods loam. I know that Mr. and Mrs. Rains disported themselves at getting supper; that I was called to admire some vapor arrangement

for boiling a kettle, and to bear witness to the solidity of a table made by laying a board across two chairs. Moreover, I know Mrs. Rains scolded occasionally at her husband's awkwardness, and that they chased each other like children, making the car rock with undignified pranks; yet to me it was all of a piece with my beautiful present. I was surprised that ice or berries or cake could have done anything not expected of them. They ought to have remained tranced in perfection in that photographic car.

It was pleasant to hear the china clinking, just as if June and I were house-keeping somewhere in irresponsible lands, attended by good spirits.

She wore a gray dress, fitted tightly, the sleeve moulding every muscle-play of her arm. I humbly adored the hem of her dress. When I could look steadily in her face I noted that while dimples were still suggested at each side of her mouth, she was white. She had not forgotten. The old sympathy, the subtle union, was mastering her.

It was not necessary to say, "June, do you remember those mountain walks and rides?" or, "Why did you break with me, and return no answer to my letters? Why did you pretend to flirt, when we so completely belong to each other that there can be no pretence between us?"

The honeymoon couple, having flung open port-holes in the chemical-room, and pinned mosquito netting over the same, to keep night-bugs at bay, were lighting a lamp and collecting their dishes for a grand final entrance. I kept watch of their movements by a secondary observation which relieved the rush of the upper current. A man who has sat beside the death-bed of one he loved, and noticed the clock ticking, and shadows moving across the wall, betwixt his long looks at the changing face, will understand what I mean.

"Love — love!" I breathed, bending towards June. "Love!"

She closed her hands upon her needle-work, and pressed them together. She knew I saw her face flash whiter, saw her catch her lip between her teeth; and yet she answered in a low voice as I had spoken.

"Stop! stop!"

"This does not make you angry?"

"Certainly it makes me angry!"

"What an astounding woman you are! Will you look me in the eyes and tell me

you do not love me in spite of all that has passed?"

"Hush! They are coming in."

"I love you more than ever. All the torment you have made me bear only increases it. I love you. You shall hear me tell you so."

"You are taking a cruel advantage of me, Mr. Rogers. They are coming in, I tell you!"

"Well, let them come in. I'll declare it to them!"

"Don't! Are you beside yourself?"

"Quite. I don't see any use in making a secret of this any longer. Touch my hand."

"I will not."

"Touch my hand!" I repeated through my teeth. "I have been perishing twelve whole months for just such a touch as you used to give me."

"Have a little mercy on me," said June. She drew back as she rose, the approaching lamp revealing her, so that her eyebrows and lowered eyelashes stood in distinct, dark ellipsis. She folded her work.

"It's all ready," announced Mrs. Rains.

"Approach the frugal board!" exclaimed her husband. He had the lamp in one hand and a plate of rolls in the other. The last he set upon the table, and with the other he wandered up and down the car.

"Where did I shelve this thing last night, girls?"

"You didn't shelve it any place," replied Mrs. Rains. "June and I set it on top of the locker, and that's what we'll have to do again. Isn't it comical, Mr. Rogers? This is the real love in a cottage, with all the inconveniences."

I said it was like supping among the clouds on the top of Olympus; and Rains, as he shut the car door, observed that I probably knew all about such press banquets as that.

The air was chill and the tea delicious. I date my liking for tea from that evening. June sat opposite me, and all her remarks were on housewifely subjects. She could thoroughly immerse herself in the interests and pleasures of her nearest kin, and create in any one an anxiety to have the roots of his soul growing healthily in his body. So wholesome, so stimulating was her presence to me that I even felt my natural religion quickened, and pictured the soaked roads sending up leaf and bark incense, and the whole dark earth lying huddled and comfortable like a mighty egg

under protecting wings. No matter what June said to me, I could not be hopeless and unhappy and see her near.

Night-beetles bumped against the skylight, or grumbled and buzzed at the mosquito-netting in the chemical-room. Some fire-flies sailed over our heads after the drips from branches ceased.

"I believe it's going to clear, after all," said Rains. "Don't you hear the wind getting up away off?"

"It's the rush of a train," said the bride.

"No. There's nothing has just the sound of the wind. The old witch will take her best broom and sweep up all the puddles. We will arise with the sun, yoke our oxen to the cart, and snail triumphantly into Kokomo, while you will jump upon your wheel and disappear like Mercury."

"And after you reach Kokomo?" I inquired.

"Oh, then I shall pocket my stakes, laugh at the boys, and ship my family to their original destination."

"You won't tie up by the court-house square and look out for the rural Hoosier."

Rains laughed and glanced into the corners as if he meant to detect any listener hiding within the camera drapery or under the large shadows which we threw.

"You've read nearly all the secrets of the charnel-house," said he, "and might as well hear the rest. I have been on a locomotive running at sixty miles an hour."

"Yes," said I.

"I have been up in a balloon, and down in a balloon, and dragged in Lake Michigan and half drowned."

"I believe it of you," said I.

"Steam-yachting, ice-boating, and tobogganing, have all been mine. I do everything with my body, except flying, which man has yet attempted. I like experiences. I ran to a boiler explosion once and got there just in time to be pleasantly scalded. It did my soul good. Can you close your eyes and in imagination see the sun rising at midnight in Norway, or the dirty Neapolitan beggars showing you their sores? Don't you like to come on a bit of new life, and sense it?"

"I do," said I.

"Not merely observe it, but live it yourself."

"I do," said I.

"Well, in all my samplings of existence I never sampled the life of an itinerant photographer. It hasn't the right gypsy flavor, for I've tried *that*. It isn't like

touring in a carriage, or travelling with a circus, or sketching with an umbrella and a portfolio. And it isn't quite like carrying on your daily vocations while your house is moved from one street to another on rollers. All these advantages presented themselves to me, when I met some acquaintances in the smoker, and one of them told me he had a photographic van at Noblesville, turned over by a debtor to the company, and he didn't know what to do with it. Get some fine energetic fellow to drive it from town to town and take pictures with it, I suggested. He inquired where he should find the energetic young man. I proposed myself. I could use the camera. Then they all bet I would not drive the thing twenty-five miles along the country road or take three pictures. Upon my word I forgot I was on my wedding trip and the girls were in the parlor car! I bet I would not only do that but I would do it in five days. And we placed the stakes."

"And it was scandalous!" commented Mrs. Rains.

"I was not used to being married," pleaded her husband. "But you were both delighted to get stop-off checks and play the prank with me."

"As if we could go on without you!" exclaimed Mrs. Rains.

"And after I had made the bet I was ashamed to mention my other obligations. I counted on the self-sacrificing nature of woman, and that self-sacrificing nature stayed and supported me in my attempt. I didn't let the boys know I had ladies with me, at all. I took up my passengers after they timed my start. We've had a good time; they both say so."

"It joggled considerably," detracted Mrs. Rains.

"You've been happy, haven't you, June?" inquired her brother.

"Quite," she replied. She looked at me from the eyelashes outward, instead of from the eyelashes inward.

"They helped me take the three pictures in Tipton," continued Rains. "I went out and got three dirty children, and made short work of them."

"And Mrs. Rains shook the rattle and sawed on the mouth-harp," I suggested.

"Oh, no, I didn't," she declared. "It was June who kept them quiet. I fixed the things to hold their heads, and got some cakes ready at the door to send them off with."

"With new scenery, decorations, and

properties I think you might have drawn first-rate," said I.

"I hired the furniture for the trip," said Rains. "To-morrow we'll freight it back. It's been equal to hiring a cottage for the summer, with constant change of view before the front door."

After supper, June and the bride made changes in the interior, while Rains and I stood out under the jut of the roof and smoked, and remarked that this was primitive life indeed.

"I feel as if I ought to go in and take down a gun," I said, "and sneak among the bushes after night-prowling game."

"The only fire-arms the hut affords," responded my host, "is a banjo, left over by the last owner."

"I have done execution with a banjo in times past. It's a sweetener of morbid reflections. When the late photographer lacked custom, don't you imagine he sat down and hugg'd his banjo?"

"Yes, its thumping sounded so much like the plates when he pulled them out of the camera that he could shut his eyes and fancy he had a good run of business."

"But I like the sound of a banjo," I said.

"So do I," said Rains. "In the small hours maybe you'll favor us, and make the car think its old master has come back. It would be a good idea to make this a watch-night; if we didn't get so sleepy bumping along these roads."

"Mrs. Rains hinted something of the sort; but upon my word I can't understand why you should feel any anxiety."

"Oh, I don't feel any anxiety. Maybe I dropped a sentence or so to the girls," said Rains, biting the end of his cigar. "But I should take them out of here if I thought anything would be done. It isn't known I have ladies with me. And before I started I found a piece of paper pinned to the wall in there with this written on it: 'Whoever drives off this car drives to his death.' I don't know whether the boys put it up for a joke or whether the poor debtor took out his vengeance that way. I didn't think anything about it, but once in a while it comes up in my mind, and I anticipate some trick."

"Perhaps I better get on my wheel and go after a carriage to take them on to-night."

"They wouldn't go."

"Of course not, unless you did. It was probably intended to disturb you merely."

"That's what I thought. I tore the paper down and threw it away."

The hammocks being slung upon their hooks, we presently went in, Rains and I, to the chemical-room. He set the door half-open between this and the other room where his wife and sister were to sleep.

"They object to having the front portal of our residence thrown wide," said he. "And I can't shift the skylight. So they have to get their air from these windows." He took away the mosquito netting. The lamp was already turned out, yet a few persistent beetles sought for it, and bumped against the walls and wooden ceiling, threatening to dash themselves in our faces. I put out my hand to ward off one such buzzing bullet, and touched the banjo. It hung by its neck on a nail.

"That's the instrument of torture," said Rains. "Tune it up, and plunk a little."

A light growing through the trees proved that the moon was not entirely lost for that night.

"I ran until 9 o'clock yesterday evening," said I, feeling the banjo strings. "Do you see the moon is up? She rose full last night, and it was like flying over the milky way."

"It was clear as a bell," said Rains. "Stretch out in your hammock, old fellow. If you don't it will stiffen you before morning. We put these sticks in the ends to keep them in shape. And that's June's travelling shawl under your head."

"It's delightful," said I.

"You can spread that over if you get chilly. Oh, yes, this is just as respectable as a sleeping section, and a plaguy sight more comfortable. You haven't any porter to see that you positively breathe the same mouthful of breath over a million times a night, and charge you a dollar for it."

"Do play on the banjo, Mr. Rogers," called the bride from her hammock.

The door stood open far enough for me to see the gray drapery which I knew to be June, sweeping slowly. But the back of her head was toward me. I wanted to pick the banjo, and make her remember. She had somewhere among her possessions — unless it was destroyed — a song I made to her, and sung to her when we were happy. Plunking the chords with my fingers, I felt for the air; and remarked, incidentally, to Mrs. Rains that a great many people associated the banjo with nothing but the uproarious performances of minstrels; but for me it had the tenderest associations.

"You've played it to keep the children quiet, oft in the stilly night," suggested her husband. "How many have you?"

"How many what?"

"Young bicyclists — children. Youthful scions of the press."

"Just one."

"He who was to be the subject of the telegram?"

"The same."

"How long have you been married?"

"I never was married. I told you that when you first flaunted your own felicity before me. The baby's mother is dead," I hastened to explain. "That's how I came to have him."

Rains leaned on his elbow in the hammock, and I could hear an incredulous puff from his lips.

"He's my sister's child," I declared, "and is three years old this summer — my favorite sister. His father and mother were drowned. I never speak about it when I can help it."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Rains.

"Not at all. I want you to know. And so I regularly adopted the baby, and am going to bring him up. They always speak about him at home as my baby. Nurse and every one calls him that. It may have an absurd sound to ears unused to it. Yes, it certainly has. He's a blessed little fellow."

"It's good of you to do it," said Rains.

"He has a little money of his own that he will come into by and by. But I like to spend my own on him, and I like to economize on his account, the same as if I were his regular governor."

It did not escape me that June sat up in her hammock. This turned my attention to the old song once more, and, without farther prelude, I began and sung it:—

"The hope of all seasons ripens in June —
June is the dower of the year!
The months hasten to and lag from her;
Losing June we have lost the summer,
Roses and freshness — their type is in June;
June is the flower of the year!"

"Lonesome are skies not burnished by June —
June is the soul of the year!
Oh, in the fulness of summer
Could but a trance overcome her!
Let the whole planet be furnished by June,
June be the whole of the year!"

"Very nice serenade to address to my sister," commented Rains. "She has a handy name. Mrs. Rains is Desdemona, and you can't twist that into an easy rhyme. I have grown haggard trying to make poetry to her."

A contemptuous sound made by the bride was merged into June's voice saying, — just as June's voice sounded a year ago:

"Please make a song to Castle Trundle."

"Yes, do," urged Mrs. Rains. "That's what June and I named it—Castle Trundle—trundles along the road and is so top-heavy and funny. Not turreted like castles, you know. I saw them on the Rhine, and know how they really look. But the name will be so nice to use in referring to it."

"Badly mixed, my darling," said Rains. "The sand-man is dusting periods and semicolons into your eyes."

The bride protested she was just as wakeful as she could be, and she always spoke straight to the point.

I said a song to Castle Trundle could not be hastily improvised. I should like to lie and think about it, and put the lines in reverent shape and fit it with its own melody. If it came to me all complete, I would serenade them in the midst of the night with it. June drew a deep, satisfied breath; but the bride said that would be just as lovely as lovely could be, and if anybody failed to wake her she never would forgive it.

Whatever else we talked I do not recall. Perhaps Rains said all sounds were very distinct; he even fancied he could hear the horses. Or, I observed, that if we might judge by the splashless rumble of a vehicle, the road was drained after the storm.

The end of that evening melts away into a trance of woodsy scents and whisperings. I was happy as Endymion in his mountain; the very car-wheels crushed ferns; the tremors of delight which June's nearness always sent over me were like a blessed and cleansing benediction.

Sometime in the night — whether we had been asleep or dozing — there was an explosive and blinding flash. The car heaved upward, and to us within it the world seemed splintering to atoms around and beneath us.

M. H. Catherwood.

[To be concluded.]

BOSTON TO BUFFALO, AND BEYOND.

TRULY this is an age of enterprise and adventure. We may refer to the wheel as a product of the former and a means for the latter.

What could be more natural for one wearied with the endless tread-mill of student-life for nine consecutive months than to long to tread the pedals of this most interesting of modern inventions? So, having completed a course at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., the idea was conceived to take a part of the summer vacation on a bicycle tour, and, furthermore, to make Olean, N.Y., six hundred miles away, the objective point.

The intention was to follow the old State road from Boston *via* Springfield to Albany; thence by old stage-route to Buffalo; and destination lay only seventy miles south. So much for mapping out one's course on paper; but the reality was a zigzag journey to the right and left of this, in almost vain endeavor to avoid hills when possible, and escape sandy or rough roads.

Well, we started, my trusty machine, a 53-inch "Invincible," and myself, from Boston, Tuesday, July 3, unencumbered with baggage, and feeling as free as the wind.

No one but a wheelman can experience the pleasurable sensation of fairly flying over the hard roads in an early morning, gliding out from the gray streets of the still sleeping city into the pure, perfumed air of the country. While the birds are singing merrily, you steal silently along through woods darkened with morning shadows; over brooks that do their best to warble a morning note; past pleasantly-located farm-houses, where, perchance, the smoke is beginning to curl; over hills and through the valleys; and now the sun, just peeping across a field of waving grain, bids you good-morning. Who, I say, would not have his very soul thrilled with emotion, and say with the poet—

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A varied language." ?

Quick time was made, out through the Newtons, and breakfast indulged in at Natick. Starting soon after, the real business of the trip began. Rain having fallen the previous night, the roads were, in

consequence, unusually heavy, and, while the wheeling thus far had been good, it rapidly changed for the worse. After toiling through the mud Framingham was reached; then, bearing off to the right, in search of better roads, passed through Shrewsbury, and reached Worcester at 2.45 P.M.

As wheelmen are always drawn together by a sort of common bond, I sought out Consul Hill's quarters. I was informed by the gentleman in charge, during the latter's absence, that the roads to Springfield were well-nigh impassable for bicycle, on account of their sandy condition. This was a disappointment, for I was determined, if possible, to stick to the saddle for the entire distance. However, I had consideration enough for my machine to take the cars to Palmer, twenty-five miles away, and reached there about 8 o'clock.

Remembering that I had some school acquaintances in the place, I sought them out, and passed a pleasant evening.

Next morning was the glorious Fourth, ushered in at daybreak by the din of bells, cannon, and small boys. Further sleep—that boon of bicyclers—farewell! My friend here kindly offered to accompany me part way, and we started out bravely enough. But the sun was hot, and the roads grew rapidly worse, till we had to mount on foot all the hills, and then they were so sandy on the other sides that we went down the same way we came up. After a lunch together, my friend set out homeward, while I pushed on. The road was very sandy, and I succeeded in falling off an alarming number of times in a very short period. However, nothing was hurt thereby except my feelings. I finally arrived in Springfield at 3.15, making the unusual record of twenty-two miles in four hours. The large bicycle club here needs no comment, as it has a great reputation already both for enthusiasm and pluck. Strangers are heartily welcomed to their elegant quarters, on Main street, and made to feel at home.

Thursday, July 5, I started early with the intention of pressing on as far as possible; but rain again interfered, and left the roads in a bad condition. Arrived in Westfield, ten miles distant, not much the worse for mud. A local wheelman directed me to

Russell, at the foot of the mountain; but as luck, or rather the lack of it, would have it, I missed the way, and tramped the four weary miles through the sand, and such sand! it stuck closer than a brother.

Then it was I began to feel homesick, and a feeling akin to sentiments expressed in "Home, Sweet Home" began to creep over and take possession of my frame. If I could only take a train (?); but the railroad was across the Westfield river, and the only alternative was to trudge along and push the now unruly bicycle.

With feelings of gratitude I espied a small house among the bushes, and inquired how far this sandy road lasted. "Only a mile farther." I sighed and asked for a glass of water. Then, dragging myself along, finally arrived in Russell, at foot of Mt. Techo and Shadrack, and on the bank of Westfield river. And right here let me advise any one taking the run from Westfield to Russell to go by the Boulevard, a new road laid out some distance from the river, and said to be hard and level as a floor; at least, don't go by the river road. Here at Russell the railroad—the Boston & Albany, which line I have followed pretty closely thus far—begins to ascend, and some very steep grades are found. Went immediately to the best and only hotel, and ate a late dinner. Scared the proprietor by eating everything on the three tables, and was sorely tempted to eat the silver (?) spoons. Verily, the appetite of a cyclist is insatiate. After a protracted rest, during which the traveller was treated to a novelty in shape of a real "wrestling match," in which the country bloods delight, I inquired the best way over the mountain, and found, to my great pleasure, that it was four miles up the side, and that, too, over a rough road. We started out in good spirits, and began the ascent. It was right up, up, up, to an elevation of seventeen hundred feet. Before I was half way up those feelings of homesickness began to take possession of my frame, reaching the Mountain House, in Blandford, with many misgivings as to the fun to be had on a bicycle. But one is well paid for the struggle by the fine view to be had at this point. The last rays of the setting sun were just kissing the mountain-peaks good-night, while the valley below was bathed in an uncertain light. In the distance lies Springfield, twenty miles away, while ten miles to the left is situated Westfield, and the silver thread of the Westfield river can be traced as it winds in and out among the hills,

growing dimmer and dimmer until finally lost altogether. Numerous villages dot this valley here and there, and the whole forms a picture never to be forgotten.

Next morning, Friday, July 6, I took an early start, and began to descend on the west side, and found this more congenial to a lazy man. However, one must needs have a steady hand and a cool head, for the road is steep in many places, and none of the smoothest. The road now into Albany is all up and down, there being few level pieces; but, while there are many hills to mount, there is a continual descent to the East river, as called here, the hills growing less and less as the river is approached. Took dinner with a farmer, and, as few wheels pass this way, great surprise was expressed because the "thing" was so frail. His lordship, also mistaking the use of the cyclometer, attempted to set his watch by it, thinking it kept sun time; but the usual amount of explanation set things aright. Rolled through the towns of North Blandford, West Becket, East Lee, Lee Centre, to Old Stockbridge, where I ate a hearty supper. Found this one of the pleasantest places yet passed through; besides its elegant residences and grounds, its streets are broad and scrupulously clean. There is very little or no business done here, many rich New Yorkers making it their summer residence. Accompanied by one of the local wheelmen, I visited the various parts of interest, and then made good time to West Stockbridge, stopping here for the night, intending to make Albany next day. On examining the "log" found that I had made only twenty-nine miles, over roads varying from good, bad, to indifferent, with balance in favor of second degree.

Saturday, July 7, I started early, passed the State line at 7 o'clock, thus traversing the State one hundred and sixty miles in thirty-four hours' travel. East Chatham was next place; the roads are improving rapidly, but there are numerous hills to mount; Malden Bridge, West Nassau to East Schodack, where, on account of intense heat, had to lie off rest of the day. This was first time old Sol had tackled me, and the result was much in his favor, for I was nearly cooked. The landlady gave me some gunpowder in water, and this treatment, though severe, was sure cure. Branched off now for Troy, intending to visit Saratoga, and from thence returning South, run through the Mohawk valley, and follow the line of the New York

Central Railroad to Buffalo. Passed the Sabbath in Troy. Visited the bicycle club head-quarters, in the Music Hall, and found the Troy boys not only pleasantly situated, but ready to give strangers a hearty welcome. I was "taken in" immediately, and made to feel at home, and afterward, through the kindness of Capt. Thiessen and "Hoppe" Holden, visited the places of interest in the city, also Cohoes Falls, making an everlasting impression on the Cohoes girls, I suppose; for, be it remembered, I carried but one suit of clothes, and that one my riding suit. Such expressions as "He pulled his pants young," and "Mary, look at that fellow wearing his little brother's clothes; the idea!" had to be borne with a calm and placid countenance. I suppose the heathens had never seen a wheelman without his wheel before.

Monday, July 9, started at 4.30 A.M., accompanied by a delegation of the Troy club, who rode out to Riverside park with me, eight miles, where breakfast was partaken. After bidding my friends adieu they returned, while I pressed on towards Saratoga, which place was reached in three and a half hours, a distance of thirty-two miles. The road was in fine condition, composed most of the distance of hard clay. Although the charges at the large hotels were *exceedingly low* I considered them too much for my already attenuated purse. I had good luck in finding a private boarding-place on Philadelphia street. Turned my attention now to seeing the sights in this Mecca of fashion and wealth.

The hotels, of course, demanded first attention, and I was much surprised to note the elegance and splendor, in all their appointments. Bands of music on the broad piazzas charmed and delighted the listeners while some were busily engaged looking over the stock of dry goods and jewelry displayed by the ladies; others chatted or buried themselves in books. Finally, weary of all this display, I retired.

Tuesday, July 10, I began the day by drinking my fill of spring-water, as this is quite the proper thing. Took a delightful spin out to the lake, and returning had several skirmishes with "fashionable" rigs; usually left them to pursue the even tenor of their way. But along came a 2.30 horse, I reckon, and after trying to keep up with him, suddenly remembered that I had not oiled up that morning. Much surprised not to find any wheelmen here, as the riding on most of the streets is excellent,

but concluded that it was too early in the season. Visited Lawnwood park, with its beautiful drives. A gateman kindly advised me to keep on the back roads; but an uncontrollable desire to "do" the whole thing, soon led me everywhere, and I wheeled along right merrily over forbidden ground. The Indian encampment is also a feature here, and every one takes that in, and is speedily "taken in" if he purchases any of the thousand-and-one trinkets. A grand ball in the evening, at Congress Hall, engages all attention.

Wednesday, July 11, I started for Schenectady at 8 o'clock, sampling "Vischy" and "Geyser" on the way. After a pleasant run of twenty-five miles over fair roads, passing through Ballston Spa, I took dinner at a small hotel in the "Flats." I turned off now from the main road, thinking the Erie canal towpath might go much easier; but experience taught me otherwise. Had not gone far before one of those far-famed mule teams was met. Those mules stood right on end and pawed the air for joy; and, thinking they wanted to ride, I dismounted hastily. Then they reversed, and it was the driver's turn to "stand from under." Concluding that it was getting too warm for me, I made myself "scarce," followed by a blessing from driver and canal people. To save confusion thereafter I dismounted every time, and finally reached Schenectady at 2.30, stopping here just long enough to mail a letter; then wheeled on toward Amsterdam. I found that the road had been ploughed up, but thinking it only for a short distance walked along and pushed the machine over the lumps. That short distance expanded into eight miles. Tired? I thought I would faint several times under the boiling sun, but didn't. I turned in at a farm-house, and stayed with them over night. They were very kind, and would accept of nothing for meals or lodging.

Thursday, July 12.—Up at 6 o'clock, and after breakfast started again, and accomplished nine miles in one hour and thirty minutes, into Amsterdam, a lively town on the line of New York Central Railroad. There is a club here, and one of the riders accompanied me to Fonda, eight miles. Stopped for dinner at the Snell House, and as it was very warm, waited till 3.30 before starting. In the meantime visited the county jail. Rode to Palatine bridge, a distance of fourteen miles, in one hour and ten minutes. The road now winds in and out, following the course of the Mohawk

river. The New York Central Railroad is on this side the river, while the Erie Canal and the New West Shore Line are on the other side. Verily, this valley is the great highway of New York State. Passed rapidly and without a dismount through Fort Plain, St. Johnsville, and Little Falls to Herkimer, accomplishing fifty-seven miles to-day.

Friday, July 13. — Visited places of interest in this old historic town, and to obtain a better view rode out to Mr. Spinner's farm, from which an excellent prospect of valley, both up and down, for twenty-five miles, is to be had. The farms through the entire valley are fertile and well kept, and without doubt this is the garden of the Empire State.

Saturday, July 14. — A fine day. Passed through Ilion, where visited the Remington Agricultural and Gun Works; both highly interesting. Spent so much time here did not reach Utica till 1 o'clock, seventeen miles from Herkimer. Passed the afternoon pleasantly with friends, doing the city, etc. After supper, accompanied by two members of the club, rode to Rome, seventeen miles, in 1h. 40m.

Sunday a heavy rain set in, and lasted all day; but cleared before Monday, when bright and early I took the plank-road out for two or three miles, and passed through Verona, Oneida Castle, Canastota, and at Lenox took the railroad, riding between the tracks of the New York Central twenty miles, into Syracuse, arriving at 2 o'clock. After freshening up at the salt-works, pushed ahead through Fair Mont, Camillus, Marcellus, Elbridge to Sennett. It was now 9 o'clock, and, though Auburn was but five miles away, I felt too tired, so that I put up at a small tavern, which used to be a large affair in the days of stage-coaches.

Tuesday arrived in Auburn at 9 o'clock. Was very hospitably received here by members of the club, where, after doing the principal streets, and seeing fine residences, visited the State Prison. More rain detained me till 5 P.M. The road for first mile or two was fair, but grew rapidly worse, together with a head-wind; made Cayuga, eight miles, in 3 hours; this includes numerous stops. In the evening attended a country fair, and had a good time.

Wednesday, July 18, I rode around the lake, to Seneca Falls, and visited Silsby fire-engine shops. Made good time through Waterloo to Geneva, where supper was

taken at American House. After a dip in Seneca lake, pushed on to Canandaigua, sixteen miles farther. The scenery all through this section is unsurpassed and the roads excellent. Arrived at 9.45 P.M., and Dr. Coleman, representative of the League, kindly escorted me to the League hotel.

Thursday, July 19. — The doctor came around while I was still at breakfast, and volunteered to show me the place, and introduce me to other riders in town. Suffice it to say, I enjoyed myself, and did not leave till 3.30 P.M.; then made good time through East and West Bloomfield, and stopped with a farmer near Lima.

Friday, July 20. — Out at 7.30. The road is hard and fine. Passed through Avon, Caledonia, and, leaving main turnpike, passed by Seth Green's State fishery, returning finally to the main road, and rolled through Le Ray to Batavia. Took dinner at the St. James Hotel, and after a good scrub felt much better. There is a lively club-house here, and they do the right thing by a stranger. The road now is level and hard most of the way to Buffalo. I turned off at Alden, and went to Lancaster, arriving there at 10 o'clock, thus completing my longest day's ride, eighty miles in nine hours.

Saturday, July 21. — Made Buffalo in little more than an hour, over a plank-road. Being in a hurry to reach home, started out soon after arriving, passing through East Aurora, Yorkshire, and Franklinville, reached Olean at 11.30 P.M., Saturday evening, thus completing my journey of six hundred and fifteen miles in little more than thirteen days of travel, making in all ninety-eight and one-half hours on the road. Olean is a lively town of about ten thousand inhabitants; settled in 1808, it was until six years ago a country village. Then by the sudden boon in oil in neighboring fields and by location of Acme Oil Refinery, and other manufactories in its midst, it has sprung in this short period from obscurity into prominence. The six railroads from all points of the compass bring in supplies and traffic; well watered by an entirely new system of water-works, it is a town altogether good to live in. With these few, and many other advantages of location too numerous to mention, it may justly be called "the city of natural advantages."

W. H. Butler.

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES.

WHAT quaint old fellows they must have been who, in Cromwell's day, were wont to burden their children with a whole system of theology as a given name under which to stagger through life! The eminent Mr. Barebone, of Fleet street, London, was not a dealer in bones, but sold hides for a living, and had the common fancy of his day of attempting to make his children good by giving them a good name, hence he called one of his boys "Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone." and another, "If-Christ-had-not-died - thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone." What a tough time the boys must have had with the nick-names their playmates plied them with!

History tells us that the latter youth had the whole theology of his name reduced by his companions to "Damned Barebone"; while his more fortunate brother quickly responded to the more hopeful name of "Saved Barebone."

But there was that third son, who became the most noted one of the family, who had to struggle under the misfortune of so short a name as "Praise-God Barebone."

About the same time the records of the County of Sussex, England, give a jury-list returned to the court and recorded on its books, in which appear the following names:—

Accepted Trevor.
Redeemed Compton.
Faint-Not Hewett.
Make-Peace Heaton.
God-Reward Smart.
Stand-Fast-on-High Stringer.
Earth Adams.
Called Lower.
Kill-sin Pimple.
Return Spellman.
Be-Faithful Joiner.
Fly-Debate Robert.
Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White.
More-Fruit Fowler.
Hope-for Bending.
Graceful Bending.
Weep-not Billings.
Meek Brewer, etc.

Mr. Praise-God Barebone was a leather-dealer, and a violent Dissenter. He sup-

ported Cromwell by speech and pen, and was an active member of Parliament, 1653. So prominent was he in debate and so successful in carrying his measures, that his enemies, in derision, gave his name to that session, and it has gone into history as the "Barebone Parliament." He was a preacher, too, and believed in an abundance of water in his religious ceremonies. He was at one time pastor of a church, and the author of several caustic articles against Charles II., "the King across the sea," and his restoration to the throne.

All this musing has come from an epithet hurled at me on the street as I was hurrying away to a ten-mile ride on my bicycle.

I have been the target at which a good many harmless shafts have been thrown since I first began to ride, but none reached the mark as surely as a well-feathered arrow, shot by a friend, who, the other day, hailed me with, "Where are you going, old Barebones?" Old Barebones, indeed! At first I felt indignant and humiliated, and queried with myself if that was all the credit I was to get for physical development as a result of so long and faithful use of the bicycle. Old Barebones, indeed! I dismounted, and confronting my friend, demanded an explanation of his strange salutation. The offensive term he declared to be intended only for my spindle-shanked machine, and my feelings were mollified with ointment of flattery as he declared he never saw me looking so well, and joined me in praising the phantom steed which had pulled me up to perfect health.

There came out of the interview a new name for my city horse, and as I mounted again and sped away to pastures green, and beside the still waters of the Charles, my mind wandered off to the former times, and quick-footed thought halted not until it stood in the old halls of the British Parliament in the days of the "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth," when there sat in the new Parliament that Cromwell had created an incisive speaker, a liberal thinker, and an earnest republican, whose name should henceforth be given to my wheel. From this time, henceforth and forever, it shall be Praise-God Barebones. His ribs shall shine, and his joints be oiled,

and he will give me occasion often to say concerning him, "Praise-God Barebones, that you and I ever became acquainted."

Before being settled in Boston I kept my snug little bay trotter, and found much enjoyment on his back, and more behind him, as I was whirled away in my carriage, intent on work or pleasure; but when I came to Boston I had to dispense with that luxury. I turned to my friend, Col. Pope, for advice. He introduced me to Wilmot, and Wilmot introduced me to the double-wheeled horse, and taught me how to manage him. I am proud of my instructor, and ought to do greater credit to the master instructor, who, in later years, has won so much praise for his wonderful feats on the wheel.

After a few lessons in the rink I ventured out one moonlight evening to a secluded street, and found I could actually mount and manage my *wheel*, even as I had learned years ago as a cavalryman to ride my loved "*Beverly*," named in honor of magnificent behavior that day we had the fight at the ford. It was a great delight to me when I found I could ride several miles without taking a plunge over my horse's head, or dismounting through weariness.

What a luxury my silver gray has been to me! I usually arise about five in the morning, and, while the household is yet slumbering, I take a run to Revere Beach, or Ocean Spray, or Malden, Medford, or Melrose, through a charming country melodious with singing-birds, and fragrant with flowers and fields, brimful of beauty and life; and, with but little travel on the part of persons bent on pleasure or business, I have the road pretty much to myself and

enjoy the exhilarating excitement of the run in such delightful and bracing air. I usually return home about 7 o'clock; first, a few minutes of rest, then a bath, then a total change of clothing, for I have been riding in my regular suit of brown woollen shirt, short trousers, long stockings, cap, etc. I relinquish them with regret, wishing they were adopted again as the proper costume in common life. Now I am ready with a ravenous appetite for a hearty breakfast and a full day's work.

My only objection to the new horse is that it is supremely selfish. When I kept my horse and carriage I could take wife and boys and girls, and we all shared in the enjoyment. Now I have to go forth alone, for my two boys don't take kindly to early morning rides. We often, however, take a ride of twenty or forty miles in an afternoon, and that without great weariness to the flesh. One of those spider-like "sociables" may help me to solve this social problem of the wheel, and give me the company of one of the best of wives when I take my morning rides.

Let me advise my brethren of the cloth to procure a barebone steed of my friend Pope, a long-distance saddle from the "Overman Wheel Company," and a cradle spring, and your mount will be perfect. I am sure your improvement in health, and enjoyment of the sport, your freedom from the care of the churches and the mental strain of study, your buoyancy of feeling and ravenous appetite, will all combine to lead you often to say with me, "Praise God for old Barebones," and, "Blessings on the man that first invented this aid to sound sleep, hearty digestion, and toughness of muscles."

S. L. Gracey.

'CYCLING IN FRANCE.

[Continued from Vol. II., No. 5, page 332.]

I HAVE tried to show, with the few odd elements at my disposal, the slow but sure progress made in France in bicycling from the year 1871, which saw the end of the war and of the Commune to the year 1874.

At the end of that year a large and influential club, called the "Velo Sport," was formed in Paris, as I said before, for the purpose of encouraging bicycle races. A grand occasion soon offered itself for that society to show off what it could do. A

great catastrophe had happened in the south of France. The club decided that it should give an important race meeting for the benefit of the poor flooded people, which would not only relieve their miseries, but give a great impetus to our sport in this country. In execution of that decision they managed to secure for the day the fine grounds called the "Tuileries," a public garden well known, I dare say, to many of your readers who may

happen to have visited our shores. And a regular *coup de maître* it was, for a first trial; for everything was got up to perfection: the path splendid; the tribune well decorated; the people who passed the gate, numerous; the music good, and the bicyclers from all parts of France who attended the races picked from the very best. In fact, it created quite a sensation, Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon even condescending to patronize the affair, which was related at length and engraved in all the leading papers of the capital, a treat seldom offered here to *velocipédique* brothers.

That important event in the early annals of 'cycling took place on the 19th of September, 1875. It comprised six races, with many prizes. It is in the third one, called "Championnat Internationale" that Moore, an Englishman, won the first prize of 600 francs, beating C. Thuillet, the French champion favorite, and M. Henry Pascaul, a first-rate runner then; a result, I need hardly say, which created a great sensation in the wheel world of the time. Of the time occupied in covering the distance — eight thousand meters — of the machines mounted, I cannot say anything, as I have no record of either, and doubt if there is any left.

There were no papers then devoted to the welfare of our pastime, and I suppose all the "exploits" of our velocipedists, from that time to 1878 (except those of Thuillet, in England, which belong more to the English history than to the French), must be left in darkness forever. Should any one by chance take off the shroud which covers the unrevealed facts that took place during that period, — facts the more interesting as they belong to the olden times of bicycling, — I will not fail to display them before the eyes of the readers of THE WHEELMAN.

I know that sometime after the race meeting spoken of above the "Velo-Sport" went down, the best club men leaving it one after the other, owing, I think, to some financial difficulties; and that, though it never ceased to exist, it was replaced by some other societies of less importance.

Among the dissatisfied members of the "Velo-Sport" was the secretary, M. Tagis, whom we hear of now for the first time, but who is to occupy a prominent place hereafter in French bicycling history. Aided by a few partisans he started a kind of club, which went by the name of "Union Vélo-

cipédique Parisienne," which showed that peculiarity that it was a regular autocracy — *une petite Russie* — in the very heart of liberal Paris, a 'cycling "Czarship," so to speak, voting itself to the presidency for life. But French runners were, as a rule, such a flock of undisciplined men then that perhaps that kind of *gouvernement autoritaire* was the best adapted for them. At any rate the society was well organized, had a nice central kind of office where to meet, and all went as merry as wedding bells for a few years, the men being always kept together by a series of small race meetings around the capital.

But I return to the real beginning of the numerous ameliorations brought in different ways to our sport and its machines to the year 1878, or thereabout. In fact, about that time the superiority of hollow parts of velocipedes, — forks, rims, backbone, etc., — and their consequent lightness, began to push its way among bicyclists, who, one by one, exchanged their heavy roadsters for lighter and more elegant steeds. The Frenchman who thus showed us the way toward the right direction, and to whom we are even now indebted for his superior hollow rims, is M. Truffant, then living at Cowes. He soon got a name through the bicycles he manufactured being ridden by the best riders, and, as a matter of course, winning in all races of any repute.

In the same year (1878) more race meetings than had for a long time been seen began to take place, especially around Paris. Some were organized by the "Union Velocipédique Parisienne," at Argenteuil, Joinville, etc.; others by the "Velo-Sport," then in its last convulsions at Vanguiard, the Pré-Catelan (Bois de Boulogne), and Fontainebleau; some more by M. Forestier, who had made his *début* at the Courbevoie races, and who had a grand success at Versailles; and some others by a new society called the "Sport Velocipédique Parisien," still in existence, and flourishing, too, founded on the 25 July of 1878, on a liberal basis, in opposition to the U. V. P., described elsewhere, and which tried its growing strength at St. Cloud.

M. Charles Terront, who paid you a visit some years ago, and who is a *connaissance* to you, and his brother Jules, began both now to show off well in all the contests they ran in, having begun to ride astride a machine a year or two previously on inferior bone-shakers.

P. Devillers.

[To be continued.]

THE OTHER WHEEL.

If a bicycle, having two wheels, may be appropriately styled "the Wheel," then the tricycle may, perhaps, be appropriately styled "the other Wheel." This much in explanation of my title, and by way of introduction.

I had been a rider of "the Wheel" some four years, when, by a happy combination of circumstances, I became the possessor of a tricycle. I don't think I ever would have bought one, at least not till years had incapacitated me for mounting and riding "the Wheel." Not that I did not recognize a field of usefulness for the tricycle, but I was perfectly satisfied with the bicycle as the acme of pedomotive vehicles. I had good reason to feel so, for it had been to me a source of health and pleasure, as well as a good financial investment, which saved me many dollars in horse-hire. Not that I was a skilled bicyclist in the general acceptation of the term. I never made a fancy mount in my life, and the few fancy dismounts I had made had been purely involuntary. I never had entered a race, nor distinguished myself by noticeably long road-rides or fast time. In fact, I had not indulged in the "sport" of bicycling, but used my wheel as any professional gentleman would use his horse, — for health, for pleasure, and for business. I had occasionally gone out on club-runs, oftener taken runs with one or two friends, had visited my patients, made many pleasant acquaintances, gained health, strength, and appetite, — all through the agency of my bicycle, and I valued it accordingly. I had tried a few tricycles, mostly of English make; mostly single-drivers, — some with saddles, and some with seats; and had come to the conclusion that, while they would do very well for ladies and old men, they could hardly be looked upon as competitors of the bicycle for young and active men, especially if this class had already mastered the bicycle.

But here was my tricycle, — a Columbia double-driver. I thought it would answer for me to ride around at night, or, perhaps, occasionally in the daytime, for a change, and that my sisters could learn to manage it and have some rides with me; but that it would ever take the place of my bicycle did not enter my head.

I soon got it out of the crate and began

to give it a critical inspection, the first result of which was to convince me that there were "tricycles and tricyclès," and that this one had some special advantages. Its two large wheels (50-inch), with the small steering-wheel in front and the graceful proportions and curves of its tubular frame, together with the general neatness and compactness of build, gave it a decided advantage over most other tricycles I had seen, so far as appearances went. It was really quite graceful-looking.

I mounted it and ran off with comparative ease, when I saw at once that its double-driving capacity, and the nicely adjusted ball-bearings throughout, made it much easier to propel than I had anticipated. Still it did not run as easily as my bicycle, and the steering bothered me not a little. I wanted to steer with my feet, as I had been accustomed to do on the two-wheeler; and I worried myself about the three tracks, and altogether I said to myself, "I told you so; just as I expected," etc., etc. But it is a new thing; I'll ride it a while just for fun, and (but this is confidential) to show off my new acquisition. After a little it seemed to run more easily; the three tracks ceased to trouble me, and I discovered that a little adjustment of saddle and handles made a vast improvement, and for short runs, with many dismounts, I began to prefer it to the bicycle, though it still dragged a little.

Thus far I had only adjusted my saddle in vertical direction; but about this time it dawned on me that there was too much weight on the front wheel. I reasoned with myself thus: "The front wheel don't do any driving; hence every ounce resting on it beyond what is absolutely necessary to give it adhesion enough to steer with is a double loss. It adds to the difficulty of propulsion, and, by lessening the adhesion of the drivers, diminishes the propelling power. So I set my saddle (and spring) back about an inch, so that when I was mounted and ready to ride the machine was very nearly balanced; by leaning well back, and pulling up a little on the handles, I could tilt the front wheel off the ground, or, by leaning forward a trifle, could give it pretty firm adhesion, and thus control its steering-power. Now I tried it again; the drag was gone; the

tricycle ran as easily, though not quite so rapidly, as the bicycle; but the lack of speed was compensated for by a peculiar sense of safety on rough roads. If I had been as skilful a bicyclist as some of my friends perhaps I would not have set so high a value on this quality; but, having reached an age when respect for the integrity of one's bones is more prominent than in early youth, it was quite a point with me.

Now, thought I, it is time to test the baggage-carrying capacity which has been spoken of as one of the peculiar advantages of the three-wheeler. So I strapped on a small valise, pretty heavily loaded. Well, I carried it; but I was aware of it. It did drag more than I expected. Something seemed to be wrong. After riding some miles, and sweating not a little, I got off and began to investigate. Ha! I had it. When I strapped on that heavy bag I did so in such a way that, though the bag itself was abaft, its point of suspension was forward of the axle, and I had thrown all that additional weight on the little steering-wheel in front. Out came the monkey-wrench and back came spring and saddle; the balance was restored; the drag vanished, and I became as unconscious of the extra weight as if it had not been there. Meantime my muscles had been getting educated to their new work; steering, etc., had become automatic; speed had increased, and, though not yet up to bicycle standard, was ample for the needs of a sober physician, say, about seven to eight miles per hour on average country roads for ordinary exertion, with a capability of increasing it to ten or even twelve miles per hour for a spurt on a good bit of road.

On the whole, I have about come to the conclusion that the tricycle *can* fill the place of the bicycle for my own use; that its comparative disadvantages are more than overbalanced by its comparative advantages; and that, if I were to be confined to *one* machine, it would be a double-driving, front-steering, ball-bearing tricycle. Of course it is not so fast as the bicycle; its 50-inch wheels, geared down to $46\frac{1}{2}$ or thereabouts, have to turn oftener than the 52-inch wheel of my bicycle in making the same distance, and for the same speed more rapid pedalling is of course necessary. Then, too, there is the question of power required. The tricycle weighs about twice as much as my bicycle, and there are many more points of friction; hence, theoretically, more power is required to propel it. But, on the other hand, no

power is expended in maintaining equilibrium; so, on the whole, the difference is much less than I expected, and is, in fact, hardly appreciable. The ease of coasting on the tricycle is quite an advantage. I *can* coast on a bicycle, but I never did like to do it; hence I was deprived of the rest which many of my friends secured in this way, and which I feel sure is quite an item in a long run; but on the tricycle it is quite different. When I come to a decline now, I cock my feet up on the rest with the greatest confidence and comfort, and "let her slide." It is a wonder what a slight decline is sufficient for coasting with the tricycle. Its power of going slow without tipping over enables one to utilize a very slight down-grade for coasting, and speed increases as you coast. The brake on the Columbia tricycle is peculiarly powerful and convenient, and being applied by pulling up the lever it can be controlled by the thumb of the left hand. I have stopped my tricycle in this way on as steep a grade as I would care to climb, and have never had to let go of the handle and seize the brake lever with whole hand, though, of course, I have that manœuvre in reserve for cases of emergency.

On the whole, then, while for style the bicycle still maintains its supremacy over all other means of human locomotion, for downright business, comfort, and convenience, the tricycle is ahead. But this is true, in my judgment, only of a double-driving, balance-geared, front-steering tricycle, with the most approved anti-friction bearings at every frictional point, and to one fitted with a saddle, not a seat. The saddle gives the muscles of the thighs free play, while the seat cramps them most abominably. The saddle is just as modest and proper, conventionally and physiologically, for ladies as for gentlemen; and why a lady should be handicapped with a seat which cramps the most important muscles just where they ought to be freest passes my comprehension. My sisters have ridden my Columbia tricycle with ease and comfort; and, as a medical man, I should be glad to see this delightful and invigorating exercise become popular among the ladies of this country. It would be greatly to their advantage, and to the advantage of the coming generation, if our young girls could increase their appetite, improve their digestion, strengthen their muscles, purify their blood, and steady their nerves, by this pleasant and profitable exercise in the open air and sunshine.

Before I leave the subject I want to speak of one other point which has impressed me strongly, viz., the attitude of the general public towards the tricycle.

I find that my tricycle excites quite as much curiosity and interest as did my bicycle (and I was the pioneer bicyclist in this neighborhood); but, instead of the sneers and opposition which the bicycle aroused, the tricycle seems to awaken only approval and compliment. This is no doubt due, in part, to the fact that public opinion has been greatly educated within the last five years, and that the idea that the public highways were constructed for the exclusive use and pleasure of horse-owners and horse-drivers is becoming obsolete; but it is also due in part, I think, to the fact that

the practical utility of the tricycle is more immediately apparent to the average observer. Whatever may be the reason, the fact remains that my tricycle is an object of admiring interest, whenever I go out on it, and that every remark made, thus far, concerning it has been complimentary.

Should my life and health be spared I propose to fit to my tricycle an arrangement for carrying conveniently a small dry-plate photographic outfit, and shall hope to lay before the readers of *THE WHEELMAN* some of the results of my tricyclic wanderings in search of the picturesque, and thus open up a new field, but little cultivated in this country as yet, in which science, sport, and health, can be cultivated together.

George E. Blackham.

RUINS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FROM the ocean's deepest, deepest bosom
Evening bells are sounding faint and low,
Bringing to us sweet, mysterious tidings
Of a city fair of long ago.

'Neath the rolling waters deeply sunken
Ruins wondrous still lift up their spires,
And, the sunset's golden glow reflecting,
Light the sea with ever-changing fires.

And the boatman, who that gleam enchanting
Once beholds in evening's crimson ray,
By the threat of hidden crags undaunted,
Ever to that loved spot turns his way.

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From my own heart's deepest, deepest recess
Echoes sound, like sweet bells, faint and low;
Oh! they bring me wondrous tender memories
Of the love that loved me long ago.

A whole world of beauty there is sunken,
But the ruin still in splendor gleams;
And reflects the golden light of heaven
Back upon the mirror of my dreams.

I would fain beneath that ocean plunge me,—
Fain would sink to what is imaged there;
And it seems as if some angel called me
To the world that once I found so fair.

H. H. M.

THE TRICYCLE IN CALIFORNIA.

WE ride and write in Southern California, our home being the City of Gardens — *el Pueblo de la Reina de Los Angeles* — of the native Californian. Just now, however, we are guest upon one of the great ranchos which speak of the old-time civilization of this semi-tropic land.

The memorials of the past are all about us: the crumbling monuments, — Mexican and Spanish; the slow-moving races, now being pushed aside by the resistless energy of the Yankee. This is the rancho Los Cerritos, its Spanish name pointing backward to the past. It is measured by leagues, instead of acres, another lingering tie binding us to the swarthy race whose rule is here ended. Its mansion-house, two-storied, one hundred feet long; its adobe walls three feet thick; its small windows, iron-barred; its wings, projecting at right angles one hundred and sixty feet, enclosing three sides of a court-yard, with kitchen, store-room, servants' quarters, carriage-house, blacksmith-shop, etc., the front protected by a high adobe wall with massive gateway; the whole standing white-walled and glaring under the constant summer sun upon the bluff overlooking the little river of San Gabriel, — a castle of Spain in the midst of the new civilization.

This castle was built forty years ago, — built by a Yankee, perhaps in obedience, mayhap in compliment, to his Spanish wife, — and behind it, opening off the long double verandas, is a tasteful garden, well laid out with lawns, and flowering shrubs, and plants, and vines, and trees of fig, and lemon, and orange, and pomegranate, magnolia, and oleander, — “a most fit place for musing man.”

Across the little valley, against the low hills, stands the old home of Manuel Dominguez, a proud old Spanish gentleman, who, when the restless spirit of progress disturbed his peace with the shriek of the locomotive, refused to learn the new language, even for purposes of intercourse with the American, and had no occasion to part with his broad acres, for he knew no use for the money. To-day the long, low house stands quaint and odd in the midst of the modern farm-houses which dot the valley.

To the east, and adjoining the Cerritos, and under substantially the same ownership, lies the Los Alamitos; its adobe house,

thick-walled, overlooking the sea. It is, perhaps, sixty years old, — a short period in New England, but here taking us back, with a dreamy past, when only horsemen were seen upon the plains, and herds of cattle, and bands of sheep, and peaceful Indian laborers, toiled in the sun, and the Spanish-Mexican dwelt at ease, and an air of *dolce far niente* was over all.

The two ranches embrace about fifty-three thousand acres, and are devoted to grazing.

The lands are bottom, or lower plains, and *mesu* or upland, the former green and rank in these dog-days of the long and rainless summer, the latter dry, and dead, and barren to the casual eye, but rich with its seeds of burr-clover and alfalfa, the self-curing grasses of the California plains. In the old manor-house dwell two daughters of a New England pastor, cultivated, hospitable; the old home in Norridgewock, Maine, the late associations with Mt. Holyoke, and the son at present in Yale, connecting the ranch-life with the Eastern world.

Through the *mesu* connecting the two ranches runs the hard, smooth road, seven miles long, over which we drive the Victor Rotary.

The road is unfenced; trails run everywhere; the ground is full of holes and little mounds, the populous cities of the gray squirrel and the burrowing owl; the squirrel's enemy, the badger, is seen now and then; occasionally the scorpion and centipede are seen, and frequently a huge black or brown tarantula, ugly and deadly, will cross your path; the rabbit frisks away as you ride by; the meadow-lark sings from a tuft of grass; the dove coos in some secluded place; to the north, just yonder, is the Ostrich farm, where great African ostriches stalk about their enclosure and utter their peculiar rumbling cry; the green plains are spotted with thousands of cattle; no human life is visible; no sounds of toil are heard; and only the song of the lark or the bell of the tricycle

“Mounts to mar the sacred, everlasting calm.”

The tricycle — Birmingham steel from beyond the Atlantic, American enterprise from Hartford — is itself an evidence of the change which a few years have wrought here, and which soon will have obliterated

the last traces of the old *régime*. Here, we remember as we ride our bridleless steed, rode the vaquero, with his huge and jingling spurs, broad sombrero, raw-hide lariat, and ornamented and cumbersome saddle with its horse-hair "cinch." Here the herder walked, — the docile Indian of this Southern region, or the easy-going and improvident Mexican; here rode, side by side, the Spanish lovers, language and allusions strange to our ears, but the story the same old story, always new —

"Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

Here rode, mayhap, the padre of some old mission, whose bells, cast long ago in Spain, and rich with spoils of gold and silver ornaments, and consecrated with prayer and chant and benediction, still fling their silvery melody on the air from century-old San Gabriel not far away — the "Angelus" of a land as rich in romance and as pathetic in its history as that

"Acadian land on the shores of the basin of Minas,"

where Evangeline loved and wept.

Will the slumbrous air ever again hang over so indolent a people as once possessed this rich and pregnant land? Will the tropic air steal from the descendants of the Puritan their push and enterprise? I think not.

"Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy
sirups of the East,
Can medicine them to such a sleep."

To the north lie the broad acres of green pasture-land, stretching miles away in unbroken level, bounded by the line of trees which mark the course of the river, and beyond that, thirty miles away, over villages and towns, the rugged and barren mountains stand as sentinels over the peaceful scene. Southward lies the blue Pacific. There is Wilmington to the west, and the harbor of San Pedro. Near by is the Cerritos beach, with a watering-place, newly baptized, and a shore unequalled, perhaps on any coast, for pleasant bathing. Here we go daily for a plunge, and feel the soft seawater embrace us; here we lie on the sand, and listen to the lullaby of the ocean, while the flood of summer wind rolls over us. By night, when we ride between gleaming lamps, we hear the eternal song of the sea as the waves break upon the shore; and by day, as we ride, we see the vessels at anchor in the bay, or outward-

bound, rounding away behind the globe of waters,

"Her tall masts fading to thinnest threads of gold,"

while, far away as the eye can reach, the shadowy outline of Santa Catalina reposes like the type of those happy isles to which Ulysses thought he might attain,

"And see the great Achilles, whom he knew."

Over all hangs, as autumn draws on and our vacation expires, the haze, like a filmy veil, — the Indian summer of the East, without its splendor of color.

Here the seasons merge into each other imperceptibly; we do not see the decay of the summer; there are no melancholy days; the early rains usher in the freshness and beauty of spring ere Christmas has come; and whether it be the green of the winter or the brown of the summer, with shadings of ochre and umber and pale, high tints of the mountains, we feel that

"There is not lost

One of earth's charms. Upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie."

And as our wheels roll us silently through the shifting panorama of mountain, field, and sea, the jar of nerve ceases, the soft winds whisper peace, dear old Mother Nature takes us to her heart, and *there* is infinite health,

"And that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned."

"Social science," Maurice Thompson has said, "begins with physical culture. The world must be moved by muscle as well as mind. Vim, resistless energy, the magnetism of the great individual, come of powerful vital resources."

This is true. It is attested by the records of the past. It is true of to-day. The men of might to-day in our nation are generally men of great physical vigor.

We rejoice, therefore, to see thousands turning their thoughts to physical culture. We hail the advent of the "Wheel." It is an apostle of a new dispensation. It preaches a crusade against that bane of the age, "nervous exhaustion." It has many advantages. It is temperate. The very demands which it makes upon skill and endurance are antagonistic to drink. It combines *recreation* with exercise. It thus answers a demand which human nature

constantly makes. There is a recreating faculty—a play-side of our nature. We have been slow to recognize it. Business interests have made us blind to it. Religion has made war upon it. Grace has been turned into grumbling. Sainthood has been identified with solemnity. We have been taught to say that laughter is mad and mirth a mockery.

But man stands at the head of creation and laughs. He is the only being under the heavens that can laugh. The wheel helps to identify this merry side of our nature more closely with the mental and moral age and the physical powers, and we are learning to include it in our plans for harmonious development.

It combines exercise and recreation with business. It may, therefore, be a boon to thousands, who, under the fierce pressure of this age of steam and lightning, are "thought-crazed wights," needing relief, but relief that can be found in the direction

LOS ANGELES, CAL., August, 1883.

of their work. I turn my carriage over to wife and daughter, and ride the tricycle. The market and shop, the post-office and study, are as swiftly reached as before; but the exercise brings a glow to the cheek, the blood is sent along the flaccid muscles, the legs, which I had ceased to use in the carriage, recover their spring, and the mental fogs are chased away. In the afternoon pastoral calls are rapidly and healthfully made, and at night the insomnia of years is succeeded by sweet and healthful sleep.

It is along such lines as these that we argue the permanence of this new movement, and expect the wheel to grow in favor. And we send you greeting, brother men, wheresoever THE WHEELMAN may carry our word among the far hills and valleys of New England and the prairies of the West, as we ride here by the Pacific's waves, in this "land where the sun goes down"

A. J. Wells.

GREEK vs. MODERN PHYSICAL CULTURE.

GREEK education was comprised in two words, gymnastics and music. In the words of Plato,— "That having reference to the body is gymnastics, but that having reference to the mind is music." Grammar, which was sometimes distinguished from other branches of music, comprehended knowledge of the Greek language, poetry, eloquence, and history. Music embraced all arts and sciences over which the muses presided. Gymnastics, grammar, and music constituted the whole curriculum of study prescribed for the Athenian boy, and formed a system peculiarly adapted for the harmonious development of body and mind.

The gymnasium was not, as with us, "appended" to the school, but was the school itself. No Greek town was without one of these schools, and Athens had three,— the Cynosarges, Lyceum, and Academy. The Spartans, Dorians, and, later, the Romans, used gymnastics chiefly as a drill, to fit their soldiery for toil and hardship. The utilitarian Romans judged unfavorably of Athenian gymnastics, charging that they induced idleness, and that, instead of the use of weapons, mere ornamental arts were taught. The more cultivated Athenians, however, viewed the lighter physical

exercises in a more correct physiological light. They were in higher repute at Athens than elsewhere, and had a more powerful influence in developing Greek character and life than any other institution. They awakened generous emulation, incited to the noblest deeds, enhanced the personal grace and beauty and the vigor of the bodily powers, made men all alive to the beauty and nobility of the human form, and opened a broad field for the grandest creations of art. Artists had daily before their eyes the flower of Greek youth and middle life,— the slender, agile stripling, and the powerful, well-knit man, naked, as the word *gymnast* means in itself, perfectly developed and trained, in every conceivable attitude of running, leaping, throwing, and wrestling. Can we wonder at the perfect manly grace of the Apollo Belvedere; the airy figure of the wing-footed Mercury; the massive strength of Hercules; the strained, distorted muscles of the mighty Laocoön? Such sights were of the most familiar to the sculptors of those days. The gymnasiums were the daily resort of old and young. There the school-boy found his task; the young man of leisure, an agreeable lounging-place; there the

scholar listened to the great masters in philosophy; there the sedentary took their mild "constitutional" on the foot-course; and the invalid and aged there courted a return of health, or sought to retain the vigor of earlier years. The vast area of the gymnasium was not devoted exclusively to physical exercises. Logic, rhetoric, psychology, and morals claimed their place in this focus of the city life, and were the delight of the subtle Greeks. Socrates, who looked upon all Athens as his school, to be instructed in moral wisdom, met them with his questions in these places. Within the enclosure of the Academy Plato possessed a small garden, where he opened a school for all who were inclined to hear his reasoning, and to which he admitted no ungeometrical mind. In the groves of the Lyceum Aristotle walked with his disciples, who derived their name of Peripatetics from this practice, and there taught them his "ambulatory philosophy." And though some dog of a cynic might despise the union of the ornamental with the useful, and claim austerity as the rule of life, yet to the majority of the lively, social Greeks the gymnasium offered all the attractions that the Parisian of to-day finds in his *boulevards*, *cafés*, *jardins-chantants*. Nay, even the cynics held their school of philosophy in the Cynosarges, where was their gymnasium dedicated to Hercules, who, having a mortal mother, was not properly one of the immortals. Here, accordingly, all strangers having but one parent an Athenian were obliged to perform their daily exercises.

Athenian legends paid great reverence to these institutions. Their earliest rules were referred to Theseus, the emulator of Hercules, who slew the Minotaur and conquered the Amazons. Their presiding deity was Mercury, to whom was ascribed the invention of the lyre, of letters, and of gymnastic exercises.

The sports of the gymnasium were physical exercises, either simple games or exercises in preparation for the public contests. Among the games were ball and spinning the top, both popular amusements among the Athenian boys. They had, also, a sport familiar in our gymnasiums, which consists in two boys drawing each other up and down by the ends of a rope passed over a pulley. They played a game of dexterity with five stones tossed from the upper part of the hand and caught in the palm, called Jackstones nowadays, and had many other gentle exercises.

The training for the public games was included in what was called the *pentathlon*, a word meaning *five athletic exercises*; these were running, leaping, throwing the *discus*, wrestling, and boxing. The first four were practised by amateurs and by most persons who frequented the gymnasiums for health. Boxing was not looked on favorably by the more refined, and many restrained their sons from engaging in it.

The foot-races were made between fixed boundaries a *stadium*,—one-eighth of a mile—apart. The distance run varied from one to twenty *stadia*; that is, from one-eighth to two and a half miles. This was much followed by adults for the sake of health, as well as by youths under training. Horse-racing was sometimes brought into the public exhibitions. The horses were trained to run without riders, or else harnessed to a chariot. The Greek youths were extremely fond of fine horses, and were often ruined by the extravagant prices they paid for them; but horse-racing was far more common later in the Roman circus than ever among the Greeks.

To make a momentary digression from the exercises of the gymnasium, we will mention here that when a young man reached the age of nineteen, and could engage in a free course of action, he added to the occupations of the training-school the amusements of hunting and charioteering. They took great pains in breeding horses, and marked the different breeds with brands. Fashion ruled, to a great extent, in preference of color; but they were fond of driving a four-in-hand of different colors. Dogs also brought high prices, and great care was bestowed upon them. The youths even kept lapdogs,—a custom now relegated to ladies.

But to return to our gymnasium. Leaping, like running, was performed within fixed limits. The leaper generally grasped metallic weights in his hands, or sometimes wore them attached to his head or shoulders.

The quoit, or *discus*, was made of stone or metal, was circular in form, and was thrown by means of a thong passed through the centre. It was three inches thick and ten or twelve inches in diameter. The one who threw farthest won.

In wrestling, the one who threw his adversary three times conquered. The wrestlers were entirely naked, anointed with oil, and covered with sand, that they might give firm hold to the adversary.

Striking was not allowed. Elegance of motion and position, as well as force, was studied in the attack. They practised upright and prostrate wrestling. In the former the one thrown was allowed to rise; in the latter the struggle was continued on the ground. The vanquished held up his finger to acknowledge himself beaten.

Boxing was a severer sport, not much practised except by the gentlemen of the "profession,"—for there was a profession even then. Free-born youths of better feeling did not demean themselves by this brutal pastime. It was practised with clenched fists, either bare or armed with the deadly *cestus*. The *cestus* was much like our "brass-knuckle," being a thong of hide, loaded with lead, bound over the hand. It was at first used merely to add weight to the blow, but was afterward continued up the forearm, and made to serve as a piece of defensive armor. The science of the game consisted in parrying the blows of the antagonist, as it does to-day in the manly art of self-defence. The exercise was violent and dangerous, and the combatants often lost their lives. The *pancratium* was a mode of battle which for brutality would put any modern prize-ring to the blush. The word is composed of two Greek words, one meaning *all* and the other *strength*. The custom was so named because it called all the powers of the fighter into action. It was a union of boxing and wrestling, and was opened by an attempt to force one's adversary into an unfavorable position with the sun shining into his eyes. Then began either wrestling or sparring. As soon as one party was either thrown or knocked down, the other kept him so, and pommelled him into submission; and when he arose at last, to receive the plaudits of the assembly; it was often from the corpse of his antagonist.

The torch-race, which was five times performed at Athens, must have been a singular spectacle. Commentators have been puzzled to interpret the passages describing this game; but the most rational explanation seems to be that it was a contest between opposite parties, and not between individuals. A lighted lamp, protected from the air by a shield, was passed from one runner to another down each of the lines of players to a certain goal. The party who succeeded in carrying their lamps most swiftly to the boundary, unextinguished, were declared the victors.

Dancing to the sound of the cithara,

flute, and pipe was a favorite amusement with all classes. Gray-haired veterans and young soldiers joined in martial dances. Dancing by youths and maidens formed part of the entertainment of guests. The distinguishing characteristic of Greek dancing, and the one that elevated it into a fine art, was that it was not a mere series of meaningless motions, but that it was the outward bodily expression, in which all the limbs took their share, of some inward emotion or idea. What poetry effected by words, dancing performed by movement! There was a strong connection felt by the Greeks between these two arts, dancing being conceived as merely a natural development of the gesture accompanying recitation of poetry. They even had mimic dances, which represented in the most graceful pantomime, without an uttered word, popular fables and legends. Music was also associated with both dancing and poetry. The study of music began at the age of twelve. It was not pursued merely for pleasure, but was a noble occupation for hours of leisure and social recreation. The lyre and cithara were the only instruments judged suitable for a noble-born youth. The flute was once popular, but was discarded as not allowing the accompaniment of the voice. It was customary at a banquet to pass the lyre from one to another guest, each accompanying it by an improvised ode. It was a reproach to a young man, and an evidence of ill-education not to be possessed of this elegant accomplishment. Dancers were also invariably accompanied by either the lyre or flute. Professional dancers, both men and women, threw somersaults and leaped among sharp knives, somewhat in the manner of Chinese jugglers. The Romaic dance, which is peculiar to the modern Greeks, is an inheritance from these ancestors.

Physical education is commonly postponed with us—if, indeed, we are so exceptionally fortunate as to receive it at any time—until early manhood, when the growth is nearly or quite completed, and the frame confirmed in weakness and lack of development. The Greeks did otherwise with their children. They are said by some of their writers to have restricted the boy to physical exercises till his tenth year, when he was allowed to begin the study of grammar and the works of the poets. At all events gymnastics preceded mental instruction. This was not owing to any indifference to the higher branches of education. We read that when at the

time of an invasion the women and children of Athens took refuge at Troezen, the inhabitants, so necessary did daily instruction seem to them, besides supporting them, paid persons to teach the children. The Mitylenæans, wishing to inflict the severest possible penalty on their revolting allies, forbade their children to be taught. They had no lack of esteem, then, for intellectual instruction, but considered a sensible course of gymnastics quite as important as the other occupations of the school. The Athenians, who spared no pains in making well-bred men of their sons, considered gymnastics, chariot-driving, and hunting, together with the intercourse of learned men, the only occupations befitting a free-born youth. They believed that a man's mind took its color from the nature of his pursuits, and that no occupations were better suited than those of the gymnasium, and of the public festivals, to which the former paved the way, to stimulate patriotism and religious devotion, and arouse the physical and mental energies to their most exalted action.

At the age of sixteen the youth left off the studies of school, and frequented the gymnasium alone, applying himself there chiefly to physical training, although enjoying opportunities of listening to teachers of a higher order, the Rhetoricians and Sophists, as well as the masters in philosophy. At the age of nineteen he reached his majority, and was in possession of a frame well-knit and expanded during his growth by invigorating exercise. He then either continued to follow athletic sports, or entered upon a military or other career.

The young gymnast was not simply provided with an arena for practice and the necessary apparatus, and then left to his own devices in making use of them. This is not an uncommon and very unwise course with us. The result is inevitable. In over-zeal and ignorance, and without the preparation of previous exercise, the boy attempts some of the most difficult feats he has chanced to witness, uses appliances without any regard for his own lack of muscle, exerts himself too long and violently, and, perhaps, suffers during the rest of his life from some injury that might have been easily avoided. Then his parents unreservedly condemn gymnasiums and all systematic physical training. The Greeks were wiser in this. The exercises of their gymnasiums were ordained by law, and were always performed subject to the regulations of masters, and animated by their

commendation. Instruction was given by the *gymnastæ* and *pædotribæ*. The former gave practical lessons, and knew the physiological effect of the different exercises, and how to adapt them to the constitution and needs of each youth. The latter knew and taught the games in all their varieties. The morals of the young were cared for by the *sophronistæ*,—officers appointed for that purpose. The discipline of the gymnasium was so rigid, and it was felt to be so important that confidence should be so undoubted there, that theft committed within its precincts was punished with death.

The ancients valued gymnastics highly, not only as procuring soundness of mind and elegance of culture, by means of a sound and well-trained body, but even as remedial agents in disease. The officers of the gymnasiums were called doctors, because of the skill won by long experience among those under their charge. The *gymnastæ* examined the physical condition of each youth, regulated his exercises carefully, and prescribed for his diseases, while inferior officers dressed his wounds, or fractures. They had not only general ideas of the benefits of exercise, but selected different kinds of exertion, as adapted to alleviate particular maladies. Hippocrates had faith in the "movement cure," and prescribed special exercises for each particular disease. They probably esteemed gymnastics more highly for sanative purposes than comported with their knowledge of physiology and disease. They were probably more apt to treat symptoms than to ascertain causes, and, no doubt, often prescribed exercises that were injudicious, if not positively injurious. We, on the other hand, with far more accurate knowledge to direct us in the application of the means of development and cure that Nature has given us so bountifully, either undervalue and reject them altogether, or else use them as in the blindness of those who refuse to see. In some few instances, however, we are developing and applying principles that carry us back in mind to all that was most soundly conceived, and most serviceable in the gymnastics of the Greeks. Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, whose methods are becoming so widely adopted among our best colleges, supervises the physical culture of the students in his gymnasiums with a wisdom and science that need not be compared with those of the Greek doctors of old times. He was bred a physician, and for nearly twenty

years has had under his charge students at Bowdoin, Yale, Harvard, and in New York City. He subjects each of his pupils to a private examination, taking into account the relative proportions of the different parts of the body; the undue development of certain muscles, and the enfeebled condition of others; the comparative size of body and limbs; with a variety of facts concerning personal history, bone and muscle measurements, and acquired or inherited tendencies to chronic or functional disease. He can thus judge at once of the needs of the person under advice, and prescribe the general regimen and the kinds of apparatus necessary in his case. He does this with great minuteness, and with great resulting success in securing harmony in function and symmetry in development.

It is hard, however, to find adequate incitement to physical training for our young men. They seldom think carefully enough about true culture to realize how intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition are bodily health and vigor. They rightly make all physical things subservient to the formation of character and intellect. The Greeks, too, made this their principle; but they never forgot or failed to realize the important condition we so often leave out of sight. We are so absorbed in the effort to enrich and strengthen our minds by knowledge and training, that we forget to cultivate our physical nature. We forget that health is "the power to work long, to work well, to work successfully"; that health is our first wealth, the capital to be used as a basis in all our mental and spiritual processes. Fathers and mothers, too, forget in training their children to lay a foundation for the lovely, ethereal structure of sensitive, keen intelligence they seek to rear, and find it at last but a useless and tottering castle of cards, if not a ruin before its completion. The results are painfully apparent on every hand. Recent writers have spoken earnestly and wisely in warning. The children in the cities are "undersized, listless, thin-faced," with no muscles, with neither time nor inclination for active, invigorating sports; and yet nobody seems to notice or compassionate their feebleness, or to do anything for their physical salvation. Fathers and mothers who spent a vigorous childhood in the country, working and playing long hours out-of-doors, with but short hours of schooling for a few months in the year, neglect to

care for the slender bodies of their studious little ones. They do not realize sufferings of which they have no experience, and their hearts are set on other aims. They are giving all their care to forcing the minds of their children into premature bloom. They are even so eager in this matter as to do much to thwart their own purposes. A New York School Commissioner is quoted in *Harper's Monthly* for November as saying: "The present course of study is so elaborated that nothing more than a superficial knowledge can be gained by the pupils." How different is our American school course from the old, simple, well-balanced system of the Greeks, with its few studies carefully and slowly pursued; its attention to the graces of culture, music, and poetry, and its wise and unremitting physical training! How shall we make it seem worth our while to leave our studies for so much time as shall be necessary to make us men physically, broad-chested, strong-limbed, enduring; as like the Greeks in our bodily health, strength, and beauty, as we are in clearness and depth, quickness and geniality, of mind? They found their incitements to physical culture in public emulation, for which abundant opportunity was offered in the national games or festivals. These formed a part of the religious observances of the Greeks. They brought into contact people from the several parts of Greece, and thus cemented patriotism. They stimulated and publicly rewarded talent, as well as bodily vigor and skill. They afforded orators, poets, and historians their best opportunities of rehearsing their productions. Music, in the classical sense, with the *pentathlon*, formed the programme. They were influenced in physical training by religion, patriotism, and love of high art and poetry, as well as by the natural delights of emulation, strength, courage, and skill. We are clearly at a great disadvantage. Religion and patriotism afford us no motive. We have completely separated mental pursuits from bodily exercises, and have chosen the former as our only love. We would find it a very mechanical and distasteful task to cultivate our bodies with a set purpose, and with no other more stimulating motive. We need some exercise that, with an opportunity for social companionship and generous emulation, shall afford us in itself an interest and excitement sufficient to draw us from our beloved books. All the better if it shall be capable of being allied with and drawn into

the service of thought and imagination, capable of assisting in investigation, and of inspiring love of nature and her manifold blessings and delights. We need an exercise that shall bring into use and develop all the muscles, that shall call us into the fresh air and sunshine, that shall exhilarate and refresh the nervous system and fit us for more energetic and fruitful mental work. We need one that shall give us an opportunity for winning laurels before the eyes of our friends in public contest, and that yet cannot be debased to brutal uses. We need something that will be not only delightful, and useful to our health, but that will be of service also, if possible, in our every-day avocations. We can make a very large demand, it is to be observed, and can picture to ourselves the satisfaction of all our wants; but can so bright a picture be realized in actual experience? Oh, yes; it can. The cunning contriver, Mercury, the god with wings on his feet, has not ceased to be the patron deity of gymnastic sports, nor the god of inventions. He has crowned his work for our bodies by winging our feet like his own. We may go about our daily tasks as swiftly as the messenger of Jove himself. All we ask is done by the bicycle. It brings into play every muscle, expands the chest, and enables a man to exert a force two or three times as great as his severest efforts can put forth in any other manner, and that, too, with refreshment instead of fatigue. (See THE WHEELMAN for July, 1883, vol. II., page 269.) It exerts a fascination over all who learn its use that is not to be resisted. Everybody who once rides it will always continue to do so. For rapid and continuous travel it excels a horse, and gives, at the same time, more beneficial exercise than horseback-riding. It favors companionship, gives opportunity and a fit frame of mind for observation and appreciation of nature, and lends itself in the most admirable manner to the aid of out-door excursions for scientific purposes. What more can we desire?

We have something further to ask that the Greeks did not possess or wish for. We value the health, happiness, and usefulness of our maidens as well as of our youths. We would ask as much for the one as for the other. We are as careful in sending the girls to school as the boys, and train them perhaps even more care-

fully in the ornamental arts and in refinement of manner than we train the boys. It was contrary to the Greek ideas of decorum and of the female character and capacity to educate girls. They were forbidden, on pain of death, to appear at the gymnastic exercises or the public festivals. It is related that the mother of a Greek victor, who accompanied her son to the Olympic games, and discovered herself by her joy in the moment of his victory, escaped the penalty only because many of her family had been Olympic victors. Our youths, on the contrary, have the greatest satisfaction in the presence and admiration of women on all occasions honorable to themselves. They enjoy the feeling of half-curious admiration they excite from their bicycles in the breasts of feminine beholders. But we are sure they are genuinely glad that their pleasure can not only be witnessed, but shared, by their sisters and daughters. They still have a little ground to themselves where the girls cannot trespass. Girls cannot ride the bicycle. That is undeniable. But they have three wheels, instead of two, and progress almost as rapidly by means of them, and quite as skilfully and gracefully, as the boys with two.

We cannot do better than quote, in regard to the tricycle, from a physician who stands high in his profession in England: "Hitherto I have written as if the advantage of tricycle-riding was confined to the male sex. I would not like this to be the impression gleaned from my papers; on the contrary, I am of the opinion that no exercise for women has ever been discovered that is to them so really useful. I shall rejoice to see the time when this exercise shall be as popular amongst girls and women as tennis and the dance."

The wheel might be called the modern *pancratium*, and would be far more properly so named than the Greek boxing and wrestling match. It not only employs all the muscular forces in their finest and most effective activity, but it stimulates and calls into fullest play all the more delicate powers of nervous energy and the higher qualities of courage and of mental activity, instead of debasing, blunting, and brutalizing them.

We have a *pancratium* that no father need fear for his son, that will be for the highest good of all by whom it is employed.

H. H. M.

MODERN CANOEING.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"Merrily glides my light canoe
O'er the waters clear and deep;
Now floating close to the rocky shore,
Where the shadows softly sleep,
And now across the dancing waves,
With a wake of foam behind,
Her sails all set, her sheets held fast,
She speeds with the fav'ring wind.

"Merrily, merrily, on we go!
'Neath the summer sky so blue.
What thought of care can reach me here,
As I sail in my light canoe."

W. H. F.

To the majority of readers the word "canoe" means the birch-bark affair of the American Indian, or a ticklish craft of the nature of a racing-shell propelled by a paddle, and so difficult to navigate that only the utmost care prevents it from upsetting. To the initiated, however, a canoe means a boat as different from either of these as can well be imagined. They see a tight little yacht, for which wind and sails, as well as paddles, furnish motive-power, and in which it is possible to make most extended cruises with comfort and safety.

The first of the countless cruising canoes whose keels now cut half the navigable waters of this and the European continents, of which we have any record, was built in 1864 by Mr. John McGregor, of the Inner Temple, London, England. Although canoes, fashioned somewhat after the model of the Eskimo kayak, had been used in England for a dozen years or so prior to Mr. McGregor's venture, the published accounts of his cruises in the "Rob Roy," as he named his canoe, attracted such wide-spread attention, and gave such an impetus to the sport, that he became practically the father of modern canoeing, and has since been accorded that title.

The "Rob Roy" was a decked craft, twelve feet long, built of oak, sharp at both ends, and steered by a paddle from the little elliptical cockpit amidships. She had a mast stepped well forward, and carried a small sail, for use under favorable circumstances, but was essentially a paddling canoe, and but poorly adapted to sailing. She had the unpleasant habit, when running with the sea, of burying her bow and drenching her skipper with great swashes of water.

Another English canoeist, Mr. Baden Powell, undertook to overcome this difficulty by building a canoe having an immense sheer, both fore and aft, or very high bow and stern. This ensured a dry cockpit and seaworthy qualities, but it made a boat that was hard to paddle against a head-wind, and one difficult to hold to her course when sailing close-hauled.

In 1868 the cruising canoe reached its legitimate home in this country, where it was first used in Boston, or, rather, by Bostonians on New York waters.

In 1870 Mr. W. L. Alden, of New York, became a disciple of modern canoeing, and, being a literary man, he began to write of the sport. By so doing he achieved a reputation in this country similar to that of McGregor in England, and has received the title of "Father of American canoeing." The next year, after becoming a convert to the new sport, Mr. Alden and seven others founded the New York Canoe Club, which still flourishes, the oldest and strongest organization of the kind in the country. In this club two of its founders, Mr. Alden and Mr. Livingstone Morse, still retain membership, and keep up an active interest in canoeing.

An experience with both Mr. McGregor's "Rob Roy" and Mr. Baden Powell's "Nautilus" type of canoes convinced Mr. Alden that the perfect canoe must be a mean between these two extremes, and, after careful study and much planning, he evolved the "Shadow," which, with slight modifications, still remains one of the best types of canoe for general use. The average "Shadow" is fourteen feet six inches long with an extreme midship beam of thirty-one inches. It has more sheer than a "Rob Roy," but less than a "Nautilus," has a decided tumble-home of the two upper strakes, a very flat floor, an elliptical well or cockpit, is provided with water-tight compartments fore and aft, and carries two sails. Of these one is a large lateen or balance-lug mainsail, set well forward, and the other is a small after steering-sail, known as a mizzen, jigger, or dandy. The original "Shadow" is still in existence, and has for the two past seasons cruised in Canadian waters under the name of "Allegro."

Several of the founders of the New York Canoe Club were middle-aged men, who took to canoeing as a novel and pleasant method of passing their short summer vacations, rather than with the idea of entering it among the list of national sports. They delighted in lazily drifting down quiet streams, whose currents bore them onward without exertion on their part, and whose occasional rapids, if run, afforded a pleasant excitement.

They knew but little of the art of sailing, except as applied to larger craft, and regarded the paddle as the only legitimate method of canoe propulsion. If, tempted by a favoring breeze, they occasionally hoisted their diminutive sprit, or leg-o'-mutton, sails, it was with much trepidation and many fears of upsets, which were but too often realized.

When, as happened twice during the early years of this pioneer canoe club, its members undertook to hold regattas, some very funny scenes were witnessed. One of these regattas was sailed on the wind-swept waters of Flushing Bay, and the other in New York Bay, near the New Jersey shore, and in both, the unpremeditated upsets were so frequent as to evoke much mirth from the spectators, and bring the sport of canoeing into great ridicule. About this time the feelings of canoeists were lacerated by frequent and irreverent allusions to "cockle-shells and pocket-handkerchiefs."

In attempting to describe one of these regattas, the reporter of a New York daily paper wrote: "The breeze had by this time freshened to such a degree that the captains of the tiny craft found it advisable to brail their dandies." By an unnoticed typographical error, an *o* was substituted for the *a* in the word "brail," and the next morning the readers of that paper were shocked to learn that canoeists "broiled" their dandies. The funny man of another paper taking this as a text, wrote an absurd editorial on "The Inhuman Sport of Canoeing."

These and other misfortunes so disheartened the canoeists that their organization began to drift into the form of a social club, and their business meetings were made excuses for the holding of club dinners. It is related of one of the early commodores that whenever he desired to entertain a friend, or show him especial attention, he called a meeting of the Canoe Club and invited his friend to be present.

The club was without a home until 1879,

when it secured a location and erected a house on the north-east corner of Staten Island, near the mouth of the Kill von Kull, and midway between Tompkinsville and New Brighton. Previous to this the members had been accustomed to stow their canoes in cellars, garrets, lofts, and other inconvenient places. This involved such a great degree of trouble and care that the enthusiasm of but few of the original members was strong enough to survive it, and it was an infusion of new blood that built the house and kept the club alive. From this time, however, it took a new lease of life, its membership list rapidly filled with new names, and canoeing became a recognized sport. About this time a club was formed in Jersey City, and isolated canoeists began to be heard from here and there throughout the country. Of these, the most prominent was Mr. N. H. Bishop, of Lake George, who tried the experiment of having a paper canoe built. He named her the "Maria Theresa," and in her took a cruise, by means of inland water-ways along the Atlantic coast, from Canada to Florida.

In the summer of 1880 a call was issued for the holding of a canoe congress at Lake George. Twenty-three canoeists responded to the call, and organized the American Canoe Association, which has, since that time, flourished and increased in numbers until it now has a membership of nearly five hundred, and is represented in every province of Canada and in nearly every State and Territory of this country. It is an association of individuals, and not of clubs, and is governed by a board of officers consisting of a commodore, vice-commodore, rear-commodore, treasurer, and secretaries and an executive committee of three members. These officers are elected at the annual meet or convention of the Association, which is held in August, and hold office for one year. The Association boasts a number of honorary lady members, who are as enthusiastic as their male associates over this fascinating sport. Its first commodore was W. L. Alden, of New York; the second, Judge Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati; and the third E. B. Edwards, of Peterboro', Canada. The present commodore is F. A. Nickerson, of Springfield, Mass. The annual meets of the Association were held at Lake George in 1881 and 1882. In 1883 it went to Stony Lake, in the Province of Ontario, Canada, and in 1884 it will go to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence.

One of the clubs most active in forming the Association was the Cincinnati, of which the leading spirit was Judge Longworth. The principles upon which this club is maintained are so unique as to be worth especial attention. Its membership is limited to ten active canoeists, and it is emphatically a racing club, as the tenure of office of its commodore and his subordinates depends upon their ability to maintain leading positions in the weekly races contested by the members throughout the season.

The club spends one day of each week at its house on Ross Lake, — a small sheet of water a few miles from the city, — and the first duty of the day, after they are met, is to race. The winner of this contest becomes commodore for the ensuing week, and his only duty is to uphold the dignity of the office. The next most important officer is the cook, upon whom devolves the superintending, but not the performance, of culinary labors. An officer of almost equal importance is the doctor, who prepares prescriptions and has charge of the medicine-chest. Those who have been laggards in the race become scullions, and must obey implicitly the orders of the cook. Therefore, in this typical democracy, the commodore of to-day may be a scullion to-morrow, and he who for a week has filled a menial position may, through the influence of a favoring slant of wind, be suddenly elevated to the luxurious ease of cook or commodore.

The most mysterious club in the country is that of Baltimore, from which nothing has been heard since its formation was announced. Soon after the founding of the New York Club a gentleman in Baltimore wrote that a club had been organized in that city, and that he had been chosen its commodore. He was at once elected to honorary membership in the New York Club, and notified of the fact. As this notification was never acknowledged, and as nothing has been heard of the Baltimore Club from that day to this, its fate remains shrouded in mystery, and to Jersey City belongs the honor of giving birth to the second live canoe club in the country.

This New Jersey Club enjoyed a precarious existence for several years; but gradually dwindled to two or three members, who finally, in 1881, united with an equal number of New Yorkers to form the Knickerbocker Club of New York.

During the past two years canoe clubs have sprung into existence in all parts of

the country, until now the names of more than thirty are on the rolls of the Association. The most notable of them are the New York, Knickerbocker, Mohican, Lake George, Peterboro', Springfield, Toronto, Ottawa, Philadelphia, Rochester, Hartford, Cleveland, Iowa, and San Francisco. Of the Canadian clubs the largest is the Peterboro', in the Province of Ontario.

This portion of Canada is noted among canoeists as being the home of a peculiar style of open canoe, variously known as the "Stephenson," "Rice Lake," and "Peterboro'." It is a true descendant of the birch-bark of the American Indians while the decked canoes used in the United States trace their origin directly to the kayak of the Eskimo. In the lake regions of Canada the birch canoe was not only the universally employed vehicle for the transportation of passengers and goods, but was largely used in deer-hunting; of course, for this purpose, the element of speed was an important one, and it was soon discovered that, in this respect, the dug-out, or canoe hollowed from a single tree-trunk, was greatly superior to the birch. In making portages, however, the dug-out was much too heavy to be carried by one man. The problem of how to combine speed and lightness was finally solved by the building of a "Peterboro'." It is built of cedar, or bass-wood, with oak ribs and gunwale. With the essential qualities of the dug-out, it also possesses the lightness and carrying capacity of a birch. In shape it is the most graceful of all canoes, and it is so admirably adapted to the inland waters and frequent portages of Canada that it has become a familiar object throughout the Dominion. It is undecked and unsuited to rough water, and is much better suited to paddling than sailing. In it the single-bladed paddle of the American Indian is used, rather than the double-blade of the Eskimo, which has descended from the decked kayak of the North to the decked cruising canoe of the South.

The Stony Lake meet, being held near the home of these canoes, they outnumbered the sailing canoes present ten to one, — and in comparison with them, the latter seemed heavy and awkward when propelled only by paddle; but, under sail, an for cruising purposes, the decked canoes proved themselves the superior craft.

The modern sailing canoe, in racing trim, would be viewed with astonishment by the early disciples of canoeing had they not watched its gradual growth and de-

velopment. It is generally about fifteen feet long by thirty-one inches beam amidships, with a depth of about twelve inches. The hull is of white cedar, with ribs and keel of oak, and deck of dark Spanish cedar varnished and polished until it resembles a piece of highly-finished cabinet-work. The blocks, cleats, and other metal fittings are nickel-plated or of polished brass; and water-tight compartments, fore and aft, give it the buoyancy of a cork.

The question most frequently asked by admiring rustics who view such a craft for the first time is, "Mister, what did she cost?" or, "What might such a boat as that be worth, now?"

No statement of price, however wide of the truth, seems to them too great for credence as they gaze at the polished surfaces, and at, what they believe to be, the silver fittings. Only last summer a canoeist, travelling to a distant cruising-ground with his new canoe carefully enveloped in burlaps, was plied with this question of cost so often that his patience became exhausted. He became tired of the disappointed looks that invariably followed his statement of the fact that his boat only cost \$150, and began to gradually raise his figures. As his journey progressed his canoe appreciated in value, until he finally ventured to tell one more than usually inquisitive individual, who was pulling the burlaps aside and scratching the polished deck, that she cost twelve hundred dollars.

"There," triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Inquisitive to a friend, "I told you she couldn't have cost no less than a thousand dollars, and I aint a mite surprised at twelve hundred. Solid silver and rosewood's mighty expensive things when you come to put 'em into a boat."

Turning to the canoeist who, happened to be a young and unknown man of letters dependent upon his pen for a living, he said:—

"Mister, you must be all-fired rich. Aint you, now?"

But we were speaking of the modern canoe in racing trim, not in burlaps. She is provided with a centre-board made of steel blades that fold up like a fan when not in use, and lie compactly in a metallic trunk rising about two inches above the keel. On her mainmast she spreads a hundred square feet of canvas in a sail shaped like that of a Chinese junk, and in her mizzen are thirty-five or forty feet more. Piled to windward, if the breeze is

stiff, are several ballast-bags, each containing twenty-five pounds of shot. Her skipper sits on deck, grasping the main-sheet in one hand, the tiller with the other, and generally with both feet braced under the lee coaming and body leaning far out of the boat to windward.

Of course, under these conditions, the little craft is more than liable to be capsized, and, in fact, the last two or three races of the New York Canoe Club have been as disastrous in that particular as those of its earlier and unskilled days.

In racing, however, an upset, even if not expected, is always prepared for. Everything movable has been taken from the canoe before starting, and there is nothing to lose except the ballast. When she is overturned and filled, her water-tight compartments prevent the canoe from sinking, and after her masts and sails are detached she is easily righted and bailed out, after which her moist skipper can clamber in and paddle home. To a novice these proceedings would be very difficult, if not impossible; but a novice does not venture to sail a canoe under a hundred or more square feet of canvas. The experienced canoeist has practised so often in upset races, both with and without sails, that in such an emergency he knows just what to do and how to do it.

I do not wish to be understood as advocating the racing of canoes under undue press of sail and with ballast piled to windward. It is dangerous not only to him who undertakes it, but as establishing precedents that novices are anxious to follow. Then, too, the canoe is at best a delicate craft, and the opposing forces, huge sails, and heavy ballast, exert so great a strain upon her slight frame that two or three seasons of racing will injure her more than ten or twelve of honest work accompanied with good care.

Racing would be just as satisfactory and much more comfortable if competing canoes were restricted to cruising rig. In a fifteen feet by thirty-one inch boat this should be about eighty-five square feet of canvas, of which sixty-five feet should go into the mainsail, and twenty into the mizzen. With this amount of sail a good centre-board, or false keel, and a fair degree of skill on the part of the skipper, upsets would become events of rare occurrence. My own canoe is but fourteen feet six inches long, with an extreme beam of twenty-eight inches, and my cruising rig is a forty-five feet balance-lug mainsail, and a

twenty-five feet mizzen. This latter is too large for ordinary weather, in which, unless it is reefed, the canoe carries a strong weather helm; but in a blow I often find it advisable to use the mizzen as a mainsail, in which case twenty-five feet of canvas make a very comfortable working sail. In this canoe, loaded to within two inches of her gunwales amidships, I have cruised several thousand miles, and in a six years' experience with her have yet to meet with my first upset.

The canoe, in cruising trim, presents a very different appearance from the same craft prepared for racing. Her sail area is much reduced, she sets considerably lower in the water, and her hatches are drawn over half of her cockpit. A close examination of the space beneath her decks reveals as mixed a cargo as that of a South Sea trading schooner, and one in the stowing of which marvellous ingenuity has been exercised. In the forward water-tight compartment, with the hatch tightly screwed down, are camp utensils, a Dutch oven with the legs filed off, nests of pans, plates, and cups, a coffee-pot full of knives, forks and spoons, and a light iron frying-pan with a long detachable handle.

The after water-tight compartment is generally reserved for toilet articles, sewing and writing materials, a few books, a suit of shore clothes, and the medicine-chest. This should contain quinine, Jamaica ginger, a laxative of some kind, salve, lint, liniment, adhesive plaster, thread, scissors, and a lancet.

In the forward end of the cockpit are the camp-chest, and the rubber bag, containing, at least, two complete changes of dry clothes. In the camp-chest is an alcohol lamp, a quart can of alcohol, another of coffee, another of sugar, and another of rice, grits, or oat meal. With the lamp is a nest of pannakins, a small coffee-pot, and a small frying-pan and sauce-pan, both with folding handles. These are to be used only when it is impossible to effect a landing and make a fire on shore, or during wet weather. In the camp-chest, beside these things, are a piece of bacon, a bag of flour, and another of hard bread, salt, and pepper, a can of condensed milk, and, as a great luxury, a jar of marmalade or jam.

In the body of the cockpit are two double Mackinaw blankets and the canoe-tent, all carefully enveloped in a large rubber blanket, and arranged so as to form a comfortable seat. Be sure that the tent is on

top of the blankets, so that it can be got at easily.

In preparing this seat make the roll of blankets so long as only to reach to the bend of the knees, so that, in sitting down, your feet will rest on the bottom board considerably lower than the rest of your body. In this position you can sit all day without fatigue, whereas if you attempt to hold your legs perfectly straight they will become tired and stiff in half an hour. Take care to have a well-padded back-board.

In the cockpit, on either side of the roll of blankets, are stowed a gun, well oiled, and in a rubber case, an axe, also well oiled and having its edge protected by a leather case, fishing-tackle, knife, ammunition, and a small case of tools. In this should be a hammer, screw-driver, gimlet, chisel, small saw, awls, brads, screws, and copper-wire. In bags hung under the deck on either side of you should be pipe, tobacco, a compass, candles, matches, kept in tightly-corked phials, and a drinking-cup.

For carrying fresh water a large rubber bottle will be found useful, as when not needed it lies flat, and occupies but little space.

In laying in provisions for a cruise, do not provide many canned meats or vegetables. They will prove a delusion and a snare. As a rule, avoid all prepared foods. The canned stuffs, and particularly the meats, are bulky and heavy. There is little nourishment contained in them, and there is nothing of which one tires sooner when used as a steady diet. The staples of a cruising larder are coffee, sugar, bacon, and hard bread; all else is luxury. In any settled country the canoeist can easily obtain milk, butter, eggs, potatoes, and other supplies, and in the wilderness game and fish are plenty.

The best canoe tent is made of a piece of strong canvas, about a foot wide and seven feet long, to which are sewed side and end curtains of awning cloth. Each end of the roof-piece is sewed over a bit of wood a foot long and an inch thick. This is merely a brace to hold the roof-piece open. The whole affair is suspended from the two masts, directly above the cockpit, and the sides and ends are fastened down to metal buttons under the gunwales and on the coaming. Two flaps, in the middle of the side-curtains, can be thrown back to admit light and air, or closed as a protection against rain or cold. When in position this tent is about eight

feet long at the bottom, three feet high, and as wide as the canoe. It is impervious to rain, and is easily set up or stowed away.

With his little ship moored in some quiet bay or cove, where she will ride safely until morning, the interior of one of these tents seems to the tired canoeist the embodiment of cosy comfort, especially if the night be dark and wet, and he can hear the rain pattering on deck. Within its walls is light and warmth. On the after-hatch stands the canoe lantern, its bright reflector casting a cheerful glow through the little canvas room, and on the forward-hatch, over the spirit-lamp, the coffee-pot sends forth a delightful aroma. When it is set aside, to allow its contents to settle, a pan of sizzling bacon takes its place, and supper is quickly prepared. After the supper dishes have been cleared away a pipe full of tobacco induces pleasant fancies, which finally merge into dreams, as the voyager sinks back in his blankets for an untroubled night's sleep.

This is not a fancy picture, although to many it may seem so; but a long experience has proved that all this comfort may be enjoyed in a canoe of the dimensions named, if only the canoeist knows what to provide and how to stow his cargo, so that what he is most likely to need may be most easily got at.

Many notable cruises, covering great distances, and through regions where the canoeists have had to depend entirely upon their own resources, have been undertaken in this country. Of the earliest of these Mr. F. Stanton Hubbard, of Boston, writes:—

“Mr. Charles Linzee Tilden, of Boston, was the first—so far as my knowledge serves—to make an extended cruise in a Rob Roy canoe in this country. This cruise was made in the early summer of 1868, and was six hundred miles or more in extent. It was begun on New York State waters, and continued down the Susquehanna, all the rapids of the river being run, to Columbia, including the Conewago Falls, some sixteen miles below Harrisburg. The following year Mr. Tilden made another long cruise, and again ran the Susquehanna river. On this cruise he was accompanied by Mr. Alexander H. Davis, of Syracuse, and by Mr. Edward T. Wilkinson, of Cambridge, who pulled in the Harvard University crew of 1866. On this cruise “Wilkie” had a good capsize in Conewago Falls. They ran some of the rapids below Columbia; but the

breaking of a paddle obliged them to finish the cruise in the canal, a very beautiful one, according to my friend Tilden.

“Ned Wilkinson’s handsome face and figure will never be seen again here. He died some years ago on one of the ocean steamers on a return voyage from Europe. He was a chum of ‘Nick’ Longworth’s at Harvard, and a brave, genial gentleman. Would there were more like him!

“My friend Tilden and myself have also run the Susquehanna all the way to Havre de Grace, and I can most sincerely recommend the lower part of the river below Columbia as a cruising-ground. This cruise should be undertaken early in May, so as to get a good stage of water, as the channels are narrow, and the rocks pretty thick in places, especially at the Conewago bridge and below.

“If the canoeist has about four feet more water than summer level, which is what we found during the first ten days of May, he will never forget the grand rock scenery and the glorious run from Turkey Hill to Fites Eddy. It includes Woosinger Falls, the Hessian Pine Falls, Eshleman’s Falls, and last, but by no means least, Cully’s Falls. In running the last named let him go through on the extreme left down the Lancaster sluice. This part of the cruise will more than compensate for the rather slow upper part of the river. Much of the slow water may be pleasantly escaped by the rafting shutes through the canal dams, all of which can be run without the slightest difficulty.

“I have had many pleasant runs on the Delaware in early spring, have cruised amid the beautiful scenery, and over the ‘fast water’ of the James, as far as Lynchburg, and run the glorious rapids of the New river. The latter is one of the best rivers in the country for grand scenery and heavy rapids. The channels are not at all intricate along the greater part of its course; but the novice had better not attempt to run ‘the Narrows,’ ‘Gifford’s’ or ‘Shoematis Falls.’ If he does he may come to grief.”

The longest canoe cruises on record in this country are those of Mr. Bishop in his paper canoe, and of Messrs. Neidé and Kendall. The latter was undertaken last year, and extended from Lake George through canals and by way of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to the Gulf of Mexico, ending at Pensacola, Florida.

Some very interesting cruises have been made on Canadian waters by Mr. Farnham,

of New York, in the "Allegro," and all canoeists have read of Mr. A. H. Seigfried's cruise in the "Kleine Fritz" from the sources of the Mississippi to Lake Pepin. Many have also read or heard of the cruise of the "Psyche" of the New York Club, down the Suwanee river, and along the entire Gulf coast of Florida from Cedar Keys to Key West. The list might be continued indefinitely, for American canoeists, more than any others, recognize that, in cruising, is the perfection of the sport to be found, and to make as many and as extended cruises as possible is the aim of every wielder of the double-bladed paddle. Every canoeist can relate the experiences of cruises of greater or less length; and some of them are very funny.

Probably no cruise ever came to a more abrupt termination than that of a Springfield, Mass., boy, who, although not a canoeist, was an enthusiastic admirer of the sport, and anxious to share in its delights. A year or two ago he determined to spend his two weeks' vacation in a canoe cruise down the Connecticut river, and succeeded in borrowing a canoe from a friend for the purpose. One afternoon, with his canoe outfitted for a two weeks' voyage, he started, followed by the good wishes of the friends, who had assembled to see him off. By sundown he was some five miles from the city, and he decided to go into camp, a thing he had never before attempted. Landing on the edge of a lonely meadow he hauled his canoe up into the grass, ate the cold lunch he had brought with him, and, after an hour or two of solitary reflection, lay down in his canoe to sleep, placing his only weapon of defence, a hatchet, close by his side.

The unaccustomed night-sounds of the river and the fields kept him awake for some time, and he started nervously whenever a fish jumped and fell back with a splash into the water, and at the shrill cries of occasional night-birds; but he finally fell into troubled slumbers. Suddenly he found himself wide awake and staring with horror-distended eyes at a huge something that reared its black form directly above him, and blew a hot breath into his face. He was petrified with fright; but retained his senses sufficiently to feel for his trusty hatchet. He found it, grasped it, and was about to try the effect of a desperate blow, when, all at once, the cow, satisfied with her examination, tossed her head in the air with a loud "woof!" and galloped away.

Did the bold canoeist turn over and go to sleep again with a sigh of relief? Oh, no! he sprang from his blankets, ran his canoe into the water, seized his paddle, and made the fastest time on record back to Springfield, where he did not pause until he found himself at home and safely between the sheets of his own bed. Canoeing has had no fascinations for him since that time.

Upon another occasion three young canoeists were essaying a first cruise over Maine waters. One of their camps was made on the edge of a thicket only a short distance from a farm-house. The farmer spent the early evening with them, and, as they chatted around the camp-fire, told them bear stories. Revelling in their easy credulity he told them of a peculiarly ferocious bear that haunted that locality, and bade them beware of him. After the farmer had gone, the boys talked of bears, and of what they should do in case they were disturbed during the night by one of these animals, until the subject of their dreams for that night was pretty well determined.

Their tent was open at both ends, and the light of a full moon made lanterns or candles unnecessary. As they crept between their blankets one of the canoeists drew to his side the old muzzle-loading shot-gun that had been brought along for the express purpose of terrifying bears. Another saw that the camp-axe lay within easy reach, and the third placed his revolver beneath his pillow.

They finally fell asleep, and slept quietly enough until one was awakened by a peculiar sniffing that sounded just outside the tent. He listened intently. It came nearer and grew more distinct, until he could stand it no longer. Grasping his nearest companion by the arm, he whispered, hoarsely:—

"John! Wake up! The bear!"

John awoke and sat up to listen. Yes, there was no doubt of it; the bear was imminent. No time was to be lost. He awoke Tom, who seized his pistol. The others made ready the gun and axe, and, with cold shivers and goose-flesh creeping over them, they awaited the onslaught. The next moment the cause of the disturbance, a little pet lamb, looked in at one of the open ends of the tent and timidly said, "Ba-a-a."

In cruising in Southern waters I have found what I considered legitimate causes for alarm in the shape of sharks, snakes,

alligators, and porpoises. One day, when sailing in the Gulf of Mexico, off the mouth of the Caloosahatchie river, my canoe was suddenly surrounded by a school of sharks, all travelling in the same direction, and so numerous that their sharp dorsal fins appeared to be cutting the water in every direction as far as I could see. Sitting perfectly still, I spent ten minutes of terror. Some of the great fish passed so close that I could have hit them with a paddle, and it seemed impossible that they should avoid coming into collision with the canoe and crushing in her frail sides. At last they disappeared as suddenly as they had come, having, much to my satisfaction, paid no attention to me or my canoe.

I have encountered many snakes in Florida, but always found them fully as anxious to avoid me as I was to keep clear of them, and always very ready to get away if allowed to do so.

Alligators have never been known to enter a boat already containing a man. Dozens of them have rubbed up against my canoe at night in Lake Okeechobee; but at the splash of a paddle, or any disturbance, they have quickly disappeared. The theory that they will attack a boat is probably the result of the fact, that, if disturbed while sunning themselves on the bank of a stream, they rush savagely and blindly for the water, rather than to retreat on shore, even if they hasten towards the threatened danger by so doing.

Strange as it may seem I have been more thoroughly frightened by porpoises than by any of these others. Porpoises are probably the most harmless and timid fish of their size in the world; but the finding one's self in a canoe in the midst of a school of these uncouth monsters produces anything but a comfortable sensation. It seems impossible that in the midst of their clumsy gambols they should not bring destruction upon your frail craft. It is at night, however, that these fish occasion most alarm. Your canoe is anchored close to shore, in some quiet bay, and you lie peacefully smoking your after-supper pipe. By the moonlight, or the phosphorescent gleam of the waters, you note a number of porpoises at play some distance from shore. Suddenly one of the creatures, as though moved by an uncontrollable impulse, leaves the rest, and, heading directly for you, makes an insane rush for the

shore. He does not roll along in the usual way, but comes straight as an arrow, his body half out of water and his powerful tail working like the screw of some great steamship. He contents himself with coming close to you, and then, as he gets into shallow water, sweeping round in a semicircle and quietly moving off; but you think he is not going to stop, and that you are doomed to destruction; for you know that you might as well be struck by a cannon ball as by one of these powerful fish under full headway. I have never been able to account for this peculiar action on the part of porpoises, and have no idea whether upon these apparently aimless and furious rushes, they are in pursuit of prey or simply amusing themselves.

Besides being a sailor, a cook, and a Jack-of-all-trades, the canoeist should be a student of natural history in all its branches, for to no one is offered better facilities for out-of-door observation and investigation. He will also find infinite pleasure in photography if he will provide himself with one of the complete outfits now put up so compactly and at such little cost for this purpose.

With whatever ambition he enters upon the sport the man possessed of the spirit of the true canoeist will find it manly and invigorating, and calculated to strengthen mind and body alike. It calls for the active exercise of the best physical faculties, and cultivates in an eminent degree self-reliance, observation, and decision of character. In no position does a man feel more thoroughly independent of the world than when handling a well-appointed canoe. There is no one with whom to divide the responsibility. The success or failure of his cruise depends upon himself alone, and in this very fact a true, manly, man will feel the keenest pleasure.

Canoeing is an economical sport and one that is open to old and young, man and woman. There is no reason why everybody living near a stream or sheet of water should not become a canoeist, if so inclined. Of course some will always pursue the sport in a more energetic and venturesome fashion than others; but for those of quiet tastes canoeing presents fascinations in the shape of idle driftings with gentle currents, or over smooth, moonlit surfaces, that vie in the intensity of the pleasure afforded with more exciting struggles with foaming rapids or white-capped seas.

FAST ROAD-RIDING.

ONE of the things which has impressed me in this my third season of bicycling is, that fast riding on the road should be the exception, not the rule. There can be no rational objection against any rider, who is perfectly familiar with the road he is riding over, under favorable circumstances, when he is alone, endeavoring to see how much time it takes for him to cover a given distance. Such exertions may not at times be without some advantage: testing his wind, hardening his muscles, and yielding to him the joy of achievement, thus quickening his relish for bicycle-riding. But as a rule fast riding on the road is not commendable, for reasons which I shall now state.

There is, first of all, a decided objection to fast riding on a road which is not perfectly familiar. I much incline to think that by far the larger number of serious accidents which occur while riding the bicycle occur, not as my friend, Mr. H. W. Williams, wrote in the February *WHEELMAN*¹ when the rider is coasting, but when he is riding at a high rate of speed over an unknown road. He has been travelling for some time over what he considers a hard and smooth road surface, and thinks it is perfectly safe to take a ten or twelve mile gait. He begins quick pedalling; forgets everything in his delicious exhilaration; meets with an unexpected obstruction, or descends an unforeseen depression, and, if he be in company, his companions have a dusty and bloody bicyclist to spend sympathy on, and he has an opportunity to learn by severe experience that caution is beneath no man's dignity to practise.

In road-riding thoughtful courtesy should prompt to great care in "setting a pace." Fast riding is not altogether a matter of long experience, nor slow riding an indication of its absence. If the road is unfamiliar, some riders will not wish to ride rapidly over it, for the reason above mentioned and for another reason given below. Besides even an old experienced rider may not be in "condition." There is something peculiar in this. The body is a sensitive piece of organic matter, and it is not always easy to see or state just why it fails to accomplish at one time that which at

another is performed with an ease which is astonishing. Or a companion may not be well, and, therefore, it may be unwise for him to ride for a long time without dismounting, or at a high rate of speed. In the latter case he ought, of course, to say so; but he may not wish to feel himself a hinderance, or he may have a false pride, and so refrains.

But all this makes no difference. Gentlemenly discernment should enable companions in every case to "hold their horses," and remind each other that they are not out to "make a record," but to engage in the most glorious exercise the brain of invention has yet devised, and the moment muscles and lungs are unduly strained, that moment, far from being an unmixed blessing, bicycle-riding becomes a positive dissonance to every physical power. It is, then, for those who are leading the way to exercise thoughtfulness that road-riding in no case be detrimental.

Another serious objection to fast road-riding, and, consequently, an argument for moderation, is, that too quick riding, necessitating, as it does, strictest attention to the wheel, interferes with one important object many lose in riding at all, and that is, observation. It is a cause for shame to many an intelligent bicyclist that he knows so little of the country he has travelled through. And this, strange to say, must be said, not only of some of those who travel over roads they never previously have explored, but too often, also, over those which are familiar. They pass by objects of profoundest historical interest, or fly uplands from whence can be seen a magnificent champaign cut by rivers or circumsvalled by hills. Brothers, should not the bicycle be a means of culture,—culture in its broadest sense? But who dreams that it is, if, after a rider returns from an extended run, the most that can be obtained of information is that the distance was run in "— hours and — minutes"? The ideal of touring is to study weeks before the resources, manufactures, geological features, historic associations, social peculiarities, etc., of the country we intend touring through; and then, when we are on the road, we shall get knowledge, physical prowess, and fun — such as is ob-

¹ "But is it safe?" Vol. 1, p. 376.

tainable by the bicycle as in no other way. And we shall accomplish these objects only by making haste slowly.

Another objection to fast road-riding is, there are legal limitations to speed on the road, and Mr. Dashaway may make the unpleasant discovery that obsolescent regulations can seriously delay his progress. The road-rider has thus a double motive to forbear the use of too much energy when riding for pleasure. Not merely his own safety is subserved by temperance, he also avoids the liability of becoming a law-breaker.

He who rides at a steady pace, not too fast, can go farther, and return in better condition and quicker, than if he started with a rush and kept up his rushing to the end. This seeming paradox is but a truism to observant riders. It is rather late for me to specify what I mean by fast road-riding; but, to save my suggestions from indefiniteness, I will say, that anything be-

yond eight miles an hour is, generally speaking, "fast" road-riding. Of course, road-surface, grade, wind, rider's condition, are factors which have a bearing on this matter of speed. Eight miles an hour is over rather than under what all-day road-riding (with very rare exceptions) should foot up for an average and not lay itself open to some one or more of the objections which have been brought forward in this article against rapidity. I suspect there are few against whom anything beyond this would not seriously tell, particularly at the close of successive days of miscellaneous road-riding.

Personally, I have frequently been much surprised to find how far I could go in, *e.g.*, a half day, by restraining, at the start, the desire for speed, also how comfortable I have closed an afternoon's run, with an hour or more of spurting, at the finish, with no soreness or exhaustion.

S. H. Day.

THE BICYCLE AND THE CANOE.

HAPPY is the man who rides his own wheel. Happy is the man who paddles and sails his own canoe. Thrice happy he who both rides the merry wheel and steers the dancing, gliding canoe. I am now one of the thrice-happy men. I live nearly two miles from my boat-house, and before I "set up" my wheel, many a short and pleasant evening's sail I missed because the time and trouble of the tiresome street-car journey took all the cream off the thing. Now, my cruise begins at my garden-gate. On a hot summer's day, a quiet ride down to the cool water, an hour or two in the canoe in the light of the setting sun, a leisurely ride back to one's home in the gathering darkness, — what can be better? Or one can find some quiet cove or sandy beach away from the city, where he hauls up or anchors his canoe, pitches his little tent over it, and sleeps in the sweet cool air of the lake or river. Then, in the morning, a plunge and swim, breakfast by the aid of his spirit-stove, half-an-hour's paddling or sailing, a short ride on the wheel to his place of work, and the canoeing-bicyclist goes at his daily task like a giant refreshed. Perhaps it is Saturday afternoon, blazing hot, have had a hard, tiring week, and no opportunity to get away; now is your

chance. Out on the sparkling water till Monday morning, — thirty-six hours in the life-giving air of the open! You are not obliged to recuperate from mental toil by undergoing physical sweat. Hoist your sail to the gentle summer breeze, lie down full length in your canoe, — your feet on the steering-bar, the sheet in your hand, and enjoy the most perfect rest. Rest without *ennui*; for the mind is gently stimulated and kept pleasantly occupied by the steering of your craft, the varying winds and water, the floating clouds, the ever-changing sky which you look up to as you recline there, rocked by the gentle waves. The feeling of thankful, grateful peace which comes at such times to some very unorthodox minds is a religious feeling in the full sense of the term. Then, too, church does not commence till 11 o'clock, so that without hurry you can get back, don the long-tailed coat of civilization, and enter the pew with your family. Or you perhaps return for evening service, which gives you more time.

Your bicycle is a thing of daily use, to and from your business, and at odd half-hours. But when your yearly holiday comes, then load your canoe with stores and provisions, get some other fellow to do

likewise, and away the two of you go, each the captain of his own ship, and as independent as kings.

When the days shorten, and the thermometrical average goes daily down, down, then the wheel is again supreme. Soon comes the snow; and then one must study diligently the geography of suburban sidewalks, and dodge cunningly the vigilant but occasional policeman.

Sedentary men should be out of doors continually. You want something to tempt and persuade you to do it all the year round. The most effectual something to that end is a judicious combination of canoe and bicycle.

But what about the women? What about the families? Is not all this very selfish? say some. Why, no. Ten to one you would be grumbling at home, and relieving your tired nerves by grumbling, if you were not out of doors. You may not be at home as many actual hours as otherwise you would; but when you are there your hearty cheerfulness, your jolly laugh, the sweet influence of nature that you bring back with you, brighten up things generally, and help to make the other folks "feel good." People make a mistake when they cause home affections and loving compan-

ionship to become a mere matter of dull daily habit, — an unreasoning instinct, of which the strongest phase is an uneasiness and discomfort when its continuity is interrupted. Short occasional absences checkmate monotony, and make more delightful the meeting when one is "home again." I have often thought it better in many cases for husband and wife to take their yearly holiday apart. They gather mental freshness from contact with other minds, get a great fund of new subjects for conversation, and are heartily glad to see one another when the trips are over.

Then it is usually not a question of whether you shall share your out-door pleasures with wife, sisters, or mother, but whether you shall forego them. The ladies — bless them! — can't go into a thing of this sort in the rough and ready way that men do; they are too much hampered with conventionality.

Nevertheless, there is always room in my canoe for one more when she deigns to add her honored weight to its ballast; and probably a tricycle, sociable or otherwise, might make its appearance if a strong desire were manifested for it, and feminine pressure were brought to bear in the proper quarter.

Robert Tyson.

TORONTO, ONT.

EDITORIAL.

The Future.

RECENT performances on the wheel would seem to indicate that we have not yet apprehended the possibilities of 'cycling. Tours of prodigious distances have been made in incredibly short periods of time. Regions have been traversed hitherto regarded as inaccessible. Two ladies recently rode over the Alps, from Basle to Porto Maurizio, crossing by the Gemina Passi. John B. Marsh, of London, crossed the Alps, a short time ago, at the Furka Pass. The distance between John o' Groat's and Land's End has been made in eight days. 255 miles have been covered in one day.

In this country, until last fall, a run of 100 miles or over, in one day, had never been made. Now the record is very nearly 200, and will probably be above that figure before very long.

A moment's thought will show us that the limit is far from being reached yet. The three elements that are necessary to the highest degree of excellence have not been fully developed. They are good roads, well-constructed machines, and trained riders. The chance for improvement is most evident in the roads; and no one who has witnessed the rapid strides in improvement in bicycle manufacture during the last few years will assert that the bicycle has reached its highest point of development.

• Given, then, trained athletes; the best wheels obtainable by all the appliances of modern mechanical skill and invention; and perfect roads, and it would be hard to say what would be the limits to the possible performances of the wheel.

'Cycling as an Aid to Scientific Research.

AMONG the uses of 'cycling which have not as yet been brought into special prominence, the aid it can be made to give to certain departments of scientific research deserves, I think, honorable mention. In a very modest way I have made my bicycle a means of better acquaintance with the fauna and flora of this locality. I seldom start out for a spin without slipping into my pocket a few empty homœopathic vials, with good corks. In passing a stream, pond, or even puddle, a glance tells me whether it is likely to prove good hunting-ground for microscopical game. If it promises well I dismount, fill a bottle, cork it tightly, make a note on the label, transfer it to another pocket, remount, and proceed on my way rejoicing. In the evening, or at some other convenient time, the microscope is brought out and the contents of my bottles examined. Leaving science aside for the moment, here's fun; oh, the strange creatures that inhabit the waters! Here comes one of our friends and prototypes, the "wheel animalcule," his wheels whirling, his mouth working, and his entire internal economy visible through his transparent body. Here are beautiful ribbons of algæ; here some diatoms, — every drop a perfect menagerie and museum, and the one ticket admits to all. If one wants to take a purely scientific view of the matter he can investigate and classify to his heart's content, and a 'cyclist who would make a specialty of it could become familiar with the diatoms, or algæ, or infusoria, of any particular locality more con-

veniently and agreeably than if he had depended on horse-flesh or on "shank's mare" to reach the haunts of his special game.

The lepidoptera, the butterflies, and moths offer tempting subjects for scientific study. One of the advantages of living in a new country is, that the field of natural history not having been fully explored, new or hitherto unrecognized species await the investigator. Doubtless the lepidopterist who, mounting his wheel, shall sally forth into the summer sunshine, his net attached to a separable handle (like a fishing-rod), and strapped across his back, like John Brown's famous knapsack, or, if he be happy enough to ride a tricycle, neatly fastened to the umbrella clips, could add much to his own knowledge of the life, histories, habits, and varieties of our diurnal lepidoptera, and possibly discover facts new to science. To the ornithologist, the botanist, and the geologist, 'cycling offers its aid. Not that you can use a bicycle or a tricycle as an instrument of investigation, as you would a microscope; though the bicycle has, upon occasion, caused me to investigate, more closely than I would otherwise have done, the special geology of particular spots in the highway; but by bringing comparatively distant places within easy and pleasant reach, and thus making the native haunts of bird, beast, fish, and flower more-get-at-able, 'cycling can, and doubtless will, become a powerful auxiliary to scientific research in those departments which can best be studied out of doors.

G. E. B.

WHEEL NEWS.
The Visit of the Citizens' Club to Boston.

ONE of the most interesting 'cycling events of the year was the visit of the Citizens' Club of New York to the Massachusetts Club of Boston. It will be remembered that last year a delegation from the Citizens' Club visited the Hub, and were taken in charge by the Massachusetts Club, who endeavored to show them some of the sandpapered roads and the beautiful suburbs of the city. A glorious time was enjoyed by both clubs, and a warm friendship initiated, which has been steadily growing ever since. On the occasion of the League meet in May last the Massachusetts Club were hospitably entertained by the Citizens' during their stay in New York, and the latter club were urged to repeat their visit to Boston the coming fall. Accordingly, after some pleasant correspondence between the two clubs, the

16th, 17th, and 18th of October were selected for a three days' stay in Boston. The two clubs have many things in common, and are similar in numerous respects. Each has been active in League work. Both clubs pay much attention to touring, both are composed, almost exclusively, of men well along in business and professional life, — what might be termed "successful men," and the clubs are about equal in active membership (the Massachusetts slightly leading) and in social standing. Both occupy leading positions in their respective cities.

The delegation of the Citizens' Club arrived in Boston Tuesday morning, October 16th, *via* the Fall River line, and were ten in number, under command of acting Captain Bourne, well known as the C.T.C. Consul for New York. They were met at the station by President Henry

W. Williams, and Messrs. E. W. Pope, and Charles F. Joy, who escorted them to their old quarters at the New Marlboro' Hotel, where Mr. A. S. Parsons met the party. After breakfast they were conducted to the Massachusetts Club rooms, No. 194 Columbus avenue, which were handsomely decorated, in honor of the guests, with buntings and green. At 9.20 A.M. the clubs mounted and rode, under command of President Williams of the Massachusetts, and acting Captain Clapp of the Citizens' (Mr. Bourne being unable to be present) to South Natick, by a somewhat circuitous route. The line of twenty-seven men entered Brookline by way of St. Mary's street, and wheeled through some of its pleasantest parts, and thence over Tappan-street hill to Bacon street and the reservoir. The barberry hedge on Tappan street was in full bearing, and was much admired. Quite a halt was made at the reservoir, to enable the visitors to take in its delights, and the expressions of surprise and joy by those seeing it for the first time were superlative in the extreme. From the reservoir the route was *via* Newton Centre and Lower Falls, Wellesley, and Wellesley Heights, to South Natick. Quite a comprehensive ride was taken through Wellesley College grounds, and many a bright eye was observed at the windows, peeping at the graceful line of wheelmen circling through the paths of the seminary grounds. Arrived at South Natick, one of the "Citizens'" declared that it was "Central Park all the way out, boys." A good dinner was partaken of at Baileys, tasting none the worse for being served by trim and comely waiters. An excellent photograph of the party was secured by Mr. Drew, "the Massachusetts Club photographer"; and the party returned to the city, *via* West Newton and Newton Corner, the distance covered being nearly 40 miles. At 6.30 P.M., tables having been reserved at the Providence Depot Café, supper was served, and the same comely waiters were at hand who so charmed the Citizens the year previous; the evening was spent socially at the Massachusetts Club rooms. The next morning an all-day run to Salem was on the programme. The start was made at 8.20 A.M., President Williams and Captain Bourne in command. The Massachusetts pennant floated over a long line of wheelmen as the clubs moved over the mill-dam to Harvard square, dismounting at the Longfellow residence; then remounting and riding through the grounds of Harvard College, and through North Cambridge, Medford, and Malden, to East Saugus. At the last-named place the pennant of

the Hawthorne Club was descried flying over sixteen of their men, under command of their captain, who had ridden down from Salem to escort the two clubs to that city. At the signal for mounting, forty-four men rode in fine form to Lynn, where Vice-President Shillaber, of the Massachusetts Club, refreshed all hands with the richest of lemonade. The route to Salem was *via* Swampscott, and all hands were entertained at dinner at the Essex House by the Hawthorne Club of Salem. While at Salem visits were made to the Hawthorne Club rooms, the Museum, and the "oldest church building in the United States." The Hawthorne Club accompanied the party back as far as Lynn, and six of them rode to Medford. The return run was made in good form, and at a fair pace, the twenty-six miles being made by the entire party in about three hours. The distance covered during the day was 55½ miles. Another supper at the Providence Depot Café, and a jolly evening at the Massachusetts Club rooms, during which a lively discussion arose as to the relative merits of the forms of the shapely Bourne, of the Citizens', and Miller of the Massachusetts. Among the callers during the evening were Charles E. Pratt, Esq., of the Boston Club; Mr. Howard, of the Ramblers' Club; and Mr. McClure, editor of THE WHEELMAN. Two photographs were taken of the party during the day. Among the machines ridden on the Salem ride were three tricycles and one Facile.

The following day, Thursday, was devoted to a ride to Lexington, the same gentleman in command as on the previous day. A halt was made on the way out at Corey's Hill, for the purpose of convincing one or two incredulous visitors that it was "no slouch of a hill;" thence the road to the reservoir was taken, and a scrub race or two indulged in, and Secretary Smith took his *fifth* drink of water for the morning. From the reservoir the party rode to the junction of Beacon and Hammond streets, and the magnificent succession of smooth grades down to Newton was engaged at a flying pace. A halt was made at Newton for milk, etc., and the clubs remounted and rode to Lexington, *via* Craft street, and Waltham. A good dinner at the Massachusetts House, a jolly smoke around the big wood fire in the hall, a couple of finely rendered songs by Captain Bourne, an excellent photograph by Mr. Drew, and the party crossed wheels for Boston. A stiff north-easterly wind was dead in the faces of the wheelmen; but, in spite of this, it was whispered around that President Williams was intending to get in to Boston at 4.30, *sure*. At all

events, considering the head-wind, a round pace was taken, the route being *via* East Lexington, Waverley, Mt. Auburn, and Harvard Square, 16 miles. The pace was scarcely varied; not a halt was made, but the line clung together like sturdy wheelmen as they were (although when Secretary Pope turned homeward, at Watertown, he did look just a little relieved) until the mill-dam was reached, when that avenue was suddenly discovered to be heavy and muddy, from the efforts of the watering-cart fiend. The full force of the wind then began to be felt. But the leader kept his unaltering pace, and the line began to string out. The leader arrived at the club-room at 4.25 P.M., 1h. 28 min. from the time of starting, and the pace was declared by the Massachusetts men to be a little slower than their regular pace! It was suggested that when the leader of the Massachusetts Club adapted the pace taken he was thinking about that Yonkers Hill which some of the Citizens' Club led the Massachusetts men over last May, just before dinner. But, perhaps, he wasn't! The distance travelled on Thursday was 36½ miles. Part of the visitors took the 6 P.M. train for New York, and a part the 6.30 train for Hartford, intending to spend a day there, and all left in good spirits, and many cordial invitations were given and accepted on both sides. The weather was cool, crisp, and clear during the entire visit. The roads were in fine condition, and the trip was a delightful event to both clubs.

PROMINENT members of the Citizens' Bicycle Club of New York, Rev. Father Brown, president, were entertained here yesterday by the Connecticut Club of this city. They were on their way back from Boston, where they had been the guests of the Massachusetts Club, and remained over for a pleasant visit with Hartford wheelmen. During the forenoon Weed's factory was visited, and some of the finest bicycles manufactured there were exhibited for the enjoyment of the visitors. In the afternoon a delightful run of fourteen miles over the Windsor road was participated in by members of the Connecticut club and their guests, the Hartford wheelmen, including the president of the club, T. Sedgwick Steele, Chief State Consul Stephen Terry, the secretary and treasurer, F. E. Belden, and Captain Charles E. Chase. After returning from the Windsor ride the guests were handsomely entertained with a banquet, the festivities concluding in time for the New Yorkers to leave on the steamboat train south.

The Hartford wheelmen have under contem-

plation at present plans for an entertainment at the First Regiment armory, including fancy bicycle-riding by experts like Messrs. Wilmont, Sewell, and George Nash, of Springfield, the latter being one of the most brilliant bicycle-riders in the country. — *Hartford Evening Post, Sat., Oct. 20.*

FRANK LAMKIN, of Norwalk, Ohio, has been expelled from the L.A.W., having been found guilty of competing for a money prize in a bicycle race at a country fair in Mt. Gilead, Ohio, in October, 1882, while a member of the L.A.W., and thus violated the conditions of membership.

KARL KRON writes us, under date of Oct. 26, that he has reached Canandaigua, after pushing his wheel 804 miles continuously from Detroit. He made 250 miles in five days; 635 miles in Canada in fourteen days.

Club Doings.

NEWCASTLE, ONT., Oct. 18, 1883.

Our club was organized in 1882, but from want of management, disorganized, and about the 1st Oct., 1883, it was again organized, and has now, we think, a firm foundation and a membership roll of twenty. We intend having an entertainment in the course of three weeks, which promises to be a very good success, as our towns-people are taking a great interest in the club.

E. J. ATKINSON,
Sec. N.B.C.

THE Troy Club indulged in quite a long run after the Springfield meet, riding most of the way from Springfield to Boston and back again to Albany and Troy, and reaching the latter place Sept. 25.

MR. JAMES FITZGERALD and Mr. Edward C. Clark went to the Newburgh Celebration on their wheels. They started from New York, Wednesday morning, Oct. 14, 9 A.M., and arrived at Newburgh, 4 P.M., a distance of sixty miles. They enjoyed the run very much and were received by Dr. Joslyn, captain of the Newburgh Wheelmen. They attracted a great deal of attention, being the only two wheelmen present with their wheels at the celebration.

THE Dunedin Bicycling Club held its annual general meeting on August 7, to put through the business for the year. The year's work was on the whole satisfactory. Some good road-riding and racing was done, notably Mr. G. Marshall's rides with a friend, Mr. O'Keefe, to Lawrence and back, 122 miles, in 17½ hours, on a rough and hilly road. The honors of the Inter-provincial

five-mile race were carried to Canterbury, Mr. Langdown winning the race by a few lengths.

The members on the roll, at the end of the season, numbered thirty, and since the annual meeting some fifteen have joined.

The officers for this season are: President, Mr. E. B. Cargill; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. L. O. Beal and G. Joachim; Captain, N. J. Duncan; Deputy Captain, E. H. Burns; Secretary, N. J. Brown; Treasurer, F. Shaw; Committee, W. H. Custen, F. A. Custen, A. MacNeill, W. Nicolson.

The rules are revised and altered. Subs raised to twenty-one. Uniform is, now, dark blue, military cut, and polo cap, badge in front.

The name is now "Dunedin 'Cycling Club."

A new club is being started by some of our members who are dissatisfied with the D.C.C. as at present constituted, and another by the tradesmen, who do not feel inclined to join ours.

I wish them both success, but can't help thinking that 100 'cyclists, or thereabouts, are not enough for three clubs.

Our first meet is to be held on September 29. If I can get a good photo of it I'll send it.

Yours in haste,

EDGAR H. BURN.

THE Washington 'Cycle Club (the only L.A.W. club in this city) held its first semiannual meeting in its new rooms, Oct. 2d, and reelected the following officers:—

President, Amos W. Hart; Vice-President, Warner J. Kenderdine; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward T. Pettengill; Captain, William C. Scribner; Lieutenant, Herbert J. Browne.

It now numbers fifteen members. Uniform, dark green, gilt buttons.

THE wheelmen of Covington, Ky., have organized a club, to be known as the Kenton County Bicycle Club. They met on the evening of the 15th, and elected the following officers: President, R. C. Green; Captain, C. Hanauer; P. N. Myers, Secretary and Treasurer. Messrs. H. Nipper, H. S. Rodgers, W. Buckton, and R. B. Baldwin, were admitted as members.

Fall Races of the Capital Club.

THE following is a summary of the fall races of this club, held at the Athletic Park, Washington, Oct. 4 and 5. Track, cinder; four laps. Heavy from rain on the first day; in good condition on the second.

FIRST DAY.

Five-mile Open Handicap. B. W. Hanna (Capital), scratch (1); J. McK. Borden (Cap-

ital), scratch (2); F. S. Fisher (Maryland), 15 sec. (3); A. B. Harrison (Md.), (0); J. C. Smith (unattached), (0); R. T. Foster (Baltimore), (0). Time: 17.39½.

One-mile Scratch, for Novices. E. A. Newman (Capital), (1); E. H. Bond (unattached), (2); W. T. Robertson (3), won easily. The second and third men rode "Stars." Time: 3.40½.

Three-mile Professionals, best two in three heats. John Keen, 1-1; J. S. Prince, 2-2; H. W. Higham, 3-3; R. James, 4 withdrew. Time: 9.48½; 10.13.

Half-mile Scratch, Open. B. W. Hanna (Capital), 1; F. S. Fisher (Md.), (2) by twenty yards. R. F. Foster (3.) Time: 1.43¾.

One-mile Club Handicap. E. A. Newman, 20 sec. (1). B. W. Hanna, scratch (2). Time: 3.41.

SECOND DAY.

Two-mile Open Handicap. A. H. Robinson (Ranelagh Harriers, Eng.), scratch (1); J. C. Smith (unattached) 24 sec. (2) Time: 6.35.

Quarter-mile Club Race. J. McK. Borden (1); E. A. Newman (2), won easily. Time: 49½.

One-mile Professional. (Heats). J. S. Prince, 2-1-1; John Keen, 1-2-2; H. W. Higham, 3-3-3. Time: 3.03½, 3.07½, 3.06½.

Five-mile Race for Club Challenge Cup and Championship. To be won three times before becoming winner's property. B. W. Hanna (1); J. McK. Borden (holder), (2). Time: 1 mile, 3.23½; 2 miles, 6.49; 3 miles, 10.13; 4 miles, 13.38½; 5 miles, 16.47½.

Tournament, ridden in costume: two tilts at three suspended rings. Won by J. McK. Borden.

One-mile Open Handicap. B. W. Hanna (Capital), 12 sec. (1); J. C. Smith, 16 sec. (2); R. F. Foster, 16 sec. (0); A. H. Robinson, scratch (0); E. A. Newman, 20 sec. (0). Time: 3.15½.

Half-mile Ride and Run. A. H. Robinson (1); Seward Beall (Capital), (2). Time: 2.11½. Won by a length on the final spurt.

Judges: Edwin Oliver (Citizens'), W. J. Kenderdine (Washington 'Cycle), P. T. Dodge (Capital).

Referee: C. E. Hawley.

Starter: Max Hansman.

Clerks of Course: J. E. Leaming, W. F. Crossman.

Scorer: S. P. Hollingsworth.

Timers: S. P. Moses, Jr., J. West Wagner, W. C. Scribner.

Fifteen-mile Professional Race.

KEEN won the fifteen-mile race at Athletic Park, Washington, Oct. 17; Prince (2), Higham (3). The stake was a purse of \$500. Rollinson gave an exhibition of fancy-riding.

The score is as follows:—

Miles.	Leader.	Time.
1.	Higham	3.14½
2.	"	6.29½
3.	"	9.47½
4.	"	13.05½
5.	"	16.20½
6.	"	19.41
7.	Keen	22.54
8.	"	26.08½
9.	"	29.27
10.	Higham	32.45
11.	"	35.59½
12.	"	39.17
13.	Keen	42.38
14.	"	45.59½
15.	"	49.07½

Judges: L. W. Seely and J. West Wagner; Referee and Starter: Max Hansman; Time-keeper: S. P. Moses, Jr.

Prince, Higham, and Rollinson left for Chicago that evening, where they entered as contestants in the six-days' race, beginning Monday, October 22.

The First One-Hundred Mile Record on an Open-air Track by American Amateurs.

THE first bicycle record by American amateurs for one hundred miles on an open-air track was made in Washington, D.C., Oct. 26. The starters in the race were Thos. Midgely, of Worcester, Mass., and R. S. Foster, of Baltimore, Md. Midgely won in 7 hours 25 minutes and 52½ seconds, beating Foster by about 21 miles. The latter, however, completed his distance in 9 hours 34 minutes and 30 seconds. Both men rode the entire distance without a dismount, and Foster continued riding until he had made 102½ miles, thus winning the medal for the longest distance without a dismount, and beating all previous records by amateurs in this country.

The day was pleasant, but a sharp breeze, and the poor condition of the track, together with the fact that the men were so unevenly matched, accounts for the time being no better.

Frasier, the twenty-five-mile amateur champion, and Tyler of New Haven, were entered for the race, but did not appear.

The following are some of Midgely's times:—

Five miles, 19.10; ten miles, 38.56; fifteen miles, 58.58; twenty miles, 79.02; thirty miles,

2: 02.59½; forty miles, 2: 51.10; fifty miles, 3: 37.14; sixty miles, 4: 26.11; seventy miles, 5: 10.58; eighty miles, 5: 55.14; ninety miles, 6: 41.31; ninety-five miles, 7: 04.14½; ninety-eight miles, 7: 15.33½; ninety-nine miles, 7: 19.48; one hundred miles, 7: 25.52½.

THE Philadelphia Meet was held Saturday, September 29. About four hundred wheelmen attended. The parade took place at about 11 A.M., Col. George Sanderson, Jr., of Scranton, commanding, accompanied by President Beckwith and Col. A. A. Pope, and others. About two thousand people attended the races.

Half-mile for boys under sixteen. J. G. Fullerton, Philadelphia. Time: 1.39½.

Mile for Novices. Eight starters: S. H. Crawford, Philadelphia (1); N. P. Tyler, New Haven, Conn. (2). Time: 3.20.

One-mile open to Pennsylvania Club only. Eight starters: M. W. Brinkman (1); S. B. Chambers (2). Time: 3.24½.

Slow Race. W. A. Whitmore (1). No time.

Two-mile Handicap. Tyler, 40s. (1). Time: 6.58½. Frasier, scratch, came in fifth.

Three-mile L. A. W. Championship. George D. Gideon (1); Frasier (2). Time: 9.58½.

Five-mile State Championship. Two entries: S. H. Crawford and J. Green. Crawford's machine broke, and Green finished first; but no prize was awarded, as Green was protested previous to the race, on the ground that he was a professional. The question was referred to a committee.

Mile State Championship. Gideon (1); Brinkman (0). Time: 3.18½.

Mile Tricycle. Powell, scratch (1); Crawford, 20s. (2); Pennell, 15s. (0). Time: 3.52.

Consolation Race. Brinkman (1); Pitman (2). Time: 3.27½.

The Chicago Six-Days' Tournament.

FOLLOWING is a report of the six-days' bicycle tournament, twelve hours a day, just ended. The entries were, Prince, Morgan, Woodside, Shock, Higham, Dowse, and Clark. The race was finished in the following order:—

Prince	.	.	.	889 miles, 4 laps.
Morgan	.	.	.	883 " 9 "
Woodside	.	.	.	865 " 10 "
Shock	.	.	.	855 " 1 "
Dowse	.	.	.	750 " 0 "

Dowse took a header at the very start of the race (in the eighth lap), and also one on Thursday, and sprained his left wrist. Shock also took a header, and cut his face rather badly in two

places. Woodside, who rode with a broken left arm, and had it strapped to his handle-bar, took three headers during the race, but escaped any serious injury. Higham was compelled to retire on the second day, with 243 miles to his credit; the cause was a swollen left knee, injured by a fall some eighteen months ago. The track was eleven laps to the mile. On Thursday the wind blew down the tent that covered part of the track; and, as luck would have it, Woodside was the only one to run into it. The blowing down of the tent caused a day's delay in the race, — the managers being unable to put it in order in time to go on again that day. The fastest mile was done in 3.08, on Wednesday, by Prince and Morgan. Woodside rode a mile, just before the close, in 3.18; while the slowest mile occupied over seven minutes. In consequence of a challenge in the *Herald* from Morgan, a little ill-feeling sprung up between him and Prince, and, after some words, a match was made for 100 miles, for \$250 a side; \$50 a side has been put up as a deposit. A race, of thirty-six hours, six hours a night, will be held in Battery "D" Armory, commencing November 12th, and all the contestants of the late race will enter.

The Chicago Bicycle Club will hold a day's races at the Exposition Building, on Christmas Day.

L. W. Conkling and C. C. Philbrick are reported to be arranging for a six days' — six hours a day — race, sometime in January.

There is talk of an amateur twenty-four hours' race, which seems to meet with general approval, and will, in all probability, be run some time in November or December.

Corey's Long Ride.

ON Thursday, 18 October, just as the clock struck 12, H. D. Corey and A. D. Clafin, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, left Harvard square, Cambridge, on their bicycles. Mr. Dean, of *The World*, started them, and saw that both cyclometers were at zero. From Harvard square the two men rode through Allston, Newton, Newtonville, West Newton, to the great sign-boards, covering the 9 miles in 51m. The route from here on was by way of Beacon and Walnut streets to Newton Highlands, and Dedham, and the distance was traversed without any event. They then rode through Needham to Wellesley. From Wellesley they rode to Natick, and, on the way, met Mr. B. D. Harrington, of the Hawthorne Club, Salem, who had started directly after them from Harvard square. The roads were very poor, and they suffered considerably

from the cold, the thermometer showing a temperature of 22° above zero. Mr. Harrington left them before Framingham was reached, going back to South Framingham and waiting for them there. On Corey and Clafin's return to South Framingham, a stop of fifteen minutes was made to get warm at the railway station. On leaving, Mr. Harrington could not be found, and it was afterwards ascertained that he had been taken sick. While proceeding towards Natick, Mr. Clafin took a violent header and bruised himself in several places, but did no injury to the machine. The roads were covered with gravel at a number of points, making fast-riding impossible. They reached the great sign-boards, and proceeded *via* Beacon street to Chestnut-Hill reservoir, going through which, they reached Brighton, and in a few minutes before 7 drew up to Harvard square. Mr. Dean, of *The World*, was again on hand, and noted the cyclometer sixty-two miles at this point. After considerable delay in getting breakfast and being warmed through, the start was made at five minutes past 8, with Mr. J. J. Gilligan, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, who met them, and piloted them, through Malden and Lynn, to Salem, which was reached at 10.15 A.M. Newburyport was reached at 1.20 P.M. Distance, 107 miles. Clafin had another fall, and injured his leg so severely that he decided to be content with his century.

A stop of about an hour was made here for dinner and a rub-down. At 2.20 P.M., Corey and Gilligan, accompanied by Mr. Harrington, of Salem, left Newburyport and returned to Salem by the same route. Gilligan dropped behind Corey a few miles before reaching Salem, and did not again catch up with him. Corey arrived at Salem at 4.50 P.M., and, continuing on, reached Lynn at 5.35 o'clock. He was now alone, and, as it was very dark, had to ride so slowly and carefully that he did not arrive at Harvard square until 7.30 P.M. Mr. Dean was here and checked the time and cyclometer, which registered just 155 miles. Mr. Corey seemed to be not at all fatigued, and, after a light supper and a rub-down, started off again, apparently as fresh as in the early morning.

Mr. Corey left Harvard square in company with a number of his club, together with Mr. Dean, a pace-maker, and Mr. Hoag, of the Harvard Bicycle Club; but Dean and Hoag were soon content with a slower pace than Mr. Corey was setting, and, after a few miles, lost sight of the "record-breaker" in the distance. Corey and his pace-maker rode at racing speed through the Newtons to the great sign-boards, and fol-

lowed the same route as in the morning to Wellesley, where Mr. Eliot Norton, of the Harvard Bicycle Club, took Mr. Corey in hand and stayed with him until the finish. On reaching the reservoir Mr. Corey had about half an hour more, and, as he would be compelled to redouble his tracks, he rode round the reservoir five times, or 5 5-6 miles, at a racing pace, covering the distance in 22m. Leaving the reservoir, they ran to the Cattle Fair Hotel, Brighton, reaching there just as the clock struck 12. A stop was made to remove the cyclometer, which is now in possession of Mr. Dean, and registers 190 and 9-10 miles. 4 hours and 57 minutes were consumed in stops for refreshments, rests, etc., making actual riding-time 19h. 30m., which gives an average of about 10 miles an hour.

—*Bicycling World.*

THE New Haven Bicycle Race meeting, Oct. 11, was a decided success in every way. The attendance was about 2,500, showing the growing popularity of the sport. There was a parade in the morning through the principal streets, headed by the American Brass Band, and a carriage containing the mayor and chief of police. The parade was in two divisions, under the command of Chief Consul Terry, of Hartford, and Captain T. S. Rust, of Meriden. There were over 100 bicycles and about a dozen tricycles in line. F. H. Benton was general director of the parade.

The races were called at 2 P.M.

3.20 Race. Six entries: Robert F. Way, Hartford (1); William Maxwell, New Haven (2); William A. Hurlbutt, Stamford (3). Time (1) 3.03; (2) 3.03½; (3) 3.12½. Prizes, gold medal, diamond League pin, garnet League pin.

Two-mile Club Championship. Two entries: L. B. Hamilton, Waterbury, Conn., and N. P. Tyler, New Haven. Tyler broke a spoke, and withdrew. Hamilton won in 6.34½. Prize, gold medal.

One-Mile Scratch. Entries: Frasier and Hendee. Hendee (1), in 2.50, Frasier (2), 2.50½. Prize, gold medal. This time breaks record.

Two-mile Tricycle. Two entries: E. P. Burnham (1), 7.05½; Geo. H. Fowler, New Haven (2). Prize, gold medal.

Two-mile Handicap. Four entries: S. J. Mills, Bristol, Conn. (1); Maxwell (2); Frasier and Charles S. Fisk of Springfield, dropped out. Time, 6.29½.

Combination Race, one mile. Three entries: W. R. Pitman, New York (1). Prize, diamond League pin.

Five-mile Scratch. Hendee and Frasier again contested. Hendee (1), and Frasier (2). Time, 15.26½, 15.26½; beating previous record of 15.40.

Three-mile State Championship. Three entries: Mills, Way, and W. C. Palmer, of New Haven Ramblers. Palmer won in 9.17. Prize: \$50, gold medal.

Ten-mile Handicap. Burnham (1), Hamilton (2), Fisk (3), Ives (4). Time: 31.22½; breaking previous record. Prizes: gold watch, silver cup.

Half-mile Consolation. E. M. Willis (1). Time: 1.32.

There was an interesting exhibition at the Rink in the evening.

At the annual fall games of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, W. G. Ross won the 1-mile race in 3.30, and the 5-mile in 18.30.

At the Cincinnati Wanderers Road Race, Sept. 29th, E. Mannen, Maysville, Ky., won the heat for those who had never beaten 3.45, and W. E. Galway (Wanderers), won the heat open to all. The distance was three and one-half miles. Time of first race, 15.39. Time of second not given.

A SUCCESSFUL race-meeting was held at Albany, Sept. 26th. There were eight entries for the 1-mile race, which was won by A. W. La Rose in 3.38; J. C. Neville, second, in 3.42½. The 2-mile professional race, for a purse of \$200, was contested by Higham and Prince, the latter winning. The third was a 1-mile heat race. W. W. Cole won; La Rose (2). Time: 3.38½. Prizes, gold and silver medal.

A. H. Robinson, Kensington, Eng., won the 5-mile Handicap; A. B. Prince, of Pittsfield (2). Time: 17.37.

Burch won the 3-mile Scratch in 12.03. Cole won the 5-mile Championship race, and A. B. Prince the Consolation race in 3.14½.

THE One Hundred-mile Road race, held under the auspices of the Boston Club, came off Saturday, Oct. 6. The road was in excellent condition, and the only drawback was the wind, which was quite stiff from about 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Thomas Midgely, of Worcester, won in 9h. 47m., and was the only contestant to come in inside the time limit of 10 hours, set by the club. The other riders to come in were T. Rothe, Boston; L. A. Peabody, Marblehead; and J. F. McClure, Boston.

A BICYCLE race was run at Sidney, O., Sept. 28, in connection with the Shelby County Fair. The race was one-half mile, best two in three. C. O.

Dickas won in 1.36½ and 1.43½. The prizes were a gold L.A.W. badge to first; pair of nickelled ball pedals to second; hub lamp to third; and long-distance saddle to fourth. This is the first race given by the Valley City Wheel Club, and everything resulted satisfactorily.

A BICYCLE race was held at Cooperstown, N.Y., on the 24th of Sept., for \$25.00 and the championship of Otsego Co. It was won by Geo. Barret in 2.56, on a Columbia Racer.

THE Lawrence Club claim that three of their members, Webb, Tacy, and Finn, have made 212 miles inside of 24 hours. The route, as they give it, only measures, by actual measurement, 159 miles. There must be some mistake somewhere.

KARL KRON has at last succeeded in making a century run. Exact distance, 100¼ miles; exact time, 21h. 15m.

Canoeing Notes.

COL. H. C. ROGERS, of Peterboro', Canada, Rear-Commodore of the American Canoe Association, after attending the meeting of the executive committee at Albany, went to New York, where he was the guest of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club.

Forest and Stream, for October 4th, describes a canoe race in Burmah.

MR. W. H. ECKMAN, editor of *The Sketch Book*, an art paper published in Cleveland, writes us that a party from the Cleveland Club propose taking a trip to New Orleans in their canoes, leaving about the middle of November. The Cleveland Canoe Club is quite active. Their annual races were held at Lake Chautaque and were quite interesting. Quite a number of extensive trips are planned for the coming year.

THE Whitehall Canoe Club has among its members two of the original thirty who founded the A.C.A., Mr. W. W. Cooke and Mr. E. A. Greenough. The club is very prosperous and growing rapidly.

AT the next regular meeting of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club they will change the titles of the officers as follows: Captain for Commodore, Mate for Vice-Commodore, and Purser for Secretary and Treasurer.

THE Knickerbocker Canoe Club will have to enlarge their present house or build a new one, as they have not room for their boats. The club

has now thirty members, all but three of whom are canoe-owners.

INTER-CLUB meet and camp. While at Albany at the executive committee meeting a good deal was said by members of the Mohican, Knickerbocker, New York, and Springfield Canoe Clubs about having a three-day meet and camp on the Hudson river, somewhere near Newburg, next spring. If held, the great sailing race between the "Dot" (C. B. Vaux) and the "Snake" (R. W. Gibson) will most probably take place there. It is understood that the following clubs will have representatives at the camp: Mohican, Knickerbocker, New York, Springfield, Hartford, Lake George, Whitehall, and Rondout, possibly the Bayonne, Crescent, of Newark, N. J., Philadelphia, and Rochester.

DR. DUDLEY A. SARGENT is delivering a series of valuable lectures before the Y.M.C.A. on Physical Culture.

French Notes.

CHARENTON RACES.

THE meet called September 9th, at Charenton, was very brilliant. As on previous occasions the races took place on the avenue that skirts the woods of Vincennes. The weather was fine, and the attendance large. The programme comprised six races, in which eighteen contestants took part, and no one met with the slightest accident. We report only the two most important of the races:—

Third race, for Seniors. Three-mile race. Three starters: M. de Civry, 9m. 52s. (1); M. Ch. Hommey (2); M. G. Hommey (3).

Fifth race, Handicap Seniors. Two-mile race. Four starters: M. de Civry (scratch), 6m. 54s. (1); M. G. Hommey (2); M. Salvator (3); M. Ch. Hommey (scratch), distanced.

The handicap for Seniors was the occasion of a second victory for M. de Civry, but a more difficult one than the first. M. G. Hommey, who had a start of nearly 200 yards, having struggled courageously until within 30 yards of the goal. M. Salvator, with a start of 240 yards, took his place third, at a distance of 20 yards, being 10 yards in advance of M. Ch. Hommey, who had not accepted the start of 110 yards given him by the scratchman.

BORDEAUX RACES.

THE success of the second international meet, under the auspices of the Veloce-Club, of Bordeaux, was at least as great as that of the first meet. A quintuple row of spectators encircled

the tracks, and the benches were too small. The anticipations of the throng were exceeded rather than disappointed. It had been feared that the smart shower which fell just before the time appointed for the races might lessen the eagerness of the curious to present themselves at the track; but such was not the case. The population of Bordeaux attach strong interest to this sport, that has made so great progress in their city the past year. The track, which was 656 yards in circumference, was not very good, and the speed was accordingly inferior. But, notwithstanding drawbacks, the races were brilliant, as might have been predicted, seeing the array of such contestants as M.M. Médingier (the successful contestant against Wood), de Civry, Ch. Terront, G. Pihan, and Krell.

The great surprise of the day, if it can, indeed, be called a surprise, was the triple victory of M. de Civry, not only over M.M. Terront and Pihan, but equally over M. Médingier, who, we suspect, was not looking for these defeats, honorable as they were. We may be mistaken, but we are inclined to believe M. de Civry—as his former triumphs have gone to prove—superior, even, to M. Médingier.

M. Ch. Terront sustained his old reputation by pressing closely upon his redoubtable adversary up to the very goal. In the tricycle race,

but for his accident, he would have been, if not foremost, at least very nearly so.

The prizes offered were \$360 in value. There were offered, in addition, a gold chronometer and nine medals, one of the latter offered by the Gymnastic Society.

The International Bicycle Race; distance, nine miles. Seven starters. M. de Civry, Paris (1), 33m. 21s.; M. Ch. Terront, Paris (2); M. Médingier, Paris (3).

International Tricycle Race; distance, two and three-fourths miles. Six starters. M. de Civry (1), 12m. 32s.; M.M. Ch. Terront and Médingier (2); M. Jiel (4). This race was sharply contested between Terront and de Civry. The former had the advantage until, on the eighth and last lap, the rubber on one of his tricycle wheels having loosened, he was obliged to dismount about two hundred yards from the goal. He remounted immediately, but was able to take only the third place.

Handicap Bicycle Race of Honor; three and three-fourths miles. M. de Civry (1), 13m. 4s.; Médingier (2); Ch. Terront (3).

This race, which combined anew the four Parisian racers, was brilliantly won by 10 feet, by M. de Civry, whose third was saluted with the enthusiastic applause of the spectators.

BOOK NOTICES.

Recollections of My Youth.¹

A VERY lively interest attaches to the earlier chapters of this book, in which the author describes his childhood in Brittany, that land so antiquated in life and thought, so full of legend, and so little known to modern travellers. They contain a most fascinating sketch of his mother, gay, witty, shrewd and full of tact, warm-hearted, and with an inimitable gift for story-telling. Many of her original tales are here repeated, and many of his recollections of persons and experiences rehearsed. An interest no less strong, but of a wholly different nature, arises from the chapters which describe his departure from his old Breton masters for the ecclesiastical schools of Paris. His whole mental history, his progress from most absolute faith in the Romish church, through Protestantism, to thorough rationalism, is laid completely open. However one may lack sympathy, he cannot fail to be soothed to attention by the unflinching suavity of the writer, and to be drawn to respect by his absolute freedom from self-interest. However he may differ

from his clerical educators in faith, he claims to be in character and temperament what they have made him. Their moral teaching he sums up in the four virtues of disinterestedness or poverty, modesty, politeness, and strict morality; and then proceeds to analyze his conduct under those four heads. This process is one of the most striking things in the book, and is very full of instruction. The first principle he justly claims to have practised most faithfully. He was always a mere child in worldly affairs. It had never occurred to him that any money could be made by his writings until some one sought him, offering to publish them in collected form. An arrangement which seemed wonderfully liberal to him proved to be in reality a fine speculation for his publisher. The rule of his old teachers on the score of modesty was never to speak of one's self either in praise or depreciation, and he naively excuses himself for throwing away all claim to that virtue by asserting his possession of it, as he does at considerable length. He lays claim to more of politeness, however, than of modesty, asserting that in the practise of this priestly grace he has even forfeited his candor,

¹ By Ernest Rénan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

seeking in conversation rather to feel what his companion felt, and to anticipate him in expressing it, than to utter truthfully his own thought. He claims politeness as a truly French virtue. Just here we must quote a few sentences which would scarcely be appreciated by our travelling public: "When one feels one's self being pushed by people who want to get in front of one, the proper thing to do is to draw back with a gesture tantamount to saying: 'Do not let me prevent your passing.' But it is very certain that any one who adhered to this rule in an omnibus would be the victim of his own deference. In travelling by rail, how few people seem to see that in trying to force their way before others on the platform, in order to secure the best seats, they are guilty of gross discourtesy." He confesses that owing to the strength of his feeling on these points, and the rude reception given to his delicacy, he has long since given up taking an omnibus, and in travelling by rail invariably has the very worst seat.

One thing in him that is strikingly different from most men is, as he says, "I have never given much encouragement to friendship." Friendship, as it is usually understood, is, he says, a blunder and an injustice. It consists in having one's eyes open to the good qualities of one person only, and blind to those of others who are perhaps far more deserving. In a better world he believes there would be no friendship. It is a slight upon good fellowship in general to attach one's self especially to an individual, and must warp a man's judgment and fetter his independence.

The inimitably clear and finished style of Rénan must suffer somewhat in translation. There are even, we regret to see, a few inelegances and errors of English expression.

Ole Bull: A Memoir.¹

MRS. BULL has given us an admirable delineation of her husband's career and qualities of manhood and genius. He is not to be viewed and judged in accordance with rules, or to be accounted for by any course of school-training. His was the music of natural emotion and inspiration. No other violinist has been capable of doing such wonders, unless, perhaps, we except Paganini. His very physical conformation and development, his mighty chest, long and flexible arms and hands, delicacy of touch and extreme agility of motion, enabled him to accomplish passages of such length and difficulty that admiration would have been lost in amazement but for the flood of deep and passionate feeling that swept his hearers away. He is said to be the only violinist who has ever played four distinct and continuous parts at once. And if one of his strings should snap, the mishap could not even for an instant slacken the flow of sweet sounds, but, transposing or even extemporizing, he would continue as if undisturbed. He imbibed the

¹By Sara C. Bull. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

highest rules of art unconsciously by his intercourse with artists and his familiarity with the finest music; but of conventional training under masters he had none. He wandered for a time in poverty and lonely adventure, waiting for success; but when it once came it was overwhelming, and never deserted him during his life. The whole world was swayed by his power.

There is no direct analysis given either of his personal qualities or of his art. Of the former we are given to judge by many incidents and letters of his own writing, and in regard to the latter, are quoted critiques by Mrs. Child, G. N. Curtis, and others. Many letters addressed to him by distinguished persons, and of great interest, are here reproduced; and also many tributes from poets, musicians, and friends of all ranks.

Appended to the volume is a paper, by Dr. A. B. Crosby, on the anatomy of Ole Bull, his pose and method of holding the violin. This must be of special interest to violinists.

Eugène Fromentin.¹

THE style of the biographer is stately and forcible, and at the same time vividly interesting. It loses nothing, moreover, in the translation, which is remarkably finished and excellent.

The volume is very elegant in appearance, a large octavo of nearly three hundred pages, illustrated by many engravings of Fromentin's sketches.

Americans will be glad to be introduced to another French painter of most interesting qualities, heretofore little known to us. He was a *genre* painter, of superior gifts. His colors are brilliant, pure, and boldly juxtaposed. He became a harmonist, strongly resembling Corot in his use of grays. He had wonderful skill in the management of light and tone, giving with truth all the effects of time of day, season, and climate. He was too keen an observer to omit careful reproduction of detail, and yet always studied a noble breadth and harmony of effect.

As a writer he was distinguished by the same accuracy of observation, the same picturesqueness and vivacity of style that marked his work with crayon and brush. He showed vigor, delicacy, and precision of thought. As a writer of pure prose he is ranked with George Sand, Théophile Gautier, Mérimée, and Rénan. His first work of note is entitled, "A Summer in the Sahara." The critics — and foremost among them George Sand and Sainte-Beuve — spared him no praise. His literary fortune was assured, and from that moment dated a lively sympathy between Fromentin and his illustrious critics. Other works fully analyzed and criticized in this volume are the "Sahel" and "Old Masters of Belgium and Holland." Letters of great interest and literary value between Fromentin and George Sand are given, as well as other letters of the artist and unpublished fragments. The Isle

¹Eugène Fromentin, Painter and Writer. By M. Louis Gonse. Translated by Mary Caroline Robbins. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

of Ré, here printed, is a perfect exponent of the peculiar beauties of his work.

But little information is given us of his life, which was uneventful, and of his character, which was of extreme sensitiveness and reserve. George Sand wrote of him: "His face is startlingly expressive; his eyes magnificent. His conversation, like his painting and writing, is brilliant and strong, solid, pregnant, and full of color. . . . His life, like his mind, is a model of delicacy, taste, perseverance, and distinction." His portrait gives us a face full of spirit and refinement. He died at the age of fifty-six, when his merits as painter and writer were about to procure him an election to the Academy.

Reveries of a Bachelor and Seven Stories.¹

HERE we have two charming old friends in a fresh dress, and with their own youth unfaded. There are four of the Reveries, and running through each is a thread of fancied experience of hope, disappointment, love, joy, and sorrow. The phantom persons grow real before us, and the tender pathos with which their stories are told wins our heart and stirs our sympathies. The bachelor falls into these waking dreams over his fire in country and city. His first creations are shadowy and changing in their persons, but most real and moving in their loves and emotions. The writer asks, "What matters it, pray, if, literally, there was no wife, and no dead child, and no coffin, in the house? Is not feeling, feeling; and heart, heart? Are not these fancies thronging on my brain, bringing their own sorrows, and their own joys, as living as anything human can be living?" The third Revery is over his cigar, which draws forth from him a series of reflections such "as would do your heart good to listen to." "About Love, which is easy enough lighted, but wants constancy to keep it in a glow. Or about Matrimony, which has a great deal of fire in the beginning, but it is a fire that consumes all that feeds the blaze. Or about Life, which, at the first, is fresh and odorless, but ends shortly in a withered cinder, fit only for the ground." He lights his cigar with a living coal, and compares "the first taste of the new smoke and the fragrant leaf" to first love, and wanders on through all the pictured details of a sweet, boyish romance. But the flame dies out and must be rekindled, this time with a wisp of paper, and thus his heart is warmed again to friendship, and then to love, no longer hot, and without a thought of self or the world, but a love that must yield to lack of dividends, and lose its grief and its hopes in the roar of the world about, and the struggle of life, to die out wholly at last with the light of his cigar. But he vows he will light it again, and this time with a match, — all that is left to him, — and a capital match it proves to be, with a "splendid woman," an ele-

¹ By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

gant woman, who brings him wealth, and knows how to "sustain the dignity of her position." But her tenderness and her smiles, and her joyful welcome, are never for him; his heart starves and faints utterly. The flame is wholly dead and its material consumed. The last Revery is one of the open air in the meadow, where he lies and dreams under an oak. The morning brings him memories of childhood and youth; with noon come pictures of the present, brief and full of events, while at evening he takes a long look into his future, — a great, dim land, where he loves to wander. The last is the best of all, and the most real.

The Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic, are a collection of stories of foreign life most exquisitely told. We mark especially in them the minuteness and vividness of descriptions of scenes and persons. Many pictures are drawn here with the pen as lovely and as true in all their shading and atmosphere as the work of a painter. These volumes are to be followed by seven or eight others by the same author, some of which have not been previously published.

Prose Masterpieces.¹

EACH of these essays is given without abridgment, and they are grouped with reference to subject and for convenience in comparing views. The first volume contains Froude's "Science of History," a masterly critical discussion of the philosophy of Buckle, followed by "Race and Language," by Edward A. Freeman, and Gladstone's "Kin Beyond Sea," originally published in the *North American Review*. Then come papers by John Henry Newman on "Private Judgment," and by Leslie Stephen "An Apology for Plain-speaking." There are six essays in the second volume: Arthur Helps, "On the Art of Living with Others"; "My Winter Garden," by Charles Kingsley, whose poetic philosophy of every-day and monotonous things reminds us of that of Xavier de Maistre, with the advantage of being rural instead of urban. Kingsley's letter is followed by an address on "Work," by John Ruskin, delivered before the Working Men's Institute; James Russell Lowell, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and essays on History by Carlyle and Macaulay. In the third volume are Washington Irving's "Mutability of Literature," and Leigh Hunt's "World of Books," Charles Lamb's "Imperfect Sympathies," and De Quincey's "Conversation"; "Petition of the Thugs for Toleration," by Landor, "The Benefits of Parliament," also by Landor, and "Fallacies of Anti-Reformers," by Sidney Smith; "Nil Nisi Bonum," by Thackeray, and "Compensation," by Emerson; "Sweetness and Light," by Matthew Arnold, and John Morley, "On Popular Culture." Any words in regard to either writers or essays would be superfluous. We have only to commend the discrimi-

¹ Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

nating taste that made the selections, as well as the very elegant and convenient form in which they are presented.

Tennyson's Princess.¹

TENNYSON'S "Princess," illustrated, is certainly one of the finest holiday books of the season, and is probably the very finest book of that particular kind ever gotten up. It is similar in size, binding, paper, and general make-up to "The Lady of the Lake" of last year, and "Lucile" of the year before; but it far surpasses both of these in excellence of illustrations. We feel no hesitation in saying that we have never seen a finer example of the perfection to which wood engraving has been brought. As to the work of the artists, it is, most of it, of the very best. Perhaps the finest work in the book is by Frederick Dielman. There is probably not an artist in the country who could have done better the work assigned to him. Frost's figures are rather artificial and expressionless, — a fault that prevails in most of his work. The numerous head and tail pieces, and the frontispieces to the various parts, add greatly to the beauty of the whole. Great credit is due to Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, who superintended the artistic part of the work.

The Invisible Lodge.²

WE gladly welcome another of Jean Paul's shadowy romances. It is not the slight and often-broken thread of slowly moving narrative that chains our mind, nor our absorption in the unreal and dreamlike personages that pass before our eyes. These things are charming, but the other things that interpose and draw away our thoughts are still more so. What delicious whimsical humor and satire! What deep philosophy and morality! And, most of all, we love his warmth of heart.

The many obscurities that puzzle us are not the fault of the translator, whose work is truly scholarly and appreciative. The Germans have made for themselves a dictionary of the strange words and obscure phrases and figures occurring in Richter's works.

This romance was published when the author was twenty-nine years old, and contains much of his own biography. It was the first of his works that he felt to be well paid, and he had the joy of bestowing the proceeds upon his poor old mother.

Of the Imitation of Christ.³

THIS little book of devotion and religious instruction, that for four centuries has been used by all followers of Christ, of whatever creed or nationality, is

¹ *The Princess*. A Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

² *The Invisible Lodge*. From the German of J. P. F. Richter, by Charles I. Brooks. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

³ Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

newly issued in a very appropriate and attractive form. The translation is the latest revision, and the text is profusely ornamented with quaint emblematic head and tail-pieces and odd devices of all sorts.

The Storied Sea.¹

A DAINTY little volume of bright, familiar sketches of the Mediterranean, Tunis, Carthage, Smyrna, and of the incidents and companions of the voyage of the writer. These chapters are so interesting and gracefully written that there is no need of the half-apology at the beginning for writing of anything so old as the Mediterranean. They are professedly penned for the recreation of the eighty thousand school-teachers of our land, "that noble army of martyrs"; but they must share their blessings with other toilers, who welcome a glimpse into scenes apart from their daily life. The brigand story of Ajaccio, the chapters of the Light of the Harem, and the exquisite glimpses of the American Girl, are among the pleasiest things in the book.

The American Girl's Home-Book of Work and Play.²

THE first part of this book contains directions for all imaginable sorts of in-door amusements; rainy-day amusements for younger children, and directions for constructing home-made toys for them; games, old-fashioned and new, for children's parties; forfeits, very pretty song-plays and tricks that would delight a party of children of a larger growth; home entertainments, with full directions and descriptions of "properties" required; ballads and poems illustrated by action, — such as "Auld Robin Gray," "Villikins and his Dinah," "Jack and the Beanstalk," etc., being given in full with directions for action; ending with Halloween and other amusements.

The second part is devoted to out-door employments, and contains instruction in the laws of lawn-tennis, archery, croquet, lawn billiards, etc. There are also full directions for learning to swim, and various precautions suggested against accidents in the water. There is one chapter on the making of small entomological collections, and another on aquariums, walking-clubs, and camping-out; the culture of small fruits, the rearing of poultry, care of an apiary and floriculture are thoroughly discussed. There are directions for various kinds of fancy-work. In fact, almost any girl could find work and play enough in the pages of this book to fill her girlhood hours. The directions are, in all cases, admirably simple and easily understood. Everything said is to be trusted as being the result of experience and conscientious study.

¹ By Susan E. Wallace. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

² *The American Girl's Home-Book*. By Helen Campbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Our Young Folks. Whys and Wherefores.¹

THIS is a very beautiful juvenile, with a bright and tasteful cover, profusely illustrated, and clearly printed in large type, on fine, thick paper. Little Annie, whose whys and wherefores fill the book, reminds us of Rollo in the books of our own childhood. Her questions are answered by grandfather, mother, engineer brother, and sea-captain father. They relate to physiology, meteorology, and even psychology. A chapter on the stomach is called "The Sensitive Cook," and that fastidious organ is described by the old story of Vatel, the cook of Louis XIV., who, unable to sustain the double mortification of knowing that two tables of an evening banquet had lacked roast beef, and that there would not be fish enough for breakfast, ran himself through with a sword. Many of the illustrations are French, as is the story also in its origin.

A Year of Sunshine.²

WE are glad to see this collection of cheerful extracts put into a more permanent form. They are of prose and poetry, ancient and modern, drawn from every source, the newspapers as well as classic writers, and are full of brightness, wit, and encouragement. Each day of the year has its page in the volume. The pages are red-lined, and the book has red edges. With these cheery reflections before us it would be difficult to be gloomy and despondent, or to see the dark side of any matter.

Work for Women.³

MR. MANSON has done valuable service to women seeking employment. He has answered, as far as possible, in regard to employments suited to her, such questions as, "Is there a good chance to get work? How long will it take to make myself competent? Are there many in the business? How much do they earn? How hard will I have to work? Are there any objections against entering this employment? If so, what are they?"

Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities.⁴

"John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind."

THIS little book of Susan Anna Brown is in form like her "Book of Forty Puddings." The stanza quoted above is on the illustrated cover, and evidently has given the book its title. The "Frugalities" are two hundred ways of using remnants of food. It is strange, and to be regretted, that in the skilful and economical use of food our American women

allow themselves to be so notoriously excelled by older and poorer countries. It is the aim of this book to suggest remedies for the fact.

Mexico and the Mexicans¹

IS a most delightful book about that very interesting country, a land that is just now of more than ordinary interest to us, owing to the important railroad and other projects carried on there at present by capitalists of our country. The author has given us a very clear and interesting account of the country as it appeared to him, and has done it in a simple, straightforward way. The book itself is gratifying to the eye, with its superfine paper, large clear type, and wide margins. The half dozen or more illustrations are of a very ordinary kind.

The Hoosier School Boy.²

THE sage-green cover of this pretty book is embellished with a picture of the studious infant, Christopher Columbus George Washington Marquis de Lafayette Risdale, with his large head and reed-like legs, who is a prominent and interesting character of the story, not the Hoosier school-boy himself, but sheltered from many a rudeness by his generous protection. Jack Dudley, the real hero, is an honest chivalrous fellow, brought up by a father for whom he never dares to express half his admiration, and by a lovely, gentle mother, who is now a widow with no means, but an old debt owed her by a Mr. Gray, whose property all belongs to his wife. Any boy will follow this Jack with unflinching interest through all his school experiences with the bully, "King Prince," and his cowardly dependents; with the cruel old master, who frightens poor little Columbus And-soforth into a brain fever by an attempt to flog out of the baby the knowledge of who put gunpowder into the stove; with "ghosts" in the log-cabin, on the banks of the Ohio, where Jack kept "bach" with another boy, and went to the Port William Academy; when he ran the successful race to register his claim on a piece of land discovered to be owned in Mr. Gray's own name, before a boy hired by Mr. G. to run to the county clerk's office in competition with Jack, should be able to register a mortgage on that same piece of land; and through many another conflict and adventure. It is as healthful a story as it is interesting. Unless we feel differently from other boys, many of Jack's games will be tried and played by the school-boys that read his story. Edward Eggleston's pictures of Western life and character are as truthful and as overflowing with humor in this story as in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," or "Roxy."

¹ Whys and Wherefores. A Story. By Uncle Lawrence. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

² A Year of Sunshine. By Kate Sanborn. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

³ By George J. Manson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

⁴ New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹ Mexico and the Mexicans; or, Notes of Travel in the Winter and Spring of 1883. By Howard Conkling. With illustrations. New York: Taintor Brothers, Merrill, & Co.

² The Hoosier School Boy. By Edward Eggleston. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.



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VOLUME I.

THE first volume of THE WHEELMAN, from October, 1882, to March, 1883, has just been issued, neatly bound in cloth, at the low price of \$1.50. This forms by far the finest collection of 'cycling literature ever published. In this book of 480 pages will be found articles on all subjects connected with the wheel. 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 of wheelmen, "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 standpoints 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 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 the Sea"; "A Race for a Ribbon." Two serials also begin in this volume, "A Flying Dutchman" and "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 Reverie," by S. Conant Foster; "The Poet Wheelman"; "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. The price, \$1.50, can hardly be an obstacle in the way of any one.

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The Second Volume of **THE WHEELMAN** is now ready. It is similar in size and binding to the first volume. It contains articles for all classes of readers. **PEDALLING ON THE PISCATAQUA; A SUMMER RAMBLE AMONG THE BLACK HILLS; A CYCLE OF THE SEASON; A HISTORY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CLUB; THE BICYCLE IN PHILADELPHIA; A TOUR TO THE NATURAL BRIDGE, and A DAY IN ANDOVER** are among the superbly illustrated articles.

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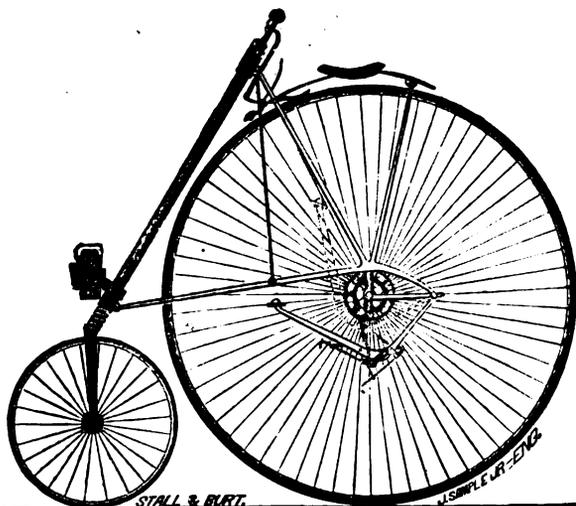
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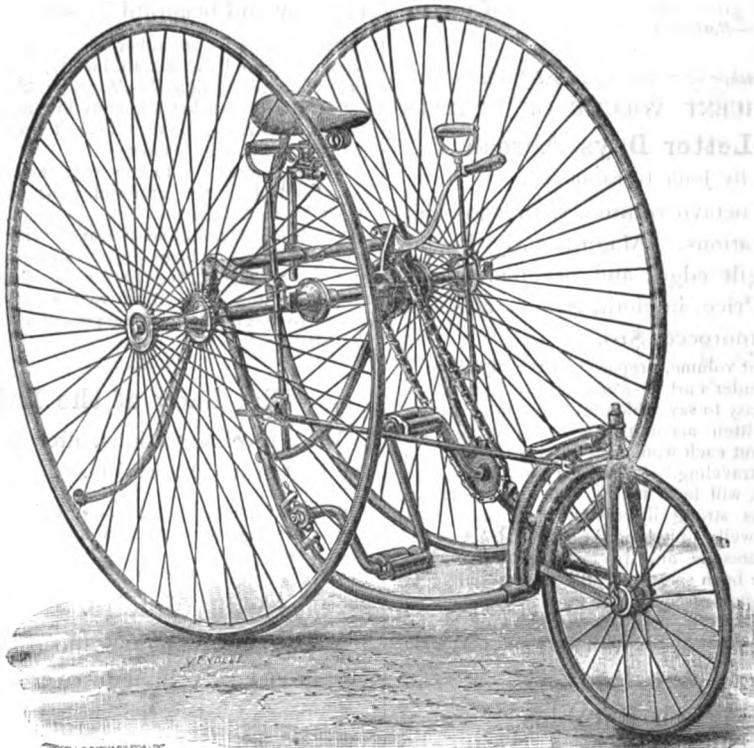
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OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN.

Vol. III.

JANUARY, 1884.

No. 4.

A-WHEELING IN NORAMBEGA.

PART I.



THE MERRY WHEELERS.

IF we ask the geographers of to-day where and what Norambega is, they cannot tell us. Their maps and gazetteers show no such name. We must question those of another time. Old Peter Heylin, cosmographer, will tell us, though this same Peter, whilom a man of parts for his day, has slept for over two centuries in peace and quiet, untroubled by such curious and prying questions: "Canada containeth in it the several regions of —

quartereth on Norambega." The old Spanish and French sailors indefinitely designated all the coast of New England and Nova Scotia as Norambega; but Heylin here defines it. It was the region between the mouths of the Penobscot and the St. Croix rivers, in what is now the State of Maine.

This land is famous of old in history. Norambega was included in the Vinland — the Good of the Icelanders. Here



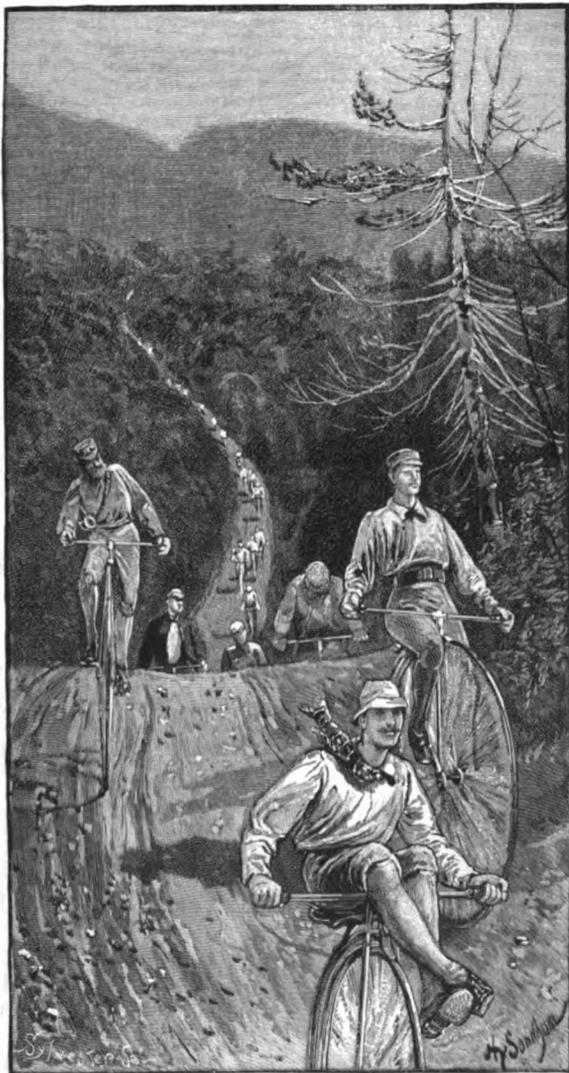
ANCIENT AND MODERN.

1st, Nova Franca, specially so called; 2d, Nova Scotia; 3d, Norambega; 4th, the Isles adjoining. Norambega hath on the north-east Nova Scotia, and on the south-west Virginia. . . . Nova Scotia containeth that part of the country of Canada which the French call Acadie, with so much of the main land as lieth between the river Canada (St. Lawrence?) and the large Bay Françoise (Fundy), from the river of St. Croix upon the west to the Isle of Assumption upon the east. . . . Virginia, in the full latitude thereof, extendeth from the 34th degree, where it joins Florida, to the 44th degree, where it

touched the dragon-prowed ships of the Northmen. Along these coasts Thorhold, the hunter, the son of Eric the Red, sailed in 1008 to explore the land; and when he came not back, having been driven far out to sea by a storm, Thorfinn, who had settled in South Vinland (Massachusetts or Rhode Island), came in search of him, and he called the region "the country of the One foots," thinking the natives to be monstrous savages, having but one foot. Almost five centuries after the last of the old Viking roamers had left this land. Sebastian Cabot, in 1498, after wandering among the icebergs of Labrador, touched

here as he sailed southward. The Portuguese fishermen, who sought the Banks of Newfoundland, explored the coast. In 1525 Esteran Gomez made a chart of it, which Robero used in the construction of his map of the world. These maps are curious

previous to that of Jamestown. For two hundred years following this Eastern Maine was the scene of many interesting and exciting events. Colonies were planted; wars waged with the Indians; battles fought and settlements besieged by the



OVER HILL AND DALE.

old drawings, giving to the coast-line of America all sorts of shapes, and sprinkling the seas with figures of horrible monsters and the shores with armed savages. During the 16th century Norambega was often visited by the adventurous navigators. The first settlement was made upon an island in the St. Croix river, in 1604, four years

pioneers of various nations, who claimed the land. Those were the wild times of the freebooters and buccaneers, who sometimes approached this northern shore. After such troublous years Norambega finally came into the hands of the English; and no longer was known by that name, but was included in the Province of Maine.

Into the eastern part of this region, full of reminiscences of by-gone times, not yet outgrown its traditions, quaint from its very remoteness from the centres of commerce and life, burst a company of merry wheelmen, who for a few days scoured the

passed out to the sea. There they sat and talked in the waning light, in that free and sympathetic companionship which exists among wheelmen. It is a wholly unique fellowship, depending for its existence upon no artificial interests. There is no extraordinary handshake, no mystic ritual of questions and answers, no cabalistic signs, by which members of this fraternity are recognized. The only condition of admission is the ability to ride a bicycle; the only requirement, enjoyment of the sport. This is the common ground upon which wheelmen meet. When one meets another he knows and feels that there is something in common, — that he is making the acquaintance of a man who takes pleasure in healthy, invigorating exercise, and delights in glorious out-of-door life. The party on the steamer fairly represented this noble fraternity, which embraces a larger membership than the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, or the League of American Wheelmen. There was the Manager, a bustling little fellow, through whose enthusiastic efforts the excursion had been planned and the party brought together; the President, a careful, tireless rider, destined soon after to experience his first fall in six thousand miles of riding; the Doctor, whose inevitable good-nature and perennial smile made him seem like an old friend to every one; the Chief Consul, peering sedately and judicially through his spectacles; the Lawyer, whose dark, handsome face subsequently proved to be "irresistible"; the Parson, able to climb a stiff grade and take a wild coast as well as preach a sermon; Old Joker, of whom no further description is necessary; the Mosquito, an aider and abettor of O. J.; the Artist, large-hearted, frank, a capital story-teller, and a sympathetic admirer of out-door recreations; the Old Tar, who, though not "old," had been around the Cape of Good Hope before the mast; the Agent, representing a peculiar machine, and never forgetful of the fact; the Governor, who cramped his legs under the handle-bar of a 54-inch; Tom, whom you naturally called by his first name, strong as an ox, unlimited in endurance, a brawny, athletic Englishman. But I must only name a few of the remainder, — the singing Lieutenant, the levying Treasurer, the Reporter, the Editor, the Dutchman, the Invalid; but to name and describe all would of itself require the space of an article. These men represented all professions. And, as an illustration of the



WHAT THE EAGLE SAW.

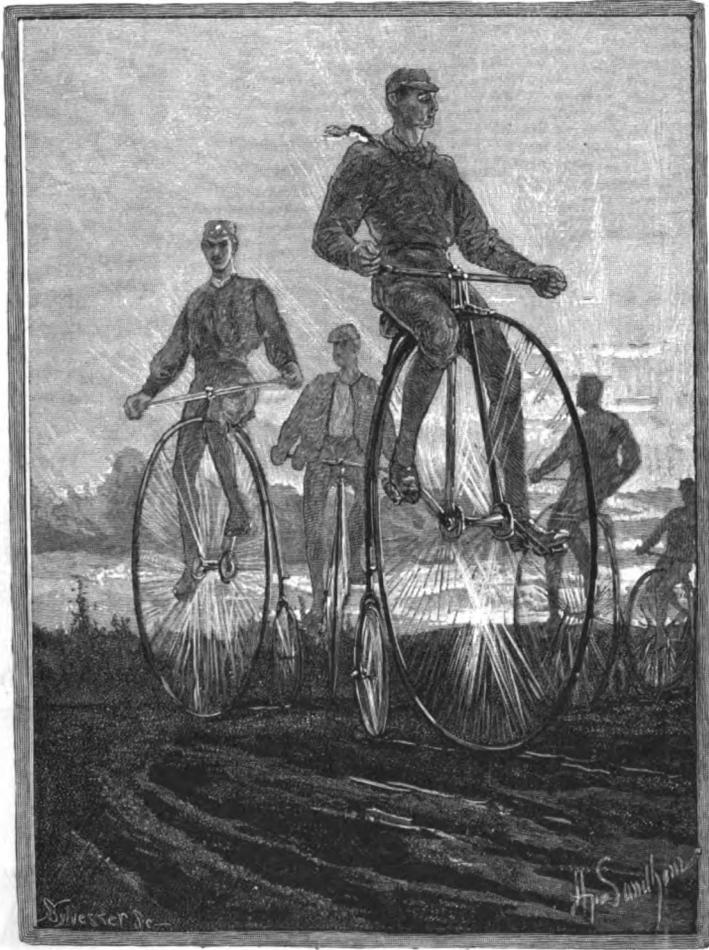
land on their winged steeds, and were gone like a shadow.

At the close of a day in June, not long passed by, this party sat upon the hurricane deck of the steamer "Falmouth," as it steamed out of Portland harbor, bound for Eastport, — the most eastern point of land within the boundaries of the United States. The sun sank down in a bank of clouds far away over Cape Elizabeth as the boat ran down between Peak's and Hog Islands, — the latter now more euphoniously and agreeably named Diamond Island, — and

fact that bicyclers are not boys, it might be mentioned that the average age of the party was 29.7 years, the oldest being forty-five and the youngest twenty.

In the twilight we sat on the forward deck, smoking and chatting. "The man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan," Bulwer says. We were

ing remarks and good-humoredly mocking laughter. At last, however, only three or four little points of fire could be seen in the darkness, and a few muffled voices heard. Shortly these were gone, and the watch, pacing across the bow, was alone with the dark sky overhead and the dark ocean beneath; all was silent save the



WHAT THE CRICKET SAW.

fairly out of the cover of the land, and a stiff breeze was blowing. Soon the forward lanterns were hung out, and in the lingering light they rose and fell as the boat took the swell. This fact did not go long undiscovered, and occasionally one of the group would throw away his half-smoked cigarette and go below to "get his overcoat." But after a few had slipped off it was not so easy to escape; there was a scramble across the deck, followed by jest-

monotonous, unceasing heat of the engines.

The morning of the next day was half gone when the steamer moved down the narrows between Lubec and the island of Campobello, crossed the entrance to Cobscook Bay, and came to rest at her wharf in Eastport. "Stand by your wheels" was the word that passed along, and down each dived to the lower deck and sought from the glittering mass of thirty-five bicycles his own, and rolled it slowly



LOWERING THE BICYCLES FROM THE WHARVES AT EASTPORT.

up to the hotel. Bags, valises, and overcoats were tossed into wagons, pedals adjusted, the wrappings taken from wheels, and we stood impatient to mount

and whirl off up the steep hill, along the side of which the village lies. Above were dull, inexpressive, incomprehensible clouds; they did not threaten; they gave

no hope; they preserved a mysterious incommunicativeness, apparently "declining to answer until they had consulted their counsel." But we cared little for them. We were in the "mood to be pleased," to enjoy everything. At last the bugle sounds the "mount," and the procession glides down the village street, where had assembled the entire population, even the school-boys, dismissed for the occasion.

We climbed up Fort Hill, back of the town, crowned by several old redoubts, thrown up during the War of 1812, where formerly a garrison was stationed. Beyond this is a level stretch along the highlands, and then the road winds a crook, up hill and down. John Burroughs, the keen lover of nature, writes: "The youth of the world is but a few days distant. Indeed, I know persons who think they have walked back to that fresh aforesaid of a single bright Sunday in autumn or spring. Before noon they felt its airs upon their cheeks, and by nightfall, on the banks of some quiet stream, or along some path in the woods, or on some hill-top, they have heard the voices and felt the wonder and the mystery that so enchanted the early races of men." We had travelled but a night, and even while we slept we were nearing this "aforesaid," though we knew it not. In the saddle we again felt at home. The wheels beneath us seemed fellow-creatures, and the inclination was strong to pat them and speak encouraging words, as we toiled step by step up the hill. Ah, wheelmen only know this strange community between the steel steed and the manly heart! The pulses thrilled, the blood leaped along the arteries. In the saddle once more, it was a joy to live, to breathe in the fresh sea-breeze, to whirl along the hard, smooth road, to pant up the steep hill, winning a glorious prospect. A broad semicircle stretched out before us. At the right, over the top of the hill, Eastport light was visible in the bay; then came the broad Passamaquoddy, with its islands, and the New Brunswick shore beyond; in front the rolling land of Moose Island, upon which we were riding, a grove on the opposite hill shutting out further view in that direction; at the left lay Cobscook Bay, and on the other side of it the woods and hills of Maine. The signal call, "Slow up for hill," rang out; the line stretched out longer and longer, like a monster snake slowly dragging itself along the sinuous road. One by one the

wheels rolled down the long winding hill leading to the lower part of the island. A few remained some distance behind and took the hill with legs over handles. What a wild, delicious coast that was! Slow at first, then faster; the fences and trees whizzed by, the smooth road rolled itself up under our wheels. "Look out there," shouted the Editor, as he suddenly veered to the right, avoiding a piece of timber at one end raised several inches above the road; on we went, so fast that it was necessary to apply the brake very gently, — a strong pressure would have thrown one in an instant, — sweeping down the long grade, darting down a sudden dip, whirling around a curve in the road, then running along on the level for a long distance. But, before we had fairly slowed up, there came repeated whistle-calls from the rear to dismount. We turned and ran back. The Invalid, who from this incident received the sobriquet, had not seen the plank across the road down the hill. Coasting down without a thought of danger, his wheel struck the board; a moment's flight, a tumbling bicycle, and a rider lying in the dust.

"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."

We brushed the dust from his clothes, while the Doctor put some plaster on his scratches. This incident occurred immediately in front of a little, unpainted house. We were about to go up to it for a drink of water when the driver of a wagon, that had come up behind, called out good-naturedly, "Wouldn't milk go better?" "We're all M.D.'s, — milk-drinkers," was the reply of the ready Doctor. Refreshed we whirled down the road after the rest of the party, who had not heard the dismount call. We fairly flew along, and caught them just entering a deep, dark cut along a hill-side. On one side arose the hill, covered with dark, thick furs and stunted pines, which shadowed the road; on the other side the land ran down to a ravine, the slope covered also with trees. It was like the "dark wood" of Dante. A little light struggled through the long, narrow opening overhead. The road was smooth as a floor, hard and damp. A hush came upon us as we entered the shadowed avenue. The tattoo of a woodpecker fell upon the silence with a rattle, but seemed to strike only the outside, — sound was

hollow, single and lonely. The silence of the woods is impenetrable. It contains the accretions of ages of solitude. Our voices fell off from it as water from a roof. There was the silence still, large, undiminished, unquenchable. The low sighing of the wind among the pine branches, the dripping and trickling of the water from a spring below the road, our voices, — all were audible; but around all, and enwrapping all, was the unseen spirit of the wood.

Dashing out of the woods again, we soon descended the last hill of the island, and rolled across the long toll-bridge before the keeper was aware of our presence. "Them velocipede fellows is too quick for me," he remarked to the Artist, from whom he attempted to extract toll for the whole party, — unsuccessfully, however. After crossing the bridge a little chapel was visible through the trees at the right. It belongs to the Passamaquoddy Indians. The remnant of the tribe, numbering three hundred, dwell on Pleasant Point. They live by fishing, hunting, and making baskets, which, during the summer, they sell at summer resorts as far down as Mt. Desert. The Inoodies, as they are called, are strict Catholics. A priest from Eastport conducts services at the chapel, and schools are carried on by the Sisters of Charity. Every year they elect a governor, upon which occasion scenes take place which show that wild blood still flows in their veins.

The country on the borders of Maine has a strange, mixed atmosphere of wildness and civilization. One could not forget that this region had been inhabited for centuries, — that it was old. But now and then we would run into a wild spot: rocks scattered about, ledges cropping out from the ground, among which we had to pick our way; a straggling underbrush close to the road, and beyond it the woods. Again the road lay along fields, pastures, and meadow-lands. After an hour or more we ran through Perry, a metropolis consisting of a factory, several houses, and a blacksmith-shop, which stood at a sharp turn of the road. Quite a crowd had collected, waiting for our coming. Never before had a bicycle been seen in that country, and, with eyes agog in wonder, they watched the procession of silent wheels. One of the oldest inhabitants could not understand the ease with which the machines were propelled, and called out to the Artist, who, being in a carriage,

was more accessible than the others, "Mister, do them things wind up?" Another, to whom the object of the trip was not apparent, inquired of the same long-suffering personage, "How much do they make a day?" No explanation could make it clear to his mind that it was a pleasure-trip. "Don't they get paid nothing?" was his last question, in a rather disgusted tone. The country people have a sort of conservative look — as if they lived just as their ancestors before them. They have neither the shrewdness nor the gawkishness of the Hoosiers of Indiana, or the country people of Iowa and Illinois.

After leaving Perry the road winds in and out along the shore of the St. Croix. For a few moments we saw St. Andrews, across the water, on a point of land jutting far out into St. Andrews Bay, as the widened river is called. Beyond arose the Chamcook mountains against the dull, gray sky. But soon the road turned and the hills shut out the river. All that Tuesday morning we rode through valleys, over hills, along the river shore, in and out of the woods, past farm-houses and orchards, through thickets and among rocks. The variety was endless.

Before we had fairly sighted Robbinston the clouds assumed a more positive air. Dull and gray, they settled down till an artificial twilight surrounded us. Then we raced with the rain; we flew up hill and down again, through little strips of wood that crossed the road. While we were racing with the rain, the President and the Lieutenant, between whom there was a little rivalry, raced with one another. They were whizzing along, the President a few feet ahead, when the Lieutenant spurted, his wheel struck a stone, and over he went. His bicycle, as if it had some grudge against him, immediately took advantage of the circumstance, and assumed an obverse position, with its head upon the Lieutenant's back and the little wheel thumping his head. As the Artist afterwards sententiously said, "When a wheel has a man down, it takes a fiendish delight in getting on top of him." But soon he was up and away, the rebellious wheel as docile as a lamb. As we swung from our saddles before the Brewer House, the first few drops fell, puffing up the dust into tiny clouds. The breeze died down. The drops slowly became more numerous, as if the clouds were gradually melting into rain; the lightning now

"Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

At last, strong and straight, the full-voiced shower sought the earth, pattering, splashing, and dripping through the trees and from the house-eaves. Hour after hour it splashed against the panes, shutting out from view the woods and river. Gentle, but determined, it fell till the gutters ran full, and on the road were many little pools. But, after our bicycles had been carefully stowed away in the barn, we were content. We never thought of complaint. But how different this dark, rainy, moist weather from the large-hearted June we had left behind! We must have passed her on the way, beaten back by the nor'easter, through which we came the night before on the way from Portland. But what is man that he should be mindful of the weather? From the overflowing good-fellowship we projected a June upon this dark land, and it lost its chill. The oppressive witchery of the foggy, dark weather melted away before such banings and exorcisms. We were impregnable, and it gave up the assault.

Emerson said, "The nonchalance of a boy sure of his dinner is the healthy attitude of humanity." But we had held that "healthy attitude" all the morning, and at two o'clock "the nonchalance" became something more serious and authoritative.

Nowhere else in these United States are to be found such salmon as are pulled from the Maguerrewock Lakes. I leave that statement standing by itself with all that it implies. A salmon dinner "away down" on the borders of Maine, served by a bright, pretty little maid, would suit tastes more epicurean than ours were after that eighteen-mile ride along the St. Croix. Without, the rain beat down incessantly. The question was whether we should try to get to Calais. A complicated discussion of this subject arose, in which all took part simultaneously. Above the hubbub, Old Joker, taking advantage of the anglicized pronunciation of Calais, as he did of everything else, shouted, "I'm a Calais young man." "Telephone for herdics," was the suggestion of the Member from Boston. "We'll have headaches in Calais if we try to ride," put in the Mosquito. K. K. stood manfully up for riding, and, putting the question, it was carried by a majority of one, he being the only voter. It was impossible to stay in Robbinston over night, with any comfort, in the tiny hotel. But the landlord said, "I'll fix that all right." And going to a hitherto unnoticed box, fastened to the

wall in the corner of the office, he turned a little crank, followed by the familiar ting-a-ling.

"Hello!"

"Connect me with American House — Dan Gardner."

"No telephone? Can you send a message to him, or bring him to the office?"

"All right."

Even in this back country, where there are no railroads, the villages far apart, and acres of the land as wild as when, almost three centuries ago, Captain John Smith explored the region; still, here was found the all-powerful, the "cloud-compelling" telephone. The landlord soon announced from the telephone, "Dan'll come over from Calais for you with a couple of barges."

We gathered in the office and comfortable little parlor, with its stiff, prim furniture and geometric arrangement of pictures and ornaments. But on that particular day, when the dark, pouring rain shut us in, the little room, with its bright, blazing grate fire, did not seem stiff or uncomfortable. Some played whist, more passed the time in pleasant talk; while the Doctor and Old Joker practised bugle duets. Those few hours crept by unnoticed. Almost before we realized it we were rumbling along in the dark-curtained barge on the road to Calais. Through the mud and rain, up hill and down, the barge rumbled. On the down grade the driver would put down the brakes so tight that the great wagon was for the time being a sled; down we went, slipping and sliding, until near the bottom, when the brakes were suddenly released, and the horses pushed into a gallop, to keep ahead of the heavy wagon, and get a good start on the hill beyond. The President related wonderful tales of wheeling adventures; the Lawyer told of riding upon one occasion six miles without a dismount. This statement was received in silence; no one dared to contradict it, and yet all knew its utter impossibility. We felt sorry that the Lawyer had thus ruthlessly shocked our faith in his truthfulness. Many a song, "The Old Oaken Bucket," "John Brown's Body," "On my B I bi," etc., were sung in chorus. At nightfall the rain ceased, and soon after we sat down to supper in the American House. In the office that evening we waited for the rest of the party, who were to come in a coach, with a "spike team." It was a small, bare room, decorated with colored

show-bills; a little wooden desk stood at one corner, and an immense stove at the other. Around this we sat and talked, while, in the cloud of smoke, K. K., resplendent in an immaculate duck suit and a shirt with a white pine bosom, rubbed and petted his dainty "forty-six," gently polishing it here and there, then standing off and surveying it; when his eagle eye detected any spot he pounced upon it again. At last the little wheel shone like silver; the last load had arrived; the Artist had finished his sketching; the first day, with its varied experiences, was finished.

Our wheels still remained at Robbinston. We resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole to bring them up. A pert little steam-tug was chartered to take us down the river. It was a gray morning. The wind still blew strong from the direction of Grand Menan, where there is said to be a fog and cloud factory, something like that on the summit of Ktaahdn, of which Thoreau says, "The wind turned off down from the cool bare rocks." The boat was a tiny affair, and when we sailed into a shower, the pilot-house, the engine-room, and the microscopic cabin, would hardly contain us all. A few miles below Calais is The Ledge, — rocks, running out half across the river, covered at high tide. In going down we ran safely above them, but on our return the tide had gone out, so as to leave two or three great rocks sticking up out of the water at the very point we first passed. In the centre of the river, at The Ledge, is the Bug Light. All along the New Brunswick shore are little light-houses, called by the river-men "English Matches." Below The Ledge two great jutting headlands reach out from either side, — Raven's Head on the English side, Devil's Head opposite; high rocks, so steep that the pine and birch trees seem to lie right against the face of the heads. The river flows dark, narrow, and deep between. Under this bold, rocky Devil's Head Captain Kidd is vulgarly reported to have buried his treasures; the same which the old villain interred in fifty other places along the Atlantic coast. Though it is not so stated, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that an Indian maiden, forsaken by her lover, jumped from the top. Why, it stands to reason! — the place bears all the distinctive features of a "Lover's Leap." There is the beetling top, the steep and awful descent, and the dark, silent water below.

The Indian maiden, who wished for a speedy trip to the happy hunting-grounds, would have been very foolish not to have chosen this place. I base my conclusions upon the good taste of the sex. Just below Raven's Head the river widens into a large bay, running far back among the hills. Through the headlands were seen the Chamcook mountains, dim in the distance, from whose tops the clouds were just rolling away. On either side the shores swept back into lofty hills. Farm-houses and fields were seen on the Maine side, while opposite the scene was wilder, the country more broken and uneven, with dark forests of pine and birch among the hills. The misty atmosphere softened the distant hills and mountains so that they seemed to run into the gray sky interminably; the wind brought from the woods the scent of the evergreen trees. We passed Dochet Island, where, in 1604, De Monts made a settlement. He sailed up the river with two vessels, piloted by the explorer Champlain. At that time the island was much larger, and covered with trees; now it is but a bit of land on which a light-house stands. Here De Monts built a chapel and fort. "Hoary snow father being come," as the old historian L'Escarbot writes, "they were forced to keep much within doors." Wood and water were scarce, and thirty-six out of the seventy died during the winter. In the spring De Monts was compelled to withdraw, and at last made a settlement at Port Royal.

The little tug puffed along down the St. Croix, the wooded hills giving back its shrieks as it whistled to passing crafts. Several fishing-boats were slowly working their way up against the outgoing tide, by taking the eddies along the winding shores. White-winged coots flew about, dipping down to the water occasionally. Around the bend in the river the wharf of Robbinston presently came in sight.

The little boat presented a strange appearance on the return. It was completely covered with bicycles of all sizes, and in all positions; a row encircled the cabin and pilot-house; fore and aft they were piled thick, while the cabin roof was coated with wheels, some lying down, others standing against the smoke-stack; even the small boats swung above the cabin contained several. Slowly the little boat ploughed its way back to Calais, "stemming a four-knot current," as the captain

phrased it. The difference between ebb and high tide at Calais, thirty-five miles up the river, is twenty feet, and the tide runs out strong. The clouds, as we landed at Calais, still looked threatening. "No chance for clear weather till the wind comes off," the captain told us, meaning that the wind must change so as to blow off the land; for as long as it came in from the sea there would be clouds and fog. If lack of space did not prevent I could tell of the ball that occurred that night; how Old Joker "iled up his knee bearings" preparatory to the event; of the gay young ladies, and the gallant youths in knickerbockers; how Tom, Æolus, and Fearnought exhibited feats of fancy riding; how the audience were held breathless and wonder-struck by the "stand-still" of Fearnought and the one-wheel riding of Tom; of the merry quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas, in which even the gray-headed Mosquito and the antiquated Old Joker took part; of the badges, ribbons, etc., which were transferred from the jackets of gallant wheelmen to the breasts of fair maidens; how the Yachtsman flirted desperately, and the Lawyer tried, with apparently good success, to surpass him; of all these things, and more unmentioned, I shall have to say to the reader, in the words of the chorus of the old play, "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts."

The rain had made the roads so soft and slippery that we were compelled to give up the idea of riding back to Lubec by way of Dennisville. All but Tom, Kanuck, the Member from Boston, and K. K., board the tug again the morning after the ball. They started to wheel it back to Robbinston. The tug swung slowly out into the river with a lumber lighter attached, to be towed below the Ledge. As we floated away from the town Doctor and Old Joker poured forth their most melodious tones from the bugles; a chorus of "Good-by, ladies," was sent back to the little party on the wharf, who had come down to see us off; handkerchiefs were waved from the rigging of the tow, where the men climbed to catch a fleeting glimpse of those little cambrics fluttering from the fast-receding wharf; the Artist strained his eyes through a glass to catch the features of those left behind, that he "might present a sketch to the bereaved." At length Calais, and St. Stephens, which lies close to it on the opposite side of the river, grew faint in the misty air, and finally disappeared as the boat rounded a bend in the St. Croix.

The fog came down thick and heavy, shutting out the beautiful wooded, hilly shores. We floated along, as on the ocean, nothing visible but the water and the wheel-loaded boat. At Robbinston a serious question presented itself. The captain said that we would strike rough weather in the open Passamaquoddy. The boat was heavily loaded with bicycles; they would have to suffer, and, if very rough, possibly, some of the riders.

As a result of the deliberations about half of the party were landed and on the road to Lubec, in a thick mist, so dense that it collected in drops on our clothing as we wheeled along. Shut in by this thin, yet impenetrable barrier, ever yielding, yet ever there before, behind, and on either side, we wheeled along, splashing through little pools of water, and picking our way blindly along the rock-strewn road. The trees beyond the clearings looked like banks of shadows, dark, formless, unreal. Stopping a moment, I saw the Parson in front disappear in a twinkling in the ocean of mist, while those behind came plunging out of the unseen, were visible a moment, and were gone out of sight. It was a weird, phantom-like effect, that gave one a sense of loneliness. But soon I catch up with the party. In a thick fog, with no companion, one is completely alone. The woods, fields, sky, waters, — all those aspects of nature that continually delight, and often make solitude seem more real and enjoyable than companionship, — are shut out. There you are in a prison; do what you will you cannot escape.

Occasionally we ran into thinner zones of fog, where we caught a few glimpses of ghostly trees and haze-like hills; but soon we again dipped into the thick, enveloping flood. How we startled a countryman, who was driving a yoke of oxen along the road, as we suddenly ran by him, without a warning cry, and were out of sight again! Often the dismount call came floating out of the invisible. Down we dropped to find ourselves at the top of a hill, that led into what seemed a bottomless valley. It was an unique, memorable ride. As I write I fancy myself once more there in the thick mist, riding beside the Manager, who every few minutes removed his glasses and wiped them, a well-chosen expletive giving in a word or two his precise state of mind, and conveying a distinct idea of his opinion of mist in general. On we pushed; it was like a new country to us, though we had passed over this very road but a few days

before. Thoreau has given, in a few words, a most subtle description of mist : —

“Low-anchored cloud,
Newfoundland air,
Fountain head and source of rivers,
Dew cloth, dream drapery,
And napkin spread by fays;
Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,
And in whose ferny labyrinths
The bittern booms and heron wades;
Spirit of lakes and seas and river, —
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healthy herbs to just men’s fields.”

When at length we crossed the bridge which leads to Moose Island, we increased the gait, for Eastport was but a few miles away. Light-hearted we sped along, around the hill above the bridge, through the dark pines; down into the open country; then up the long hill on which the Invalid had

taken his initiative header; a mile across the highlands, from which the glorious views of the Passamaquoddy and Cobscook were shut out by the inevitable fog; step by step in orderly line down the long slope into the town, where we were greeted by the “Evening” call from the Doctor’s bugle. The tug was waiting to take us across to Lubec. We rode out upon the high pier, under which the boat lay thirty feet or more from the top. It would have been easy to judge of the solicitude which the bicycler has for his beloved wheel could you have heard the cries of “Take care there!” “Be careful!” “Let her down easy!” which involuntarily came forth, while the machines were being lowered by a rope into the tug. In a few minutes the boat ran across the entrance to Cobscook Bay, and we were scrambling and creeping up the slimy, sloping wharf at Lubec.

John S. Phillips.

A WINTER BOUQUET.

“FROM the hearth to the field is a great distance,” says Thoreau, and as the snow deepens it becomes greater. If, however, we are wise we will undertake the journey. Winter is not the blank we are apt to imagine it; if the observer goes forth in receptive mood there will be no limit to his good fortune.

The spell may be woven from simpler elements than in summer or autumn; the potent enchantress who casts it is largely independent of accessories; a few dead weeds, a copse of brightly-colored shoots, or a company of goldfinches harvesting red-root seed, may form its basis in default of more elaborate properties, but its effects are much the same; the sympathetic observer knows he never can go amiss. These fertile spikes of the ostrich fern, standing above the snow so delicate and graceful and so exquisitely sculptured, some still loaded with their countless spores, others expanded and empty, and showing the light through their edges, all drawn so clearly and strongly upon the pure, smooth background of the snow, are they not a new creation proper to the season, brought to light by the frosts which have cut down the crowded weeds and the snow, which contrast so finely with their dark umber tint?

Looking upon them this winter day I do not care to be reminded of summer when they would have been far less striking and significant; their beauty belongs to this snowy landscape, over which the winds will strew their spores all winter long. Now that the deciduous trees are naked the coniferæ become more conspicuous; but, however beautiful and graceful, — the boughs of the strong young pines along the edge of the forest, flattened and straightened under the weight of last night’s snow, are great fronds, beautiful, perhaps, as those of the best tree-fern of the tropics, under the blue sky and sparkling sunlight of this morning, — the eye that has learned to see does not value them much above their deciduous comrades unless from a distance. Oaks and maples are more pleasant and companionable in winter than pines or hemlocks; a grove of evergreens at this season is a reservoir of cold. In the shelter of oaks or beeches, whose russet leaves, varnished by the sunlight, almost resume their autumnal tints, I feel the genial warmth of the sun; to enter the evergreen shade is to be conscious of an instant chill. I have penetrated the very retreat of winter. After a snowy season the utmost efforts of the south wind (the sun having little direct influence) must be put forth

to clear the ground of snow in such places, the last remnants often turning to ice like young glaciers. The operator of "a hemlock sugar bush" finds, however fair and thrifty the maples mingled with the evergreens, the cold shade keeps the ground frozen and his buckets empty day after day while the best of the season passes.

As you wade through the woods after a heavy snowfall, and see where thick young pines or hemlocks have intercepted the snow, leaving the ground bare beneath them, you wonder why all the wild creatures do not come to warm their snow-chilled feet amongst the dry leaves and shelter themselves under the drooping branches; but the grouse's trail goes straight by, leading toward the thick, deciduous brushwood; you seldom see where a rabbit or a squirrel has crossed them, even upon the run. It is the still intensity of the frost within these snug-looking retreats that causes them to be thus avoided; all the diurnal "snow-walkers" prefer more open places, where the sun can reach them. The squirrels track the snow in all directions along the sheltered sunny border of the woods, or lie extended upon a horizontal branch, close to the warm side of some large trunk of maple; if cold and stormy, they disappear altogether, doubtless sleeping away the cold spells, partly or wholly torpid, I suspect. Along the pathway, where the bird-like pods of the milkweed cluster upon their withered stems, I pause to release their feathered seeds, which go hurrying away as if eager to plant themselves; and where the elders and red-raspberry stems are thickest, and the rabbits' tracks cover the snow, I perceive they have been eking out their winter fare by eating the milkweed seeds. Here one has sat upright to reach a cluster of pods above his head; there a pod just beneath the light snow has been dug up; and now I come upon a heap of down from which the seeds have been nibbled, their tips still adhering to it. These seeds seem to contain some oil, and are, doubtless, a rich food, though rather bitter to my taste. So it is not for nothing that the milkweed retains some unopen pods! These rabbits show by their small tracks that this is their first winter, and they have had some lively frolics by moonlight hereabout, judging from the appearance of the snow. The rabbit seems to be changing his habits somewhat in this region, frequenting the open fields more than formerly. Numbers are apparently born and brought up in the

low coppice that borders so many of our meadows and roadsides. I see them stealing through the dusk across the field, or sitting beside the way waiting until I am close upon them before running to the cover of briars and brushwood. The white-footed wood-mouse (*Hesperomys leucopus*) seems to have a great liking for moonlight also, and is very active in light nights, whatever their temperature. Here, apparently, a whole regiment of mice has crossed the path, or the same one has raced back and forth a good many times, it being hardly possible to tell in dry snow which way the tracks run.

The wood-mouse can carry his long tail in the air, and often does so when alarmed and putting his best foot foremost; but commonly it drags in the snow, leaving a conspicuous trail, with the foot-marks at equal distances beside it, a regular pattern embroidered on the smooth, white surface. He is not a sordid, dirty creature, like the exotic house-mouse, nor a heavy, lumpish animal, like the field-mouse or "meadow mole"; but is clean and agile, and elegant as any squirrel, climbing, with equal ease and boldness, a delicate, sylvan species, yellowish above (if fully grown), and pure white beneath. I have had no adequate experience of the eyes of the gazelle. If they are brighter than the great eyes of the wood-mouse they must be bright, indeed. No such eyes look out from the countenance of any other animal of my acquaintance, so large, and soft, and luminous; a cat's whiskers would be greatly longer than they are if in proportion to those of the mouse; and his whole action and aspect shows the finest and acutest senses. He has become a field as well as a wood mouse in this section; a house-mouse also; the young are reared in grass-nests, under stones, etc., far from the forest, and he has learned to harvest all the exotic grains grown by the farmer.

Mr. John Burroughs, in a late essay, speaking of the wood-mice, says: "Why they should gad about so much, having a well-filled larder and a warm nest at home, is a mystery." But whoever ploughs or picks up stones in the fall may find a partial key to it in the numerous deposits of hulled buckwheat, or any other grain the vicinity affords, stored under stones or buried in the earth, a spoonful or two in a place; many journeys must be made to look up all these stores, and transport them (if they are transported) to the home nest.

The wood-mouse is a most industrious

animal, but his judgment as to what constitutes a good store-house is very defective. Apparently in too much of a hurry to carry his stores to a secure place, he dumps them into any chance receptacle, and goes on to gather more.

I had a patch of potatoes overgrown with "summer grass" (*setaria vivida*). When I came to dig them I found almost every hill had been hollowed out by the mice, and the entire heads of the grass packed in like hay in a mow, here and there, in large quantity, but a handful or two in a place for the most part. A prodigious amount of labor had been done in digging the holes and harvesting the grass, and all for nothing; the first heavy rain would have filled the shallow burrows, and, lost in mud and locked up by the frost, most of the grain would have perished.

It seemed that finding the soft, dry earth so easy to dig, and such a great crop of grass ready for the harvest, a mild speculation in summer grass-seed had sprung up; perhaps they hoped to "corner" it. One of the subtle indications of the coming of spring, though the snow may still be deep, is the worn-out nests, beechnut shells, rottenwood, etc., which strew the snow round the trees which contain their nests, these enterprising beings having begun their annual house-cleaning many weeks in advance of their human neighbors.

No squirrel of any species, except the chipmunk, lays up much of a store for winter; but their sagacity in finding nuts and acorns under the snow stands them in good stead. How can they tell just where to dig?

Here is the track of a squirrel, who came straight along at his ordinary pace until over the spot where a large red-oak acorn lay, when, apparently without the least hesitation, he dug through the snow and got it out; the shells and refuse scattered

beneath this dry stick show where he sat to eat it. If he placed it here last fall, it seems impossible that he could have remembered all these months just where it was; it is equally incredible that he can smell an acorn through a foot of solid snow. However, his instinct operates; whether keenness of scent, or strength of memory, it appears to be infallible. He never circles about over the snow, like a fox, snuffing after mice, but goes straight to the mark, as if he saw his acorn from the first in plain sight.

It exemplifies the sly and secretive character of the bluejay, that, while every one suspects him of laying up a store for winter, there is so little positive evidence of the fact. The jay keeps almost as closely to the creeks in this section as the kingfishers do; summer or winter they are seldom seen except near streams or swamps. One day, late in the fall, as I lingered in the pleasant woodland near a brook, I saw a pair of jays passing back and forth between an old beech stub, which had evidently held the nests of many generations of woodpeckers, and the hill-side woods at some distance. From the character of the old tree, all honeycombed with woodpeckers' holes, and the silent secrecy and regularity of their journeys, I thought them engaged in carrying their stores; so I crept cautiously forward, hoping to see what they were bringing, if anything; but, when they discovered my presence, — which was very soon, — their labors were instantly suspended, and the woods rang with their screaming over my intrusion. The old stub was too shaky to be safely climbed, so I failed to verify the matter; however, I have little doubt that nuts or acorns might have been found there in some of the old nests, had I made an examination of them.

E. S. Gilbert.



HOLIDAY ART.

THE cheapest holiday luxury of the present time — of the to-day we are living in — comes to us through art. Happy for those who have not the wherewithal, or the opportunities, to avail themselves of those other forms of it which are among the costliest luxuries!

Ever since the world began, the human race has delighted in the pictorial. In the

searching out for something beautiful. Those crude attempts symbolized some passion, or even embodied some aspiration, even blindly expressed devout feeling towards the mysterious beings whom they worshipped.

The child-instinct remains — we are all lovers of the picturesque, children together; art appeals to us, touches, moves us, as



THE GOLDEN WOOD.

beginning, in a rude state of society. the forms it took were grotesque. Hieroglyphics that were full of meaning and beauty to the eyes of the primitive man would be hideous caricatures to ours. Still, the primal element was there — the love of scenic effect, the effort in form and color — to appeal to the senses. It was childish ignorance, but to be recognized as a child's

music does. We are picture-worshippers; some in ignorance, but still rapturous if indiscriminating; others with a fine natural instinct that of itself seeks the best; a fortunate, enviable few with the insight of genius and all the advantage of the trained eye, the cultivated artistic sense, and high favor of opportunity.

From that early day what a long way of

slow development! With what gaps and dark ages in the history of art, these revivals, and sudden, swift flashing out of genius to the glorious work of the masters!

And what a history might be written of purely illustrative art, since, in the seclusion of the cloister, the monk sat day after day, year in and year out, with pages of vellum before him, and patiently ornamented those missals, many of which have survived the sacking of the monasteries and the ravages of time! The monks attained to the highest perfection of coloring; the

mechanism, when new inventions, when processes which never entered into the minds of those mediæval craftsmen to conceive of, have come to the aid of art; when people move on in such a whirl of business and amusement that no man can spare the time, even if he had the skill, for that slow handiwork.

Those were the gift-books of the time, even if not in any strict sense for the holiday Christmas-tide. Many of them were made for kings and queens, and were worth a king's ransom. The best years of



"WHEN DAMES AND HEROINES OF THE GOLDEN YEAR
SHALL STRIP A HUNDRED HOLLOWES BARE OF SPRING."

pigments they made use of rank with the otherwise incomparable colors in the old stained glass, the secret of which is a lost art. Those intense blues of the blueness of precious stones, those vivid carmines and vermilions and shades of red for which we have no name, are, to all appearance, as fresh now in some of those centuries-old missals as they were the day they were put on. The gold is untarnished, and the colors seem imperishable. Some of our great public and university libraries, and a few private ones, have sumptuous specimens, on finest vellum, among their chief treasures. They are, and rightly, the joy of collectors. Just such work could not possibly be done now, in the changed condition of things, when the appliances of

a man's life went into the work; the costliest material known was used; when finished, the marvellous lettering and ornamentation in shining gold and superb colors, and the strong, black script, were absolutely without flaw. The binding was made to last a thousand years; often costly clasps were secured to the covers, a rim of gems set around, and the royal arms emblazoned in gold.

But, whatever the monks knew about color and nicety of workmanship, their ideas of form and perspective were crude. They could give a twist to the features so that a Judas or a Joseph should look in keeping with his character. Their sense of the ludicrous was keen, and sometimes mercilessly indulged in, at the expense even

of king and patron; but of nature they were as those born blind. You will observe in all those superb wonders of misals and the "Book of the Hours," such as royal personages owned, what limitations hedged them in. A landscape is represented by a flat meadow, perhaps of an impossible green, on which walks abroad an individual of the same stature as the remarkable tree that grows there, holding in his hand a rose the size of his own head. There is no foreground, no background; or what appears may be either, —

a large number of writers, poets, novelists, dramatists, wrote as if no such thing existed? Only in vague and general terms, often in stilted, stereotyped phrases, really meaning nothing, did this great, lovely world of out-of-doors find expression. It almost seems, in view of this fact, as if, after the days of Virgil and such rare lovers of the country as he, landscape had for a while been lost to sight, to be discovered in comparatively modern times; and one asks, in amazement, where the eyes of men were, of many of the writers and artists,



"BENEATH HUGE TREES, A THOUSAND SONGS OF SPRING
IN EVERY BOLE, A SONG ON EVERY SPRAY."

there certainly cannot be both. Though objects are not quite so badly out of place as in Hogarth's caricature of perspective, the walk of the man will surely take him over the roof of that distant abbey, if he keeps on, and straight into the blue sky.

The ability to draw a landscape was almost unknown among them, as the same thing in the furnishers of book illustration was to a later period. Must we, therefore, arrive at the logical conclusion that the educated people of those times were generally without appreciation of natural beauty; of what, for lack of a better word, we call Nature? Is it not safe to say that

and why they could not have discerned what Chaucer and Shakspeare, what the coming landscape painters did?

Take up almost any set of English illustrated books in a choice old library, and with some unusual exceptions, — as in the case of the first illustrated Shakspeare, no matter whether it be a Froissart with pictures from a "MS. of the 15th century," Pope's *Odyssey*, or a *Don Quixote* of a hundred years ago, — there is the same fact to be noticed. The figures are, perhaps, strikingly good, the action spirited, the interiors faithful pictures, the knights in armor, munitions of war, costumes, castles,

are equally true to the age ; the whole realistic, and engraving, perhaps, admirable ; but landscape as a feature is conspicuous by its absence. A tree is a tree, and a mountain is a mountain, the same whether Homer's heroes are walking abroad in Greece, or Don Quixote and Sancho Panza pursue their adventures in Spain ; the same whether it be where olives grow or in the land of English oak and yew.

thirteen artists, each of whom is presumed to have followed his or her own bent in selecting the lines to illustrate ; to say nothing of the tail-pieces and merely ornamental ones, there are in the book eighteen purely landscape pictures, while there are many others, showing a garden or other scene out of doors,

"bathed
In the green gloam of dewy-tasselled trees,"



— "AND INWARD RACED THE SCOUTS,
WITH RUMOR OF PRINCE ARAC HARD AT HAND."

Nothing in all the changes and progress of illustrated art is more noteworthy than the prominence given to landscape in recent books. Take, for instance, this superb new holiday volume, "The Princess,"¹ one of the daintiest, most luxurious things which has ever appeared in this country, with its original drawings to the number of nearly one hundred and twenty, — "The Princess" of Tennyson, in which the drawings are by the hands of no less than

or the picture for which the line stands could never have been made ; nor, without knowledge, that called "The Prince and Princess in the Wood" ; nor "The Golden Wood." One must have followed up

"The river as it narrowed to the hills" ;

and seen such sheets of lovely water set in trees as that where

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake."

There is something very enticing about

¹ This magnificent volume is published by J. R. Osgood & Company, Boston. The accompanying engravings are taken from "The Princess," by permission of the publishers.

"The Golden Wood." Another illustration by the same artist, on the lines,

"Beneath huge trees, a thousand songs of spring
In every bole, a song on every spray,"

gives us a most deliciously cool, bright, woodland scene. Nor is the interest lent by human figures lacking.

"When dames and heroines of the golden year
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of spring."

Mailed warriors, knights, camps, the intense activities and paraphernalia of war,

"And inward raced the scouts,
With rumor of Prince Arac hard at hand."

It is not as technical work that the majority of even cultivated persons look at and admire and enjoy such illustrations as these. They are not critical; it does not enter into their hearts to be; neither do they consider what may be their adaptedness to the text; while, as for thorough appreciation of the merits of the engraving, that same majority is not yet educated for it, but in the marvellous opportunities that publishers and book-makers are giving, they will, mayhap, come to it presently. The love of art in the class alluded to is just love, pure and simple, with more or less enlightenment and discrimination, like that for the kind of music which reaches to something within them. They understand and feel the sweetness and pathos of "Auld Robin Grey" and "Annie Laurie," though passages in some opera that connoisseurs and critics applaud is beyond them.

This lovely masterpiece of the poet-laureate is wonderfully adapted for variety in illustration. A choice subject for choice treatment at all hands it has proved, and from the elaborate cover-design, suggestive of the guarded street of the princess and her court to the final bit of landscape, it is a thing for all concerned to be proud of.

In the range of subjects there are opportunities for the exercise of artistic skill rarely found in a single poem of its length. Dramatic situations, mediæval costumes and architecture, kings in ermine and girls at school, fair women and armed men, "the blowing bosks of wilderness," the city "thick with towers," the land-leagues away at the North, the "summer palace" at the South, camp and field and cataract.

The vagueness in the poem, which has always left many readers in doubt as to

whether Tennyson was more in mockery or earnest, has given latitude to the artists, who have thus been able to interpret at pleasure the architecture and mediæval scenes contributing richly to the make-up of this tempting book.

Entirely different in character, scope, and treatment is another volume, the text and illustrations of which are on a plan which has advantages of its own, and is one by no means uncommon at the present time, where the writer and artist are one and the same person; in this case, Howard Pyle; and the book is in fine setting, with an antique mellowness in its outward coloring, with edges of a tawny yellow red, old style title-page in red and black lettering, with a design in the border. It has a unique, rich, old English sort of look, recalling some Book of Ballads from out some oaken book-case in the recess by an oriel window. And why should it not? It is Robin Hood. The subject is a bonny one. It is a story of life in the green-wood.



It is "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, of great renown in Nottinghamshire,"¹ retold in quaint prose, in parts and chapters, with little side-titles, with prologue and epilogue, table of contents, and illustrations fully set forth in black ink and red, each detail carefully attended to, and everything in perfect fitness from beginning to end; the paper luxurious, the margins broad, type and spaces open, clear, and all on a generous scale; a wonder of costly book-making and munificent outlay even at this period when each year brings around something finer than the last in the way of holiday art and workmanship.

¹ From the house of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, to whom we are indebted for the succeeding illustrations.

Besides twenty-three full-page pictures are the many ornamental letters and head and tail pieces. Mr. Pyle has a special genius for olden-time kind of work; and it was

ballad; but as long as the world lasts, and has young hearts in it, it will never grow stale. It carries older folks back to youth again; it makes the young ones wild for a



an impulse we are glad of that turned his thoughts to the bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest, — that prince of freebooters and good fellows. The adventures have been many a time told, both in story and

life in the greenwood. The spring is in it, that sets all one's veins a-tingling. We, too, once started off with Robin, on a morning in spring — was it from Locksley Town? — through Sherwood Forest.

“It was at the dawn of day in the merry May-time, when hedge-rows are green and flowers bedeck the meadows; daisies, pied and yellow cuckoo buds, and fair primroses all along the briery hedges; when apple-buds blossom and sweet birds sing, the lark at dawn of day, the throstle-cock and cuckoo; when wives spread their linen to bleach upon the green grass.”

And washed our faces and hands “in the cold, brown brook that leaped laughing from stone to stone,” and went into the depths of the woodland, where Robin and his men had built “huts of bark and branches of trees, and made couches of sweet rushes spread over with skins of fallow deer,” where they were “wont to sit at feast,” after they had made great

Will Scarlet, and Will Stutely, and Little John, with that great leal heart of his. We have strolled through the forest and on the skirts of Sherwood with them all, smelling “the tender fragrance of the purple violets and wild thyme”; listening to “the drowsy drone of the bumble-bee burrowing in the clover-blossoms that grew in the sun;” made cups of the palms of our hands, and drank at the fountain of water that was “as cold as ice”; startled the dun deer in the glades, and heard the birds sing “in a great tumult of song.”

It was a lawless life, that of Robin Hood and his merry men, but he righted many wrongs, while himself wronging the law; for, while despoiling all oppressors, to the poor folks they lent a helping hand,



fires and “roasted the does, and broached a barrel of humming ale.”

We know, too, the Blue Boar Inn.

“No sweeter inn could be found in all Nottinghamshire than that of the Blue Boar. None had such lovely trees standing around, or was so covered with trailing clematis and sweet woodbine; none had such good beer and such humming ale; nor, in winter time, when the north wind howled, and snow drifted around the hedges, was there to be found elsewhere such a roaring fire as blazed upon the hearth of the Blue Boar. At such times might be found a goodly company of yeomen or country folk, seated around the blazing hearth, bandying merry jests, while roasted crabs (small sour apples) bobbed in bowls of ale upon the hearth-stone.”

Moreover, we know Allan A. Dale, and

and, besides this, “they swore never to harm a child, nor to wrong a woman, be she maid, wife, or widow.” Writers who ought to know, call him “a generous foe and a faithful friend,” and “a true Englishman in look, in word, and in deed,” and say that the national character of old is represented in the ballad of his life.

Let that be as it may, Mr. Pyle has brought the veritable archer back again,—Robin “revived,” as Bishop Hall hath it. It must have been a labor of good-fellowship with him. The breath of the forest is in it, the shimmer and shade, archery and adventure, and we breathe the genuine old England air, when times were different there from now.

For vigorous treatment, where every line is made to tell,—no waste of power, no vagueness,—what a page is that where Robin turns butcher, where Little John

overcomes Eric o' Lincoln, where Robin steps betwixt Sir Stephen and his bride, where Little John stops three lasses! Each accessory is a study, and each face. It could easily be shown that some of the artist's best work has gone into faces. Notice the difference of disgust on the countenances of the three women who witness the kiss in the first-named, the expression of young David of Doncaster hearing news of the palmer, and the Oscar Wilde air of the stranger in scarlet.

If Robin Hood, thus written, carries us back to another day, Robin Hood, thus pictured, calls to mind some of the old Albert Durer spirit and his bold strokes.

But what a half-view, or one-sided view, would that be of holiday art which should take into account only such superb forms of it as are furnished by the two examples given! There are degrees, and degrees, in bewildering variety and kind. Great indeed is the change since forty, fifty years ago, when people looked to the coming out of the "Annual," as *the* gift-book of the season, edited by some well-known literary person, and illustrated in mezzotint and otherwise. You can find copies of "The Token," "The Keepsake," "The Forget-me-not," perhaps, in some old-fashioned houses; and, seeing them, you will rejoice more than before over the lavish provision on the booksellers' counters to-day.

You will appreciate the forethought, inventiveness, skill in printing, binding, and all technical matters, apart from the merely artistic, and be glad that it has been made desirable for artists to do choice work for children's books, calendars, leaflets; and, above all, for Christmas cards, seeing that it is through these last that the great unnumbered multitudes find a thing beautiful within their reach.

That none are so ignorant, so crude, or coarse, as not to be fond of the decorative and the lovely, needs no words of proof. You have only to stand by the windows of the picture-stores, and see how the street-sweepers and little beggars and rough women from those dreadful back alleys and courts jostle and elbow the fine lady in their eagerness to see. And, as Christmas approaches, many is the small hoard of money that is turned over, looked at, reckoned up again and again in the calculation about buying some gayly painted thing in picture form, suited to the glad festival time. It is the pathetic, homely side to this world of pictures; but still to those buyers it is elevating, — to them it is art and an educator.

As was said in the beginning of this paper, though the sumptuous gift-books are among costly luxuries, there is no luxury cheaper than comes through art.

Amanda B. Harris.



CASTLE TRUNDLE.

III.

RAINS and I sprang from our hammocks as the car rolled over. Through the crashing of branches and his bride's screams I could not hear a single exclamation from June, and her hammock hung on what was now the uppermost side of the car. It flashed through me how many sharp projections there were for bruising temples, and how truly fate would be fulfilling its every-day decrees if she were killed by the explosion within the reach of my arm.

The light and reports ceased as suddenly as they had begun, leaving our heads ringing and our eyes blinded. Rains and I groped in the forward room, neither of us daring to strike a match for fear of starting another explosion. The shattered frame and glass of the skylight crunched under our feet. The floor of the car was bulged like an inward swollen canvas when I steadied myself against it with my right hand.

The girls were near the oblong opening which had been a door, and here they waited to know if we were safe. I climbed outside to receive them, and Rains remained behind to help them over the long threshold. I pushed the foliage aside, and we all walked rapidly from the car. A reek of powder hung thickly around us; and before we had gone many steps, Mrs. Rains slipped to the ground, and went into a state of unconsciousness.

"She's injured!" exclaimed her husband. "My tricks will be the death of both these girls."

"I don't feel hurt," assured June. "And Des. is only frightened, dear. Don't blame yourself. *You* didn't blow up the car."

We now struck some matches, which I held, one after the other until they dwindled out, while June and her brother worked with Mrs. Rains. She lay against her husband's knee, bluish-white by matchlight, and it required several minutes and several dashes from wet leaves to restore her to the use of her voice. But when her voice did return it was with the vehemence of an incoming tide. She demanded to know who had done it, and why it had been done, and what Will Rains proposed to say to me in explanation. She wept awhile, and was sure it was dynamite,

though June said it smelt like gunpowder. She did not expect to be blown up like a Russian while taking her wedding-trip, and there we all stood, just near enough for the car to blow us to pieces by a second explosion.

"I suppose this is what was meant by the warning I found pinned to the wall," said Rains. "And I would like to have a light to examine the thing and see how it was done."

"You shall not go an inch nearer to it," protested Mrs. Rains. "It may be fixed like one of these Roman candles that pops off regularly, and I never heard such an awful jingling of glass as when we rolled over on that skylight. I am ten years older since I waked up. My hair is absolutely white."

"It was before," insinuated Rains.

"I do believe you enjoy it!" exclaimed the bride.

"I enjoy thinking how I could punish the one who did it."

"If I could have *imagined* such a thing, June and I would never have let you come. And she is just as excited as I am, if she does keep quiet. Feel her hand, Will Rains. Feel her hand, Mr. Rogers, do. And all our wraps and things are in that cannon's mouth!"

"I can get them," said I, remembering the locker where June's shawl lay.

But both voices were against me. June said she was too warm, and the bride said Will Rains might take off his vest and wrap around her, and it would serve him just right. She had always heard there was *ague* in the Indiana woods, and she would be delighted to know what he meant to do now.

"We must move on," said Rains, "if you utterly reject the idea of camping among the ruins."

Mrs. Rains said she had married him, but she had not absolutely pledged herself to surrender her life as a plaything for him.

"And broken glass doesn't make the best kind of flooring," said Rains. "We'll leave the ship and man the boats. Rogers, you stay by the girls, while I go after them, will you?"

I said I would, and inquired whether the boats were seaworthy.

"Nothing's blown *them* up," he replied; "that is, I *think* there were no fuses attached to them. But it's a time of calamity. They may be as full of glass as a cathedral window."

Before he returned, leading the sorrowful horses by their straps, I went to the car, in spite of remonstrance, and fished some clothing from the locker. Mrs. Rains was afraid I would set the thing to exploding again by the merest shake or touch, but it bore a brief exploration. She was glad to wrap something around her shoulders, though she exclaimed to June,—

"As sure as you live, June Rains, it's one of Will's lace-up camp shirts."

"Now," said my late host, "you shall have the long-boat, Rogers; that's Wheezy. And I'll take t'other boat, the Blind-eye. And we'll put the women and children on board, and paddle our craft to the nearest tavern or haven which is to be found in Kokomo. For a paddle I shall select a piece of maple limb. To-morrow we can return to the scene of the wreck and save the cargo."

"You better take the big horse for yourself and Mrs. Rains," said I. "Miss June and I can manage with the other. I found my wheel as I got out of the car the second time. It was shot up on a limb, and hanging there in a graceful teeter, like a gift from the gods, waiting for my hand to pluck it off. I don't think even the lamp's broke."

"That's a nice tale to tell," said Rains. "But you're in luck. Hitch the bicycle to the old horse's fore-legs and you can shoot past us like a long-tailed meteor."

"How are we to ride these horses without saddles, or anything?" exclaimed the bride, in despair. "June can sit on them; but I can't. I shall slide off as if I were on the edge of a precipice. They are just as straight up and down as that. Then they may fall with us."

"I'll ride before and you behind," said Rains.

"Oh, *do* you think the horse is strong enough in his back for that?" pleaded the bride. "Both these horses sway down in the middle, and because they could pull a car hitched to their heels, it does not follow that they could carry it on their backs."

"Of course it doesn't," said her husband; "that's very sensible, like all your observations, my dear. But we must pin our faith to the old horse's strength of

backbone. It is our best hold under the circumstances."

"And Miss June and I will show you how reliable these gentle beasts are," said I, "if she will let me ride before her. I can leave my wheel in the tree, and get it early in the morning."

"No," said June, "please ride it. It may stimulate the rest of the procession."

"It will scare them to death," said Mrs. Rains. "You know these dreadfully sad old hacks are always the ones that break people's necks, and do unexpected things. I scarcely expect to see you again, June, if you are going to ride ahead that way. We may as well bid each other good-by."

"I will bet you anything you can name against your solitaire ring," said her husband, "that we reach port all right."

"I should think," she responded, "that you had seen enough of the coarseness and dreadfulness and inconvenience of betting, Will Rains."

I gave one arm to June, and when we had all reached the roadside, padded her horse's back with a portion of her shawl before lifting her to the seat. She had nothing but a halter with which to guide or quiet the creature.

"Let me take this over my arm," I entreated. "If he plunges any you will have all you can do to hold on."

"Don't imagine I want to see you and your wheel making a halo around my head in such a case," said June, laughing. "I always like to manage the sail when I am in a boat, and a horse's mouth when I am on his back."

"But you have no saddle, though that's an advantage if there is good reason for jumping off."

"I don't want to jump off, and a saddle is a convenience I can easily do without. To restore peace to your mind, I will confess I can stand upon a horse's back when he is in motion; that the exercise known as 'breaking colts' has been a joy to me, and that if this dejected beast could show any spirit he would rise, in my opinion, the instant he rebelled. You see I am as venturesome as my brother."

"I knew you were fearless. I had proof of that last summer."

"Poor Castle Trundle!" said June, looking toward the woods.

"Heaven bless it!" said I, "though the towers lie low. I'll never look at a photographic car again without remembering this night."

"It has been an ordinary night," said

June. "The moon's obscure, but we have plenty of starlight."

She struck the old horse with the strap. I was already in my saddle, and he started off at a trot. The road was hard and clear, except where an occasional puddle had gathered in some carved rut. We could not see very far into the humid night, bush and forest outline making dim blurs against the shifting sky or background of soaked land.

Mrs. Rains' voice, still at the place of mounting, could be heard in squalls of remonstrance or disgust, varied by the sound of her husband's coaxing and laughter.

I felt as if June and I were isolated from all the world in that pleasant haze. I had her to myself. If she had let me lead the horse it would have been better.

On a sudden his left eye, unassisted by his blind right one, became aware of some silent machine moving by his very hoofs. He plunged quite into a fence corner, and I leaped off and ran to him.

"Ride ahead," said June, laughing, "and then come to meet me. Circle quite around him. Give a blind horse a chance. The poor fellow has travelled under restrictions, and his surprise overcomes him when he sees an object moving as freely as that bicycle."

"But he may hurt you."

"I don't think I was born to die of a horse that has dragged a photographic car."

Thus, induced, I whirled some distance beyond, and came back at full speed, sounding the warning. The horse plunged out from his retreat, and it seemed scarcely a moment before he was cantering amiably beside his strange companion, glancing at it with a youthful snort or two, but quite reconciled to its presence. It was easier for me to keep pace with him thus than when he jogged, but it seemed a world's pity we should put this experience so rapidly beneath our feet, that trees, standing like undefined giants ahead of us, should, one after the other, spread arms of benediction over us, and let us pass. We ran down a hollow and whisked over a bridge. We mounted the opposite swell, and glided around a curve.

"He feels the occasion," said June.

"Yes; rather too keenly," said I. "We needn't be in such a hurry. I fancy I can see lights off there. We may be near the town."

"But the lights would be out this time in the morning. These may be farmhouse lights, where people are ill, poor souls!"

"Do you think anybody can be ill in this blessed country? I love the State," said I. "I shall love this road as long as life remains to me; unless you blast it for me, like you did that mountain road we used to be so fond of."

"Some unknown person has taken the blasting in hand this time," said June. "Who could have served us so, and how did they manage it, and I wonder were they lurking around when we blew up?"

"What does it signify since nobody was hurt? I am happy. You are happier than you were, June?"

"Yes. I ride smiling along, thinking what a wonderful pair we are, mounted so! We might be a modern kind of out-riders for Titania. What do you think is around us in these woods? And what are the cicada forever saying? Does the same band of musicians sing night and day? Smell the good grass. Who could believe night was so audaciously sweet away outdoors in the small hours? What is the dim glow that spreads over there so far?"

"Ripe wheat."

"Say me a song about ripe wheat, song-maker."

"If I did it would be of the threshing and torment it has to endure when it is cut away from its beloved land."

"I don't want that kind of a song. Something steady and restful to the nerves ought to flow from a field of wheat."

"I can say you an unrhymed fancy, if that will do."

"Of course it will do. Give me the unrhymed fancy."

"Give me your hand to hold then, to help me remember."

"If you need a help to your memory," said June, "you'll never get it from me."

"Very good," said I. "I'll bind you to me even with a wisp of wheat, here in the strange dusk, so that you will never see another yellow field without recalling this, and recalling what I said to you first. Beloved,—

"Nature, the brown and brawny, sat her down,
And lifted up a mighty field of wheat
Full ripe and honey-colored, flowing-topped,
With three black feet of loam below its roots.
And that whole field she tossed aloft for joy,
Then caught it on stretched palms and finger-joints,
And smoothed it back into its place with care.
Resting her chin thereafter on her fist,
She smiled an amber light through all the woods,
And a quick radiance over meadow lands,
And mused upon it. This was good to see."

"I should imagine so, indeed," said June. "I wish I could surprise Nature in some such mood. But it's impossible. She's too elusive."

"Not more elusive than a woman," said I. "You will talk of everything on earth except your own conduct. But we'll come to the point now."

In my earnestness, I rode so close to her that the wheel grazed the horse's leg, and he shied. June laughed with hearty enjoyment.

"I wish the darkness ahead would turn into a huge looking-glass, so we could see ourselves come riding up, a wheelman and a hack-mounted maid. It must look funny. The experience is delicious!"

"Were you trifling, June? I thought so; but since I have seen you again, it seems impossible. You may laugh, but I understand,—I am a man."

"So certain of his own charms!"

"Don't be flippant. It is not like you. There was something worked against me all at once. Won't you tell me what it was? Your sister did not dislike me. Or if she did, and the whole family cast me out, how could your brother prevail on himself to take me into the ark?"

"Oh, Will has lived in Cincinnati several years. He never even heard your name."

"What's in my name—or myself, that I should be treated so? Don't you remember the glen? Don't you remember the waltzes?"

"Don't you remember running your wheel a thread line from the edge of the precipice?" exclaimed June. "I was so terrified! And it would have provoked me so to see a man kill himself in that fool-hardy fashion."

"I must have been making a nuisance of myself all the time I thought I was riding into your good graces."

"Oh, no," said June, "not at all."

"See how nonchalant she can be! Was it a caprice, or had you any reason for snubbing me and turning your back on me, and dropping me all of a sudden? I've suffered a year. *You* haven't given it a second thought."

"Light a match," said June.

Her voice sounded hard; I felt in my vest-pocket, and scraped a match, sheltering its flame with the palm of my hand.

"Here it is," I said.

She leaned across her horse's neck and held her left palm under the light. It was a flushed palm, indented with youthful

lines, and the fingers branching from it were supple and firm. I noticed these things merely as a background to numberless points of blood, around which white rings were settled. Her hand looked as if it had been stung through and through.

The match burned out while I stared, and I dropped the charred end.

"What did that?"

"I did it."

"Why?" I asked, stupidly.

"To help me bear it, before I understood,—before you made your explanation to-night."

"June, you don't mean it was anything about my sister's little boy?"

"The whole hotel rang with it. Your wife was an invalid who never left home, and you spoke openly to me about—the other. The story came from people who professed to know you well. I was your victim. They all pitied me. My sister heard the whole thing, and felt that she had failed as a chaperon. But of all poses in the world I despised most that of victim. I redeemed myself from the suspicion of being one, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did," I replied, after a pause of speechless indignation. "I would like to know who told that story! For the manufacture of immense lies give me a summer hotel!"

"You speak with force."

"I feel with force. I would like to have the car explode again."

"Have mercy upon poor Des. I hear her squalling just around the bend."

"June," I exclaimed in some haste, "what did you do to your hand?"

"Thrust my needle into it when you were talking, before supper. And kept thrusting it in. It was a great help, and kept me quiet. I am a woman who does not feel," she added, her voice shaking; "but it relieved me to press the needle into my flesh."

"Oh, my dear!" I whispered, trembling through every atom. "My own! My wife!"

In the dimness I took her left hand and kissed its palm, and breathed a prayer upon it.

We heard her brother and Mrs. Rains cantering their horse around the bend. So I added aloud,—

"And bless Castle Trundle! And bless the faithful wheel that brought me to Castle Trundle!"

"Yes," added June, "and bless the

man, storm-pelted and worn, who found the maiden all forlorn, who blew him up before the morn, that saw them fly with the faithful wheel away from Castle Trundle."

I may add that Rains and I visited the car early next day taking a wagon-maker with us. As far as we could determine, the explosion appeared to have been caused by slowly working fusees fastened against the bottom, and placed there by the former owner, and the result might have been much worse had not the storm damped the powder.

Rains drew his car in on time and won the wager; but when his friends heard of the risks he had taken, and with whom he had divided them, they stood looking at him in rueful amazement.

We saw Castle Trundle from the parlor-car when we were all seated in the northward-bound train. The poor thing looked twisted, and its sky tint was powder blackened, but June and I went out on the platform and watched it out of sight.

M. H. Catherwood.

BALLADS OF THE WHEEL.

THROUGH the winding lanes where willows lean,
 And the stately elms their shadows throw,
 Past the woodland bowers of sunlit green,
 Where the dusky brave, with bended bow,
 In the haloed time of the long ago,
 Would soft, like a stealthy panther, steal,
 We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
 And spin away on the whirling wheel.

By the highways broad, where, fair, is seen
 The bloom of the alder, white as snow,
 Down hillsides steep on the road between
 The vineyards wide with their vines a-row,
 Nigh meads where the murmuring brooklets flow
 And rushes tall in the breezes reel,
 We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
 And spin away on the whirling wheel.

On days when spring is a verdant queen
 And bright-eyed buttercups, gleam and glow,
 'Mid hours when the forest's emerald sheen
 Is scorched by suns that the tropics know,
 In autumn-tide, ere the winter's woe,
 Whether bells of morn or eve outpeal,
 We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
 And spin away on the whirling wheel.

ENVOY.

Come, riders all, be ye swift or slow,
 And join in the praise of the steed of steel!—
 We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
 And spin away on the whirling wheel.

Clinton Scollard.

THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

A CLERGYMAN of Springfield, Massachusetts, in commenting on the tournament recently held in that city, remarked that he knew of nothing so nearly resembling the old Olympic games as a modern bicycling tournament. In view of this resemblance, which certainly exists, it may be pleasant to inquire into the origin of these games, their character and mode of conduction, the kind of persons who contended in them, the honors they strove to win, and the charms of poetry and art that invested their strife. We will learn something of the tendencies of the games and of the advantages they brought to the people. Perhaps there may be some lessons for us in our modern tournaments. We may, perhaps, gain some hints of high and beautiful motives with which to invest our innocent and healthful recreations.

If we inquire into the beginning of the Olympic games we shall find them adorned with many a tradition of god-given origin and miraculous sanction from heaven. The Eleans claimed that they were founded by the Idæan Hercules, who also brought to Olympia and planted there the wild olive-tree, from the foliage of which were woven the crowns of the victors.

Not content with a heroic origin, the Eleans have named, as authors of their games, the gods Jupiter and Saturn, who wrestled with each other for supremacy over the world on the very spot where the festival was afterward celebrated. Others affirm that it was instituted by Jupiter, in honor of his victory over the Titans.

These games were originally celebrated irregularly, and for the honor of some special occasion. They were often made the ornament of a triumph over an enemy. Hercules is said to have instituted this festival to Jupiter on occasion of completing one of the most difficult of his labors. Games usually made up the larger part of the ceremonies at the funeral of every person of importance. Homer, in the twenty-third book of the *Iliad*, describes the games at the funeral of Patroclus, presided over by his friend Achilles. Virgil also describes games celebrated in honor of the deceased father of Æneas.

To the one or the other of these customs is properly due the origin of the games at

Olympia, as well as of those celebrated at the Isthmus of Corinth, at Nemea, Delphi, and, indeed, in all the important towns of Greece. They were all of venerable and ancient foundation; several of them dedicated to the Olympian Jupiter, and one was in the beginning probably not more esteemed than another. The Olympic games, like the others, were at first celebrated at unequal intervals of time, on private and special occasions, and rather in compliance with custom than in obedience to any divine ordinance.

The occasion of the establishment of the Olympic games as a religious festival, to be observed at stated intervals, and taking precedence of all others in glory and honor, is as follows:—

Iphitus, King of Elis, and a descendant of Hercules, seeing with sorrow the calamities of his country, then torn in pieces by war and wasted by pestilence, consulted the oracle at Delphi for a remedy. The Pythoness told him that the indignation of Jupiter, to whom the Olympian games were dedicated, and of Hercules, the hero who had instituted them, was drawn down on the people by their non-observance of the festival. The safety of Greece depended on the immediate reestablishment of the games. She ordered the king, in union with the Eleans, his subjects, to restore the celebration of the festival, and to proclaim a truce to all cities desirous of taking part in it. She also commanded the other tribes of Greece to submit thenceforth to the directions and authority of the Eleans in establishing and ordering the games. All this took place seven hundred and seventy-six years before the birth of Christ. They were bidden to perform the games "in accordance with three things," which they interpreted to mean, in accordance with days, months, and years. They at once set about dividing time into years and months, and arranged the interval of celebration, called the Olympiad, as once in five years.

Pausanias, in his travels through Greece, describes the temples, statues, groves, etc., consecrated to Jupiter at Olympia. The temple of the god was of the Doric order, built of beautiful marble, on a consecrated area, set apart and dedicated to Jupiter by Hercules himself. The roof, pediments,

and cornice were richly adorned with all manner of gilded vases, golden shields, complicated pieces of sculpture, representing chariot-races, battles between Centaurs and Lapithæ, the labors of Hercules, besides single figures of Victory, Hercules, and Jupiter. Within the brazen gates of the temple stand statues of King Iphitus and his wife. But the most magnificent feature of the temple was the famous statue of the Olympian Jove himself, composed of gold and ivory,—the matchless work of Phidias. The god is seated on a throne, with a crown of wild olive on his head. In his right hand he bears a crowned statue of Victory, and in his left a sceptre of exquisite workmanship, bearing an eagle perched on it. The sandals and robe of the god are of gold, and the robe is wrought with all sorts of animals and flowers, especially lilies. The throne is beautified with gold and precious stones, ivory and ebony, paintings of animals, and many sculptured figures, dancing Victories, and other appropriate subjects. The walls enclosing the throne are in part stained sky-blue, and in part painted with heroic and mythological scenes. There is lack of space for describing the wonderful beauty of the surroundings of this statue. Quintilian said that the artist seemed to have added reverence to religion itself, so nearly did the majesty of his work approach to that of the Divinity. The Eleans tell us that, when Phidias had completed his work, he begged of Jupiter himself to give some token of his approbation, if he was pleased with the statue, and that immediately the pavement was struck with a thunderbolt from the god. A brazen urn, set on that spot of the pavement as a memorial, was still there at the time of the visit of Pausanias.

Before this temple is the grove of wild olives which encloses the Olympic Stadium,—the scene of the sacred games. By the temple flows the river Alpheus. An oracle of Olympian Jupiter once spoke from this temple. It owed much of its wealth and magnificence to the celebration of the games, and, consequently, to the offerings and donations brought thither from all parts of Greece. There were at Olympia many temples of other deities, also, and buildings called Treasuries, erected by the various States, for the reception of presents they had vowed to Jupiter, as well as for the storing of the money which was to defray the expense of the solemn sacrifices paid at the time of

the games. Pausanias gives a very long list of statues of gods and heroes, of Olympic conquerors, emperors, and kings, even of horses and chariots that had won in the race, that were standing at the time of his visit in the sacred enclosure about the temple, and in the grove of wild olives. Their number was countless, and their value inestimable. They were made of the richest materials, and by artists that have never since been equalled. It is very difficult, at the present day, to form any just idea of the magnificence of Olympia. of the pomp and splendor of the sacred games, which reflected their august and revered character upon those who won the crowns at the festival, and of the liberality and devotion of the Greeks in what related to their national glory and the worship of their gods.

The candidates for admission to these games were obliged to undergo a long and severe training in their gymnasiums at home, and afterward at Elis. The judges at home addressed an exhortation to those who were departing for Elis. They bade the candidates, if they had exercised themselves in a manner suitable to the dignity of the contest toward which they were looking, and were conscious of no action that could betray a slothful, cowardly, and ungenerous disposition, to proceed boldly; but, if not, to depart.

After their arrival in Olympia, at the opening of the games, a herald publicly proclaimed the names of all the candidates, with the exact number of competitors in each exercise. For a candidate to decline the combat after having declared himself a competitor, and having in that public manner defied his antagonists, was considered a kind of desertion worthy of disgrace and punishment.

Immediately after the herald had thus named over the candidates, who appeared and answered to their names, they were obliged to undergo an examination, consisting of the following questions: Were they freemen? Were they Grecians? Were their characters free from all infamous and immoral stains?

They judged that the fact of being a freeman ought to preserve those who valued such an estate from incurring, by any unworthy action, the punishment due to slaves. All irregular, corrupt, or fraudulent practices were deemed the fruit of servile minds.

On the point of nationality the Eleans were very scrupulous. Alexander the

Great entered himself as a candidate for the Olympian crown, but was objected to as being a Macedonian. No one was admitted who could not declare his father and mother, or on whose lineage rested the suspicion of a taint. Hence was derived the law requiring the candidates to enter, together with their own names, those of their fathers and their countries.

The last of the three questions we have mentioned was asked in the following manner: A herald, having proclaimed silence, laid his hand on the head of the candidate, and, leading him in that manner into the Stadium, demanded, in a loud voice, of the whole assembly, "Is there any one who can accuse this man of any crime? Is he a robber or a slave? Is he wicked or depraved in his life or morals?"

The candidate, having passed with honor this public inquiry into his life and character, was led to the altar of Jupiter, to swear that he would not be guilty of any fraud or indirect action, or any breach of the laws of the games. He swore, also, that during the past ten months he had performed all that was required to prepare himself to contend for the Olympic crown.

The candidate was led from the altar of his oath to the Stadium by his parents, countrymen, and masters of the gymnasium at home. His friends would not fail to encourage him to the combat by an earnest exhortation.

In the Stadium he was left entirely to himself, to stand or fall by his own merit. The hopes, fears, and excitement, however, of his relatives and friends, who sympathized eagerly with him in every turn and change of the combat, were allowed to break out into exhortations or applause. Whoever lost the crown had the consolation of having been judged worthy to contend for it. The honor of having striven for the victory abundantly outweighed the disgrace of losing it.

The conqueror's first reward, which was also the pledge of many following honors and privileges, was the crown of branches of wild olive.

To enhance the value of these chaplets, and render them worthy of these holy games, the Eleans claimed that the tree from which they were always taken had been brought to Olympia by Hercules, from the country of the Hyperboreans, — a people unknown to geographers, ancient or modern. As there were many plants of the same kind growing within the area

sacred to Jupiter at Olympia, any one of which might lay claim to being the one brought thither by Hercules, all doubts had been obviated by the oracle, which had indicated to King Iphitus the veritable tree of Hercules. This tree was immediately enclosed by a wall, and was henceforth distinguished by the name of Calli-Stephanos, the Tree of the Crowns of Glory. It was put under the protection of certain nymphs, and an altar was erected to them, near the consecrated plant.

The crowns and branches of palm which the conquerors received with the crowns, and carried as emblems of the unconquerable vigor of their minds and bodies, were exposed to view upon a tripod, and were set before the contestants to excite their emulation.

Many pleasing testimonials from friends and spectators attended the victories, and were received before the award of the crown. Such were the acclamations and applause of the vast assembly, the warm congratulations of friends, and even the extorted salutations of the opponents and conquered. These broke out immediately upon the victory, and were as balm to their wounds and cordial to their toils, and enabled them to wait with patience, — perhaps many an hour, — after a hardly won battle, standing in the Stadium naked and exposed to the rays of the sun, before receiving the crown.

For, although they were entitled to receive the crown and palm at once, they were supposed to have waited till noon for the award, or, if they had won after the rest and refreshment taken at noon, their crowns were not received till evening.

The giving of the crown was attended with a great deal of solemn ceremony. The conquerors marched in order to the Tribunal of Judges, where a herald, taking the crowns of olive from the tripod, placed one on the head of each of the conquerors, and, giving into their hands branches of palm, led them, thus adorned, along the Stadium, preceded by trumpets, proclaiming also, with a loud voice, their names, the names of their fathers and their countries, and the exercise in which each had gained the victory. As they passed along the Stadium they were again saluted with acclamations, and with a shower of herbs and flowers poured on them from every side.

The last duty performed by the conqueror at Olympia was the payment of sacrifice to the twelve gods, and especially

to Olympian Jupiter. The sacrifices were performed with so much magnificence as frequently to feast the whole assembled multitude. The conquerors were also sometimes feasted by their friends, or by the Eleans themselves, who had a banqueting hall for that purpose in Olympia. At these entertainments were sung by a chorus, accompanied with musical instruments and alternate dancing, odes composed for the occasion in honor of the hero. Every conqueror, however, was not so fortunate as to count a poet among his friends; nor had every one the means of buying an ode, upon which the poets set a very high price. There is a story that the friends of Pytheas, a conqueror, came to Pindar, desiring him to compose an ode upon the occasion. But the poet demanded so large a sum of money that they told him they preferred for that sum to erect a statue of brass to their friend, rather than to purchase a copy of verses; and they left the poet. But they soon changed their opinion, and, returning to Pindar, paid him his price. Pindar began his ode by setting forth that he was no sculptor, no maker of images which could not stir from their pedestals, and which were to be seen only by those who took pains to go to the place where they were erected; but that he could make a poem which should fly over the whole earth, and publish in every place that Pytheas had won the crown. Pindar thus expressed for poetry the same preference given by the friends of Pytheas, and the ode still sings the hero's praises.

To perpetuate the glory of the victory the name of the conqueror was entered on a register, which was never to be destroyed. The name of an especially distinguished conqueror was often used to designate the Olympiad from the day of his victory.

The last honor granted to the conqueror at Olympia was the erection of his statue in the sacred grove of Jupiter. They were restrained from indulging their vanity by any misrepresentation of the size, shape, or comeliness of their bodies. The examination of the statues was as exact as that of the candidates themselves, and if they were found offending against the truth, in any particular, they were thrown down. It was customary with the conquerors to represent in their statues the attitudes, costumes, or implements with which they had gained the crown. Thus, the statue of Sadas, a racer, made by Myron, was formed in the very action of running, and

not only expressed the attitude of the body, but of the mind also, with its hope, expectation, and joy, in so lively a manner, that a Greek poet, in a beautiful epigram descriptive of it, declared that it was already leaping from the pedestal to seize the crown.

But the conquerors were not always content to consecrate themselves only in this manner to Fame and Jupiter; they sometimes set up statues of their charioteers, and even of their horses; and sometimes they dedicated and left in the sacred grove the very gilded chariots in which they had won the race.

Having left Olympia, and entered his own country, the conqueror found still more honors, privileges, and rewards awaiting him. The public honors paid him on his entrance to his own city were very great, equalling in glory and in pomp the ceremonies of a Roman Triumph, which, doubtless, was derived in its origin from the splendid entries of these victors into their cities. It was customary that a part of the city wall should be thrown down, and that the victor should enter through the breach. By this ceremony it was signified that a city inhabited by men who could thus go forth and overcome, had little need of walls. The hero entered in a splendid chariot, drawn by four horses, attended by a great multitude of his fellow-citizens, as many of whom as possible rode also in chariots, drawn each by two white horses. The conqueror wore purple or scarlet garments, richly embroidered with gold. Before him marched heralds, bearing the crowns he had won, and proclaiming the nature of his victories. Lighted lamps were borne, before him; the whole city wore crowns and ribbons; and, as the hero passed through the streets, herbs, leaves, flowers, garlands, and ribbons were cast to the ground before him, while the multitude hailed him with shouts.

The whole triumphal cavalcade formed a religious procession, leading to the temple, and ending in sacrifices of thanksgiving.

All these honors and privileges serve to show the high opinion entertained by the Greeks of the utility of gymnastic exercises. They believed such exercises to be highly useful to war, as tending to increase the strength and agility of the body. The principal object of each of the petty States into which Greece was divided was to make as large as possible the number of men able to be brought into the field in

case of need. No one was exempted from serving his country in war, and every man of free condition was trained from his youth in such a manner as to best fit him for such service; that is, in learning and practising gymnastic exercises. This care to render their bodies healthy and robust was even carried to an evil excess. They came at length, in some instances, to mistake the means for the end. By overrating the victories won at the public games, and rewarding the conquerors with greater honors than were reasonably due, they at length caused the victories to appear to many as the true objects of their ambition. Instead of becoming good soldiers, many were only eminent athletes. The crowns, at first intended to be won only by qualities that should be, at the same time, of the greatest value to the country, at length fell most frequently into the hands of men unfit for military duty, and devoted to athletics alone as a profession. Any man of noble spirit disdained to enter the lists with a professed prize-fighter. Thus, to quote from Pindar, the Greeks, neglecting the mark, and aiming to cast their arrow too far, overstrained and broke the bow.

The term *athletic* was applied by the Greeks to that exaggeration of their beloved gymnastics into a profession, which they regarded with strong, high-bred contempt. The Greeks were ordinarily fond enough of lucre; but to their credit be it said, that money prizes were far beneath the dignity of their national games. These were all crown contests. At the Isthmian games the crowns were of pine leaves, the Nemean crown was of parsley, and the Pythian crown of bay. When the Sybarites tried to establish games in opposition to these, offering golden crowns as prizes, they failed miserably, and brought on themselves the scorn of the nation. By the meanness of their prizes the Greeks were given to understand that praise and glory were the proper rewards of worthy actions. That a service to the State should be repaid by what has no intrinsic value, but is merely an emblem and evidence of the good deed, and thus entitles one to the esteem and applause of his fellow-citizens, is a most efficient means of influence to any State. How powerful an incentive the love of glory is must be seen by every noble mind, by the inward light of its own native virtue; but it must be constantly enforced by education and example upon narrow and low minds.

The close alliance of the arts of poetry

and sculpture with the national games secured an æsthetic education of the highest kind to the whole people. We cannot avoid a deep regret that our physical exercises are so comparatively separated from the higher influences. A purse, or a medal, or badge of great value, is far more vaunted and valued than some prize of modest expense, but of great honor, and either embodying or bringing with it great artistic value. Any one who throws influence in the opposite scale, and endeavors to make mercenary and vulgar motives give place to a genuine love of honor and of the beautiful in art, is doing a much-needed service to the public mind. We are too mercenary and devoid of ideality. In some few instances, however, we have had prizes offered that, for taste, emblematic significance, and appropriateness, we may feel proud of. We might mention yachting, canoeing, and gunning prizes which are unique, and have true artistic expression. Mr. L. S. Ipsen is one of our most successful artists in seizing that subtle essence which makes a prize special and artistic. He succeeds in infusing the masculine elements of the old Norse and Celtic trophies into the more softened and graceful products of Greek art.

We commonly neglect another means of influence of which the Greeks made full use. For success in gymnastic or athletic pursuits of any kind we are, in the nature of the case, as much obliged as they were to observe sobriety and temperance in every respect in order to secure success. These must, of course, contribute greatly to our health and vigor of body and mind. But, further than these necessary virtues are concerned, athletic exercises have nothing to do with our moral characters. But we must remember that the Greeks admitted no one to contend for the crown, however otherwise well qualified to win it, who was guilty of any crime, or depraved in morals. And it was not sufficient for the candidate himself to have a character free from any scandalous imputation, unless he could also clear those of his parents and ancestors. Thus, a spot on the reputation was not a thing that would fade out or be overlooked in a few years, but became a family disgrace and sorrow.

This influence in favor of strict morality was very wide. There were in Greece four sacred games, and innumerable others, of the same nature, in every town and city, whose prizes were all honorable. Consequently many families in every

Grecian State were for ages kept sober, temperate, and chaste, by an ambition which must have been almost universal.

Pindar expressed the desire of many in the following lines:—

“Some pray for gold, others for land

without limit. Never, O Zeus, be such a disposition mine! but may I adhere to guileless ways of life, that when I am dead I may attach to my children a name that is not of evil report.”

H. H. M.

A SALT BREEZE.

WHEN one first catches the smell of the sea, his lungs seem involuntarily to expand the same as they do when he steps into the open air after long confinement in-doors. On the beach he is simply emerging into a larger and more primitive out-of-doors. The walls of his earthly house are taken down, and there before him is aboriginal space, and the breath of it thrills and dilates his body. He stands at the open door of the continent and eagerly drinks the large air. This breeze savors of the original element; it is a breath out of the morning of the world, bitter, but so fresh and tonic! He has taken salt grossly and at second-hand all his days; now let him inhale it at the fountain-head, and let its impalpable crystals penetrate his spirit and prick and chafe him into new activity.

We Americans are great eaters of salt, probably the largest eaters of salt and drinkers of water of any of the civilized peoples; the amount of the former consumed annually *per capita* being more than double the amount consumed in England and on the Continent; and the quantity of water (with ice in it) we drink is in still greater proportions. Our dry climate calls for the water, and probably our nervous, dyspeptic tendencies for the salt. Hence our need, as a people, of that great tonic and sedative, the sea-shore. In Biblical times, new-born babies were rubbed with salt. I suppose it stimulated them and quickened their circulation. American babes are not thus rubbed, and there comes a time with most of us when we feel that the operation cannot be put off any longer, and we rush down to the sea to have the service performed by the old nurse herself, and the pores of both mind and body well cleansed and opened.

Nothing about the sea is more impressive than its ceaseless rocking. Without either wind or tide, it would probably be restless and oscillating, because it registers

and passes along the fluctuations of the earthy crust. The solid ground is only relatively solid. The scientists, under the direction of the British Association, who sought to determine the influence of the moon upon the earth's crust, found, as soon as their instruments were delicate enough to register the influence of that body, many other agencies at work. They could find no really solid spot to plant their instruments upon. Thus, over the area of a high barometer, the earth's crust bent beneath the weight of the column of air. At sea the waters are pressed down. The waves of the atmospheric ocean, as they sweep around the earth in vast alternations, cause both land and water to rise and fall as beneath the tread of some striding Colossus. This unequal barometric pressure over the Atlantic area would, doubtless, of itself keep its equilibrium perpetually disturbed. Thus, “the cradle endlessly rocking” of which our poet sings, is not only bestrode by the winds and swung by the punctual hand of the tides, but the fairest summer weather gives it a nudge, and the bending floor beneath it contributes an impulse. Its rocking is secured beyond peradventure. Darwin seems to think it is the cradle where the primordial life of the globe had its infancy. Whether or not it rocked man, or the germ of man, into being, there can be little doubt that it will continue to rock after he and all things else are wrapped in the final sleep.

Its grandest swing, I found during a couple of weeks' sojourn upon the coast, is often upon a fair day. Local winds and storms make it spiteful and angry. They break up and scatter the waves; but some quiet morning you saunter down to the beach and find the sea beating its long roll. The waves run parallel to the shore and come in with great regularity and deliberation, falling upon it in a succession of

long low cataracts, and you realize the force of the Homeric epithet, "the far-resounding sea." It is a sort of prostrate Niagara expiring in intermittent torrents. Often there is a marked explosion from the compression of the air in the hollow cylinder of the curling wave. These long swells are of the character of those which in the Hudson follow the passage of one of the great steamers, — large-measured, uniform. Something here has passed, probably a cyclone far at sea; and these breakers, with their epic swing, are the echo of its retreating footsteps.

Nothing is more singular and unexpected to the landsman than the combing of the waves, a momentary perpendicular or incurving wall of water, a few yards from shore, with other water spilling or pouring over it as over a mill-dam, thus exhibiting for an instant a clear, perfectly-formed cataract. But instantly the wall crumbles, or is crushed down, and in place of it there is a wild caldron of foaming, boiling water and sand.

There seems to be something more cosmic, or shall I say astronomic, in the sea than in the shore. Here you behold the round back of the globe; the lines are planetary. You feel that here is the true surface of the sphere, the curving, delicate sides of this huge bubble. On the land, amid the wrinkles of the hills, you have place, fixedness, locality, a nook in the chimney-corner; but, upon the sea, you are literally adrift; place is not, boundaries are not, space is vacant. You are upon the smooth disc of the planet, like a man bestriding the moon. Under your feet runs the line of the earth's rotundity, and round about you the same curve bounds your vision.

Then the sea brings us nearer that time when the earth was without form and void, — a vast, shoreless, and therefore, voiceless sea. You look upon the youth of the world; there is no age, no change, no decay here. It is older than the continents, and, in a measure, their creator. That it should devour them again, like Saturn his children, only adds to our sense of its mystery and power.

The sea is another firmament. The land is fugitive; it abides not. Vast areas have been scalped by the winds and the rains; but the sea, whose law is mutation, changes not; type of fickleness and instability; yet the granite crumbles, and it remains the same. The semicircle that bounds your view seaward, and that travels with you along the beach, a vast, liquid

crescent or half-moon, upon the inner, jagged edge of which you stand, is the type of that which changes not, which neither ends nor begins, and into which all form and all being merge.

This is a part of the vague fascination of the shore: 'tis the boundary of two worlds. With your feet upon the present, you confront aboriginal time and space. If we could reach the point in the horizon where the earth and sky meet we might find the same fascination there. In the absence of this the best substitute is the beach.

We seem to breathe a larger air on the coast. It is the place for large types, large thoughts. 'Tis not farms, or a township, we see now, but God's own domain. Possession, ownership, civilization, boundary lines cease, and there within reach is a clear page of terrestrial space as unmarred and as unmarred as if plucked from the sidereal heavens.

How inviting and adventurous the ships look, dropping behind the rim of the horizon, or gently blown along its edge, their yard-arms pointing to all quarters of the globe! Mystery, adventure, the promise of unknown lands, beckon to us from the full-rigged ships. One does not see them come or depart; they dawn upon him like his own thoughts, some dim and shadowy, just hovering on the verge of consciousness, others white and full, a solace to the eye. But, presently, while you ponder, they are gone, or else vaguely notch the horizon line. Illusion, enchantment, hover over the sail-ships. They have the charm of the ancient world of fable and romance. They are blown by Homeric winds. They are a survival from the remotest times. But yonder comes a black steam-ship, cutting across this enchanted circle in defiance of wind and tide; this is the modern world snubbing and dispelling our illusions, and putting our poets to flight.

But the veritable oceanic brine there before one, the continental, primordial, original, liquid, the hoary, eternal sea itself, — what can a lover of fields and woods make of it? None of the charms or solacements of birds and flowers here, or of rural sights and sounds; no repose, no plaintiveness, no dumb companionship, but a spirit threatening, hungering, remorseless, decoying, fascinating, serpentine, rebelling and forever rebelling against the fiat, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." The voice of the sea is unlike any other sound in nature; more riant and chafing than any

roar of woods or storms. One never ceases to hear the briny rimy weltering quality, — it is salt to the ear no less than to the smell. One fancies he hears the friction and clashing of the invisible crystals. A shooting avalanche of snow might have this frosty, beaded, anfractuous sound. The sands and pebbles and broken shells have something to do with it; but without these that threatening, serrated edge remains, — the grainy, saline voice of the sea.

'Tis a pity the fabulous sea-serpent is not a reality. The sea seems to imply such a monster, swimming as a leach swims, with vertical undulations, splitting the waves, or reposing across them in vast scaly coils. There is something in the sea that fills the imagination of men with the image of these things. The sea-serpent will always be seen by somebody, because the sea itself is serpentine, — a writhing, crawling, crested, glistening saurian with the globe in its embrace. How it rises up and darts upon you! In storms, its breath blackens and blights the shore vegetation; it devours the beach and disgorges it again, and piles the shore with foam, like masses of unwashed wool. Often a hissing sibilant sound seems to issue from under the edge of the bursting wave. Then that ever-recurring rustle calls up a vision of some scaly monster uncoiling or measuring its length upon the sands. They told me of two girls, in bathing-suits, sitting upon the beach, where the waves, which were running very high, reached them with only their laced and embroidered edges; then, as if it had been getting ready for a spring, a huge wave rushed up and snatched them both into the sea, and they were drowned. In a few days the body of one was cast up, but the other was never seen again. Such fawning, such treachery, are in the waves.

The sea shifts its pillow like an uneasy sleeper. The contour of the beach is seldom two days alike; that round, smooth bolster of sand is at times very prominent. The waves stroke and caress it and slide their delicate sea-draperies over it, as if they were indeed making their bed. When you walk there again it is gone, carried down under the waves, and the beach is low and naked.

Both the sight and the sound of the waves fill the mind with images. One thinks of rockets, windrows, embroideries.

At times the waves reminded me of fleet but blind runners, that one after another stumbled and fell upon the beach. Their

feet unexpectedly strike the sands and over they go, their dissolving prostrate forms reaching and clutching at the shore. There is an outward push or impulse, and then suddenly an inward resistance from the surging water and the shoaling shore; the seaward impulse prevails, when over they go, and dissolve upon the beach. Sometimes the waves look like revolving cylindrical knives, carving the coast. Then they thrust up their thin, crescent-shaped edges, like reapers reaping only shells and sand; yet one seems to hear the hiss of a great sickle, the crackle of stubble, the rustle of sheaves, and the screening of grain. Then again there is mimic thunder as the waves burst, followed by a sound like the down-pouring of torrents of rain. How it shovels the sand and sifts and washes it forever! Every particle of silt goes seaward; it is the earth-pollen with which the sunken floors of the sea are deeply covered. What material for future continents, new worlds and new peoples, are hoarded within its sunless depths! How Darwin longed to read the sealed book, of the earth's history, that lies buried beneath the sea! He thought it probable that the first continents were there; that the areas of elevation and of subsidence had changed places in the remote past.

Turning over the collections of sea-poetry in the libraries, 'tis rare enough to find a line or a stanza with the real savor of the shore in it. 'Tis mostly fresh-water poetry, very pretty, often spirited and frothy, but seldom gritty, saline, and elemental. That bearded, bristling savage quality of the sea, to which I have referred, you shall hardly find hinted at, except, perhaps, in Whitman, who is usually ignored in these anthologies. Tennyson's touches, as here and there in "Sea-dreams," always satisfy, and one chafes that Shakespeare should have left so little on the subject.

The poets make a dead set at the vastness, power, and terror of the sea, and take their fill of these aspects of it. 'Tis an easy theme, and soon wearies. We crave the verse that shall give us the taste of the salt spray upon our lips. Bryant's hymn to the sea is noble and stately, but it is only his forest hymn shifted to the shore. It touches the same chords. It has no marine quality or atmosphere. The bitterness and the sweetness of the sea, as of a celestial dragon devouring and purifying, are not in it. The poet wings his lofty

flight above sea and shore alike. When Emerson sings of the sea, there is more savor, more tonic air, a closer and stronger hold upon the subject; but even he takes refuge in the vastness of his theme and speaks through the imperial voice of the sea:—

"I heard, or seemed to hear, the chiding sea
Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
Am I not always here, thy summer home?
Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve,
My breath thy healthful climate in the heats,
My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?
Was ever building like my terraces?
Was ever couch magnificent as mine?"

There are strong lines in Rossetti's "Sea Limits," but, like the others, it is a far-off idealization of the subject, and does not bring one nearer the sea.

There are occasionally good descriptive lines in Miller, as

"I crossed the hilly sea,"

And again, —

"The ships, black-bellied, climb the sea."

There is something fresh and inviting in this comparison:

"As pure as sea-washed sands."

But when he places old Neptune on the anxious bench, as follows:—

"Behold the ocean on the beach
Kneel lowly down as if in prayer,
I hear a moan as of despair,
While far at sea do toss and reach
Some things so like white pleading hands,"

one has serious qualms.

The breakers usually suggest to the poets rearing and plunging steeds, as in Arnold:

"Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray,"

and Stedman's spirited poem, "Surf," makes use of the same image. Byron, in "Childe Harold," lays his hand upon the "mane" of the ocean. Whitman, recalling the shapes and sounds of the shore by moonlight, startles the imagination with this line:—

"The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing."

One of our poets—Taylor, I think—has applied the epithet "chameleon" to the sea,— "the Chameleon sea,"— which fits well, for the sea takes on all hues and tints. To the genial autocrat the sea is "feline" and treacherous, something of the crouching and leaping tiger in it. The poet of "The New Day," as a foil to his love and ad-

miration for it, calls it "the accursed sea." There is sea-salt in Whitman's poetry, strongly realistic epithets and phrases, that had their birth upon the shore, and that perpetually recur to one as he saunters on the beach. He uses the word "rustling" and the phrase "hoarse and sibilant" to describe the sound of the waves. "The husky-voiced sea" expresses the saline quality to which I have referred:—

"Sea of stretch'd ground-swells,
Sea breathing broad and convulsive breaths,
Sea of the brine of life, and of unshovell'd yet always ready graves,
Howler and scooper of storms, capricious and dainty sea,
I am integral with you; I too am of one phase and of all phases."

"Oh, madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love."

All such lines savor of the beach.

Whitman is essentially of the shore; his bearded, aboriginal quality, something in his words that smite and chafe, a tonic like salt-air, not sweet, but dilating; his irregular, flowing, repeating, elliptical lines; his sense of space and constant reference to the earth and the orbs as standards and symbols. His poems are rarely architectural or sculpturesque, either to the eye or mind; no carving and shaping for merely art's sake; but floating, drifting, surging masses of concrete events and images, more or less nebular, protoplasmic, and preliminary, but always potent and alive, and full of the salt of the earth, holding in solution as no other poet does his times and country. Probably the most fluid of all poets, the least hardness and fixedness, the most broadcast, receptive, assimilative, and all-embracing. We may sigh for more of what is called "form," more selection and abridgment, but the want of these are more than compensated for by the flowing, lifting, multitudinous character of his poems, and the rare pearls and gems his rude sentences now and then cast up. There is plenty in him to find fault with and to reject with scorn, but he begets activity within you; there is no indifference; you brace yourself against him, and this is as much a part of his plan as that you should accept him. Little cares he; he has set the current going; he has secured his main point; you hate him, if you do not love him; but his words chafe and murmur at your ears. Indeed, the angry and scornful opposition to him seems like a part of his poems, which are not for pleasure and acquies-

cence merely, but to arouse, break up, and beget motion and power. No man or woman is ever the same after reading Whitman; things, events, persons, circumstances, fortune, pinches them less, there is more room in the world to them.

The sea is the great purifier and equalizer of climes, the great cancellor, leveller, distributor, neutralizer, and sponge of oblivion. What a cemetery, and yet what healing in its breath! What a desert, and yet what plenty in its depths! How destructive, and yet the continents are its handiwork.

"Sea, full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men."

And yet famine and thirst, dismay and death, stalk the wave. Contradictory, multitudinous sea! the despoiler and yet the renewer; barren as a rock, yet as fruitful as a field; old as Time, and young as to-day; merciless as Fate, and tender as Love; the fountain of all waters, yet mocking its victims with the most horrible thirst; smiting like a hammer, and caressing like a lady's palm; falling upon the shore like a wall of rock, then creeping up the sands as with the rustle of an infant's drapery; cesspool of the continents, yet "creating a sweet clime by its breath"; pit of terrors, gulf of despair, caldron of hell, yet health, power, beauty, enchantment dwell forever with the sea.

John Burroughs.

THE COMING OF THE NEW YEAR.

How does the sylvan year begin
In woodlands gray and old?
Oh, icy winter shuts it in,
And laps it round with cold!
Then tarry yet a little, hasty year!
For, prithee, what of promise would you find?
Empty branches, wrenched asunder,
Muffled winds in mellow thunder,
And the sap flowing slower in the rind, —
Slow, slow lagging in the rind!

How does the sylvan year begin
By hill and pasture dun?
Their snowy billows glimmer in
The red light of the sun!
Oh, tarry yet a little, happy year!
What of pledge, what of promise would you find?
Lonely marshes, pale and fallow,
Windy field and frozen fallow,
And the earth unrelenting to her kind, —
A hard, hard mother to her kind!

How does the sylvan year begin
While yet the suns are brief?
The pledge of spring is folded in
The embryonic leaf!
Then come, for we wait you, joyful year,
And the life of the future you shall find!
Burrowing creatures without number,
Heavy in Arcadian slumber,
And the sowing of the forest on the wind —
The seed of the birches on the wind!

Dora Read Goodale.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.¹

By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "The Witchery of Archery," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Poems of Fairweather," etc.

CHAPTER I.

AN artist, sitting in a rather dingy studio, in New York, read the following letter addressed to himself:—

CEDAR SPRINGS, May 3d.

DEAR LONGLEY:—I have been putting off writing to you until at last I have something on my mind which I wish I could say orally. This is a delightful place, after all, a place that grows on one. It is a new pocket, choke-full of interesting things, charming things,—beings, maidens, girls,—four or five of them; do you comprehend? I am getting better all the time, which makes me buoyant and ready to gild things; but this secluded cove is a happy place, and I wish you were here for the warm season. Let me describe: First, imagine me, a very interesting invalid, in the care of my mother, snugly stowed away in a pretty brown cottage, among old gnarled trees, about half-way up a wild hill, overlooking the village and a little lake. We have servants and a carriage. A beautiful road zigzags down to the hotel and the magnetic springs. A really picturesque church, set in the midst of a grove of maples, lifts its square sandstone tower against an undulating background of forest. From my window I can see the little shell of a steamer that plies about the lake. Sail-boats of different sizes and kinds are blown here and there on the gently swelling water. Among the hills above us crooked country roads and mysterious paths lead through umbrageous depths to pasture fields and to rustic homes, where, I suspect, live lasses who milk the cows that I see leisurely browsing in the fence corners.

The softest breezes blow off the lake; the sweetest wild-flowers grow in the woods; birds sing everywhere, and the sunshine has in it a smack, so to speak, of something deliciously invigorating.

There is but one cottage more pretentious than our own in the pocket; much more pretentious it is, too. In fact, it is a spacious affair, inhabited by the Lamars, a family of Georgians, from Augusta, I think, who took it a week or so ago. Of this family, however, I am not prepared to say much, having seen but one of its members, a tall, blue-eyed girl, whose willowy form and Greek profile disturb my season of sleep. She's a real beauty; not older than seventeen, both girlish and womanly, just arrived at that mysterious, indescribable stage of development which fills full the measure of a summer sweetheart! I must repress myself in speaking of her, lest you mistake me. You know I do not readily "slop over." I am not stricken or infatuated; I am simply giving you a bit of news when I say she is the sweetest and most beautiful girl I ever saw. You know how things stand with me. I am out of the rosy ring. But I thought of you as soon as I saw her; that is, as soon as I could rub the glamour from my eyes. I am going to make her acquaintance, and then I'll write more about her. So wait.

This place has been for some years a quiet summer resort; but lately the discovery of magnetic properties in the water of its springs has given it the reputation of a cure-all.

Old Mr. Lamar, the head of the family at the big cottage, is here to get relief from threatened paralysis.

The hotel has but three or four boarders now; but when the hot season sets in it will be full, so they say.

I wish I could describe Miss Lamar to you, just as I saw her last; but I shall not try it. No doubt you will wonder at my making such ado about her; but if ever you see her you will understand.

A delightful character lives up in the wood above us. He's a harmless madman they say,—a monomaniac on the subject of natural history, or, rather, ornithology. His house is a mossy old place, crammed full of all kinds of curious things, stuffed birds in particular, with dangerous-looking phials of arsenic, so the story goes, and queer taxidermist's implements scattered about amongst them. His wife is an invalid—there are so many invalids here, comparatively speaking—and their daughter is a gentle, reserved, quakerish young person, whose half-roguish gray eyes hint that she, too, would not be a bad summer sweetheart. She's a botanist, I suspect, as I frequently see her (I suppose it is) prowling around among the wild-flowers. She has wonderful hair; it is like nothing so much as moonshine, a waving mass of yellowish curls, which would cover her like a mist if left free. But I can't begin to give you half the picture of life at Cedar Springs. It is absolutely charming in every way and bids fair to be even more so when summer sets in.

Now, what I have written is merely prefatory to inviting and urging you to come and spend the summer with us. I have a splendid room for you, with a window towards the lake, a sloop-rigged boat twenty-four feet long and eight feet over, fishing tackle and guns, books no end, and all quantities of cigars. Here is a chance for an artist, an unworked field, so you need not be wholly idle. Then, too, I need you to help me get entirely well, and no doubt you need a change of air. Two or three months here will develop your genius, and fill you with a thousand fresh inspirations. Come, I emphasize and doubly accentuate it, come! My mother says come. Miss Lamar says come. The breezes say come. The drowsy hills and the rippling lake say come.

In good, sober, serious earnest, I do wish you would come. You can work here as well or better than you can where you are, and it surely will be good for you morally, mentally, and physically. I think you might make a delightful illustrated paper for the magazine while here. The materials are ready to hand. Please don't refuse me. I have my heart firmly set on your coming.

Faithfully your friend ever,

EDMOND NELVILLE.

Willis Longley allowed the letter to fall upon the table before him, and sat for a while musing. If he had been free to do as he liked he would have started to Cedar Springs at once. He was a poor, hard-working artist, whose chief means of subsistence was doing black and white work for a New York monthly illustrated magazine. Formerly he had been connected with an illustrated daily paper. He was beginning to feel ambitious in a literary

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way, and had indulged in one or two ventures of an humble kind which had proved quite successful. Indeed, Mr. Oliver Mosely, the editor and proprietor of *Mosely's Magazine*, had been for some time watching the young man's course with a pleased eye, so to speak. Mosely was a shrewd, big, stalwart, almost fat man, unmarried and past forty, whose mission in life was to make a successful illustrated monthly magazine of literature and art. He was calling about him the most alert, vigorous, and progressive young *litterateurs* and artists of the country.

Coincidents are interesting; they are sometimes delightful. Longley was joyfully surprised a day or two later when he received a card from Mosely asking him if he could go to Cedar Springs and work up a good paper out of the scenery and local life of the place. Of course he could, and he very promptly replied to that effect. No school-boy to whom a holiday has been announced is more delighted than was the artist. It meant a great deal, this commission from Mosely. It meant a very sudden and flattering promotion. It was possibly the dawn of success. It was a long respite from uncongenial work, such as transferring to the block the designs of other artists more fortunate than himself. He smiled all the rest of the day.

He was a good-looking, if not a handsome fellow, as he sat there finishing, in a half perfunctory way, a distemper drawing on an oblong piece of white cardboard.

"Go at once, if you can," Mosely's note had said. He would go to-morrow, he answered.

He was broad-shouldered, rather short, round-limbed, active. His face was a happy, almost boyish one, albeit a heavy yellow mustache hid his mouth. His hair was light, inclined to curl; his eyes deep blue, his nose just the least inclined to turn up, and his cheeks really pink. You could be sure he was honest, kind-hearted, blunt, and unused to society. His whole appearance asserted as much, and more,—it insisted that he was almost wilful in his disposition, and a good hater of shams. He was dressed inexpensively in a well-fitting suit of gray tweed.

That night he indulged in dreams of green hills and trout brooks, sail-boats on a sweet, wild lake, country breezes, and all the delightful things connected with a month or two in the "pocket" described by his friend, Nelville.

The next morning he was off like a bird.

He did not write to announce his coming; he simply gathered up his drawing materials, packed a large travelling bag, and went.

CHAPTER II.

THE showers of May sometimes come down very suddenly from clouds not at all threatening, and take unawares those whom the sunshine and balmy air have drawn forth on long rambles.

Mr. Edmond Nelville, being an invalid, and an experienced traveller as well, always went armed with a large umbrella. This was fortunate, and served him a turn which largely affected the whole of his subsequent life.

He was walking, with the slow pace of a man not sure of his strength, on the airy heights above the Lamar cottage, enjoying the balmy puffs of May wind and the beautiful scene below. The lake, colder-looking than any salt sea, grayish-blue, lay glittering almost wickedly in its deep, hill-rimmed basin, with but two small sails abroad on its bosom. The spring, a late-comer in this region, had just arrived; but it was wholly spring, without any after-taste of winter, or any foretaste of summer, to spoil its individuality. The frost was gone from the ground, the sap was up in the trees, the wind seemed to come from some dreamy place, the birds joined together in a medley of many-toned song.

On this particular day the sky, as if washed in with pale, bright blue overhead, and stippled with carmine and yellow about the horizon, presented a picture, streaked over with rapidly moving clouds of a neutral tint and doubtful texture, which might have warned a weather-wise man. But Nelville was not versed in the reading of signs, and did not dream of a shower. He was enjoying the landscape. In every direction were billowy woods interspersed with small farms. Below, the little town of Cedar Springs lay along the lake shore, a shining crescent of clean, new houses. The older buildings, those long antedating the building of the two railroads, hung higher up the slope among the hills. The summer hotel, with its tin roof and broad verandas, stood on the apex of a low, rocky knob, at whose base the springs bubbled out and ran together, forming a brooklet, which flowed down to the lake. Nelville sat down, now and then, on the mossy boulders scattered about the hill-top. Occasionally he stooped to pluck

a violet, or some other early-blooming flower.

A sooty freight-train, on one of the railroads, crashed along through a sinuous ravine, trailing a dismal cloud behind it. He watched two flickers chase each other round and round on a grassy plat. Their merry voices and gleaming gold-shafted wings pleased him. The clouds, flying across the sun, whisked their shadows over him, and the breeze fanned him lazily.

Something bright lying on the ground before him proved, when he had picked it up, to be a small volume of Tennyson, bearing on the fly-leaf, in a delicate hand: "Louise Lamar, Augusta, Ga."

So she comes up here, he thought, and, discovering a mark, he opened and read:—

"To pore and dote on yonder cloud
That rises upward, always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast,
And topples round the dreary west
A looming bastion fringed with fire."

He sighed, and, closing the lids, looked about to see if the young lady was anywhere in sight. She was not. He toyed with the little book in an absent-minded way. His memory went back to a spot in Switzerland where he and Miss Sartain had sat, with the lake of Geneva far below them, while he read these very lines. Miss Sartain, there was his trouble. His ill health was, in fact, owing to Miss Sartain. The news of her marriage in Rome had hit him very hard. It had nearly killed him.

He stood there so wrapped in gloomy recollections that the light, rapid footfalls on the gravelly path near him did not arouse him until the walker, making a short turn around a tuft of maple bushes, suddenly stopped before him. Then he came back to himself as one starting out of sleep. Such a meeting might reasonably have caused some embarrassment, so sudden and unexpected was it to both; but it did not. Their eyes met for a moment, those of the young lady quickly falling upon the book in Nelville's hand.

He lifted his hat and said:—

"Is this yours? I picked it up yonder, by that old stump."

He half turned as indicating the direction of the place, holding his hat in one hand, the book in the other, his umbrella under his arm.

"Yes, thank you," she said, holding out a pretty hand for the book. "I also lost a glove."

"Ah, I did not see it," he replied. "I will show you where the book lay."

They walked back to the stump. The glove was there. He picked it up and handed it to her.

"Thank you," she said again, bending her beautiful head. Then she turned away from him and walked down the path towards the Lamar cottage.

Nelville looked after her, admiring the girlish liteness of her form and the perfect harmony of her dress. A sweetness and freshness seemed to hang about her like a morning atmosphere.

Just then, all of a sudden, the fickle gray clouds let fall a dash of big, pattering drops; another and thicker spurt, and then it began to rain in earnest, the shower making a great noise in the leaves and grass. Nelville threw up his spacious umbrella and ran after the retreating girl.

"Take this, please," he said, as he gained her side and held it over her.

She looked at him with her wide-open, child-like eyes and said:—

"It is quite large enough for both of us, isn't it?" Then she hesitated and added: "Perhaps, however, you are not going down this way?"

"Yes, I am," he quickly exclaimed. "It is the way to my home."

Another and more condensed dash of huge, glittering rain-drops. The girl daintily drew her skirts about her, and shrank close to Nelville, who felt a tender thrill creep through him. The wind blew the long ribbons of her hat against his shoulder. The faint perfume of the violets on her breast, the one floating strand of brown hair fluttering on her shoulder, and the inexpressible delicateness of her fair throat and chin, affected him strangely. But what was this? He felt a weakness—a giving down of all his powers; spots wavered before his eyes; he reeled, stretched out his hands and blindly felt for some support, clutching the empty air. He heard a sharp little cry, and then he fell, and was insensible. The exertion of running to overtake her had been too sudden a tax on his strength.

The girl looked down into his white, upturned face in overwhelming terror.

The rain was now pouring down in a heavy, slanting flood. She lifted the umbrella and held it over him, at the same time calling loudly for help, thinking him dead or dying. But he opened his eyes, and, lifting them to hers, murmured painfully:—

"Can you raise my head a little?"

She tried in vain. He was a slender man, but his head and shoulders were heavy. He struggled hard to help her, and finally fell back, gasping and powerless.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! What can I do?" she cried, hopelessly looking about.

"Lift my head—my head," he whispered in a loud, hoarse way.

She tried again with all her might. This time she succeeded in getting his head upon her lap, and she sat there in the rain, holding it and dolefully calling for help. No one could hear her above the swash and roar of the shower. She could not hold his head and at the same time manage the umbrella, so the latter was abandoned. The rain soaked her clothing and poured down her neck.

Nelville closed his eyes and breathed heavily. His face seemed less pallid than at first; but he did not answer when she cried:—

"What must I do?—quick, tell me!" He merely shook his head in a helpless way.

The shower did not last longer than three minutes. It passed on, a gray, slanting, shadowy line from cloud to earth, touching the roofs of the village, and trailing across one end of the lake. The sun shone out, and lighted a sparkle in every drop on bough and grass-blade. Gusts of wind, heavy with the balmy coolness and dampness of the rain, swept the hill-top. The flickers chirped and twittered, picking and shaking themselves in the sunshine. An indigo bird sang gayly in a maple-bush.

The girl supported her burden with much difficulty, owing to the constrained position of her limbs; but she feared to leave him lest he should die before she could find assistance.

His was a handsome face,—rather too refinedly delicate of outline,—full of the winning, mesmeric force of what, for want of a better phrase, may be called gentlemanly beauty. She almost unconsciously noted this, and in some way it assisted her courage. But the minutes seemed hours. When help did come it was from a quarter entirely unexpected. Some sort of exclamatory phrase peculiarly masculine caused her to look up. A young man, quite a stranger to her, stood interrogatively staring alternately at her and at her burden. He was dressed in a well-fitting suit of gray tweed, and his

face was full of astonishment. She spoke first.

"He has fainted; he is very ill," she said, in a quiet tone; "please lift his head. I think it will relieve him."

The new-comer acted promptly, lifting Nelville to a sitting posture without apparent effort, and, wiping his face with his handkerchief, spoke to him familiarly, almost tenderly.

"What is the matter, Nelville?"

The invalid opened his eyes, and for a moment gazed in a bewildered manner at the speaker, then a flash of recognition spread over his features and he said, "Longley."

"Can you stand if I help you?"

"I am not sure; let me rest a minute, and I think I shall be all right. What a confounded dizziness!"

Longley looked anxiously about. The girl had disappeared.

"Who was she?" he said.

"Miss Lamar," replied Nelville. "Is she gone?"

Longley turned his eyes askance from point to point, as if half convinced that the young lady had been dissolved into sunshine or changed into an indigo-bird.

"She was here when I lifted you," he said; "but she's out of sight now. What could have become of her?"

Nelville smiled, and a better color came into his face as he said:—

"She's real flesh and blood, never fear. I feel the grip of her fingers still lingering about my shoulders and arms. Help me up now, and I'll try to go with you. What a beastly attack of vertigo that was! I never before was so stricken."

"How did it happen?" asked Longley.

Nelville explained the circumstances of the mishap as best he could, speaking languidly, with many gaspings and tremblings.

"Well, I must get you home by some means," said Longley. "Can you walk if I hold you so? No carriage or other vehicle can be brought up here."

"I think I can walk slowly, with your aid. Slowly, now, Longley; I'm as weak as water."

When they had proceeded a few steps down the path, Nelville thought to say:—

"How came you here, Longley?"

"Didn't you write for me to come?"

"Yes, but"—

"But you didn't dream I'd accept so promptly. I'll explain presently. Who's this coming?"

A slender, brown-visaged man, with a remarkably long mustache, was walking rapidly up the path meeting them, from the direction of the Lamar cottage. He had rather deep-set, brown eyes, a broad forehead, and a well-turned chin. His jaws were square and firm, rather flat and long from front to back. His hair was long, black, and curled over his rather narrow but strongly-set shoulders. As he came up he said:—

"My sister sent me to help you. Will you allow me?"

He took Neville's other arm with a hand small as a woman's, but which closed like a vise. His feet were slender, high-arched, perfectly formed, and exquisitely shod. His dress suggested dandyism of that mild sort prevalent among young gentlemen of the South before the war.

When they reached the foot of the hill they found, near the Lamar cottage, a carriage in readiness, with a negro coachman to drive them whithersoever they would go.

Neville was feeling much stronger, but it was, nevertheless, a genuine pleasure to find himself sinking back into the soft cushions.

Longley and the young stranger sat opposite him.

"Where shall I order you driven?" asked the latter.

"To the upper cottage, beyond the hotel," responded Neville. "This is delightful. To whom am I indebted?"

"To my sister, mainly. My name is Lamar, Alden Lamar. This is our cottage here."

"Ah, she saved my life,—your sister, Miss Lamar. I fell in a sort of swoon, caused by a little sudden exertion in trying to overtake her and shelter her with my umbrella. She held up my head, or I am sure I should have died. She must have got wet, too. I hope nothing serious will come of it."

"You are Mr."—

"Neville, beg pardon, Edmond Neville, and this is my friend, Mr. Longley, of New York,—an artist."

"Well," said Lamar, cordially, "I shall be right glad of this adventure, if no worse effects come of it than making friends of you. I've been lonely since I came. It had begun to look as if I should have the lake and the steam yacht I've sent for all to myself; but now I hope I shall have you for company. I have often looked over at your cottage, Mr. Neville, and

wished I knew the inmates. It is such an inviting, beckoning sort of dwelling. One always indulges happy fancies about the people who inhabit such a delightful place. You are not married, Mr. Neville?"

All this was said so freely and in such a kindly and friendly tone that it could not fail to have its effect.

"No," said Neville, smiling; "my mother and I keep house at the cottage, and shall be very glad to have you make its acquaintance and cultivate a friendship for it and the household."

They soon reached the cottage. Neville required the help of both his companions to get into the house. He was still very weak. His mother, a plump, dimpled-faced little woman, looking ten years younger than her real age, met them on the broad porch, evidently much excited about him, though she betrayed her feelings by no outburst. Her trouble looked out of her eyes and trembled in her voice when she quietly said:—

"How wet you are, Edmond! How did it happen? Have you been sailing? Did your boat capsize?"

She hurried him away to his room, where he could change his clothes.

Young Lamar left his card in the hall and departed, after a few pleasant words with Longley, who seemed quite at home.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the little household at Neville cottage met at dinner-table on the evening following the events of the preceding chapter, Neville had nearly recovered from the effects of his mishap. His physician had visited him and assured him that his attack had nothing alarming in it, had given him a mild opiate and sent him to sleep. Now he was looking cheerful and comfortable.

"I almost regretted finding Neville up yonder this morning," said Longley to Mrs. Neville. "In fact, I feel sure it was the meanest blunder of my life. If I were lying with my head in the lap of a beautiful girl, who clung to me and would not let me go, I don't know how I ever could forgive the man who should rescue me. It was a scene I shall never forget. I came here first, you know," turning to Neville, "and finding that you had gone for a walk, went out to look for you. When the shower began I took shelter under a tree. I heard Miss Lamar calling; I am

sure of it now ; but I thought it was a lamb bleating. When the rain ceased I followed the path and came upon you. What do you suppose was the first thing I thought of? It was a verse from that silly song, 'Courting in the rain'; and the next thing was something you said in your letter about a summer sweetheart."

"If you used your eyes to any purpose," said Nelville, "you discovered that I did not tell the half of this summer sweetheart's loveliness. We'll make her acquaintance now; the ice is broken, even if I did come near drowning along with her in making the breach."

"Does she resemble her brother?" said Mrs. Nelville.

"Oh, no; she's fair and blue-eyed," replied Longley, "and a great deal more beautiful."

"The young man strikes me as being a trifle fanciful in his make-up; but he's Southern, you know," said Melville.

"Well, he's a poet, and has the divine right to be fanciful," remarked the widow.

"Oh, of course; I did not mean to be critical; you know how liberal I am. He's handsome, after all, and I dare say he is a good and noble man. But how do you know he is a poet?"

"I saw in the paper, yesterday, that 'Mr. Alden Lamar, the brilliant Southern poet, is sojourning at Cedar Springs, where his father has a superb cottage,' or something of the sort."

"There!" cried Longley, "I knew his name was as familiar as my own. Why didn't I think? Alden Lamar is a genius; and, by the way, I illustrated his last poem in *Mosely's Magazine*."

"You know I am not much given to reading poetry, Tennyson's excepted," said Nelville; "consequently I did not know until lately there was such a poet. And he's a genius, you think."

"Yes, a muscular poet, a poetical gymnast, a singer of Charles Kingsley's sort of religion. His verses remind you all the time of dumb-bells draped with flowers. Push that sherry this way, and I'll drink to his health. He boxes, fences, rows, shoots, and swims equal to a professor of either sport, so accounts run."

"He looks very slender and sallow to be much of an athlete," said Nelville. "One might sooner suspect him of dyspepsia; but he did lift me about with surprising ease."

"His sallowness is sunburn and wind-tan, and his slenderness is roundness and

compactness. I should take him for a very strong man. I never saw a springier step or clearer eyes. As soon as I saw him I knew he was no ordinary man."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Nelville, "this begins to look as though Cedar Springs might be a place of wide note soon. A poet on one hand, an artist on the other; a heroine who saves my boy's life—God bless her!—and a wood-nymph, a real dryad, whom you have yet to see, Mr. Longley, and whose eyes and hair, so Edmond says, are of the kind William Morris rhymes about. The season opens with promise."

"Yes, I'm delighted," said Longley.

"Nelville wrote me about these girls. I must get acquainted with them. I'm here for pleasure as well as profit. How must a fellow do to make friends with young ladies? You know I'm hopelessly benighted in social knowledge of a technical sort. I should like to have some description of what is expected of me and of what I am to expect of them. Your phrase, 'A summer sweetheart,' has got a good hold of me. I should like to have one,—one that would laugh me, sing me, talk me into a long dream, which would not end until the autumn frosts and winds drove us away to the city again."

"Well, you've seen her,—you have seen her this day," said Nelville. "Miss Lamar is just the girl to charm a man like you. She's as sweet and simple as she's high-bred and Southern."

"But what will you do if I steal your heroine?"

"I? You know too well how it is with me. I have no room left for a new love. The old one is dead, but its corpse keeps its place. I don't care to remove it." Nelville smiled, trying to be light, but his eyes would take on a far-away look, and his smile was plainly rooted in a sorrow.

"Yes," exclaimed Longley, "I know all about it—precisely all. I think you're going to die; but before that event happens I hope to torture you a great deal. Nagg-ing a love-lorn invalid will be excellent summer sport, if I can find nothing better."

"Oh, prod away," said Nelville, "I'm used to it. Really, I'm beginning half-way to enjoy it. But you shall not have a clear field for carrying off Miss Lamar's favor; I've suddenly concluded you are not worthy of her. You may take the dryad for your summer sweetheart."

"Neither of you deserves the notice of a

good girl, especially one so noble and true as Miss Lamar," said Mrs. Nelville, making the preliminaries to rising from the table. "Your conversation is growing very light, indeed."

Longley assisted Nelville to rise, and together they went to a little room in a wing of the house. From the windows extensive views were outspread in three directions, comprising the lake, a long row of jagged hills, and a brushy lowland, where woodcock-shooting, in its season, was fine, each scene framed in a window, like a landscape panel.

The light of day was dying out of doors, and some candles had been lighted in the room; they flickered in the brass sconces, giving back glint for glint to the little flame on the hearth of the pretty fireplace. The nights were just cool enough to admit of a pretence of warming. Three or four good pictures, hung flat on the walls, some rich-colored rugs, four or five easy-chairs, a sofa, and a table, made up the furniture of this inviting den where Nelville did his growling.

"Here's the place that catches all my sighing and pining," said the host, stretching himself on the sofa and speaking as one jesting on a sacred subject. "In other words, I ruminat, chew my cud, do my smoking and remembering here."

Longley looked at his friend, and, in a half-earnest tone, said:—

"Nelville, I've a mind to lock that door and finish what your morning's adventure so promisingly began. A man of your possibilities ought to be guillotined whenever he begins to worry his head over an unsuccessful love affair."

Nelville was lighting a cigar, and remained silent for a time. At length, ejecting little blue puffs of smoke between phrases, he said:—

"My dear boy, you don't know what you're talking about. You are a novice advising an old stager. One of these days you may get a taste of gall. You may feel atrabillious yourself, all on account of a much slighter hurt than mine."

"All right," cried Longley, laughing outright. "A man who has battled against penury, and all but starvation, with all the cognate blue devils, may well laugh at Cupid's freaks and the fickleness of women. I'll take the chances. See if ever I get despondent and sick."

Nelville laughed despite his mood, and, letting go some rings of smoke and watching them float towards a window, said:—

"I'll try and find some way to test your wonderful trouble-proof qualities. I'll have you jilted, see if I don't!"

Longley's face was grimly self-complacent. He smiled as one who would rather like a sharp adventure of any sort, and would relish a bit of tragedy.

"Now, that sounds better, Nelville," he said, "as you grow bellicose you win my highest admiration. You wrote me truly; you are a very interesting invalid. I shall expect something to turn up if you keep in your present temper. Miss Lamar,—the name is liquid; how smoothly it slips from one's tongue!"

Longley walked back and forth. A little breeze ran across the room from window to window, shaking the candle-flames. The stars came out in the sky. Far off somewhere a big owl hooted dolefully. A cow-bell tinkled in the wood behind the cottage. The little town lay shining and sleeping on the margin of the lake.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR some days following his arrival at Cedar Springs, Longley was busily engaged in fitting up his studio in the Nelville cottage, and completing some work left over from his old Bohemian engagements, preparatory to beginning the labor assigned him by the editor of *Mosely's Magazine*.

In the meantime young Lamar called frequently to inquire after Nelville's health, distinguishing himself in the estimation of the widow as a charming fellow. He talked of foreign lands and out-of-the-way nooks he had visited; he had travelled a great deal. He sang beautifully, played the violin and guitar, his performances on the latter being unique. Something fanciful appeared in everything he did or said; but there was no oddity or grotesqueness about him, and he gained the esteem of every one who chanced to win his. The steam yacht he had sent for arrived. It was a miniature affair of great beauty, jaunty as a summer duck and as buoyant as a cork. It was soon afloat on the lake, and, of course, a trial trip must be made in it. The Nelville household were pressing invited to be of the christening party. Longley excused himself, being overwhelmed with work and under the necessity of finishing his old scores at once; but he lent his influence in assisting Mrs. Nelville to make her son accept, and was successful.

So the Lamar and Nelville families me

on board the yacht on the morning of as superb a day as ever May brings to our northern latitude.

Colonel Lamar, the head of Lamar cottage, was a tall, slender, wiry man, some distance past his prime, whose head hung forward at the end of a long, slim neck, over a narrow, sunken chest, and whose deep-set, keen, gray eyes seemed perpetually laboring to avoid being extinguished by their shaggy, lowering brows. His forehead was an intellectual one, stamped with the old-time Southerner's lofty pride of character and family. His hair, cut extremely short, was almost snow-white; in fact, he was a strong type of that class in the South, who, before the war, were vast slave-owners, and who, since the war, have been at no trouble studying out the bearings of the new order of things. True, he had been lucky in mining investments in Colorado, and had made a million in some wheat-dealing at Chicago; but he could not feel at home in such things; they had in them a smack of shopkeeping and tradesfolk dickerings. To him anything plebeian was distasteful. He was an aristocrat of the strongest Southern school. His wife — he had married her North — was younger and stronger, — more practical. She was rather stout, open-eyed, generous-faced, a good talker, — a woman to be feared by an evil-minded man, and admired by a pure-minded one. Her dress was very simple and elegant, her movements energetic, but always suggestive of good-breeding.

Nelville could but think, as he looked at Miss Louise Lamar standing between the colonel and his wife, how well protected she must be from the assaults of fortune-hunters. On one hand was caution, reserve, aristocratic conversation; on the other vigilance, worldly wisdom, and the unresting prudence of a highly cultivated and honorable woman. In the foreground, too, her brother appeared as a powerful picket-guard.

The young lady herself seemed to have grown up with a consciousness of some such security unobtrusively, but, nevertheless, clearly and constantly present in her mind. Her very beauty was complacent. Her deep, clear eyes, so like a child's, seemed all the time expressing in the tenderest way what the salients of a bastion indicate in the hardest way: I am impregnable; seize me who can. Unless my gates be unbarred from within, who

can enter? Full of maidenly reserve, and rather inclined to listen more than to talk, she, nevertheless, bore about with her the peculiar power of vivacity which is really of greatest value to one who talks little and well.

Soon after the formalities of introducing to each other the households of the two cottages, Mr. Alden Lamar gave orders for the yacht to be put under way, and when it had swung free of the little pier, with tiny whiffs of steam leaping from its pipe, and with sundry throbbings and growlings in the engine-room, Nelville, still too weak to stand long, gladly went forward with Miss Lamar to a cushioned seat at the bow, leaving his mother and the rest grouped near the boat's centre.

"I have felt guilty of doing you a great harm," said Miss Lamar, after making some inquiries about his health, "and I shall not rest quite self-acquitted until you are well."

"Oh, you certainly needn't feel to blame; it was my own foolish over-exertion."

"But you made it in my behalf," she said, very gravely and sweetly, as a little girl might.

"Yes, but there was no need of my rushing at you as if" — he hesitated.

"As if I might melt in that little shower?" she suggested, with a smile in her eyes.

"If I had called to you," he said, with something of an invalid's way about him; "but I always choose the hardest way to do a thing. Running after you was the only thing I thought of."

"My brother declares that, in a like case, he should have cried, 'My dear young lady, come back here and I will share my umbrella with you!'" She said this in a manner not in the least suggestive of an attempt to say something amusing. She was stating a fact.

"If I had called after you in such terms, would you have come back?" Nelville asked.

"I could not have heard you," she replied; "the rain was making a great noise. I cried out just as loudly as I could, and no one heard me."

"I heard you," he said, "like some one calling in a dream, as if very far away."

The boat was now bowling along at great speed, cutting the little waves in two and dashing their foam so high that a few drops struck Nelville and Miss Lamar in the face, as if reminding them of the extreme lightness of their talk.

Nelville thought he had never seen a face so interesting or a form so full of suppleness and grace, as he furtively studied Miss Lamar's attitudes. She was quite different from the girls he had met everywhere. She was so self-possessed and yet so naïve and full of a childlike freshness and frankness.

At present she was leaning almost dangerously far over the railing, letting fall one by one the fragments of a card she had torn up. The yacht's rapid flight caused a strong current of air to flow along the deck, making her ribbons and the loose, pendant parts of her dress stream back snapping and rustling around him. Just the faintest perfume, white rose, perhaps, accompanied these fluttering bits of feminine adornment, and, as a word idly spoken will now and then awaken a whole troop of recollections, this mere hint of fragrance called up his controlling trouble with all its train of bitter attendants. His face darkened and his eyes grew clouded and listless. It was *her* favorite perfume. It never touched his sense without recalling memories of *her*. A man rarely takes a love-matter to heart. He usually tosses it aside as he would a failure in a business scheme. But Nelville was sorely hurt, and really felt his wound to be incurable. Love and war are much alike. It is a saying among soldiers that if a wounded man "strains to die" he rarely fails. Nelville was inclined to worry his wound.

While yet the gloomy look rested on his face his companion turned suddenly and fixed her clear eyes on his.

He came back to himself slowly. Switzerland was a long way off. Her look of inquiry, as she discovered his gloom, struck him, when his mind did right itself, as something more than inquiry; as if she might be half aware of his thoughts.

The yacht swept on over the bright lake, now slipping past a little island, now skirting a marshy shore, swinging around miniature promontories, and avoiding jagged reefs, frightening flocks of ducks into rustling flight and making the loons dive and scramble out of its way. Overhead, many wide-winged gulls hurried about in the mellow sunlight. Occasionally, as they passed the rocky shallows, they saw a belted halcyon flit by close enough to them to leave a whisper of delicate wing-feathers in their ears. The sky was incomparably soft; the air was laden with the grateful balm of spring.

Nelville and Miss Lamar had been talk-

ing a long while, disclosing to each other sketchy glimpses of what to both was, in some degree, a new world, when the rest of the party came forward and joined them.

The remainder of the trip was passed very pleasantly in general conversation, into which the gentlemen, by permission, injected the fragrance of Spanish tobacco.

Miss Lamar took little part in this; but sat and gazed into the water, her cheeks prettily flushed and her lips as red as cherries.

It was a delightful little voyage, ending soon enough to prevent even a twinge of fatigue, and leaving an enjoyable after-taste, so to speak, in the minds of all who participated in it.

After parting with the Lamars at the little pier, Nelville and his mother got into their carriage, which was waiting, and were driven home. On the way they were silent. At the cottage porch Mrs. Nelville turned to her son and said:—

"Edmond, as sure as you live, that girl loves you."

The young man lifted his eyebrows incredulously.

"You'll see," added his mother; "you know how well I guess, sometimes. I saw it in her eyes. It is love at first sight. Your little adventure"—

The blood mounted into the young man's cheeks, and he interrupted his mother:—

"If—if—" he said, confusedly, "if I thought you were guessing anywhere near the truth, I should feel in duty bound never to see her again. What ever put the thought into your head?"

"Oh, I don't know; I can't explicitly say; but I'm sure I am right, Edmond." Here she hesitated and looked wistfully at him. Then, in an appealing voice, she added:—

"My dear boy, she is worth a thousand Miss Sartains."

Nelville turned away and went to his room, where he sat down by a window and lighted a cigar. For a long while he puffed slowly and thought deeply. A little fever was in his blood, but it was not the same fever that he had carried so long; it was quite of another kind, albeit he did not clearly distinguish the difference.

Longley came in, but there was little talk between them. Nelville went to the sofa and pretended to sleep. He wished to indulge in what is usually called a "brown study."

[To be continued.]

HOW MR. CONDOR AND MISS WEALTHY SETTLED IT.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.

WHEN the bicycle club, and the bicycle club ladies, filed in through the door of the church basement, — each one depositing ten cents with the treasurer as they passed, — the hilarity of the sewing-circle was already at its usual height. That is to say, Miss Smithers was just leading off with the hymn, sung to the tune of “Dunbar,” with one of the other ladies presiding at the parlor-organ, “A charge to keep I have.”

Miss Smithers is tall, lean, angular. She stood upon a slightly raised platform beside the organ, with her hands folded, her head thrown back, a beatific expression upon her face, and warbled, in jerks of two syllables at a time, with broad slurs, thus: —

“A char-arge — to ke-ep — I have,
A Go-d — to glo-orify,
A ne-ev—er dy-y—ing soul — to sa-ave,
And fi-it — it fo-or — the sky.”

Messrs. High, Lowe, Condor, Littleweed, Captain Hardrider, and two or three others of the club, instantly assumed the same attitude and expression as Miss Smithers, shut their eyes in apparent spiritual ecstasy, threw back their heads, opened their mouths, and let the tune pump itself out in two-syllable jets, and well-defined slurs, with unctuous vigor. It was hugely edifying.

After the hymn the usual work was produced. Upon two tables were ladies engaged in cutting out garments. Around others were ladies busy sewing. The club ladies immediately lent their aid to this work, and the club gentlemen discharged their duty in handing things about, and making themselves generally agreeable.

The club was there because the club had promised, on a former occasion, to attend; and because it would be a novel experience. It was novel. The conversation mixed things spiritual and things worldly, the newest fashions with the works of charity, parties and mission-work, bicycle-riding and Sabbath-school lessons, incongruously. Mrs. Deacon Judkins McSourly, who had noticed Mr. Condor at a recent Sunday-evening service, asked him if he didn't think the sermon on that occasion impres-

sive, — so searching. Mr. Condor said that he did, — he felt like a miserable sinner all the time it was being preached. Mrs. Deacon Judkins McSourly looked at Mr. Condor severely, with interrogation in one eye and indignation in the other; but Mr. Condor smiled back his most amiable cherub smile of innocent inoffensiveness, and Mrs. Deacon Judkins McSourly was almost persuaded that there wasn't any invidious hidden meaning in his remark.

Mrs. Deacon Pillar told an anecdote of her recent trip to Indianapolis, where she met Bishop Blank, and how the good bishop made the whole company wait supper while he offered a most beautiful prayer. Mr. High at this point suddenly took an interest in the story. “Was it at the Blank hotel?” he inquired.

“It was.”

“And the bishop insisted on praying before he ate supper?”

“Yes.”

“Well, the bishop was right,” observed Mr. High, sighing heavily over the recollection. “I ate supper once at that hotel myself.”

Mrs. Deacon Pillar, who is a large, fleshy, pleasant-faced woman, looked at Mr. High a moment in profound astonishment. Then she laughed a pleasant, healthy, sonorous laugh, which shook her all over till the tears came into her eyes, setting all the rest to laughing. “To be sure,” she said, when she caught her breath again; “but I never thought of it that way.” The club immediately set down Mrs. Deacon Pillar as a real jolly, good-souled Christian; which she is. But Miss Smithers and Mrs. Deacon Judkins McSourly obstinately maintained a look of shocked grimness.

Presently one of the ladies asked Mr. High if the club members could not sing something. Mr. High said they could, but he doubted if it would be suitable to the occasion. Being pressed, he sent Captain Hardrider to the organ, and started a tenor solo, with a heavy bass chorus by the club: —

SOLO. — Captain Webb he took a swim,
Just to gratify a whim,

CHORUS. — 'Fy a whim, 'fy a whim.

SOLO. — And immediately afterwards there wasn't any him.

CHORUS. — Any him.

It was sung with great spirit, and the chorus was a rouser. But right here Mrs. Smiles, secretary of the society, ran laughing to the organ and stopped the captain's playing, saying that was enough, they would excuse the rest. People passing the church, she noticed, were stopping on the sidewalk to listen.

Mr. High said there were only fifteen more verses, and some of them were very pathetic; but the ladies all said they didn't think the music exactly harmonized with the surroundings. In that case Mr. High said that he would ask one of the club ladies to sing the president's hymn, and the club quartette would join in the chorus. Thereupon Mr. Condor conducted the pretty widow Sparkle, who is a fine contralto singer, to the organ, where she sang with feeling and expression the following verses written by the president:—

Still sore with struggle, faint and worn,
We wait our Better Day,
The breath of whose celestial morn
Shall charm our pain away.
Our way seems long, and dark with wrong,
And evil life's whole sum;
But God's day is our Better Day,
And that is sure to come.

CHORUS. — Repeat last two lines.

O, soul that struggles and that cries,
Sore tempted to despair,
And reads no answer in the skies
To labor or to prayer;
Though night is old, and dark, and cold,
And doubting lips are dumb,
Yet God's day is our triumph day,
And that is sure to come.

CHORUS. — Repeat, etc.

O, day long looked for, oft foretold,
Best theme of prayer and song,
When Truth and Right shall judgment hold,
In triumph over Wrong!
Young lives wear out 'twixt hope and doubt,
Young hearts grow cold and numb;
But God's time is our promised time,
And that is sure to come.

CHORUS. — Repeat, etc.

Sore hearts in sorrow's icy chills
Who dreamed of summer blooms,
And woke to snow on wintry hills,
And frost on early tombs,
Your birds of song are silent long,
The leafless groves are dumb;
But God's time is our summer time,
And that is sure to come.

CHORUS. — Repeat, etc.

The widow Sparkle sang the solo of this hymn with tender pathos; but her voice rose clear, swelling, and exultant in the chorus, rich with its buoyant promise. Now, you will find in every assembly of persons old enough to have entered the realities of life, many who have known disappointments, failures, sorrows, and heavy cares. Therefore, the music and the words of this hymn touched, however lightly, some common chord of feeling. The bright and pretty woman who sang it was herself a widow, and gave to its cadence some fine touch from her own inner consciousness. Hence, when the music was finished, the hush which had fallen upon the room remained unbroken for a long minute; and then Mrs. Deacon True said, softly, that, if this was a bicycle club hymn, she should feel like joining the first bicycle church that might be organized; and Mrs. Deacon Pillar said she should adopt the hymn into her own church.

At intervals during the evening, gentlemen of the church society had entered, and now several of the deacons, the pastor and his wife, and leading members, came in, most of them from their several businesses, to accompany their wives and daughters home when the sewing-circle should break up. These all expressed themselves pleased to meet the gentlemen and ladies of the club, and the club ladies immediately proceeded to make the meeting as pleasant for them as possible. In fact, there were noticeable passages very like tentative flirtations between the pastor and deacons and some of the club ladies.

After awhile the work was put away, and oysters, coffee, ice-cream, and cake were placed upon the tables. To these refreshments the club did ample justice, considerably swelling the funds of the society by their liberal patronage. How many ladies each member of the club insisted upon serving, and how many plates they paid for, probably the treasurer knows, — certainly it was many. But it would have been impossible to record the flirtations, the fun, the life and pleasure which the club contributed to the occasion. Even Mrs. Deacon Judkins McSourly relaxed into smiles when Captain Hardrider and Mr. Littleweed, with well-simulated ardor, contended for the honor of leading her to the tables for the second time. It reminded her of the time, a good while ago, when she was a young and really quite a pretty girl; and such a reminder is pleasant to middle-aged people. And the chatting,

and laughter, and high good-humor which prevailed at the tables, the innocent jokes that were cracked, the making the most of every little pleasant incident, even the mellow laughter apropos of nothing or next to nothing, — really it was a sight to see and to enjoy. Perhaps there may have been a considerable lack of gravity; but it was more than counterbalanced by the largest quantity of general good-feeling and good fellowship. It was just as if the holy virtue of Charity, so long a staid and sober matron, had reassumed a portion of her immortal youth, and, not neglecting her work and her treasury, had joined with the jolliest of the cheerful company, and become one with and one of them all.

When the company broke up, the young men of the club escorted a number of the church ladies home, and some of the church-members went home with some of the club ladies, walking in pleasant little groups through the moonlit evening until compelled to separate, each couple to their several homes. But a number remained sometime longer at the church to clear away the work and dishes. With them the president and his wife stayed; and thus the president heard the remarks of the ladies upon the events of the evening.

Mrs. Smiles, secretary of the society, said that "there was more sewing, *et cetera*, done at that meeting than at any other we have held this year."

"So there was more *et cetera*," viciously retorted Mrs. Judkins McSourly, "a good deal more *et cetera*. There always will be more *et cetera* every time you allow those irreligious young bissikel straddlers to attend one of our circles."

And Mrs. Judkins McSourly shut her teeth together with uncharitable sharpness, and looked as though she thought she had settled the case.

"That word is pronounced bicycle — not bissikel," remarked the pretty widow Cherry, in her most irritatingly gentle teach-the-Sunday-school-infant-class manner.

"I don't care what you call 'em," said Mrs. Judkins McSourly; "they're abominable, anyhow."

"The ladies of the bicycle club helped us greatly by their work, and the gentlemen contributed more money than we have taken in from anybody else at one time this year," said Mrs. Secretary Smiles; "and I hope you will get your husband" (this to Mrs. President Bates) "to bring them again."

"So do I," said Mrs. Deacon True and Mrs. Deacon Pillar both together.

"If I am too old and stout to frolic any more myself," added fat Mrs. Pillar, "I do love to see young people enjoy themselves and make things lively for us sober people, don't you, Mrs. True?"

"Indeed I do," heartily replied Mrs. True, in her motherly way, "it does us all good. And there are some of them that any mother might be proud of, Mrs. McSourly. Such strong, fine, manly-looking young men, and so gentlemanly and kind-hearted in their ways. I should be proud to see them all in our church. There is nothing in this world that would do the churches so much good as plenty of young men."

"I haven't got any doctrine about it," said fat Mrs. Deacon Pillar; "I like young folks; and that settles it for me."

"They go riding on Sunday; and they make light of sacred things. That Mr. Condor made fun of our pastor's sermon; I know he did, though he pretended to be so sober."

"Let me say a word," said the pastor's wife, who had joined the group. "Last Sunday afternoon the doctor happened to see this Mr. Condor, who was walking with his wheel to talk with Miss Wealthy, whom you all know he admires very much. They met little lame Bertha Evans going home with her crutch from Sunday school, and stopped to speak to the child, who admired Mr. Condor's bicycle very much. You know Bertha's parents are quite old, and do not play with the child; and she has no brothers or sisters, and is such a lovely little thing, besides being lame. Well, Mr. Condor asked Miss Wealthy to excuse him, much as we know he would like to walk home with her; and he took that little lame child and lifted her up on his wheel, and trundled her all the way home, full a mile out of his way, just solely to please the little one. Now, the doctor heard Mr. Condor's joke about the sermon; and he said that any young man who would do a kind action like that is welcome to crack as many jokes as he pleases at any sermon he preaches. And I say so, too. And I hope the club will attend the circle again; I want to shake hands with Mr. Condor."

By and by we all went home. While Mrs. President Bates and the president were walking along soberly, as became a quiet, middle-aged couple, not thinking at all of lovers or love scenes, we passed the

fine home of the Wealthy family. The full November moon shone on its elegant façade, and softly lighted its side veranda, with its pretty pillars, its carved steps, and fine door-way. Before those steps, as we passed, was enacting a scene which at once attracted our attention. Mr. Condor stood upon the ground beside the steps, looking up; while from the steps pretty Miss Genevieve leaned over the rail and smiled down upon him. She was listening with a lovely expression to something he was saying. Suddenly she leaned far over the rail, put both her small white hands upon his broad shoulders, and whispered something in his ear, and then bent lower down and kissed him full upon the lips. Then she raised herself, blushing and smiling, and ran lightly into the house. As we passed on out of sight, our last glimpse of Mr. Condor saw him standing and gazing after her at the door through which she had vanished.

Presently Mrs. President Bates squeezed the arm upon which she was leaning affectionately against her side and sighed softly.

"Wasn't that pretty, dear?" she said, in a low tone.

The president, after a pause to calculate whether any admission he might make would be likely to involve him in any special consequences, acknowledged that it was, very.

"Doesn't it remind you of old times?" she continued.

The president, again carefully reflecting, replied cautiously that he couldn't remember distinctly any old times when he permitted pretty girls to lean over verandas and kiss him — that is, as a general thing, — why, no, of course not, my dear.

"I don't mean other girls," persisted Mrs. President. "I mean us."

"Oh-h! ah-h! to be sure; ye-s; a great while ago," prudently assented the president.

"Don't it make you wish we were young again?"

"Hm, yes, no. On reflection, I think I am better satisfied with you, dear, as we are now, and our children."

For this reply, which the president considered a pretty neat stroke of diplomacy, he came very near being kissed by Mrs. President right there in the public street; but, fortunately, a belated butcher's cart drove by, and the danger to his reputation as a chaste and practical bald-headed old citizen was averted.

And then we heard rapid footsteps behind us, and presently we were overtaken by Mr. Condor. While the young man shook hands with quite unnecessary warmth with Mrs. President and myself, considering that we had been together most of the evening, and were not making a long farewell, the president noticed that Mr. Condor's face appeared illuminated, as if a Fourth-of-July, or a Thanksgiving, or a Christmas were in full celebration in his brain.

"You look as if you wanted to be congratulated about something," said Mrs. President. "Is it Miss Wealthy?"

"Yes," said Mr. Condor, sighing happily; "it is all settled, and I am the luckiest man in the club. Don't you think so?"

"You certainly are, and I wish you and yours all possible happiness," began the president, when Mrs. President cut him short by exclaiming: —

"It's perfectly splendid! I've a good notion to kiss you myself!"

And she shook his hand again with quiet ardor. And while the president was considering what in the name of sense was the reason Mr. Condor appeared so much more impressed with these irrelevant remarks by Mrs. President than by the much more appropriate and reasonable expression by himself, the young man said "Good-night," and disappeared down a side street.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

HAD I power to give to you
 Many a rich and costly gem,
 Fit, in brilliancy of hue,
 To adorn a diadem,
 I'd bestow the jewels rare
 On some other friend, less dear,
 While for you I'd breathe a prayer,
 Such as I do offer here.

Many a Merry Christmas, friend,
 Health, contentment, joy, and bliss;
 More delights in thought I send
 Than I can convey in this.
 With the now departing year
 May your cares and sorrows cease;
 May the new one, drawing near,
 Bring you happiness and peace.

S. Conant Foster.

NOTES ON FLORIDA SHOOTING.

I WISH, first, to criticise a phase of Southern travel with which most people have been made familiar by the writers of the alluring guide-books. A conventional magazine illustration now before me represents a scene on the deck of a river steamer. Two men and a boy are blazing away with shot-gun and pistol, spreading terror among the other passengers, and dealing out death to every living thing in the air, on the water, and along the shore. This is the typical Florida shooting. The indefensible war of extermination has been waged for the past twenty years. Its end is desolation. The joyous bird-life that once gladdened the eye of the tourist has departed; Florida travel has lost one of its charms. There is less of this shooting now than formerly, because on the most frequented routes the victims are few. On some steamers the fusilade is forbidden, not out of mercy to the birds, but for the protection of the crew. "There is no more shooting on this boat," a captain explained to me. "My pilot at the wheel got a bullet through his cheek; and I thought it time to stop." At the expense of more pilots' cheeks the nuisance might be wholly abated. My reference to steamboat-deck shooting is, after all, not so much of a growl as an earnest protest, prompted by a desire to enlist the influence of *OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN* in suppressing a very abominable outrage committed by travelling idiots, who ought not to be abroad without their guardians.

It is to be lamented that Florida does not recognize the wisdom of properly restricting the destruction of her game. This is not sentiment, but common-sense. The wild life of the woods and waters is one of the natural resources of the State, and it has a well-defined economic value. The opportunity for shooting and fishing is one of the potent attractions that lead thousands of tourists to the South. The fish and game supply is taken into consideration by those who go for pleasure, and others who go for health. The fascination of the rod and gun lures the invalid from the house, and leads him into pleasant places, diverts his mind, builds up his body, and lets the sunshine into his soul. It combines with other influences to work the magic change that sends him home

with quickened step and brighter eye. In the wealth of the State there must be counted the hamaks and piney woods, where the deer is jumped; the old pea-fields, where "Bob White" calls; the resorts of the wild-fowl; the snipe-haunted marshes, and, we had almost said, the fortresses where the alligator holds sway in undisputed reign of ugliness.

The saurian needs no protection; perhaps he deserves none; his looks are certainly against him, and his habits no better. In his peculiar domain he can well take care of himself, but on the river-banks he has fared ill. Despite his repulsive aspect the alligator is a child of the sun. From the moment its vivifying rays have burst the shell of his pent prison in the sands, all through his life, he loves nothing else so well (a meal of dog excepted) as to bask in the noonday warmth. But his love of the sunshine has proved his fate, for it exposes him to the deadly bullet of the hunter's rifle. Although neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, the alligator is considered a legitimate target for rifle-practice. The steamboat-deck shooters, who wantonly murder the birds because they are pretty and graceful, try to kill the alligator because he is awkward and ugly. The professional hunter converts the teeth into jewelry, and the skin into purses, shoes, and book-covers. The amateur sportsman manufactures the whole carcass into hunting yarns. With a single bull's hide Dido surrounded the site of Carthage; under like conditions, I am quite confident that with the hide of his last winter's alligator my friend H. would annex Mexico.

The feat of shooting this reptilian game has been much over-estimated. The glory of the exploit rested on a neat bit of fiction. The alligator was sung as the Achilles of the Florida swamp, clad in a suit of armor, which was impregnable save in one or two fatal spots. To kill him it was necessary to put the ball into one of these vulnerable points, and he who did it was esteemed a crack shot. The delusion was cherished because it tickled the vanity of the shooter. Twenty years ago every other tourist met in Florida was a St. George, who had slain an alligator. To-day it is generally understood that the skin

is easily perforated by the average rifle-ball.

There are other fallacies about Florida shooting that might be exploded were it worth the while. It is, for example, quite susceptible of demonstration, that leaving one's bed for an early morning squirrel-shoot calls for more heroism than is needed to sit up late for bears on the beach; and it might be shown that the minor hazards of a rollicking 'coon hunt are more serious than the peril of a judiciously conducted prowl for panthers in the hamak. But the State is broad, and between the ocean and the Gulf the sportsman's varied tastes may be most abundantly gratified. Like the prospector for gold, one must not loiter about exhausted diggings, nor explore worked-out shafts. Just aside from the beaten paths of Florida travel he who knows how to look for it will find favored domains, of which his memory will be ever illumined with sunshine and fragrant with perfume. Water-fowl frequent the rivers and lakes and the lagoons and inlets of the coast. The migratory ducks, snipe, and shore-birds are there, all well posted in the science of projectiles, and knowing a deal more about guns than do half the men who use them; and native birds of brilliant plumage, once abundant, now, unhappily, well-nigh exterminated by the cupidity of the milliner's agents.

Of land birds the wild turkey is king. He is magnificent in a dress of burnished bronze, and proud and stately in carriage. He shuns the haunts of man, and retires to the privacy of his forest retreats; a cunning, wary fowl, not at all the bird to be caught by the sprinkling of salt. To possess the beard of an old gobbler you must be endowed with patience; to patience add skill, to skill, duplicity; and to all, "good luck." Then, ambushed in a blind and equipped with a call fashioned from the wing-bone of one of his own species, you may yelp the siren notes that lure him to his death. Your simulation appeals to a noble instinct of the bird, his sociability; other methods appeal directly to his stomach; their success depends upon his appetite for corn. Which is the more legitimate I do not pretend to decide; in the end it is the same to the turkey.

Sportsmen speak of the wild turkey with respectful deference; for the quail they profess unbounded affection. The affection is exhibited in a manner quite incomprehensible to persons who lack the shooting instinct. To say that a sports-

man loves the quail is an euphemism, meaning that he shoots it. The Florida quail is diminutive in size compared with his fellows of the North; but here, as everywhere, he is the most confiding of game birds, — a trustful little chap, lingering on the skirts of civilization, picking up a living about the cultivated patches and old pea-fields; and for all he takes making honest return by the welcome of his presence and the cheery notes of his whistle. If the day be fine man and dog will perhaps find the heat uncomfortable, and a mid-winter quail shoot may not prove the invigorating tramp of a November afternoon in colder climates. But the surroundings offer full compensation. The foliage of green and gray is bright with a flood of golden sunshine; fleecy clouds sail across the blue sky; the air is laden with aromatic perfumes, butterflies of novel form and brilliant hue flit by; curious growths of tree and vine and creepers present themselves on every hand; and, if one be not too intent upon game, he may see the thousand less conspicuous beauties of flower and plant. Sometimes there is another side: the cover is vexatious; the ubiquitous sand-burr obtrudes itself; and as you are intent upon following up the covey you are suddenly startled by a grunt and a *whoof*, for your dog has run into a hog's nest, and flushed a bushel of fleas. The Florida flea is the worst pest you will encounter; he outvotes the snake a million to one. Venomous snakes are rarely met; now and then one pops up in an unexpected place. A New York merchant of my acquaintance was once quail-shooting in Florida, when his dog pointed a rattlesnake. The discharge of the gun made the feathers fly. Investigation showed that the snake had captured a quail which was just then in progress of deglutition.

The Florida hotel is large, and the deer is small, but there are many sections of the State where the hunter may add venison to his camp bill of fare. Deer are jumped by day and fire hunted by night. Jumping corresponds to stalking or still-hunting, the game being shot as it jumps from the cover to bound away.

Did you ever go fire-hunting, — not seated in a boat and paddled by an Adirondack guide to the game among the lily-pads, — but carrying your own light; have you stalked, and stumbled, and floundered through the Florida woods to "shine the eyes" of a deer? It is not an experience to be forgotten. The expanding beam of

the jack-lamp lights up a scene of enchantment. Shadowy trees gather about like ghosts. Pendent moss and clinging vine are transformed into the drapery of elfland. Sable-plumed night-birds flash by; nocturnal prowlers scurry away; your fingers close about the gun with nervous grasp; the thumping of your heart is distinctly audible. With every faculty on the alert you scan the outermost limit of the light. Suddenly, ahead there, a little to the left, glows a ball of fire. A few steps farther on and the single ball parts into two. The gun comes up automatically, the finger presses the trigger, and a tongue of flame leaps from the muzzle. The report has hardly died away before you are standing over the form of a Florida deer. The deer of the novice is sometimes a cow; and the gaunt cattle of the piney woods are never so profitable to their owners as when paid for by the inexperienced fire-hunter.

The sportsman's camp-fire is the same the world over. When the soft Florida night has fallen and the glories of the heavens shine through the tree-tops, we heap the abundant fuel, and, gathered about the grateful blaze, review the incidents of the day. Its exploits are magnified, the disappointments forgotten. The pine-knot flashes light up the scenes of other days; memory and imagination are quickened to fullest play; jest and story go the round. Our ebony cook, more ancient than the

piners, scrapes on a fiddle, older than himself, the interminable strains of the "Arkansaw Traveller," or, now and then laying aside his bow, relates, with grimace and gesture, that folk-lore, which, antedating, perhaps, the Hitopadesa, has been handed down from generation to generation of the negro race. No subject of natural history is an unproductive topic; he has a moral tale for all; and when we are discussing the vexed question of how the turkey-buzzard discovers its food, the fiddle stops, and our wizened Bidpay adds this leaf to my note-book:—

"As Bur Buzzard was settin' on de limb of an ole dead tree, Bur Bald Eagle come erlong an' 'quired er Bur Buzzard how he gain a livin'. 'Oh! I waits on de Lord.'—'Um! while you waits on de Lord, you'll starve.'—'Num mine, chile; I waits on de Lord.'—'Eh! shum' dar big fish down in de river? Now, I gwin ter eat my dinner, an' leab you wait on de Lord.' So he flew down, an' 'e come kerflop 'gains' a snag, what done stab clare frew um. An' Bur Buzzard he come sailin' down, an' 'e say, 'Ah-yi! 'pears like I doan wait on de Lord in vain.' An' 'e done eat Bur Bald Eagle *clean*."

So it goes far into the night. Then we draw the mosquito-bar and listen to the murmur of the pines or the distant surf, we know not which, and before we have determined it, we are asleep.

¹ See.

Charles B. Reynolds.

THE SAILING REGULATIONS OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

A FULL acquaintance with the rules which govern the annual paddling and sailing regattas of the A.C.A. is of more importance to intending canoeists, and to canoeists generally, than might appear at first sight. When a man makes up his mind to get a canoe the first thing he has to decide is, what shall be its dimensions? Now, he ought to bring its dimensions within the scope of the A.C.A. Sailing Rules. He may not intend to compete in the races of the American Canoe Association; he may not even intend to race at all. But certain it is that if there be any other canoeists within sailing or paddling distance from him, it will not be long before he finds himself taking part in some

friendly trial of speed; and from that it is only a step to be racing for a flag or a challenge cup, or some canoe requisite, such as a paddle or a set of sails. Most local canoe clubs have adopted the A.C.A. rules; and they always welcome visiting canoeists to take part in their regattas. How annoying, in such a case, for the visiting canoeist to find that, through previous ignorance of the rules, his canoe is a little over or under the limit, and bars him out! Racing adds great strength to a club, and is an appetizing spice with the solid meat of canoe-cruising. To quote my imperfect remembrance of the saying of some Frenchman, "It is not only the victory that inspires the noble souls — it is the combat." In other words,

there's lots of fun in canoe-racing; and if a canoeist does not like to work too hard, let him go in for the sailing races, instead of the paddling contests. The primary object of the A.C.A. racing is to develop the best types of cruising canoes; and great care has been taken to discourage racing-machines. This also has been the ostensible object of the Royal Canoe Club of England. The A.C.A. is, however, in a better position to attain this than the R.C.C. The latter has several regatta meets in a year, and the members are concentrated in a narrower territory. But the A.C.A. men only come together once a year from long distances, doing more or less cruising on the way; and each man who thinks he has a fast cruiser tries her speed in the paddling and sailing races, the prizes for which are simple flags. A.C.A. rules are made for the cruising canoe; therefore, a knowledge of them is valuable even solely from a cruising point of view.

When the American Canoe Association was organized at Lake George in 1880, Messrs. Edgar Swain, Charles F. Gardiner, and N. H. Bishop were appointed a regatta committee to draw up a set of rules for the 1881 meeting. They did the best with the incomplete data before them; but the result was necessarily imperfect. Their successors were Messrs. George B. Ellard, Cincinnati; Lucien Wulsin, Cincinnati, and W. P. Stephens, of New York. The 1881 meet (Lake George) brought with it a largely increased membership and much valuable experience. Acting on this, and on their knowledge of what the Royal Canoe club had done, Messrs. Stephens, Ellard, and Wulsin laid the broad foundation of a comprehensive set of sailing-rules, on principles which have since governed. One of the problems they had to solve was to bring in the larger sailing-canoes of various sizes, without unduly cramping individual choice on the one hand, or allowing excessive dimensions on the other. This was accomplished by the use of a sliding scale, decreasing the length of the canoe one foot for every inch and a half of additional beam. For instance, a canoe sixteen feet long may have thirty inches beam; a fifteen-foot canoe, thirty-one and a half inches beam; and a fourteen-footer, thirty-three inches. These three are usual sizes for the large sailing canoes, — intended, of course, for paddling also. The first named is the best paddler; the last, the best sailer. The 1882 committee also regulated keels, centre-boards, etc., upon a

cruising basis; and formulated a set of rules governing the conduct of the races on the lines of the best yachting laws.

All this was a great stride in advance; but the 1882 meet, at Lake George, showed the necessity of further improvements. The canoes had been divided into four classes, as follows: —

RULE 1. — Sailable paddling canoes to compete in the races of this Association must come within the limits of one of the following classes, and must be *sharp at both ends*, with no *counter, stern, or transom*, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man.

Class 1. — Paddling canoes.

Single. { *A.* Deeked canoes. Length not over 18 feet, beam not under 24 inches.
B. Birch bark and similar canoes, no limit.

Double Birch bark and similar canoes, no limit.

Class 2. — Sailable paddling canoes.

Single. { *A.* Deeked canoes. Length not over 15 feet, beam not over 28 inches, keel as in Class 3.
B. "Peterboro'" canoes (Note 2). Length not over 16 feet, beam not less than 27 inches.

Double Peterboro, not over 16 feet by 30 inches.

Class 3. — Sailing and paddling canoes: —

Canoes in this class shall not exceed 18 feet in length, with a limit of beam for that length of 27 inches, which beam may be increased in the proportion of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches to every foot of length decreased. *The greatest depth at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next the keel shall not exceed 16 inches.*

The keel, outside of garboard shall not exceed 2 inches in depth, including a metal band of not over $\frac{1}{2}$ inch depth. *The total weight of all centre-boards shall not exceed 60 pounds; when hauled up they must not project below the keel-band, and they must not drop more than 18 inches below keel-band, or if over one-half the length of the canoe, more than 6 inches.* Weight of canoe in racing trim, not over 150 pounds, including ballast.

Class 4. — Paddleable sailing canoes.

Limits of size, centre-boards, etc., as in Class 3, but no limit of weight.

The provisions in italics are those which have not been changed since canoes were put into these four classes for the paddling races as well as for the sailing races; and herein lay the great practical difficulty. Because the qualities which are of advantage to a canoe in a paddling race are just the opposite to those which are of advantage to her in a sailing race. For paddling, she wants little beam; for sailing, much beam. A man paddling in Class 2, could claim the right to use a canoe as narrow as he pleased, under 28 inches; whilst in Class 3, the only canoes which had any chance in paddling races were those at the narrow end of the scale, 27 and 28 $\frac{1}{4}$ in beam; leaving the canoes of larger beam no chance at all in sailing. The classifica-

tion was excellent for sailing, but not so for paddling.

Messrs. Wm. Whitlock, of New York; Robert Tyson, of Toronto, and H. S. Strickland, of Peterboro', were the Regatta Committee for 1883. Mr. Whitlock was absent in England for some months, and the 1883 commodore, Mr. E. B. Edwards, of Peterboro', gave valuable assistance in his stead. The committee concluded that the only way out of the aforementioned difficulty was to frame separate classes for paddling and for sailing respectively, taking care that the two sets of classes should so harmonize that any one canoe could both paddle and sail under fair conditions. The idea is that there should not necessarily be one canoe for paddling and another for sailing, but that the same "all round" canoe should be enabled to enter both kinds of races and have a "fair show." A new sailing rule is like a new style of canoe, it looks very simple when it's done, but it takes a power of planning and fixing. After much correspondence and discussion the 1883 committee decided on the following

AMENDED SAILING RULES.

A canoe to compete in any race of the A.C.A. must be sharp at both ends, with no counter, stern, or transom, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man. To compete in A.C.A. paddling races, it must come within the limits of one of the numbered classes, 1, 2, 3, 4; and to compete in sailing races it must come within the limits of either class A or B.

CLASS 1, PADDLING.—Length not over 18 feet, beam not under 24 inches. Depth inside from gunwale to garboard streak, and at any part of the canoe, not less than 7½ inches.

CLASS 2, PADDLING.—Length not over 16 feet, beam not under 26 inches. Depth as above not under 8 inches.

CLASS 3, PADDLING.—Length not over 17 feet, beam not under 28 inches. Depth as above not under 9 inches.

CLASS 4, PADDLING.—Length not over 16 feet, beam not under 30 inches. Depth as in Class 3.

CLASS A, SAILING.—Length not over 16 feet, beam not over 28 inches.

CLASS B, SAILING.—Length not over 17 feet, with a limit of 28½ inches beam for that length. The beam may be increased ¾ inch for each full six inches of length decreased.

The greatest depth of canoe in classes A and B at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next to keel, shall not exceed 16 inches.

Open canoes without rudders are allowed a foot extra in length in Class B.

In centre-board canoes, the keel outside of garboard shall not exceed 1½ inch in depth, including a metal keel-band of not over ¼ of an inch deep. The total weight of all centre-boards shall not exceed 60 pounds; when hauled up they must not project below the keel,

and they must not drop more than 18 inches below the garboard, nor if over ¼ of the canoe's length, more than 6 inches below garboard. Canoes without centre-boards may carry keels not over 3 inches deep from garboards, and not weighing more than 35 pounds. Lee-boards may be carried by canoes not having centre-boards.

MEASUREMENT.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem and at the aft side of stern; the beam at the widest part not including beading. The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat, and the beam at and near the water line, in the paddling classes, shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale. The Regatta Committee shall have power to disqualify any canoe which, in their opinion, is built with an evident intention to evade the above rules. As the minimum in Class 4 coincides with the maximum in Class B, a little latitude is to be allowed in measuring for these classes, in order that a canoe built to come well within one class may not thereby be ruled out of the other.

The "crew" of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the programme of the regatta states the contrary. Members must paddle or sail their own canoes, and must not exchange canoes for racing purposes. A canoe which is not owned or used for racing by any other member present, shall be deemed to be the canoe of the member bringing it to the camp. In double canoe races the owner may associate any other member with himself.

This last provision was aimed against a practice that obtained extensively at the 1882 meet—of one powerful paddler or skilled sailor borrowing canoes from his friends, and going into every class of race, thereby "scooping" prizes which he could not have got with his own canoe.

Another principal difficulty the 1883 committee had to meet was in relation to the open Canadian canoes, called "Peterboro'" canoes in the 1882 rules. They are a type quite distinct from the decked canoes, which have been rapidly multiplying amongst the A.C.A. members to the south of the line. The two types had grown up entirely independent one of the other: the former chiefly for hunting and travelling purposes, the latter for pleasure cruising. Now, they were to come in close contact and competition. for the 1883 meet was to be on Canadian waters, — at Stony Lake, — and scores of open canoes would be there. This was a leading factor in the 1883 modifications. Most of the "Class 2" and "Class A" open canoes were 15 feet 6 inches and 16 feet long, whilst the corresponding decked canoes rarely measured more than 14 feet; giving, of course, an advantage to the former. It had been thought that the decks and rudder of the latter compensated for the difference in length, and for some difference in beam, but later experience negated this idea. The rules were, therefore, simplified and

made fair by setting the limit at 16 feet in "Class 2" and "Class A," thus including all the Canadian canoes. Special races were then provided in the regatta programme for the 14-foot canoes, so as not to oblige them to compete with their longer brethren in the races.

The only distinction between Classes 3 and 4, in the 1882 rules, was one of weight. The intention was to encourage cruising rig by races with little or no ballast. This object was gained more simply in 1883 by putting "limited weight" races on the programme, and adding the following note:—

Limited Weight Races.—In these races the canoe, with ballast, rig, etc., must not exceed in weight 120 pounds in Class A, and 150 pounds in Class B.

A simpler plan than having a separate class in the rules. Much multiplication of classes is undesirable.

The provision about keels was introduced in 1883, to meet the case of existing canoes without centre-boards (especially Racines and Peterboro's). It has received some opposition, on the ground that a keel is awkward and unhandy in cruising, and is, in fact, only a racing appliance. The question, however, will perhaps soon cease to be a practical one. Centre-boards are rapidly coming into favor, and there are three excellent boards of the fan type on the market, by different makers. They add but little to a boat's weight, and give her fine windward qualities.

There is another 1883 innovation which deserves notice, on account of its practical success, though it is not part of the sailing rules. It is a clause of the programme, as follows:—

Simultaneous Races.—In the sailing races, Classes A and B do not compete against each other; there is

a separate race for each class, but sailed at the same time. The canoes of the two classes muster together. Class B starts five minutes before Class A, and the finish of the two classes is noted separately.

By starting the slower boats in a body after the faster ones, the canoes were kept two distinct fleets. The effect was very pretty; no confusion was caused, and much time saved.

Speaking of the Regatta, it may be remarked that the programme was much too long,—a fault not likely to be repeated. Its length chiefly arose from providing several races for "Juniors" as well as "Seniors." This plan, after two years' trial, is not successful; the Junior races will probably be abolished, and one or two races for novices substituted, if one may judge from the "public opinion" of the A.C.A. men at Stony Lake. An endeavor was made to shorten the programme by running the Junior and Senior races simultaneously; but the arrangement worked badly. It was hard to tell what prizes the boats which arrived first, second, and third, had really taken, and whether they were Juniors or Seniors. The trouble will, of course, not occur again. The simultaneous Junior and Senior races must not be confounded with the simultaneous Class A and Class B races. The latter plan was a success; the former was not.

Such is the history of the A.C.A. Sailing Rules up to the present. They are now in the hands of the Regatta Committee for 1884, who will either recommend them for permanent adoption, or suggest such changes as they may think desirable. I have not referred in detail to anything beyond Rule 1, because the remainder of the rules, as drafted in 1882, refer to the conduct of the races, and are generally concurred in. Only some slight amendments were made to them in 1883.

Robert Tyson.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

A Suggestion for the L.A.W.

It seems to me that no article has yet appeared in *THE WHEELMAN* more full of interest, of inspiration, and of suggestion to 'cyclers than that in the November number (page 97), entitled "'Cycling as an Aid to Scientific Researches," unless, indeed, it be the article in the same number (page 101), by Maurice Thompson, on "Out-door Influences in Literature." And there is a certain affinity between the two. 'Cyclers will owe you a large debt of gratitude if you can furnish them more such reading, and the pastime will grow in influence and attract to it, even more largely than it has already done, the cultivated and the progressive men of the age, if contributions of this high order appear in 'cycling literature. No wheelman can have read it without feeling a new enthusiasm for his favorite vehicle and a realization of great possibilities in its use; but the average bicyclist can hardly be expected to view the suggestions as much more than a dream of what *might* be, while shrinking from attempting to aid in making them a reality.

The scheme so delightfully set forth would give us a society that would be a League of Wheelmen, a 'Cyclists' Touring Club, a Chataqua Society, an Appalachian Club, a Royal Geographical Society, and many other associations, societies, and clubs all in one.

The projector recognizes that "a thing begun is half done," and knows — as none but a bicyclist knows so well — that *the start* is the most difficult part of the business. How shall "the mount" be made? From the ground at one spring? From the step, — already provided in the form of some of the present 'cycling associations? or by the pedal, — a start which requires study and experiment before it can be successfully made? Some of us who helped to form and have tried to build up the League of American Wheelmen would like to see *it* take up these plans and perfect them, and the machinery for the purpose is in the League. Its constitution is broad enough to include the new ideas, and it has among its officers many who are thoroughly equipped for the work proposed. Might not the start, at any rate, be made by its officers, without waiting for a general

meeting of the members, much less without waiting, as a new society would have to, to *get* a membership?

Theodore Winthrop, whose literature, by the way, shows very clearly "out-door influences," tells of a regiment which, early in the war, found its progress checked by locomotives disabled by the Confederates. A call was made for engine-builders to the front, and the regiment, recruited among the mechanics of Massachusetts, furnished a score of skilled men, who soon had the iron horses in good running order, and the army was in motion again under a full head of steam. So might it be, so *would* it be, were the officers of the League to call for archæologists, for geologists, for geographical experts, or skilled machinists from among its membership, to send in their names as interested in these respective subjects and as ready to aid in their development.

Or might not prizes — not necessarily expensive ones — be offered for the best essays, or most valuable investigations in these fields? Can any one doubt that these would be as earnestly competed for as if they were for the most revolutions of the wheels made in the least time? Fortunately the League was founded, and has been carried on thus far, upon a plane above that which would make it look upon racing as the great end and aim of bicycling, and nothing could more surely *secure* this great organization from giving an undue prominence to the "sporting" element, than to set it at work on nobler and more profitable things, like those proposed by H. H. M.

Pray let the author open communication with the officers of the L.A.W., and the scheme may be in good running order in so short a time that the winter of a 'cyclist's discontent may be made a summer of literary enjoyment in the pleasant fields he has so charmingly mapped out.

A. S. Parsons.

Place aux Dames.

Who will at once organize a Ladies' Tricycle Club, with use or rent of vehicles? Many anxious American ladies, married as well as single, are desiring such delightful, pleasurable, and healthful exercise as is enjoyed by the Scotch and English ladies,

who speed gracefully through the exhilarating air and over their level or mountain roads singly, in pairs, or escorted by the man of their choice. Many a masculine heart is merged forever in that of some pretty "Tricycler" (for any woman must be pretty under such circumstances). And why should such opportunities for enslaving the affections of the stronger sex be granted only to our Anglican cousins or the bonnie lassies of beautiful Scotland? American ladies need but the opportunity to learn to use and enjoy this means of speedy locomotion, and then many a kicking pony, stumbling cob, or bolting runaway hunter will be sent to auction, and their place filled by the ever-ready, inexpensive, beautiful "Steed of Steel." And, to look at the matter only from a practical view, to what salaried position might not the skilful owner and occupant of a "Tricycle" aspire? What is to hinder such an one from filling the place of the suburban letter-carrier, telegraph boys, and other positions of a like nature?—not, of course, in our crowded city streets, but in quiet country neighborhoods, where residents are known to each other, and the pretty "Tricycler" need fear no insult or annoyance. Indeed, were such an emergency to be encountered, with her little silver whistle call she could readily summon protection; or by the application of her trained foot to her propeller at once leave all trouble far behind. Many pages might be filled recounting the advantages to ladies of becoming good riders of the "new horse," which is destined to become the horse of the nineteenth century. While country physicians, clergymen, and others are revelling in the delights of the bicycle give the ladies a chance with their tricycles. Who speaks first for fame and fortune?

Mrs. J. B. Wasson.

NEW YORK CITY.

"Short Clothes."

A PORTION of the members of the Capital Club, Washington, have had bicycle breeches made with their business suits, and have agreed to wear them to business at least three days of each week, though,

as a fact, they are worn nearly all the time. The suits are neat and pretty, usually close or open sack coats,—in one case a cutaway,—made in various styles of goods, with knickerbockers to match, and the stockings usually a contrast in gray, brown, blue, or black.

The dress has seemed to provoke but slight unfavorable comment; on the contrary, thinking people speak warmly in its favor, non-wheelmen, even, expressing themselves hopeful of a coming day when the costume will be worn generally. As a straw showing the favorable direction of the new breeze, the ladies speak unqualifiedly of the dress, as neater, more sensible, and far more becoming than the conventional "pantaloons," especially when "fulled" at the knees or "frayed" around the bottoms, the usual fate of long clothes *en bicycle*.

The gentlemen of the Capital Club, adopting this costume (*not* uniform) for every-day wear have done so simply as a matter of comfort and *economy*, and now that the club has set the fashion,—not by *intention*, but by actual *adoption*,—it is to be hoped that other clubs throughout the country will follow the example, and hasten the era of "short-clothes."

X. X. X.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Cold-Weather Riding

THAT "men who put away their wheels as winter approaches, deprive themselves of one of the greatest pleasures of 'cycling," is, to me, a truthful saying.

I have ridden nights by moonlight with the thermometer at ten and even six degrees above zero. There is no snow as yet, and the roads over the prairies are hard and smooth. While I find it necessary to protect my ears and chin, and glove the hands, the balance of my body is perfectly warm and comfortable. I believe, without the driving and restless snow of this country, I can continue riding until the mercury sinks below zero, and enjoy what few wheelmen do.

J. M. Burrell.

SANBORN, DAKOTA.

EDITORIAL.

This Magazine.

OUR added name denotes acquisition rather than divergence. A few words with our readers in explanation of it may not be unwelcome, — although a previous publishers' announcement has, perhaps, suggested all we have to say, — and we appear under the double name with a full consciousness that we are addressing a double constituency. If we are not mistaken, however, these convergent streams of good-will and influence and mutual interests will blend naturally and speedily into one. On either hand we are all interested in the gospel of positive, active recreation, — of polite athletics. Here is a province, bounded on the one side by the passive recreations, mostly in-doors, in which one is negatively rested and amused, intellectually diverted, or morally and spiritually refreshed, without much exertion; and on the other side by those athletic or destructive exercises, positive, technical, and arduous to the few, but passive to the many, which are appropriately termed sports. It is to the thousands of cheerful, active, and enthusiastic winners of health and happiness in this province of amateur out-door recreations, that, under one name or the other, we have sought to come each month as a friend, a voice, a source and a return of instruction and delight; it is to these that we now and in the future, under the united name, hope to come, with better work and richer pages, and to bring the breeze and the sunshine of out-door life. We hope to aid as well as represent wholesome development of the physical vigor and grace of manhood and womanhood, and the worthy resources of youth, and to fill a place not occupied by any other magazine.

To the readers of *THE WHEELMAN*, the majority of whom were wheelmen and their interested friends, we continue, in the familiar form, a budget of the literature and art and humor of bicycling and tricycling, fuller and costlier than is offered anywhere else, and in a realm where we are pioneers. To the readers of *OUTING*, a majority of whom are hitherto non-wheelmen, we continue, in a modified form but substantially the same, our unique monthly bouquet of all the flavors of pleasure-travel by land and by water, and our record of the finer recreations. The publishers of these two successful magazines have united their forces, and we make the resultant product into one magazine; but the patrons of

neither will lose anything in quality or amount, and both will be gainers. The wheelmen may still say it is their magazine; the canoeists may, with equal right, say it is theirs; and the fair and the gallant devotees of tennis or of archery say it is theirs; because it is devoted to their peculiar interests, and because there is nowhere else in the world a magazine devoting so much of illustration and good literature and high-class editorial work to either, or representing so well the choicer phases of their recreations. •

The Merry Christmas Season.

AGAIN the ever-recurring Christmas-tide approaches. The short days and the chill nights, frosty mornings and windy evenings, leafless trees and stubby fields, icy ponds and snowy hill-sides, are here. The blossom and growth and color of the year are gone, and nature opens her annual exhibition of dark and white. Warmth of fires and social and intellectual kindlings attract within doors; while the restless pulse of youth and the energetic expansiveness of manhood and womanhood still impel to out-of-door activities. It is, in our latitudes, the season of interlude between summer expansion and winter contraction, where the anticipated diversions of the latter beckon more strongly, and the cherished pleasures of the former still cling sweetly.

The social and religious aspects of Christmas do not exclude or overshadow its pastimes. Feasting and observance, love-making and gift-taking, and all the mirth and merriment of the day itself, are not to be enjoyed at their best without the games. In the Scandinavian celebrations physical feats and contests on strawstrewn floors were the inseparable accompaniment of the steaming roasts and flowing horns and laughter-shaken tables. In the more southern Saturnalia the freedom and frolic of this festival season were accompanied by sports and physical diversions suited to the climate and the temperament of the people.

Jollity is more than half physical. Bodily exercise is the finest sharpener of appetite, and the wholesomest aid to digestion. When Paul wrote to Timothy that "bodily exercise profiteth little," his mind probably dwelt more on his own labor at tent-making than on the semi-Grecian training of his young friend. The text, however, is respectfully referred to the Rev. Messrs. Gifford and Pentecost for fuller exegesis.

The holiday season marks the transitional period between canoeing and skating, bicycling and snow-shoeing, tricycling and tobogganing, sailing and ice-yachting, tennis and snowballing, — from pastimes of lithe dexterity to those of muffled pluck and strength. Thus "there is a time for everything under the sun"; and the cold season offers time, too, for reminiscences, and for working over into available recollections the experiences and discoveries of the past for future use.

Scientific Use of the Wheel.

THE timely review by one of our lady writers, in our November number, of Dr. Richardson's able and suggestive article on "'Cycling as an Intellectual Pursuit," has caused almost as much and as wide comment in this country as did the original publication in *Longman's* abroad. Why does the suggestion of an organization among wheelmen for the pursuit of knowledge and its scientific utilization meet with so quick a response? Because the use of the bicycle or tricycle is inseparably connected with acquisition of knowledge, beginning with mechanics, and extending through physiology, climatology, topography, geography, natural history, and every other region of popular science; because its full enjoyment is seen more and more to call for more of available knowledge in these directions than the individual rider has; because the generous instinct of every

genuine wheelman is to impart as well as to receive, and to lead others to share his enjoyment, and because so many have seen the need of some organization, though they have not formulated it on so broad a scale. Four years ago the example was set of making an excursion, even for social enjoyment, a constant opportunity for discovery, and of clothing it with all possible interest derived from topography, history, incident, and association of the places visited, or passed through. Two years ago one of our largest clubs made a tentative effort to organize a discovery department, much on Dr. Richardson's plan, though on a smaller scale. And, doubtless, many other "signs of the times" may be found, pointing the way for such an organization.

The League of American Wheelmen is naturally turned to at once by many as a ready-existing society, to whose constitutional plan this would not be entirely alien. But we may be allowed the suggestion that that admirable organization has enough to carry along in its more definite objects; and, further, that the success of the proposed movement would be better assured by more scientifically qualified officers, with more single devotion to this field than can be expected of those who are struggling with the affairs of the League. There are surveyors, and naturalists, and other specialists, who use the wheel "as an aid" to their researches; let us hear from them.

OUR MONTHLY RECORD.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THAT plucky traveller, Karl Kron, was "spoken" on the 22d of November, at Staunton, Va. On an excursion from Detroit, Mich., he had pedalled his now famous bicycle, "No. 234," a continuous distance of 1,422 miles, and was still further southward bound.

A NEW club was formed at Mansfield, O., on the 1st of November, and named the Mansfield Wheel Club. Rolla Taylor is president, and A. P. Seiler, secretary, and the membership includes sixteen of the best young men of Mansfield. For its benefit a Loan Exhibition has been projected for January 17 to 23 next, and contributions are solicited.

THE Portland (Oregon) Wheelmen organized into the "Oregon Bicycle Club" on the 16th of

November, with C. W. Townsend as president and W. E. Warren as secretary. They have secured the Mechanics' Pavilion for riding through the winter.

BICYCLING has taken a good hold in Denver during the past year, and the Colorado Wheel Club of that city is agitating for better club-rooms. Their first bicycle race meeting occurred on the 11th of November, where there were four entries for a one-mile handicap race on the rather rough trotting track. W. L. Robinson won in 4 minutes 28 seconds. On the 18th a second-mile handicap race was run, with six entries, and won by C. A. Polley (scratch) in 3 minutes 40 seconds. The prizes were gold medals.

THE "Maryland Bicycle Club of Baltimore City" has been incorporated under the laws of that State.

THE autumn races of the Maryland Bi. C. came off on the 30th October, at Oriole Park, Baltimore. The five-mile club championship was won by A. B. Harrison in 19m. 10½s., who also won the State championship. There was a two-mile race between J. McK. Borden, of Washington, and C. F. Frazier, of N. J., won by the former in 7m. 11½s.; and there were several minor events.

ON the 19th, 20th, and 22d of November were held a series of bicycle races at Druid Hill Park. These were one, five, and ten mile races, for a medal presented by Mr. B. H. Haman. The first was won by E. E. Williams in 3m. 19s., — a "best record" for Baltimore, — with R. F. Foster second. In the second race Foster came in first, in 20m. 16½s., with Williams second. In the third race Foster was winner in 38m. 12s., — his last lap around the lake being fastest yet, in 5m. 2½s.

THERE has been much effort of the Baltimore racing men to ride around Druid Lake in five minutes, Mr. S. T. Clark having promised a gold scarf-pin to the first wheelman to do it. Mr. H. B. Harrison has approximated, in 5m. 7s.

THE Alpha Bicycle, and Lehigh University clubs, of Bethlehem, Penn., have begun preparations for their first meet and races next May. The Rittersville race-course is a fine half-mile track, and the projectors are already endeavoring to make it a grand meet of general interest.

THE Canadian Wheelmen's Association numbers now about five hundred members, and appears to be flourishing. Mr. Hal. B. Donly, of Simcoe, has succeeded Mr. Brierly as secretary and treasurer.

HON. D. A. FORRESTER, mayor of Clinton, Ont., has become an expert bicyclist.

SEVERAL races occurred at Montreal, in October, in which W. G. Ross was the leading winner. His fastest recorded time, on a half-mile track, was one mile in 3 minutes 13 seconds.

THE Toronto Bicycle Club turned out to the number of fifty at the Industrial Exhibition races in that city, and there were over one hundred wheelmen in uniform in attendance. The races were interesting, but not remarkable.

THE Lawrence (Mass.) Bicycle Club have satisfactorily substantiated as facts concerning the twenty-four-hour run of three of their members on 16th October last. That the first reports

were hastily gleaned by reporters for certain papers, and published without verification or sanction by the club, and *also* that their three members did ride on their bicycles (they were American machines) a distance of 200½ miles on the roads within the twenty-four hours, and that they are entitled to claim the best American record for all-day road-riding.

THE Hawthorne Bicycle Club, of Salem, Mass., had an all-day run on the 2d November, and nine of their members covered a distance of 100½ miles, in a riding time of 11 hours, and a total time, from the start, and including rest of 13 hours 38 minutes.

A TEN-MILE bicycle race between Hendee and Robinson was witnessed by about twenty-five hundred people at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on the 3d of November. Hendee was winner, in 39 minutes 12 seconds.

AT the Columbia College sports, Mott Haven, 3d of November, a two-mile bicycle handicap race was won by C. A. Reed ('84, School of Mines), in 7 minutes 10½ seconds.

A HARE-AND-HOUNDS run was made very interesting by the Harvard Bicycle Club on the 8th of November.

A NEW bicycle club was formed at Wilmington, N. C., on 9th of November.

THE Toronto Bicycle Club made a Thanksgiving run on the 8th of November of one hundred and seventeen miles, — the longest run for Canada to that time.

THREE members of the Manchester (N. H.) Bicycle Club started for a "century" run on the 14th of November. Mr. Moses Sheriff finished his hundred miles at Portsmouth in 15 hours 28 minutes, and Mr. J. N. Pearsons rode on, finishing one hundred and thirty miles at Epping in 16 hours 10 minutes.

THREE members of the Springfield Bicycle Club made a hundred-and-one mile run on the 18th of November.

WILLIAM J. MORGAN won the "Championship of Illinois" and \$100 in a ten-mile race on the 8th of November. His time was 47 minutes 2 seconds.

A HARE-AND-HOUNDS run was held by the Yale Bicycle Club on the 17th of November, very successfully, over a course of twenty-one miles, the hares winning.

A FEW members of the New Jersey division of the L.A.W., headed by Mr. L. H. Johnson, have protested the Citizens' Bicycle Club of New Jersey, for disregarding the League sign-boards in Montclair, N.J., and causing a runaway accident.

MR. EDWARD BURNHAM, of the Newton (Mass.) Bicycle Club, claims to have ridden his bicycle one hundred and six miles, on the roads, in a riding time of 8 hours 35 minutes, his total time, including stops, being 9 hours 50 minutes.

THE corresponding secretary of the League of American Wheelmen has published in *The Wheel* a schedule of the L.A.W. membership, from which it appears that of the total number of members (3,130), New York has the greatest number of any single State, Massachusetts next, and then follow in order Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut, Illinois, Michigan, New Hampshire, and others.

THE way the interest in bicycling is spreading is a source of gratification to us all. Even the gymnasiums are now incomplete without "home-trainers."

THE recent road rides and races have called forth in the 'cycling periodicals considerable discussion as to the care needed to substantiate claims to records. It is well settled, we believe, that if road rides are to go on record, some method should be adopted to prove that the route stated was ridden over in the time claimed.

THE Montrealers are snowed-up, and by the time this number of *OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN* reaches its subscribers they will be, too, unless they lie farther south than we do. But there are many days during the winter when the snow is either off the ground, or is beaten down so hard that riding is fair. If you have never tried a spin on the ice or snow, you have missed one of the pleasantest experiences of 'cycling.

Foreign.

NATIONAL 'CYCLISTS' UNION.

AT the autumn meeting of the Council of the N.C.U., held in London on October 11, it was voted:—

To appoint a standing committee or executive, separately and distinctly, to regulate the professional side of the Union's work, and to be intrusted with powers similar to those of the present Executive.

To authorize this body to appoint an official stakeholder to the Union, and

One official handicapper for professionals.

The appointment as handicapper of Mr. G. W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*.

To announce the willingness of the Union to hold the stakes and to appoint a judge for any match between Union

professionals; such professionals being at liberty to advertise the fact that the stakes are so deposited.

To announce that the services of the Union handicapper are retainable for any professional race.

To print, and issue gratis, entry forms for races and articles of agreement for matches, and an epitome of racing-rules, for professionals.

To give other races for professionals as frequently as may be deemed desirable.

To request the Executive and Local Centres to consider, and deal with, any cases of infringement of Union law; and to endeavor to bring the work of the Union more clearly under the notice of professionals, whether by circular or by any other means.

The following were also adopted as

Regulations.

1. The N.C.U. is prepared to hold the stakes and to appoint a judge for any match between Union professionals; and the service of the official handicapper for professionals may be claimed for any race.

2. In case of any official of the N.C.U. being employed at any races, such races must be run under N.C.U. rules, and absolute power must be vested in the N.C.U. and its officials.

3. The official handicapper for professionals may refuse to handicap any entrant under Rule 18. (Vid. inf.)

4. The fees due to the official handicapper for professionals are: For any number of entries up to 25, half a guinea; up to 50, one guinea; upwards of 50, one and a half guineas.

5. Professional championships to be held annually, at various grounds, over distances to be fixed by the professional Executive.

6. Prizes for each of these championships are given according to the following scheme: Fixed sums for first, second, and third prizes; the net receipts on the respective races—after deducting one-third, which is banked to the credit of the N.C.U.—are divided as follows: Three-eighths between the respective winners, one quarter between the respective second men, one-eighth between the respective third men, and the remaining quarter among all actual runners.

7. Any rider wishing to challenge for the title of champion must signify his desire to the N.C.U., sending £5 as the first deposit of the stakes, which sum will be forfeited to the N.C.U. if the challenger afterwards withdraw. The holder will lose his title if he fail to run within three calendar months from the date of the challenge. No challenge for the title can be entertained unless for a stake of £25 or upwards, which must be posted with the N.C.U., according to the articles. The N.C.U. undertakes to make all arrangements, but retains two-thirds of the net receipts, the remainder being added to the stakes.

8. All prize or stake money will be paid by check within forty-eight hours from the conclusion of the race.

9. The N.C.U. is liable for any deficit incurred on any race promoted by it.

The Council further adopted the following as

Rules for Professional Races.

1. Any competitor making a false entry shall be disqualified.

2. If a machine becomes disabled the rider shall be allowed to use another.

3. Every competitor shall receive, in the dressing-room, a ticket bearing a number corresponding with his number on the programme, which must be worn during the race.

4. A bell shall be rung before each heat, when the competitors are to answer to their names opposite the judge's

table; after the names have been called over, a start shall be effected.

5. The start shall be effected by "push off."
6. One attendant only shall be allowed to each competitor.
7. The start shall be effected by report of pistol.
8. Any competitor starting before the signal, shall be put back, at the discretion of the starter.
9. If an attendant, in starting a competitor, continue to push him beyond his mark, such attendant shall render such competitor liable to be disqualified, at the discretion of the judge.
10. Competitors may dismount during a race, and may run with their machines, but they must keep to the extreme outside of the path whenever dismounted.
11. Any competitor overtaking another must pass on the outside of the path (unless the man who is passed be dismounted) and must be a clear length ahead before taking ground in front of his opponent. The inside man must allow room for his opponent to pass. This rule shall be strictly enforced.
12. There shall be umpires and a judge appointed, who shall have power to disqualify, without a protest, any competitor guilty of foul-riding, subject, in the case of the former, to an appeal to the judge.
13. The decision of the judge shall be final, and without appeal.
14. Any competitor guilty of foul-riding shall be disqualified by the nearest umpire, subject to an appeal to the judge.
15. Any protest respecting foul-riding shall be made to the judge immediately after the heat is finished.
16. If a competitor should wilfully ride wide, with intent to prevent an opponent from passing, he shall be disqualified at the discretion of the nearest umpire, subject to an appeal to the judge.
17. Any competitor found guilty of any misdemeanor, whether when racing or at any other time, shall be suspended from competing at meetings held under N.C.U. rules, at the discretion of the N.C.U.
18. All disqualifications shall be booked, and a second offence shall be punished with suspension.
19. All protests shall be made before the start to the judge, except in accordance with Rule 15.
20. Any rider proved to have accepted or offered any bribe not to win, or to have run and not endeavored to win, or to have betted, through agents or otherwise, against himself, or in any other such way to have acted discreditably, shall be suspended.
21. It shall be a recommendation that, in mixed race meetings, a separate dressing-room shall be provided for the use of professionals.
22. The N.C.U. reserves absolute power, up to the very last moment, of cancelling any entry in any race promoted by it.
23. The Sports Committee reserves the power of postponing the races in case of necessity. On no account shall entrance fees be returned or expenses allowed to any competitor in case of such postponement.
24. Any rider competing in any "championship" race not under the management or sanction of the N.C.U., shall be suspended, during its pleasure from competing in races held under its rules.
25. The N.C.U. and its officials are the interpreters of these rules, and they have absolute power of deciding finally any question not provided for in them.
26. That the expenditure of professional races shall be sanctioned by both Executives.

It was also voted,—

That on and after January 1, 1884, any amateur wilfully competing at sports not stated to be held under the rules of the Union, or rules approved by the Union, shall be liable to

be suspended for such a time as the Executive shall think fit, subject to the same right of appeal as in suspensions for other offences."

The Rules were amended by the following votes:—

In place of section F, Rule 3, to insert the following:—

Members joining independently shall be represented on the Council by four delegates, up to and including the first hundred, and two for every complete additional fifty.

To add to Rule 3, the following sections:—

Candidates to represent independent members shall be nominated by an independent member.

The honorable secretary shall notify in the public press, the first week in December, the number of delegates required to represent the independent members, and ask for nominations. Each nomination to be accompanied with the written consent of the nominee to stand for election, and to be sent in not later than 14th Dec.

The honorable secretary shall send the name of each candidate and proposer to all independent members before the 1st of January, to be voted for. The votes to be sent to the honorable secretary a week before the Council meeting.

Each independent member shall be entitled to the same number of votes that there are vacancies to be filled.

In the event of any vacancy occurring amongst the delegates for independent members, the Executive shall, at their discretion, be empowered to direct an election to fill the vacancy in a manner similar to that adopted in December.

To add to Rule 6, after the word "treasurer"—"and one delegate of the independent members, as provided for below."

To add to Rule 6 the following section: "The delegate of independent members who may be willing to serve, having the largest number of votes at the December election, shall sit on the Executive."

Lord Bury, a practical bicycler, was elected President of the N.C.U.

THE annual one hundred-mile professional bicycle race was run at Leicester on the 6th of October. The starting competitors were F. Lees, F. Wood, R. Howell, C. Stanton, J. Mac, E. Newton, and A. Hawker, and the race and the championship were won by Lees, in 6h. 36m. 30½s. Hawker, second, was distanced by seven miles.

THE 'Cyclists' Accident Assurance Corporation, limited, has been organized in London, for the insurance of bicycles and tricycles, and their riders, and cricketers, footballers, and others, against accidents.

THE chief bicycling quarter in Paris is the Avenue de la Grande Armée, where many riders assemble for afternoon spins in the Bois de Boulogne.

THE Vectis 'Cycling Club has established a Tricycle Championship of the Isle of Wight. G. Colenutt holds it, by a half-mile race, in 2m. 15s.

FIVE bicyclers made a two days' excursion in September on Russian roads, from Moscow to Twer, 110 miles. The roads are not reported as very good, but the average pace made was about eight miles an hour. There is talk of a bicycle club in Moscow, if government sanction can be obtained.

THE fifty miles' *Sporting Life* cup was won by F. Sutton, in 3h. 6m. 41s., at Lillie Bridge, on the 13th of October.

A SIXTEEN hours' bicycle contest by professionals occurred on the Recreation Grounds, at Aberdeen, Scotland, on the 8th of September. The time was divided into parts, allowing rests between, and the accomplishments were as follows: Lees, 269 miles; Waller, 263 miles 8 laps; Duncan, 263 miles 7 laps; Garrard, 239 miles; Harper, 230 miles; McCulloch, 200 miles.

ON the 15th of September Mr. G. H. Adams rode a "Facile" from Hadley to Newmarket and back, a distance of 241 miles, in 24 hours.

ON the 13th of October Mr. W. F. Sutton, of the London Scottish Bi. Club, accomplished a bicycle ride of 260½ miles on the Great North road, north from Wood Green to Ollerton, and back to Tempsford, in 24 hours.

MELBOURNE, Australia, has three bicycle and tricycle clubs; Sidney, New South Wales, has one, and so has Adelaide, South Australia; New Zealand has several, and Tasmania two, and Queensland has the promise of one.

THE approximate total membership of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club is claimed to be 10,772.

MR. CHARLES TERRONT, the French champion, once well-known in American bicycling events, was married on the 18th September; the two witnesses were M. Roussett, President of the Veloce Club, Bordelais, and M. le Prince Soltikoff de Dax, an enthusiastic tricycler.

ACCORDING to the *C.T.C. Gazette*, two English ladies recently returned from a 470-mile tour on a "Sociable" tricycle, from Leeds to Woodbridge and return by Halstead and Walden; and they say that, "as we have had such a successful time of it in every respect we intend having another tour next year."

WILLIAM BRIGHTLY, of Kilburn Park, England, who is forty years of age, and weighs 168 pounds, gives to the press a tabulated statement of his riding on a tricycle from the first of

March to the last of October, 1883; from which it appears that he took 206 rides, of which the longest was 116½ miles, and covered a total distance of 2,347 miles.

AN English gentleman has been touring by tricycle in the Alps. He reports the expense of a trip from Lucerne to Lucarno as £3 18s. 4d., and the enjoyment as immense.

THE Tricycle Union held its first annual meeting on the 29th November.

ON Oct. 6th Major T. K. Holmes, a retired officer, seventy-seven year of age, rode a tricycle five consecutive hours on the Crystal Palace path, covering fifty-three miles, just to show "what an old man could do on a tricycle."

AN English gentleman who recently returned from a vacation tour, with his wife, on a "Sociable" tricycle, in Kent and Surrey, writes: "Altogether we have had a very enjoyable fortnight's tour, and have been through more country and seen more than we have ever done on any previous holiday. I have stated at the commencement that I am not an experienced rider, and that my wife has ridden very little; in order to show that if tricyclists are willing to go shorter distances per day than our bicycling friends aim at, they can get over a good deal of ground, and even in the home counties, visit many districts well worth seeing."

SOME record-making was attempted by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Smith, with a Sociable tricycle, on the Crystal Palace track, on 24th October. They accomplished 1 mile in 4m. 2s., 2 miles in 8m. 5s., 5 miles in 20m. 38½s., and 10 miles in 41m. 40½s.

A DISCUSSION has been running in the *London Times* as to the propriety of taxing bicycles, in the course of which some interesting facts are brought out. For instance, a county magistrate cites one: "In Cheltenham may be seen every day workmen and artisans with their bags of tools at their backs, going to and from their employment, mounted upon their iron horses, but for whose aid in many instances, employment must be lost."

THE Véloce-Club Bordelais numbers upwards of 260 members, has 8,500 francs in the treasury, and among the expenses named in a recent report of the treasurer were items amounting to 2,000 francs, given to the poor, and about 500 francs to different subscriptions.

THE Tricycle Union has established life memberships, and they are being considerably taken.

ACCORDING to *Le Sport Vélocipédique*, a gentleman of Nantes recently took a charming family excursion, of 12 to 18 leagues, along the Loire the father and three daughters mounted on tricycles, and the two sons on bicycles. Their baggage was taken along on two of the tricycles. They visited on the route in the villages of Ceran, Langears, Chenonceaux, Amboise, Chaumont, Blois, Chambord, etc., and made it very enjoyable. This is commended as a pioneer run, and an admirable example, when the daughters were allowed to accompany their father and brothers on a tour.

AT the races of the Véloce-Club Marbonnais, on the 14th of October, M. de Civry and M. C. Terront had a fine contest for first place in two events on the Champ de Mars. One was a 12,000 metres' bicycle race, gained by de Civry, in 24m. 31s., and the other was a tricycle race of 6,300 metres, in which Terront was also second to de Civry's 15m. 55s.

THE second annual bicycle race for the championship of Paris, under the auspices of the Société Vélocipédique Métropolitaine and the Sport Vélocipédique Parisien, was held the 28th of October, on the Boulevard de la Seine. De Civry was winner, against five competitors, in 20m. 55s., the course being 10 kilometres.

It is reported that of the French bicyclers, C. Terront has won most money in racing the past season, — something over 7,000f.; that de Civry is next, with a little over 6,000f., and that Medinger has succeeded to the extent of about 5,200f.

SIGNOR STRADA, of Turin, has won a well-contested bicycle race of 10,000 metres, in 24m. 20s., on a machine of Italian manufacture, at Cuneo. Quite a number of race-meetings were held during the autumn in other Italian towns, Florence, Verona, Busca, etc., where there are bicycle clubs.

MUNICH has a 500-metre bicycle track, on which a distance of 10 kilometres has been covered in 19m. 48s.

VELOCIPEDING has been making rapid strides the past season in Germany, and immense concourses of spectators attend the exhibitions in the different cities.

Canoeing and Yachting.

THE WINTER CAMP FIRE.

IN answer to invitations sent out by the committee, on Thursday evening, November 22, thirty gentlemen met at 907 Broadway. Among those present were, A. G. Crane, Clyde C.C., Scotland; C. G. Y. King, Editor *American Canoeist*; E. H. Hoffman, Jr., Sec'y and Treas. K.C.C.; R. W. Bailey, Purser Pittsburg C.C.; C. B. Vaux, C. K. Munroe, C. L. Norton, W. P. Stephens, W. C. Taylor, C. V. R. Schuyler, Knight L. Clapp, R. J. Wilkin, Prof. E. Fowler, F. Winans, Wm. Whitlock, Livingston Crosby, James L. Greenleaf, Truman Beckwith, J. R. Hull, A. Brentano, Joseph T. Clarke, L. Freize, Jr., E. B. Terry, C. E. Van Zandt, E. H. Wedelkind, W. L. Condert, E. A. Ransom, W. Cooke, and W. A. Moore.

Mr. C. L. Norton was unanimously elected chairman. Mr. W. P. Stephens was chosen Secretary and Treasurer.

A letter was read from Dr. A. G. Gerster, regretting that he was unable to be present. He dated his letter from Racquette Lake.

A paper was read by Prof. Edwin Fowler, regarding the pleasures, benefits, etc., of canoeing. He also compared canoes to small sail and row boats.

Mr. WHITLOCK, speaking of racing canoes in England, said that they were building them with very blunt bows to enable them to carry large masts, and a great area of sail. Tredwin had done all this. Baden Powell, his sailing rival, had, with hollow lines, been really more successful. In his opinion, the best sailing canoe would not necessarily have a blunt bow and a flat floor.

Mr. STEPHENS. — He had always endeavored to get a fine easy entrance. In his opinion an easy entrance with full bow kept a boat dry. His last boat had slightly blunter bow, full water line, straight stern-post, and a rockered keel.

Mr. VAUX. — In the matter of bows he had arrived at the conclusion that a hollow line was almost as bad as a second bow.

Mr. NORTON. — His idea for river work is a small boat about the size of a Rob Roy; but for New York waters you want a larger boat, the size of the shadow. He is strongly in favor of the lines of the Canadian canoes.

Mr. VAUX. — He did not think the length of a paddle affected the "wobbling" motion of a boat. He uses a nine-foot paddle.

Under steady stroke the alternate dip is no detriment to paddling. Again, there is no recovery as in rowing.

Mr. MUNROE, V.C.A.C.A. — A man ought to have a canoe built particularly for the work he intends to do with it.

For river use he would have a small canoe with a small sail. For running rapids he would have an open canoe, so that one man could sit in the bow and one in the stern. For bay use he would have a canoe a trifle larger than the Shadow.

Mr. WILKIN. — The Shadow's record from its birth to the present time has been second to none. For all-around sailing, paddling, and camping she is the best of all.

Mr. STEPHENS. — The original Shadow is not the Shadow of to-day.

The Dot would not be recognized by a builder as one. His ideal canoe was: Beam, 30 in.; length, 14 ft. 6 in.; high sides; 10½ in. depth amidships. Batten-lug rig, good rocker, spoon-shaped lines, and a flat floor, considerable width on deck, masts well forward and aft. Not to weigh more than 100 lbs., with all fittings.

Mr. VAUX. — Shadow canoe, as originally built, was never intended for present large area of sail. The curved stern-post and rockered keel were improvements since they lessened the time of a canoe "in stays."

Mr. WHITLOCK. — Lap-streak is much preferable to Ribben-carvel, stronger, tighter, and lighter.

Mr. STEPHENS. — Ribben-carvel takes a better workman, but lap-streak is undoubtedly stronger and better. The trouble with a lap-streak is its aptness to draw when very dry.

The subject for discussion next time will be "Cruising Canoes and Rigs."

SAILING-SIGNALS.

THE Lake George Canoe Club has done a sensible thing in adopting the following regulation:—

On and after Nov. 1st, 1883, each canoe shall carry a five-pointed star, twelve inches in diameter, of red, on both sides of the mainsail immediately beneath the peak, to be known as the sailing-signal of the L.G.C.C. The paddling-signal shall be the ordinary club burgee.

In doing this it follows the lead of the New York Club, which carries a red disc on the mainsail, similarly situated.

Referring to the above, the editor of the *American Canoeist* demands why a canoe should have a sailing-signal other than a burgee at the mast-head. I will answer him. Because canoe burgees are so small that at a short distance they become more indistinguishable little blurs of color;

whereas a device on the mainsail can be made out at a great distance. It adds greatly to the interest of a race to be able to identify the contestants beyond mistake; and, when cruising, it is very useful to be able to recognize canoes at a distance. When sailing on Toronto Bay I have more than once scanned eagerly a distant sail, which looked like that of a T.C.C. canoe; but ineffectually. A sailing-signal on the mainsail would have enabled me to recognize her at once. At the next meeting of the Toronto Canoe Club a resolution will be moved, proposing that each canoe carry as a sailing-signal a large red capital letter T, near the peak of the mainsail. This will be a very distinctive and easily recognized signal. Canoe burgees are too small, anyhow. Twelve by eighteen inches is better than ten by fifteen for a triangular flag.

ISABEL, T.C.C.

TORONTO, Nov. 26, 1883.

AT the last meeting of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club it was decided to change the titles of its officers to Commander and Lieutenant-Commander from Commodore and Vice-Commodore.

Mr. R. W. GIBSON, of Albany, was in New York, November 17, and was seen by several of the K.C.C.

Mr. E. A. HOFFMAN, JR., K.C.C., and Bugler of the American Canoe Association, is at present compiling a set of bugle-calls for camp use next summer.

Mr. EDWIN GOULD, son of Jay Gould, has made application for membership to the K.C.C. He owns three canoes.

MESSRS. W. S. ALLEN, E. A. Hoffman, Jr., and E. A. Bradford, all K.C.C., are members of the Citizen's Bicycle Club.

Mr. VAN RENSSLAER, JR., N.Y. C.C., has returned to New York after a summer's yachting in England.

Mr. A. G. CRANE, Clyde C.C., is in New York.

THE Regatta Committee recommend the abolition of the distinction of Senior and Junior. The classifications in use this year are to remain in force, the limits of a cruising rig being 50 feet sail area for Class A, and 70 feet for Class B. The committee also urge that when a prize is once fairly won it should be retained by the winner, regardless of any subsequent prizes.

MR. BAILEY, Pittsburg C.C., came to New York to be present at the first camp-fire.

THE Meet of 1884 will be held near Clayton, in the Thousand Islands, within the American line. The location is extremely satisfactory in every respect.

Forest and Stream, in a recent editorial, wisely urges a more intimate acquaintance between canoeists and bicyclers. It suggests that much of the information valuable to the one would be valuable to the other. The League officers and the Canoe Club secretaries would find much in common.

By the removal of *The Continent* to New York, the N.Y.C.C. will gain Col. Charles L. Norton, who will resume his active connection with the club.

Forest and Stream will publish during the winter a series of articles on canoe construction, with especial reference to amateur builders.

THE Rev. Richard Young, of Manitoba, employs a canoe in performing his missionary labors. The canoe was built under the supervision of Mr. Robert Tyson, Toronto.

Yachting.

THE New Smyrna Y. C. has recently been organized at New Smyrna, Fla. Officers have been elected as follows: Commodore, Herman Belricks, of New York; Vice-Commodore, Gerard Stuyvesant, of New York; Rear-Commodore, Thomas Falls, of New York; Corresponding Secretary, H. J. Faulkner; Treasurer, Charles R. Dilzer.

MR. GOULD's steamer, "Atalanta," has been docked in Philadelphia to undergo alterations. Her dimensions will now be 228 feet 9 inches water-line, 26 feet 4 inches beam, and 16 feet depth of hold.

MR. COLT's schooner, "Dauntless," is now at New London, stripped for an overhaul, preparatory to another European cruise.

MR. DURYEA has sold his schooner to Mr. H. E. Dodge, formerly of the "Christine" sloop. Mr. Duryea has become owner of the schooner "Republic."

THE Oswego Yacht Club elected the following officers for the year: Commodore, John T. Mott; Vice-Commodore, William B. Phelps; Captain, Allen Ames; Secretary, William E. Lee; Treasurer, James D. Henderson; Measurer, Albert Fitzgerald.

SCHOONER "Intrepid" is fitting out at South Brooklyn for a winter's cruise to the West Indies.

THERE is a movement on foot to organize a National Yachting Association.

COMMODORE W. F. WELD, chairman of the committee appointed to take the preliminary steps towards organizing a National Association, and owner of the schooner "Gitana," is having a fine new yacht built. The dimensions are: 158 ft. over all; 27 ft. 9 in. beam; 14 ft. depth of hold. She will be of larger displacement than any schooner yacht in America, and is to be supplied with steam-power also.

THE schooner "Gitana," Commodore W. F. Weld, Hull Yacht Club, sailed for Azores and the Mediterranean the first part of December.

SCHOONER "Fortuna," Mr. Henry S. Hovey, left for the Mediterranean the latter part of November.

THE cutter "Ileen" sailed Nov. 20 for Hampton Roads and Southern waters.

THE Chicago Yacht Club will have their annual dinner this month.

Shooting and Fishing.

THE better shooting-grounds are rapidly passing into the hands of private clubs. A share in some of these clubs is worth thousands of dollars. In a few years it will be rather expensive to hunt.

THE Pennsylvania deer law provides that the open season shall be from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15.

MR. P. R. LEONARD, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., is now the warden for St. Lawrence and Jefferson counties.

IT is to be hoped that wise and liberal laws will be made for the protection of game in the Territories, and that provision on a liberal scale will be made for the Yellowstone National Park.

IT is estimated that fully 3,000 deer have been captured, by hounding, in the Adirondack region. It is a short-sighted policy to thus hasten the extermination of this noble game.

HON. JAMES GEDDES, a genial sportsman and an ardent friend of game protection, has been reelected to the New York Assembly.

MR. LEONARD, of Boston, has lately sent an order to England for 50 brace of English pheasants, and an order to the West for 500 live quail. Mr. Leonard devotes his energies to increasing the game of his native State. His example is well worthy of being followed.

THERE are rifle clubs at Harvard, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania. We would suggest intercollegiate matches.

THE following card appeared lately in the *London Field*:—

AMERICAN BLACK BASS. — Will you permit me to inform gentlemen who may be interested in the above superb game and food fish, that, with the Marquis of Exeter and some other gentlemen, I am arranging to get a further supply over from the States, and that Mr. Silk, the able pisciculturist to the marquis, is now in New York, taking steps to procure the fish. Any gentleman who would like to join us can have particulars from me.

Mr. Silk, mentioned above, accordingly came to New York, arriving Oct. 6, and hired two guides, and began to drag Greenwood Lake. Notwithstanding the efforts and remonstrances of the people living in the vicinity, he was able to capture 11,000 bass, and to ship them, on board the "Adriatic," for England.

The guides were arrested, tried, acquitted.

THE Anglers' Association, of Eastern Pennsylvania, met at their rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, on the 10th of November. Officers were elected, and other business transacted.

THE salmon hatchery at Orland, Me., is very successful. The State of Maine appropriates \$7,500 annually for the protection of all game, including fish, and for the establishment and maintenance of four hatching-houses.

THE new fishing-hatching houses at Caledonia, N.Y., is just finished, and the entire force of men are hard at work taking spawn from the various kinds of trout. Last year a quantity of German trout ova was sent over by the German Fishing Association, and an unusually large percentage was hatched, all of which are doing finely.

A SPLENDIDLY illustrated edition of *The American Angler* contains a complete encyclopedic fund of information about fishes, trouts, waters, streams, etc.

THE Bisby Club have built a hatchery on their fishing-grounds in Oneida county, N.Y., and will operate it this winter. It is proposed to hatch brook-trout, lake-trout, land-locked salmon, and "frost-fish." Gen. R. U. Sherman, of the New York Fish Commission, is president of the club.

THE Missouri Fish Commission drained one of the ponds in Forest Park, Oct. 24, and found quite a number of fine, large carp. A tremendous number of smaller fish were found and distributed.

IT seems to be generally admitted that the system of fish-culture pursued in Canada is a failure.

MR. O. M. CHASE, Superintendent of the Michigan State Fisheries, was drowned, Nov. 12, at Petosky, while crossing from Harbor Springs to Petosky. Mr. Chase was an enthusiastic fish-culturist, and had been for several years on the N.Y. Fish Commission, before going to Detroit.

THE illegal capture of fish in the State of Pennsylvania has assumed such proportions as to have aroused public feeling to a wholesome pitch of indignation. The gill-nets, fish-baskets, weirs, etc., that infest the Delaware, Juniata, and Susquehanna rivers, have increased in numbers during the last year, and in some cases these obstructions extend nearly across the river. The Anglers' Association, of Eastern Pennsylvania, is waging a vigorous crusade against the poachers.

THEY say at Glasgow, Delaware, that, under favorable atmospheric conditions, they can hear the report of the guns fired by duck-hunters on the Susquehanna flats, near Havre de Grace, more than 30 miles distant on an air line. Now, if it was the gunners who told that story!

COUNT Felix d'Haroncour, chamberlain to the emperor of Austria, has arrived in this country on a three years' hunting-tour of the world. He desires big game, and will commence operations by searching for bear, buffalo, and elk in the West. Although he will pass dangerously close to Chicago and St. Louis, he does not expect to interview tigers until he reaches northern China. He will also visit Siam and Java, and wind up with a hunt in the jungles of Africa.

Athletics.

THE Sophomore and Freshmen's foot-ball at Williams. Soph., 12; Fresh., 0.

ONE of the late President Garfield's sons is a forward on the foot-ball team.

FOOT-BALL players at Williams are obliged to have written permission from home to play, as the Faculty are unwilling to assume responsibility for accidents.

THE furnishing of Cornell's new gymnasium used up about \$30,000.

YALE. — The average weight of the Yale rush line is 185 lbs.; the heaviest man of the team weighs 246½ lbs.; the lightest, 149½ lbs. — Yale *v.* Rutgers, 87-0. — The lacrosse teams will not practise any more until spring. — The Sophomores have declined to play Princeton '86 in foot-ball. — The lacrosse

game between '84 and '85 resulted in favor of '85, by a score of 3 goals to 1. — This year's foot-ball team is unusually heavy. The aggregate weight of the whole team is 2,258 lbs. The average of the thirteen men is 173.6 lbs., and the average of the rush line is 185 lbs.

COLUMBIA. — Columbia has been elected to the Inter-collegiate Lawn Tennis Association. J. W. Dowling, captain of the team, was so hurt in practice that he will be unable to play this season. — Pennsylvania *vs.* Columbia, 35 to 1. — C. A. J. Queckberner broke the record in putting the 56 lb. weight by a throw of 26 ft. 5½ in. at the ball games. At the same time W. Ford broke the record for the standing broad jump, clearing 10 ft. 5½ in. — Columbia, '87, *v.* Adelphi Academy, 25 to 0.

PRINCETON. — On the 17th. Princeton defeated Harvard at foot-ball by a score of 26 to 7. —

Princeton bore away four prizes from the Mott Haven games. — Princeton, 6 goals, 2 touchdowns; University of Pennsylvania, 1 goal. — Princeton *vs.* Wesleyan, 23-0. Out of a score of four goals and one touchdown, one touchdown was made and three goals kicked from the field by Moffatt. — The Columbia team forfeited the game on November 12th, by their failure to appear. — Princeton '87 *vs.* Columbia '87, 10 g. 5 t. d. — Princeton's splendid victory over Harvard gives her a right to play at the Polo grounds a year from next Thanksgiving, and puts her second at least in the Intercollegiate. The score was 26-7.

THE Narragansett Boat Club of Providence, R.I., has decided to continue on friendly terms with the National Association. The N.A.A.O. can do good work in investigating some so-called amateurs.

HOME BRIGHTENING.

How We Transformed It.

"SUCH a house! Can we ever live in it?"

I tried to smile as I looked at my husband; but I fear the effort was not a complete success.

"Oh, do not be discouraged!" Tom began to hum, cheerily. "You aren't used to these country houses yet, Clara. Now, with new paper" —

"But the ceiling!" I interrupted. "You could touch it if you tried, Tom."

"But why should I try? Besides, we" —

Here we were interrupted. "We" were a young doctor and wife, city bred, just beginning life together in a little New York village. The only house which we could rent was now being shown to us by its present occupant.

"You kin come upstairs now," was her not too gracious announcement as she reëntered the room.

Three little rooms, a dark hall, and what, in New England, used to be called a wood-house chamber, were all we found upstairs.

Tom took some measurements for carpets, and we hurried away. "What a cosey little home we'll have!" began Tom, before I had a chance to speak. "Why, our wedding presents will almost furnish it, it's so small."

"There isn't one of those bedrooms that we can get our furniture into," said I; for I couldn't yet see anything pleasant about the house.

"Think not? Aunt Anna did give us too handsome a set for such a house. But then, Clara, you're equal to arranging it, I know."

"There was a door between two of those rooms," I began, reflectively, feeling my responsibility after this appeal. "I'll tell you, Tom. We can use the smaller one for a dressing-room, and put part of the furniture in there."

"Just the thing, Clara. How good you are at managing!" (As if I should have had the heart to think of anything if he hadn't persisted in being jolly.)

From that moment my spirits rose. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" is an old saying; but we did something quite similar with that house.

How we transformed it! To begin with, Tom would have it repapered and painted throughout, and, as we insisted on making our own selections, this made an immense difference at the start.

Tom took one of the front rooms for his office; the other was our living-room. This had a paper of lupin leaves in shades of brown bearing on olive; the ingrain carpet, with its pattern of locust leaves, was in olive greens.

"Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves," I sang, when we had reached this point.

"You won't notice the leaves after the blossoming," etorted Tom.

"Is this part of the blossoming?" I asked, as we placed a real *lounge* (long and wide enough for even Tom to have a comfortable nap) across one corner.

"Of course. Don't you see the flowers?"

The jute with which it was covered had a pretty pattern of roses in subdued pinks and blues.

Next came our Harvard bookcase, which we placed across another corner, and filled with our particular favorites.

Of course there was no fireplace, the house having been built in that abominable fashion whereby chimneys do not run down into the lower story; so we bought an open stove, in which the wood snapped merrily as we worked.

A centre-table, of solid walnut, which stood on four legs, strong enough to uphold it, and any weight which might be placed on it, and an upright piano, and some pretty and comfortable chairs, made the room seem full.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed. "It doesn't look homelike!"

"How could it without pictures?" laughed Tom, adjusting the marble clock to the uneven mantel-piece. "Now that the other things are in, we can tell where to hang them."

"Lake George must go over the piano," I said.

This was our only oil, and though small, a very fine one of that loveliest of lakes, where our honeymoon was spent.

The "Angelus," that wonderful etching after Millet, with two small etchings of Apian's, beautified one side of the room; while a photograph of Pempino's "Assumption" (effectively brought out by its gilt mat and frame) occupied

the only other large space, that between the two windows.

"The curtains, after all, give character to the room. How did you ever light on them?" asked Tom.

They were of simple cretonne, a light blue ground with stalks of conventionalized geranium leaves and blossoms.

These, with the hand-painted lamp on the centre-table, the lovely vases, and other ornamental wedding presents, which we distributed around the room, made it (to us at least) the loveliest ever seen.

"Can we ever live in it?" asked Tom, mockingly, as we stood admiring the result of our labors.

This was our *chef-d'œuvre*; but the whole house, if not equally elegant, was equally tasteful; so that we never had a guest who did not exclaim, "What a lovely home you have!"

"Is it fairy land?" asked a cousin, coming into the warm bright room at the end of the long railroad and stage drive which was necessary in order to reach us.

"Wal, now, is this the same house that Hank Green used to live in?" asked one of Tom's patients who had come to pay a bill. "And it haint been made over nor nuthin', 'cept your new fixin's in it? Wal, now, it does beat all. 'Pears to me as ef there'd been an earthquake or suthin'; taint like the houses 'round here."

So much for one "sow's ear," as Tom sometimes jokingly called it.

Fanet Clark.

BOOK NOTICES.

"SEVEN SPANISH CITIES." (Roberts Brothers, Boston.) In this volume are collected a series of sketches contributed by the Rev. E. E. Hale to the "Commercial Bulletin." They are very agreeable in style and cheerful in tone. The sights of to-day are blended with old history, and with scarcely more romantic poetry, and are constantly contrasted with American sights and doings. Mr. Hale never lays aside his rose-colored spectacles in viewing Spain, its people and manners.

"SPANISH WAYS AND BY-WAYS." (Cupples, Upham, & Co., Boston.) Mr. William Howe Downes looks at the other side of Spanish things. He begins by finding the people lazy, shiftless, immoral, living amongst dirt, decay, and stagnation. He confesses to knowing of no ground for his love of that country, unless he has, perhaps, "a sneaking sympathy for laziness, immorality, dirt, and decay." There is a certain undertone of discontent with almost every-

thing running through the Spanish portion of the book. His account of the Bull-ring and its literature is of great interest, while the "Glimpse of the Pyrenees" is the best and most happily toned part of the volume. The book is in itself "a thing of beauty." It is in large, clear type, on fine paper, plentifully illustrated by excellent artists, and is bound in dark-green flexible covers.

"A FAMILY FLIGHT THROUGH SPAIN." (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) Miss Susan Hale, who has been associated with the Rev. E. E. Hale, in the authorship of "A Family Flight through France, Germany, Norway, and Switzerland," and of "A Family Flight over Egypt and Syria," has given us alone "A Family Flight through Spain." It is an American family, children and all, and the book will be a specially delightful one to young people. The style is bright and interesting, it is very fully illustrated, and is a handsome, substantial volume.

"SPANISH VISTAS." By George Parsons Lathrop. (Harper & Bros., Franklin square, New York.) From the array of elegant volumes devoted to Spain that have just been published, it would seem that the attention of tourists has been widely drawn to that picturesque country, of which so much has not been known as of other European lands. Mr. Lathrop says that Spain offers itself now as a field scarcely more explored than Italy was forty or fifty years ago, and exhibiting many interesting peculiarities in its people that must attract notice. Little is said of the political condition of this land, where "there is a separate political party for every man, — and sometimes *two*." The book is simply a number of pictures of the essential characteristics of Spain, as vivid and faithful as the author has endeavored to make them. His efforts have been admirably aided by the drawings of C. S. Reinhart, with which the volume is illustrated. The pictures are all distinct, delicately drawn, and full of expression. The details of the make-up of the book are beautiful. The printing is excellent, on smooth, thick paper, with a plain, handsome cover, bearing the Spanish arms, in silver, gold, and black, on the front.

"DONALD GRANT." By George Macdonald. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) This last of Macdonald's novels has all the strong and pleasing characteristics of its predecessors. The hero is very much like the other heroes of the same writer. He is a pure, simple-minded, God-loving, and God-fearing man, who strongly influences the character and destiny of all about him. It takes a good while to really find and take up the thread of the story, and a great many principles are involved and discussed by the way, but it is all interesting and instructive reading. It is a very difficult book to lay aside, even after it is once completely read. The story is deeply interesting, involving a great deal that is at first inexplicable, and appears supernatural.

"FELICITAS." A Romance. By Felix Dahn. From the German, by Mary J. Safford. (Wm. S. Gottsberger, New York.) This is a highly dramatic and strong historical romance, and has also the merit of being truthful in details of representation. A student at Salzburg, once the Roman city Jurarum, in wandering at sunset one fine June evening, found on a deserted height traces of an ancient dwelling, and, of chief interest, a gray marble door-sill on which he could read these two lines:

"Hic habitat Felicit . .
Nihil mali intret."

He easily supplied the missing letters at the end of the third word, making "Felicitas." He fell then to wondering whose happiness had dwelt there, and whether harm had ever come to it. Remembering that Felicitas was used in those days as a woman's name, he fell asleep and dreamed her story, the tale that follows.

Dahn is rightly called one of the most fascinating of living German novelists.

"SIBYL." A poem. By George H. Calvert. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) The story of a little child, stolen by a man who had wronged her mother, and who at last, by her innocent loveliness, won his heart and turned him to repentance.

"BRANGONAR." A tragedy. George H. Calvert. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) This is a historical play, having Napoleon as its hero. It is an attempt to portray, under a thin disguise of names, the times, career, and character of that great man.

"SNUG HARBOR." Oliver Optic. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) This is one of the Boat-Builder Series, and is as captivating for a boy as all the other books of the same writer; and certainly more wholesome in its influence than some of the others. It is intended to throw discredit on the idea that idleness or clerking in a store are more "genteel" and honorable than labor with one's hands. It describes the initiation of a school of boys into carpentry and the management of a boat, the latter including the duties of pilots, engineers, cooks, and deck-hands, as well as of captain and officers.

"ENGLISH RAMBLES." (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) This volume is designed as a companion to the "Trip to England," and like that book, was first written in short articles for the New York *Tribune*, by William Winter. Like that former work, also, it is a piece of real literature that makes most delightful reading. It is full of poetic imagination and sincere feeling. "A Borrower of the Night," the last of these sketches, is one of the best and most characteristic of them. The same volume contains an affectionate and sympathetic account of the death of Longfellow, with a little analysis of his pure and beautiful character, a chapter entitled "Personal Recollections," and an elegy on the death of the poet. There are also in this volume a number of lyrics, under the collective title "Wanderers." They are all delicate and genuine poetry. Taken as a whole, this little volume is a rich treasure.

"DON'T: A Manual of Mistakes and Improprieties, more or less prevalent in Conduct and Speech." (By Censor. New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

"There are among us many young men of good instincts and good intentions whose education in some particulars has been neglected. These young men are commonly of quick intelligence, and they will appreciate at once the value of the hints and directions succinctly given here. It is for this class that 'Don't' is mainly intended." — *Preface of "Don't."*

The remark is made in the preface that critics may condemn some of the injunctions as over-nice. The reply is, "That every one has the lawful right to determine for himself at what point below the highest point he is content to let his social culture stop."

The rules here given simply teach invariable respect, in public and private, for the good taste, feelings, and rights of others. There are scores of unpleasant habits mentioned here that we would be glad to see corrected. It is surprising how disagreeable to one another we may unconsciously be. Let us study this matter.

"HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES."¹ The *Literary World*, in giving a list of works of reference, very properly gave Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" a very prominent place. The conception of the author to attempt the compression of the greatest body of general information that has ever appeared in a single volume, seems to be fully realized. It is a universal chronology. It is more. Under important heads it gives synoptic views of a variety of matters. Under Bishops we find, Bishops in England, Bishops in Ireland, etc., etc., giving dates of events relating to bishops in the entire history of the world. Different countries are taken up in the same way; and wars, treaties, rulers, writers, artists, etc., etc. The work is a veritable encyclopædia of Universal History, a summary of every department of human history brought down to the date of publication. The work is printed on good paper, and is substantially and elegantly bound.

"JOHN RUSKIN."² Ruskin has probably done more than any other to teach America as well as England to know and appreciate beauty in art, and in spite of his sometimes exaggerated estimates and the affectation and roughness of style that occasionally appear in his late writings, we watch for and receive reverently what he has to impart. The lectures on art were given in Oxford, during his second tenure of the Slade professorship. The first is on Realistic Schools of Painting, exemplified in Rossetti and Holman Hunt. The second is a contrast to the first in subject and treatment. It treats of Mythic Schools of Painting, and analyzes the work and manner of E. Burne Jones and G. F. Watts. Constant reference is made to Turner, the writer's first love, to whom he is ever true.

"Lost Jewels" is one of the letters to the workmen and laborers of Great Britain. It speaks of the "extremely good girls," who, as Ruskin says, "usually die young. I could count the like among my best-loved friends, with a rosary of tears."

"STANDARD LIBRARY." (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey st.) "Scottish Characteristics," by Paxton Hood, is a tempting volume which illustrates by description and a wealth of anecdote "The Old Scottish Minister," "Characteristics of Scottish Humor," "Humors of Scottish Character,"

¹ Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. Seventeenth edition. Revised for American readers. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

² John Ruskin. The Art of England. Lectures I. and II. Fors Clavigera; Lost Jewels. By John Ruskin. New York: John Wiley and Sons.

"Varieties of Scottish Superstition," "The Old Scottish Lady," and other views of this sturdy people, a very amusing and instructive work.

"FRENCH CELEBRITIES." (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey st.) This is a series of pen-portraits of seven men who are true representatives of French genius in different fields, and have a strong claim upon American interest. The subjects are MacMahon, Gambetta, Jules Grévy, Louis Blanc, De Freycinet, Victor Hugo, and De Lesseps, and the writers of the sketches, such men as Ernest Daudet.

"TWO YEARS AT HILLSBORO'."¹ This is a very interesting and lively chronicle of boarding-school life by one who is evidently well acquainted with the subject. There was a college across the way from the girls' school, as frequently happens, and that adds spice to the story. The last chapter contains a wedding.

"JUNE"² is an entertaining story of English life, domestic and social. There are love, jealousy, and misunderstanding in all possible combinations; but "all's well that ends well."

"BANNED AND BLESSED"³ is another of Mrs. Wister's admirable translations. Her English style is pure and attractive. The romance itself is from the German of E. Werner, and is of powerful interest. It is a story of a noble son stained by his father's crime.

"TWO KISSES."⁴ Rather a light and empty novel of gossip and flirtation. The style is seasoned by a plentiful sprinkling of French words and phrases.

STEPHEN, M.D.⁵ This story, like others of the same author, has its interest centred in a child of wonderful piety and wonderful influence on older and more worldly minds. This time the child is a boy, and his life is traced from the cottage where he lived with his mother, on mush and molasses, bought "on tick," through his wanderings after his mother's death, through struggles and success in the factory, to manhood. Then came his love-story, one of deepest disappointment, that changed the peaceful current of his life into deeper and more active channels. At last his virtues are rewarded by the governorship of Massachusetts, and we have the satisfaction of hearing Mrs. Hardenbrook — who married her daughter to another man, instead of to Stephen — acknowledge, with her usual tone of complaint, that "Erick don't seem to get along so astonishingly well as I see. It wouldn't have been so bad. We might have lived in Boston."

¹ Two Years at Hillsboro'. By Julia Nelson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

² June. By Mrs. Forrester. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

³ Banned and Blessed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

⁴ Two Kisses. By Hawley Smart. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

⁵ By the author of The Wide, Wide World. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

"WOODS AND LAKES OF MAINE."¹ The canoeist will find in this volume most delicious reading for the winter evenings, while all lovers of woods and lakes and nature, and of the finer kinds of outdoor literature will find it a most charming book. It is certainly one of the most interesting and beautiful books of adventure and out-door life that has recently been issued from the press. The birch-bark canoe has a prominent place in the illustrations, as well as the camp-fire. The drawings are by Mr. Taylor, who accompanied the author in the autumn of 1881. They are spirited and beautiful. The presswork and typography are simply superb; the book is one of the finest specimens of book-printing from John Wilson & Son. No expense seems to have been spared to make this a rare specimen of fine book-making. It is a delight in its fine heavy paper, chaste typography, and tasteful binding, to the lover of handsome books.

"A SYLVAN CITY"² is not a novel, as one might suppose, but a series of delightful sketches on Philadelphia, from various writers, including Helen Campbell and Louise Stockton. There is many a quaint bit of information to be found in these sketches, and it is always expressed in a neat way. In addition to the sketches, which would of themselves make the book uncommonly attractive, there is an unusually large number of fine illustrations, from a number of eminent artists, Jo. Pennell among the rest.

"HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE."³ Mr. Gilman has quietly written a history of the American people that for practical usefulness in this age of hurry is equal to the larger and more pretentious histories. The social and political history of the people of America is told with point and brevity, and yet with a wealth of incident and with a beauty and ease of style that ensure interest and charm to the narrative. Extracts from diaries, letters, newspapers, etc., relieve the page and impart information in a manner that will seize upon the attention and memory. It is the most interesting compendious history we have ever read. It is printed excellently, with large type on heavy paper, and is fully and judiciously illustrated.

"GOLDEN FLORAL SERIES." (Lee and Shepard). The later additions to this series consist of six charming volumes: "My Faith Looks up to Thee," by Ray Palmer, with designs by L. B. Comins; "Curfew Must not Ring To-night," by Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, illustrated by Garrett and Merrill; "It was the Calm

and Silent Night," by Alfred Dommett, illustrated by W. L. Taylor; "That Glorious Song of Old," by Edmund Hamilton Sears, illustrated by Alfred Fredericks; "Come into the Garden, Maud," illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett; "The Lord is my Shepherd," illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey, and five other female artists. These volumes are of fine paper, consist of about twenty-five pages each, very profusely and finely illustrated. They are in flexible, gilded covers, bearing a floral design in colors on front and back; are fringed with delicate colors, held together with cords and tassels, and are neatly put up in white boxes. One could not desire a more elegant Christmas souvenir than one of these dainty volumes.

"GEORGE ELIOT: A Critical Study of her Life, Writings, and Philosophy." (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) It has not been so much the purpose of Mr. Cooke to write a biography of this wonderful woman, as to interpret her character, her beliefs, and her teachings. He has given the facts of her life as contributing to form her character and her theories. He has dwelt rather fully on her connection with Mr. Lewes. But in all biographical details he has pointed out the influences that moulded her religious and philosophical opinions. In the last chapters of the volume he has entered upon the limitations of her thought and philosophy. He finds her sympathetic and faithful in delineation of every phase of religious life, deeply religious in feeling, and yet rejecting belief in God and immortality. Her words were all upon human duty and conduct. She was always a moral teacher, both powerful and pure, animated by what is here called "an ethical passion." She finds her substitute for faith in work for humanity. So poor a substitute for belief would seem to have little power, but it quickened her mind and soul with enthusiasm. She was not one of the artists who feel that they must present an actual transcript of what exists in the world, without hint of condemnation or desire to instruct. She always wrote to teach, and here her teachings are very clearly interpreted. She believed "that the sources of life are outward, not inward; dependent . . . on the effects of environment and the results of social experience." She fails, then, in not being inspired by spiritual aims and convictions.

"THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) Our literature is so barren of legend and folk-songs of any popular currency that we cannot fail of delight in seeing a series of old tales brought into order and connection, beautifully related and adorned with all the devices of true art. This superb volume, with its quaint language and antique style of illustration, is one of admirable originality and interest. Every detail of the work is in perfect keeping with the story of the outlaw.

¹ Woods and Lakes of Maine. By Lucius L. Hubbard. Illustrated by Will L. Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. \$3.00.

² "Our Continent Library." A Sylvan City; or, Quaint Corners in Philadelphia. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Our Continent Publishing Co. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1883.

³ History of the American People. By Arthur Gilman. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.



B. F. B. (on the stump in the recent campaign): "THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS THE BICYCLE I AM RIDING NOW."

AMENITIES.

THE recreations are to be pursued for their amenities, rather than for their asperities, observes Carl Onkel.

He has watched many competitions, and joined in some; and he counts those best which develop the most good nature and the least displeasure.

He deems that, as a good dinner should include by way of dessert some morsels to tickle every palate, so every magazine should have some page from which no reader can turn without a smile.

He edits this page for two smiles and a laugh per thousand ems, and invites suggestions and contributions of incident, anecdote, wit, humor, and even of nonsense, from his sympathetic readers. They shall not lose their reward, for if their pages go not to the compositor, they may serve to kindle a fire to keep the editor warm.

* * *

SPEAKING of certain often-recurring initials, an observant wheelman remarks: "See what they mean:—

"C.T.C. — Come to Coventry.

"L.A.W. — Let America win."

SOME years since, a law student of Quaker birth and education was admitted to the Suffolk bar, with several other candidates, on motion of I. W. Richardson, Esq. When they were about to be sworn the Quaker asked leave to take the affirmation instead of the oath, stating that he was a member of the Society of Friends. "That is not the whole question," said Mr. Richardson; "have you conscientious scruples against swearing?"—"I have," replied the Friend; and thereupon the others took the oath, and he affirmed. Turning to him afterward, Mr. Richardson remarked: "When thee has practised a while at this bar

thee won't be so — conscientious."

* * *

TÊTE-À-TÊTE at a Western archery range one September afternoon:—

"Why are you here?" she inquired.

"Just to draw a bow with the rest," he replied.

"So am I," she observed, softly, as she naively twirled her sunshade.

"Indeed," said he; "what kind of one?"

"Yew, of course."

"Well, you always have to string a bow before you draw it," said he, with evident embarrassment, "and I must go and string mine."

* * *

MITTENED.

IN a twelvemonth I have flirted

With a dozen charming maids:

Every one has me diverted

Till I willingly deserted,—

Some in summer, some in autumn,

Some so early winter caught 'em,

Some when spring-tide warmed the glades.

Only one, as I remember,

Was so coy and hard to woo,—

'Twas not June, nor yet September,

But the stately, prim December,—

By her glances I was smitten;

Promptly she gave me the mitten,

And I gladly wore it, two.

Charles E. Pratt.

THE PUBLISHERS' DESK.

Points to be Remembered.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is Two Dollars a year, in advance, postage prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. Subscribers in any other country embraced in the Postal Union will receive the magazine for \$2.50 a year, postage prepaid.

REMITTANCES may be made by mail with perfect safety, if in the form of Bank Drafts on Boston or New York, or Postal Money Orders. Bills or Postal Notes may be sent with equal safety in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. In directing the change of an address, be particular to give the *present* address as well as the new one. Otherwise it is impossible for us to comply with your desire.

BACK NUMBERS of either OUTING or THE WHEELMAN will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. Booksellers, postmasters, and bicycle agents will receive subscriptions at regular rates. The trade is supplied by the American News Company, New York, our sole agents for the United States and Canada.

THE ADVERTISING RATES of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will be forwarded on application, together with sample copies of the magazine, and testimonials from those who have used its pages to their own profit and satisfaction. The special character of OUTING makes it of great value to all who seek for the patronage of the best people. Orders for advertising forwarded by mail will receive careful attention, and proofs will be submitted if desired. Special care will be given to the printing of good cuts.

Good Things to Come.

THE literary and artistic work now in hand, and in course of preparation, for OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, renders it perfectly safe to say that, during the year 1884, OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will be the handsomest and best monthly magazine in the world which is devoted wholly to out-door recreations. The conclusion of the richly illustrated paper entitled, "A-Wheeling in Norambega"; an elaborate article on the region of the St. John's river, Florida, illustrated by Sylvester and Smedley; a bright paper on "Canoeing in Alaska," illustrated by Hassam; additional chapters of Maurice Thompson's attractive serial, "Summer Sweethearts"; "Leaves from a Wheelman's Journal," with a dozen illustrations in the realm of natural history; a lively sketch of a tramp through the Tyrol; one of President Bates's inimitable sketches; and many other attractions, will appear in our February issue.

The memorable wheel-run through Canada will be vivaciously described and handsomely illustrated for the March number, and in April an elaborate article on the Catskill region, with numerous illustrations, will be one of the leading attractions. A careful paper on "Salmon

Fishing," finely illustrated by Henry Sandham, will appear in an early issue.

Bicyclers will find in future numbers of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN the best and most valuable literature and art pertaining to their favorite recreation that is obtainable in the world, while tourists, canoeists, yachtsmen, archers, and all who are interested in out-door life and recreation, will find their special tastes pleasantly and fully catered to in these pages.

A Timely Suggestion.

IF any one who sees this notice is a subscriber to both OUTING and THE WHEELMAN, and will kindly send us a postal-card apprising us of the fact, it will aid materially in combining the two subscription-lists without blunders, and we shall take pleasure in so extending his term as to cover the double subscription. All correspondence pertaining to the new magazine, or to the unsettled accounts of either OUTING or THE WHEELMAN, should be addressed to Boston.

Our New Premium List.

A REVISED and extended list of premiums for new subscriptions to OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is in course of preparation, and will soon be ready. It will be forwarded to any address as soon as ready, on postal-card request. In the meantime the old list of premiums offered by THE WHEELMAN is in full force, and the greater the number of subscribers received under its very liberal provisions the better shall we be pleased.

The Field of Travel.

THE steamers' passenger-lists show that pleasure travel on the Atlantic has almost ceased for the season.

MR. W. H. SOMERS, steward of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, has been appointed superintendent commissary of all the restaurants on the West Shore road.

THE dining-cars on the Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy Railroad are now in charge of Mr. Isaac Rowe, late steward of hotel-cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

SOME of the Atlantic steamers are selling round-trip tickets between New York and Liverpool for \$100, which is pretty cheap for the trip over and back. But the figures may soon be even lower, for a war between the transatlantic

lines on the subject of cabin rates is threatened. The rival companies will thus prey upon each other until spring starts the next stream of pilgrims eastward. Then, presto! up will go the rates again.

It is now the correct thing to engage your passage to Europe as far ahead as possible. Some folks are already booked for steamers to sail next June.

Now that the railroad companies have adjusted their time-standards, suppose they give a long-suffering public good, well-regulated clocks in every station, and publish time-cards that are guaranteed never to be as puzzling as a New York *Herald* war-map.

A NATIVE of Chicago has invented a machine which he calls a "rail-boat." It is supposed to be an adaptation of the ice-boat to railroad tracks.

MATTHEW ARNOLD is of the opinion that we do not pay enough attention to the education of our stomachs, or to the science of eating. Mr. Arnold has not yet visited an American railway eating-house during the period when there are "ten minutes for refreshments."—*Albany Express*.

ONE little cold fact will sometimes demolish, very quietly, the most ponderous logical argument disproving its existence. Attorney-General Brewster, for instance, declared that the new standard-time could not possibly be legal, and he refused to recognize it. The next time he went to the Washington depot to take a train he found he had "got left."

REFORM in the lighting of passenger-coaches on our railroads is needed. As a rule, the lamps furnished are anything but as bright and cheerful as they should be. The railroads should give the public more light.

THE railroad construction this year amounts to 5,410 miles, against 9,102 miles in 1882.

POPULAR steamers such as the "Alaska," "City of Rome," "Servia," and "Gallia," sometimes carry from \$35,000 to \$40,000 "worth" of passengers on a single voyage in the busy season.

THE plan for a branch of the Hartford and Connecticut Western road from Tariffville, Conn., to Springfield, Mass., is being revived. This would complete a direct line from the east to the Catskill region, by merely laying seventeen miles of track.

THE newspapers seem to have temporarily abandoned their project of leasing the West Shore road to the Grand Trunk Railway, and have again taken up the old, old story, that Vanderbilt is hidden back among the bushes.

THE Georgia Pacific Railroad was opened from Atlanta to Birmingham, Alabama, a distance of one hundred and seventy-seven miles, on Nov. 18. It is one of the best-built lines in the South, and when finished will extend from Atlanta to Greenville, on the Mississippi, and thence by leased lines to the Pacific coast.

It is stated that the West Shore road is looking up the feasibility of running a track from Saugerties to Richfield Springs, via Hunter and the Schoharie valley.

TWO of the magnificent coaches built by the Mann Boudoir Car Company for the Mapleson Opera Company were shipped over the Boston & Albany road on Thanksgiving night. They are called "La Traviata" and "La Somnambula," and cost about \$28,000 each. Each car is sixty-four feet in length, and contains eight rooms, with a golden corridor forty feet long, and a vestibule at each end. Four rooms in each car contain four berths, the beds being arranged crosswise, instead of lengthwise, as in the old style of sleeping-car. In the daytime the cars are models of neatness and convenience. The windows of each car contain a complete series of Landseer's stags in diamond-cut glass designs, silvered and backed by garnet velvet, giving a very elegant effect. The windows are curtained by double shades of silk and satin, and the walls covered with leather and rich French tapestry. The rooms are connected with servants' rooms by a system of electric call-bells. Baggage is stowed away near the top of the car. The particular coach that Adelina Patti is to occupy is even more luxurious in its appointments than these, and will cost about \$55,000 by the time it is completed. After the Mapleson Company have finished their tour this winter, Patti's car will be reserved for the use of the President of the Mann Company. The others will be placed in regular service between New York and Boston, via Springfield, and will cost twenty-five per cent. more to the occupant than the ordinary drawing-room cars, and the luxury obtained will not be dear even at that price.

THE novel features of the state-room sleeping-car invented by John A. Sleicher, the well-known journalist, may be summarized as follows: An aisle runs down one side of the car instead of

the centre; each seat is six feet long, extending from one side of the car to the aisle. At night the seat can be transformed into two roomy berths, and double backs afford sliding panels, which can be elevated, and, in connection with projections from the roof form partitions, and leave each section of two berths snugly cut off from the others. The heater is enclosed within a compartment lined with boiler-iron. Above is a water-tank, and, in case of a collision or wreck, the tank would burst, and at once extinguish the fire by flooding that end of the car. Wax candles or gas form an agreeable substitute for kerosene for lighting the cars.

If the possible results are taken into consideration, the trial of the Daft Electric Motor, which took place on the Saratoga and Mount McGregor Railroad on November 24, becomes one of the most important events of the year, for it suggests a prospective revolutionary advance in methods of locomotion. The trial was made during unfavorable weather, in the presence of thousands of spectators. The motor, which weighs two tons, was attached to a passenger-coach loaded with people, and run for upwards of a mile, with results that were quite satisfactory to the managers of the Mount McGregor Railroad, who at once contracted for several of the machines, for use in transporting the car-loads of excursionists who will desire to reach the breezy summit next season. The motor is a small, compact machine, twelve feet long, and about the height of an ordinary platform-car. On the front is a pilot, similar to that of a locomotive, while above is the front guard, in appearance resembling the dash-board of a wagon. Behind this guard is the operator's seat, by the side of which is the reversing-lever, and the switches that regulate the speed of the machine. At the rear of the platform, encased in a box, is the dynamo-machine, which receives the electric current from the rails and transmits it to the drivers. Exactly in the centre of the track is placed a third rail, which is charged with the positive current by dynamo-machines, placed at intervals beside the track. A phosphor bronze wheel bears lightly upon the centre rail and conducts the current to the dynamo-machine on the motor, and thence after having performed the necessary work through conductors by way of the driving-wheels to the outer rails, thus completing the circuit. The brakes are worked by switching a portion of the electric current, and a complete system is proposed for lighting the cars and supplying the

head-light, as well as a system of electric signalling. In connection with the demonstrated success of this motor, Faure's invention for storing electric fluid becomes of the greatest possible interest, owing to the possibility of applying it to any movable machines. As one of the newspapers remarks: "It promises to solve the problem of rapid transit in cities along street-car ways, as it can be attached to vans, and operated at a comparatively trifling cost. In railway travel any desired speed can be obtained, as it will be possible to propel a locomotive at the rate of 200 miles an hour. The introduction of this perfected principle will be of the greatest importance to the business interests of this and other countries, and its application does not seem to be very remote."

The Pleasure Resorts.

By an odd coincidence, Darling is the name of one of the proprietors of a new hotel, called the Fifth Avenue, located at Pueblo, Colorado. And, possibly, that's as far as the coincidence goes.

THE Arlington, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, is taking on improvements by the addition of sixty or seventy chambers and a handsome new dining-hall.

WASHINGTON is promising itself, as usual, a very brilliant season for this winter.

It is a provoking disappointment. Just as folks were conjuring up mental pictures of William H. Vanderbilt sitting behind the desk of that projected summer hotel at Bedford Springs and calmly assigning Jay Gould to a seven-by-nine cupboard in the fifth story, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* comes along with positive information to the effect that Vanderbilt has changed his mind. Can it be that he was unable to find a diamond stud big enough for a two-hundred-million-dollar hotel-keeper?

THE Agnew House is the name of a hotel in course of erection in Ocala, Florida, which is to cost \$60,000, and open up a charming resort but little known at present. It will be conducted by Mr. Thayer, the well-known restaurateur, of Providence, R.I.

RUMOR has it that Mr. George W. Kittelle, who conducted Maplewood Hall, in the Berkshire Hills, last summer, will next year manage the Hotel Baldwin, a large and costly structure now in course of erection at Beach Haven, N.J.

THE St. James Hotel at Jacksonville, Florida, opened on December 1st.

THE Carlton, at Palatka, Florida, has lost its identity with the extensive improvements and alterations recently effected. It will hereafter be known as the Hotel de Lafayette.

THE Park View Hotel and its annex of five cottages, at Orange Park, Florida, is this winter under the management of Mr. George M. Tilton, lately steward at the Hotel Pemberton, Boston.

HONOLULU, Hawaii, is growing in favor among Western folks, as a winter resort. The town has quite a colony of American residents, and, by a liberal exercise of the imagination, a visitor might half persuade himself that he was in a thriving New England town.

THE strawberry season is now opening in Bermuda. No reference to the prospective profits of the hotel-keepers is intended.

THE proprietor of the Sheldon House, at Ocean Grove, N.J., proposes to fight it out all winter with open doors, at that seaside summer resort.

GILBERT COLERIDGE, son of the English peer, likes America so well that he will not return to Europe until next spring.

ANY defective sanitation at summer-resort hotels should be attended to now. It will not do to wait until the warm weather and crowds of visitors have arrived.

FAIRMOUNT Park, Philadelphia, is to have a maze or labyrinth garden similar to that at Hampton Court, England. It will be quite an interesting acquisition.

GENERAL SPINNER, the veteran financier, who has been visiting his former home in New York State, has betaken himself and his famous autograph to his plantation at Jacksonville, Fla., for the winter.

THE new Dakota family hotel promises to be quite an acquisition to New York City. Its location on Eighth avenue, opposite Central Park, will be decidedly a pleasant one. The structure will cover an entire block, and when completed will have cost fully \$3,000,000; so that it ought to rank as the finest and largest hotel of its kind in the world. It will be managed by Mr. George Chatterton, late of the Mammoth Spring Hotel, Yellowstone Park.

EIGHT years ago Jonathan S. Brinton went from Iowa to Palestine, and opened a hotel in

Jerusalem. Strange to relate, the scheme proved a great financial success, and the proprietor is making a fortune. Hundreds of English and American tourists stop at the hotel, and it has become one of the institutions of the Holy City.

MRS. MARIE J. PITMAN (Margery Dean) will spend the winter in southern France and Italy, whither she goes, by direction of her oculist, for rest.

ACCORDING to a recent decision by the New York Court of Appeals, a notice conspicuously posted up in a hotel, to the effect that a safe is provided in the office for the security of boarders' valuables, will not exempt managers from liability provided thieves enter the chambers of the guests and purloin their property. The case in which the decision was obtained was the suit brought by General Hancock against the St. Cloud Hotel, New York, and it has been running the gamut of the courts during the past seven years.

THERE are a few chronic grumblers — fortunately a very few — who pass most of their outing at popular American resorts in finding fault with the accommodations and appointments of the hotels. Such folks ought to be condemned to live in the larger and important caravansaries of St. Petersburg. They are truly anything but inviting, according to the *Builder*, which says that some, even to the very doors, seem hewn out of solid stone, and could be converted into prisons in an hour. Nobody thinks of laying carpet on "grand staircases." You walk on granite. Long and badly-lighted corridors lead to rows of rooms, in which there is an abundance of furniture, but where the high ceiling, waxed floor, and something not easily described in the appearance of the walls and the general arrangement leave a sense of frigidity on the hottest day. Strong are the staircases, gloomy the corridors; but most suggestive of all, perhaps, is the man who sometimes precedes, sometimes follows you, rattling his keys. The serious phase of hotel life in St. Petersburg, however, is the drainage. The science of hygiene is in its infancy, and there are arrangements in some of the "grands" which, in the United States, would be considered disgraceful in a common lodging-house. American hotels are not the worst in the world by long odds.

MR. J. R. SWINERTON, who has a Long Branch reputation as a hotel man, is running the new Hotel Warwick at Newport News, Virginia.

FANCY WORK. 19 Elegant Darned Not Patterns; 50 Artistic Designs for Kensington Needlework, such as sprays, and bunches of Roses, Daisies, Fanlies, Ferns, Apple-blossoms, &c.; 25 Border Designs of flowers and vines for Embroidering dresses and other garments; and 25 Elegant Patterns for Corners, Borders and Centres for Piano-covers, Table Covers or Scarfs, Ties, Lambrequins, &c., all for 25 cts., post-paid. Stamping outfit of 30 full size Perforated Patterns, Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions, &c. 60 cents. Our Book "Manual of Needlework," teaches how to do all kinds of EMBROIDERY, Knitting, Crocheting, Lace Making, &c., 25 cents. 4 for \$1. All the above for One Dollar. Address Pattern Pub. Co. 47 Barclay St. N. Y.

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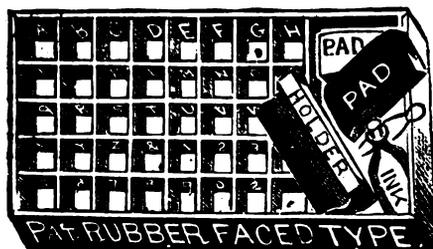
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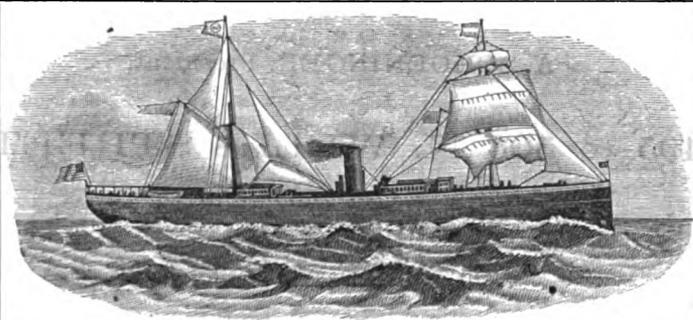
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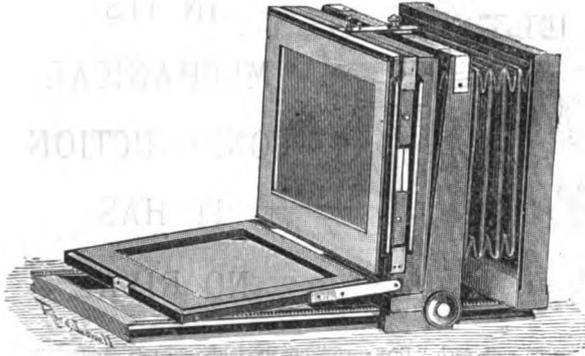
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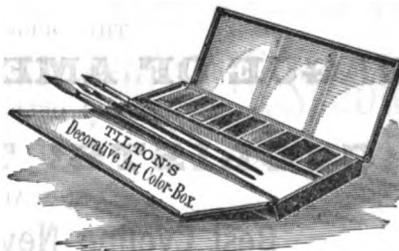
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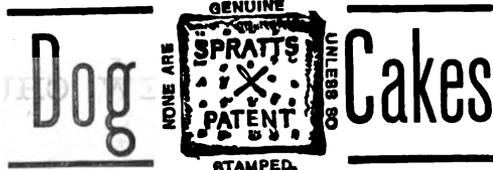


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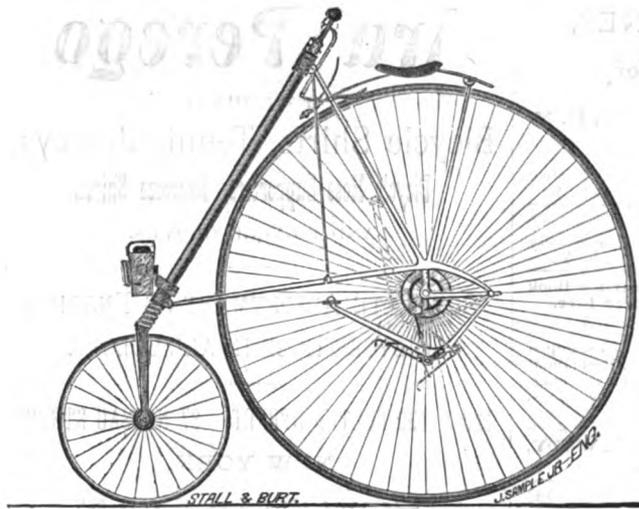


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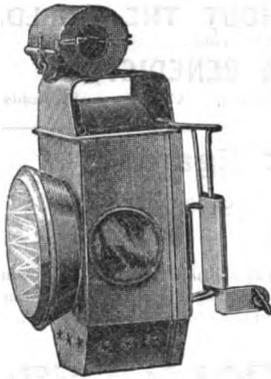
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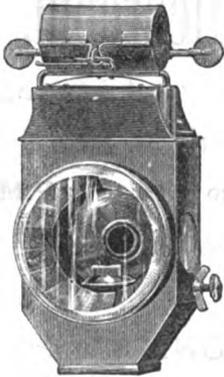
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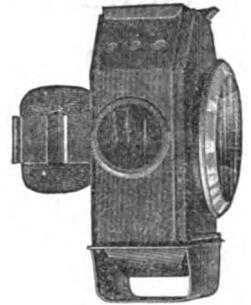
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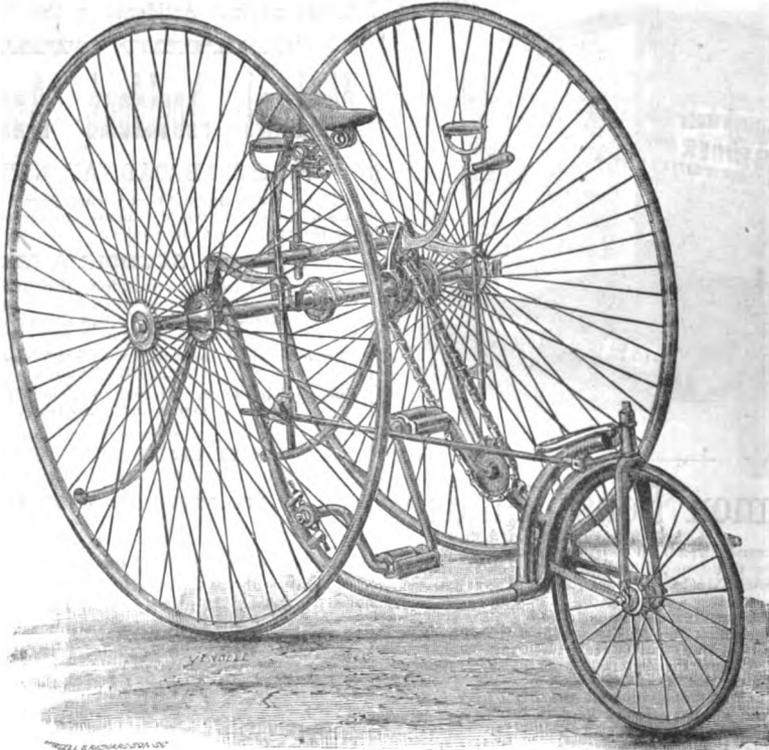
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OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

No. 5.

THE ST. JOHN'S REGION IN FLORIDA.

As they have acquired wealth with the increase of years, the American people have become nomadic in their habits. No sooner do the June roses cease to bloom than multitudes of them hie northward, or to the seashore, in search of some place

trunks and examine their guide-books in search of some winter city in a summer land where they can be free from the biting blasts and rigors of the Northern winter. As the snows fall and the ice-king binds brook and river in his frozen



ON THE HOTEL PIAZZA. ST. AUGUSTINE.

where the mercury is not so aspiring as it is in the marts of trade. And when the first sober tints of autumn appear, and the first frosts and raw winds of September give token that "the season" is past, they hurry back to their offices and counting-rooms for a brief turn at "business," extending usually through the early winter holidays, and then begin to pack their

bonds, the invalid, too, is reminded, by a recurrence of his hacking-cough and restricted breathing, that there is "a balm in Gilead," and that his lease of life may be lengthened by hastening away from the bleak North to a land where tropic suns and milder airs carry healing on their wings.

To both classes — the pleasure-seeker

and the searcher-after-health—the Florida peninsula has become a sort of Mecca; and hither they fly on the swift axles of the Pullman car or the commodious and comfortable ocean steamer, as soon as the yule log has burned out and the new year's balance-sheet has shown their bank account and business in satisfactory condition. The facilities for travel have been so increased and improved during the last three years that the journey to Florida is made with ease and comfort. One has only to take his seat in an elegant buffet car or parlor coach in Boston, New York, or Washington, and inside of thirty-six hours from the first-named city, with not more than one change of vehicle, he whirled through nine States, from a land of frost and snow to one of perpetual sunshine and balmy air.

The leading objective point of the winter travel Floridaward is the thriving city of Jacksonville, situate in the far-famed St. John's region. Jacksonville lies in latitude $30^{\circ} 15'$, longitude 82° , sixteen miles in a direct line from the ocean, where the St. John's crooks its elbow and makes nearly due east to the sea, after flowing for one hundred and seventy-seven miles almost due north. This peculiar stream is the only great river of the whole United States system between the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Gulf of Mexico that does this anomalous thing, proving thereby that the Atlantic coast-line in Florida is highest midway of the peninsula. The face of the country through which it makes its way, however, is comparatively level, abounding in pine. The tributary streams are all plentifully stocked with fish, and game of all kinds abounds in the forests, thus making this region a delightful resort for the devotees of the rod and gun. The strip of land lying between the river and the sea varies in width from sixteen to twenty-five miles, and comprises a section of country full of historic interest.

Eastern Florida was first settled at the mouth of the St. John's river, in 1564, by Rene de Laudonniere, a subject of the king of France, although his former commander, Jean Ribaut, had touched upon the shore two years before,—long enough to formally take possession of the country for his sovereign, by the right of discovery. Just above, where the little fishing hamlet of Mayport now stands, on what is known still as St. John's Bluff, Laudonniere found a spot which suited him for the location of a trading-post, with its attendant

houses and fort. This is the one spot of high ground in that vicinity, and completely commands the river, which here must have originally been very deep as well as wide. Captain Laudonniere chose his ground well. After exploring the banks for some distance up the stream, he dropped back with the tide to the bluff, landed his party, and commanded the trumpet to sound a call to mass, "that they might return thanks to God for their favorable and happy arrival." It was, moreover, a trumpet-call to civilization for those piny wilds, untrodden heretofore by the foot of a white man. Standing there in the waning light of an October day, I seemed to hear the notes the stalwart bugler blew:—

"Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors the
blast rung,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to
the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just
stirred to the music,
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the dis-
tance,
Over the watery floor and beneath the reverberant
branches."

The fort which Laudonniere here built was in the usual triangular form, and he named it Fort Caroline. The bluff was long held as the principal settlement of the French on the east coast of Florida, and was the scene of the first of a series of tragedies which marked the history of this region during the long contest of the Spanish and French for the possession of what each fondly imagined was a new Eldorado. Laudonniere and his followers were devout Protestants, Huguenots; and the Spanish adelantado, Menendez, and his band, were of that fierce type of Catholics, who, in that day and age, believed in doing missionary work with the sword. Menendez had established a colony at St. Augustine, and in 1565 he made a forced march of thirty miles through the woods to Fort Caroline, surprised the garrison, massacred some and took others prisoners. The latter he hung from the limbs of the neighboring trees, placing over them the inscription, "*No por Franceses. sino por Luteranos*": Not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans. The fort, however, was afterwards retaken by a band of French Huguenots, under Gourgues, who retaliated in kind by suspending a number of Spanish Catholic soldiers from the same trees, and placing tablets over their heads which bore the legend,

“Not as Spaniards, but as traitors, thieves, and murderers.” There is no trace of the fort remaining, and the bluff itself has been gradually undermined and eaten away by the restless river, until it has swallowed up the ghostly remains of the dead Frenchmen and Spaniards buried on its border, and the steamboat channel now runs over where the early pioneers had their flowerbeds and gardens.

Diagonally across the river from St. John's Bluff is the village of Pilot Town, and lower down is Fort George island, another place of great interest to the tourist. The island is one of the most beautiful spots to be found on the South Atlantic coast. Edgewood avenue leads to it from Pilot Town over an excellent shell road, through a natural forest of live oak, palmetto, magnolia, bay, and other semi-

Highlands of New Jersey. From the observatory which crowns it there is an unobstructed view inland and oceanward, which is incomparably grand.

The St. John's river is two hundred and twenty-five miles in length; starting from Jacksonville, twenty-five miles from its mouth, and noting the principal landing places, we have this result:—

	Miles.
Jacksonville to Orange Park.....	13
“ “ Mandarin.....	15
“ “ Magnolia.....	28
“ “ Green Cove Spring.....	30
“ “ Tocoi.....	49
“ “ Palatka.....	75
“ “ San Mateo.....	79
“ “ Fruitland.....	106
“ “ Drayton Island.....	115
“ “ Astor.....	134
“ “ Beresford.....	165
“ “ Sanford.....	175
“ “ Enterprise.....	200



THE OLD GATE, ST. AUGUSTINE.

tropical trees, through which glimpses may be had of the river, the white sand-dunes, and the great blue ocean. Drives extend around and through the island, and leafy groves and bosky dells abound. In the centre are two concrete tombs, which are said to be the last resting-place of McIntosh, the slave-trader, and his African princess wife, who, many years ago, had their homes on this romantic spot. The Fort George Hotel is at the terminus of Edgewood avenue, the house being also approached from the south through Palmetto avenue,—a drive of remarkable beauty. To the west of the hotel rises a ridge, which is said to be the highest point of land on the Atlantic coast below the

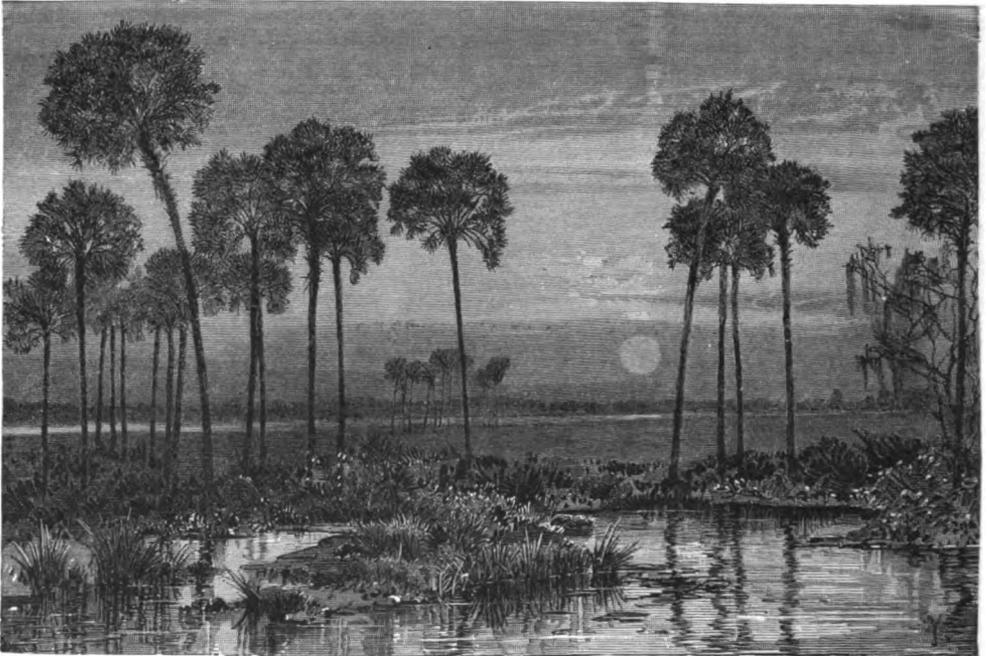
The means of travel on the river are now excellent. There are three lines of steamers running through the winter months from Jacksonville,—some of the boats having been built expressly for the route, and others, like the “Sylvan Glen,” the “Anita,” and the “John Sylvester,” having been brought down here from the Hudson river and New York bay. Another line will be put on this winter, running from Charleston *via* Jacksonville to Palatka.

The steamers of the Mallory line, elegant sea-going vessels, ply between New York and Fernandina, whence passengers go by rail to Jacksonville,—a distance of thirty miles. Fine lines of steamers also run between Boston, New York, Philadelphia,

Baltimore, and Savannah, connecting at the latter place with the Waycross road to Jacksonville,—a distance of one hundred and seventy miles; steamers also ply between Baltimore and Charleston, whence the tourist can get rail transportation as at Savannah. It will be seen, therefore, that with the Atlantic coast line railroad making thirty-hour runs from Washington to Jacksonville, the traveller from the North has every facility for reaching this favored region, while from the West and Northwest the various roads running out of

sparkling fountains, and ancient monument; the old cathedral of Coquina stone, with its four-bell chime and antique relics; and storied Fort Marion, which was sixty years in building, and where is still shown the dungeon in which the gallant Indian chief, Osceola, was confined,—all these tempt the visitor to tarry from day to day.

On a market day, from one of the hotel piazzas, may be seen a crowd of the denizens of the place,—a crew as curious as the architecture of the old town. Here you see the lantern-jawed "cracker" of



A FLORIDA LANDSCAPE.

Chicago and Cincinnati are equally available.

Green Cove Spring, a beautiful town, famed for its mineral spring and its excellent hotel accommodations, is the river terminus of the road which runs to Melbourne. Toco is the landing at which passengers disembark for historic old St. Augustine, which is also reached direct from Jacksonville by rail. St. Augustine was long the seat of Spanish power in Florida. It is one of the quaintest old places on the continent, and every winter is thronged with visitors. The old city gates; the narrow and tortuous streets; the overhanging balconies of the houses; the handsome plaza, with its old market-house,

the pine woods, the bustling Yankee from New England, the smooth-tongued Spaniard, the polite Frenchman, the swarthy Minorcan, the ebon-hued Ethiop, and occasionally a specimen of the high-cheek-boned native of the everglades. The Minorcans interest one most. The treaty of 1762 gave Florida to England. Soon thereafter an association was formed in London, in which Sir William Duncan and Dr. Andrew Turnbull were the central figures. They bought a large tract of land south of St. Augustine, near Mosquito Inlet, and at an expense of nearly \$200,000 brought out from Smyrna, under indentures, fifteen hundred Minorcans and Greeks, and settled them in and around

what is still known as New Smyrna. For the money paid for their passage out and their support they were to work for the proprietors a certain number of years, and then they were to have grants of land in proportion to the number of persons in a family. Indigo and sugar were the crops they were to grow, and for a time they were fairly successful. But, in 1769, the Minorcans, having been, as they conceived, ill-treated, grew tired of their semi-servitude, and rebelled. The insurrection was put down with a heavy hand, and a number of the leaders were put to death. The discontent, nevertheless, continued to grow, and seven years thereafter they instituted civil proceedings in the judicial tribunal at St. Augustine, and the court annulled their indentures, and gave them their freedom. The Turnbull Company then made them liberal offers to remain at New Smyrna and cultivate the lands; but the Minorcans were disgusted, and the colony, having been reduced by disease to half its original number, removed in a body to St. Augustine, where they were given lands in fee simple, and there their descendants are to this day. They are generally small of stature, of swarthy complexion, and have the small, bright black eyes of the people of southern Europe. They are by all odds the best fishers and boatmen on the coast. Some of the young girls are remarkably handsome; but their morals, so I am told, are not so well developed as their features and forms.

At Palatka, the terminus of the Florida Southern road, one can run out into the pine woods, or over to Ocala and Gainesville, — both thriving towns, having excellent hotels, and peopled largely from the North. Palatka itself is one of the handsomest towns in Florida.

At Sanford the tourist, if so minded, can reach the Kissimmee country over the South Florida road, or he can cross over into the Indian and Halifax-river countries, where the finest oranges in the world are grown. The hotel facilities there also are good, and near the town are ex-Minister Sanford's extensive orange and lemon groves; while the heart of Orange county and the towns of Orlando and De Land are easily reached.

A noticeable feature of the St. John's region is the number of prominent northern men who have bought lands and orange-groves along the river, and built for themselves elegant winter homes. Gen. A. S. Diven, of Elmira, N.Y., has a

beautiful place just below Jacksonville, on the opposite side of the river. Hon. Alexander T. Mitchell, the Wisconsin railroad king, has a Swiss chalet on the same side, three miles further up, which he has named Villa Alexandria. Gen. Francis E. Spinner, of greenback-signature memory, lives in a beautiful place in the suburbs of the city. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has a queer old-place at Mandarin, fifteen miles up the river from Jacksonville, on the Atlantic side, which is memorable as the site of the old Indian town of Thimagua. Thaddeus Davids, the ink-manufacturer, has a villa at Green Cove Spring. Ex-Minister Sanford's place I have already mentioned, and, besides these, there are dukes and counts, and other notables, *ad infinitum*.

The scenery of the St. John's region is peculiar. As the northern tourist passes through the country he is greeted by something new and strange at every step. The only things which are uniform and monotonous are the long gray moss, which drapes the gnarled arms of the oaks and cypress, giving to the woodlands a wild and weird appearance; and the interminable stretches of scrub palmetto which everywhere abound, and which, by the way, give to the waters of most of the rivers their peculiar coffee-color. I ought, perhaps, to add to this the universal prevalence of a sandy soil, which makes of pedestrianism a weary toil, and renders carriage-riding disagreeable in the extreme. The flora is abundant and varied in its seasons, ranging from the prettiest little pimpinell and the flaunting hibiscus in the low grounds, to the flaming trumpet flowers, blazing olcanders, and dazzling magnolias of the hammock lands. A Florida swamp is a sight to see for one who has been accustomed to the tame woodlands of the North; great stretches of pine woods and wide-spread savannahs greet one travelling inland; yet even in these the stranger meets with a continued variety of objects which attract his attention and occupy his thoughts. Song-birds are not so numerous as one would expect in so wild a region, the liquid-voiced mocking-bird ranking as the feathered prima donna. Her notes are indeed wonderfully sweet, and go far to make up for the void left by the silence of other and far handsomer birds. I have seen thousands of our northern robins in the thickets along the banks of the St. John's, in the winter time; but they did not sing a note, — they were down here, apparently, merely to get away from the cold weather,

and did not propose to do anything more than to eat and grow fat. Like the bob-o-links in the Potomac marshes they seemed to consider the musical season closed, and were anxious only to recuperate for the "grand spring opening" in the northern orchards.

To the devotees of the rod and gun Florida is a sort of paradise. The rivers all abound in fish that take the troll or rise to the fly. The black bass, here strangely enough called the trout, abounds in the upper St. John's as well as in the numerous lakes, and the toothsome mullet, sheep-head, drum, bream, and other finny favorites, give the piscatorially inclined tourist

"rattler," with ten rattles and a "button," or tree a snarling wild-cat. Duck-shooting is rare sport at times, millions of them making the St. John's their habitat at certain seasons. The fine canvas-backs of the Chesapeake, however, are rarely met with.

The continuity of waters on the east coast renders the region especially favorable for yachting sports. Some of the most elegant little craft of the northern yachtsmen are occasionally seen on the St. John's in the winter. They come down the coast to the mouth of the river, and spend months in cruising, running up into Lake George, and following the sinuous Ocklawaha to the great Silver Spring, and occasionally



AN AFTERNOON DRIVE.

plenty of sport. Resident anglers, however, proficient in the gentle craft, care nothing for the common varieties; they go for the drum, the rare tarpon, and the red-snapper of the banks off the mouth of the St. John's. To catch one tarpon is to be looked up to; while he who captures a brace of them in a season is a hero, and the subject of eulogy in the local press.

As for game, the woods are well stocked with quail, and I have heard them whistling within the city limits. Deer abound in some localities, and wild turkeys are quite plenty in portions of the State. Other game birds are not infrequently met with, the only drawback being that in hunting them one will occasionally drop on to a

passing around to the Matanzas and Indian rivers, by way of St. Augustine and Mosquito inlet. The cruise can be varied in a hundred ways, and is one of the prettiest forms of winter living in this sunny land.

There are two or three fine orange-groves in the neighborhood of Jacksonville; but the largest and best-bearing groves are on the upper St. John's and in the Indian-river country. There are some fine young groves at Orange Park and Mandarin, and all along the river at intervals. The groves of Col. Hart, at Palatka; Gen. Sanford, at Bel Air; the De Bary grove, near Enterprise; that of the Duchess of Castelucca, on Indian river, and the Dum-

mett grove, have become famous all over the United States. No one has really eaten oranges who has not sampled one or more of these groves. The growing of this fruit is fast becoming the leading industry of the State. Last year the crop of merchantable oranges amounted to fifty millions. This year, from reliable data, I figure that the crop in sight is one hundred and two millions, the increase coming mostly from young groves that are just coming into bearing.

After all is said, however, it must be conceded that the great charm of Florida is its winter climate. Lying between the gulf and the ocean, the atmosphere of this region is gratefully tempered by the cool, salty air from either direction. This it is which draws thousands of people here from the North every winter. Here they seldom find the thermometer going below 30°, and the days in winter are almost uniformly sunny and pleasant. The rainfall, which at Jacksonville averages 54.5 inches for the year, mostly occurs in July, August, and September. As connected with health, the humidity of the air is an important consideration. On this

subject I present the following table of relative humidity in the places named: —

	November.	December.	January.	February.	March.	Mean for 5 Months.	Mean for 15 Months.
	p. ct.	p. ct.	p. ct.	p. ct.	p. ct.	p. ct.	p. ct.
Cannes and Mentone	71.8	74.2	72.0	70.7	73.3	72.4	
Augusta, Ga.....	71.8	72.6	73.0	64.7	62.8	68.9	
Breckinridge, Minn.	76.9	83.2	76.8	81.8	79.5	79.6	} 74.3
Duluth, Minn....	74.0	72.1	72.7	73.3	71.0	72.6	
St. Paul, Minn...	70.3	73.5	75.2	70.7	67.1	71.2	} 74.7
Jacksonville, Fla.	71.9	69.3	70.2	68.5	63.9	68.3	
Key West, Fla...	77.1	78.7	78.9	77.2	72.2	76.8	} 72.7
Punta Rassa, Fla.	72.7	73.2	74.2	73.7	69.9	72.7	

From this it appears that the mean relative humidity of Cannes and Mentone during the cold months exceeds that of Jacksonville by nearly four per cent. Three stations in Minnesota have a mean of 74.3, and three in Florida a mean of 72.7, showing a per cent. of 1.6 in favor of Florida, and 5.5 in favor of Jacksonville over Minnesota. Furthermore, if we take the entire year, for a period of five years, we shall find but little difference in the mean relative humidity of Minnesota and Florida.

John Ransom.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.¹

By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "The Witchery of Archery," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Poems of Fair Weather," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE room set apart in Nelville cottage for Longley's studio was exactly like the one Nelville called his den, and was directly over it. The artist, so long used to seeing his studies, sketches, proofs, and *fac-simile* drawings and tracings for transfer work, flung around loose on table and floor, and hung in all sorts of odd ways on the walls of his Bohemian quarters, scarcely felt free to begin work until he had perfected some such chaos in his new studio.

A day or two subsequent to the yachting trip, when Edmond Nelville entered this room, he gazed around with wide-open eyes at the litter and confusion.

"Well, say your say, what is it?" said Longley, smiling quietly. He was keenly alive to the effect his arrangement of things was producing on his friend.

Nelville whistled a long, low, disparaging note, and said: —

"Such is art and art life! What the deuce is the use of all these scraps — all this litter and trash? I should think you would like order and brightness and beauty for your genius to feed upon while you work, — not all this abominable scratching and blotching."

"Your education is deficient. High art is all lost on you," exclaimed Longley, looking up from a board upon which he was making a pen-and-ink sketch, to be reproduced by a photographic process. "You don't appreciate *chiaro-scuro*, and the effects of contrast. Genius is itself so prismatic that it does not need shining accessories. It revels in the chaos out of which it brings order and harmony. It stands out boldest when relieved by a cross-hatching of dull and common things."

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"Yes, you ought to have been a Frenchman, trained with Zola."

"Nothing of the sort. Gautier, Dumas, and Balzac suit me better, and some of our young Americans best of all."

"Bret Harte?"

"Yes, and no. He sketches inimitably in a narrow field, but his subjects are abominable; the figures in his foregrounds are, like Dickens's, of a class not interesting *per se*. I think there's a set of younger poets, prose-writers, and artists, about Boston and New York, and scattered through the West and South, who are budding the true artistic theory and practice. Of course, the result is for the future. If they wouldn't try to out-Boston Boston all the time, and would keep true to themselves, some young fellows I know of would soon win high place; but they insist upon merging originality and individuality to make themselves of a length with Boston's critical bed. Soon as one lifts his head above the clubs, and begins to attract notice, he is original no longer."

"Who is the best — the most original, and to the manner born — of the western geniuses?" inquired Nelville. "I must read up in poetry a bit; I see I'm going to need it. I never dreamed what an important element of life it might chance to become. You ought to have heard Miss Lamar rail at her brother's notion of poetry. She has views of her own, and has excellent ability to express them."

"And she doesn't like her brother's muscular theory, then?"

"Not in the least; and I tell you she is full of philosophy and logic, and satire and —"

"Perfectly bewitching generally, — a summer sweetheart of no doubtful sort, — a princess of the sunny South! Oh, she'll cure you, she'll cure you, Ed, sound and well."

"None of that," exclaimed Nelville, crossing his hands behind him and turning aside. With the movement his eyes chanced to fall on a charcoal sketch lying on a table. It was the profile of a girl's face, with a hasty outline of her form, half reclining in a basket phaeton drawn by just a hint of a pony. A quick look of recognition came into his face, as he said, picking up the drawing: —

"When did you do this? It's good. It's excellent. One could not fail to recognize it."

"That? Oh, she came past at a poking pace the day you went yachting with the

Lamars. She struck me as picturesque, so I sketched her from the window. Who is she?"

"The dryad, the wood-nymph, — that other girl of my letter, — the old naturalist's daughter. Do you remember what I said about her?"

"Perfectly. You don't for a moment suppose I could ever forget a word of so memorable an epistle? What is her name?"

"Janet Wilson, — so they told me at the post-office. Her strange beauty would make any man inquire. I've read of gold floss hair, and moonshine hair, but hers is the first practical example I ever chanced to note. It plays about her forehead and temples like a pale yellow mist."

"You are enthusiastic," said Longley, taking the sketch between his thumb and finger, and holding it off at arm's length, and gazing at it with half-closed eyes. "That's not a bad memorandum of her, if I may judge."

"It is perfect," assented Nelville. "But I had nearly forgotten what I came to say: I've a grand saddle-horse in the stable, and I'm not strong enough to ride him. He's pining for air and work. Do you like horseback exercise? You'll find him a glorious companion, I can assure you."

"Just to my taste," cried Longley; "he shall not pine another hour. I should think the roads are charming in this region."

"So they are," said Nelville; "you will find them leading to the queerest places. And then there are paths — bridle-paths the rustics call them — branching off and winding among the hills. However, I must advise you to stick to the roads and leave the paths alone. The latter are given to fading out under your horse's feet, leaving you with nothing to guide you. Should you get into difficulty of this kind, give Victor — that's my horse's name — the rein, and he'll come home."

Longley, still holding out the sketch, turned his head to one side, the better to view it, and said: —

"Would there be any danger of meeting the original of this in my equestrian wanderings, do you think?"

"Very great danger, indeed," replied Nelville.

"That is encouraging. I see possibilities ahead of me. Do you know, Nelville, that I never have had a — a —"

"Sweetheart? That's fresh. I never before met such a case. But I must go

and begin my poetical studies. My ignorance is beastly. Whose poems did you say are the best to begin with?"

"The Sweet Singer of Michigan's; go read them quick. You appall me."

"The Sweet Singer of Michigan," repeated Nelville, reflectively, as he passed from the room. "I'll go look in the library."

Longley chuckled gleefully to himself as he began preparations for a gallop among the hills.

He looked like a great, big, happy boy, full of the keenest relish for life as it might come.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Longley started from the cottage to go for a ride, he had no definite thought of where he might get to. Away he went, through the sunshine over the sandy road, at a swift canter, his sketching portfolio slung shot-pouch-wise from his shoulder. He rode naturally and well, sitting easily and firmly. His hat—a soft felt, with a considerable brim—was pushed back so that the wind fanned his forehead, and tossed the short locks of his hair wildly about. Victor was a bright bay, nobly made, fleet-footed, with black mane and tail,—a horse that delighted in just such a flight as now lay before him. He entered into the spirit of the thing, sharing, to the last thrill, the sense of exhilaration which took possession of his rider. He knew, without having it especially indicated to him, that the wooded hill-region, above the town, with all its zigzagging roads and shady hollows, was just the place Longley would like to explore. He held his head high, as he stretched away with long bounds, his nostrils spread, and his delicate ears pointing forward. Over a sandy space and across a stony hollow, where his feet clattered sharply, then into the milder light of the woods, now fast greening, the tassels falling and the leaves broadening to their summer fulness, he sped with that indescribable ease and elasticity which eager willingness lends to the movements of a really fine horse.

A little way in the woods Longley checked him, bringing him down to a gentle walk. The birds were piping overhead, and in all the undergrowth. The smell of burning logs and corn-stalks was on the air, borne from the farm-fields making ready for the plough. Wild flowers starred the hill-slopes. Squirrels ran to and fro, crossing and recrossing the road

ahead of him. Some of the birds were surprisingly tame. He stopped the horse and sketched a downy woodpecker, which was making a dead bough ring with the hammer-like blows of its bill. It was a sleepy-looking, speckled little thing, too intent on making a hole to the insect it was boring for, to be afraid of the artist, sitting in his saddle, not fifteen feet away. His next model was a ground-squirrel on the top of a decaying stump, which was covered with curiously fringed gray lichen and dark green moss. A magazine artist, he thought, could not afford to overlook anything. Even a chipmunk might serve for a tail-piece.

The artist was not the conventional fellow one sees in pictures and reads of in poems. He was too heavy-shouldered, and broad-faced and massive-headed. He had inquiring eyes, a frank face, was as quick in his movements as a boy, and had about him the air of one innocent and fearless, perfectly self-reliant, and willing to be admired. You could not look at him without seeing that his standard was purity and honor.

He had a way of looking larger than he was, and much taller than five feet eight, his real stature. He sketched with a vim and dash, depending a great deal on the force of straight lines. His rule was to express a thing with the fewest strokes possible. He was inclined to use the same standard in talking, making himself clearly understood by the tersest phrasing.

The woodpecker and ground-squirrel seemed to quite satisfy his desires as to sketching, and as he rode slowly along he fell to thinking, as an imaginative person sometimes will, of the curious coincidence which had thrown him here to spend the summer delightfully with his best friend; and he wondered what would be the upshot of it,—wondered if Mosely, the editor of the monthly, had discovered valuable promise in his art-work, and something strong and true in his character. He scarcely knew Mosely, had met him but once or twice, and then in a mere business way; but the man's characteristics were public property, and Longley was well aware that this sudden recognition was not born of a whim. It meant much if he could prove himself worthy of the trust.

He went on and on, the road winding and zigzagging among the hills and ravines. He passed one large farm-house, set in the midst of an apple orchard, and flanked by vast barns and ricks of hay and

straw. Clover fields, thickly dashed with the deep green tufts and tender sods of those favorite grasses, were frequent on either hand. He saw well-kept cattle and sturdy swine, with an occasional flock of heavy-coated sheep, nearly ready for the shears, in the wooded pasture-lands and rolling fallow-fields. Victor stopped of his own accord to drink from a noisy brook whose promising rapids and dimpled pools made Longley think of his trouting-tackle. Indeed, a shining half-pounder flung itself above the water after a gay fly which was dancing above the surface of a shady eddy some rods below the road-crossing. A sober-feathered vireo kept up a plaintive crying, somewhere overhead, and far away a thrush sang its broken medley.

For some distance the road was bordered with a hedge of *bois d'arc*, behind which he could almost hear

"The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honeyed hours."

Young calves, sleeping in the shade near where their mothers were browsing, opened their round, mild eyes to gaze at him as he went by. He saw a lad of fifteen, standing on a big log, and wielding a heavy axe with hands and arms that looked distortedly bony and muscular. The bells of cows and sheep tinkled plaintively.

At length he turned Victor's head homeward by a less frequented cart-way, and began to think of Janet Wilson. How did it happen that she crossed his mind? When he came to discuss this question frankly with himself he doubted if she ever had been entirely out of his mind since he made the sketch of her as she passed the cottage. He found himself wishing he might meet her somewhere on this road. It would be a pleasant thing to merely pass her by, and steal a look at her bright, gold hair and gray eyes. Her old, mossy home, as Neville had described it, must be not far away. He stroked Victor's black mane and smiled to himself. Then his mood changed, as the birds in a dark wood redoubled their singing, and he shook the reins, bidding Victor go faster.

It was while dashing along a level piece of road, with a clover-field on one side, that the horse shied a little at a man and a girl, sitting side by side on a mossy log by the fence, near a large, rather pretentious farm-house. Longley recognized young Lamar. The girl was prettily dressed, and seemed, from the hasty glance, quite

handsome, — a farmer's daughter of the best Western class. Her face was beaming with health and happiness. Lamar, too, looked contented and pleased. Of course, in going by at a swift gallop, Longley could get but a glimpse; but the picture fastened itself safely in his mind.

A little further on he met a tall, rather flashily dressed young fellow, plodding along afoot, going in the direction of the farm-house he had just passed. He had seen the same person, with his bellicose face, at the village post-office, and hanging about the street-corners. He seemed to be what in the Western towns is termed a loafer, — the word expressing more of contempt there than in the East.

Seeing this fellow in his best clothes, walking in the direction as stated, it was natural for Longley to suspect he was going to see the girl with whom Lamar was talking. Something in the young man's face, too, so gloomy and dogged, told of unpleasant broodings. It was not a bad face of itself, — a rather strong, manly one, in fact; but just then bad feeling was expressed in it, even dangerous feeling, if one might judge from the ordinary stand-point. Longley passed him, as he had Lamar and the girl, at a rapid pace. It was a momentary, almost startling, glimpse. A few more bounds and the woods were left behind. Down past the Lamar cottage, and up the rocky road past the hotel, across the hollow, where the spring-stream gurgled, and up the slope towards the Neville cottage, Longley went at a sweeping gallop. Just before he reached the Neville gate he met in the highway Mrs. Lamar and her daughter, in an open carriage; he bowed very low, lifting his hat as he passed, and then he suddenly recollected that he had never been introduced to these ladies. He was inclined to think they did not return his salute. He actually blushed, all by himself, and bit his mustache as he stooped to unlatch the gate.

CHAPTER VII.

THE weather dreamed, and smiled in its dreams, awoke and laughed, then dozed and dreamed again, till at length there came a hot flush of summer before its time.

The songs of the birds were now pitched in a firmer key, and the perfume of the flowers was less fresh and pungent. The lines of the forest were stronger, the lights

and shades more decided; the nests of the wild things were full of young.

Longley had caught some new element into his nature from this quiet pastoral life, and from the cultured society, too, called about him by the Nelvilles. His was a mind which insisted upon acquisition from every source it could reach. His cheerful disposition made him almost jolly under the influence of the cool breezes, the wholesome sunshine, and the new scenes at Cedar Springs. His cheeks got brown, and he whistled after the fashion of farmer lads.

Finally he had an adventure which added much to his enjoyment of everything else. It was one of those little turning-points in life where, of a sudden, a new prospect opens, presenting possibilities hitherto not known, suggesting things not heretofore considered.

He was roaming around among the hills, and chanced to come upon a beautiful field of blue-grass, reaching into the woods from a considerable farm. In its midst a single cow, short-horned, sleek, tawny, kindly-eyed, was grazing. Longley seated himself under some wide-spreading trees growing in the corner of the worm-fence on one side of the field, and began to carefully sketch "bos," as she slowly cropped her way through the grass. Not far from the animal, at a place where a cabin had once stood, some gay flowers, descendants of the old garden stock, shone in flecks of pink and white among tufts of rank weeds and grass-grown mounds of brick and mortar where the chimney had fallen.

He was too busy with his sketch to note the approach of a briskly stepping girl, until she was close to the cow, and then the adventure promptly began.

A very young calf, — possibly it was five days old, — which had been lying mysteriously hidden in those weeds, scrambled to its feet in a stiff, awkward way, and bleated vigorously, turning its head towards the girl, who stopped short and looked startled. The cow bawled vigorously, opened her eyes till the whites of them gleamed wickedly, and lunged forward as if eager to toss the intruder over her broad back. Longley sprang up and ran to the rescue. The girl screamed and let fall something she was carrying, then turned and fled, involuntarily launching herself right into his arms, the calf stupidly following her at an awkward gallop, the cow bringing up the rear.

Longley still held his sketch-block in his

left hand. So he cast his right arm around the girl's waist and held her firmly, while with the sketch-block he drove back the bewildered calf and harmless cow.

"Oh, dear! Oh, gracious! Oh, let go, please! Oh!" — she cried, all out of breath, her pale-gold hair dishevelled, her gray eyes tremulously dilating.

A new sensation went through Longley, like a spring wind through a grove. He tingled from head to foot.

He was loath to give up his precious, panting armful. He kept on waving the block about, and hallooing at the cow, which now stood eying him in mild astonishment. She had not thought of hooking the girl. She was running to her calf, nothing more. As for the calf itself, it was taking, just now, a hearty meal, in the usual way, whisking its tail vigorously and stamping its feet for joy.

"Let go, please," the young lady urged, making an effort to free herself from his arm, and unwittingly she scratched a long place on his hand, upon which a tiny bubble of blood arose. Longley did not feel this. How could he? He waved and halloosed with a little more energy, — that was all. She struggled very hard now, and in a moment got away from him. Just then the cow let go a deep, growl-like moan and shook her head. Poor girl! — she sprang back again, and again Longley clasped her.

"You must let me protect you," he said, renewing the motions with the block of drawing-paper, and holding her very close to him. "That cow," he continued, "looks ugly enough to do anything. See how sharp her horns are — and such savage eyes!"

Another hollow moan from the innocent brute came just in time to emphasize his remarks. He felt a tremor steal over the girl; but still she would not be content to stay in his arm.

"Please let go, sir," she cried again, giving him a quick, scared glance, and digging his hand with her sharp, pink nails. He felt the effect keenly now, and suddenly discovered that he could better keep the cow away if he used two hands.

"I'm afraid she'll hook you," he exclaimed, quickly releasing her.

She stood irresolute, gazing at the cow.

"I dropped my book yonder," she said, as if talking to herself. "I wish she'd go away."

"Where is it?" said Longley. "I'll get it for you."

She seemed to be half afraid of him, and glanced around as if wishing some one else were in sight.

"Come along," he continued; "I'll keep her off. There's no danger when I'm with you."

By dint of loud hallooing, and much beating the air with the sketch-block, Longley slowly urged the gentle old cow and her calf along until he could pick up a book, which proved to be a work on china-painting. Between its leaves, plainly to be seen, on account of their larger size, were a number of water-color sketches of plants and flowers. He replaced two or three of these, and, closing the book, handed it to her. She almost snatched it, she was so excited.

"Where do you wish to go?" he asked; "I must see you to some place of safety."

She threw back her hair, which had fallen down almost to her feet, and which shone in the sunlight like a flame. She gave him a quick look, as if to judge whether she might trust him. His face in a measure reassured her, and she said:—

"If you will be so kind as to stay with me till I get through the bars yonder, I shall be safe."

"Certainly. With pleasure. Come on," he responded, and then, as they walked in the direction she had indicated, he added, "You had a narrow escape. She was running right at you."

"I'm so easily frightened," she rejoined, glancing back at the cow, which was now dreamily licking its calf. "And it was so sudden. I was not expecting anything of the kind."

"Some women would have fainted," he said; "and I think it was enough to make them, don't you?"

"It was dreadful," she murmured, and then, looking at his hand, added, "Are you hurt? You are bleeding."

"No; that's nothing," he replied, with charming frankness, holding the wounded member out before him; "you clawed me a little while I was holding you. It's not deep."

"I am so sorry," she said confusedly, a pink flush running up to her temples.

"Sorry it isn't deep?" he inquired in a grave way.

She looked up again into his face and moved her lips as if about to speak, but she said nothing.

He let down the bars and helped her through.

"Thank you," she said, very sweetly, and when he turned about, after readjusting the rails, she was hurrying off down a path through the thickest part of the wood. He stood looking after her, hesitating. How could he suffer her thus to slip away from him? Would it be rude to follow her? He feared it would. He looked contemptively at his feet. Suddenly his face brightened joyfully. He stooped and picked up one of her water-color sketches which had fallen there when she stooped to pass through the opening he made in the bars; he ran glibly after her.

"Stop a moment," he called; "see, you've lost this. I'll fetch it to you."

When she turned she gave him just such a look as she had given the cow. However, when she saw the sketch she smiled faintly. "Oh, my turkey-pea," she cried; "I should not like to lose that." She made a step or two back to meet him. "Thank you." She took the sketch and turned. As she walked on again he went by her side, though there was scant room in the path. It made them very close together.

"Is this your way, too?" she demanded, lifting her eyes to his face askance, with a mild rebuke in them.

"All ways are an artist's," he replied. "I see you, too, are sketching from nature. May I look at your work, please?"

It would have been a thankless thing to refuse him, his voice was so kind and his manner so gentle and honest. She allowed him to take the book and examine the drawings, though she felt ill at ease. It was a wild, dark place they were in.

"This is good work," he said, in his positive, forthright way; "these flowers are extremely well done."

"They are studies for china-painting," she said, a shade of interest coming into her voice. "I am making a wild-flower set. That goes on the cream-jug."

"It will be lovely," he said. "Have you ever had any of your work on china fired?" He took up a sketch representing a cluster of wild pinks, and, holding it at arm's length, examined it with a critical gaze.

"Oh, yes; I've had a great deal fired, and with excellent success," she replied; "my work took first premium at the State exhibition last autumn."

Longley felt light and airy. Her voice thrilled him. His pulse was faster than normal. The dark, deep woods seemed full of music. He looked down, as if in a

dream, at that jaunty hat and the cataract of yellow hair falling from under it.

"That *was* a great success," he said, stumbling a little as he walked on, still examining the pinks. "Have you many wild-flower studies at your — studio?" He had been bred in a studio. His father had been an artist, — a poor, disappointed man, who died early, of no particular disease. He could not remember his mother; she left the world when he came.

"I am not a professional; I have no studio," she said, smiling and glancing at him sidewise under her drooping lids. "I'm the merest amateur, working for the pleasure it gives me. Besides, what use has one for a studio here? Who would ever visit it?" The question came with something like a sigh. She had forgotten he was a stranger.

"I would gladly come, with your permission," he said, transferring his gaze from the sketch to her bewitching face. "I would come and get you to give me lessons; your coloring is exquisite."

"I could not teach; I have no knowledge and no patience," she said, holding out her hand for the book and pausing in the path.

Longley almost started with his surprise at seeing that they were in front of an old brown country-house, whose gables and dormer windows were mossy and lichen-grown, and whose porches were almost hidden in vines. A gate of green wire barred their way. A huge woolly dog, with his fore-paws on the top of the gate, glared affectionately at the girl, further manifesting his delight at seeing her by furiously wagging his tail and whining. Longley relinquished the book and stood in an expectant attitude.

"Thank you," she said; "you have been kind." Then she pushed the dog's feet off the gate and passed through. She turned again, inside the yard, and Longley thought she was going to invite him to go in; but she only murmured, "Good-morning!" and, with one hand on the dog's head, almost ran into the house.

Longley looked like a boy whose hat had fallen into a stream and floated out beyond his reach. He stood there gazing after the retreating girl as if he would give a great deal to have the right to follow her. His eyes remained fixed on the door-way through which she had passed till long after even the dog's tail had disappeared within, and with a slight bang the shutter had been closed behind it.

An artist who has done much work for the illustrated journals never lets a chance for a good sketch slip through his fingers. Longley had done all sorts of drudgery while serving as artistic factotum for a New York illustrated paper. Particularly had it been his lot to be sent to fires and scenes of disaster, boat-races, prize-fights, and other disagreeable places, where he was sometimes compelled to make his sketches under difficulties verging on the dangerous. Occasionally, too, he had been commissioned to work up some genuinely picturesque scenes, especially among the old houses of New York, — these being his respites, his heavenly days, when he felt like a real artist at legitimate work; it was restful and soothing, after such labor as transferring to the block sketches of the brutal faces and beastly figures of a prize-fight, to begin on a drawing of some quaint Dutch house of the early days, made interesting by a bit of revolutionary legend. Training of this varying and contrasting kind has a value, well understood by the artistic profession, in that it schools the eye and the hand to the rapidest execution possible. Longley could toss his hat into the air and sketch it perfectly, with outlines and cross-hatched shading, before it fell to the ground.

As he stood looking over the little green gate at the vine-grown and mossy house into which the girl had fled, it struck him that he could use a sketch of the place to some purpose. His way was not to hesitate; so, taking out his sketch-block, he fell to work making a drawing, in rapid, clean-cut lines, of the scene before him; this, too, without shifting his position. Once, when he glanced from his work to get the details of the roof of the house, he was sure he saw the girl's face slyly peeping between the brown curtains of a dormer window. However, he did not pause to scrutinize, but kept on swiftly to the end of his task.

As he was putting the block into his pocket, a slender old man, neatly dressed in loose trousers and blouse, approached him from behind, and said:—

"Good-morning!"

The voice was a peculiarly gentle and agreeable one, and the man himself bore all the marks of gentle breeding and high intellectual endowments. There was a bland smile on his face.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONGLEY turned, facing the old man, and instantly felt a twinge of conscience, as

though in making the sketch he had infringed on the personal rights of this nice-looking individual. He bowed reverently, returning the morning salute, and added, "This is your place, I presume."

"Yes," the old gentleman said, letting fall, as he spoke, the butt of a fowling-piece he carried, and resting it on the toe of his neat hunting-boot, at the same time assuming a most dignified bearing.

Longley surveyed him with that hopeful flash of the eye which always is ready to flare up when an artist sees something new. It was with obvious respect that the young man said:—

"I am an artist. Would you mind if I took a sketch of the house? It is a beautiful old place."

"You want it for a magazine paper, or for an illustrated weekly?"

"I might use it in *Mosely's Magazine*," said Longley, with outright directness, which cared to hide nothing.

"*Mosely's Magazine!*" exclaimed the old man in a pleased, smooth way. "My son is connected with that,—controls it, I believe."

"May I ask your name?" demanded Longley, hesitating, and looking almost incredulously at him, "I—I thought Mr. Mosely was"—

"Wilson, Wilson, not Mosely. Wilson is my name," said the old man, drawing himself up quite stiffly, and putting into his voice some emphasis. "No doubt you have heard of me. I am an ornithologist, you know, and I"—

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Longley, "of course, certainly; but I am not acquainted with your son. Mosely is"—

The old man laughed outright and looked deprecatingly at Longley, as if right sorry for him, and yet mightily amused.

Longley looked at himself to see if there was anything ludicrous about his make-up.

"Well, well," went on Mr. Wilson, presently, as if dismissing some absurd proposition, and taking up something pleasant in its stead; "well, well, I'm glad to know you, Mr.—"

"Longley is my name," said the young man, apologetically.

"Ah, glad to see you, Mr. Longley. It's all right. Come in and look the place over. I shall be glad if it can be of any use to you, I assure you."

Mr. Wilson flung open the gate as he spoke, and motioned Longley to enter. They went through, and, passing up the narrow, gravelled walk, between rows of

old trees, they approached a wide veranda at the side of the house. The square columns of this veranda were heavily festooned with honeysuckle and climbing-rose. The old man led the way, walking very nimbly, and, when they had passed along the shady promenade to the front of the building, he offered Longley a chair. There was a carriage-road leading down to a larger gate, to intercept a highway going toward Cedar Springs. Vases, pots of flowers, hanging-baskets, bird-cages, and the like, were everywhere. An elegant table of antique workmanship stood near the farther end of this front limb of the ell-shaped veranda, and beside it a rustic chair; on it a porcelain palette, some scattered tubes of paint, three or four brushes, and a plate bearing an unfinished sketch of a wild-flower, some leaves, and a bud. The border of the plate was a delicate apple-green. Longley took in all at a glance. He well knew who was the presiding genius of the place. He had a sketch of her in his room at Nelville cottage; it was Mrs. Nelville's dryad,—the girl with the moonshine hair, of whom Edmond Nelville had spoken in his letter. He smiled complacently as he sat down in the chair and looked about. He felt the fitness of being just where he was at just that particular time. He tilted himself back a little, and, elevating his chin to allow the cool breeze to blow on his throat, said:—

"You have a delightful old place here, Mr. Wilson."

"Yes, I like it," said Mr. Wilson, still standing. "It just suits me, in my business. I am an ornithologist. No doubt you have heard of me,—Wilson, the great ornithologist."

Longley gave the old gentleman a quick, keen look, which said, much plainer than if words had been used, "You're a little daft, eh? But he bowed, and articulated, "Certainly, Mr. Wilson; no doubt, sir."

"I spend most of my time in the woods," Mr. Wilson went on to say, "watching an opportunity to take a rare specimen; but I don't get many now. I've killed so many they're getting scarce. Would you like a peep at my cabinet?"

"Indeed, yes, if you will be so kind as to permit me," said Longley, rising. Something new always suited him.

"Oh, I shall be delighted to show you. I show every one who comes. Janet says I ought to wait and be sure the favor is acceptable before offering it; but I know

you will enjoy it, being an artist and a magazinist. Come in this way."

Longley followed him into a wide, airy old hall, where, stopping before a heavy cherry door, he began to fumble in the pockets of his blouse. He seemed unable to find what he wanted, though he ransacked every corner of the receptacles, using first one hand and then the other with increasing rapidity and nervousness. Presently he paused a moment and looked at the floor, drawing his thumb across his forehead; then he raised his head and called, "Janet! Janet! O Janet!"

"Yes, papa, coming," fell the musical answer from somewhere above the upper landing of the stairway. The voice was quickly followed by the young lady herself, who came lightly tripping down the steps. Her hair, lately dishevelled and floating mistlike down her back, was now arranged in a heavy braid, doubled into a shining loop behind her neck. Her low, broad forehead was fringed with amber locks, pale and thin. Her gray eyes, large and luminous, did not hesitate to look straight at Longley. Her lips slightly apart, her delicately chiselled nose, her pink and white cheeks, her softly-rounded chin, and her snowy throat, all struck his artistic fancy with somewhat bewildering force and effect. He made no note of her dress, — a simple blue suit, with feathery white ruching, and a solitary large pearl at the throat. He did see her foot, — what genuine man would not? — with its slender slipper and embroidered stocking; saw it without seeming to see it, and his heart smiled whilst his lips remained still. He did not think whether she was large or small, slender or stout. She made no definite physical impression, unless it was of that inexpressible sort, the effect of bodily and moral symmetry. Nevertheless, as we have already stated, he was bewildered, like one lost in a morning mist, or in a sunset cloud. Vertigo? Do not say it. A young man will be a young man: praised be his name!

Mr. Wilson very gravely introduced Longley to his daughter. You would have thought they never before had seen each other. The young man bowed, almost profoundly. Miss Wilson acknowledged this by a gentle inclination, and then quickly inquired of her father if she could be of any service.

"The key, Janet, dear, — do you know where it is?" said the old gentleman. "I was sure I had it in my pocket, but I haven't. Where can it be?"

"I'll look," replied Miss Wilson. She went away. Longley heard her rustling down the hall. Presently she returned with the key. While Mr. Wilson was unlocking the door, Longley said to the young lady: —

"Your father came upon me at the gate, while I was making a sketch of the house. It is a delightfully picturesque place. I never could have thought of finding such a fine old homestead in this region."

"I like it," she replied, demurely watching her father. Longley watched her.

"Do you ever get lonesome?" he asked, in his blunt way.

She looked up into his face and saw its boyish honesty. He did not look bold and self-important, as she had half expected he would. His eyes were full of earnest respect and sincere inquiry.

"Hardly that," she said; "but sometimes the monotony of the life here gets too — too obvious for perfect contentment. One has exacting moments, you know, when even sunlight is gray."

"A cheerful companion would be a good tonic at such seasons," said Longley; "some one who would restore the equilibrium of things."

"I have my dog," she said.

"He was not along with you" — he began, and then checked himself. A little flush had jumped into her cheeks, and she appeared not to hear him, or rather not to wish to hear him.

Mr. Wilson finally got the door open, and, as Longley followed him into the room, the young lady passed out upon the veranda.

Cases of stuffed and mounted birds, no matter if the work has been done in the best practice of taxidermy, have little attraction for one not an enthusiastic naturalist. Longley might have found the lively and, withal, highly instructive, chattering of the old man rather enjoyable, if his mood had been more propitious. As it was, his ears were deaf and his eyes saw but dimly. He put his hands in his pockets and looked as though he wanted to whistle. In fact, all his inclinations lay in the direction of the veranda. Quite unconscious of the possibility of his enthusiasm failing to be infectious, Mr. Wilson delightedly began a systematic and measured progress around the walls, calling the attention of his visitor to each specimen, dwelling here and there with loving fervor on the merits of rare species, as an epicure lingers with the tidbits of a banquet. Scientific names and

their derivation had to be minutely explained; the habits and habitat of the more important varieties, or families, were described with a closeness of detail and conscientious discrimination as to small exceptions which, to Longley, seemed almost terrible. A rapidly formed approximate judgment fixed the probable duration of the ordeal at about four hours. The young man looked at his watch at least a half-dozen times. An hour passed. One wall had not yet been finished. Eternity! What would he not give to be free! At length, unable to longer play the martyr, he spoke suddenly, positively, as if he had just recollected some important affair:—

“Beg pardon, how time flies! I’ve an engagement. Must go at once. Must tear myself away. You will kindly excuse my unseemly haste. It is very important, I assure you. I shall be glad, with your permission, to call again and finish this examination.”

“Just a moment, sir; this woodpecker”—

With a look which nearly said, Confound your woodpeckers! Longley began backing out of the room, bowing, smiling, and saying:—

“It is *necessity*,—I cannot stay a moment longer; I am *compelled* to go. You have been extremely kind. I am so *sorry*. I *must* go. Good-morning.”

Hurried as he was, however, he found time to look searchingly about for Miss Wilson, while he was crossing the veranda. A pang of disappointment cut across his heart when he saw her chair empty, and her colors and sketches still lying on the table. She was not visible. He lingered on the steps and faltered in the path; he turned his eyes hurriedly about. When he had passed through the front gate and turned to latch it, he caught a view of her sheeny hair and blue robe, far off in a cool shade, under the low-hanging boughs of an old tree. She was reading a book, and did not look up, notwithstanding the sharp clink of the gate-latch. He dallied a moment rather wistfully, all in vain; then, with a pace not in the least indicative of the hurry he had spoken of to Mr. Wilson, he went down the road in the direction of Cedar Springs.

In a deep, dim hollow midway of his walk, where the overlapping foliage of the maples shut out the sunshine and almost the day, some one stepped from a place of concealment in front of Longley, and glared wickedly at him. It was the strapping,

gloomy-faced young man he had met on the day he took his first gallop on Victor. He stopped, as this sinister apparition loomed in his way, and gave it a startled look of inquiry; at the same time a sense of imminent danger caused him to wish he had some deadly weapon at hand.

“Thought you was that cussed other feller,” growled the man, after glaring a moment at Longley.

“You’d better make no mistakes, sir,” Longley growled in return. “Whom do you mean? What are you after?”

“That other feller—that long-haired cuss—that Southern rebel devil—I mean *him*.”

Longley could think of nothing further to say. In his own mind there appeared a very clear outline of the trouble behind this matter; but he felt himself powerless to do or say anything of any value in the premises.

He walked on, leaving the young fellow gloomily standing there, the strongest picture of an assassin he had ever seen. And yet this rustic had no felon’s face. Under fair fortune it might have been the face of an energetic, happy man.

Longley was in no mood for long lingering with the circumstances or probable outcome of this little adventure. His mind quickly skipped the whole thing over, and passed back to the Wilson cottage and the vision of Janet, blue-robed and sunnily-haired, sitting under the old tree. It was so sweet to him that he smiled as he walked on. His feelings were in perfect accord with the manifestations of nature—the wind-song, the bird-song, the leaf-rustle, flecks of bright sunshine, the soft, delightfully grateful shade.

He reached Nelville cottage, and went directly to his studio; but he did not work much. His faculties were uncontrollable. He did not think of love. He was happy in a new way. The comfort derived from some charmingly indefinite source was not connected in his mind with anything exactly describable, but he did not hesitate to trace it into the mild romance, which, like a tender cloud, clothed the old house among the hills. He would smile whenever he thought of Miss Wilson, and sometimes he would almost chuckle as he held out his hand to examine the red nail-prints she had left on it. Those little wounds served to recall the whole of the pretty adventure in the field, and he found that his arm still retained a shadowy impression of the form it had lately clasped.

[To be continued.]



REST BY THE ROADSIDE, CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

A-WHEELING IN NORAMBEGA.

PART II.



MINE HOST.

THE day spent upon the island of Campobello will ever be memorable to the members of the party of wheelmen whose wanderings we are following. The fog still stood up in banks around, as the ferry-boat carried us, through mist and water, from Lubec across "The Narrows." Friar's Head, a tall rock, shaped like a head at the top, and standing against a cliff, peered through the fog, like a draped granite bust on a lofty pedestal.

Campobello is under British rule, though, with the exception of a few freeholds, it is owned by a company composed of citizens of the United States. It was a mere matter of chance that Campobello fell to the English. When the north-east boundary of the United States was being decided upon, the agreement with Great Britain was that a ship channel should be fixed upon, and the islands upon the side nearest the United States territory should belong to that government, and those upon the opposite side should belong to England.

It so happened that the vessel which carried the commissioners passed, at high tide, through the narrow strait which separates Campobello from Maine. If they had been but a few hours later, it would have been necessary to have sailed around the island, on account of low water in The Narrows, and in that case the island would have fallen to the United States.

It was delightful to wander a-wheel over the smooth roads of this picturesque little island. From Welsh Pool Landing we skirted the shore, facing towards the main land, which was still hidden by the fog, then collected in low floating clouds. These were piled up over the strait, shutting out the view of the promontories opposite. We, however, rode in clear, dry air. We rolled along the road, winding with the shore, through the little cluster of fishermen's cabins, surrounded by weirs and drying nets, with the boats lying in the water before them, and finally stopped at Mulholland's Point. A wrinkled old man stood watching us as we rode up and dismounted.

"Ah! boys," said he, "I know what ye want! Ye're looking for Bessy's place. It's seaweed tonic ye're after. Weel, weel, I've drank enough meself t've saved a pile of money," and he added, as if to suppress regret, "But it's too late to pump ship when she's sinking. Be the time I've a half hour to live I'll have saved enough to last the rest of me life." The old philosopher trudged off to his little house on the hill beyond, where, as he told us, he had lived forty-four years.

As we mounted again an upper stratum of the fog-bank, which hid Lubec, — lying but a few rods distance across The Narrows, — rolled back, and there, almost above us, was the town. The houses seemed to be standing out in the air, with nothing below them but the light gray fog. But the breeze soon piled up the bank again, and the town disappeared. Vessels out in the bay came and went in the same sudden and seemingly mysterious manner. Now dim and ghostlike and distant, they appeared to be phantom ships; then coming out of the fog they stood out black, distinct, and magnified; and again they were gone in

a moment; they disappeared by magic, as quickly as a candle is puffed out by the wind.

Turning back, toward the interior of the island, we sped along the smooth turf of a grass-grown road through a wild forest region. The scent of the firs and spruces came fresh and spicy on the breeze. The road led through dark clumps of trees, across stump-dotted open plots, and between tall, hanging bushes that swept us as we passed, and struck the tautened spokes of the wheels with a sound like the twang of a guitar. Often among the low-branching trees we wound in and out, ducking our heads under the larch limbs. The tangled woods seemed to resent the road-maker's work, and to be trying to recover their property.

Picking our way down a water-worn slope, dodging tree-branches, running around logs, suddenly we burst out of the forest on to a wild shore, where the waves were beating and washing upon a broad beach.

Herring Cove is a large semicircle; a stream comes rushing down at the centre, at the mouth of which the beach has formed; in either direction from the beach, ragged, lofty rocks rise along the shore. It was a picturesque scene; the stream rippling and bounding down to the shore; the bold, rough rocks, covered with broken, burnt, and straggling firs; headland after headland, as far as one could see along the coast; the wheels stacked in the back-ground; in front the broad, pebbly beach, upon which were scattered groups of wheelmen; and beyond, the rolling waters of the Bay of Fundy roaring up the sands.

Tom and Yachtsman took a plunge in the chill surf, and, with forced exclamations of enjoyment, tried to allure Old Joker. He put his hands to his mouth for a speaking-trumpet, and called out to them: "No, I don't believe I care for any. But if I had a cake of ice to warm up on when I came out, I'd be with you."

Some of the old traditions of the island relate to this spot.

One of them tells of a strange wreck, lying far up in a little cove where no ship could be stranded now. The rotting timbers were old a century ago, and, strangest of all, there was no trace of iron in their fastenings. Thirty or forty tons was the capacity of the little vessel; and one cannot help wondering whether she were not one of the ships that bore the Northmen hither, and whether the "Skeleton in Armor" might not, as a living warrior, have paced her storm-washed decks. More than fifty years ago men who claimed to be the descendants of buc-

caners came over from Mount Desert, where their forefathers had settled, to dig on the shores of Campobello for a large iron chest full of Spanish doubloons, whose description and position had been carefully handed down for generations. Old Admiral Owen found them at work, and they promised him a third of the treasure when they should find it, if he would allow them to continue their search. Years passed on, and they were still looking for the iron chest. The old admiral had passed away, and his son-in-law was watching their labors. One day he rode across the island to see how they were getting on, and they had gone. Only a deep excavation was left, at the bottom of which, said Captain Robinson Owen, was plainly to be seen the outlines of a large, iron chest, marked out by the rust that had covered its sides. But the treasure was gone, and the pirate's sons and grandsons came no more to Herring Cove.

The clouds overhead grew lighter and thinner, and an occasional patch of blue sky peeped out, as we rode back through the tangled woods. After following the road back for some distance, we dove off into the forest in a new direction. The trees were closer, and shut in the road on either side, leaving but little space above. In a most secluded little glen, just before a turn in the road, a spring, as pure and sweet as those of Prospero's island, bubbles up from a bank on one side. The water runs along a trough of hollowed wood, and falling, ripples across the road. Around is the dark-green foliage of the woods. Under the branches along the sloping banks, grow delicate ferns. Down the stream, which starts from the spring, Hylas is heard calling and crying, coaking still over his fate in becoming a frog, as he did in the morning of time, when the nymphs first bewitched him. In this beautiful spot we dropped from our wheels, rested on the bank, and drank from the pure water of the spring — Cold Spring, it is called.

What a cheer went up through the dark firs, as the sun broke through the clouds, and the sunshine came pouring down warm, and full, and strong, flecking the ground with quaint figures of light and shade, as it sifted down through the branches!

"I told you so, Captain," exclaimed Limb. "I said the sun could not hold out longer than till Thursday."

"But this is Friday."

"Yes, that's so," he replied slowly, and then, after a moment's reflection, continued, "I'll tell you how that happened. In making the calculation I forgot to carry one. I remember now."

We fairly revelled in that glorious sun-

shine the remainder of the afternoon. No hills were too steep to climb; no grades too sharp for a coast. The fog disappeared; the woods grew a lighter green; the sky overhead was a deep dark-blue; the sunshine warm and inspiring; the breeze fresh and dry. Back across the island we flew, past the two splendid hotels, through Welsh Pool Landing, and out along the bluff that overlooks the Passamaquoddy. On one side the rough, rocky, tree-sprinkled land, on the other spread out the broad bay, with its many islands, bright in the sunshine. The glimmering water, in which were mirrored the white sails of ships, the little green islands, the tree-covered hills of the larger Deer Island beyond, the bay penetrating far up into the land, between the hills, — these are but hints for a picture, which it would be difficult to draw with words.

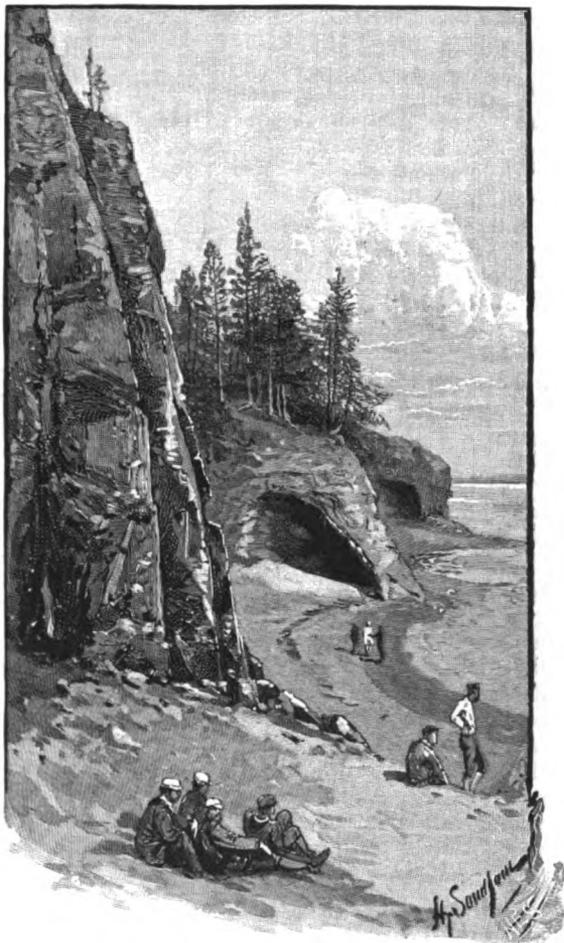
Three fine hotels have been built by the company who own the island: The Owen, named from Admiral Owen, to whom the island formerly belonged; The Tyn-y-coed, a Welsh name, signifying "the house in the woods"; The Tyn-y-maes, or "house in the field." All three are beautiful in architecture and site. Families from the Provinces and from many parts of the United States spend the summer upon the island. Near the Owen stands the house of the old admiral, from whom the hotel receives its name. Many interesting relics of the old gentleman, and of the former life of the people, are preserved. The admiral's portrait hangs upon the wall of his former office, which also contains some old chairs and tables. On a shelf lies a case of duelling-pistols, — a necessary piece of furniture for the gentleman of half a century ago.

Old John Farmer, the collector of customs, met the party as we disembarked at the wharf to wait for the boat.

"Boys," he said, "I've been watching for you. I'm proud of you! The Yankees are showing their stock when they take to such out-of-door sports as riding those wheels. They're getting back to the spirit of old mother England. I'm an Englishman, and I'm proud of you! Now, every mother's son of you has got to come and drink with me!"

The president assured him of the unbending temperance principles of the company.

"Well, take lemonade or soda; but come on," and the old gentleman, who had evidently been drinking our health before we arrived, led the way to "the store," which served in the triple capacity of grocery, restaurant, and saloon. We drank the health of the kind-hearted old man, who waxed communicative, and began to give



THE OWENS.

his conversation an autobiographical tendency. He had been the agent of Governor Owen years ago, and managed his affairs while he was away from the island. But the whistle of the ferry-boat broke in upon the discourse. As the boat steamed away, the old gentleman braced himself against the piles of the wharf, spasmodically waved his hat, and, as far as his circumstances would allow, gave a parting cheer, which we answered in full chorus from the deck.

"We are unwilling walkers," says John Burroughs somewhere, speaking, if I remember rightly, of the American people. The bicycle comes in to make easy the difficulty of learning this lesson. It will arouse in a man the latent taste for the breath of the woods, fields, and streams. It must be admitted that walking has its charms, when, in some suburban wood, one leaves the travelled road and rambles off among the trees with the birds and flowers. But with a merry party, and on a road that runs through regions unsubdued by man, then dives into the depths of old forests, and wanders along semi-cultivated valleys, with here and there a guardian farm-house, then bicycling has its unsurpassable delights, its memorable and unique felicities.

That Saturday's ride from Lubec to Machias gave us a full realization of these pleasures. "Light-hearted I take to the open road," seems to indicate that old Walt Whitman is a bicyclist, though it is not conclusive evidence. At least that line expresses the feeling of each one of us as we whirled away from the village in the early June morning. In view of the thirty miles before us we rolled along leisurely, fully enjoying the bracing air, the prospect of the woods and fields and hills, and above all, and through all, that exquisite sense of half-flying, hovering along the ground, which bicycling brings. I know of no other sport, of nothing else, that gives this delightful but peculiar and almost indescribable sensation. One has a feeling of freedom, as if the limitations of movement had been taken away, and one could fly or walk at will. But why attempt to describe something which, from lack of analogies, is beyond description? It is wholly unique. Experience only could give the words meaning.

All the morning we wheeled along, with an occasional stop. A long-drawn whistle came floating from the rear, signifying "slow up;" the captain answered; the long line would gradually close up; the stragglers would come panting in, and on again. This was repeated several times during the morning. Or over the brow of some hill, which we had just mounted, came short, quick calls from the whistle; they were passed along the line; the captain repeated the signals, and dismounted; one by one the men dropped from their wheels, eagerly looking back to see the cause of the delay. Only a header. The bent handle-bar is soon straightened; one whistle, the signal "mount," tells us that

all is right, and we are off again. Another silent "slow-up" signal was used at the top of down grades. The captain, as he started down, threw up his hand, and waved it a moment in the air; the man behind him came almost to a stand-still to increase the distance between them, and made the same motion; this process was repeated again and again, till the line had doubled its length, and the men were far apart, and free to take the hill without danger of interfering with one another.

In those wilds there is none of the scrupulous art of the country residence, with its grounds, which betray the fact that nature has been barbered by a gardener and a lawn-mower. There is freedom in the beauty. It appeals to the love of the wild and the semi-barbarous which is within us all, often smouldering, but which breaks out when afar from the everlasting, confining, wearying "improvements" of man. No landscape gardener could "improve" the hill which I now call up in memory. Solemn it stands there, overlooking the low, tangled valley, rugged with rocks peering from the barren spots among the trees; wrinkled and folded, an old, gnarled, but kindly face; and from the dark-green of the cone-like spruces comes floating the song of the wood-thrush.

At one point the road made a deep dive down a steep, rocky hill to the lowlands. The slopes on each side were covered with trees. "It seemed but a step on either hand to grim and untrodden wilderness." Deep ravines, at right angles to the valley, formed spurs in the hills, which often stretched far out towards the opposite side. Far ahead where the trend of the valley changed, the hills appeared almost to overlap, leaving but a narrow gap, through which we saw the distant tree-covered slopes, mellowed by a delicate haze, "woof of the fen." As we came near, the hills gradually separated, the gap widened, and we were in the same broad valley, with the forest-crowned hills rising on either side as before. "Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where the moss-grown but decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy perpetual youth, and blissful, innocent nature is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lispng birds and trickling rills?" Nothing can surpass the beauty of these forests of Eastern Maine, dark and silent. There is the spruce-tree, with its tapering trunk and thick leaves, forming a dark-green

cone; the soft-foliaged hemlock; an occasional tall birch, raising itself in graceful dignity, and waving its bending branches benignly over the tops of its fellows; the clean, shapely beech, which, according to tradition, is the only tree of these forests which is never struck by lightning.

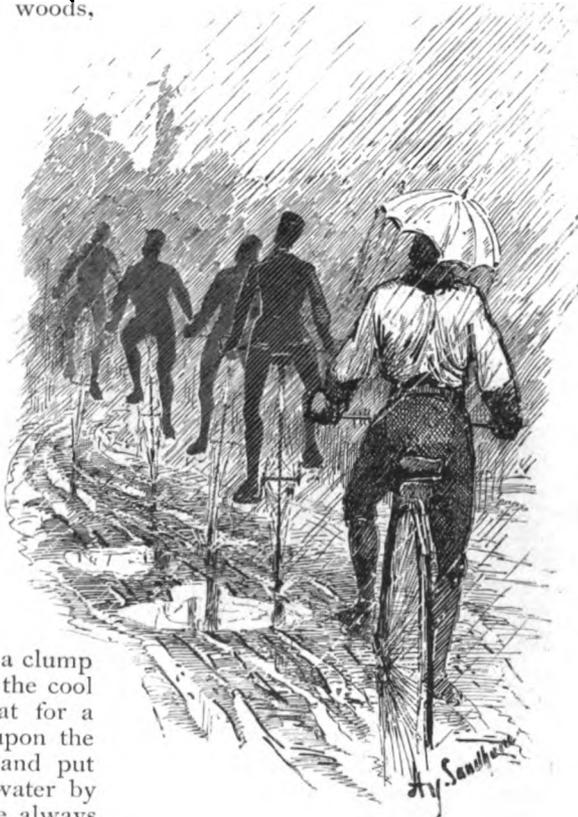
There are but few sounds in these woods in June. The rat-ta-tat of the woodpecker, the mournful cry of the pewee, the retired melody of the wood-thrush singing to himself, were the only sounds to be heard which properly belonged to the woods, and these but seldom. Really, however, there was the sound of laughter and shout and song, which echoed among the trees as we swept into the shadows of the forests, or came back from the steep sides of valleys through which we passed. Not even the sound of the mosquito was heard, for the summering season in those latitudes does not begin till July. But when he does arrive with his family, his kinsfolk, and a numerous representation of his countrymen, woe betide the belated traveller who shall be compelled to spend the night far from a roof. Thoreau gives some show of credence to the story of a Jesuit priest, who was lost in the woods of Northern Maine, became too weak to defend himself, and was devoured by mosquitoes.

Once we stopped at a spring in a clump of stripling larches, and drank of the cool water, using the Yachtsman's hat for a cup. K. K. stretched himself upon the ground in a reptilian manner, and put himself in connection with the water by means of a rubber-tube, which he always carries for that purpose.

At East Machias, the bugle called a dismount in the centre of the village. All the town people had come out to welcome us. Stores and residences were decorated with flags in our honor. Buckets of lemonade then were brought out to us. He must be hard-hearted, indeed, who could not appreciate and be grateful for such a reception in a little village "way down East."

As we were crossing the bridge beyond the town we first noticed the black, ugly-looking clouds which were coming up. "We've got to run for it, boys," called back the Captain, spurting along the

smooth road. Then, for three miles, we fairly flew; up hill and down, by fields of brake, across which the wind rippled in rolling waves of light and dark green; along the river, where a half-built schooner stood on the bank; and across the rolling country of the Machias valley. We halted a moment outside Machias, for the last



RIDING IN THE RAIN.

riders; and then, in regular line, wheeled into the town. The drops began to fall; the sky grew dark; the last half-mile was swiftly reeled out. Our machines were stored away in the large barn, and we ourselves in the hotel, before the rain could collect its forces. It confessed that it had been baffled, by the spiteful manner in which it soon after came driving against the panes.

Machias is a quaint old town, spread out along the slopes of two hills coming down from either side to the little river. After plunging through between the hills, the

stream runs into a broad, fertile valley. From the tops of the hills one obtains a broad view of the lowlands, which stretch away toward the sea. The water of the river is of a rich, brown color; and, as it pours over a ledge in the very centre of the town, the effects of color are rich and beautiful. This natural fall furnishes the power

it stands with it now, — sold, perchance, to the New England Friction Match Company.”

As far back as 1633, there was a trading post at Machias, built upon the ruins of an older fort, the date of which is unknown. Ever since that time the place has been of considerable importance, standing, as it



FANCY RIDING.

for several saw-mills, which stand clustered together below it. All along the banks of the stream are scattered logs and lumber. Around the mills are huge piles of boards, and great logs ready for the saw. “Think how stood, the white-pine tree, on the shore of Chesuncook, its branches soughing in the four winds, and every individual needle trembling in the sunlight; think how

does, at the head of the navigable waters of the Machias river. In past times many ships were fitted out there for the fishing-grounds, and even for foreign ports. Ship-building is still carried on to some extent; a vessel of several hundred tons was standing in the stocks below the town at the time of our visit. This little town figured prominently in the exciting scenes of the

Revolution. Here the first "naval battle" was fought, as the people of Machias are pleased to call it.

This happened in June, 1775, soon after the news of the battles of Concord, and Lexington reached the village. A British schooner, called "Margaretta," with forty men, came sailing up the river one day, accompanying, for the purpose of protection, two sloops which brought provisions to be exchanged for lumber. This lumber was for the use of the British who held possession of Boston, and to insure its safe arrival, they had sent the armed schooner. A few bold men, led by Benjamin Foster and Jeremiah O'Brien, determined to capture the cutter, and then take the sloops. They attempted to seize the officers in church, Sunday, June 11th, but warning was given them in time to escape through the windows. Soon after the cutter weighed anchor, and started down the river. The citizens at once took possession of the sloops and pursued. The one commanded by Foster ran aground, but O'Brien pluckily kept up the chase. As they ran into the bay at the mouth of the river, the sloop had gained a little on the "Margaretta." The sloop kept steadily lessening the distance, and as they put out to sea, came so close that shots were exchanged. The captain of the cutter was badly wounded; his vessel was soon boarded, and, after a short hand-to-hand fight, captured. The Americans had but few muskets, and in close fighting handled their axes and pitchforks with the vigor and skill acquired in fields and woods. The history of the sober little town is full of interesting stories and incidents — enough to make a volume. Indeed, several books of local history have already been published.

Machias is the ideal of an old "down East" village, with its hills, old houses and mansions, large, branching trees, the river fresh from the pine forests, the woods close at hand, and the sea but a Sabbath day's journey distant. No railroad has yet brought it out from its quiet retirement, and made it common. The people lead a life of purity and simple enjoyment, which its isolation makes possible. They have the best of schools, and take a hearty interest in what is going on in the outside world.

There was a quiet enjoyment in spending a bright, beautiful Sabbath in this cosy little town. It must have been long years before that day that knee-breeches had been seen in the pulpit of the church. Maybe, as the parson stood there, dressed in a style

that smacked of another time, some of the old, white-headed people had visions of other days, when such sights were more common.

Late that afternoon we wheeled out of the peaceful village, and across a few miles of hill and dale to Machias-port, where we went on board the boat, which left before daybreak the next morning, for Portland. It was a beautiful, calm evening. Just at sunset the Yachtsman, Whale, the Reporter, and the Editor wandered off for a little run. The shadows were settling down upon the waters of the bay, while the sunshine still lingered on a distant point.

The road ran around the edge of the bay, far out on this point, and we reached the end just as the sun had gathered in his last ray. In front lay the broad bay, running in and out the rugged shores. On one side it widened towards the sea, and was dotted with islands; on the other it stretched away inland, shut in by narrowing shores. As we rode back through the dark woods that covered the point, the cry of a boy calling the strayed cows came to our ears, and then the distant tinkle of a cow-bell; the ghoulish hoot of an owl grated upon the calm of evening.

"The holy time was quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration."

Out of the forest, we rode in the fresh, bright moonlight, back to the boat.

We were among the islands of the Maine coast when the party assembled on the hurricane deck of the steamer the next morning. In and out of the islands the vessel steamed; at one time in what seemed a bay; then heading out to sea, the shore line sinking down and growing dim. As we sat in groups under the lee of the pilot-house, chatting, and laughing, and singing, suddenly the Lawyer jumped to his feet and looked anxiously about him. He saw the receding land behind, and the open ocean ahead, upon whose waves the boat was beginning to rise and sink. There was a troubled look in his face. "Boys," he exclaimed, in thrilling, despairing tones, "I believe that darned captain is steering out to sea." The dejected look, the appealing outcry, brought a roar of laughter from his heartless companions. It was evident that his manly form and handsome face could do nothing for him then; he was human. In vain we tried to console him; but he would not be comforted. Ere long he was seen skulking along towards the stern, behind the boats and smoke-stack, making for the ladder.

All that clear, bright morning we sailed along the rugged, irregular coast, in and out among the rocky islands. The main land was always visible, sometimes so near that its hills and trees and cliffs stood out clear and distinct; again the coast dropped down to a low blue line. But always there was the bright blue above, the warm sunshine, and the brisk breeze sweeping the deck.

Never will the little party that disembarked at Bar Harbor forget the memorable and pleasant hours spent in wandering among the hills and mountains of the island of Mt. Desert! The President acted as captain; behind him rode Tom; then the Parson, Whale, K. K., the Governor, and a number of other strong, trusty riders.

Monday afternoon we sped out of Bar Harbor, along the road which leads to Schooner Head and Spouting Horn, where

"Full on the coast the great waves' thunder-shocks
Roll, and afar the wet foam-vapors fall."

After passing down the avenue of cottages we turned off to the right and were alone in the forest, in a dark cleft of the mountains. On one side rises Newport Mountain, overlooking the many-voiced ocean, the stately, silent listener to the midnight choruses which Great Head and Spouting Horn fling out on stormy nights. On the other side stands Dry Mountain, and beyond it, rough and bold, Green Mountain, —

— "beyond the wood,
Whose pines are heavy with the solitude,
Sacks all the space of sea and sky sublime."

The road was smooth and worn, but runs through the wildest of regions. Soon the sea came in view again at Otter's Cove. The road became more hilly and rougher. We walked down hills almost like precipices, holding back our wheels by bringing the handles over forward, and trundling them like wheel-barrows, in front of us, upon the large wheel, with the small one swinging in air. We rode through deep, narrow valleys, shut in on all sides by hills and mountains. The road wound about aimlessly, as it seemed; up rocky, steep hills, along level heights, giving, on the one hand, magnificent views of the far-reaching sea, sprinkled with islands and sails, and, on the other, views of deep valleys, with brawling streams; thickets of underbrush, wooded slopes,

and the ever-present overhanging mountains beyond. We alternately wheeled and walked along the rugged road. North-east Harbor was passed —

"Against the seaward reefs from time to time,
Some wave more bold and eager than its mates
Runs up, all white with hurrying, and waits,
And clings, as to a rugged verse the rhyme."

At Hadlock's Pond we ran into the shadow of Brown's Mountain, which, with its steep lofty sides, has but space enough for the road between its base and the water. The road becomes a dark avenue, shut in on one side by the steep, dark sides of the mountain, which almost hangs over the road, and on the other by thick trees, through the foliage of which we caught vistas of the lake and the peaks on the opposite side. It would be impossible to even mention all the glorious sights we had seen that day; but they have often been described, and are familiar to many.

It may be worthy of record that, on one of the many steep slopes that lead down to Eagle Lake, the President took his first fall in six thousand miles of riding. The hill began with a gentle declivity, but at a sudden turn it becomes steep and sharp. The President went around the curve, and seeing the steep incline below him, had just time to call back warning, when his wheel darted downwards at a fearful pace. The rest of the party dismounted safely before reaching the steep grade; but it was impossible for the President to stop or dismount. The foot of the hill was invisible in the woods below. He knew not what would happen if he kept on. There was but one thing to do, and the cool-headed President did that one thing. He fairly threw himself from his machine, and came tumbling down in the dirt, while the wheel was thrown over. A few bruises and a bent handle-bar, soon straightened by the Herculean Tom, were the only results. From the farther end of Eagle Lake a railroad runs up Green Mountain. We saw the speck of an engine creeping up its sides. It went so slowly that one had to sight it by a tree to see that it moved. Green Mountain towers above the rest of the peaks on the island, and seems almost conscious of its sovereignty.

"Thou gazest on the sea,
With fir-crowned stony brow that changes never;
We leave thee, in dumb mystery,
Dread Sprite! to heave that stony bulk forever."

The next morning we ran out to the Owens along a smooth, hard road, overlooking the bay. After loitering a while along the shore under the cliffs, where the water has washed out hollows and caves, the shape of which gives the place its name, we whirled back along the fine road, enjoying it the more from our rough ride of the day before.

Later in the day the party were lounging on the upper deck of the little steamer, "Mt. Desert," bound for Rockland, where we were to meet the boat for Boston. The sky was cloudless, the water as calm as an inland lake, the breeze fresh and invigorating. There on that glass-like sea, floating among the islands of Frenchman's Bay, with the peaks of Green Mountain, Brown,

and Pemetic in the distance, we will leave those pilgrims, whose wheel in Norambega was ended.

The story of their adventures will, I doubt not, be told around many a club-house fire for winters to come. And even after the wheelmen whose wanderings have been related shall be no more, and these records shall be dust, there will, no doubt, remain faint traditions of its lost glories. Mayhap it will be handed down that the President coasted Green Mountain, or Tom climbed the rough sides of the Chamcook; or perhaps men will only say, after the manner of old Kaspar in Southey's ballad, not knowing how or why, "It was a famous run."

John S. Phillips.

OVER THE ORTLER.

"What is Art? Here's my answer:
Leg of tramp, and toe of dancer."

"*In hoc signo vinces*," wrote the Journalist, with benumbed fingers, under the ill-proportioned Maltese cross, the drawing of which had occupied his whole attention for several minutes, and then he held the sole-leather instrument case at arm's length that his comrades might gaze upon his handiwork by the aid of the shimmering rays of the fire.

"Under that sign we *will* conquer," exclaimed the other American, the Explorer.

"Under that standard we *hope* to conquer," added the most confident of the four Cambridge men.

It was a strange-looking party, even for far-away Tyrol. Who were the strangers who have thus been introduced through the *vade mecum* of a hackneyed borrowing from the phrase-book?

They were tramps, who were indulging one of the noblest endowments that God gave man. All were mountaineers, — six from love of adventure, and two to gain a livelihood.

None were novices save the one first introduced, and all were determined men. One had earned renown in distant Iceland, where he had mastered the sky-piercing Herdubreid, the sphinx of that far-off land of sagas. Of the others, three had solved the mysteries of the Matterhorn, Mount Blanc, and the Jungfrau, and all were members of geographical societies and Alpine clubs.

Here they were, at the base of the Chevedale glacier, intent on leaving their footprints on the K enigspitz, — that pinnacle which stands supreme sentinel over the Ortler range of the Eastern Alps that so few travellers have had the courage to pay court to.

"We'll meet at Innsbruck on the 5th of August," was the magical message sent in January before, and on the day stated the sextette met in The Tyrol's historical capital, coming from England, Germany, and America. A day or two was passed in getting the necessary *impedimenta* together, and having necessary repairs attended to, and late in the forenoon of a drizzling day the six young athletes said good-by to the clothing and customs of every-day life, and set forth on a tramp, that was planned to take them over the Austrian frontier into Switzerland and Italy.

The route to the Ortler region led through the Sill valley and the Brenner pass, and then by way of Sterzing over the Jaufen pass, through the Passeyerthal, — where the name and exploits of Andreas Hofer, the peasant patriot, will ever be revered, — by way of Meran, with its tropical temperature, to Latsch, where the ascent was to begin.

The tramp of a hundred miles, with its occasional scrambles, had brought the young travellers into good condition for the work that was before them, and furnished no end of incidents that fostered pleasing impressions of the frugal and superstitious Tyrolese, who, unlike their Swiss cousins,

have yet to learn to regard tourists with favor only from the stand-point of personal profit.

At Latsch the luggage of the party was subjected to the pruning operation. The Irishman parted with his flannel cricket trousers and eye-glass with evident sorrow, and the pound of Cavendish was divided into six portions, with a nicety worthy of an apothecary's clerk. The knapsacks were repacked, and the aneroids and barometers were carefully tested. The alpenstocks, ice-axes, and ropes were further experimented with to discover any vulnerable point or strand, — a precaution that has become almost second nature with mountain climbers since the tragic death of Lord Douglass, and several of his following, on the Matterhorn, when Whymper and a single guide were left to tell the sad tale.

On the 13th of August the enthusiastic little party digressed from the travelled path at Latsch, where the aneroids registered but one thousand nine hundred and fifty feet above the sea level, and, following a stream whose source was the very glacier that they were journeying to, they scrambled over the rocks until their next resting-place was reached, — Badsalt, an Alpine village of less than a hundred souls, and whose altitude is three thousand seven hundred feet. This hamlet is the rendezvous of a band of daring mountaineers, who have earned distinction by their fearless work, and who are endorsed by the Alpine clubs of London and Vienna. Months before, two of them, Carl and Michel Hofmeister, had been engaged to meet the party that had chosen the grand old Ortler for the base of their operations. Both guides wore the medals of the London Alpine club, that had been given for safely conducting two Oxford geologists over the ice-field of the Chevedale. Each was a fine specimen of the native mountaineer, of proven valor and of lifelong familiarity with the heights and vales of the range of mountains that forms an almost impenetrable barrier between the domains of Austria and Italy.

The next day's climb was up precipitous bluffs and over yawning chasms, where every nerve had to be strained to its utmost tension, and where a misstep or an undercalculation of the width of a crevasse through which the glacier stream passed, would result in instant death. The Zudfall *hütte*, or cabin, was the objective point ;

but, before half the distance had been traversed, every member of the little expedition was drenched to the skin by the storm that had set in before the jingling bells on the necks of the goats and sheep grazing on the Badsalt plateau had been lost to the ears of the climbers. The last half of the jaunt was made through a driving rain, that gradually changed to snow as the altitude was increased, and when the Zudfall *hütte* was finally reached, the adventurers were stiff with cold. The little building had not been occupied since the summer before, the guides discovered on breaking open the door.

A fire was quickly kindled on the rude hearth, and in a few minutes the Hofmeisters had supper under way, the scantily provided locker of the cabin being drawn upon for the extracts of coffee and beef, the guides advising against opening the provision knapsacks except for one or two delicacies, such as Wienerschnitzel for Michel and Carl, and cognac for the others.

It was a scene long to be remembered for its weirdness, that presented itself with the opening of this sketch, an hour or two after the wayfarers had disposed of their frugal meal prepared eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The travellers were drying their rough garments by the fire that was made of the refuse bits of logs and planks left when the cabin was built; for, remember, even the hardy linden and fir cannot live in an altitude above four thousand feet, and that beyond seven thousand five hundred feet little else than gray moss is found, and that the line of eternal snow is established at eight thousand feet.

The young men's countenances reflected their thoughts, all save the Explorer, who was always unhappy when not in the very jaws of death. Even the Irish Baronet looked worried, and the faces of the guides were far from having a reassuring cast.

The elder Hofmeister once more returned from the little door that had to be barricaded to keep the gale from blowing it in, and in his German *patois* gave the expected intelligence that the snow was still falling, with very little prospect of abating for hours.

The climbers knew what the continuance of the storm, for another hour at least, meant, without having to be informed. It was that the hundreds of crevasses of the glacier would be hidden for days, and that to cross the enormous ice-

field, with its pitfalls hidden under a sheet of crusted snow, would be little short of sheer madness; and, if the storm kept up several days, as storms in the eastern Alps frequently do, what was to become of them!

The last person to run the gauntlet of the labyrinth-rifted Chevedale, according to the record found in the hut, was a well-known English climber, who had come over from the Italian side in the autumn before when there could have been very little danger, as the crevasses were then hermetically sealed under the hard surface of the glaciating snow.

"In the words of our beloved Mr. —, — some one, I can't think just who, — 'survive or perish, sink or swim,' I shall, with the help of the Creator, attempt to cross the Ortler to-morrow," calmly spoke the hero of Herdubreid and Mount Hecla, as he turned away, after a moment's observation at the door, whitened by the snow that clung to his garments.

"Where you lead I'll follow," added the Correspondent; "and, with the storm over, we'll leave this cabin at daybreak, if a guide will accompany us."

"I will go with you," the eldest Tyrolean said, slowly and with considerable gravity.

Then it was that the Journalist outlined the cross of Malta on the instrument-box, and added the quotation that came to his mind instinctively.

An hour later the six young men were either slumbering or courting sleep on their common couch of hay, and, from the sonorous tones that came from the opposite side of the hut with marked regularity, it was certain that the rest of the two hardy mountaineers was not disturbed by any apprehensions of the morrow, or by flitting visions of the past. They were asleep, soundly and positively.

The breakfast at 4 o'clock the next morning was eaten in silence. No one was in a mood for talking. The day was dawning, and a half-hour later the sharp point of the Koenigspitz reflected the golden rays of the sun, and that tooth of ice, whose height is without parallel in the Austro-Italian Alps, looked to be within easy reach. But how deceptive!

The little party left their names in the cabin register, and filed solemnly out of the door that had been so welcome to them the day before. There was no jesting, and the two Americans forgot even to continue the friendly rivalry with the four Cam-

bridge alumni, concerning the relative merits of the New World and the Old. The guides were silent, save when called upon to answer questions so directly put that evasion would be an incivility. The walk at first was through snow knee-deep; but when the terminal moraine that was to be the point of entrance to the great glacier was reached, after an hour's climbing, the lightest of the adventurous band found footing on the crust, but with an occasional sinking to the knees when the feet touched a vulnerable spot in nature's frosting.

A halt was made on some erratic boulders that had been captured by the principal moraine on the Austrian side in its slow but positive march. The stop was for consultation, and old Carl urged that as little time as possible be lost; for, said he, "Our only hope of getting over the cracks is while the crust is strong enough to bear us; five hours of this sun, and we are in danger of losing our lives."

The Englishmen were conversing in low tones meanwhile, and when they beckoned the two bare-kneed Tyroleans to them the Americans divined the result of the council.

"We cannot take the foolhardy risk of attempting to cross with this green snow on the ice; but, if you persist in the undertaking, may God be with you. *We will cross the Ortler*, but not to-day!" was soon shouted to the New Englanders by one of the other party, whose bravery had been established by a daring ascent of the Matterhorn in 1881.

"We are determined to make the effort, and make it we will," was the answer that was reverberated by the rarefied air.

After a hasty handshaking all around the young travellers separated, the Britishers and Michel cheering on the daring trio that were scrambling up the side of the moraine, and when the edge of the ice plateau was gained three rousing cheers were given by the Americans for their friends three hundred feet below, which were answered by a salvo of shouts, that continued long after the abrupt edge of the glacier had shut them out from view.

"Perhaps the boys were right in waiting for the snow to glacyfy," said the Traveller; "but we're in for it now, and nothing but bad luck will keep us from sleeping in Italy to-night," he continued reassuringly.

At the next halt the three were roped together, as they were getting into the locality where the great rifts began the season before, the guide said.

Carl took the lead, with two folds of the

rope around his waist, and, thirty feet behind, the Journalist was girdled by the stout line, the post of honor being given him owing to his limited experience. His companion brought up the rear, thirty feet behind.

The aneroid indicated eleven thousand five hundred feet at 9 o'clock, and the third rest was being taken. The crust was still unyielding, and there had been a lack of incident for more than an hour, save the loss of the Journalist's ice-axe, that had slipped from its fastening on the top of his knapsack, and, striking its steel-shod handle on the snow, had broken the crust and gone through into a rift of unknown depth.

The canteens were drawn upon for cognac sufficient to wash down the luncheon of eggs and schnitzel, and old Carl had shouldered the haversack again, and the journey was about to be resumed towards the base of the Koenig, whose peak rises like a huge dome, and near the top of which appears a projection of ice that is surrounded by the jaws of a yawning chasm, with an overhanging cornice of ice running from base to crown, which must be traversed if one would gain the uppermost pinnacle. It appears sheer madness to attempt to scale this king of the Ortler, but the enthusiastic climber shrinks from nothing short of certain destruction.

"If we can get to the berg we'll be beyond the dangers of this honeycombed desert of ice," said Carl; "but the hardest work will begin there. Let's hasten, for this sun" —

What had befallen Carl? He had disappeared as by magic!

The travellers knew by the strain on the rope what had happened. Their faithful guide was in a crevasse, and they felt themselves being drawn towards the aperture in the ice-crested snow!

The ready-witted Explorer knew what ought to be done, and in a moment both the young men were braced in the snow. The rope was cutting into the Journalist's body and hands; but the burden of the weight was quickly transferred to an alpenstock that was stepped in the solid ice a foot under the snow. The Traveller unslung the coil of rope at his side, and, crawling on his stomach over the imaginary line of the rift which held the old mountaineer captive, threw it down the opening. It was instantly grasped, telling the alarmed climbers that old Carl was not stunned by the fall, as they had feared.

"Yes; the old fellow is all right, even if he is in the parenthesis of nowhere, suspended by the thread of destiny," the Explorer said, lapsing into his jocular vein.

A concerted pull brought Carl into view, and another landed him well out on the crust. He was bleeding from a scratch on the head and a cut on the knee, where he had struck the rough sides of the chasm in his downward flight. But Carl was not to be crippled by anything so slight, and after saying "Donnervetter," two or three times, while he was getting himself into shape again, he was ready to proceed. He had lost his hat and alpenstock, but his long-handled axe made a good substitute for the latter.

The altitude of the sun, by this time, demanded the greatest caution, and stops were called for every few minutes. But it was noticed that neither the guide nor either of his following re-established himself on his feet on the very spot where he had sat or lain at full length during one of these breathing-spells. Experience and observation had taught them better. Upward and onward the travellers kept going, the monotony of their work being frequently relieved by one of them disappearing beneath the snow, taxing the others to get him out again. By mutual agreement a draught from the spirit-flask was the balm that healed the injuries of the unfortunate as soon as he was drawn from the subterranean depths; but, as there very soon arose a suspicion that a certain member of the party was only too willing to exchange a fall into a crevasse for a swallow of brandy, the custom was vetoed, as it were, by a two-thirds vote.

When the outline of the distant Piz Bernina came into view, far beyond the nearest slope of the Koenigspitz, Carl said they were about on the *landesgrenze*, or dividing-line, between Austria and Italy.

Force of habit almost made the Americans open their knapsacks and turn their pockets inside out, so that the imaginary customs' officer could assure himself that King Humbert's laws were not being transgressed by smuggling quantities of tobacco and spirits into his territory.

But there was no customs' station, and, had there been, the less than a score of venturesome people who pass the border by way of the Ortler every season would hardly suffice to keep the dozen military martinets, who would have to be stationed there, from perpetual *ennui*.

For once, certainly, American tourists entered Italy without having their luggage ransacked by gaudily dressed representatives of the crown, who can scent a package of tobacco with surprising facility.

When the base of the spitz, that lifts its haughty head 2,000 feet above the inclined plane, forming the Chevedale glacier, was reached, the sturdy climbers were well-nigh exhausted, and were doubtless silently thanking the Providence that had watched over them in the positions of peril in which they had been on that mid-August day. Each had scratches, cuts, and bruises to look after, and each did his share in preparing the noon meal. The Explorer's spirit-lamp was first called upon to reduce a few handfuls of snow to water to dilute the cognac with, and then to soften — melt, the Journalist called it — the extract of beef. Many famous *table d'hôtes* have furnished less enjoyable repasts than the one that was prepared and eaten on the Ortler, at a height of 12,250 feet, and with snow-covered mountains of three countries almost within rifle-shot!

The Correspondent gave evidence of his determination to be cheerful, by remarking that there was an excellent chance for an ambitious landlord to establish a hotel on the spot; he could be truthful when he advertised the scenery as unsurpassed, the nights cool, no mosquitoes, the air always invigorating, and grate-fires comfortable even on midsummer mornings.

"And might add, 'Skating the year round,' by way of novelty," suggested his comrade.

Once more the safety-line was adjusted, and the ice-axes and alpenstocks called into use. Up, over the primary moraine, the trio crawled and gained the *arête*, which narrow ridge led the tortuous way to the peak of the Koenig. It was a grateful change from the glacier, with its constant hidden dangers, to the berg, that displayed its perils boldly. The snow, moistened by the sun, made the footing good, and the occasional cliff of denuded ice was easily scaled by means of steps cut by the guide. The sensitive instruments worked admirably with the rarefied atmosphere; and the "log," as the Journalist termed the record of the observations and altitudes that he set down in his book at stated intervals, would prove a grateful acquisition to the literature of this seldom-visited range, the Explorer said.

The ascent two-thirds made, the experienced eyes of the guide descried a dark

cloud approaching, that he contemplated with ominous silence. On it came, with a roar sounding like distant thunder, and the young men did not have to be told that there was every indication that in a very few minutes they would be in the midst of a *tourmente*, — a whirlwind peculiar to high regions.

They chose the most inviting spot within immediate reach on which to meet the impending storm, and had no sooner gained the little plateau, protected by a ledge of ice, before the furies burst upon them. Each of the travellers laid flat, with face downward, and holding firmly to the serrated edge of the ice-ledge. The force of the *tourmente* was quickly spent; then followed a dense snowfall, accompanied by gusts of wind that sent the flakes flying in clouds that confined their vision to a very limited space. The climbers, half buried in the snow, retained recumbent positions so long that they found their limbs growing numb. But in a few minutes more they had resumed their climb, and were cautiously but surely nearing the peak, that was again resplendent under the rays of the sun.

Their courage was fired by the belief that victory would be theirs in another half hour if no accident befell them, and not for a moment did they think of their exhaustion or their bruised and cut hands and legs. Does the person "seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth" shrink at the moment of success or defeat?

So, with buoyant hearts and steady heads, they overcame obstacle after obstacle, and at 2 o'clock the three men were standing erect on the uppermost spur of the Koenig.

What a panorama was spread at their feet! What grandeur! What sublimity! Hundreds of peaks, range beyond range, met the gaze; but nowhere was there a break in the vista, — white everywhere, except an occasional low-lying cloud, that hung lazily over neighboring bergs, but hundreds of feet below the top of the Koenig. The binocular telescope penetrated the distance, however, and far away to the south-west the plains of Lombardy could be descried, and here and there the eye could find a resting-place on mother earth, — bright oases in that desert of ice and snow.

Turning their faces in the direction from which they had come, the travellers gave three cheers for Austria and The Tyrol; then, turning toward the Piz Bernina, three

hearty cheers were given for Switzerland, followed by three more for the kingdom on whose northern boundary they were standing, — Italy.

“We mustn't forget ourselves,” ventured the patriotic Correspondent, and twice three lusty cheers were given for the United States of America, the shouts being accompanied by the reckless swinging of poles and hats by way of emphasis.

The pointing hand of the aneroid had nearly made the circuit of the dial-plate, and, when the keeper of the log held the little instrument as high as he could reach, the finger rested midway between fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty and fourteen thousand three hundred feet.

The young men were disturbed in their silent contemplation of the grand spectacle by the guide, who urged the necessity of beginning the descent at once.

The greatest caution had to be exercised in the downward journey, and while there was every incentive to venture an occasional slide down the sides of some of the less precipitous ridges, the advice of old Carl consoled his wards to making the descent of the spitz as the ascent had been made, — by careful steps, and with the bodies always braced by the alpenstocks.

It was a short stretch from the foot of the Koenig across the glacier to the point where the men were untied to resume their individual pace and method of progress.

Sliding was now practicable, and, with alpenstocks or axe-poles trailing behind for the double purpose of steering and regulating their speed, the adventurers made quick time in reaching the final moraine, that penetrated a gradually widening valley to a considerable distance, forming, eventually, a rushing stream of glacier-water.

It was with feelings of exultant satisfaction that the travellers passed the line of demarcation and gained a footing on *terra firma*.

Down, down, they went, until they found themselves traversing a path well worn by the Italian peasants, who keep their flocks of sheep and goats high up the mountain side. Here and there they saw lonely shepherds tending their herds; and, suddenly, as they were pursuing their journey with considerable speed, two young women were discovered coming up the valley on the

backs of meek-eyed donkeys. The attire of the equestriennes told the tourists that they were nearing a mountain resort, where summer travellers probably affected ribbon-bedecked staffs, blue hat-veils, and other notions, always for sale at mountain hotels.

The ladies were within five hundred feet of the three rough-looking men before they were aware of their presence. One look was all that was needed to assure the young ladies that the uncouthly dressed men were brigands. The girls wheeled their steeds about in a hurry, and urged them down the valley at the utmost speed compatible with safety.

The two Americans and their man Friday reached the little village of St. Caterina at 5.30 o'clock, and the throng of Milanese aristocrats who monopolize its hostelry, going there to drink the mineral water that bubbles from the ground, and to profit by the rare atmosphere afforded by its elevation of six thousand five hundred feet, separated to allow the strangers to enter by the principal door-way. They were well-received, for banditti, and when it was learned in the evening, from the guide, that his companions had successfully crossed the Ortler with him, and that the young men were Americans, their arrival became a popular topic of conversation, and when the youths appeared at dinner the next day, with faces and hands flecked with plasters hiding their scratches, they were heartily greeted by the warm-souled Italians.

That evening the Explorer's stiffened joints became limbered after an hour's waltzing with one of the fair young ladies who the day before was quite positive he was a brigand, and during the course of the evening's pleasures it was noticed that the cluster of edelweiss plucked by the Explorer near Zudfall, after a sharp climb over a ledge of ragged rocks, was pinned at her corsage.

The next morning the tramp was resumed, the route leading by way of the Bormio and Bernina passes and the Bernina Hospice, to St. Moritz, in Switzerland, and then through the Engadine valley to Lake Como, where a holiday tramp and climb of nearly two hundred and fifty miles came to an end, and where it was learned that the Englishmen had returned to Latsch to make additional preparations for again attempting the Ortler.

Frederic Courtland Penfield.

OUT-OF-DOORS IN PHILADELPHIA.

IN Philadelphia and vicinity there are many enthusiasts in out-door sports; but they are quiet in their pursuits. It is only when what are regarded as important events occur, that their doings are reported in the daily papers. There is a Sunday journal called *The Sporting Life*, which has reached an enormous circulation; but it is a paper the general public seldom see. It notes carefully and in detail all sporting movements. The Germantown Cricket Clubs are organizations composed of young men connected with the best families of that locality, and with them are associated clubs of ladies, for lawn tennis and the like. They also have their in-door social entertainments, and are very prominent in the life of that neighborhood, where reside some of the richest citizens. It was announced, about a year ago, that a great Casino, with conveniences for all games, was to be erected in Germantown, and influential names were connected with the project; but it has apparently fallen through. West Philadelphia has numerous associations for out-door sports, and any fair day ladies and gentlemen may be seen upon the handsome lawns surrounding the houses, engaged at lawn tennis.

The Hare and Hounds Club and the Rose Tree Club are very active organizations. The Sportsman's Club has a large membership. The Philadelphia Sparring and Fencing Club is a very exclusive society, and objects to newspaper notice. Although it has been in existence a number of years, I never saw it referred to but once in our local journals; and away from home it is not known of at all. The bicyclists, as THE WHEELMAN told its readers so well, and with such full particulars, some months since, are innumerable. There is no hour or day when you may not meet them in the Park, and sometimes, on Sunday especially, they ride down Market street, often to near the Delaware. The Park Commission, for a wonder, is very liberal in its rules concerning bicycles. Since several of the squares or parks in the heart of the city have been improved with flag pavements, bicyclists often make use of them. They are allowed the outer paths; they make long trips into the country, occasionally attending church in suburban towns, five or six miles off, take dinner, and then back to the city. They

go on longer journeys also,—to Lancaster, Reading, and other cities in the interior. The banks of the Schuylkill are lined with the houses of boating-clubs, a majority of them very handsome and expensive structures. I should say there are about twenty-four of these clubs. Their membership is largely among the well-to-do people. Glorious dinners are given now and then. They have large eight, ten, and twelve oared barges, luxuriously fitted up, and summer evenings the Schuylkill, near their houses, is covered with these boats, carrying happy parties of ladies and gentlemen,—invited guests. They are very active in their practice; the club members are on the river in their shells in light boating costumes every day. The historic State in Schuylkill flourishes as of yore, but only the high and mighty are admitted to its wonderful feasts. Though The State in Schuylkill has often been described and illustrated in print, yet it must still remain much of a mystery to all but its own inhabitants, and the very few they invite to its territory. The shooting-clubs and fish-houses, where you meet the famous Fish-house punch, so innocent in taste, but so quick and powerful in operation, are not to be counted. They are located on both the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers. On the latter, below and above the city, there are a number of magnificent structures. The most famous are situated at Holly Oak, where they dot the shore for a stretch of half a mile. On the New Jersey shore, about Billingsport, there are half-a-dozen clubs from this city, who own as many houses. Up the river the most pretentious houses are on the cove back of Petty's Island; and all the way up to Bristol can be seen, on either shore, neat houses owned by Philadelphians, and used exclusively for gunning and fishing. The figure would not be overestimated, to say that there are not less than one hundred such houses within twenty miles, north and south of the city. These clubs include men of all classes among their members, from the millionaire merchant to the fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk.

Yachting is also very popular in Philadelphia, and is confined to the Delaware river. There are twenty-one clubs, the most conspicuous being the Quaker City, composed of schooners and sloops. The

Philadelphia, with its three classes of yachts, none of which are over fifteen feet in length, is the oldest, and has upon its roll over sixty boats. The Southwork Club, composed of double-enders, has lately reached prominence by producing some of the swiftest yachts that ever spread canvas on the river. The others are chiefly composed of large craft.

A few years since, the city had some ten or fifteen skating-clubs, and as many parks, — enclosed flooded fields, which were frequented alike by ladies and gentlemen. Skating then was more than fashionable. A band of music was always in attendance; there were skates to hire, and comfortable, warm waiting and retiring rooms; there were even restaurants, and it certainly seemed as if these parks were to be permanent establishments. But all at once they disappeared as mysteriously as did Aladdin's palace, and now there is not one in the city. All the real-ice skating we have is when the Schuylkill is sufficiently frozen. Of course this change has put skating out of the good books of the ladies, and more's the pity. Roller-skating was quite popular for a while, and a large rink devoted to it for some time did excellent business; but it, too, lost favor, and has now very few friends.

There is a great deal of horseback-riding, and numerous riding-schools; and cavalcades of ladies and gentlemen go out for exercise and practice under the charge of the masters in the park. The early morning is the usual time, and a ride to the dairy for fresh milk is the proper thing. Another sight often witnessed in the park is the flying of carrier-pigeons, for which sport there is something of a mania in Philadelphia. While the park is very enjoyable from the various pastimes I have mentioned, it is undeniable that the feeling exists that the Park Commission could make it much more so if they would. They permit very much, but they actually encourage nothing. They might, it is thought, establish numerous out-door amusements within the boundaries of this immense reservation, which would make it more truly the pleasure-ground of the whole people. At the University of Pennsylvania the young men show great interest in all out-door sports; they stand very high among colleges in this respect, and in other respects, also, I hope. Foot-ball, cricket, with boating, are its favorites, and they are now organizing a lacrosse club. The admirers

of lacrosse claim that it can be played in any degree of cold, and that it is peculiarly adapted to the autumn and early spring months. Heretofore, when the ground was too hard for foot-ball, there was nothing to take its place. They now say that lacrosse will fill this void. The University Athletic Association is growing in importance, and they propose to put up buildings and fit up grounds at their own expense. They appeal, however, to the alumni and the general public for assistance, and no doubt subscriptions will be generous. There is a large amount of land about the University, and so plenty of room for nearly everything in the nature of sports. The University has a department for physical culture, which was established last May, and is under the charge of distinguished physicians.

Our fashionable people, possibly through whim, and not through thought, are living out of doors to a surprising degree. Many families remain at their country-houses almost indefinitely, returning to their city residences only about Christmas; then they are back again to the country before spring is fairly opened. They go from there to their seaside villas, only to return again for the fall months. These country residences are usually filled with guests, invited after the English fashion, — cards informing them how long they are expected to stay. There is an unceasing round of gayeties, of course including long rides and drives. Atlantic City has its most fashionable patronage in the fall and after the Christmas holidays. Even New Yorkers are then attracted to this resort. Cape May is also ambitious for cold-weather patronage, and it is an ambition that receives some encouragement. Several hotels there, and at Cape May Point, are open. However they came to adopt this new method, it must be for the good of the society folks, far preferable to nothing but balls and crowded receptions. But you must not suppose that city society life has died out. That is as lively and brilliant as ever, but they are mixing considerable country and pure air with it.

It would not do to close without saying a word of the base-ball clubs, but any particularization of these organizations would be impossible. Naturally, since base ball is so much of a professional game, it can hardly come under the head of what we recognize as out-door recreations, for with many of the players it is a business rather than a pleasure.

J. W. Forney.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

PERHAPS there is no other portion of the civilized community where the future prospects of the wheel are in a more roseate, healthy, and prosperous condition, than in the colonies which form the continent of Australasia. In the Southern Hemisphere bicycling is but in its infancy, and has, besides, many obstacles to surmount, some of which are of considerable magnitude. However, there is little reason to doubt that these will eventually be successfully overcome; for the colonial youth, although lacking in some qualities, is not without that bull-dog pluck and tenacity which has, for centuries past, been so proudly associated with his English forefathers.

The exact date upon which the first bicycle of the kind now so extensively in use was first imported into the colonies is somewhat uncertain; but, as far as I can ascertain, it was about the month of July in the year 1876. The rider and envied possessor of this particular "steely steed" brought down upon himself popular prejudice in a most practical form, which at times assumed the shape of road metal, and profanity of the keenest kind. However, as time rolled along, other 'cycles found their way to our shores, and eventually, about the month of August, 1878, a club was successfully formed, under the title of "The Melbourne Bicycle Club." From that time the sport gradually increased. Young men, with a perception perhaps beyond their years, clearly saw the very many excellent uses to which the 'cycle could be put, as well as its admirable qualities as an inexpensive means of obtaining healthy and harmless relaxation and recreation. It is not to be wondered at, then, that there are now so many associations devoted to the furtherance of the pastime here.

Victoria can fairly claim to be the hub around which the southern 'cycle revolves. That particular colony boasts more wheel clubs than the other colonies united together. New clubs are upon the increase, and on the 1st day of October, 1883, the date upon which I pen this, it is clearly evident that a golden halo throws its lustrous light upon the glowing horizon of Southern Wheeldom.

It was not until January of last year that

the monotony of club life was agreeably dispelled. Previous to that date club runs, meetings, tours, and races had comprised the sole doings of our World of Wheels. The successful competitors in these races invariably preferred, and accepted, cash in preference to trophies, probably being of a commercial turn of mind. There was then no distinction on the path. The rider who accepted money competed against the rider who accepted a trophy; and there is every probability that cyclistic affairs would have continued to remain in this chaotic condition had not a Union been founded for the special purpose of regulating this and the many other evils which began, as the sport increased, to threaten its ultimate success. On the date above mentioned appeared the first number of *The Bicycle*, "a bi-monthly journal of bicycling news in all the Australian colonies," and which enjoyed a successful run of nine months, under the editorship of Mr. T. A. Edwards, when it was merged into the *Australian Bicycling News*,—a larger journal, which still continues to make its appearance on every alternate week.

On the 6th of February of the same year was founded, on the basis of the English Bicycle Union, the Australian 'Cyclists' Union. The inaugural meeting was attended by the following gentlemen: J. A. R. Clarke, H. C. Bagot, R. Fergusson, T. A. Edwards, E. G. Glass, J. Lugton, J. Manson, A. Lewis, W. E. Adams, J. Metcalfe, T. B. Vallentine, F. J. Empson, H. J. Hobday, and W. H. Lewis.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Edwards, Clarke, and Manson, was appointed to frame a code of rules and regulations, which, at a subsequent meeting, held on the 2d of March, after undergoing discussion, modification, and alteration, were finally unanimously adopted. The objects and rules of the association are almost identical with those of the English B.U., the former of these being as follows:—

1. To secure a fair and equitable administration of justice as regards the rights of 'cyclists on the public roads.
2. To watch the course of any legislative proposals in Parliament or elsewhere affecting the interests of the 'cycling public, and to make such

representations on the subject as the occasion may demand.

3. To secure to the Union universal jurisdiction over handicapping in all 'cycling races held in the Australian colonies where there are club members of the Union.

4. To settle all important questions relative to 'cycling, and to judge, as a supreme tribunal without appeal, all difficulties amongst 'cyclists in the Australian colonies.

5. To procure for tourists desirable information relative to their journey.

6. To examine the question of 'cycle-racing in general, and to frame definitions and recommend rules on the subject. To arrange for annual race-meetings, at which the amateur championships shall be decided.

Of these, three have been carried out with success, whilst the remainder have yet to be dealt with, and will, it is to be earnestly hoped, meet with a similar consummation. The Australian 'Cyclists' Union, although it has been in existence but twenty months, has accomplished much that will eventually operate to procure that immaculateness of the "art" for which purpose it was originally partly founded. For instance, it has, after a severe but determined struggle, clearly distinguished an amateur from a professional rider, and by this action has become the recipient of the animosity and implacability of that particular section which is always to be found in every athletic sport throughout the universe; and which, whilst desiring to compete for money prizes in preference to trophies, still wish to preserve their amateur status in its integrity. This much-vexed, and apparently never-to-be-settled, question has caused considerable discussion and dissension of a somewhat heated nature amongst Australian wheelmen. The section referred to is continually agitating either for a modification or rejection of the rule. But I rejoice to say that, so far, their efforts have been futile. May they continue so until the end of time!

Through the efforts of the A.C.U. a substantial reduction has been brought about upon the carriage of bicycles upon the Victorian railway lines, which has in very numerous instances proved a great boon to many a tourist. It has also been the direct means of having a cinder racing-track laid down around the Scotch College Cricket Ground, which is the only path of the kind in the colonies. This, however, will not be available for practical purposes until the termination of the present winter months, as it requires a great quantity of water, in order that it may set in a proper manner; and the rains which prevail at this par-

ticular season of the year will, it is anticipated, bring about the beneficial result so impatiently desired. It will therefore be seen that the A.C.U., in spite of its brief existence, has been of pronounced benefit and valuable advantage, both to the sport and its numerous votaries.

It is the intention of the gentlemen who compose the Council of the colonial governing bodies of 'cycling, in the course of time, to establish a branch upon the basis of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, so that a special hotel tariff will exist to 'cyclists when touring throughout the colonies; and will also combine the other excellent practical advantages of that English body. This is an exigency long experienced, and one which is becoming daily more palpable, with the growth of bicycling and tri-cycling; and without doubt, when this intended addition to the benefits to be derived from membership of the A.C.U. has been proclaimed *un fait accompli*, the Council will receive from all Australian wheelmen that further support, and those hearty congratulations, that their zeal and energy in promoting the interests and the welfare of the pastime most certainly will deserve.

As regards clubs, there are many in our midst. Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, and the queen city of the South, has alone some fourteen wheel associations; whilst in the country districts there are, at the least, some twenty-two clubs. New South Wales boasts about eight, South Australia three, Tasmania three, Western Australia one, Queensland one. 'Cycle races are continually being decided; and so fascinating are these contests now becoming to the mind of the outside public, who formerly regarded the wheel as an object of nuisance, and a thing to be firmly put down, that scarcely a sport's programme is arranged without allotting a prominent position to bicycle events; and the fact has now become permanently established that, as regards excitement, a wheel race supercedes any other kind of athletic competition.

On the whole, however, colonial clubs have chiefly confined their operations to the road and to the path, few having undertaken with any spirit to fully develop that feeling of good-fellowship which is almost unconsciously attached to 'cycling. Lately, however, our leading club, the Normandy B. and T.C., held its first annual ball, which was attended by all the wealth and beauty of our southern city.

The success which attended this undertaking in the Terpsichorean line has stirred several others of our B.C.'s into social activity; and the gratifying result is, that we are now promised three balls, besides several other entertainments, mostly savoring of the "smoker" type.

It is not so long since that to traverse 100 miles under 12 hours was considered in our world of wheels a feat of more than ordinary merit; but, lately, this distance has been covered within the stipulated time by so many riders that the novelty is fast wearing away. The best Australian 100 miles' record is accredited to Mr. George Burston, who occupies the position of captain of the Melbourne B.C.; and, as the features of his run will probably prove of interest to your readers, if you can spare me space, I will describe them tersely.

Sunday was the day selected to attempt his feat; Mr. Burston, no doubt, believing in the venerable saw, "The better the day the better the deed." The route chosen was from Ballarat, — one of our largest inland mining cities, — *via* Gulong, to Melbourne.

It was cold and dark, at 6.10, when he mounted his bicycle and commenced his arduous journey. For several days previously heavy rains had prevailed, and the roads, therefore, were in a wretched condition, and not at all conducive to record cutting. The stagnant pools of water, with which the ruts in the road were filled, were covered with a thin film of transparent ice, and the coldness in the atmosphere, being intense, had the effect of increasing our rider's exertions, in order that a genial warmth might be generated.

The little township of Elaine (20 miles) was reached at 8.10, and as the road now began to improve the pace was quickened to nearer 20 miles an hour. Meredith, Lethbridge, and Leigh Road were passed in succession, and it was not until Batesford Hill (48 miles) had to be negotiated, that our traveller made his first dismount, at 10.24. Twenty-eight minutes later, and the remaining 6 miles had been covered and Gulong reached. But 20 minutes were lost here in resting, when a fresh start was made, the rider now enjoying a slight breeze on his back. After crossing the Little river the rain, which had been threatening all the morning, began to descend in torrents. Twenty minutes were lost in walking over a mile of bad road; but as it improved so did the pace, with the result that the township Werribee was reached at 1.37 P.M. Another rest of 20 minutes, and

once more was the 56-inch sent humming merrily along. After passing through the borough of Footscray the road thence to the metropolis was found variable; in fact, very much variable; but, eventually, the 100 miles were completed by 4 P.M. The successful issue of this tedious journey will have the effect of permanently establishing Mr. Burston's reputation as one of our best road-riders, and he has consequently received that praise which is the due of every plucky wheelman.

Although Australians have performed creditably on the road, their efforts on the track are also of a somewhat high order. Southern 'cyclists, as compared with their English brethren and American cousins, are placed at a great disadvantage as regards the quality and condition of the paths at their disposal. In Melbourne there are but four, and of this number one only is at the present time really fit to permit 'cycle contests to be decided upon its surface; whilst another, the Union track, will, as soon as it can be moulded into proper form, be the *crème de la crème* of racing-rinks in the colonies. As regards the tracks in the country districts they are simply execrable. In spite, however, of all these disadvantages and drawbacks, W. S. Hazelton, also a prominent member of the Melbourne B.C., succeeded in March, of last year, in completing a mile, in connection with a club handicap, in the excellent time of 2m. 43½ secs., which is, I believe, the second fastest for the distance placed on record. It will be seen that it is but 2½ seconds slower than H. L. Cortis' best; and, when the quality of the two tracks is taken into consideration, I think that a great number of your readers will coincide in thinking with me that the colonial's performance is equal in merit to that of the "Wondrous Wanderers."

Touring is carried on with great avidity by all sections of riders; and this is not to be wondered at when the many attractions which our provincial districts contain are taken into consideration. The scenery to be viewed when traversing our country routes is of a variable character, — from the mountains, covered with gigantic specimens of the *Eucalyptus*, and thick undergrowth, affording a safe refuge to timid marsupials and the treacherous snake; to the flat, undulating country, having only here and there, in the space of many miles, an occasional oasis in the shape of a friendly "public," whereat the weary rider may dismount and recuperate his energies.

We have roads that lead to the sandy shingle of the ocean; and others that terminate in the haunts of the umbrageous fern, under the fronds of which nothing is more enchanting, or more renovating to the inhabitant of the city, than to peacefully lie and dream away the fleeting hours. Again, the country folks are, on the whole, an unexceptionally hospitable class of people; and the majority of them are but too glad to extend to the traveller, be he the rider of a 'cycle, or the "humper" of a swag, every possible kindness and attention. The hotels through which one passes when on an Australian tour, although unostentatious as regards external appearances, are found, upon inspecting the interiors, to be of the cleanest kind; whilst meals, and other necessary accommodation, are extremely reasonable in price, and, as far as quality is concerned, calculated to satisfy the tastes and desires of all except the extremely fastidious.

We, like you, have our "cads on castors," who appear to strive their utmost, by their ungentlemanly behavior and illegal transgressions, when riding along the highways, to bring the sport into disrepute with the non-cycling public,—a class of people, who should, even at considerable personal inconvenience, be conciliated, and made to look upon the pastime with a pleasing eye. Owing to the liberty which 'cyclists, one and all, hitherto enjoyed without the slightest restrictions on the part of the authorities, having been most grossly abused by the above class of riders, the Melbourne, and several other Municipal Corporations, found it imperative to frame special by-laws, with a view to regulate 'cycular traffic, and the course they found so necessary to adopt has already had a beneficial effect. A number of riders have appeared before the justices at various times for failing to carry lamps after nightfall, and for indulging in the prohibited luxury of footpath riding; but

in no instance have the offenders been mulcted in a heavier sum than one shilling, with the customary costs.

It will, therefore, be seen, from what I have asserted in this article, that Australia is beyond a doubt a fitting field for the ultimate growth of the 'cycle to enormous dimensions; and there is every probability for assuming that when the wheel has become more extensively used by the youth of the colonies, it will tend, in a great measure, to increase and strengthen both the physical and the moral condition of Australians as a people; and that the benefits derived now from the pursuit of such a healthful and excellent exercise will have the effect of making the next generation of colonials one of the strongest and sturdiest nations in the world.

The 'cycle has already exercised considerable influence over our young men from a social point of view; and there is, to my mind, every reason to believe that as manhood suffrage is in vogue in our midst, and as the majority of our riders have attained that age which entitles them to participate in the election of parliamentary representatives, in a few years hence the influence of the wheel in our political world will prove of no small order. Happily, however, up to the present time no occasion has arisen to necessitate 'cyclists to put this dormant power to the test. They enjoy the free use of all highways; they are regarded, and consequently treated, as gentlemen; and they have likewise that which is apparently generally denied to our English brethren, namely, impartial justice meted out to them in every court of law throughout the colonies. Therefore, under all these truly advantageous circumstances, let us adopt as our motto for the wheel the long-established and universally recognized device of our country: "ADVANCE AUSTRALIA."

Thomas A. Edwards.



THE TWIDDLE TWINS.

It was a sultry August day. The sky was covered with a thick blanket of clouds, which yielded no cooling rain, and scarcely moved in the still air. Though these clouds shut out the direct rays of the sun, they also seemed to shut out every breath of wind, and to pen in and reflect back the quivering heat which rose from the steaming earth. The road was deserted. Its length of baked gravel and clay stretched away a silent and lonely whitish-yellow streak across the languid landscape. Mr. Twiddle drove his wheel along with a faint and half-wilted indifference as to whether he ever arrived anywhere. He had the whole road to himself, and he took improper liberties with it, wobbling all over its glowing breadth, with many lazy side-lurches, as if he did not care how many rods to the mile he made of it. It was so hot—so almost infernally hot—that nobody else was abroad on the highway. Man and beast remained at home. As he rode the sweat poured from every pore of his body, and enveloped him in a filmy steam that would have been almost visible if anybody had been there to see him. Where he was riding the road traversed a wood, without a house within a mile of him, either before or behind. This wood on either side, instead of looking cool and inviting, seemed like two rows of vast ovens, out of whose myriad mouths exhaled a heated air, making the highway thus walled in still more insufferably sultry. The woods seemed tiresome because of their monotonous silence and sameness. No squirrel rustled their leaves; no bird flitted among their branches; even the insects had retired to the deeper shades to seek shelter from the heat.

Presently Mr. Twiddle rolled slowly across a wooden bridge spanning a ravine, through which flowed a sluggish brook. If the water of this brook had exhibited a lively motion, if it had looked cool, clear, and inviting, for either drinking or bathing, Mr. Twiddle would have been tempted to leave his saddle and refresh himself by bathing his head, neck, and arms in its current. But its water flowed slowly and looked dark and warm; the banks were steep, and the exertion of dismounting and going down to the water appeared a

greater task than his languid ambition was willing to undertake.

Nevertheless, after riding two or three rods beyond the bridge, Mr. Twiddle suddenly checked his wheel. He came so nearly to a stand-still that he lost his balance and dismounted after a few preliminary wobbles. Then he leaned one arm on his saddle and stared sharply, with his mouth ajar, at an object under the edge of a thicket on the left-hand side of the road. Presently Mr. Twiddle shut his mouth with a snap, pursed his lips, and emitted a long whistle, expressive of great astonishment. Waiting a moment as if to see what effect his whistle would produce, he pronounced in a solemn and emphatic manner the word "Je-ru-sa-lem!" expressive of prodigious surprise.

The object whose appearance in that retired and silent place had thus singularly upset Mr. Twiddle's long and pretty thoroughly trained equanimity—a virtue which receives a pretty sharp and continual tillage at the hands of the club wits—was a small red and white checkered shawl spread out upon the grass, with a three or four months' old baby sitting bolt upright in the middle of it, and no other person, especially no female person, anywhere apparent either to sight or hearing!

This baby was dressed in crumpled white muslin, with a soiled pink ribbon about its waist. It held in one of its chubby fists a rubber rattle. It stared at Mr. Twiddle for a minute with unwinking eyes, and a very business-like expression, as if taking an inventory of his visible qualities. Apparently its investigation proved satisfactory, for it suddenly raised its rattle and brought it down with a vigorous whack of approval on one of its legs, and looked at Mr. Twiddle to note if he had anything to say about it.

Mr. Twiddle looked up the road, down the road, all along the wood, and at the brook. He saw nobody; he heard nobody. Then he looked at the baby again, and remarked with sincere earnestness:—

"Great Scott!"

This remark the baby immediately applauded with another vigorous whack with its rattle.

Thus far Mr. Twiddle had stood facing

the baby, and had not looked at the opposite side of the road. But now a slight noise behind him caused him to suddenly turn about. He started violently, and let his wheel drop rattling to the ground. In falling, one of the handles grazed the pet corn of his left foot. He immediately gathered up this foot affectionately in both his hands, and sought to press it to his bosom, while he hopped ludicrously about on the other foot till he stumbled and sat down hard on the road. All this time he kept his eyes fixed upon the object which had a second time upset his equanimity. After sitting and staring a few moments, Mr. Twiddle slowly arose and dusted off the expanse of his knickerbockers with various slaps of his hands. Then he ejaculated with solemn force and deep feeling:—

“I’ll be blowed!”

This second object which had so singularly disarranged Mr. Twiddle’s collection of ideas was another small red and white checkered shawl, spread upon the grass, under the edge of the thicket, on the right-hand side of the road, with another baby, very much like the first one in size and appearance, and also dressed in soiled white crumpled muslin, with a pink ribbon about its waist, sitting bold upright in the middle of the shawl, and staring at the astonished wheelman. This second baby in white was also armed with a rubber rattle.

Seeing that this second baby made no reply to Mr. Twiddle’s first eloquent remark, he looked first at one, then at the other, of the singular phenomena, meanwhile mopping his face and neck with a handkerchief already saturated with sweat, and observed with increased emphasis, indicative of the extreme climax of surprise:—

“Well, by George!”

To this pertinent remark both babies responded by simultaneously banging their rubber rattles down upon their knees, producing the effect of unanimous applause.

Mr. Twiddle now walked to the right-hand side of the road, where he mounted a log and peered carefully into the recesses of the wood. Nobody in sight. Then he crossed to the left-hand side of the road, mounted a stump, and looked sharply into all the woody vistas. Nobody there. Then he walked back to the bridge, and looked over each side down at the water. Nobody visible. Then he went back to his wheel, and looked first at one baby and then at the

other. They were both there. He went up close to the right-hand baby, and ventured to touch its head softly with his right forefinger. It was a sure enough live baby. Then he crossed over the road and touched the head of the other baby with his left forefinger. It was a no-mistake flesh-and-blood infant. No optical delusion about either of them. Then Mr. Twiddle went back to his wheel, mopped his face and neck some more with his wet handkerchief, and cried out:—

“Hello-o!”

No reply from anybody. He tried it again, a good deal louder and longer:—

“Hello-o-o!”

No answer. Silence everywhere, thick enough to be felt. Then Mr. Twiddle laid his head back between his shoulder-blades, opened his mouth wide, shut his eyes, took in a big breath, and let out a yell that would have strained the vocal chord of a four-horse-power steam calliope:

“Hello-o-o-ah!”

He paused for a reply, and gasped for air. Not a sound anywhere; not an indication that there ever would be any sound. Only the two babies looked at his performance with graye surprise and some alarm. But they concluded that this was merely a vocal entertainment gotten up out of pure kindness of heart for their amusement, so they simultaneously banged their rattles again in unanimous applause.

After waiting a few moments in the vain hope that somebody would appear, Mr. Twiddle began to consider the situation seriously. It was exceedingly awkward and perplexing. He thought of mounting his wheel and riding on to give an alarm at the first house where he could find a woman. It seemed to him that a woman was the one central necessity of the universe. His respect for woman rose almost to veneration. He felt that he would gladly give all the money in his pockets, and his note for any reasonable amount in addition, for a woman,—any sort of a woman, young or old, ugly or beautiful, without regard to race, color, or previous condition,—anything capable of taking charge of babies.

On further reflection he concluded not to ride on. Suppose a cow should come along and trample on one of the babies, or a hog, or dog, and attack them, or a snake. He thought that either of these animals would be a fool of its kind to travel on such a hot day; still one might do so, and he dare not take the risk. He wished

ardently that some traveller would appear ; but the road was deserted and lonely, as far as he could see in either direction.

Suppose these deserted babies should cry? His hair rose at the thought. He felt sure they would begin to cry pretty soon. Suppose they should get hungry? Dreadful supposition! They would, they must, ere long. A cold chill ran down his spine, in spite of the heat of the day.

While he was thus cogitating, the right-hand baby began preparations for crying. It snarled up its little face. Mr. Twiddle hastily snapped his fingers at it. It looked a little astonished for a moment, and then snarled up its face again. He rattled his watch-chain; no use. Then he blew a soft note on his wheelman's whistle. Only a temporary check. It suddenly emitted an unmistakable yell, indicating a fixed and business-like determination. He ran to it and tried to stop it by shaking its rattle, poking his finger at it, and saying "Boo!" and other demonstrations of which he had read as the proper thing to do in such cases. The baby looked at him a moment with indignant astonishment, and then shut both eyes, puckered its face all over, and howled. Mr. Twiddle stooped to pick it up; but suddenly drew back. Suppose it should be—sweaty? Very likely that was what ailed it. As if to reduce him to despair, at this instant the other baby began to cry also. Probably they were both—sweaty. The situation was simply appalling. Consternation; confusion; chaos; all nature demanding a woman!

Suddenly Mr. Twiddle heard flying footsteps. Two women darted past him. One swooped upon the right-hand baby. She was a comely woman, apparently aged twenty-five or twenty-six years, and evidently a mother. She lifted the child to her bosom, where it instantly cuddled and became quiet. The other was a pretty girl, apparently about eighteen years old. She snatched up the left-hand baby, gave it a dexterous toss or two, and a pat on the back, when it also became quiet. Then the pair faced Mr. Twiddle and scrutinized him with a decorousness so demure and grave that he was instantly sure that they were inwardly laughing at him. No woman would be quite so unnaturally sober, he felt, unless she was sitting on the safety-valve of her laughter, to prevent an escape of pent-up merriment. The girl, he was convinced, was inwardly boiling with giggle. Imps of mischief were danc-

ing in her large, black eyes; but her face was as sober as the face on a postage-stamp.

Mr. Twiddle mechanically lifted his hat and bowed. Both the women nodded, but said nothing, only continuing to look at him demurely. Then the mother began making strange motions and antics with her fingers, her hands, and her free arm, looking fixedly at the girl. The girl shook her pretty head solemnly, and then made antic motions at the mother with her fingers, her hands, and her free arm. Then the women turned to Mr. Twiddle, who was watching this performance with increasing amazement, and began making queer motions at him. He stared, backed away a step or two, and fell over his wheel. Both women advanced hurriedly. He thought they were about to attack him; but the kind concern in their faces, which, in spite of themselves, was mingled with mirthful smiles, reassured him. He arose, dusted himself with furtive slaps of his hands, picked up his wheel, and leaned upon its saddle, still gazing at the pair with deep astonishment. Then the mother smoothed a place in the surface of the road with the sole of her neat walking-shoe, stooped and traced in the sand with her forefinger the words:—

"Deaf and dumb."

She pointed to this inscription, and Mr. Twiddle bent and read it. He bowed, smiled, and pawed the air with lunatic gestures, which he fondly imagined conveyed to the woman a whole dictionary full of expressions of sincere sympathy. But she watched all his gestures closely, and then shook her head, signifying that she did not understand. He was about to go through another ridiculous pantomime when the girl, who had been shaking with suppressed merriment during his first attempt at sign-talking, suddenly burst out laughing in a clear, joyous, irrepressible peal. She laughed till she sat down on the grass, with the baby in her arms, and the tears softened her dark eyes. Mr. Twiddle's confusion was immense. He grinned, then looked sober, then grinned again, then looked indignant, and finally stood smiling like an idiot. As soon as the girl could command herself she spoke in a soft and ladylike voice:—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but really it was too funny to resist. We were sitting under the bridge when you first came, and saw the whole thing through a crevice. We had been down to the brook to bathe our faces, it was so hot. You looked so

astonished when you saw the babies that we really couldn't help waiting and watching you. It was rude, perhaps, but I really never saw anything more amusing in my life. But we both beg your pardon. It was kind and gentlemanly in you to stay by the deserted little darlings, and we thank you. This is my sister, Mrs. Rudd; I am Jenny Wilson. She is deaf and dumb. You are Mr. Twiddle, I think. We have often seen your club ride by, and know the names of most of the gentlemen."

Mr. Twiddle instantly knew that the home of these ladies was the next farmhouse. He had met Mr. Rudd, a prosperous deaf-mute; but he did not know that

Mr. Rudd had a wife also a deaf-mute. He fell to chatting with the young lady while he walked with the pair to their house. At the gate he expressed a desire for a glass of water, when he was invited in and given a glass of iced milk, which Miss Wilson said she had been told was the favorite drink of wheelmen. After that he mounted his wheel again, and rode slowly into the city.

This is the reason why Mr. Twiddle always votes to have the club ride on the O. Road. This is the reason why the club members so often speak of "The Twiddle Twins."

President Bates.

THE PERFECT CANOE.

It is strange, yet nevertheless true, that although the A.C.A. brings together within its membership persons with such a variety of tastes, habits, social conditions, religious faiths, political views, professions and trades, yet there is one point upon which its members perfectly agree, — one bugle-note sounded in chorus in which there is no discord, — one supreme belief grounded in every mind, and held as firm as the mountain on its base. This one point of harmonious opinion is, that each member possesses the most perfect craft in existence. Whether the particular member owns a Shadow, a Princess, a Peterboro', or a St. Paul; whether it is lap-streak or smooth skin; whether it is of wood, tin, leather, paper, canvas, or birch-bark, he is equally willing to be qualified to the fact that his canoe and its appointments are the handsomest and most available under the sun. Even the modest owner of the original Stella Maris, who said in a published article, some time since, that he did not claim absolute perfection for his model, blushed, I have no doubt, when he wrote the lines, at his own bold dissembling.

Not that any member thinks that his canoe cannot be improved upon. Oh, no! Bless you, no! for he is always tinkering at it with new ideas which he considers the *ne plus ultra* of canoeistic science; but he merely believes that no one else understands so well as he what it is that is defined by the words "a perfect canoe." Just as soon as he shortens his mast a little, puts in a screw here, or fastens a leather strap on there, then his canoe will be be-

yond improving. But perfection is always just a little in advance, and the last screw is never driven home nor the last piece of leather affixed, and the canoeist dies — if a canoeist ever does die — with the irrepressible thought in his brain that if he had only placed that cleat a little farther aft, he would have surely acquired that *ignis fatuus*, the perfect canoe.

So much of an opposing nature has been written on the perfect canoe that, after reading the various accounts, one is left in a mixed-up state of feeling as to what is what, and has confused, nightmarish ideas as to whether the perfect article should be thirty inches long and fourteen feet broad, the hatches be dagger-shaped or suspended from the bow in a semicircle, the mast be cambered so as to turn the rain, or the keel be rolled up in water-proof bags and stowed away in the mast-tube. And then the sail-rigging-literature, that has driven so many poor canoeists to the verge of insanity in their endeavor to keep the lines from kinking in their brains! Oh my! Even Tyson, after writing an article on top-gallant halyards and pulley-lifts, has been known to faint dead away when he read the matter in cold print and endeavored to understand it; and Whitlock, our own gallant Whitlock, is more than suspected of being compelled to have his eyes bandaged and his ears filled with cotton while working upon one of his awe-inspiring treatises on balance lateens and triangular lugs, lest he might commit violence upon himself before his task was completed.

Now, if every member of the A.C.A. possessed a canoe such as is mine, they might

be in condition to assert the superiority of their possession. I received it fresh from the hands of its maker, bright and new, its sides and deck polished and glistening until they reflected the sunbeams like a mirror, and its shape so graceful that it seemed about to metamorphose itself into a living swan and paddle away, even on dry land, on its own account. I had determined to baptize it in the Upper Allegheny, and, therefore, it must travel hundreds of miles by rail. How to ship it that distance most safely became a question of importance. I reasoned that if sent by express, in the hurry of transfer it would be roughly handled, and, doubtless, injured; so I determined to ship it by slow freight. Then, again, if wrapped in any covering, rough and heavy articles would be piled upon or against it, while, if left uncovered, its beauty of finish would draw forth the admiration of freight men, and cause them to give it tender care. So I fashioned a small wooden cradle to keep it upright, and consigned it to the mercies of the railway.

It was with inward misgivings that I placed it upon the little stream, at the end of the journey by rail. Would it behave itself, or would it prove unruly, and pitch me out into the water on our first introduction? But we were soon afloat, and proved fitted for each other; for the canoe had the same ideas in regard to travel as had I, and we were perfectly harmonious in our opinions. Whenever one of us wished to travel the other was always ready; and when the sunshine grew too warm for one the other always acknowledged the bond of sympathy by starting for the shadow of the trees. The partnership thus formed has continued for years, and we two have travelled thousands of miles in company.

When the water is too deep for wading, my canoe carries me; and when we reach a dam, or log-drift, or any other obstruction which my canoe cannot surmount of itself, I perform the same office for it. We occasionally have slight differences of opinion when we come to a rapid current. But a little coaxing with the paddle, and we soon coincide in our views, and come out at the same point together. Once it did get its back up, and threw me out into a dangerous rapid, which came very near being the last of both of us; but we managed to get out together; and, remembering how often it had carried me safely through rapid and storm, on river and lake, I soon forgave it, and we travelled on in company as though nothing had ever occurred to interrupt our

friendship. It is a sensitive canoe, this craft of mine, and, if I were to tell you of all its smart doings, you would hardly believe me even though I am a canoeist.

Sometimes when I have paddled up toward a landing, with the intention of procuring a bucket of milk from a farm-house, and a big, fierce dog has come whirling around the corner of the barn and down toward the water, with its teeth gleaming whitely, the short hair on its neck turned up like a cross-cut saw, and emitting a sound from its throat like that made by a rusty coffee-mill,—at such times, I say, I have known that canoe, almost in an instant of time, to shoot out into the water a hundred feet from the bank, its prow turned down stream, and away from the dog. Then again, when I have been lying stretched out beneath its deck, and with my little tent over me, in the depths of some wilderness at dead of night, and have heard the cry of a lynx from out the near forest, or the fancied crawling of some huge serpent across the deck, I have felt that frail canoe tremble all over, as if it shivered at the dread sound. And when in some still piece of water, spreading before and around us like a wondrous mirror, and the mountains reflected from the depths, I have known that canoe to remain in one place, without moving, for many minutes at a time, lest it might ruffle the surface of the water, and destroy the fairy scene.

A good canoe is more than half human, anyway. What an attachment springs up between man and canoe in the course of a long, solitary cruise! It is the only object which continues in your company day after day, and you learn to pet it and caress it, and talk to it, as though it were a living thing. No matter what kind of a canoe it is, it is your canoe. Together you have travelled through the bright sunshine and the pelting rain; together floated down past the flower-crowned banks of the rivers, and by the grand scenery of the mountain gaps; together ran the swift, exciting rapids, crossed the great lakes, fought the storm, and mayhap together you have been rocked in the mighty wave-cradle of Old Ocean itself. And when the day's journey is done you crawl beneath the deck of your loved companion, wrap your blankets about you and drop off into trustful slumber, while through the night the tall trees sentinel your sleep, and the dancing star-beams kiss the glistening deck of the PERFECT CANOE.

Orange Frazer.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN'S 100-MILE RECORD, 1883.

COMPILED BY C. A. HAZLETT.

Date.	Club and Members.	Size and Make of Wheel.	Distance. Miles.	Full Time.	Rests.	Riding Time.	Average Miles per Hour.
1883. Oct. 6.	BOSTON BI. CLUB ROAD RACE. Thomas Midgley <i>Worcester Æolus Wheelmen.</i>	54-in. Rudge.....	100	h. m. s. 9-47	h. m. 1-12	h. m. s. 8-35	11.65
	Theodore Rothe..... <i>Boston Bi. Club.</i>	55-in. Yale.....	100	10-44	1-03	9-41	10.33
	L. A. Peabody..... <i>Marblehead Bi. Club.</i>	54-in. Stan'd Columbia..	100	11-25	1-40	9-45	10.25
	J. F. McClure..... <i>Boston Ramblers.</i>	52-in. Stan'd Columbia..	100	12-40	2-35	10-05	9.92
	J. E. Wood..... <i>Thorndike Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Expert Columbia .	100	10-30	1-03	9-27	10.58
Oct. 26.	CAPITAL BI. CLUB TRACK RACE. Thomas Midgley..... <i>Worcester Æolus Wheelmen.</i>	55-in. Rudge.....	100	7-25.52½	7-25.52½	13-45
Nov. 12.	Capt. B. F. Harrington..... <i>Thornaske Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Expert Columbia .	100	9-59	.28	9-34	10.45
Sept. 19.	Wm. V. Mason, Jr..... <i>Rhode Island Bi. Club.</i>	50-in. Special Columbia .	100	24.	10-30	13-30	7.41
Dec. 6.	President L. B. Graves Captain E. E. Davis..... Lt. Wm. Howard..... Secretary L. L. Campbell..... <i>All of Northampton, Mass., Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Sanspariel..... 52-in. Expert Columbia. 52-in. Expert Columbia. 50-in. Stan'd Columbia.	100	19-30	6-15	13-15	7-55
Nov. 14.	MANCHESTER-ROCKINGHAM CLUB RUN. Moses Sheriff..... <i>Manchester Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Expert Columbia .	100	20-40	6-42	13-58	7-16
Nov. 3.	C. A. Hazlett..... <i>Rockingham Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Expert Columbia .	100	11-30	1-30	10.	10.
Oct. 11.	Karl Kron..... <i>Unattached.</i>	46-in. Stan'd Columbia..	100½	20-30	5-30	15.	6.68
July 9.	Willard Eggleston..... <i>Rutland Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Sansparell.....	100½	18.	6-14	11-46	8.54
	N. S. Marshall..... <i>Rutland Bi. Club.</i>	56-in. Stan'd Columbia..	100½	18.	6-14	11-46	8.54
Nov. 2.	HAWTHORNE BI. CLUB RUN.... Captain W. H. Bondreau..... Lieutenant A. J. Philbrick..... Vice-President B. T. Harrington..... Secretary H. T. Conant..... Treasurer J. H. Chamberlain..... G. H. Abbott..... Benj. Bondreau..... Alden Babcock..... W. C. Higgins..... <i>All of Hawthorne Bi. Club.</i>	55-in. Philbrick. 52-in. Philbrick. 52-in. Expert Columbia. 56-in. Harvard. 56-in. Stan'd Columbia. 52-in. Stan'd Columbia. 54-in. Harvard. 50-in. Expert Columbia. 50-in. Stan'd Columbia.	100½	13-35	2-37	11-01	9-12
Nov. 18.	C. E. Whipple..... O. N. Whipple..... F. W. Westervelt..... <i>All of Springfield Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Br. Challenge..... 50-in. Sanspariel. 52-in. Br. Challenge.	101	14-15	2.	12-15	8.24
Oct. 22.	E. B. Treatman..... A. M. Bennett..... <i>Both of Rochester Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Harvard..... 54-in. Rudge.	101	15.	2-45	12-15	8.24
Nov. 17.	IXION BI. CLUB RUN. G. B. Pearson.....	52-in. Expert Columbia.	101½	20-13	9-34	10-39	9-55

Date.	Club and Members.	Size and Make of Wheel.	Distance Miles.	Full Time.	Rests.	Riding Time.	Average Miles per Hour.
				h.m.s.	h. m.	h.m.s.	
1883. June 3.	LEOMINSTER BI. CLUB RUN President W. H. Chase..... Secretary R. G. Morse..... Captain C. A. Joslin..... J. P. Swett.....	54-in. Expert Columbia. 52-in. Sp. Timberlake. 52-in. Harvard. 52-in. Stan'd Columbia.	102	15.10	4.20	10.50	10.12
Oct. 26.	CAPITAL BI. CLUB TRACK RACE. B. F. Foster..... <i>Incurables of Baltimore.</i>	52-in. Special Club.....	102	9-45-48	9-45-48	10.44
Aug. 26.	W. W. Darnell..... <i>Unattached.</i>	50-in. Expert Columbia.	102	14	2	12	8.50
Nov. 27.	C. Sumner Stevens..... <i>Millville, N. J.</i>	52-in. American Club ...	104	11.50	2.50	9.	11.55
Oct. 18.	MASS. BI. CLUB RUN. J. J. Gilligan..... <i>Mass. Bi. Club.</i>	54-in. Rudge.....	104	14.25	1.50	12.35	8.26
Sept. 29.	Abbot Bassett..... <i>Chelsea Club.</i>	Victor Tricycle.....	104½	16.30	2	14.30	7.21
June 9.	J. Elmer Wood..... C. J. Giddings..... <i>Both of Thorncliffe Bi. Club.</i>	50-in. Expert Columbia.. 52 in. Expert Columbia.	106	15.6	4.37	10.36	10.
Nov. 4.	F. P. Burnham..... <i>Newton Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Premier.....	106	9.50	1.6	8.44	12.02
July 10.	CLEVELAND BI. CLUB RUN. A. S. Hathaway..... <i>Cleveland Bi. Club.</i>	55-in. Yale.....	107	18	6.26	11.34	9.25
Nov. 17.	N. P. Tyler..... <i>New Haven Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Expert Columbia .	107	18.40	6	12.40	8.45
Nov. 14.	MANCHESTER-ROCKINGHAM CLUB RUN. Frank W. Moses..... <i>Rockingham Bi. Club.</i>	54-in. Stand'd Columbia.	107	24	11	13	8.23
Oct. 18.	MASS. BI. CLUB RUN. A. D. Clafin..... <i>Mass. Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Rudge.....	108½	13.20	2.20	11.	9.86
Nov. 25.	Captain W. I. Wilhelm..... J. Arthur Curtis..... <i>Both of Reading Bi. Club.</i>	54-in. Stand'd Columbia. 54-in. Stand'd Columbia.	110	13.30	5.20	13.10	8.35
Sept. 19.	W. V. Mason, Jr..... <i>Rhode Island Bi. Club.</i>	50-in. Special Club.....	112	24	10	14	8
July 10.	CLEVELAND BI. CLUB RUN. T. S. Beckwith..... George Collister.....	58-in. Harvard..... 54-in. Expert Columbia.	113	19.	16.26	12.34	8.00
Nov. 19.	Captain Asa Dolph..... <i>New London Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Expert Columbia..	115	19-45	6.15	13-30	8.52
Aug. 16.	BOSTON TRICYCLE CLUB RUN. Theodore Rothe..... <i>Boston Bi. Club.</i>	55-in. Yale Bicycle.....	116	19.30	5.50	13-40	8.49
Oct. 18.	MASSACHUSETTS BI. CLUB RUN B. T. Harrington..... <i>Hawthorne Bi. Club.</i>	52-in. Expert Columbia .	119	17	5	12	9.84
Nov. 18.	Percy Bettison..... W. Prince Wells..... <i>Both of Fall City Bi. Club.</i>	55-in. St'd Columbia 48-in. Velos Columbia.	120	18.52	3.27	15.25	7.79
Sept. 15.	W. Mitchell..... <i>Delaware, Ohio.</i>	52-in., made to order....	120	19.20	4.30	14.50	8.09
	L. J. Mitchell..... <i>Both unattached.</i>	56-in. Sanspariel.....	120	19.20	4.30	14.50	8.09

Date.	Club and Members.	Size and Make of Wheel.	Distance. Miles.	Full Time.		Riding Time.	Average Miles per Hour.
				h. m. s.	h. m.		
1883. Dec. 13.	J. N. Pearson..... <i>Manchester Bi. Club.</i>	56-in. St'd. Columbia....	120	23-49	4-23	19-26	6.17
June 19.	ROCKINGHAM BI. CLUB RUNS. President F. J. Philbrick..... A. L. Jenness.....	56-in. St'd Columbia 54-in. Challenge.	125	20-35	5-30	15-05	8.20
June 21.	Lt. G. Philbrick..... J. H. Knox	56-in. St'd Columbia 49-in. Harvard.	125	20-35	2-10	18-25	6.78
Nov. 24.	MANCHESTER-ROCKINGHAM BI. CLUB RUN. J. N. Pearson.....	56-in. St'd Columbia	130	23-30	7-20	16-10	8.04
Nov. 17.	IXION BI. CLUB RUN. W. R. Pitman	56-in. Expert Columbia .	153	20	4-12	15-48	9.68
Oct. 18.	MASSACHUSETTS BI. CLUB RUN. H. D. Corey	53-in. Rudge.....	190 ⁹ / ₁₀	24	4-57	19-03	10.02
Oct. 16.	LAWRENCE BI. CLUB RUN Capt. T. S. Webb..... John Tacy	52-in. Expert Columbia. 52-in. Expert Columbia.	200 ³ / ₂	23-44	4-15	19-20	10.27

THE NOTABLE RUNS AND EXCURSIONS OF 1883.

PART I.

THE compiler has not undertaken to build a pyramid, as he did in *THE WHEELMAN* of January, 1883, with the names of the clubs that had made century runs during the autumn of 1882, because the material of 1883 is too abundant, and considerable of it was furnished by the unattached. No time or means have been spared to make these returns complete, answers being on file from the greater part of over three hundred clubs in the United States to whom inquiries were addressed. In only one instance, and in that case only after repeated efforts, has he failed to have his blanks returned properly filled out, almost wholly escaping the trials of the English compiler of century runs for one of the English 'cycling weeklies, who frequently, while publicly acknowledging returns of statistics of runs, gives the senders free advice, indulging in such soothing remarks, parenthetically, as: "Why on earth don't you follow the style laid down?" or, "You give us an immense deal of extra trouble, making us wade through a long 'yarn' for details"; or, "We can make neither head nor tail of your MS."

Nearly all the following details were

furnished by the participants themselves. In a few cases the returns were verified; but in general the details, somewhat condensed, are printed as furnished. One report of a club-run, claiming to be a champion one, is laid over for further proofs, and when furnished will appear in an article entitled *Addenda to Notable Runs*.

The future compiler will undoubtedly deal less liberally, while more attention will probably be made by the participants to authenticate their runs, and so be ready to furnish the chronic doubters with clear proofs of the accuracy of their reports. In several instances the participants found it necessary to remeasure the routes traversed and furnish the bicycling press with satisfactory evidence that the miles claimed were actually accomplished. By means of accurate-working cyclometers and of postals previously prepared for mailing at the different post-offices along the route it is a simple matter to substantiate ordinary century rides without material loss of time. In important road-racing events the stationing of disinterested parties to check off the time made by the racers at various points, and previously measuring and marking the course by sign-boards, has been successfully

accomplished, and should be in advance of every such contest.

At the request of several writers more details are published than ever before, in order to show the difficulties the riders contended against by reason of heavy winds, poor roads, broken handle-bars and wheels, and more especially to indicate whether the runs were "straight-away," "out-and-home," or "round-about." The latter, in most cases consisting of indefinite repetitions over roads selected for their superior surface, is a sort of "road-riding" which is only one degree removed from the regular racing-track in the open air. The "out-and-home" is generally the most even, as a "straight-away" rider is not apt to start against a head-wind.

The average size of wheels used was 52 inches. A few century runs have been made by Canadian wheelmen; but the returns were so incomplete and tardy that they could not be included in the table.

The postals containing the requests for information regarding notable runs and excursions were sent out so freely into all the States and Territories, and to the secretary of every organized club in the country, and were so generally replied to, as were also the requests so kindly published in the bicycling weeklies, that numerous reports of century runs were secured that would not have been published otherwise. Several very creditable long rides in the pioneer days of bicycling were brought to light, and will be referred to as a matter of record. Notably among these is what now appears to have been the first century run accomplished on United States roads within the period of 24 hours. It was performed Dec. 19, 1880, on the road from Louisville, Ky., to Frankfort, and return, — a distance of 104 miles, — by H. C. Schimpler and O. M. Anderson. They started at 3.15 A.M., finished at 9.45 P.M., with 3h. 20m. rests. A letter from L.A.W. Chief Consul Anderson is given in full: —

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 20, 1883.

C. A. HAZLETT, ESQ., —

Dear Sir: — I send herewith copy of *Louisville Commercial*, of Dec. 21, 1880, containing a short account of our century. This run was an outcome of local rivalry, and, at the time made, was not considered by the participants as of more than local importance; consequently it was never published in any of the bicycling papers. Later on, when the question of century runs was agitated, I examined into the records made by other riders, but have never seen an account of one made before ours; so I feel justified in making the claim that ours was the first.

The day was a clear, cold December day, thermometer at about 30°, and wind generally against

us. The road was in comparatively good condition. The last 25 miles were run in complete darkness, and the last 12 in a snow-storm, with the wind driving the snow in our faces. The snow completely covered the road, and this, combined with the darkness, rendered riding extremely hazardous. But we made the best of it, and took the frequent headers with a reckless disregard of everything except the covering of the miles between us and home in the shortest possible time. We arrived safely and in very good condition, and were both at our desks at the usual time the next morning.

Yours,

O. M. ANDERSON.

The second and third long-distance rides reported were accomplished by two students of Amherst College, on the road between Amherst and Boston, during the first week of the summer of 1881. In the first place the Captain of the College Bicycle Club, — Paul Blatchford, '82, of Chicago, — on returning from the League's second annual meet, wheeled from Boston to Amherst, 102 miles, in 15 hours, ending at 8.30 P.M.

A few days later, on the 6th of June, another member of the club, whose weight was 120 pounds, and who rode a 48-inch wheel, outdid the captain's feat, by riding from Amherst to Boston and Cambridgeport, — 100 miles, — between 4.30 A.M. and 5.45 P.M.; and thence retracing his course to Framingham, at 8.30 P.M., making 125 miles by daylight. The following day, between 4 A.M. and 6 P.M., he returned to Amherst, — 80 miles, — thus accomplishing upwards of 200 miles inside of 38 hours. The rider was George F. Fiske, of New Haven, who received his M.D. degree at the Yale Medical School, last summer, and is now continuing his studies at Gottingen, Prussia. His three-column report of the trip appeared nearly a year after the event itself (in the *Bicycling World* of April 28, 1882).

Two other rides, early in 1881, by Messrs. Geo. D. Gideon, — 108 miles in 15 hours, — and A.G. Powell, — 110 miles in 13 hours, — both from Philadelphia to New York, are so interestingly and characteristically referred to by a well-known pioneer member of their club that his letter is given in full: —

GERMANTOWN, PA., Nov. 5, 1883.

C. A. HAZLETT, ESQ., —

Dear Sir: — Your postal card has been forwarded to me. I think I may safely state that I believe the Germantown 'Cycling Club has done more long-distance riding *on their wheels*, and said less about it, than probably any other club in the country.

Here are some facts! Starting on the 4th of July, 1880, F. W. Corse, Chas. Tatum, and myself rode from Philadelphia to Poughkeepsie, New York,

and return to this city, a distance, *via* Bethlehem Water Gap, Port Jervis, Lake Mohawk, and down the Hudson, about 500 miles, in 11 days. I was absent that length of time; but I rode from New York to Bristol, Pa., within the 24 hours on the last day. The others stopped in New York. We went over, while riding along the Hudson, the ground the illustrious Wentworth Rollins *didn't ride*. We took the cars one evening between Sing Sing and Tarrytown, and those 10 miles were all the riding done, save on our machines, during the trip.

We were followed, in about a week, by Mr. Reishly, who, though not of the club, is one of us. Messrs. Cressman and Eaton rode in '81 to Boston. G. D. Gideon rode to New York, 108 miles, in 15 hours, and A. G. Powell made, in a week or so afterward, the run from Willow street, Philadelphia, to Fifty-seventh street, New York, in 13 hours, including stops and everything, which means 3 miles of cobbles in Philadelphia, and the whole of Broadway and Fifth avenue in New York. He also rode to Long Branch in a short time. Messrs. Walter and Carl Herring rode to Saratoga and return. '82, H. S. Wood, W. Norman, and H. Rogers, rode to Boston; and the four members of the club, on the 4th of July, attended what we believe to have been the first regularly called 100-mile club run from Philadelphia to Long Branch. Messrs. Gideon and Craven covered the 96 miles in about 11 hours, including stops, and Mr. Delbert and I were about 3 hours more; we started 3 hours earlier. 1883, Messrs. Randall and Beck rode to Boston, and a number of men ran to New York.

I am confident that no one in the country has come anywhere near Mr. Powell's wonderful run, begun on the Belgian blocks of Philadelphia, and finished on the cobbles of New York. We do not see the necessity of blowing about these things; but when we hear of your wonderful records up and down, and back and forth, on your sand-papered roads, we feel that if there was anything to be gained by making records — and there isn't in our estimation — *we might* make some time tearing up and down our pike.

I also did several hundred miles of touring in England, one trip being 500 miles straight away. You can use this letter if you wish.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH PENNELL.

But earlier than any long-distance ride yet mentioned was that by Herman C. Eggers, of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, who, as long ago as November 29, 1879, accomplished 200 miles in 22 h. 50m. including 1 h. 45m. rest; but it was on an in-door track and cannot be classed with the road records; yet, being done by an amateur, the compiler allows Geo. H. Strong, Chief Consul, L.A.W., a chance for a few details of interest: —

"I think Mr. Egger's ride is the best performance which has been made in the United States to the present time, and, although it cannot be considered a road record, the peculiarities of the track made it difficult to ride, and entitle the record to consideration. On the 29th of November, 1879, a three-days' bicycle race was given in the old Mechanics' Pavilion in San

Francisco. The track was six laps to the mile, and the floor was inclined so that it was five feet higher at one end than the other, making a perpetually recurring grade, which soon became very tiresome. Mr. Eggers commenced at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, and completed 200 miles in 22 h. 50m. with a total rest of 1 h. 45m. As this was only one day of three, it does not represent what he might have done if he had ridden for a single day's record. His time for the three days was 543 miles 1 lap, and his total sleep was 3½ hours."

The club runs of 1882 were reported in full in the January, 1883, number of *THE WHEELMAN*, commencing with the Boston Bicycle Club (the first club to call and *accomplish* a full century run), and followed by the Buckeye, 103½ miles; Champion City, 110 miles; Massachusetts, 118 miles; Boston Ramblers, 120 miles; Rockingham, 126 miles; Æolus, 136 miles; Tremont, 154 miles; Lawrence, 169¼ miles; and Æolus, 179 miles.

In addition to these club runs, three individual centuries have just been reported: Mr. E. N. Bowen, of Fredonia, New York, on September 20, 1882, rode from that place to Erie and return, — 101 miles, — in 13 h. 30m., with rests of 3 h. 15m. On October 27, 1882, Capt. C. C. Wing and Sec'y H. T. Packard rode from their town of East Bridgewater, Mass., to Newburyport, and return to Wenham, — 102 miles, — in 14 h. 45m.; rests, 2 h. 45m.

In the tables the compiler fixed the lowest limit of record at 100 miles; but two runs have been sent him, during which the riders so nearly accomplished the "three-figure" limit that he briefly refers to them. Messrs. N. H. Van Sicklen, M. A. Meade, and P. A. Staley, all of Chicago Bi. Club, made a run of 90 miles in and about Chicago, in 21 hours, including 1 h. 35m. rests. The rain stopped them, or more miles would have been accomplished. Capt. G. E. Cram, of the Kenton, O., Bi. Club, made 98 miles, on Aug. 22, 1883, near Kenton and Delaware, in 14 h. 30m., including 3 hours' rest.

BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB ONE HUNDRED-MILE ROAD RACE.

The one hundred-mile road race, projected by the Boston Club, was satisfactorily carried out on Saturday, Oct. 6.

At 6.30 o'clock they were started in front of Bailey's Hotel, So. Natick, and entered upon the contest.

The following were the riders: Thomas Midgley, Worcester; Theodore Rothe, Boston; L. A. Peabody, Marblehead; C. F. Frazier, Smithville, N. J.; J. F. McClure, Cambridge; H. T. Packard, East Bridgewater; H. T. Wheeler, Worcester; J. E. Wood, Beverly; Walter F. Morse, Norwood; C. C. Wing, East Bridgewater.

At Wellesley, Packard went to put on a spurt, when his handle-bar parted, and he was thrown to the ground, bruising his face and spraining his wrist. He retired from the race. Peabody also came to grief here, taking a header which shook him up considerably, and bent his handle-bar badly. He pluckily remounted, and, although his machine was injured by the fall, continued on after the others, and soon caught up with them. Wood also bit the dust about here, and snapped his handle-bar short off at the head. He mounted again, and rode with half a bar as far as Beverly. At West Newton the party was met by W. W. Stall, who gave them a rattling pace to Lynn, which none but Midgley, Rothe, and Frazier were able to hold, the others falling back.

At Lynn Common, Mr. Bassett, of the *World*, took the checks. Distance from starting-point, $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The three leaders, — Midgley, Rothe, and Frazier, — with Stall as pace-maker, arrived at 8.28, having averaged about 13 miles an hour from the starting-point, and over 14 miles an hour from Newton. Wing retired from the contest at this point. Rothe took a header at Ipswich and sprained his wrist. Midgley and Frazier waited 8 minutes with him, and he then remounted, riding with one hand, the other hanging useless at his side. He rode in this way to the end.

At a point five miles beyond Rowley was the northern limit of the route, and the turning-place. Here Capt. Everett was stationed. Wheeler stopped before getting to the turning-point, and Morse, whose back gave out, turned about a mile before reaching it.

At Harvard square the Boston Club had men ready to bring the contestants in. Midgley arrived at 3.51, and was taken the rest of the way with F. Morris as pace-maker. At 4.30 Rothe came, and was taken by Neilson. Rothe and Frazier stopped at Medford for a lunch, and when they came out of the hotel they were told that one of the racing men had gone along. Frazier told Rothe to go ahead and catch him, and Rothe, who had been holding

back for Frazier, acted on the suggestion. Frazier was soon after taken with cramps, and had to give up. He took train for Boston.

At the club-house the members were assembled to receive the men as they came in. First came Midgley, at 4.17, having made the distance in 9h. 47m. Rothe was the second to put in an appearance, with a record of 10h. 44m., and at 5.55 came Peabody, whose time was 11h. 25m. McClure finished at 7.10, in 12h. 40m.

The roads were very good for most of the distance, but a very heavy wind blew against the men on the homeward route. The prizes were a gold medal to the winner, and a silver medal to the second man.

The riders attracted little attention on the highway, and few who saw them would think them more than tourists on a pleasure-trip.

Midgley was perfectly fresh at the finish, and could, without doubt, have made much faster time if he had been pushed.

CAPITAL BI.-CLUB TRACK RACE.

7-25-52 1-2.

The bald announcement: "Records over 50 miles — America has none," has long been an eyesore to several of those familiar with our record tables. It is so no longer. On the Athletic Park Track (built especially for bicycling), at Washington, D.C., on Friday, 26th October, 1883, under the management of the Capital Bicycle Club, a 100-mile amateur race was successfully carried out.

Thomas Midgley, of Worcester, Mass., and R. F. Foster, of Baltimore, Md., appeared. Foster had been suffering with fever and ague for two weeks past, but in the absence of any other competitors determined to start anyway and do the best he could.

Midgley immediately shot away, and led Foster 100 yards on the first lap (one-quarter mile). Both rode with excellent judgment, under the circumstances. Midgley knew he was sure of first place unless he broke down; the first lap convinced him that the wind was too strong, and the track too soft, from recent heavy rains, to admit of his beating L. H. Johnson's in-door, 3.9.45½, or even Place's out-door, 3.27.11¼ for 50 miles. He had nothing to fear from Foster, who never rode over 30 miles in his life before, on track or road, so he settled down to about 14 miles an hour for all day. Foster, on the other hand, knew

about 11 miles an hour was all he could stand; and, with an Auburndale in one pocket and a lap-scorer in the other, he regulated himself like a clock to that gait, and no challenges from Midgley, or urgings from pace-makers, could shake him. The high wind and soft track gradually told on the speed, and both men tapered off in pace considerably after going 30 or 40 miles.

When Midgley passed 50 miles Foster was within a few yards of 10 miles to the bad, and when he reached 100 Foster had not scored 79, neither having made a dismount or slackened for an instant. As announced from the judges' stand before the start, the time limit was, as usual, 10 hours, and a special prize was given to the rider covering the greatest number of miles in that time without leaving the saddle. Midgley was satisfied with his day's work of 100 miles, and quit at once, with no further apparent inconvenience than a sprained heel. Foster kept on, and, encouraged by the officials, succeeded in riding 102½ miles without a dismount,—a very fair performance for a sick man.

The 100 miles were made by Mr. Midgley in 7.25.52½, and it took Foster 9.45.48 to run his 102 miles. The score was printed on page 232 of the December WHEELMAN.

Foster ran his last quarter in 58 seconds, and would have gone on for the full 10 hours; but the officials were tired and hungry, and the 2 miles were sufficient to entitle him to first prize for not dismounting.

CAPTAIN HARRINGTON'S EVEN HUNDRED MILES.

This run was made on a very blustering Monday, November 12, 1883. Captain Harrington left the Hawthorne Bicycle Club head-quarters at Salem, Mass., at 6 A.M. He went over the same route as pursued by his club on its 100-mile run, November 2.

At Newton, on his return, he took a header and broke a handle-bar. He procured a back-stick from a carcass of mutton and tied it on for a handle-bar. At Maplewood, near Malden, he was met by Benjamin Boudreau, who accompanied him to Hotel Wallace, on the outskirts of Salem, where Capt. Harrington had a bad fall and broke the wooden handle-bar, and bent a crank and both treadles. Mr. Boudreau loaned him his machine, on which he finished the distance.

He registered and took dinner at Old Colony House, South Framingham. He had the wind in his face all the way out, and when he reached South Framingham it blew a gale.

On his return trip he had a favorable wind the greater part of the distance.

KARL KRON'S CANADIAN CENTURY.

On the fourth day of Karl Kron's monumental straight-away tour of 1,422 miles, from Detroit to Natural Bridge, Virginia, he accomplished a straight-away ride of 100 miles in a day. Starting from the Tecumseh House, in London, Canada, at 5.45 A.M. of Thursday, 11th October (having ridden 149 miles from Detroit during the three previous days), at 5.45 P.M. he had covered 72 miles in 9 hours of riding time, his stops being respectively 15, 75, 20, 40, and 30m. After doing 76 miles, he stopped 2 hours more for supper, bath, and a change of clothes; and then at 8.30 began the home-stretch of 24 miles, from Howesville to Mitchell. He finished at 2 A.M., at the Hicks House, with 100¼ miles as his record on the cyclometer. From London to Goderich, 66 miles, his course was the one traversed by the Chicago tourists in July last; and the rest of it was the one they would have traversed except for the rain. During the first 66 miles the wind favored him, but was against him on the last 24½ miles, which he rode and walked (half and half) in the darkness in 5½ hours. He had three falls; the last one set him down violently in a mud-hole. His weariness the next day was chiefly the result of want of sleep, as he was not stiff or sore except from the effects of the fall.

A VERMONT CENTURY.

Mr. Willard Egleston, of the Rutland Bicycle Club, and Mr. N. S. Marshall accomplished a run of 100½ miles on July 9, 1883.

They did not start with the avowed intention of making 100 miles. There had never been any runs made in the State of over 50 miles. Neither had any special training. They started at 4.10 A.M., and arrived home at 10.10 P.M. The roads were good, except for the hills, a good many of which they had to walk over. The intended route was from Rutland, Vt., to Salem, N.Y.,—52 miles distant; but finding too many hills they turned around 36 miles out and took in short side-runs to complete the distance. They did not go

over the same road twice except to return. No falls or accidents of any account, except one while coasting side by side down a short, but smooth and hard hill, at the bottom of which was a mud-puddle. It had the appearance of being shallow and safe to go through, and they made no effort to avoid it. A moment later they found themselves on their hands and knees, but with no damage except a *dropped* handle-bar. They worked all the next day.

NINE HAWTHORNES MAKE A CENTURY.

This club made an enviable record on November 2, in that nine members succeeded in covering 100 miles in a club run. The start was made at 6.07 A.M. The route was from Salem, through Lynn and Malden, to Medford, where a stop of 40 minutes was made for breakfast. From there they rode through Harvard Square to South Framingham, where they arrived at 11.17 A.M.; distance, 47½ miles. A stop of 12 minutes was made here, and then continuing on through Saxonville to East Sudbury, reaching that place at 12.21 P.M. The cyclometers now registered 49¼ miles, and, as they did not wish to ride more than one hundred miles, they made a short stop here and then rode back to South Framingham. Stopping here twenty minutes for dinner, they started on the return run at 1.30 o'clock. The return run was made over about the same route as that pursued on the outward trip, through Natick and the Newtons. It was now raining quite hard, and the roads white with snow, which, of course, made the riding very unpleasant. They reached Medford Centre at 4.05 P.M.; distance, 78¾ miles. Supper was taken here, and at 5 o'clock they started on again. At Swampscott two of the riders collided, throwing them both off and slightly injuring one of the bicycles. This accident necessitated a short stop, but as the damage to the machine was slight, they were soon off again. When near Salem they found that if they rode direct to their club-rooms the distance covered would be 15⅞ miles less than the 100 miles; consequently they rode through the city by circuitous route to the club-rooms, arriving there at 7.45 o'clock; distance, 100½ miles.

THREE SPRINGFIELD BOYS RIDE TO BOSTON.

C. E. and O. N. Whipple and T. W. Westervelt started from the U.S. Armory

at 4.30 A.M., Nov. 18. For 3½ miles it was good wheeling; the next 5 miles very sandy, and all took headers. From Wilbraham to Palmer and West Warren, the roads were fair. From West Warren to the Brookfields they are sandy and stony. About 2 miles out of Brookfield they stopped at a farm-house for breakfast. They found the road good, but very hilly from Spencer to Lester. Here they were met by Mr. Lamb, of Lester, who very kindly wheeled to Worcester with them, where they stopped twenty minutes to telegraph to Springfield. Contrary to what had been told them, they found every hill between Springfield and Boston could be coasted with safety. Their next and last stop (fifteen minutes) was at a farm-house at Southboro', where they commenced to realize what good roads were. The prospect put new life into their tired limbs, it being the first long run they had ever taken. From Framingham they wheeled through Natick, Wellesley, Newton Lower Falls, to Brighton, Chestnut-Hill Reservoir, to the Public Garden, Boston, and dismounted in front of Brigham's restaurant at 6.45.

A ROCHESTER RUN.

On Oct. 22, 1873, Messrs. E. B. Treatman and A. M. Bennett, of the Rochester Bicycle Club, rode from Rochester, N.Y., to Watkins (Glen), *via* Palmyra, Canandaigua, and Geneva. They started at 4 P.M., finished at 7 P.M., with 2h. 45m. rest. Roads hard and smooth. They did not experience any great fatigue at finish or soreness the next day. Had no previous training, except occasional riding each day.

LEOMINSTER CLUB.

This was the first regularly called club run of the season. Four members made the run. The route traversed was from Lancaster, Mass., through Clinton, Marlboro', South Framingham, Natick, Newton, Brighton, Cambridge, Arlington, Medford, Lynn, to Salem, reaching there at 1 P.M. Returning by same route to South Framingham.

The start was made from Lancaster at 5.05 A.M., and the finish at South Framingham, at 8.15 P.M. All hands were in good shape, and able to work the next day. It was a fine day to ride; roads in good condition, and not a very strong wind.

There had been no training for the run; in fact, none of them had done much riding before the date of the run. One had only had a wheel four weeks. During the run one rode 22 miles without dismount, and the last 15 miles with one handle-bar.

MY MARYLAND'S CENTURY.

On Aug. 25, 1883, Mr. W. W. Darnell rode from his home in Cumberland, Md., to Dam No. 6, a distance of 51 miles, and return. He left at 5 A.M., and got back at 7 P.M. Track pretty good, being the towpath of Chesapeake and Ohio canal. It was a fine day with a small breeze. He had a good many stops on account of meeting teams,—not included in the two hours' rest,—causing him to dismount seventy-seven times. He had no previous training, and was in good condition at end of ride. This century was made on the last day of an excursion through the States of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland, during which he bicycled 1,008 miles.

FIRST AMERICAN TRICYCLE CENTURY.

The first American tricycle century was made by Mr. Abbot Bassett, of *The World*, September 29. Starting at 4 A.M. from his home in Chelsea, he ran by way of Malden, Medford, Somerville, Cambridge, and the Newtons, to Natick. Returning by the same route to Malden, he continued his course through Saugus, Lynn, Salem, Beverly, Wenham, and Hamilton, to Ipswich. Then from Ipswich to Chelsea, over the same route. Two cyclometers were used, a McDonnell and Stanton's. The former registered 106 and the latter 104½ miles. The latter distance is the record to be allowed. Mr. Bassett was accompanied the first 50 miles by Mr. Frank M. Gilley, of Chelsea, on a bicycle, and this part of the journey was measured by 3 cyclometers, which agreed, with but a trifling variation. The course is certified by hotel registers and certificates.

THORNDIKE BICYCLE CLUB, OF BEVERLY, MASS.

On Saturday, June 9, Granger Whitney, Louis L. Dodge, J. Elmer Wood, Charles J. Giddings, and Benjamin Thissell, of the Thorndike Club, Beverly, Mass., started on a run of 100 miles. The party left Beverly at 4.30 A.M. and ran to Newburyport. A lunch was partaken of at Newburyport. Rowley was again reached at 9 A.M., and breakfast eaten at the Eagle. Wheels

were again mounted, and Beverly reached at 11 A.M., and the run continued to Lynn, where the party dined at the Sagamore House. Rowley was again reached, at which place a circuit of the town was taken, at the close of which the party repaired to the Eagle House for supper. After a short rest the bicyclists started for Beverly, which was reached in due season. Of the five who started on the ride, only two held out to the close. Mr. Dodge received a "header" on the trip to Rowley, by coming in collision with Mr. Thissell's machine, which had met with an accident, caused by a rut in the road, and badly scarred his right hand. His record was 75 miles. Capt. Whitney and Mr. Thissell covered 50 miles each.

The time was 15h. 6m. Stops, 4h. 30m.; time, 10h. 36m., or 10 miles per hour 106 miles. Both the riders are little more than boys,—Mr. Wood being nineteen years of age, and Mr. Giddings only seventeen years. The record would doubtless have been better had not one of the party been taken sick and delayed the others over an hour.

E. P. BURNHAM'S 106 MILES IN 9 HOURS, 50 MINUTES.

On November 4, Mr. Burnham started from his home in Newton at 6.51 o'clock, with the intention of trying to beat Mr. Midgely's record of 9h. 47m. for 100 miles on the road. Mr. P. E. Aubin, of the same club, started with him, but before reaching Medford he fell and broke the handle-bar of his machine, so Burnham had to ride on alone. He met a number of wheelmen at different points along his route; but, as none of them was able to keep pace with him, he was soon obliged to leave them, and, consequently, most of the distance was accomplished without pace-makers of any kind. His route was from Newton to Watertown, through Cambridge to Medford, and then by way of Malden, Saugus, Wyoming, Rockville, and Peabody to Danversport, where he arrived at 8.47 A.M. He stopped here for 16 minutes, and then continuing on through North Beverly and Wenham, he reached Hamilton at 9.35 A.M. After stopping here for about 10 minutes he rode to Ipswich, and thence through Rowley to Newburyport, where he remained a quarter of an hour for dinner. He started on the return from Newburyport at 11.04 A.M., and returned over the same route as far as Beverly, where he branched off and went to

Salem, arriving there at 1.35 P.M. He stopped here only 7 minutes, and then, re-summing his ride, he rode through Swampscott and Lynn to Saugus, and then over the same roads as on the outward trip to Watertown, thence to Waltham, and thence to Newton, finishing there at 4.41 P.M.

Mr. Burnham feels confident that he could have accomplished the distance inside of nine hours, had it not been for the heavy wind which blew against him on his return from Newburyport, while on going out the wind blew scarcely any.

He states that he was not tired out at all, the only ill effect being a strained tendon of his right leg. He has taken part in eighteen races, winning fourteen first prizes, including four record medals, and three second prizes, aggregating in value, \$900. He never does any training, all the practice he gets being after his ten hours of regular work.

DR. TYLER'S 107-MILES RUN.

Dr. N. P. Tyler, of New Haven, started from Springfield, at 1.15 A.M., Nov. 17. Bright moonlight. Thermometer, 26°; very little wind. The north-west wind had been blowing strongly for several days, and he expected to take advantage of it by coming from Springfield southward. Messrs. Charles Fiske and H. Westervelt, of Springfield Club, started, expecting to make the run with him. It was to be a *straight-away* run, no using the same road twice; and this was adhered to, with the exception of six or seven miles in getting back to Springfield, to replace a broken handle-bar. At Westfield they lost their way, and found themselves in a desert of sand. It was suggested to mount upon a railroad track running some fifty feet above their heads, and follow until they came to a cross-road. It was a picture for an artist, to see them pushing their wheels up an incline, varying slightly from the perpendicular, hanging on to shrubs, momentarily in danger of being precipitated to the bottom. Three-quarters of a mile brought them to a cross-road, and, following the direction of the north star, they travelled, pushing their wheels before them, over seven miles of the sandiest of sandy roads. Then they found a rideable road, to Springfield, where they had determined to go to get the handle-bar replaced. Reaching Springfield, his companions determined to await a more propitious

occasion to complete a "century run," and, after waiting several hours to repair the broken bar, he went on alone, stopping only for dinner, and again for oil. At one point he was spinning along quite fast, and passing a fair daughter of Erin, she exclaimed, "Arrah! aint ye high?" At this moment his wheel caught in a rut, and he took a header, and was only saved from going down an embankment by being precipitated against a rail put up for that purpose. "Air ye hurted?" greeted his ears as he sorted himself out from wheels, bent handle-bars, and a demoralized brake. He was in pretty fair condition when stopping, at about 8 P.M., excepting pain in the knees, produced by straining the attachments of the ligaments by strong pedalling against the wind. Felt very good the next day.

AN OHIO RUN OF 115 MILES.

On Sunday evening, November 18, Capt. A. Dolph, and Sec'y Van Vecten, of the New London Bi. Club, took the 9 P.M. train and went to Galion, Ohio. Left there for Cleveland, Ohio; distance, 115 miles. Route was through Mansfield, Ashland, New London, Wellington, Oberlin, Elyria, thence to Cleveland. Left Galion at 1 o'clock Monday A.M.; full moon; bad road to Mansfield. Van Vecten broke his saddle-spring close off to the head, on the way to Mansfield, which necessitated riding with saddle on backbone, reminding him of the genuine old "bone-shaker"; Mansfield was reached at 3.30 A.M.; stopped five minutes to mail a postal-card to the Cleveland Bicycle Club. Road to Ashland quite hilly, but better than before. Made Ashland, 17 miles, 1h. 30m. Stopped 1h. 5m. at Ashland. Made New London by 9 o'clock. Distance, Galion to New London, 50 miles. From here Dolph continued on alone with the intention of breaking the State record. Left New London at 10.30; reached Wellington 12; stopped 1h.; Reached Elyria 3.30; stopped 2h.; Reached Cleveland 8.45 P.M., making 115 miles. Roads from Elyria to Cleveland too bad to return, so the attempt at record breaking was given up. No training was done for this trip, and participants felt all right next day.

Entire distance was made without an accident, header, or anything out of the way, but the breaking of a spring.

C. A. Hazlett.

[To be continued.]

BICYCLE AND TRICYCLE RACING RECORDS.—PART I.

COMPILED BY ABBOT BASSETT OF THE L.A.W. RACING BOARD.

BEST AMERICAN AMATEUR BICYCLE RECORDS.

Miles.	Time.	Name.	Place.	Date.
	.43	C. H. Jenkins.....	Louisville, Ky.....	July 4, 1882.
	*.42 2-5	Geo. M. Hendee.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
	1.24 $\frac{1}{2}$	" ".....	" ".....	" 20, 1882.
	*1.22 $\frac{1}{2}$	" ".....	New Haven.....	Oct. 10, 1883.
	2.27 $\frac{1}{2}$	Jeffreys Wyman.....	Boston.....	June 10, 1882.
	*2.11	Geo. M. Hendee.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
1	2.54 $\frac{1}{2}$	Frank Moore.....	" ".....	" 20, 1882.
1	*2.50	Geo. M. Hendee.....	New Haven.....	Oct. 10, 1883.
2	6.14	Frank Moore.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1882.
3	*6.02 1-5	A. H. Robinson.....	" ".....	" 19, 1883.
3	9.41 $\frac{1}{2}$	W. S. Clark.....	New York.....	Feb. 14, 1880.
3	*9.17	W. C. Palmer.....	New Haven.....	Oct. 10, 1883.
4	13.02 $\frac{1}{2}$	Geo. D. Gideon.....	Boston.....	April 6, 1882.
4	*12.30	Geo. M. Hendee.....	New Haven.....	Oct. 10, 1883.
5	15.47 $\frac{1}{2}$	Frank Moore.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1882.
5	*15.26 $\frac{1}{2}$	Geo. M. Hendee.....	New Haven.....	Oct. 10, 1883.
6	19.54	Frank Moore.....	Boston.....	Sept. 13, 1882.
6	*18.58 $\frac{1}{2}$	H. D. Corey.....	Springfield.....	" 20, 1883.
7	23.20	F. Moore.....	Boston.....	" 13, 1882.
7	*22.12	H. D. Corey.....	Springfield.....	" 20, 1883.
8	25.48	Frank Moore.....	Boston.....	" 13, 1882.
8	*25.15	E. P. Burnham.....	New Haven.....	Oct. 10, 1883.
9	30.15 $\frac{1}{2}$	Frank Moore.....	Boston.....	Sept. 13, 1882.
9	*28.24	E. P. Burnham.....	New Haven.....	Oct. 10, 1883.
10	33.34	Frank Moore.....	Boston.....	Sept. 13, 1882.
10	*31.32 $\frac{1}{2}$	E. P. Burnham.....	New Haven.....	Oct. 10, 1883.
11	39.50	C. D. Vesey.....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
11	*35.44	Thos. Midgley.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
12	43.45	C. D. Vesey.....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
12	*38.55	Thos. Midgley.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
13	47.19 $\frac{1}{2}$	W. Smith.....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
13	*42.09	Ed. Pettus.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
14	51.14	C. D. Vesey.....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
14	*45.34 3-5	Ed. Pettus.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
15	55.04	C. D. Vesey.....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
15	*48.55	Ed. Pettus.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
16	59.03	C. D. Vesey.....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
16	*52.11 3-5	" ".....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
17	1.02.55	" ".....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
17	*55.47 3-5	" ".....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
18	1.07.01	" ".....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
18	*58.54 3-5	Ed. Pettus.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
19	1.11	C. D. Vesey.....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
19	*1.02.25 3-5	Ed. Pettus.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
20	1.15.04	C. D. Vesey.....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
20	*1.05.40 1-5	C. F. Frazier.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
21	1.19.04	C. D. Vesey.....	New York.....	Dec. 19, 1881.
21	*1.09.15 2-5	" ".....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
22	1.22.54	W. S. Clark.....	New York.....	Feb. 21, 1880.
22	*1.12.51	Ed. Pettus.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
23	1.26.27	W. S. Clark.....	New York.....	Feb. 21, 1880.
23	*1.16.25 3-5	Ed. Pettus.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
24	1.30.04	W. S. Clark.....	New York.....	Feb. 21, 1880.
24	*1.20.05 1-5	H. J. Hall, Jr.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
25	1.33.39	W. S. Clark.....	New York.....	Feb. 21, 1880.
25	*1.23.10	C. F. Frazier.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
26	1.37.10 $\frac{1}{2}$	W. S. Clark.....	New York.....	Feb. 14, 1880.
27	1.41.27	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
28	1.44.50	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
29	1.48.26	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
30	1.52.29	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
31	1.56.38 $\frac{1}{2}$	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
32	2.00.39 $\frac{1}{2}$	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
33	2.04.44	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
34	2.08.47	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
35	2.12.34	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
36†	2.17.08	L. H. Johnson†.....	" ".....	Feb. 21, 1880.
50	3.00.45	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
51‡	*3.42.20 $\frac{1}{2}$	Thomas Midgley‡.....	Washington.....	Oct. 26, 1883.
100	*7.25.52 $\frac{1}{2}$	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
101	*9.40.03	R. F. Foster.....	" ".....	" ".....
102	*9.45.48	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....

* Record in dispute, the track not having been measured according to the League standard.
 † See next page for records from 37 to 49 miles inclusive.
 ‡ See next page for records from 52 to 99 miles inclusive.

BEST AMERICAN AMATEUR BICYCLE RECORDS.

†Miles from 37 to 49, inclusive, held by L. H. Johnson at same date and place as on preceding page, and in the following times:—

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
37	2.20.58	42	2.40.31	47	2.58.34
38	2.24.06	43	2.43.47	48	3-2.23½
39	2.28.40	44	2.47.25	49	3-6.09
40	2.32.45	45	2.51.07	50	3-9.45½
41	2.36.41	46	2.54.50		

†Miles from 52 to 99, inclusive, held by Thomas Midgley, at same date and place as on preceding page, and in the following times:—

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
52	*3.48.08½	68	*5.01.15	84	*6.13.55½
53	*3.53.36½	69	*5.05.59½	85	*6.18.15
54	*3.58.40½	70	*5.10.58	86	*6.22.42
55	*4.03.35	71	*5.15.31	87	*6.27.36
56	*4.08.02	72	*5.19.52½	88	*6.32.06
57	*4.12.36	73	*5.24.08	89	*6.36.48½
58	*4.17.06½	74	*5.28.18	90	*6.41.31½
59	*4.21.45	75	*5.32.56½	91	*6.46.24½
60	*4.26.11	76	*5.36.57	92	*6.51.14½
61	*4.30.33	77	*5.41.11	93	*6.56.03½
62	*4.34.29½	78	*5.45.56	94	*7.00.36½
63	*4.38.28½	79	*5.50.29½	95	*7.04.14½
64	*4.43.06½	80	*5.55.14	96	*7.09.15
65	*4.48.59	81	*5.59.45½	97	*7.13.22
66	*4.53.39	82	*6.04.16½	98	*7.18.33½
67	*4.56.55	83	*6.09.15½	99	*7.21.48

BEST AMERICAN PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RECORDS.

Miles.	Time.	Name.	Name.	Date.
1	2.59	John S. Prince.....	Boston.....	Feb. 22, 1883.
2	6.11½	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
3	9.30	W. M. Woodside.....	" ".....	May 15, 1883.
3	*9.06½	John Keen.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 19, 1883.
4	12.40½	W. M. Woodside.....	Boston.....	May 15, 1883.
4	*12.14 3-5	J. S. Prince.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 19, 1883.
5	*15.51½	W. M. Woodside.....	Boston.....	May 15, 1883.
5	*15.24 3-5	H. W. Higham.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 19, 1883.
6	19.02	W. M. Woodside.....	Boston.....	May 15, 1883.
6	*18.36	John S. Prince.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 19, 1883.
7	22.15½	W. M. Woodside.....	Boston.....	May 15, 1883.
7	*22.12 4-5	John Keen.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
8	25.27½	W. M. Woodside.....	Boston.....	May 15, 1883.
8	*25.03 2-5	H. W. Higham.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 19, 1883.
9	28.39½	W. M. Woodside.....	Boston.....	May 15, 1883.
9	*28.14	H. W. Higham.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 19, 1883.
10	31.49½	W. M. Woodside.....	Boston.....	May 15, 1883.
10	*31.06 3-5	John S. Prince.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 19, 1883.
11	36.20½	" ".....	Boston.....	May 25, 1882.
11	*35.25 1-5	Robert James.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
12	39.41	John S. Prince.....	Boston.....	May 25, 1882.
12	*38.52 2-5	John Keen.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
13	43.05	John S. Prince.....	Boston.....	May 25, 1882.
13	*42.19 2-5	Robert James.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
14	46.30½	John S. Prince.....	Boston.....	May 25, 1882.
14	*45.49 3-5	W. J. Morgan.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
15	49.55½	John S. Prince.....	Boston.....	May 25, 1882.
15	*49.15	W. J. Morgan.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
16	53.26½	John S. Prince.....	Boston.....	May 25, 1882.
16	*52.43 1-5	" ".....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
17	56.57½	" ".....	Boston.....	May 25, 1882.
17	*56.12	Robert James.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
18	1.00.33½	John S. Prince.....	Boston.....	May 25, 1882.
18	*59.45 1-5	Robert James.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
19	1.04.12½	John S. Prince.....	Boston.....	May 25, 1882.
19	*1.03.26	Robert James.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
20	1.07.47½	John S. Prince.....	Boston.....	March 17, 1883.
20	*1.06.30	H. W. Higham.....	Springfield.....	Sept. 20, 1883.
21	1.11.45½	John S. Prince.....	Boston.....	May 25, 1882.
22	1.14.35½	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
23	1.18.36	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
24	1.22.36½	" ".....	" ".....	" ".....
25	1.26.07	W. M. Woodside.....	Chicago.....	Dec. 15, 1883.

* Record in dispute, the track not having been measured according to the League standard.

Miles.	Time.	Name.	Place.	Date.
26	1.30.44	John S. Prince	Boston	May 25, 1882.
27	1.34.45	"	"	"
28	1.38.53	"	"	"
29	1.42.59	"	"	"
30	1.43.43	W. M. Woodside	Chicago	Dec. 15, 1883.
31	1.51.23	D. Stanton	New York	Feb. 14, 1880.
32	1.55.06	"	"	"
33	1.59.00	D. Belard	"	"
34	2.02.21	"	"	"
35	2.02.56	W. M. Woodside	Chicago	Dec. 15, 1883.
36	2.09.42	D. Belard	New York	Feb. 14, 1880.
37	2.13.23	"	"	"
38	2.17.10	"	"	"
39	2.20.58	"	"	"
40	2.24.48	D. Stanton	"	"
41	2.28.33	"	"	"
42	2.32.10	D. Belard	"	"
43	2.36.08	"	"	"
44	2.39.58	"	"	"
45	2.43.55	"	"	"
46	2.47.57	"	"	"
47	2.51.40	"	"	"
48	2.55.39	"	"	"
49	2.59.09	D. Stanton	"	"
50	2.59.15	John S. Prince	Boston	June 9, 1882.
51*	3.16.06	"	Chicago	Oct. 22, 1883.
100	6.46.55	"	"	"

*Miles from 52 to 99, inclusive, held by John S. Prince at the same date and place as above, and in the following times:

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
52	3.19.54	68	4.25.09	84	5.23.21
53	3.24.18	69	4.28.40	85	5.36.52
54	3.29.14	70	4.32.16	86	5.41.27
55	3.33.05	71	4.35.46	87	5.46.09
56	3.36.59	72	4.39.19	88	5.50.49
57	3.40.58	73	4.43.23	89	5.55.27
58	3.45.06	74	4.47.40	90	6.00.36
59	3.49.18	75	4.51.57	91	6.05.50
60	3.53.30	76	4.56.18	92	6.09.29
61	3.57.48	77	5.00.40	93	6.14.05
62	4.02.04	78	5.05.03	94	6.19.43
63	4.06.17	79	5.09.26	95	6.23.16
64	4.10.34	80	5.14.20	96	6.28.44
65	4.14.30	81	5.18.45	97	6.32.16
66	4.17.59	82	5.22.09	98	6.37.44
67	4.21.33	83	5.32.41	99	6.41.07

Mr. Prince holds the best on record up to and including 436 miles.

BEST AMATEUR TRICYCLE RECORDS.

Miles.	Time.	Name.	Place.	Date.
American.				
1	4.32	W. B. Everett	Boston	June 30, 1883.
1	*3.31	E. P. Burnham	New Haven	October 10, 1883.
2	*7.08	"	"	"
3	*11.21	Thos. Midgely	Springfield	September 20, 1883.
4	*15.10 1-5	"	"	"
5	*18.35	L. H. Johnson	"	"
English.				
1	3.11	M. J. Lowndes	Belgrave Road	May 15, 1883.
2	6.28	"	"	"
3	9.49	"	"	"
4	13.12	"	"	"
5	16.24	"	"	"
6	20.17	"	"	"
7	23.39 3-5	"	Crystal Palace	July 14, 1883.
8	27.02	"	"	"
9	30.27 3-5	"	"	"
10	33.45	C. E. Liles	"	"
20	1.15.24	M. J. Lowndes	"	June 25, 1883.
25	1.36.03	"	"	"
50	3.18.27	"	"	"
100	7.23.50 2-5	A. Nixon	"	"

* Record in dispute, the track not having been measured according to League Standard.

EDITOR'S OPEN WINDOW.

A Wish and a Word.

FOLLOWING an accepted custom in the issuing of magazines, we come before our readers under date of the month *for* which we hope to be their companion, rather than of that *in* which our handful of ripened results is made up, and we knock at the doors of their hospitality. So it is that, on the eve of the New Year, we are writing for its second month, and our genuine greetings of the season are belated into February. However, we wish our thousands of friends—readers, contributors, and patrons—all the positive happiness that springs from congenial and recreative activities, and all the success deserved by wholesome living and honest effort. We pledge ourselves and all the forces at our command to assistance in their realization of this wish.

It is just as obvious to us as it can be to our readers that our own share in such happiness and success must depend largely upon our own efforts and wisdom; that our strongest appeal for support will be in the excellence and attractiveness of our monthly issues, and that our enterprise, like any other, must hold its measure of success upon business principles, and not upon friendship or invited charity. But it is true, nevertheless, that our course is over a new and untried field of journalism, and that the completeness and warmth of color and illustration, and truthfulness of record of this magazine, and hence its value to its readers, as well as its progress beyond a certain stable existence and reasonable merit, which we have reached, must depend in a large measure upon the voluntary aid of its interested readers. By correspondence giving us facts, incidents, and suggestions, by contributions, by notices of what has been and is to be done, by reflecting for us the sentiments and tendencies in particular circles and localities, and by encouraging subscriptions amongst their friends, our readers can aid us much in giving them a fuller, and better, and more sympathetic magazine from month to month. In this direction he that giveth receiveth. We shall not often talk of ourselves in these columns, but for this once we warmly thank our friends for all their aid hitherto, and ask each one to take these suggestions as a word to the wise.

Winter Recreations.

THE out-of-door recreations in our temperate zone are fewer, and the pursuit of them is less general, in winter than at other seasons of the year. This is in large part due, of course, to climatic rigors, which shut off the necessary conditions of some, and bring to others so many asperities as to dull their delights. Canoeing and yachting are suspended in the North; the cricket crease and the archery range are snowed up; crosse, racquet, and mallet are driven in-doors; the camera and the dry plate tempt to shorter distances, and even bicycling and tricycling, which are nearest to all-the-year-round recreations, become amphibious, and share the general torpidity of unseasoned arts.

Besides the fact that the in-door amusements are increased in number and attractiveness in the cold season, there is another less frequently noticed. For most people the ordinary pursuits and activities of life afford more physical exercise in winter than in summer. It is the busy season, and cold, and snow, and slippery walks, and hurried action and exposure, make larger drafts upon the energies, and leave less surplus for pleasurable exercises. The days are shorter, and night frowns upon most out-of-door recreations.

And yet winter has its peculiar sports, and appreciation of them is on the increase. Tobogganing is moving into the United States, by invasion from the North; and even our old "sliding down hill," on sleds, pungs, and double-runners, is becoming dignified by the organization of coasting clubs and reserved coasts. Fascinating and perilous ice-skating has not faded from a land offering the best opportunities in the world, whilst ice-yachting spreads a little on our rivers, and ponds, and bays, and the safer ice-game of curling is acquiring a permanent place with American diversions. Sleighing may not, but seasonable hunting and fishing can, be classed as organized pastimes, and snow-shoeing and snow-ball warfare have been; and the semi-out-door roller-skating and polo of the rinks form a connecting link with the gymnasiums, where also much more is done in winter than in summer.

Not only restless, growing youth, but also earnest, busy men and women, are finding more and more the healthfulness and good-cheer derivable from positive recreation in so marked a degree better than from the negative in-door relaxations.

Better Housed.

THE club idea involves common purpose and interests, sociability, coöperative action, and locality or common resort. It is one of the accumulating signs of the permanence of bicycling and tricycling that so many of the older and leading clubs are acquiring better headquarters. Well established and confirmed in their chosen recreation, they no longer find the small wheel-room and meeting-room of temporary quarters adequate to their wants. They require more adequate, and varied, and comfortable provision, — their principal and incidental needs, — and such æsthetic and contributors' appointments as shall satisfy them for

most social club-purposes, also for the year round.

Notable are the new club-houses of the Chicago, Boston, and Citizens' bicycle clubs, the former recently completed, with main reference to practical wheel-club use, but combining some other athletic and social features; the latter just erecting and contrived solely for an active membership, and the other found almost ready to band, and with the social idea more predominant in its designed uses. The three, indeed, represent well the leading variations of the same general kind of habitation; and throughout the country, the clubs, large and small, are better housed than they were a year ago.

The bicycle clubs are not alone involved in this tendency toward better buildings and appointments. In our athletic metropolis and elsewhere the temples of hygiene are proofs that physical strength, and training, and exercise, are receiving more of the attention they deserve.

GLANCES AT OUR LETTER-FILE.

The Sailing Rules of the American Canoe Association.

SINCE my article on this subject was written (January OUTING, page 295) the Executive and Regatta committees have taken some further action, more particularly in relation to the 1884 meeting at the Thousand Islands. The classification of canoes given above as used at Stony Lake has been permanently adopted; it having, in the opinion of the committee, "given general satisfaction and worked smoothly." At the 1884 meet there will be a "clerk of the course," who will act as secretary, and collect and enter entries; a time-keeper, a starter, and a judge at the finish, in whose hands the actual carrying out of the regatta programme shall be. This is an improvement on the somewhat hap-hazard manner in which the work has hitherto been done by any members of the regatta committee who happened to be disengaged. The "senior and junior" distinction has been abolished; and in its place there will be a "novices'" sailing race, open only to members of the A.C.A. who have never sailed a canoe previous to January of

the current year. Another novelty is the introduction of a race in "cruising-rig"; the definition of cruising-rig being not more than fifty feet of sail area for Class A, the smaller canoes, and not more than seventy feet for the larger ones of Class B.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to point out two typographical errors in my article of last month on "The Sailing Regulations of the American Canoe Association." On page 296, the commencement of the last paragraph should read thus: "The provisions in italics are those which have not been changed since. Canoes were put into these four classes for the paddling races as well as for the sailing races; and herein lay the great practical difficulty." These two sentences were made into one by the omission of the full point after the word "since"; with a crushing effect on the context. Then, in the last line of the same page, the words "in sailing" should be struck out; their only effect is to make nonsense of a sentence which refers solely to *paddling* races.

Robert Tyson.

The Cost of It.

It is an every-day complaint that bicycles *cost so much*. This complaint—more frequent and emphatic among those who are just looking about in the first thought of purchasing than among actual users of the wheel—sometimes takes the form of remonstrance. I have been told, at various times, that, “I can’t see what there is in bicycles to make them cost so much,” and “there must be a big profit on them somewhere”; I have been challenged to justify their higher price here than in England, and have been assured that whenever they are brought within the reach of average people they will be more in use, etc., etc.

The plaint has one fact at least for foundation—bicycles *are* high-priced. For one, I sincerely wish they were less so, and if anybody will only show me how to reduce their cost I will gladly take the initiative in reducing their price. It is, however, an error to suppose that any dealer can make prices low because the consumer wishes and there is a *disposition* to gratify him. The conditions governing total cost are very little in the power of any one person, or, indeed, of the combined efforts of all engaged in a particular trade. The dealer takes the goods as they cost him, all processes and stages considered, and he adds a living rate of commission for his services. This last addition is all on which he has any discretion, and he is under severe limitations as to even that. Make it too much, and he kills off his business; make it too little, and he does the same. Whether he requires what is an equitable profit, or whether he aims to charge what the traffic will bear, in either case he studies after the happy medium.

Recognizing the fact that the purchaser’s plaint of high price is natural and reasonable, from his point of view, and desiring to treat it with candor and patience, I write to point out some considerations which he overlooks. As rider, writer, student, enthusiast, and importer, I have been “in” bicycling about five years; and while I cannot claim rank among the pioneers,—since there is a numerically respectable but comparatively small band who preceded me, this term and experience are enough to carry some title to hearing.

What has to be paid by the purchaser of a bicycle is, its cost of production, its cost of distribution, the risk involved in the business, and the profit or commission of the last party through whose hands it passes. In the case of this inquiry there is some misconception as to what a

bicycle is. Its rudimentary form of “dandy horse,” embodying the discovery of the paradox of the balancing, is nearly a century old, but a long string of clumsy pelting with levers, gears, cranks, and complex devices, which went astonishingly astray from the goal of simplicity, came before practicability was reached. The bicycle is a specialized carriage, the product of laborious evolution. There is no part but has been worked over and over; and although the ultimate seems now nearly reached, the series of experiments are a foundation of invested capital. Moreover, it is itself the product of large capital to-day, for it cannot be produced, commercially speaking, except from the investment of a small fortune in “plant.” It demands, and reasonably receives, the choicest material and skill, for there is no article that gets severer usage; the concentration of strain and shock is such that the only wonder is how it bears them, especially as its slenderness is constantly besieged by all for further “lightness.” Without going into figures, I am clear in saying that its bare cost of production is more than the public suppose.

The risks involved have also to be paid for. These may seem trivial, now that the bicycle is established; but there is, even now, a risk in the uncertainty of demand in this way. The market widening every year, each past season is no guide for the next, and all parties must make the best guess they can. Supply on a large scale involves large capital, and, in their conservative endeavor not to overdo, they have underestimated the demand thus far. The risk of over-supply on one hand, or of a jam in market and delay in supply on the other, must be paid for. Whenever the public learn to prolong the term of use, and to crowd less the year’s trade into a “season,” this trouble will be mollified. Meanwhile, if purchasers will only take the advice in which I know the entire trade heartily unite, and *order early* (please understand that these two words are intended to bear all the emphasis which display type could give them), instead of holding back until the day they wish to ride, and then criticising the trade for not being conducted in a business manner, they will lighten this part of the risk also.

If the risks are trifling now, how was it once? The remnants of the old impressions and prejudices about bicycles still survive. What was thought five years ago of the novel, absurd, dizzy toy? Was it decently safe? Could any but acrobats master it? Could it be ridden on the roads we had? Was it healthy? Would it be more than a revival of the craze of ten years before?

The little band of Boston pioneers deserve all honor. I must confess, for myself, that it was not until perhaps a year ago that I became fully clear in mind about the future of the machine in America. Faith, and works that go with Faith, are so easy after the way is broken. But how about the making it? There can be no question that the investment of capital and labor in the bicycle in 1877-79 was a hazardous venture, as things looked then. Whoever takes business risks gets no help from the public if he fails, and not much sympathy; so it is a recognized rule that he is entitled to get from success more than interest on money and good wages for labor—he must be well paid for the risks. Otherwise, nobody would take risks; the world would wait for certainties; that is, we should be still living on roots, dug wild, and be eating those raw.

Here comes mention of patents and “monopoly.” It is bare justice to admit that the present holders took these as they found them, and could not ignore them. Grant that they were obstructions, they would have hampered all who attempted to enter the business, and their consolidation and control in one concern was the only way to dispose of them, except to successfully contest them. The handling of these patents is a once “explosive” subject that has provoked some controversy, which is now remanded to the by-gones by almost general consent. These patents, of course, have been one item of cost, as they always are; but not more severely so than in other lines of trade.¹

The cost of distribution also must be paid for, and this is mostly overlooked by the public. One of the elements in this cost is the large amount of unique advertising that has had to be done. The older makers and dealers especially deserve great credit for the aid they have given to bicycling literature. It *cost*; and the wheelman of to-day is reaping more benefit of it than is covered by the small bit from the expense account he pays in the price of a machine.

Valuable as the bicycle is it is not a realized necessity, and it met no known want. Had it waited for its success abroad to bring it into use here it would have waited forever. The bicycle had to be figuratively crammed down the public

throat; reputation and demand had to be *created*. There are large blocks on the map where it is probably still unheard of. It has a momentum now, but the uphill fight with ignorance, incredulity, indifference, and prejudice was severe. The entire trade shares in the benefits of this expenditure. Had it not been made chiefly by one concern, it must have been made by many; or, perhaps, it would not have been made at all. My point is, that all this must be paid for; and advertising outlay must be perpetual.

The retail trade is another factor in cost. It is a convenience for the buyer to have his establishment at hand, where machines of various makes can be seen and tried, and bought at central prices, plus transportation; but this convenience costs. The retailer must be assumed to be useful and necessary, or he could not exist. If everybody who can possibly be led to think that he wants a bicycle would only order directly from maker or importer, retail prices could be somewhat lower; but they won't. The consumer pays all expenses. When the public get fully convinced that they want bicycles, and fully decided as to which and what they want, they can leave out the retailer. Until they do, his share of profit will be found in the list prices.

Now, suppose this product of skill, patience, enterprise, and pluck does cost from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars,—what then? Mr. A. S. Parsons has calculated that his own practical use of it as a vehicle strictly pays for the steed every year; and there are not a few who similarly get utility out of it. The perfected gymnasium, as at Harvard, and the zeal of Mr. William Blaikie (who, unfortunately, does not yet know the steel steed well enough to give it its just place in his regard), are admirable; yet there will be a pretty general consent that there is no single implement which unites pleasure, health, assistance, and practical utility as does the bicycle and its three-wheeled brother. Nobody buys either to help the trade, and only rarely does one who tries either abandon it, unless for the other. As well expect crops without soil as successful life without good bodies in which to find its roots. The “nerve” of Americans is as excellent as their nerves are superabundant and burdensome. This applies to both sexes; and, as it is hopeless to look for more vigor than mothers have to give, the tricycle is a boon almost unspeakable to American womanhood, and to generations still to come. [I am one of the probably few who see no natural hindrance, and wish yet that women may dare to ride the bicycle; but I don't quite reckon on living to see it, though I believe it will

¹ Possibly one in a hundred of your readers may know that I was formerly a pretty intense opponent of the owners upon this subject, and an emphatic “anti-monopolist.” It is human to err, and creditable to confess it. My differences were from sincerely held opinions, which I admit were in part erroneous, from not looking enough at all sides; and no one who knows me will doubt, I think, that this admission, so far as it goes, is wholly voluntary.

come.] But a piece of construction which has such potency for recreation (of which we never get enough), and for health-giving, without which we are nothing, and for utility, — which we all half worship — is it not *worth* its price?

There will probably be some decrease in the cost of production after some years more; but the earlier decrease will be in the cost of distribution as here outlined. Whoever would speed this wheel millennium of lower prices, better roads, and banished prejudices, should not only use the wheel himself, but should make all his influence help his example in raising the public estimation of the wheel and extending its use. The larger the market the better for all. On the contrary, to use one's machine and bear no testimony is to follow neither the impulse of generosity nor the dictates of enlightened self-interest.

Julius Wilcox.

The Lawrence Bi. Club 200-Mile Run.

CAPT. WEBB, of the Lawrence (Mass.) Bi. C., called a 24-hour run, the start to be from Malden, between 5 and 6 o'clock P.M., October 16, with the purpose of covering 200 miles within the 24-hours.

Three men, Capt. T. L. Webb and Messrs. John Tacy and John F. Finn, accompanied by Mr. Natt M. Cogswell (one of the three who made 169½ miles last year), started from the Boston & Maine depot, at Malden, at 5.16 o'clock P.M., October 16, and wheeled to South Natick, *via* Medford, Somerville, Cambridge, Watertown, the Newtons, Grantville, and Wellesley, arriving there at 7.15, where Mr. Cogswell remained to have a lunch prepared for them upon their return. Starting from there at 7.20, they returned to West Newton over the same road they had come, arriving there at 8 o'clock. Here they procured a light lunch, which delayed them 30 minutes. Starting at 8.30, they proceeded to Malden. While going through Cambridge, upon their way to South Natick, they struck a bad piece of road, which was being repaired, and Webb received a fall. Upon their return, a police-officer directed them where he said the "roads were better." Not being familiar with the streets, they got lost, and wandered about 20 or 25 minutes, before getting upon the right road. The return route (*via* Harvard Square), although somewhat further than the other way, contained better roads, and was taken by them upon every subsequent trip in this direction.

They arrived at the Boston & Maine depot, in Malden, at 9.55, and from Lerner & Varinas' apothecary store, directly opposite, telephoned to Dyer & Co., Lawrence. Starting from here at 10 o'clock, they returned to South Natick over the route heretofore described, arriving at 11.47 P.M.

After partaking of a lunch at Bailey's Hotel, they started from here at 12.05 A.M., October 17, in company with Cogswell (whom you will remember they left here upon their first trip), and wheeled to Salem, *via* the same route to Malden, and then *via* East Saugus, Lynn, and Swampscott, arriving at the Essex House, in Salem, at 4.30 A.M. Between Malden and Lynn Finn received a bad fall, which so shook him up that he continued no farther than Salem. At the Essex House they were *compelled to wait 2 hours and 25 minutes* before getting breakfast, and did not start from here until 6.55 A.M., when they proceeded to Rowley, *via* Beverly, Wenham, Hamilton, and Ipswich, reaching Rowley at 8.15 o'clock; then to Ipswich, and back to Rowley at 9 o'clock; then, *via* Ipswich, etc., to Salem common, arriving at 10.20; then back to Ipswich, arriving at 11.18, and return over the same route to Essex House, Salem, arriving at 12.28 P.M. Here, by a preconcerted arrangement, they were joined by Messrs. W. B. Segur and William Cotton, of the Lawrence Club, who acted as pace-makers for the remainder of the run.

After taking 52 minutes for dinner, they left the Essex House at 1.20, and proceeded over the same route heretofore described, *via* Swampscott, Lynn, Malden, etc., to West Newton, arriving at 3.45 P.M., and returned to Malden, arriving at the B. & M. depot at 5 o'clock, having 16 minutes to spare. They decided to go no further, and took the train from here to Lawrence.

At the depot in Lawrence they were met by quite a delegation from the Lawrence Club; and, after a few minutes' conversation about the run, in Dyer & Co.'s store, they went to their respective homes. One of our club men gave to the reporter of the *Lawrence Eagle* a few facts about the run, picked up in this few minutes' conversation, as a matter of news, and the route *they* then published was even different from what *he* gave them (so he says).

The route published in the *WHEELMAN* was copied from *this erroneous "Eagle" report*, and, as considerable of the route was left out, the distance figures up considerably less than the actual distance travelled.

HOME BRIGHTENING.

The distance covered was $200\frac{2}{32}$ miles, and the actual riding time 19 hours 29 minutes.

This, we claim, is the longest 24-hour club run on record. I enclose correct tables of the time and distances. Yours fraternally,

MAHLON D. CURRIER,
Pres. Lawrence Bicycle Club.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

Malden to South Natick (short way).....	$18\frac{11}{32}$ miles.
South Natick to West Newton.....	$7\frac{6}{32}$ "
West Newton to Malden, <i>via</i> Harvard square in Cambridge	$11\frac{31}{32}$ "
Malden to South Natick, <i>via</i> Harvard square in Cambridge	$19\frac{5}{32}$ "
South Natick to Essex House, Salem, <i>via</i> Harvard square in Cambridge	$35\frac{29}{32}$ "
Essex House, Salem, to Rowley	$16\frac{28}{32}$ "
Rowley to Ipswich	$3\frac{28}{32}$ "
Ipswich to Rowley	$3\frac{28}{32}$ "
Rowley to Salem Common.....	$16\frac{11}{32}$ "
Salem Common to Ipswich.....	$12\frac{21}{32}$ "
Ipswich to Essex House, Salem	13 "
Essex House, Salem, to West Newton, <i>via</i> Harvard square.....	$28\frac{23}{32}$ "

West Newton to Malden, *via* Harvard square..... $11\frac{31}{32}$ miles.
 $200\frac{2}{32}$ "

TABLE OF TIME AND RESTS.

Start.	Arrive.	Leave.	Rest.	Rem'ks.
Malden.....	5.16 P.M.		
Bailey's Hotel, So. Natick.....	7.15 P.M.	7.20 "	5 m.	
West Newton.....	8.00 "	8.30 "	30 "	Lunch.
Malden.....	9.55 "	10.00 "	5 "	
South Natick	11.47 "	12.05 A.M.	18 "	Lunch.
Essex House, Salem	4.30 A.M.	6.55 "	2 h. 25 "	Breakf't.
Rowley.....	8.15 "			
Ipswich.....				
Rowley.....	9.00 "			
Salem Common.....	10.20 "			
Ipswich.....	11.18 "			
Essex House, Salem	12.28 P.M.	1.20 P.M.	52 "	Dinner.
West Newton.....	3.45 "			
Malden.....	5.00 "			
			4h. 15m.	

Riding Time.....19 hours, 29 minutes.
Rests, 4 " 15 "
Spare Time....., 16 "
24 " 0 "

HOME BRIGHTENING.

A Definition and an Invitation.

THE development of the bright, cheerful, recreative side of home life is the province of this department. The ideal home is the most delightful place on earth to all its inmates, and is enjoyed only less than this by the guest whose good fortune it is to share its comforts. There are many well-nigh ideal homes into which this magazine finds its way each month, and bears its ministry of breeziness and cheer from the out-door life which is, as it hopes, somewhat vividly portrayed in its pages. To these, and to all the homes where OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN finds a welcome, it desires to bring suggestion, counsel, and help for yet higher attainments on the part of those who make the home.

All departments of the family life must be in harmonious accord to round out the perfect home; hence, there is no room in the house, from the kitchen to the observatory, which

may not properly at some time come under our notice in these pages. Our special province, however, is the recreative side of the home, in which the house-mother finds some of her most difficult, as well as most satisfying, work—that which promotes the symmetrical development of all members of the family, and provides rest, amusement, varied occupation, or physical exercise, as each may need. If we may give her aid, or afford suggestion, or enable her in any wise to add to the brightness and well-being of her home, our purpose will have been accomplished.

To this end the conductor of this department cordially invites coöperation and practical aid from those who read these pages. Records of experience afford the best possible material for the purpose we have in view, and even untried theories may have in them much of valuable suggestion. Questions of the practical sort are invited, and will be answered as faithfully and

helpfully as may be. With approval and help on the part of our readers and correspondents, and constant effort on our own part, the department of "Home Brightening" may, and we hope will, become one of not merely passing interest, but of real and permanent value.

Occupation for Childhood.

THE mournful wail of the little one going to his mother half a hundred times a day with the restless question, "What shall I do?" merely voices the cry of all childhood for occupation, and presents to parents a problem which needs to be solved anew with each new day. That part of the thought and care of the mother which is given to so directing the recreations of childhood as to render them fresh and attractive, and at the same time educational in their tendency, is wisely used. Children need variety of play, as well as of study or work, and are happiest when they can find it in the line of construction or investigation. The building of a snow fort, and the observation of a spider's web in a sunny window-corner, will, each in its own way, interest, amuse, and educate a family of children. But no single suggestion from the mother will fill up the whole morning, or all the afternoon. Fertility of invention, constant interest, and long-enduring patience are essential qualities for the mother who aims to see that her little ones are kept happily and profitably employed.

The Family Table.

THE old-time American habit of going to the dinner-table merely for the sake of satisfying bodily hunger in the briefest possible period, is, happily, getting a little out of fashion. We earnestly hope for the day when it may be wholly obsolete. Health, happiness, and politeness unite to urge a pleasantly formal, social, leisurely family meal, at least once a day, at which each member of the household shall be present, and to which each shall bring his contribution of chat, or news, or incident, or merry joke. Whether this preëminently social meal should come at mid-day or in the early evening is, of course, purely a matter of individual preference and convenience, though there is a special appropriateness, it would seem, in placing it at the close of the day's business, when the tension of care and work is relaxed, and the out-door history of the day is finished.

There are too many tables where the china is sheer and fragile, the linen spotless and delicate, the viands ample, and the service without a fault, around which there is no true family life. The father and mother have each a vital share in creating a bright and cheery atmosphere about the table, and will find full reward for the time and effort it may cost in the strengthened attachment of children to their home, and the daily pleasure they will gain for themselves. The amenities of the table are not to be ignored or neglected in the ideal home.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Fishing with the Fly.¹

THE fine art of throwing the "well-dissembled fly" has nowhere been more winningly set forth than in the elegant volume recently brought out by Mr. Orvis. Composed as it is of original articles, by more than twenty different fishermen of ample qualifications, covering nearly the whole field—or water—of fly-fishing, it is probably more acceptable than any treatise by one could be. Salmon-catching in our northern and western rivers, and in Alaska, is well described in

chapters by Charles Hallock, George Dawson, and Capt. L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N. Fitz James Fitch contributes a valuable article on "Sea Trout," with entertaining bits of experience and incident. "Rangeley Brook Trout" is only too briefly discussed by James A. Williamson, and "The Grayling," by Fred Mather. W. Thomson describes "A Troutng Trip to St. Ignace Island," and the sport obtained; and A. Louis Miner, Jr., gives a vivid narrative of "Fly-Fishing in the Yosemite." "Fly-Fishing in Florida," and the different kinds of fish to be found in its waters are explained by Dr. J. C. Kenworthy, and the charms and possibilities of "Winter

¹ Fishing with the Fly. Sketches by Lovers of the Art, with Illustrations of Standard Flies. Collected by Charles F. Orvis and A. Nelson Cheney. Manchester, Vermont: C. F. Orvis, 1883. pp. 299. With 13 colored plates.

Angling" are told by Frank S. Pinckney. There are valuable practical chapters by Seth Green, R. B. Roosevelt, and Charles F. Orvis; while the "Resources of Fly-Fishing" are set forth by Dr. James A. Henshall; and A. Nelson Cheney shows that it is "Not All of Fishing to Fish"; and the poetry, and literature, and beauty of the sport are charmingly reviewed by F. E. Pond, W. D. Tomlin, and others, and W. C. Prime explains "Why Peter went a-Fishing." The old sportsman will find in this book much to delight him, and many another, who has not yet learned wholly to be a born angler, will be tempted and assisted by it to select and test his first tackle.

The Calumet of the Cotean.¹

THIS book has several surprises for the intelligent reader. Bound in muslin, bevelled boards, with gilt title and emblematic decorations, it has the appearance of a substantial book by a substantial publishing-house. On opening it the pages are found to be disappointing, and the illustrations wretched. A second surprise arises in the discovery that it is not a volume of poems at all; and another dawns upon the reader, after rapidly skipping a wilderness of rather rugged versification, occupying two-thirds of the leaves, and some diffuse notes in very small type, when he discovers the chief value of the work in some forty pages of "guide-book" at the end. There is so little accessible information about the vast and almost unfrequented national park, that this portion of the author's production is very interesting. There is a map of the region referred to, and there are some useful tables.

The Bear Worshippers.²

THIS is the latest of an unique series of three charming books by the same author, illustrative of the life and conditions of the modern Japanese. In his "Young Americans in Japan" Mr. Greedy gave an account of the southern parts of the empire; and in his "Wonderful City of Tokio" he described the capital and its various attractions and resources. His several prolonged visits to that interesting country have given him exceptional opportunities for acquiring an intimate knowledge of it and its people, and in writing it

¹The Calumet of the Cotean, and Other Practical Legends of the Border. Also a Glossary of Indian names, words, and Western provincialisms. Together with a guide-book of the Yellowstone National Park. By P. W. Norris, five years superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

²The Bear Worshippers of Yezo and the Island of Karafuto, being the further adventures of the Jewett family and their friend, Oto Nambo. By Edward Greedy. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1884. 180 illustrations. Boards. \$1.75; cloth, \$2.50.

up for the younger readers of his land he has afforded entertainment and instruction to the older ones as well. This latest book relates to Yezo, formerly a part of the empire of Japan, though ceded to Russia a few years ago, and the other small islands of the north. The "bear-worshippers" are the aboriginal natives of these islands, and their habits, manners, religions, and social customs, police, soldiery, and games and pursuits, as well as the topography and natural history of their surroundings, are told in an interesting and graphic manner, and are profusely illustrated by Japanese artists. The numerous pictures have, at first glance, a rather grotesque appearance to the American eye; but, on further examination, appear to have, besides the charm of variety, the effectiveness of more faithful portrayal of the peculiarities of a strange people than any finer illustrations by our own better artists could lend. The present volume is an example of the excellence of the publishers in the book-making art, and should be a welcome gift-book to the young.

The Florida Annual.¹

ABOUT two years ago Mr. Munroe "dropped a tiny canoe into the waters of the Suwanee river, where it is crossed by the Florida Central and Western Railway, and made his way down the Gulf coast of the peninsula, entered the Caloosahatchee river, ascended it, and worked his way into the great, dismal, watery waste of Okeechobee. On this shoreless, inland sea of solitude he wandered for eight days and nights, searching for the mouth of the Kississimnee river." He is said to have been the first man to take "a boat into the Okeechobee from the Gulf." Not only with the canoe has Mr. Munroe explored Florida waters, but in other ways has he had ample opportunities to learn much of that remarkable peninsular State, to which, although it did not disclose the fountain of perennial youth to Ponce de Leon, so many in our day look longingly, as to a land of health, and some even as to one of fortune. This "Annual" is put forth as a periodical; but it is really a very valuable and thorough book for instruction, reference, and entertainment. A large map accompanies it, and it contains eighteen statistical tables. The resources for farming, stock-raising, gardening, milk-raising, sporting, recuperation, and investment; the climatic and social conditions; the means of travel, and the form of government, and many other things, make the book a valu-

¹The Florida Annual. 4884. Price, 50c. Edited by C. K. Munroe. Office of Publication, 140 Nassau st., New York.

able one, and worthy of much better typographical presentment.

Recollections of a Drummer Boy.¹

THE author enlisted as drummer boy, at the age of sixteen, in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers. These sketches of his three years in the army were originally written for and published in *St. Nicholas*, with the idea that his boyish experiences might be better fitted than anything else to arouse the interest of young people, especially the children of former soldiers, in the events of the War of the Rebellion. But the clear and connected narrative of the departure from home, the first days in camp, the march on to Washington, the false night-alarm of an attack, the picket experiences, reviews, life in camp, marches and battles, will stir the blood of many an old soldier, and hold the interest of readers, old and young. The book is illustrated by graphic drawings, many of them interesting from the fact that they are the work of Allen C. Redwood, who served in the Confederate army, and was a witness of the scenes he has depicted.

Book of the Black Bass.²

MR. HENSHALL has written a very fascinating book, and one that will find its way into every angler's library. The black bass is highly honored in having a volume of over four hundred and sixty pages devoted to it. The book consists of three parts. The first part, containing eight chapters, gives a complete view of the natural history of the black bass. The second part, of nine chapters, consists of able discussions of tools, tackle, and implements; and the last part treats of angling and fly-fishing. Many of the chapters on angling and rods, etc., are of a general nature, and would read well in any book on fishing. The volume is a veritable encyclopædia of the black bass. It is also a new and valuable addition to angling literature, as much of the book treats of the angler's art in general. It contains a portrait of the author.

Bird's-Eye View of the Civil War.³

THIS is an excellent and interesting account of the operations of both armies during our Civil War. The author shows that he is a trained soldier and writer. He tells his story in a clear and concise manner, and in a way

that those not familiar with military movements can understand. The important history of the Civil War is condensed in a single volume, without leaving out anything of importance to the general reader. The book should be placed in the hands of all of the present generation, that they may learn how the great campaigns of their fathers were fought. The writer pays deserved tribute to the courage and zeal of those brave men who fought under the Confederate flag, as well as to those who fought under the stars and stripes. It is a fair and impartial record of the achievements of the Federal and Confederate armies. The volume is conveniently indexed, and has a valuable glossary for those not familiar with military terms. To the old soldier it brings back vividly to mind the scenes of twenty years ago.

"IDEAL POEMS FROM THE ENGLISH POETS." (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) This very beautiful holiday gift-book is composed of just a dozen of the sweetest of English poems, and of the same number of full-page illustrations. There are two poems of Tennyson, and one each from Kingsley, Wordsworth, Burns, Shelley, Jean Ingelow, George Eliot, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, Caroline E. S. Norton, and Adelaide Procter. The illustrations are very beautiful, the work of such artists as W. L. Taylor, E. H. Garrett, Hy. Sandham, and Alfred Fredericks. Mr. Taylor is the only one who has furnished two drawings.

"THE STORY OF MY HEART." An Autobiography. By Richard Jeffries. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.) This is a singular self-history, dealing with the longings, experiences, and development of the soul, and yet not touching upon human associations in any way, however remote. The life described is all inward. The soul is shown in contact with nature and art in all their beauty and variety, but never under personal relations with another soul. The effect is strange and interesting, but quickly grows monotonous.

"THE MATE OF THE DAYLIGHT." Sarah Orne Jewett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) The title of this volume is that of the first of the short tales it contains. Many of these have already become familiar to readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and are known as thoroughly excellent. She is distinguished for the naturalness of her style, and the truthfulness of her character sketches. She also has a grace and facility of expression that make charming reading of her stories.

¹ *Recollections of a Drummer Boy.* By Harry M. Kiefer. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

² *Book of the Black Bass.* By James A. Henshall. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

³ *Bird's-Eye View of the Civil War.* By Theodore A. Dodge. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

"NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS." Joel Chandler Harris. (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) The writer of this volume is already well-known from the preceding one of the same nature, entitled "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings." This collection is intended to be more complete than the former one, which consisted of the more common and more easily verified negro tales. Daddy Jack, a new character, with dialectic peculiarities of his own, is here introduced. There is a long and valuable preface, giving some account of the history of the legends, of the great difficulty of learning of their existence, and hearing them related by the negroes. There is also in the preface a vocabulary making Daddy Jack's language intelligible to the reader. Mr. Harris has a genius of imagination and an ease of narration that make him inimitable as a preserver and propagator of the curious stories.

"THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB ALONGSHORE." By C. A. Stephens. (Estes & Lauriat, Boston.) This lively club, carrying out their favorite theory of education by travel and experience, instead of in college, took a trip from Boston to the land of the midnight sun. The present volume is a spirited account of the stories they told, the sights they saw, and the exploits and adventures that were theirs. They went to Halifax, Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland; on their return made a poetical journey to the village of Grand-Pré, and thence returned to Boston. The book is fully illustrated.

"RED-LETTER DAYS ABROAD." (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) John L. Stoddard, the entertaining lecturer on foreign lands, has just given some of his choicest travels to the public in a beautiful volume. He describes the airy architecture of the Alhambra, the streets, gardens, and palaces, the people and customs, of sunny Spain. The second part of the book gives a detailed account of the Passion-Play at Oberammergau. The plentiful and excellent illustrations are of the greatest service to the reader of this valuable and curious chapter. The third part is devoted to the cities of the Czar, — St. Petersburg and Moscow. The writer became thoroughly acquainted with this strange people, so much to be respected for their abilities, and yet retaining so many of the dangerous traits of barbarism. He relates of Ivan the Terrible that he asked the architect who constructed the wonderful church of St. Basil if he believed himself able to build another church equally beautiful. The artist eagerly answered that he could, doubtless hoping for another commission. "By

heavens! that you shall never do," exclaimed the tyrant, and ordered him to be immediately beheaded.

NOHL'S "WAGNER." (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.) This is one of the most interesting biographies of the year. Mr. George P. Upton is the translator, and he has done justice to the author. Dr. Louis Nohl seems to be especially worthy to be the biographer of the great musician, as he has just gained the prize offered by the Prague Concordia for the best essay on "Wagner's Influence upon the National Art." He traces with loving and appreciative hand the life of Wagner, from his childhood until his death. The mighty nature of the great composer palpitates through the pages. It is a genuine inspiration to read of one so great and powerful.

"VIRGINIA." By John Esten Cooke. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) This volume belongs to the series of American Commonwealths, edited by Horace E. Scudder. It is a history of one of the original centres of American life and events. While New England has been the subject of much enthusiastic study, and the great Puritan character has been highly appreciated, very little has been seriously written of Virginia. And yet, to understand some of the most important events in our country's records, we must understand Virginian character, and know the nature and history of her people. In order to do this, says the writer, we must lose sight of "the fancied dignity of history," and come into close contact with the people themselves, of every class and occupation. Into such a contact Mr. Cooke has drawn his readers, making men of the past seem flesh-and-blood creatures, to be known and comprehended by us. For such a portrait of the Virginians it was of little use to search general histories, and the author has accordingly found his materials in the writings of the old adventurers, in the laws of burgesses, in old family papers, and, best of all, in the traditions of the people. It is a most valuable and interesting study of a fascinating people.

THE BOYS OF THIRTY-FIVE: A Story of a Seaport Town, by Edward H. Elwell, editor of the *Portland Transcript* (Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston), is full of incidents and reminiscences of boyhood life in Portland fifty years ago. It is written in a style which smacks of the sturdy vernacular of the Dirigo State, and is a thoroughly wholesome book for boys. Its narrative of the school-days, work, games, and ad-

ventures, will also be read with interest in fireside hours, by men whose boyhood was passed in New England towns.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The Scribners have, it would seem, temporarily turned their attention to our navy. The books they have recently published on that subject contain a vast amount of valuable historical data. Their latest publication in this line is the recollections of an officer who was in the service twenty-four years. Capt. W. H. Parker, the officer referred to, is also an author, having written at least a half-dozen books before the present one. Beginning with the preface, which is itself a joke, it is brimful of humor to the very end; and, as the author has twenty-four years of experience to draw from, it never gets stale.

"AN EPITOME OF ENGLISH HISTORY." (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.) A revised edition of a little work designed for school use by teachers and students. It is not to take the place of a text-book, but to be used with one, to aid in fixing in the memory the essential dates and facts necessary to the enjoyment of more extended study.

"GUENN," recently published by J. R. Osgood & Co., is a strong and vivid story of Breton life, full of wit and lively incident.

ESTES & LAURIAT send us "Three Vassar Girls in England," by Lizzie W. Champney, who wrote "Three Vassar Girls Abroad." Their varied adventures are well told, and the text is fully illustrated by "Champ" and other well-known artists.

Books Received.

HEALTH IN THE HOUSEHOLD; OR, HYGIENIC COOKERY. By Susanna W. Dodds, M.D. New York: Fowler & Wells.

SEVEN STORIES, WITH BASEMENT AND ATTIC. By Donald G. Mitchell. **REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.** By the same. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BARNES'S GENERAL HISTORY. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

THE IMAGINATION, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By George Macdonald. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A COLLEGE FETTER. By Charles Francis Adams, Jr. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

HEALTH NOTES FOR STUDENTS. By Burt G. Wilder, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A RIGHTEOUS APOSTATE. By Clara Lanza. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HENRY IRVING: A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS PUBLIC LIFE. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

THE DIOTHAS; OR, A FAR LOOK AHEAD. By Ismar Thin-sen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

JEWISH ARTISAN LIFE IN THE TIME OF JESUS. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

SERMONS PREACHED IN ENGLISH CHURCHES. By Rev. Phillips Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

QUESTIONS OF BELIEF. Topics of the Time, No. 5. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ITALIAN BY-WAYS. By J. A. Symonds. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

HISTORY OF CHARLES XII. The Classic Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

HER SECOND LOVE. By Ashford Owen. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

OUR BOYS IN CHINA. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

JUDITH: A Chronicle of Old Virginia. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.

FLAXIE'S KITTYLEEN. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

SPEECH AND MANNERS FOR HOME AND SCHOOL. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

CHRISTINE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Leisure Hour Series.

A PHYSICIAN'S SERMON TO YOUNG MEN. By William Pratt, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY AND PHOTOGRAPHERS. By H. Baden Pritchard. New York: E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.

HISTORICAL AND OTHER SKETCHES. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND MEDITATIONS. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

A BRIEF HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH AUTHORS. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.

OUR MONTHLY RECORD.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE Boston Bicycle Club has held its own in membership during the past year, and thrown off its debt; and now it has begun the new year by taking an ampler and better located clubhouse at 87 Boylston street, with every prospect of increased success.

SEVERAL of the bicycle clubs, notably the Germantown, Ixion, and Montreal, have purchased "Sociable" tricycles, and keep them as part of the club property, for use by the members. It is a fashion well set, and likely to be followed.

THE action of the few New Jersey wheelmen who publicly protested the Citizens' Bicycling

Club for coasting a hill on which a "danger-board" had been placed, is generally condemned by the 'cycling press. The result was not so serious as alleged, and there was not even technical blame, it seems.

THE new club-house of the Chicago Bicycle Club, which was formally opened at a social attended by fifty members on the 27th of November, is a three-story brick building on Michigan avenue, adjoining the Leland Hotel. On the first floor are wheel-room, bowling-alley and gymnasium; on the second floor are bath, dressing, and meeting rooms; and on the third floor are the parlors, from which one overlooks Lake Park and Lake Michigan. There is a racquet court in the rear, and the attic will have a billiard-room.

MR. JOHN N. PEARSONS, of the Manchester (N.H.) Bicycle Club, made an out and return run of 120 miles, on bicycle, in a riding time of 19h., 26min., on the 13th December.

MORE long rides are coming to light. On 25th November last, W. I. Wilhelm and Arthur Curtis, of the Reading Bicycle Club, rode from Reading to Harrisburg, visited the capitol, and made some other visiting, and returned to Reading, within 19 hours: a distance of 110 miles in riding time of 13 hours 30 minutes.

THE Michigan State Division L.A.W. is well-organized, active, and prosperous; and one element in its success is doubtless its vivacious and tasteful "organ" — *The Western 'Cyclist*.

MR. J. E. ALDEN, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, fifty-three years of age, has ridden on one bicycle, since April of 1881, a little over 10,000 miles. Mr. Alden is credited with saying: "Many people are apt to look upon bicycle riding as bad for the liver and kidney complaints. I had both when I began riding, and am now free from any sickness or weakness."

THE Springfield (Massachusetts) Bicycle Club has taken steps to organize as a stock corporation. This is done for business reasons connected with their tournaments.

THE Connecticut Wheel Club (Hartford) held an exhibition early in December, which brought out considerable talent and proficiency in fancy, company, and acrobatic riding, Master G. H. Nash, of Willimantic, and Master C. E. Fennessey, of Springfield, showing much expertness, and sharing applause with D. J. Canary and Wilmot and Sewell.

THE many wheelmen of St. Louis are rejoicing in the anticipated benefits to be derived from the worldly wisdom of the Union League Base Ball Club in putting down a five-lap cinder track for bicycling on its grounds.

WHILST the prevailing Eastern club-chat and press-talk favor Washington as the place for the next L.A.W. meet, the Westerners are pressing the claims of Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Cleveland.

THE surveyors' certificates, obtained and produced at last, for the tracks at Springfield and New Haven, seem to entitle all times made thereon the past season to stand as "records."

HIS Honor Mayor H. G. Lewis is president of the New Haven Bicycle Club, and was met at City Hall and taken into a club photograph and run on Thanksgiving day.

MANY good wheelmen are engaged in a current discussion in favor of amateur race meetings for amateurs only. They evidently accept the old saw, with an amendment: "Birds of a feather should flock together."

THE vicinity of Nashville, Tenn., is reported to be very attractive for bicycling, the country being undulating, the turnpikes many and of good surface, and the people hospitable and courteous.

A GOOD point, in the matter of wheel journalism, is made by *The Wheel*: "We do not think that the interests of wheeling are promoted by praise of one particular make over another. If improvements are suggested, let them be made in a general way, and not as particularly applied to one machine as superior to any of the other makes. We all have as our particular choice the machine we ride, and comparisons are odious, in as much as in this case they utterly fail to cover the ground."

APPLICATIONS for membership in the L.A.W. continue to go on rapidly, and that body is in a fair way to show a gain of two thousand members during the current year.

PROTESTS have begun to be raised in print against the admission of "paid amateur" racing men to amateur bicycle contests. They were made in intelligent conversation and correspondence long ago.

AMONG the new clubs this month are the following: Harrisburg, Penn.; Pine Tree, Bangor, Me.; Chester, Penn.; and Ariel, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

RACES were held at the Driving Park, Merchantville, Penn., Nov. 29. W. Parke won a 3-mile club race in 18m. 50s. Lincoln Moore won the mile silver cup race in 5m. The $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile club race was won by J. R. Esterbrook in 2m. 37s. The 2-mile race was for a diamond pin, presented by C. E. Updegraff, of Philadelphia, open only to members of the League; Charles Frazer, of Smithville, N.J., winning, in 11m. 50s. J. W. Atkinson won a mile club race in 7m. 20s. The Consolation club race, half a mile, was won by G. W. Busby, in 3m. 59s.

RACES occurred at Janesville, Wis., Dec. 14, between W. M. Woodside and W. J. Morgan. The distances were $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, and 1-mile, best two in three to win. Woodside won the mile in 3m. 10s., Morgan the $\frac{1}{2}$ in 39s., and Woodside the $\frac{1}{4}$, and the race in 1m. 30s.

RACES were held at St. Louis, Nov. 29. The winners were: 1-mile, 2 in 3, Louis Lueders; 1-mile, C. E. Stone; $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile, P. W. Stone; 100-yards, man *vs.* bicycle, Fred Myers on foot; 2-mile, hands off, A. Toury.

AT Oakland, Cal., December 8, H. Tenney won a $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile race in 1.31 $\frac{1}{4}$, beating the Pacific coast record for that distance.

A SERIES of professional races was held at the Institute rink on Christmas day. J. W. Wilson, on a bicycle, defeated Kenneth A. Skinner on roller skates; Gilpatrick won a 2-mile bicycle race, and J. W. Wilson scored victories in a 1 and a 2-mile race.

SATURDAY, Dec. 15, W. M. Woodside made an attempt at Chicago to beat the professional records for from 1 to 50 miles. The day was intensely cold, and not favorable to record-breaking. The first part of the journey did not approach the record. At the end of 20 miles he was but 49s. behind the record for this distance; 25 miles were covered in 1h. 26m. 7s., ten seconds ahead of the best time on record, made by D. Stanton some years ago, and 30 miles in 1h. 43m. 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., lowering the record for some distance held by Prince; 35 miles were completed in 2h. 2m. 56s., also lowering the record. At 35 miles Woodside was compelled to retire.

DEC. 15, John S. Prince contested in a 15-mile race with a trotting horse and suffered defeat.

DEC. 29, at the Institute rink, Boston, J. W. Wilson defeated Clay and Gilpatrick in a 2-mile race.

THE Wakefield, Mass., Club held an exhibition at the Town Hall, December 19. A squad from the Boston Ramblers' Bicycle Club gave an excellent exhibition of club-drilling, which pleased the audience greatly. At the conclusion of the drill the Ramblers were presented with a silver cup by the Wakefield Club as a souvenir of the event. Wilmot and Sewell gave an exhibition of fancy riding during the evening.

THE Connecticut Club, of Hartford, gave a fine entertainment Nov. 21. The programme was, club drill contest, won by the New Haven Ramblers; fancy riding by Geo. H. Nash, C. E. Fennessy, and Wilmot and Sewell, and a banquet.

THE Cambridge, Mass., Club received its friends Nov. 16th. Dancing was the chief feature of the evening's entertainment.

THE Columbia College Club has been re-organized.

THE second annual entertainment and hop of the Scranton, Penn., Club was held Dec. 13.

THE annual banquet of the Keystone Club of Pittsburg, Penn., was held at the Seventh-Avenue Hotel, Nov. 27.

PRESIDENT CHAS. A. BORST, of the Hamilton College Club, entertained the members of his club and the Utica Club at the Willard House, Clinton, N.Y., Nov. 15. Speeches by members of the two clubs, and a poem by Captain Donaldson, followed the banquet.

THE Boston Ramblers have decided to admit associate members.

THE Cattaraugus County Cyclist Club, of Randolph, N.Y., a League club, has changed its name to the Randolph Bicycle Club.

THE Salem, Mass., Club have taken new rooms at 252 Essex street, and they announce that the latch-string is out for all wheelmen.

THE Citizens' Club, of New York, laid the corner-stone of their new club-house Dec. 27. Rev. T. M. Brown, president of the club, made an address, and remarks were made by the architect, Geo. M. Huss. In the corner-stone were deposited a full set of working plans of the building, a copy of the president's speech, copies of the incorporation papers, and the first permit of the park commissioners for wheeling in Central Park. Vice-President Fred. G. Bourne laid the stone.

THE Boston Ramblers hold "chop" suppers every Saturday evening.

THE Montreal Club celebrated its fifth anniversary Dec. 20. The programme of the celebration was made up of music and addresses, a farce, and several pieces illustrating the experiences at Springfield. The club now numbers seventy-one uniformed members.

THE Ariel Wheel Club was organized at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., December 9, with sixteen active members. The following officers were chosen: President, I. R. Adriance; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles F. Cossum; Captain, Theodore Roberts; Lieutenant, Frank Swartz; Bugler, Charles Ostrander. It is unanimously a League club. A convenient club-room, in the Johnson building, was opened January 1.

IT is reported that Mr. R. J. McKee, of the Wanderers' Club, Toronto, recently rode from Toronto to Belleville, a distance of 115 miles, in 16 hours.

PATTERSON and Kimberly, Yale, '84, accompanied by Hendee, the champion, rode to Springfield from New Haven on 21 November, covering 100 miles in the trip.

MR. FRANK M. SMITH, of Portsmouth, Ohio, recently made a continuous trip of 326 miles on a bicycle with some 24 pounds of baggage strapped to the handle-bar. The trip occupied somewhat over 52 hours.

THE veteran John Keen will act as trainer for the New York wheelmen next season.

W. R. PITMAN, of New York, is credited with a run of 153 miles within 24 hours. The run was made on the road between Red Bank and Seabright, N.J.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed by the Canadian Wheelman's Association to prepare a road and guide book of Canada.

MESSRS. Staley and Mead recently wheeled from Columbus, Ohio, to Chicago, making the distance at the rate of 90 miles a day while in Ohio and Indiana, but less on the prairie roads of Illinois.

THANKSGIVING Day the Chicago Club held a hare-and-hounds' run, in which the hounds secured a victory.

MR. GEO. W. BROOKS, of Worcester, has been elected secretary of the Massachusetts Division L.A.W. in place of F. P. Kendall, resigned.

THE Springfield race track has been surveyed and found to be short of a mile when measured eighteen inches from the pole.

THE secretary of the L.A.W. has calculated the new apportionment of representatives as follows; the first figure represents the present number of representatives in the States, and the second the number they will be entitled to in the future: New York, 3, 13; Massachusetts, 4, 11; Pennsylvania, 1, 9; Ohio, 2, 6; New Jersey, 3, 4; Connecticut, 2, 3; Illinois, 1, 2; Michigan, 1, 1; New Hampshire, 2, 1; Maryland, 1, 1; Missouri, 1, 1.

KARL KRON recently completed his long ride of 1,422 miles, which commenced at Detroit, October 6, and ended at Staunton, Va., November 22. The particulars of the trip will be given in two articles, which will appear in this magazine, entitled, "A Fortnight in Ontario," and "From the Thousand Islands to the Natural Bridge." The ride was taken on Karl's original 46-in. bicycle, "No. 234."

JOHN N. PEARSONS, of the Manchester, N.H., Bi. Club, rode from that city to Boston and return December 13, in 19h. 26m. The distance is 120 miles. The previous evening he was tendered a complimentary supper at Hotel Windsor by the club, and was presented with a handsome silver medal in commemoration of his various feats in record-breaking.

PHILADELPHIA is to have a grand bicycle tournament next June. Five thousand dollars will be expended for prizes.

AND now the road record of Kentucky, made two years ago (108 miles) by Messrs. Orville Anderson, and Henry Schimpeler, is said to have been broken on Sunday, November 18, by Messrs. Prince Wells and Percy Bettison, both young men of Louisville, and members of the Falls City Club. The distance covered was 120 miles; riding time, 15h. 25m.; time lost, 3h. 27m.; total time, 18h. 53m.; average distance travelled per hour, 8 miles.

WM. COLLINS, of Meriden, Conn., has added his name to the century list, having ridden 104 miles in 15½ hours.

THANKSGIVING Day, Edward Pettus, of Brooklyn, L.I., rode 5½ miles on the Coney Island boulevard in 19 minutes.

AT the games of the Olympic Athletic Club, San Francisco, Nov. 29, H. C. Finkler won a 1 and 5 mile bicycle race, and R. T. Vermider the ¼-mile race.

A SERIES of races was held at the Boston Institute Rink Thanksgiving Day. 1-mile, won by H. M. Saben in 3.23½; 2-miles, won by C. W. Clapp in 7.8; race between John W. Wilson on a bicycle, and Kenneth A. Skinner on roller skates, won by Wilson, 1-mile in 3.41; Obstacle race won by Burt Pressy.

THE Columbia (S.C.) Club held races at the State Fair November 14 and 15. 1-mile, won by T. T. Gilmer in 3.45; 3-mile, won by W. L. Pharr in 12.16; 1-mile, won by D. A. Childs, in 4.9; ¼-mile, won by T. T. Gilmer; 2-mile, won by W. L. Pharr, in 8m.; Consolation race won by C. R. Query.

THE Scranton, Penn., Club held a road race on Thanksgiving Day. Distance, 14 miles. Won by Filmore in 1h. 23m.

THE second of the fall series of races was held by the Cincinnati Club, November 27, at Power Hall. The winners were as follows: 1-mile club handicap, J. G. Kitchell, 3.40; 2-mile, J. G. Kitchell, 7.28; 3-mile, E. F. Landy, 11.27½; Boys', Kinney Low; Obstacle race, J. Barclay; Slow race, P. V. Myers; ¼-mile without hands, P. V. Myers; 5-mile for *Enquirer* medal, N. L. Pierson, 17.48½.

F. E. DAVIDSON won the 2-mile bicycle race at the Seventh Regiment games, New York, Dec. 8. Time, 6.29½.

THE League of Champions, which is making a tour to the Pacific Coast, exhibited in Denver, Col., December 2. Eck, with 300 yards start, defeated Rollinson in the 2-mile race; time, 11.47. Prince defeated Higham in a 3-mile contest, in 11.46. The amateur race between Hannan, Robinson, and Kennedy, mile heats, best two and three, was won by Robinson in 3.34; 3.40. Armaindo defeating Eck in two straight mile heats. Rollinson scored a success in burlesque bicycling, as did Higham in fancy riding. The 10-mile handicap closed the exhibition. Eck had 1¼ mile, Armaindo 1 mile, and Rollinson ¼-mile start. Higham won by 6 yards; Prince second.

W. G. ROSS, the Canadian bicycling champion, is a competitor for a snow-shoeing prize of a \$250 cup offered at Montreal.

ON Thursday, 27th November, the Citizens' Bi. C. of New York, laid the corner-stone of their new building on Fifty-eighth street, with appropriate ceremonies. The address of the president, Rev. Thomas McKee Brown, was very felicitous and instructive.

TWENTY-FIVE members of the Albany (N.Y.) Bi. C. attended the opening of the Trojan's new club-rooms, which was done with decorations, banquet, speeches, songs, and good-fellowship, in the approved style.

THE Bi. Club, at Covington, Ky., has three members weighing over 200 lbs. each.

THE Genesee Bicycle Club, of Rochester, N.Y., held its semiannual election, and adopted a uniform, on the 28th Dec., 1883. President, F. D. Helmer; Secretary, A. B. Rapalji.

THE Rochester (N.Y.) Bi. C. has fitted up tasteful and convenient rooms in the Walbridge block, and is flourishing and hospitable.

THE Mansfield (O.) Wheel Club has postponed its Loan Exposition to Feb. 18, 1884, to continue six days, or longer. They were compelled to do so on account of the great amount of work to be done, loans of relics and curiosities being reported in such profusion that more space had to be secured for the exhibits. Four large halls will be used, covering the entire Blecker block.

EFFORTS are making for the formation of a wheel club at Gallipolis, O.; and Mr. C. V. Fowler is endeavoring to induce the City Council to permit a bicycle track around the public park.

MESSRS. L. B. GRAVES, William Howard, E. E. Davis, and L. L. Campbell, of the Northampton (Mass.) Bicycle Club, made a successful 100-mile run from that town to Hartford and return on 6th December. Their running-time was 13¼ hours, and the roads were in very heavy condition.

BICYCLING is gaining a hold at the City of Mexico. Mr. Sylvester Baxter (formerly of the Middlesex Bicycle Club) and Mr. W. S. Locke find good roads and some companionship.

Foreign.

A 50-MILE road race was run on 29th November, from Kyneton to Melbourne, Australia, and won by J. Fenton, N.B.C., in 3h. 29m. He had considerable handicap in his favor, however, and the best time was made by another competitor, Mr. H. Stokes, of Melbourne B.C., who ran the whole distance from scratch in 3h. 12m.

MR. G. H. SHIMMIN, of the Ballarat B.C., is credited with a 50-mile road ride in 3h. 23m. The Bohemian Cycle Club, of Ballarat, is one of the most active in the colony.

TWO members of the Marmion B. C. (Tasmania), Messrs. P. J. Bower and J. Leedham, made a "century" run on the road from Perth to Bridgewater, covering 100 miles in 10h. 48m., including stops.

THE stealing of bicycles and tricycles has become such a frequent and troublesome crime in England that the press is devoting editorials to the suggestion and discussion of prevention.

THERE appears no longer any reasonable doubt of Mr. Wood's record of a mile in 2m. 31 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. (with flying start) on bicycle.

THE Isle of Wight bicycle championship was won on the 27th November last, over eleven other competitors, by H. M. Tarrant. Twenty-five miles, in 1h. 31m. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

THE Coventry Chamber of Commerce has been greatly stirred by a proposed increase in the railway freight charges on bicycles and tricycles. A committee of some of the leading manufacturers has been appointed to oppose and endeavor to prevent the proposed increase.

SOME lady members of the C.T.C. held a meeting in London on the 12th December, and after some discussion, voted to recommend for tricycling suits a flannel or merino combination, an overskirt, made as simply as possible of ordinary walking length (style and bodice to be left to taste of wearer), loose trousers to match the dress in color, Norfolk jackets for slight figures, at least, straw hats with club ribbon, and black woollen stockings.

THE English wheel-papers are discussing "the softer sex" (*sic*), "lady members," club runs and smokers with ladies present, in a way to show that the lady tricyclers are really quite numerous, and are bound to come in with the gentlemen.

THE Tricycle Union has been prosecuting tricycle thieves, which are so plenty as to be troublesome to the general wheel public. Two such have been sentenced to four months hard labor.

A PHOTO-CYCLING Club is much clamored for in England.

REV. J. T. DOVE, of Spalding, England, was recently fined for leaving a tricycle unattended by the roadside. The case will be carried to a higher court.

MR. F. H. TAYLOR, of the Clissold Club, recently rode from London to Derby, 126 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, without a dismount.

MR. F. S. HUNWICKE rode from Tottenham to Edinboro' on an Otto machine in 4 days 15 hours 5 minutes. Distance, 402 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The start was made Oct. 29.

THE Paris authorities require wheelmen to have their name and address on their machines.

THE Speedwell Club held an athletic *fête* in September for the benefit of the local charities of Birmingham. The profits were £163 14s. 3d., which amount was given to the societies.

MR. J. H. ADAMS, the Facile rider, essayed a mile against time on the Crystal Palace track, London, Nov. 17, and accomplished it in 3.19 $\frac{3}{4}$, which is the Facile record.

MR. A. J. FOOTE, the vice-captain of the Warrampool Bi. Club, has been trying to cut the Australian record for 100 miles. A head wind made success impossible, but the rider made the colonial record for 44 miles, which he made in 3h. 10m., without a dismount.

THE Prefect of Police of Paris has been petitioned by a committee of the Union Vélocipédique de France, and by numerous other wheelmen and non-wheelmen resident in that city, for a removal of the restrictions by which, under an order of November 9, 1874, bicycles and tricycles are excluded from the Boulevard de la Madeleine, Rue Vieille-du-Temple, and a few other avenues. The original home of bicycling is not entirely without opportunities for conquest.

FORTY-FIVE competitors in the races in France during 1883 won 643 prizes; of these 59 were won by Charles Terront, 46 by De Civry, 42 by Médinger, all of Paris, and 38 by Krell of Bordeaux.

LA Fédération Belge de Vélocipédie has for its principal object the securing of freedom to bicycling and tricycling in all the parks and highways of Belgium.

AN immense bicycle meet is already being projected to take place in Vienna in 1884.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for organizing a national velocipede association for Italy, at Turin, similar to those now existing in many other countries.

London Wheel Notes.

ANOTHER season has passed away and winter festivities are, of course, in full swing. The almost general wish is that something novel may be introduced in the way of winter amusements. The "Smoker," or "Social," is very enjoyable

in its way, though the participator *does* get nearly suffocated by rank tobacco-smoke; but when at each and every affair of the sort you have to sit and listen to "Christmas Day in the Work-house," "Powder Monkey Joe," and "What a fool I must have been to marry Je—ane!" you feel bound to admit that wearying repetition of even nice things like these is a trifle more than your hard-worked frame can bear.

The "Smoker," too, has nearly always such a pot-house flavor about it, and very often bears a marked resemblance to what in low beer-shops is usually styled "A Select Harmonic Meeting"; with the orthodox yells and howls such as the tap, tap, tap, of the chairman's hammer: "Give your horders, gents, please!" "Chair!" "Horder!" "Two o' gin, 'ot!" "Mr. 'Arris will kindly obledge with 'Ang up your 'at behind the door!" etc., etc. What is wanted is a good club-room for each respectable club, the same to be quite independent of a public house; but rents are unfortunately far too high for anything of the sort at all near the metropolis. The North London T.C. have their head-quarters at a Coffee Tavern; but this has too much of the "Cup of Corphy and a 'Erring" flavor about it for most 'cyclists, — in plain language, it is not quite good enough. Many reforms have been made since the outcry in the journals some time ago, and several well-known clubs get up a really pleasant and wholesome entertainment now and then.

This is certainly a most important question. Club members must be kept together in the off season, and the only way to do this is to keep up their interest in the sport. The "Social" seems, indeed, a poor way of going about it. "Read the 'cycling papers," says one. All very well; but how is a man to enjoy week after week the same old songs by the same old singers? — to wit, interminable correspondence on "Fat tires *versus* Lean ditto," "Tall gears or short gears," "What to drink," "What to eat," "How to dress yourself"; reports of jolly doings by people he knows nothing about, such as "Interesting lecture to the Humdrum B.C.," "The Nincompoop B.C. Smoker," or "Grand Concert by the Four-Half Tricycle Club." Then there are the bold deeds of winter-riding clubs. "One member of the So-and-So Club rode to Dalston Junction, had a sausage and fifteen drinks to follow; rollicking ride home. Total distance, 1½ miles."

This kind of thing is very difficult to swallow, and the fellow who is weak enough to peruse it is wont to grow sad and muse on the follies of the world. Very likely he wonders a little how

it is his rusty, cobwebbed, neglected steed cannot be used in some sort of way during the winter months. Ah! he may soon have to wonder how to ride it in the summer months; for even whilst he sits pondering, some wretched tramway company may be applying to parliament for power to lay down its abominable lines on yet another of the few clear means of exit from the city. The tramline question is truly a serious one for London 'cyclists. Some of the companies will very soon have their cars running for miles along some of our finest outlying roads. These roads will be decidedly dangerous for night-riding, and on summer evenings will produce the too well-known spectacle, viz., wheel twisted in groove of the rail; rider, spanner, oil-can, knife, and bits of string, figuratively all over the shop. Though of common occurrence in densely populated neighborhoods it will seem really too bad when taking place on hitherto irreproachable suburban thoroughfares.

The Stanley Show is a great event every one is looking forward to. A rival exhibition will again be held, and competition between the two is to be the order of the day. A fine collection of machines ought to be the result of this rivalry. A sensible letter lately appeared in one of the papers with reference to a matter we have often heard grumbled about. The writer complains of the incessant bugle practice indulged in during the show. What the object of the blowers can be I cannot imagine, but fancy it must be principally in the interest of advertisement. It is a great nuisance any way, and the sooner it is put a stop to the better for the peace of the 'cyclic tympanum.

The National 'Cyclists' Union have invested in a complete set of the one-inch scale ordnance survey maps of England and Wales. They can be used at the rooms by *any* 'cyclist. This is liberality, and no mistake, and I shall be surprised if it is not the means of bringing in a host of new members.

The new company for insuring bicyclists and bicycles is a bold venture, to say the least of it. It is no doubt a fine idea; but how will it work in practice? When one bears in mind that the insurance of riders against accident is generally found to be the reverse of profitable, one naturally concludes that the rates for the other and novel part of the business must be adjusted with great care, or the results will be scarcely satisfactory to the shareholders. The management is, I believe, in experienced hands, and the directors are nearly all practical 'cyclists. They therefore ought to succeed, if such a concern

can be made to succeed. It will be interesting to know in what light the company will take the so-called "cheap" machines. They ought to consider it a bad risk, in the same way as a fire-insurance company does an oil-shop next door to a fireworks factory. This being the case, no intending insurer will invest in the high-rated article, which generally breaks down after the first ten miles; and, in consequence, we shall see less of those "Handsome, Strong, Light, Nickel-plated, Ball-bearing Tricycles for £10, by weekly instalments."

Now is the winter of our discontent. But we have at least the satisfaction of "winter walks" with our fellow-clubmen, as the weary plods o'er muddy roads, with much wetting of feet and spoiling of trousers, are called. Still, in the hostelry where the bells were wont to tinkle and the bugles to bray, we can make our sad selves merry, and joyfully turn out in time to lose the last train.

Canoeing.

THE Rochester (N.Y.) Canoe Club has secured a site for a club-house at the outlet of Irondequoit Bay into Lake Ontario, and plans for the building are in the architect's hands.

THE annual camp for the summer of 1884 of the American Canoe Association has been arranged for August next, and to be held upon a point at the foot of Grindstone Island, among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. The location is sure to charm the canoeists.

MR. READE W. BAILEY, of Pittsburgh, is the tallest member of the American Canoe Association. His height is 6 feet 3 inches.

THE London *Field* refers to the growth of canoeing, and states the reasons for the constantly increasing interest in this form of recreation, as follows: "That canoe-sailing, apart from racing, is becoming deservedly popular, may be inferred from the number of these craft which have been built during the last few years, and the fact that very few are for sale; and it is not surprising that this should be so, when we remember the varied uses to which these craft can be put, namely, pleasure-sailing, match-sailing, paddling, cruising on almost any waters, camping and sleeping, fishing, shooting, etc., and working alone or in squadron. Their cost is comparatively small, and their 'keep' trifling. Their handling in a race is by no means mere 'boat-manship,' and it would take a crack yachtsman all his time to keep a canoe bottom downward, and get her best speed out when first attempting to sail a sailing-canoe in a club-match."

Yachting.

MR. W. BADEN POWELL, an English canoeist and yachtsman, has an interesting article in the (London) *Field*, to show the utility of the tricycle in connection with the other sports, in which he says: "That the tricycle may be utilized with great effect in connection with shooting, fishing, and yachting, is being recognized, slowly but surely, both in England and Scotland.

THE famous and magnificent yacht "Livadia," built only three or four years ago for Czar Alexander II., of Russia, is now serving as a coal-hulk in the harbor of Sebastopol. She is described as being "one of the most gorgeous vessels ever built. No such vessel had been seen since Noah navigated the Eastern waters; her hull was hidden in a projecting basement which supported a row of pillars: she had four tiers of decks paved with black, white, and red marble; there was a magnificent marble fountain; the baths were hewn from white marble blocks; rows of electric lights illuminated the saloons and avenue-like corridors, and the many sets of apartments were finished in rare woods and stones, furnished with the most costly trappings, and ornamented with Oriental splendor. Altogether, the 'Livadia' was more like a fairy palace than a modern yacht, and it is not strange that the impression went abroad that one purpose of her creation was to dazzle the Asiatic mind, and increase the awe and mystery with which it regarded the czar. But the 'Livadia' was not a safe sailer, and before Alexander's assassination she was practically discarded as worthless."

THE demand for cutters among American yachtsmen has been and is a steady growth. Recent statistics from England show that schooner racing has practically ceased in foreign waters; and the cutter-rig seems destined to become the sporting-rig *par excellence* all the world over. Nevertheless, the cutter-question is raising a fierce discussion.

THAT wide-awake journal, *Forest and Stream*, is after the yachtsmen now, of course for their own welfare. It wants to know why the owners of small yachts cannot follow the example of the canoeists, and hold meetings during the winter, and "reason together" upon the interests of their favorite recreation. Of course they can if they only will, and that they have ample reason for banding together for the protection of the small yacht is clear. Of the three classes of yachts, the most deserving, as is shrewdly pointed out, "are those yachts which directly enlist physical as well as mental exercise in their management and

keep; which call into being a vigorous, athletic life and promote quick perception, study, and forethought in many directions. Large vessels are their own advertisement. They require no coaching, not even unity of action, to recommend themselves for all they are worth. The sand-bagger appeals to the contingent of landsmen inimical by choice to the amateur life of a sailor and sure to be supported in pursuit of an innate spirit of rivalry which is, to a great extent, an offspring of the human failing to gamble. Between these two lots, the legitimate cruiser of small dimensions is driven to the wall and crushed out of sight. Yet the small cabin-yacht, possessing all the merits of a large vessel, without the accompanying expense, is, or ought to be, the life and soul of the sport. Organization and united action are demanded to keep her special field of utility before the public in such a prominent way that new recruits may be gathered and inoculated into the absorbing pursuit of sailing as well as owning a boat, until that time, at least, when, by mere force of numbers, the advantages of small yachts shall compel the consideration from all sides to which they are entitled beyond all other styles and sizes. The fleet of small yachts is the barometer by which the popularity of the sport is to be gauged. Their prosperity should be uppermost with all who wish to promote the best interests of yachting."

It is said that a gentleman named W. B. Bennett will launch a pleasure yacht on Lake George next season, with an iron hull 45 feet long and 8 feet beam.

THE New York *Mail-Express* remarks that the English craze for yawl-boats was short lived among American yachtsmen, and quotes by way of proof the "Gannet" and "Aneto," which last year were rigged as yawls, and are to be rigged as sloops for next season.

Shooting and Fishing.

THE Walnut Hill Rifle Range has seen some fine shooting, and has, through the winter, competitions for some fine prizes. It is the liveliest range in Massachusetts, and becoming more popular all the time.

THE great damage to the forests of New Hampshire and Maine, occasioned by the recent gales, will have an effect on the sport with dog and gun, which that section afforded. Tens of thousands of acres of forest trees have been destroyed, and it will take fully a century to restore them.

THE New York *Herald* has this bit of philosophy concerning the preservation of game: "As the matter stands to-day, the man who wants game on his table must either pay something directly or indirectly to shoot it, or he must take his purse and go to the markets. If every large farm of from two to five hundred acres were preserved the outside community would be better off. It is impossible to keep all the wild birds planted within boundary lines. Quail, grouse, rabbits and the like cannot be controlled by line fences, but will scatter over the country for miles around. From the lay of the land no one man can control one whole stream to fish. The more fishes and birds the wealthy owner sees fit to distribute in his waters and on his land, the better picking there will be for the public along the edges. Instead of opposing and harassing the man who is generous enough to stock a section, the whole country-side would do well to hail the era which is just dawning on us as a permanent benefit in the inoculation of new blood, which in more ways than one will result to the common good of the community."

THE "Indians" living on the reservation at Poosepaddock, Long Island, have quite an ingenious scheme for "fooling" the ducks they desire to capture from the bay. The Indian sportsmen build a blind or hedge of boughs on the shore in plain sight of the ducks swimming in the bay. The work is watched all the while by the ducks, who have a great deal of curiosity in their nature as well as cunning. Half a dozen men with guns then walk down behind the hedge. Then one man rises, gun in hand, and deliberately walks away. His disappearance is the signal for the ducks to swim or fly in to inspect the hedge, and a big bag is easily secured. The Indians say in explanation that the "ducks can't reckon further than one" in taking count of objects they see.

BLACK ducks on Long Island eat clams, breaking the shell on rocks or stones.

A CUSTOM that prevails among Suffolk County, New York, gunners, would, we think, prove very satisfactory in some other localities. A custom as binding as law requires that the guides evenly distribute among their patrons all game captured, share and share alike, so that the poorest shot is put on a level with the best one in getting a bag.

It is estimated that over one thousand hunters have lately been engaged in slaughtering deer and buffalo on the line of the Northern Pacific, in Montana. No wonder the game is fast disappearing.

ACCORDING to a Virginia paper, Miss Withers, daughter of ex-Senator Withers of that State, can handle a shot-gun with an accuracy of aim that exceeds that of many pretentious sportsmen, and many birds are brought down on the wing by her seldom-erring sight.

JUDGE GILDERSLEEVE, of the American Rifle Team, has been making a target of wild ducks on the Susquehanna flats.

A CONNECTICUT marksman cleared \$200 as the profit from attending eight shooting-matches.

CAPTAIN E. M. COOKESLEY, an Englishman, and his friend, Mr. Geo. W. Marsh, recently completed a two months' hunting expedition in Wyoming. They captured elk, buffalo, bears, mountain-sheep, and other game, numbering seventy-five head in all, and had several narrow escapes from death. Once they were in a charge by a buffalo herd which nearly ran them down. Another time they lost themselves among the mountains, during a blinding snow-storm, and had only a bit of sage-bush for fuel to prevent their freezing to death. In fact they encountered perils enough to make their experience quite a thrilling one.

SPORTSMEN residing near Kinderhook, New York, a year ago planted along the shores of its beautiful lake about two bushels of wild rice, obtained in the West. They knew nothing about the grain beyond the fact that wild ducks are very fond of it, and they hoped to attract them to the lake in search of it. The rice has not come up, and the disappointed sportsmen are at a loss to know why. Can any reader of this department furnish information, so that future experiments may be more intelligently made.

SETH GREEN is utterly opposed to eel weirs, and, in a recent letter, says they should not be tolerated on any of our streams, for they not only take all kinds of mature fish, but they also take the young, and thus do more to deplete the supply than all the other ways of fishing known to man.

THE managers of the late International Fisheries Exhibition have come to a very wise determination as to the disposal of the surplus cash in their hands, which amounts to quite a respectable sum. They propose to expend it in building and outfitting a model American fishing schooner, at Gloucester, Mass. The boat will be manned by Gloucester fishermen, who will go to England with her and instruct the fishermen there in the use of purse-nets. This is a really practical outgrowth of the exhibition, involving a

high compliment to their cousins on this side of the Atlantic.

THE black bass in Greenwood lake, New York, have been found guilty of a strange habit, the cause for which is at present unascertained. When the first cold snap comes, and a thin film of ice forms on the surface of the lake, the large-mouthed species of black bass may be seen floating, belly up, on top of the water. If taken from the water while in this semi-torpid condition, they immediately regain their normal briskness. A change of the temperature also restores their spirits and friskiness, while in the water.

THE *American Field* promises anglers for channel bass some fine sport during the winter months, among the bays, passes, and rivers of the south-west coast, and advises those who go to Florida to provide themselves with very strong double hooks.

SHAD, which were planted in the waters of California a few years ago, are naturalizing themselves along the whole Pacific coast. They are now caught in Puget Sound, and the *Alla* believes will soon frequent every river and harbor between San Francisco and Alaska.

Athletics.

THE Rochester (N.Y.) Athletic Association is a newly organized body, composed of some of the best young men of that city, including some who are prominent in professional and business circles. They are fitting up a gymnasium, which is to be as complete as any in the State.

IT has been decided that the next meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Rowing Association is to be held at Saratoga.

ROLLER-SKATING has received new impetus, and rinks are opened in all parts of the country.

THE New England Polo Association is actively promoting a number of tournaments.

THE Union Amateur Athletic Club, of Boston, is showing greater activity than ever before.

IN London fencing is recommended as a means of recreation and exercise for ladies of sedentary habits. We suggest it to American men of like habits.

THE Johns Hopkins foot-ball team won an easy victory over the St. John's College team on the 8th December, at Baltimore.

AN Amateur Athletic Association, of Canada, has been recently organized.

Riding and Driving.

THE Four-in-Hand Club, of London, Eng., has 40 members, and the Road Club has 100.

THE N. Y. Coaching Club, of 35 members, The Country Club, at Pelham, The Meadow Brook Hunt, and a proposed coaching club in Chicago, promise a considerable snap and dust in the coaching line this year.

MR. JOHN SHEPARD has given his "Mill Boy" and "Blondine" a companion in "Harry Rolf," a six-year old stallion of great promise.

Skating and Ice-Yachting.

SKATING has hardly reached the dignity or importance of its companion athletic recreations in this country. In Holland, however, it is the national sport. The following extract from an interesting letter written from Amsterdam to the *Spirit of the Times*, gives a good idea of the extent to which our Dutch comrades, in invigorating, out-door life, carry this healthful and enjoyable exercise:—

"It was only towards the beginning of our century that the art of skating was adapted to public enjoyment. The first race was a very remarkable one, consisting only of female competitors; it took place on Feb. 1 or 2, 1805, in Leuwarden. One hundred and thirty women and young girls arrived from different parts of the country to try their skill at skating. The match was not quite decided on the first day, and they resolved to postpone the end of the contest till the following morning. Most of the women living about the country went home in the evening, and some of them had more than seven hours' walk, which did not prevent them being in time on the ice the next day. A girl of twenty, Fryntje Picters, of Poppingawier, won the first prize, a golden ornament worth 125 francs, and Janke Wybes, of Dammande, sixteen years old, the second. At the race of 1808, in Sneek, the well-known Kornelis Kubaard won the first prize, running at a rate of four minutes forty-three seconds for the course. He habitually ended the track with long stalks. Since then time races take place every year in all parts of the country, considering the weather and the ice be favorable. Skating clubs were erected in the main town of each province about the middle of this century. Amongst them the Leuwarden Club signalizes itself. Composed of six hundred members, it celebrates the grandest festivities, and gives remarkable prizes, which bring the renowned Frisian skaters of both sexes on the excellent track in the Naordergracht. All the inhabitants of the neighboring country participate in this national festival. Old and young expect the ar-

rival of the ice god anxiously. The columns of the Leuwarden newspapers are filled up with announcements of races throughout the country. Then follow days of anxiety; thermometer and barometer are confronted on various parts of the day; the ice is piled as to its thickness and toughness; workmen are employed night and day to prepare the track, and to keep it in order; bakers, pastry-cooks, retailers, and wine-sellers gather enormous stocks to satisfy the hungry and thirsty stomachs of citizens and country people. The best professional skaters arrive from all parts of the province; their names are published on printed lists. Early in the morning of the important day the weather is once more consulted, and the track visited. Business of every kind is suspended; schools are shut up, workmen take a holiday, servants ask for an hour's leave, and little ones beg their mother to let them go out; not an old woman stays in the house. The town and its inhabitants are in festive array; flags and pennants blow from towers, houses and ships. A laughing multitude moves about the streets, fills up the wine-shops and the confectioners, and prepares itself to face the fatigues of the day. Every one takes the direction of the ice track."

THE exhilarating sport of ice-yachting increases in importance and proportions every year. The most elaborate preparations have been made for it this season at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, which place is really the centre and home of this fashion. Improvements in rig and model are made every year, which increase a speed that is even now terrific. One of the most interesting contributions to the Fisheries Exhibition, just closed in London, was the beautiful model of the yacht "Jack Frost," of Poughkeepsie. The model was perfect in every detail, even to the club pennant and the champion pennant of America, which the yacht holds. The wood-work was of the most beautifully tinted woods, all the metal of solid silver, and the sails of silk. It is to be hoped that it will be exhibited in Tiffany's window sometime during the winter, and so give the public a true idea of an ice-yacht,—the popular notion being that of a piano-box on three or even four skates, with the box filled with a half a dozen or more men and women dressed like Esquimaux, with a dozen or more men, in a like attire, hanging from different parts of the rigging. One glance at that airy, fairy model would do away with all this illusion, for which the illustrated newspapers and their artists are responsible.



A VALENTINE FOR 1884.

AMENITIES.

RIDING on the sidewalk is often indulged in by bicyclers when they pass the city limits. Two of them were thus riding, in one of our rural districts, by a wall the top of which was nearly even with their cranks, when they saw a wondering farmer drop his hoe and exclaim, "Wal, I snum! I never saw fellers walk a rod to a step before."

BETWEEN his sixth year and his teens Fitz-Gibbons was a terror. Rushing into the dining-room one day, he hastily abstracted two oranges from the sideboard, and was about beating a retreat when his grandmother cried, "Hi! there; one, boy; one, boy!" "Yes, marm," said this terrible infant; "one boy, but two oranges," and bolted.

IDYLLIC.

ONLY a man, with paddle long,
Wielded with muscles hard and strong,
In an open canoe, his flags displayed,
Trying to handle a single blade.

Only a girl on the steamboat pier,
Watching him as he floats near,
Smiling a smile of sweet content
Seeing him on his task intent.

Only a look, which on her he cast
As the stroke of his paddle swept him past;
But that stroke was too strong, and the water
laves
The canoe, bottom up, on the dancing waves.

Only a man all dripping wet
Slowly leaving canoe upset;
Only a girl with merry eye,
Laughing at him as he goes by.

An hotel porch in the evening,
The moon rising high and clear,
Two chairs placed close in a corner,
Low murmurs reaching the ear.

Dark eyes looking down fondly,
To others blue and bright,
A charming face with blushes crowned,
Just seen in the waning light.

Then soft and tender whispers,
Soft kisses snatched in haste,
A manly arm now wandering
Around a slender waist.

The sound of a gong in the hall-way,—
A sound both loud and deep,
A slow and sad awakening,—
Confound it! — I've been asleep.

White Cap,
A.C.A.

RATHER THAN ROTA.

RATHER take Spring out the year,
Or from Spring her flowers,
Have no grassy green appear
All my Summer hours;
Than take Rota and its praise,
Rolling Rota, from my days!

From the toper take his horn,
Whether sweet or bitter,
Let no "blossom" red adorn
Him a bottle-quitter;
Not take Rota and its art,
Rolling Rota from my heart.

Pierce the homeward carrier-dove
With an arrow speeding,
And arrest her flight of love
Hawk or storm unheeding:
Rota let fly whereso bent —
Only in midwinter pent!

Juvenis.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

Points to be Remembered.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is Two Dollars a year, in advance, postage prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. Subscribers in any other country embraced in the Postal Union will receive the magazine for \$3.50 a year, postage prepaid.

REMITTANCES may be made by mail with perfect safety, if in the form of Bank Drafts on Boston or New York, or Postal Money Orders. Bills or Postal Notes may be sent with equal safety in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. In directing the change of an address, be particular to give the *present* address as well as the new one. Otherwise it is impossible for us to comply with your desire.

BACK NUMBERS of either OUTING OR THE WHEELMAN will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. Booksellers, postmasters, and bicycle agents will receive subscriptions at regular rates. The trade is supplied by the American News Company, New York, our sole agents for the United States and Canada.

THE ADVERTISING RATES OF OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will be forwarded on application, together with sample copies of the magazine, and testimonials from those who have used its pages to their own profit and satisfaction. The special character of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN makes it of great value to all who seek for the patronage of the best people. Orders for advertising forwarded by mail will receive careful attention, and proofs will be submitted if desired. Special care will be given to the printing of good cuts.

Our New Home.

The new and pleasant offices of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN are at the Evans House, 175 Tremont street, to which all correspondence should be addressed, and where we shall always be glad to welcome friends of the magazine who can find time for a call.

New Premium List.

WE hope to have our new Premium List ready for distribution on or before St. Valentine's day. It will embrace many new features, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, result in setting a good many people, interested in various phases of out-door life, at work for new subscribers to what we hope to make the leading illustrated out-door magazine of the world. The new list will be forwarded to any address, as soon as ready, on postal-card request.

To Yachtsmen.

AN early issue of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will contain a leading article of special and peculiar interest to all yachtsmen and their friends. Its author is favorably known in yachting circles, and the numerous illustrations will be picturesque and striking. Our magazine will be of interest and value to yachtsmen in every

issue, and the publisher will be glad to correspond with the secretary of each club in the country with reference to an introduction of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN to its members. We are ready to give good pay for all work done in increasing our circulation.

Other Attractions.

SPACE forbids extended mention, but we cannot forbear brief allusion to the following illustrated articles, soon to appear:—

An elaborate and picturesque paper on Tennis, by Arlo Bates. Illustrated by Sylvester and other well-known artists.

Salmon-Fishing in Canadian Waters, fully illustrated by Henry Sandham.

The Great Canada Bicycle Tour, by President Bates.

The Catskills, by Mrs. Abbie Crocker Percy, illustrated by B. B. G. Stone.

Canoeing in Alaska, illustrated by Hassam.

The Pleasure Resorts.

THE ownership of a summer hotel now and then proves to be a good investment. Mr. Asa T. Barron bought the Crawford House, at the foot of Mount Washington, ten years ago, for \$40,000, and has just refused an offer of \$175,000 for the property.

THE "Marine Jumbo," as the Rockaway Beach Hotel is pleasantly called, is likely to be open next season. Drexel, Morgan, & Co. own the vast hotel.

THE Florida season is just beginning, and the indications are favorable for a fairly prosperous season, though it is doubtful if the brilliant anticipations of the hotel-keepers will be quite realized.

THE Park View Hotel, at Orange Park, on the St. John's river, Florida, is under the charge of George M. Tilton, this season.

HON. SAMUEL J. TILDEN will pass the winter on his yacht, the "Yosemite," which will cruise among the West Indies during the next few months.

THE people of Ischia, undismayed by the terrible earthquake experience of last summer, are beginning the rehabilitation of Casamicciola as a pleasure resort. Signor Manzi, proprietor of the largest and most complete of the ruined

bathing establishments, is projecting a still larger one, to be built of wood, after a Swiss model, supposed to be well fitted to withstand future earthquakes.

MR. HENRY CLAIR, of the Grand Union and Windsor, at Saratoga, is prominently mentioned in connection with the new American hotel to be erected in Paris.

A "FOREST encampment" is a novel entertainment promised in New York. It is a sort of bazaar, the booths in the form of tents pitched in an apartment, made, by the art of the florist and scene painter, a forest warm with the tints of midsummer and fragrant with the scent of growing flowers. The illusion will be further carried out by lights so shaded as to simulate the rays of the August sun.

CERTAIN property-holders in the proposed reservation at Niagara Falls, are trying to defeat the intentions of the State commissioners by deferring action with reference to the appraisal of lands, until the statute covering the matter expires by limitation, when they will endeavor to speculate in the lands at the State's expense. The commissioners have determined to leave these parties out in the cold, it is gratifying to know.

A PARTY of gentlemen who are regular visitors to the Adirondacks have recently organized a club, which will have head-quarters at Lake Luzerne, where a handsome and commodious clubhouse, in Queen Ann style, is to be erected. The *Albany Argus* in alluding to it mentions, as a novel feature, the extension of the club privileges to ladies during the day, which, it is believed, will eliminate many of the objections advanced against clubs at summer resorts. The officers intend to give a series of theatrical, musical, and other entertainments, and will hold a tennis tournament. The club will undoubtedly add largely to the attractions of summer life at Lake Luzerne.

THE electric light has been introduced into the Carleton House, Jacksonville.

THE Hotel Raymond is being erected at Los Angeles, Cal., by Mr Walter Raymond, of Boston. When complete it will cost over \$200,000, and will be supplied with all modern improvements. The hotel is situated in the midst of a beautiful park, and a narrow gauge railroad connects it with the city.

The Field of Travel.

NEW Year's day witnessed the opening of the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railway throughout its entire 425 miles from New York

to Buffalo. The road is very thoroughly equipped, and is certain to do an extensive passenger traffic, especially in the season of pleasure-travel. A Boston outlet for the West Shore has been arranged over the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel, and Western Railway, which is daily growing in efficiency and business.

A RECENT estimate places the railway building in the United States during the past twelve months at 6,600 miles, costing \$165,900,000, and bringing up the total number of miles of railway in the country to about 120,000. Montana leads in the railway building of the year, having laid 413 miles. No new roads were built in New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Nevada, and Wyoming.

MR. ARTHUR SEWALL, of Bath, Me., was on December 12 elected president of the Eastern Railway

ON the 27th December a party of one hundred and thirty-seven persons left Boston for a winter sojourn on the Pacific coast, under the charge of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb. A special train of six Pullman cars conveyed the party across the continent. Two months will be spent at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey, and the remainder of the time in shorter sojourns at other points of interest.

THE new cantilever bridge of the Michigan Central railroad, at Niagara Falls, was formally opened on December 15. It is a real triumph of engineering skill.

The Winter Carnival.

THE winter carnival at Montreal, which was so successfully inaugurated last year, will open on February 4, and promises to surpass in attractions its brilliant predecessor. Leading attractions of each day are as follows:—

Monday, Feb. 4 — Hockey tournament; inauguration of ice palace; special illumination of tobogganing grounds.

Tuesday. — Curling bonspiel; contractors' drive; snow-shoe races; fancy dress carnival.

Wednesday. — Skating concert; sleighing parade; lacrosse on skates; torchlight procession of snow-shoe clubs; attack and defence of ice palace.

Thursday. — Trotting races; snow-shoe steeplechase; fancy dress carnival.

Friday. — Skating concert; races and games on out-door rink; grand ball; illumination of tobogganing grounds.

Saturday. — Annual games on lacrosse grounds; pyrotechnic display at ice palace; illumination of toboggan hills.



Edmund H. Garrett
1883

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN.

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No. 6.

BESIDE THE TENNIS-COURT.



Of course pretty Mistress Columbine was aware how bewitching she looked in her lawn-tennis dress; else does any one believe she would have taken the long way round to the court, when she

knew that by so doing she must pass Captain Arthur, who was smok-

ing with me under the oaks? Or would she, I ask any candid-minded maiden, have paused to chat with us, racquet in hand, although she knew Tom, Dick, and Harriet were all waiting for her, that they might begin the game? Yet pause she did, and chat she did, until she won the captain to accompany her to the lawn; while I was thus unceremoniously given the choice of continuing my cigar alone, or of following superfluously after as they sauntered over the velvet turf.

“As for going to watch the play,” I observed morosely, “it is dangerous amusement. I would remind you, captain, that Charles VIII. of France took his death-chill while watching a game of tennis, and departed this life on that self-same day, the 27th of April, 1498.”

“Come, Mentor,” Columbine said, over

her shoulder, “I always know you are cross when you begin to fling bits of historical information at people.”

“James I. of Scotland, also,” I continued, unrelentingly, “owed his death to this pernicious game. When the assassins broke into the monastery to murder him, Catherine Douglas barred the door with her arm:—”

“Alas! It was flesh and bone, no more,”

quoted Columbine.

“’Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass!”

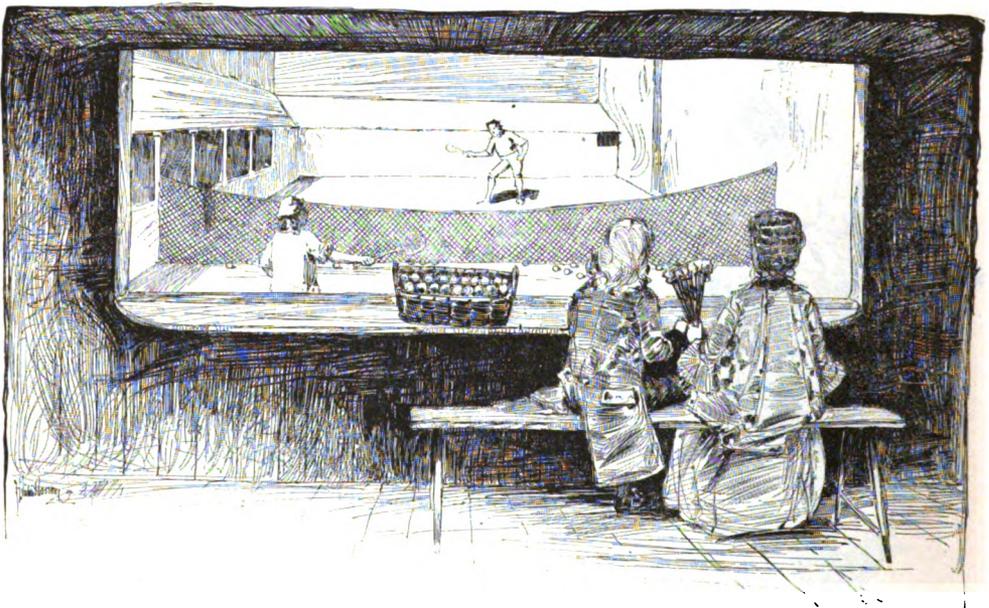
“She hindered the ruffians long enough for the king to be ignominiously scuttled through the floor into a sort of basement; but the window through which he expected to escape had that day been fastened up, because the tennis-balls rolled into it, and he was killed ‘like a rat in a hole.’”

The further valuable information I might have given them was lost in the cries which greeted Columbine as we came in sight of the tennis-ground, and Tom, Dick, and Harriet joined in a chorus of mingled reprobation and welcome. The game was soon in progress, while the captain and I disposed ourselves to watch and smoke, I reflecting that they would probably remain forever ignorant that tennis was about the only game which the pedantic and pig-headed James I. considered fit recreation for his royal son, Henry, Prince of Wales; and also that, in 1591, the Earl of Hertford entertained Queen Elizabeth, at Elveham, Hampshire, by having “ten of his servants, after dinner, about three o’clock in the afternoon, set up on a green before Her Majesty’s window lines of cords, squaring out the form of a tennis-court, and making a cross-line in the middle. In the square the men, stripped of their doublets, played five to five with hand-ball, a hande and a corde as they

terme it, to the great liking of Her Highness." It occurred to me also that it was far from likely that they would ever stumble upon many another choice bit of information, which I, who had carefully read all available tennis literature both before and after the day of Captain Wingfield, the gentleman to whom belongs the honor of leading the revival of the game in England in 1873, might have imparted had they given me opportunity.

The players, however, appeared little interested concerning the antiquity or the history of their game, but to give all thought and desire to the result of the set

ern game, two or four persons; but, unlike the latter, admitted of more players. It has always been, in all its varying forms, a pastime in which both agility and skill were required, and depends as little upon chance as any game which can be mentioned. It was the favorite amusement of the nobility, and numerous monarchs are recorded as expert in it. Of one of the French kings it is noted that he one day lost his royal temper, because the spectators in the tennis-court applauded the clever strokes by which an opponent got the better of His Majesty. With the most opprobrious epithets the irate monarch or-



AN ANCIENT TENNIS-COURT.

they had begun; while, as for Captain Arthur, he cared for nothing but his cigar and Columbine; so I was left to do such reflecting and philosophizing as I chose, quite unregarded.

The game of tennis, as everybody knows, or could know, is of very respectable antiquity. Its origin is lost in the mists of the middle ages, and even the early history of the variety now so popular under the name lawn tennis, is practically unknown. As far back as the days of Louis XIV. the game was played in the open air in France, and allusion has already been made to the English game of 1591. Mediæval tennis, however, was for the most part played in courts built for the purpose and surrounded by high walls. It required, like the mod-

dered all the lookers-on to withdraw instantly. They obeyed, with the exception of a single officer, who coolly answered, when the royal bully angrily demanded how he dared to remain, "As I am neither a —— fool, nor a —— knave, sire, I did not understand that I had been directed to go out."

An equally good retort is related of a monk who played at tennis as a partner of Francis I. against a couple of nobles.

"A good stroke for a monk!" cried the king, at a clever return.

"It might be good, sire, for an abbé, if you please," was the instant reply, which gained for the quick-witted cowlman the next vacant benefice.

About the end of the fifteenth century

the French divided their game of tennis into the two varieties *Longue Paume* and *Courte Paume*, the latter being practically the lawn-tennis of to-day. The counting was almost identical with that at present in use, which differs from that introduced by Captain Wingfield at the time of his revival of the game. The set consisted of the best of eleven games, as it practically does now, and the points were fifteen, thirty, forty, and game, the term "deuce" being used as in modern play. The court was, however, marked off into

ings, "that this set is finished without her side's winning a love game."

"Since you are so interested in the game," I returned, "why do you never play yourself?"

"My dear fellow," replied he, "I do play. I belong to a tennis-club at home, and worked for three months this spring harder than I ever labored at anything else in the world to get into training to beat a rival society."

"Did you beat them?"

"Beat them!" echoed the gallant cap-



A MODERN TENNIS-COURT.

a complicated series of *chasses*, the different divisions being known as the *grille*, the *tambour*, and so on, and the counting was thereby rendered considerably involved.

Heavy stakes often depended upon the tennis matches of the "knights and squires of high degree," in the olden time. On October 27, 1594, it is recorded that Henry II., of France, lost four hundred gold *écus* at the game, while the minutes of various other wagers may be discovered by any one curious in these matters.

"I have bet Columbine a new racquet," the captain, by an odd coincidence, slowly observed at this point of my mus-

tain, turning on me a glance of scorn so withering that I felt my backbone shorten; "their dust was blown away by the wind, so fine did we pulverize them."

"I didn't know," I said in humble apology. "You must have noticed that people don't always beat."

"I know they don't. That is because they play with girls. Spoils any fellow's play."

"But in 1427," I retorted, brightening a little at the idea of having a tremendous fact with which to crush him, "there appeared in Paris a woman named Margot, twenty-five years old, from the country of Hainault, who beat all the crack players of France."

"Humph!" sneered Captain Arthur.

"Both at overhand and underhand service," I went on, unmoved. "she was, according to the chroniclers of the day, *très puissamment, très malicieusement, et très habilement.*"



THE STATUESQUE PLAYER.

"Game!" cried the buoyant voice of Columbine from the farther side of the net.

The captain raised himself into a sitting posture, lit a fresh cigar, and fixed on me a certain significant regard.

"There have always been women," he was pleased to observe sententiously, "who refused to keep their place. There was Eve, for instance, and Cleopatra, and Joan of Arc" —

"And I," cried Columbine, advancing toward us. "I have won my wager, though. This last game was a love game."

Laughing badinage in regard to the racquet which she had won followed, and I was enabled to introduce into the conversation the fact that the lost books of the Latin historian Livy were destroyed in the sixteenth century by a stupid French racquet-maker, who used the parchment to cover the handles of his wares.

The players united in laughing at me as a walking encyclopædia, and the captain again began to talk. The captain is one of those definite, insistent men, to whom everybody yields; so we all sat about in respectful silence like the shepherds about Don Quixote, while he discoursed as follows: —

"The beauty of tennis is primarily an ethical one. The player must, first of all, be alive to the tips of his fingers, and he must have all this vivified energy under the most absolute control of his will, while his will is as completely under the command of his judgment. His reason must recall all that has taken place in the game, be perfectly and actively cognizant of every manifestation of personal peculiarities on the part of the players; it must balance the chances of the display of these personal characteristics in any given stroke; it must foresee all the game that is to come, with the effect that any play will have upon the especial situation and upon the game as a whole; and all this consideration, this reasoning, this concluding, must be performed in the twinkling of an eye. While the ball flies from one side of the net to the other, all these things must take place in the mind of the player; a line of action must be decided upon, and followed up with the swiftness of the thought."

"Heavens!" cried Columbine, in mock amazement. "I feel a new respect for myself. Do all these things really happen in my mind when I strike a ball?"

"No," returned the captain, as severely as he could speak to Columbine; "girls have no minds. Tennis is a game of chance with them. The more obvious advantages of the game," he went on, taking up the thread of his interrupted discourse, "are physical. The physician in the 'Arabian Nights,' who cheated his king into good health by filling the handle of his racquet with drugs whose efficacy he declared could only be drawn out by the moisture of the hand heated by play, was

a clever old fellow, and knew what he was about. There is a buoyancy about it, a splendid exhilaration in the sport out of doors, with a sturdy antagonist on the other side of the net, and the ball springing through the air."

"Yes," I interposed, thinking it high time that the captain's monologue was stopped; "what Goethe says of cards could very well be applied to tennis: 'Play is much to be recommended to young people, especially to those who have a practical sense, and wish to look out for themselves in the world.'"

"There, Mentor," said that impertinent Dick, in whom gray hairs do not inspire reverence, "don't, for mercy's sake, serve us with any more of the cold scraps of other people's learning."

To avert the storm which she saw coming, Harriet hastily proposed another set, and led the way back to the court.

The captain and I were left again in peace and the odor of good cigar-smoke, and once more I resumed my musings. The attitudes of the players, as they flitted before me, suggested the whole wonderful possibilities of the game in the way of picturesqueness. What was the game which so entertained good Queen Bess, where ten burly serving-men, stripped to their doublets, were the players, compared with the modern tennis contest, in which maidens like Columbine and Harriet have place and part? Whatever may be said of the influence of the fair sex upon the play itself, it can hardly be denied that their presence on the tennis-court adds greatly to the picturesque value of the sport. No other game in which the sexes both participate has so genuine an athletic flavor as tennis; it strikes exactly the happy mean between girlish feebleness on the side of the old-fashioned graces, or battledore and shuttlecock, on the one hand, and the riotous

roughness of hockey or football on the other. Croquet has neither the grace, the *verve*, nor the possibilities of tennis; while as for the rest of the long list of games that have been from time to time thrust upon a long-suffering public, the fact that they have died of their own inanition is a sufficient comment upon them all.

"Tennis is a most searching and infalli-



A LOVE GAME.

ble test of character," I said aloud, addressing my remarks to the captain, although fixing my regards upon a brown and dull gold beetle, that was making its toilsome and futile way up his hat. "It affords such opportunities for unconscious revelations of vanity, selfishness, and brutality, or, on the other hand, of grace, beauty, modesty, and kindness. Look at Tom, over yonder! When he plays he puts his teeth together, throws his head back, braces his shoulders, and plays as if he were slaying giants. He cannot bear to

trust anything to his partner, — don't you see, — and loses points just as he lost those Western land lawsuits, by trying to do his own part and that of all his associates. Tom's character and his playing alike lack self-control, and power of reserving force. Dick, on the contrary, is far too self-conscious and self-controlled. He never forgets his fine figure, and he really plays chiefly to show it. He attends to



MISS CHUBBS' METHOD.

his poses first, and to his play afterward, just as he does in dancing, and for that matter in everything. The greatest misfortune that ever happened to Dick was his discovery that his form is elegant. Harriet is a type of the self-distrustful, modest girl, who allows herself to be bullied and bamboozled by some man. You can tell, by the way Harriet lets Tom tyrannize over her at tennis, that she will allow him to be a perfect domestic despot after they are married."

"And Columbine?" queried the cap-

tain, blowing a ring of smoke into the calm October air.

"Columbine." I said, "is the embodiment of all that is best and loveliest in American girls. And how the game brings out her attractions! She is saucy, alert, clever, yet modest as a violet, graceful as a fawn, and as sweet as a rose new-blown."

"Hum," returned my companion, musingly; "poetical, but just."

"She plays tennis as she goes through life. She is fearless, yet never over-forward; she never fails when it devolves upon her to play, yet she never interferes with what belongs to others. She is the incarnation of the spirit of the American maiden, free, beautiful, and peerless."

"Mentor," the captain observed, putting his handsome brown hand out to grasp mine, "you are an old bore, of course, as I've so often assured you; but I forgive you everything. I shall propose to Columbine before the sun sets."

I looked at the captain, but, not being sure whether he were in earnest. I ventured no comment on this singular statement, which might be an extraordinary burst of confidence or an ill-judged sarcasm. I felt it to be safer to go on with my general reflections upon tennis-players than to give the captain another of his already too numerous opportunities of making remarks derogatory to my understanding.

"There are as many sorts of players," I said "as there are individuals. There is the fat man, who puffs like a porpoise, and makes one swelter merely to look at him; the thin player, who flits like a shadow over the lawn and makes one think of the skeleton at the feast; the"—

But the captain was so obviously paying no attention whatever to me that I continued my reflections to myself. I recalled the wide variations which had occurred in tennis-play within a few years. When W. Renshaw came before the British public as a champion, his chief points were a strong, overhand service and rapid volleying at the net. The result was to make the game very brilliant to the spectator, the balls being kept long in the air. It is on record that at this stage of English lawn tennis, some ten years ago, two champions, Mr. Lamford and Mr. Lubuck, once passed a ball backward and forward eighty-three times before grounding it. Volleying at the net, however, was so easily met by proper placing of the ball

behind the player that its day was a short one. Mr. Renshaw modified his play so as to make its chief feature the swift volley and half volley from the centre of the court. "Placing," of which Mr. Lamford, we suppose, may be regarded as the especial apostle, forced the player away from the net; and, although some extremists took their stand very near the base line, the best usage settled down to the fashion followed by Renshaw, of playing from the service line. It is from this position that this clever player gives his famous "Renshaw smash," dashing the ball into his opponent's court with a force and swiftness which render the play well-nigh unreturnable. Mr. Akroyd is probably unequalled among modern players for back-handed play, and several other distinguished champions might be mentioned who, in one particular or another, excel Mr. Renshaw; but, on the whole, he stands at the head of all living tennis-players, by a combination of natural aptitude and intelligently directed study, of which the results are inimitable. His beautiful imperturbability, the skill with which a blow which seems delivered at random never fails to place the ball just where he wishes, and the lightning rapidity with which all is done, make, coupled with his grace and agility, one of the most beautiful sights in modern athletics.

One bit of advice given by an English authority might well be laid to heart by every player: "Never strike a ball on the rebound while it is on the rise; the proper time to strike is when the ball has turned and is on its way to the ground." By the time a player has acquired sufficient self-control to appreciate and apply those fine points of the play, he is far on the high road to glory as a tennis champion. In the old-fashioned game, with its involved *chasses*, it was said that at least a score of years were needed to become a proficient; but in the modern tennis two or three seasons' careful play will make a really fine amateur.

The game is spreading wherever English is spoken or the American has betaken himself. In British colonies, even in torrid India and in Africa, it is immensely popular; while reports of games and matches are constantly turning up in the most unexpected places. Only that morning I had seen, in a London paper, news of a tennis-match at Pietermaritzburg; and I would defy any one to tell where Pietermaritzburg may be.

A genial writer in *Temple Bar* last year has the following pleasant fancy about the game, which is worth quoting for the cleverness with which she parodies her original:—



MISS HARUM-SCARUM.

I wonder much in what terms our favorite Madame de Sévigné would have described a lawn-tennis party, when writing, as usual, to her extremely tiresome daughter. Perchance like this:—

"Dearest, too good and too amiable, I think of you, alas! and of your trials, your complaisance to that ruffian, your spouse. How can I divert you? Have you heard of the novel game played at Madame de Maintenon's? Monsieur de Chavlnes invented it; the king is highly pleased therewith; the Emperor of Morocco (who, to speak truth, has an adorable figure) is a marvellous proficient. The duke runs, the duchess dies away with admiration; a stroke here, a service there! Ah, my quite beautiful, I have not the wit to bore myself in the midst of these delights."

As I lounged there in the sweet October afternoon, beside the tennis-court, stringing together these and other fancies, while the calls of the players, in the quaint jargon with which the points are counted, formed a fitting and pleasant accompaniment to my thoughts, a rhyme hummed itself over in my head, and so tickled my fancy that I repeated it to the captain. It ran in this fashion, and, although he sniffed at it most contemptuously, it is certainly not so bad, as Tom afterwards observed, for me:—

Love fifteen! That is calf-love;
No well-trained taste likes veal.
Love thirty! Then men laugh love,
Too wise its best to feel.

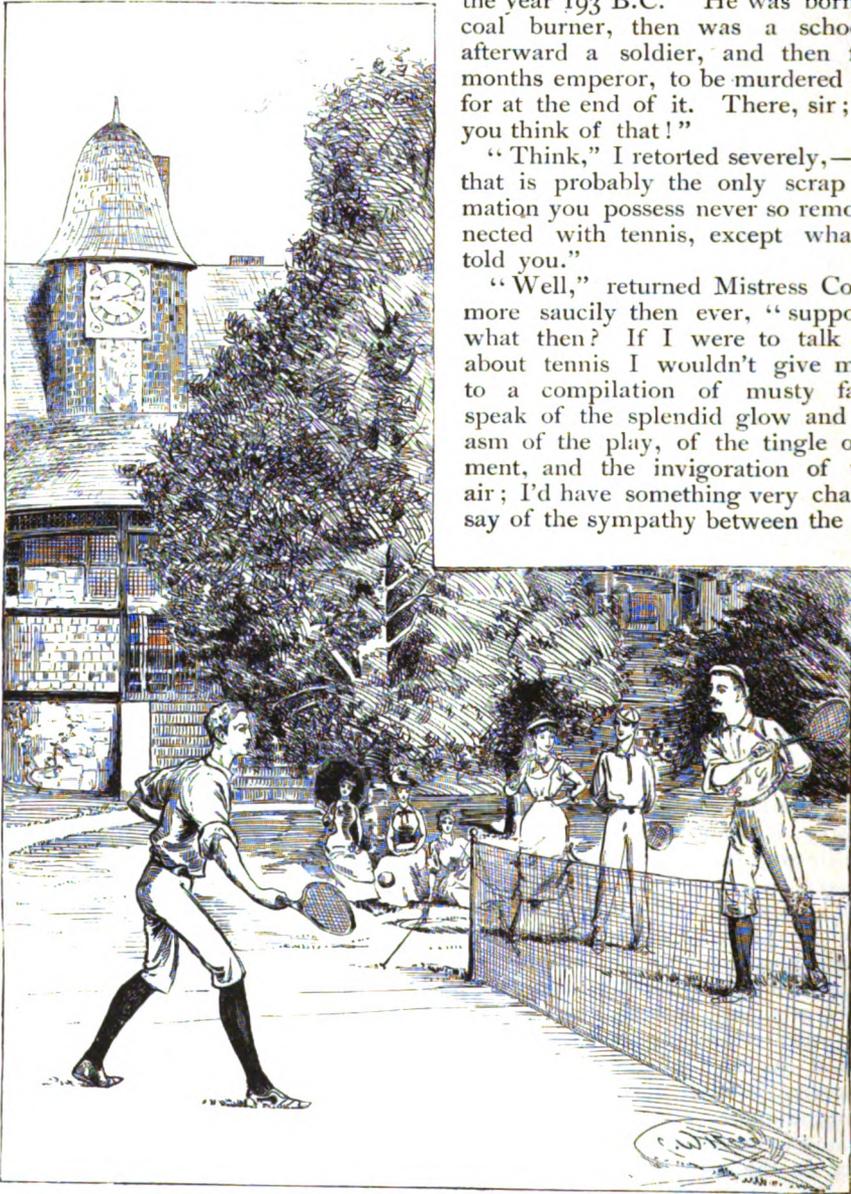
Love forty! Small excuse then,
When youth's hot blood is tame;
No wonder e'en the "deuce" then
Can't much prolong the game!

Tom, Dick and Harriet, Columbine and all, came up in time to hear the conclusion of my rhyme; and the last-named young lady, who feels that she has certain scores

really know so little, too. Can you tell me, for instance, who was called the 'tennis-ball of Fortune'? Of course not. Well, sir, it was Pertinax, the Roman emperor, who succeeded Commodus, in the year 193 B.C. He was born a charcoal burner, then was a schoolmaster, afterward a soldier, and then for three months emperor, to be murdered and done for at the end of it. There, sir; what do you think of that!"

"Think," I retorted severely,—“I think that is probably the only scrap of information you possess never so remotely connected with tennis, except what I have told you.”

“Well,” returned Mistress Columbine, more saucily than ever, “suppose it is, what then? If I were to talk or write about tennis I wouldn't give myself up to a compilation of musty facts. I'd speak of the splendid glow and enthusiasm of the play, of the tingle of excitement, and the invigoration of the open air; I'd have something very charming to say of the sympathy between the partners,



TENNIS-COURT AT THE CASINO, NEWPORT.

to settle with me for teasing her about the captain, burst into a rippling peal of laughter as I ended.

“Oh, you delicious old goose of a Mentor!” she cried. “How you do go on prosing or rhyming about a thing! You

—so close that each divines the other's play; and there should be nothing droller than the funny quips and quirks I'd put in about the blunders the 'duffers' make; how they send the ball, now into the net, and now half-way across the lawn of the

next-door neighbor; how they slip and stumble and strike mighty blows into the air while the ball goes untouched by them; how, in their feverish haste to do something brilliant, they are only doubly stupid; in short, there is no end to the things I could say concerning tennis, and every one would be worth attention."

"Columbine," said Captain Arthur,

as the vivacious damsel paused for breath, "if you can talk as fast as that how could a man dare marry you? I'm sure I shouldn't have the courage."

"Oh, 'Nobody asked you, sir, she said,'" laughed Columbine, dropping him a bewitching courtesy.

But he will, for all that.

Arlo Bates.



THE RAPID.

Down the wild, white race of swollen waters,
 Current-twisted, eddy-tortured flow,
 By the rock above whose rough edge totters
 Broken foam, in wreaths of watery snow,

Sweeps our little bark, an airy bubble,
 Fragile as the foam-flake dancing by;
 Toy of these mad waters' seething trouble —
 Light as seed-down blown across the sky:

Till from out the toil of tossing billows
 Flecked with foam we glide — Alas! too soon,
 Breathing hard, to drift among the willows,
 Dreaming out a summer afternoon.

J. A. Ritchie

ON OUR COAST IN WINTER.

SEA-GOING, anywhere and at any time, is bad enough, at best. In fact, its pleasantest side is when one begins to pack his chest for home-going, after the ship is safely moored alongside the wharf. All passages have, for the sailor, more or less hardship connected with them. Crossing the Atlantic, or, as Jack invariably calls it, the "Western ocean," in winter time, for example, is not exactly a pleasure-trip.

Such a passage, particularly when coming to the westward, is made up of a continuation of what Jack Tar designates as "living gales of wind." It is a rest-breaking repetition of shortening and making sail, especially the former. In the sailor's words, "you're never sure of your four hours below, but you're always sure of it on deck."

And the cold! Well, I, myself, was reared in one of the chilliest of the New England States, where there was a legend extant, that the oldest inhabitant remembered a winter when it was so cold that one morning the sun had to be pried from its bed with a crowbar, though I never fully believed the story. But I remember that for at least two months of the year the mercury in the thermometer and zero stood on the same level; and not unfrequently, like a dull scholar, mercury would be sent below zero by a bad "spell of weather," to use a down-East expression.

Thus reared, I thought that I knew perfectly well what it was to suffer intensely from cold; to be chilled through; to be "half frozen," as the boys say.

I found out my mistake when I made my first voyage before the mast, from Savannah to Liverpool, and back to the States, in the month of December, and had to stand my two hours' lookout on the top-gallant fore-castle, in the teeth of a nor'west gale.

At such times the piercing wind seems to come directly from the North pole *via* Greenland and Spitzbergen. No amount of extra clothing avails to prevent the very marrow in one's bones from congealing. And, unfortunately, at sea there is no chance to dodge under the lee of a fence or building, with a full certainty that in a few moments at the farthest you will be toasting yourself before the home fireside. Oh, dear, no, indeed!

I remember that during my first experience of the sort, when the second officer came for'ard to see that the side-lights were burning brightly, I turned toward him and remarked, through my chattering teeth, "If you p-please, Mr. K-Kendal, c-c-can't I g-get down a l-little w-while and w-warm m-myself in the c-cook's g-galley?"

He did not give me permission, but he *did* say that if I didn't straighten up and stop shivering he'd warm me with the end of the jib downhaul. And I straightened up, but stop shivering I couldn't. To this day I shiver when I think how cold it used to be of a winter's night on the old "Rochester's" top-gallant fore-castle.

So, too, a winter passage round Cape Horn brings an abundance of hardship and suffering to the sailor. Yet I have heard an old salt say, that between the evils of the Western ocean in winter time, and Cape Horn, he would choose the latter, bad as it is.

Yet there is a sea-going experience of which I can speak from personal knowledge, that is still more severe than either of the two I have mentioned, though not of as long duration. I refer to the sufferings of seafarers, who, in winter time, sail from some extreme southern port for one of our own northern seaboard cities, say New York or Boston.

I look back a score of years, and see myself a so-called smart, able seaman, with a promise of being made second officer on the succeeding voyage of the bark "Leda," Blokstrop, master, in which stanch vessel I have been "before the mast" for nearly a year.

In the stillness of a tropic morning the land breeze and ebb tide combined are drifting us slowly out of Matanzas harbor, the bark being deeply laden with box sugar and molasses. Green hills are on every side, and the balmy air which wafts us away from the beautiful shores is full of the sort of dreamy languor which so often precedes a sweltering day in the tropics. Although it is the very last of December.

Officers and crew alike are wearing their lightest clothing, which is very convenient for the latter, as poor Jack's apparel is, generally speaking, of the lightest possible description, both as to quality and quantity.

Day after day the soft southerly breezes waft the deep-laden vessel steadily onward past the low-lying Salt Keys, and now the current of Florida Straits widens into the ongoing flow of the Gulf Stream.

The tropic warmth which we have left astern has given place to a damp chilliness, which increases from day to day. Occasional thunder-squalls, — sharp and short, — with heavy down-pourings of rain, are encountered, but as yet we have had nothing like a heavy blow. That is to come, as those of us who have rounded Cape Hatteras a few times are unpleasantly aware.

But the bark has reached the latitude of 35°. The air grows cold — and colder. Next day we are “up with Hatteras,” — to use a sea-faring technicality.

“To be up with Hatteras is to be —
 up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate —”

for here in the cavern of the winds (generally head-winds), which is hidden among the rocky fastnesses of the cape, is the abode of tempest and storm.

And now begins a conflict with the contending elements of wind, and sea, and cold. The officers don their thickest clothing and heavy boots. Poor Jack puts on three shirts and two pairs of trowsers. My rough pea-jacket (the only one in the fore-castle) is in constant demand, when not covering my own shivering shoulders.

Valiantly the “Leda” battles day after day with continually opposing gales, carrying every stitch of canvas that she can bear, to weather, if may be, the stormy cape. Rains and heavy squalls alternate with sleet storms, varied by terrific thunder and vivid lightning. Still colder grows the atmosphere; yet we know that this is but the prelude of what lies before us. “There’s a mighty sight worse to come, and a heap more of it,” grimly remarks Billy Bowline, as we go below for a few brief moments, after two hours of battling with slatting canvas, in the pleasant pastime known as “shortening sail.”

The watch, of which I am one, have occupied their berths (without going through the formula of removing anything but our dripping oil-clothes) perhaps half an hour.

“Tumble out here, to make sail; and be lively about it!”

I vaguely wonder, as I paw madly about in the darkness for a missing sou’wester,

how any one who follows the sea can be expected to be lively — under circumstances which would try the philosophy of a Mark Tapley.

Well, sail is again made, for the wind, though still blowing a gale, has veered round to the westward, and with a sort of fierce exultation drives the “Leda” on towards her destination, with her yards braced close up against the back-stays.

“You’ve got by my abode, without being much the worse for it,” shrieks the Nor’wester through the straining rigging; “but wait two or three days, till you meet my twin brother Nor’nor’wester, who is lying in wait for you off Cape Cod, — he’ll make it lively for you!”

Well, we are up with the grayish-white sand-hills of Cape Cod. The intense cold is somewhat mitigated by the warmth of feeling engendered through the sight of land — and native land at that. But it is bitterly cold, though. The spray that strikes the foot of the outer jib and stay-sail has transformed those useful sails into sheets of ice, half way up. Vast icicles hang from the anchors, which with infinite labor we have put on the rail. Bow and cutwater are sheathed with ice six inches thick, and making fast.

“If the wind will only last six hours longer,” mutters Captain Bowline, thrashing his mittened hands together and stamping his feet, as he glances nervously at the compass.

“Full and by — no higher, lad,” he remarks to myself at the wheel, and, as I mechanically echo the command, the vapor of my breath escapes like a cloud of smoke. I can manage to keep my hands and arms tolerably comfortable, through the incessant movements of the wheel; but my lower limbs and feet might be the property of any one else on board, for aught of feeling there is left in them.

But the sun is beginning to go down, and glares across the turbid, smoking sea with an angry eye of red, through fast-gathering masses of dun-colored clouds.

Still colder, and now the brig begins to “head off”; for, alas, the wind is hauling further to the northward, and coming in heavier gusts all the time.

Another shortening-sail job follows, and just in time; from west-nor’west comes shrieking a wind for whose bitter intensity I can find no words, and with a terrific force, compared with which the previous gales are but gentle zephyrs.

The stanch bark heels till the lee-rail

is level with the seething, foaming waves, which smoke like a gigantic caldron.

Shriller and wilder comes the gale, bearing on its leaden-colored wings alternate squalls of driving snow and sleet. Rope and sail, yard and spar, are encased in ice. The deck, despite the ashes thickly strewn everywhere, is an icy inclined plane, about which we painfully slip, and eventually end by sliding into the lee-scuppers. The lookout is stationed in the slings of the foreyard; but to what avail? — the blinding snow is so thick he cannot see ahead as far as the forestay.

The reefed foresail is hauled up with infinite difficulty, after beating the ice from the running-gear with belaying-pins, and we painfully toil aloft to roll it up. No mittens aloft, remember, and the sail like a frozen oak plank, if the simile be allowable.

Pleasant work for numb and bleeding fingers, particularly when the vessel is rolling and pitching in a cross-sea till her lee-foreyard arms almost touch the waves, and one must hold on by his elbows to an ice-covered yard while his feet are frantically slipping about on an ice-covered foot-rope.

And the hoarse-voiced mate below wanting to know, in stentorian accents, if

we're going to stay up there all night fooling with that sail!

It takes both watches just one hour to roll up and secure that reefed foresail, and then we come down benumbed and exhausted, to go aft and set the main tri-sail, after which the bark is hove to for the night. But the cold is so intense and the ice makes so fast, that by morning the bark is down by the head to such an extent that she will not lay to properly, — and still it blows — and still it snows. Nothing to do then but wear round, make sail, and run to the eastward a hundred miles or so, that the warm current of the Gulf Stream may loosen the "Leda's" icy fetters.

And then we try again, with heavier weather, severer cold, and three of the crew laid up with frost-bitten hands and feet. Another run into the stream, another return, and after two days of fierce contest we at last drop anchor in Boston Bay, thirty-two days from Matanzas, — a passage which in summer is often made in half the time. There are more agreeable pleasure-trips on record than coming on to the New England coast in winter, I can assure you.

Frank H. Converse.

A MODERN LOVE,

SUNG IN ANCIENT FASHION.

O AM'ROUS bards of olden time,
Alcaeus thou, and thou, sublime
Anacreon, and thou, sweet maid,
Whose burning songs of love once played
Sad havoc with the hearts of men
In Lesbos, Sappho, thou who then
Wert called "the sweetly-smiling," lend
Me somewhat of your grace. Befriend
My feeble muse; for I would sing
My love — a slender, fair-formed thing,
With ev'ry charm 'and beauty graced,
As Helen fair, as Dian chaste,
Of look as bright as Venus. Still
One fault she has. Her eyes ne'er fill
With loving looks, nor speaks she e'er
One word of love. She has no care
That I be ever constant. Cold
She is, and passionless as gold
In form of goddess wrought. Yet, strange,
She does my will, nor dreams of change,
And faithful is and true as steel
Can be. My mistress is the wheel.

Basil Webb.

PIXIE AND I IN ENGLAND.

HAVE you ever looked on while a brave and gallant youth endeavors for the first time to master the light and graceful union of steel, caoutchouc, leather, and horn, which we term a bicycle? Many of you, doubtless, recall your own attempts with a grimace at the thought of the awkward appearance you presented; but they who win, may laugh, and I am sure you would all have joined me in many a hearty shout could you have looked into the upper story of the factory in Birkenhead, England, while the "Doc." made his first essay in the line of 'cycling, under the tuition of the writer. All superfluous clothing is laid aside and "Doc." goes at it in earnest. Beginning with a good header, and a very narrow escape from a fall through the third-story window, his wrath is excited, and he rises, like Antæus, the stronger for each embrace of Mother Earth, and at the end of an hour succeeds in mounting, riding three times round the hall, and dismounting. He has done well, and limps smilingly down the stairs to order a 50-inch duplicate of Pixie sent to Germany to meet him. The next morning, Thursday, Aug. 9, Pixie is given a short airing, and then marches discontentedly to the station, where lack of time compels us to use that prosaic, old-fashioned method of travel—railroading: which, however, brings Doc., Pixie, and me safely into Warwick at half-past five, after a ride of about ninety miles. The journey is absolutely free from dust, since the railway is as carefully turfed on each side as a lawn. At Warwick we learn that we must wait till the next noon to visit the Castle; and go to the Crown Inn for some of the famous mutton-chops, which certainly do reach a wonderful perfection, and satisfy the hunger of a weary traveller as nothing else can. After tea I mounted my new wheel and rode for two hours about Warwick, obtaining some beautiful views of the castle, and meeting a goodly number of 'cycles, bikes, and trikes, including a fairish (as the English say) sprinkling of ladies, with neat flannel dresses and no French heels. The finest view of the famous old pile of buildings is, I think, obtained from the bridge, where the road crosses the river, and you look up stream into a fairy land of lofty trees and lovely green sward reflected perfectly in the still

water beneath; while, on the right, fair and lofty, rises the castle of the Earls of Warwick, the king-makers of England. After wandering till 9 o'clock, and enjoying every inch of the beautiful roads, we turn, just as the long English day—the blessing of 'cyclists—begins to give way, slowly and reluctantly, to darkness; and ride through one of the gates or archways (the remnants of the old wall) up a hill and through the centre of the quaint old town, and another archway, down to the inn, where, after a long talk with a couple of English wheelmen, who are *en route* to Wales, we retire; Pixie to the sleep of contentment, which the philosophers assign to the, as they claim, non-reasoning horse. Pshaw! Can a philosopher, be he as wise and wife-abusing as Socrates, persuade me that my beloved steed cannot reason, ay! and talk with me, too? Her master sleeps but restlessly, ever pondering the question, "How shall we obtain for our own fair, free, grand Union the roads of old England? Will not some of you consider and solve the question? In the morning we look forward to a day of unalloyed pleasures: Pixie and I to Kenilworth, Coventry, and Leamington, while "Doc." visits Kenilworth and Leamington by train, and then both meet at the Castle at 2 in the afternoon. At 8 Pixie paces quietly along north, by the railway station, and then rolls rapidly on over the road, which many Englishmen have pronounced the most beautiful in their land. The surface is fine, and we continually pass lawns and manors. Our first stop is on the right, ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Warwick), at Guy's Cliff house and mill, beautiful and romantic; but we are looking forward to Kenilworth, and are soon in the saddle again. At quarter of nine we leave Pixie at the little inn opposite the gate-way, and are disappointed; for the view from the road is far from satisfactory. The lodge of the keeper, which has been reconstructed from some portion of the old building, quite effectually conceals the Kenilworth, which greets us in passing through the gate and garden,—the Kenilworth which was the most beautiful castle in England, where the gallant Leicester wooed, and almost won, the proud Elizabeth, where Amy Robsart loved and wept in vain. The buildings of the castle proper

form a half circle, enclosing a spacious court-yard, with holly trees scattered here and there. This court-yard stretches down to a brook, on the other side of which were probably the servants' quarters and the stables; and a little beyond these, the wall.

On walking through the castle we have, from the high bank, a fine view; and, on descending the hill and looking back, we obtain the best picture of the extensive pile of ruins. Imagination and the glowing pages of Scott can bring back the ancient glories; but the fact remains, that there is before us only a ruin. The walls are overgrown with ivy and are very beautiful; but it is unsafe to venture higher than the ground-floor, and even an American's soul fills with anger toward Cromwell, who destroyed this, as well as many other famous castles of England and Wales. While the English historians are nearly equally divided as to praise and censure, some lauding and others proclaiming him a hypocrite, utterly unprincipled and ambitious, I think many travellers will look upon the devastation he has wrought, and allow it to turn the scales, and condemn the great warrior, as it did with me after seeing Conway, Rhyddlan, and Kenilworth.

But it is 10 o'clock, and we are just $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Warwick, with much before us to see. From Kenilworth we quicken the pace, and in twenty-five minutes have left $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles more of this avenue of grand old trees behind us, and ride down into Coventry, famous for its three spires and its numerous bicycle factories. I visited St. Michael's church, the spire of which dates from the fourteenth century, while the long Gothic windows contain some beautiful specimens of stained glass. Then I went over to the Guild Hall, directly opposite the church entrance, and saw the famous and really beautiful statue of Lady Godiva, who is honored every year by a holiday, a procession like our "Horribles," and a general jollification. A little way up the street from Guild Hall is the statue — if a painted wooden figure may be called a statue — of "Peeping Tom." I also visited one of the largest bicycle factories, wishing to compare it with our American establishment; and I found the comparison very flattering to my pride as a citizen of the United States.

I put on my rubber mantle for one of the half-hour sun-showers, which are as frequent as London fogs, and retraced my

steps for a mile; then took the road to the left, and after $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles, reached Stoneleigh abbey, which is in the midst of a beautiful park,—the only one I saw in England where bicycles were allowed to range at will. The drives were fine, and the privilege was enjoyed. The abbey itself belongs to a gentleman who is abroad most of the year, and visitors are admitted. Two miles more to Leamington, a bright summer resort, where every house is a villa, with some name appropriate, or otherwise, on the entrance gate; I rode through the town without tarrying for a visit to the Gardens and wheeled slowly back to Warwick, against a very strong head-wind. I reached the inn at 2, as hungry as a small boy at a Thanksgiving dinner, ate two-inch thick mutton-chops, and joined "Doc." at the castle, where we were admitted to all the State apartments. In the grand reception-hall are three magnificent sets of antlers of the Irish elk, measuring about ten feet from tip to tip, nearly as large as those in the Peabody Museum, at Yale. In the rooms adjoining is a fine collection of paintings by the "old masters": "The Assumption" by Raphael; portraits by Rembrandt and Rubens; Montrose and Charles I. by Vandyck, and a large painting of Ignatius Loyola by the same master; a little girl and the "Laughing Boy," by Murillo, and many others. In the greenhouse in the garden is the "Warwick Vase," which is still a puzzle to the art connoisseurs. It is ten feet across the top, cut from one piece of marble, and has four bearded mythological faces on one side, while on the other some ambitious Englishman has placed the head of Lady Hamilton, near one of these old Grecians, where it is slightly incongruous, even if the vase was secured and sent to England by her husband, who was an ambassador at Naples when it was discovered in the grounds of Hadrian's villa. While we were in the castle garden we saw a party of three jolly English girls, dressed in neat tricycle costume, with the silver badges of the C.T.C. They looked so bright and well that they were the best of all contradictions to the statement that such violent exercise is not good for girls. Why cannot May, and Grace, and Lena have the same pleasure and health-bestowing exercise in New England? No one can answer, always excepting Mother Grundy, and she can find here no firm ground for her feet. Come it must and will. Here is one doctor's pledge to use all his influence, if he ever has any, in favor of his fair friends,

and "Woman's Rights" to the tricycle. Our girls have the fairest faces, the finest intellects, and the truest hearts in all the world. Give them the tricycle and the racquet, and our English cousins can no longer laugh at the idea of an American girl's walking five miles and surviving. Long live the lady 'cyclists and tennis-players! At 5 "Doc." and I parted, promising to meet at 6 at Shakespeare's house in Stratford-on-Avon, a rendezvous which seemed rather strange to us. Eight and one half miles of undulating road, with the same good surface, brings me to Stratford, and, leaving my bicycle at an inn near the bridge, five minutes' walk takes me to the famous house. We sat in the Poet's chair, admired the Chandos portrait, and saw many memorials of his life; vases from his famous crab-tree, portion of the skin of the deer which he shot, and many early copies of his works. And then to think what a narrow escape the house had from the perils of sea-sickness and a wild American life; a common butcher's shop until a few years ago, when Barnum offered a large sum for it, intending to add it to his "Great American Show"! It was fortunately saved by a telegram from London, and is now in the hands of a society, and needs fear no Yankee's vandal hands. We walked down the river to the Church of the Holy Trinity, to see the tomb and famous inscription; and on the way back visited the memorial theatre, which is used every April for plays illustrative of the life of Shakespeare, and then once more parted to meet in Oxford at noon the next day.

As I walked back to my inn the associations of early years swept over me like a tidal wave, and prompted me to leave the direct route and visit Banbury, in hopes of seeing the cross, and white horse, and eating some of the far-famed buns. At half-past seven Pixie crossed the Avon, and we worked our way very slowly along an only passable road made of iron-stone very rutty after a rain; through Upper Easington, 6 miles, and Upton, $7\frac{1}{4}$ more. Just beyond Easington I stopped at a little inn for some supper, and was given mutton-chops, bread and jam, with all the milk I could drink, for one shilling. The old people who kept the inn had a son, or nephew, in South America, and hoped that I would call upon him when I went back. Just before reaching Upton is Edge Hill, where Cromwell fought the first battle of the Civil War. This is so steep

that it is equally impossible to ride up or down. It is nearly a mile long, and far from enjoyable in spite of the view from the top. But here the road improves, and is slightly down-grade from Upton to Banbury, $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles. With lantern lighted for the benefit of horsemen, we roll along very rapidly, cutting our time down so that the 21 miles are covered at half-past ten, when we dismount in front of the far-sung cross in the middle of an open square. A boy conducts us to the inn, where is the famous room used by Cromwell for his Council of War. It is finished in black oak, with a ceiling of plaster beautifully cast, and is in perfect preservation. In contrast to the sober realities of the Civil War, suggested by this chamber, is the famous picture of another "Council of War," which represents a group of Puritans in front of the "Cromwell Inn," solemnly condemning and hanging a cat. Poor puss swings from the limb, and her nine lives depart, while not even the children will lift a voice in her favor. Underneath the painting are the lines

"To Banbury came I, O profane one!
Where I saw a Puritane-one
Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

The buns were delicious, and in my dreams I bestrode the powerful White Horse, and galloped far and wide through England. Dreams do not last, and I waked to find Pixie and myself bestowing a farewell look upon the Cross as we turned our faces toward Oxford, 21 miles away. Before reaching Deddington we sight a brother 'cyclist at the top of a hill, and by hastening a little catch him and join company to Oxford. He is an Englishman named Smith, and, when freed from his belief that all Americans talk through their noses and carry six-shooters, a very pleasant fellow and a good rider. The road is hilly all the way, but we pitch into the grades and succeed in riding them all. About 10 miles from the city I discover that there is a weak back in the party—not mine, but a more important—Pixie's. The brazing is not well done, the joint has worked a little, and I must finish my ride with loose vertebræ. The start from Banbury was made at 9.30, and at 11.45 we drive through the gate of the Roebuck inn, order dinner, find a brazier, and then sit down with the "Doc." to a great roast of beef. After dinner we visit Baliol, Christ-Church, and several other colleges,

and the Bodleian Library, where are some fine paintings and a collection of original sketches and studies by Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Mantegna, and others. Then our thoughts turned to Tom Brown, and, following in his footsteps, we stroll along the Cherwell for nearly two miles, seeing many barges and skiffs, but no University boats. At 5 o'clock "Doc." leaves for London, while Smith and I start for Henley-on-Thames, 23 miles from Oxford, over a generally level road, inviting fast-riding. Three miles from Oxford is Iffley, and we stop to visit the Old Norman Cathedral. It is small, in the shape of a cross, with a square tower rising from the centre, and all about it are grave-stones of the seventeenth century, and even earlier. The massive doors are most strangely, grotesquely carved, and the church is the best specimen of Norman architecture in England. After leaving Iffley we ride on, with one hill to climb, by Nuneham park to Henley, where, after a walk to the river to view the race-course, we spend the night at the "Bull," a very poor C.T.C. inn. In the morning, August 12, we ride quietly on to Windsor. On leaving Henley we cross the Thames, and walk for a quarter of a mile up a steep hill, and then have coasting almost to Maidenhead, where we strike the famous Bath road, and long to try its 100-mile course; but my ankles are just recovering from the Wales hills, and it would be folly to lame them again. Do not think that Pixie and I are ambitious of a very great record, but we should like to reach 100, or 175 miles, and better our Amherst-Boston trip of 125. Perhaps in France we can find some equally good roads, and if not, we can make the attempt when we come to England again for our Scottish tour. Our time from Henley to Windsor, 20 miles, including the hill we walked, was just two hours; the surface was wonderfully good with almost no grades.

At Windsor we are admitted to the castle grounds and the Queen's private terrace, where she is said to ride a tricycle in company with the Princess Beatrice. At 2 we order at the Star and Garter a fine dinner in honor of our separation, and then Smith keeps on to London, while I remain to visit the castle itself, which is not open to-day. Not wishing to waste my time, at 4 o'clock I ride through Eton to Burnham "Beeches," 7 miles; here is a truly magnificent collection of monstrous trees said to date back to Queen Elizabeth's

time. One oak measures twenty-eight feet in circumference, and several beeches are almost as large. The grove belongs to the city of London, and is kept open for the enjoyment of the public. From the "Beeches" it is nearly three miles to Stoke Pogis, and Gray's monument. The monument is in a field, very near the main *chaussée*, while the poet is buried by his wife under a plain tomb in the shadow of his beautiful village church, which is also in this field, and is removed from all the traffic of a street and town, and then ride back to Burnham, where, after feasting upon eggs, toast, and raspberry jam, we sleep soundly and long. In the morning we retrace our steps, visiting the chapel and quadrangle at Eton, lunch at Windsor, and at 12 are admitted to the castle, after receiving a pass, which strictly enjoins us to give no fees to the attendants, the faithful servants of Her Majesty. We are conducted through the state apartments by a very pleasant old gentleman, who, as we leave, stands with palm modestly outstretched, and receives the proffered shillings with a dignity and look of conscious rectitude edifying to behold. We were very fortunate in seeing the throne-room, which is usually closed. In the other rooms are many paintings, but very few gems among them, with the exception of several very large paintings of Charles I. and his family by Van Dyck, and two or three other portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The furnishing and gilding of some of the rooms is very beautiful, and correspondingly costly. From the round tower one can count innumerable villages, and have a fine view of the parks, which extend for miles from the castle. The long walk will some day be a fine avenue for a bicycle promenade, but at present is closed to us, and we are obliged to "walk" in reality. At 4 P.M. Pixie wheels away willingly toward London. The road going through Datchet and Colnbrook is almost level, and good to Hammersmith, 18 miles and a half, where we are really in London; and judge it best to find our way to our destination by train, as the pavements are rough.

I should certainly advise any one who wishes to spend much time in London to lodge in Dalston, or some other of the suburbs, especially in case he has a bicycle, and wishes to ride; as, after learning the side streets, which are macadamized, he can ride without a dismount from any of the suburbs out of and around the city,—to Hampton Court, Woolwich, and other

places he may wish to visit. It is true that one can ride into the centre of London with very little paving; but the traffic is so great every day but Sunday that one must ride very carefully and very slowly, and even then is in great danger from the reckless driving of the cabmen. The network of railroads above, upon, and under ground makes travel perfectly easy after the first two days, and very little walking is necessary. Our trip in England was meant to be only a glimpse, and we allowed ourselves one week in the metropolis, so that I think you will hardly be interested in our hurried "doing" of the chief "objects of interest," which every one must see as a prelude to the real enjoyment which comes later when he leaves the beaten track of the tourists. In the Tower I longed to carry away the sapphire in the queen's crown, the most beautiful jewel I have ever seen. My taste may be perverted; but Her Majesty may keep the Koh-i-noor if she will give me the dark blue brilliant. We literally and absolutely lost ourselves in the mazes of South Kensington, and did not attempt to see much but the Raphael cartoons, which kept us a long time. Our half day in the British Museum did not allow us to see anything of the vast collection of all that has existed or ever will exist under the sun, from the electric railway, which will, in 1900, carry us 1,000 miles a minute, to the parchment on which Moses wrote the Book of Genesis, and the corner-stone of the Tower of Babel. In the National Gallery it was much easier, for we knew better what we wished to see. The art clubs in New England are of some benefit, even if they do degenerate a little from the strict blue-stocking type, and wind up with an hour of waltzing, instead of another article on "Turner and his New Coloring," or "Hogarth as a Moralist." Almost the first paintings to meet one's eyes upon entering are Turner's, and there is a large collection of them; but, unfortunately, the colors are not fast, and most of the pictures are already much marred by time; in marked contrast to the even more numerous canvases of Landseer, which are bright and clear, as if just from his studio. The Flemish and Dutch, as well as the English, schools, are very well represented; but there are very few works by the best Italian artists.

Here is Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." If she can produce such a wonderful effect with coarse fleshly steeds, what could she not do were she to take for her subject a

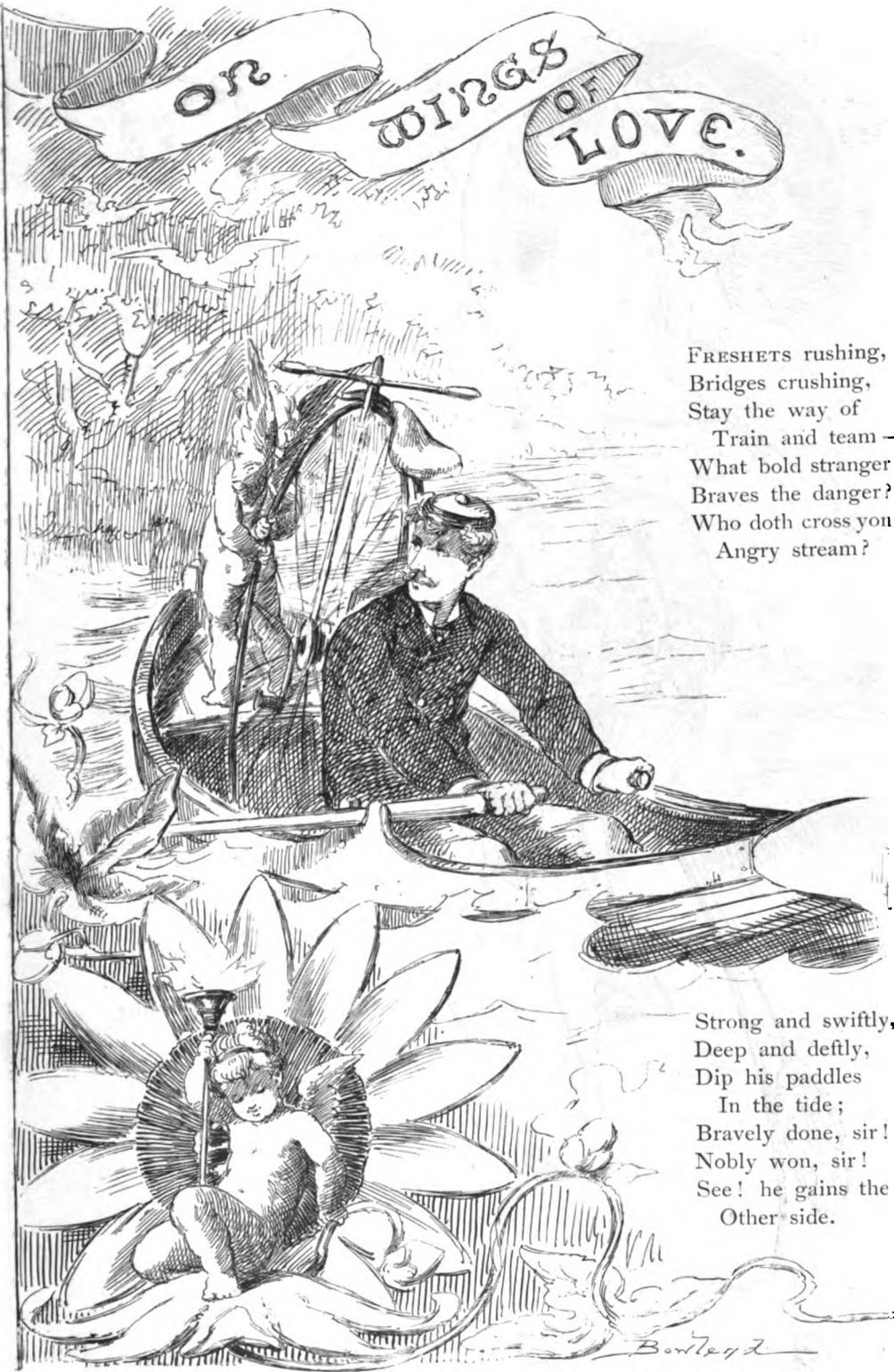
group of your delicate, high-strung chargers with their riders, — the party in "A Wheel Round the Hub," for instance? At Hampton Court we spend several hours among the one thousand paintings, where are two heads, a Jewish rabbi, and a lady, by Rembrandt, which impress one very markedly; a beautiful gem by Gerard Dow, a Corregio, and portraits by Gainsborough and Lely. There is also a gallery of West's paintings, which are now so severely criticised in England. From Hampton Court we walk over to Kew Gardens, wander about a couple of hours, and return to the city in time to visit Madame Tussaud's wax works in the evening. But I had planned another tour in England and Scotland of some six weeks' duration, before returning to America, and this time my real 'cycling was to begin in Belgium, where I hoped to use Pixie alone and thoroughly emancipate myself from railways, spending a week in Belgium and the same time in Holland, before going to Göttingen. Therefore soon after reaching London I went to the secretary of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, Mr. E. R. Shipton, and was duly installed as the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-ninth, or thereabouts, member of that flourishing and useful organization. When, however, I tried to find out something about the roads in the low countries, I failed. There were rumors to the effect that one must always walk on account of the pavements; and, on the other hand, rumors that one could roll along the tow-paths of the canals on a surface like that of a billiard table, and in the shade of o'er-hanging boughs; but these were all at second-hand from 'cyclists who "believed they had heard on pretty good authority," etc., etc.; as to any positive knowledge, it was not! I had no time to write to a consul in Holland, and he could probably have given me no information as to Belgium. There was nothing to do but try the ways for myself, and promise to send Mr. Shipton some particulars for the guidance of future tourists. And here I may perhaps be allowed to make one criticism of the C.T.C. As yet there is no method of obtaining information as to long continental, or even English tours, except in detail, by writing to the different consuls along the route. Now it seems to me that this is not what is wanted; for example, one does not care when planning a tour to know particularly about each ten miles of road; but he wishes to know about the route as a whole, whether the roads in

general are in so good condition as to afford him pleasure, instead of hard labor. This end could be attained in these days of long touring if those who ride were to keep logs and hand them in to the secretary in a condensed form. An assistant could keep these on file, and on application could give the best kind of practical information as to the main routes, with no such trouble and delay to the tourist as at present. Such a "Tourist's Bureau" would certainly be very useful, and could probably be made to pay expenses. For short and club rides the present system would do very well; but I shudder to think of the woes entailed upon me in Belgium for want of a five-word letter from some previous tourist.

The trouble is that most English 'cyclists go to Calais, or through to Paris, and ride in France, or to Switzerland, without visiting the Netherlands, interesting as they are. In London "Doc." and I must part. He is kind enough to take my baggage with him to Göttingen, leaving me merely a "Mulum in Parvo" for three weeks of travel. He takes the steamer to Hamburg from London, and from Hamburg goes through by rail, while I steam to Ostende, and then mount Pixie. At noon on the 18th of August "Doc." sails from St. Catherine dock, and leaves a disconsolate figure in 'cycling uniform, standing on the pier, waving farewell. In the afternoon I make a call upon a friend who has just returned to England, after a winter in Italy and a summer in Germany. She has driven through many of the Italian valleys, and speaks with such enthusiasm as to lead to the building of many "castles in Spain and Italy," which I hope will not prove bubbles. The last evening in England is spent in writing a long home letter, and in studying a few French phrases. In the morning I rise late, eat a hearty breakfast, bid my genial landlady "good-by," mount Pixie, and ride the four miles to the General Steam Navigation Co.'s wharf without a dismount, most of the way over a good pavement, with a half mile of asphalt. At 1 o'clock we steam slowly down the river, past miles and miles of docks and thousands of steamers, all crowded into one small river. My ticket is second class, but gives me a berth; while a young English acquaintance has a first-cabin passage,

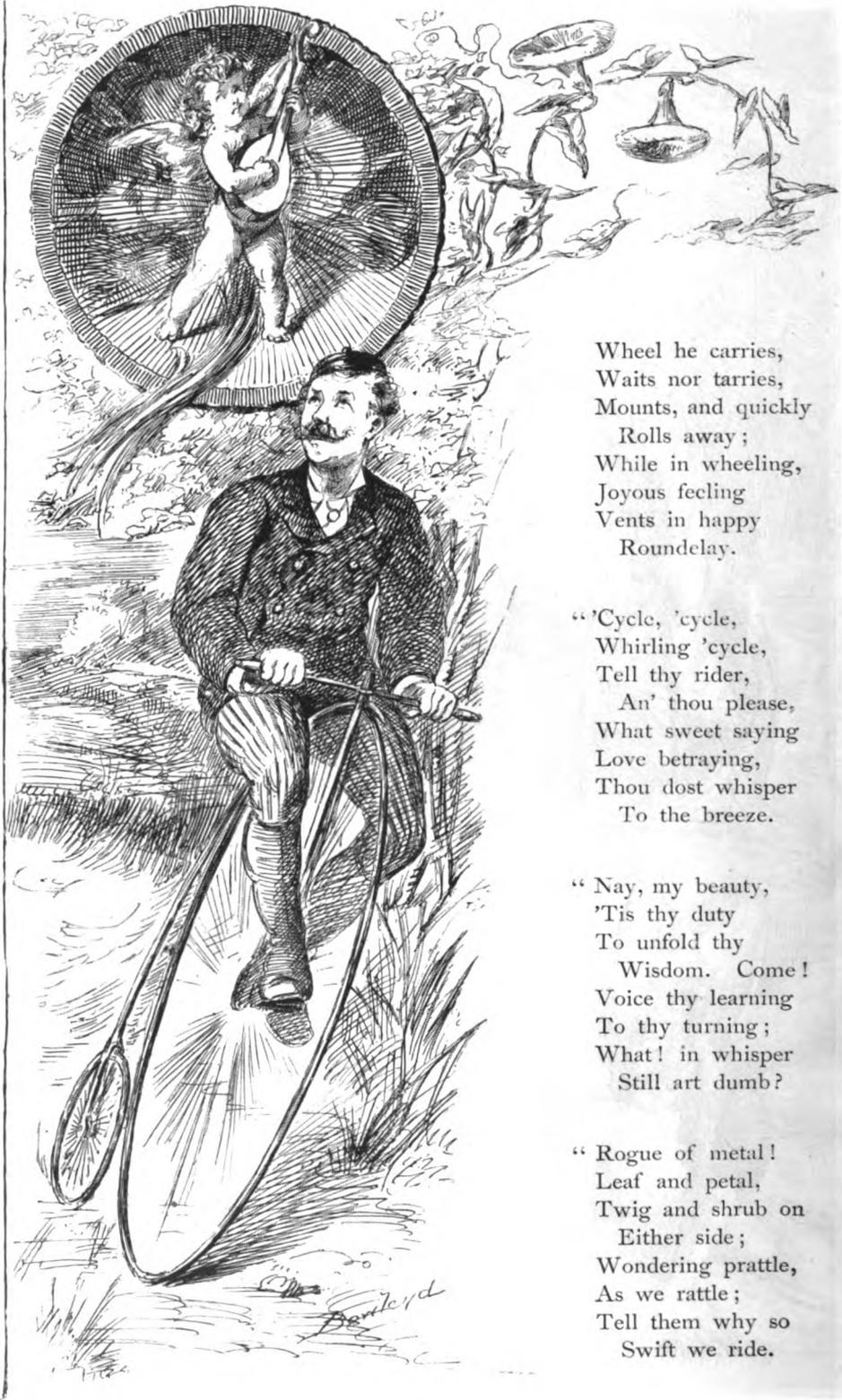
and no berth. The accommodations are wretched, and the food corresponds; but we manage to keep warm by leaning against the smoke-stack, and to enjoy ourselves by talking 'cycling until almost 11, when I turn in for a nap, after changing my shillings into francs. At 1 o'clock A.M., August 20, I am waked by the bumping of the boat against the pier in Ostend, and wheel Pixie ashore with high hopes of a jolly Belgian tour. But though my log is finished may I add a few words as to English bicycling? Many who plan a tour in Great Britain are too sanguine as to the state of the roads, which is perhaps the fault of over-enthusiasm on the part of those of us who have tried long-distance riding in the States, and then in England. The contrast is great, but the roads are not sand-papered; the hills are not all of very slight grade, and it is not true that there are colored servants in livery at the bottom of each hill waiting to push your wheel to the top. That is expecting too much. It is also asking too much to expect to ride on an average one hundred miles per day, including sight-seeing. Perhaps some will be disappointed and more incredulous; but from some experience it is my belief that, with a light bicycle, a fairly good rider may average forty miles per day in England and on the Continent, without over-working, and with considerable time for sight-seeing. An average of seven to eight miles an hour is doing very well on a two weeks' journey. In short, I think we should look upon our wheels as a means of travelling more comfortable than a train, less exposed to accidents and delays than a horse, cheaper than either, and as a medicine, more potent than the "Elixir of Life." Then, if one wishes to make a record, it should be looked upon as a contest, uncomfortable and wearying at the time, but perhaps amply repaid by the satisfaction of knowing what the Centaur can do on occasion. Do not entertain too extravagant ideas, but come over here ready for some work, and then you will enjoy the beauties of touring in a land where you can often ride all day long with one or two dismounts, and in the midst of scenes crowded with historic interest.

George F. Fiske.



FRESHETS rushing,
Bridges crushing,
Stay the way of
Train and team —
What bold stranger
Braves the danger?
Who doth cross you
Angry stream?

Strong and swiftly,
Deep and deftly,
Dip his paddles
In the tide;
Bravely done, sir!
Nobly won, sir!
See! he gains the
Other side.

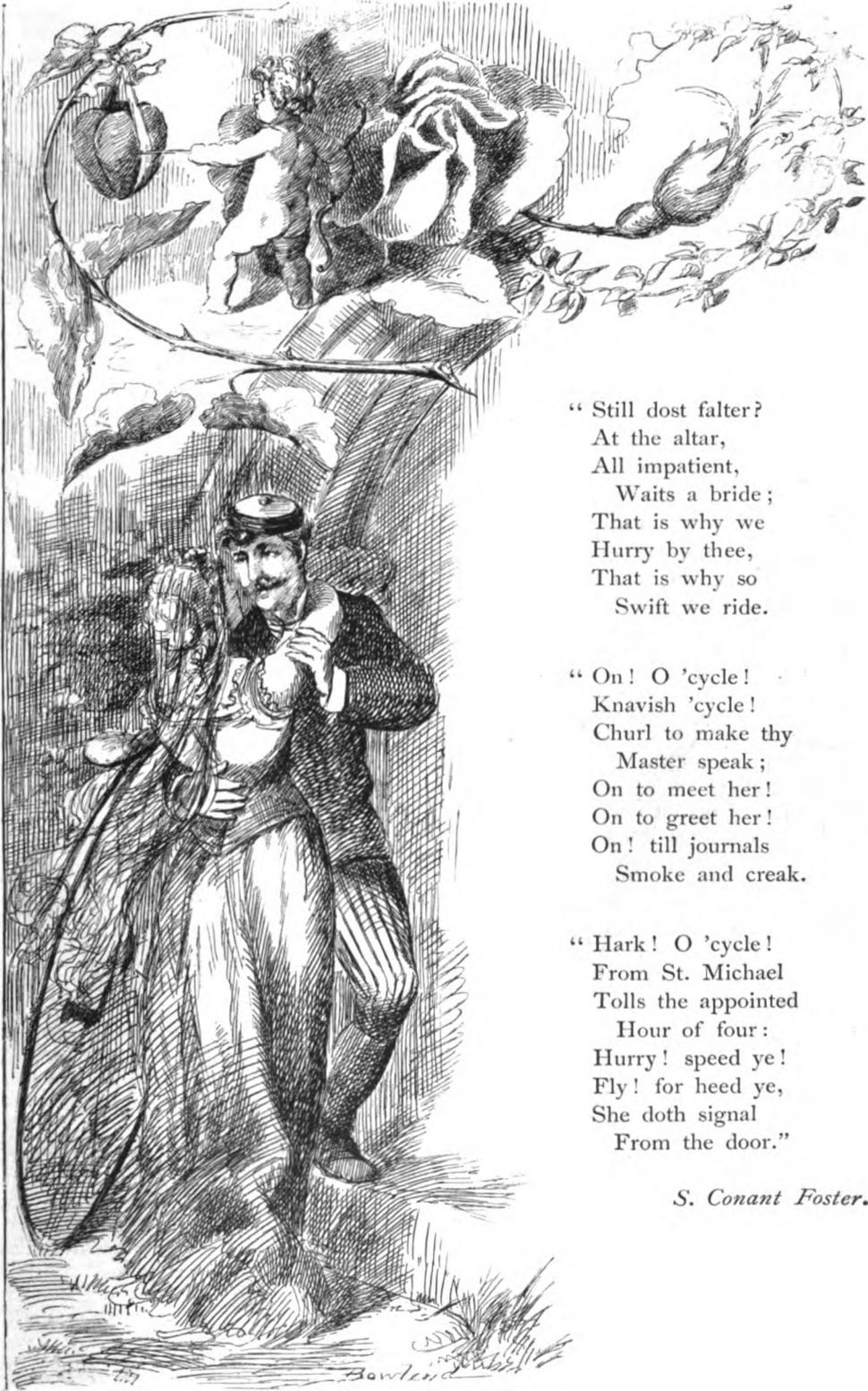


Wheel he carries,
 Waits nor tarries,
 Mounts, and quickly
 Rolls away ;
 While in wheeling,
 Joyous feeling
 Vents in happy
 Roundelay.

“ ‘Cycle, ‘cycle,
 Whirling ‘cycle,
 Tell thy rider,
 An’ thou please,
 What sweet saying
 Love betraying,
 Thou dost whisper
 To the breeze.

“ Nay, my beauty,
 ‘Tis thy duty
 To unfold thy
 Wisdom. Come !
 Voice thy learning
 To thy turning ;
 What ! in whisper
 Still art dumb ?

“ Rogue of metal !
 Leaf and petal,
 Twig and shrub on
 Either side ;
 Wondering prattle,
 As we rattle ;
 Tell them why so
 Swift we ride.



“ Still dost falter?
 At the altar,
 All impatient,
 Waits a bride;
 That is why we
 Hurry by thee,
 That is why so
 Swift we ride.

“ On! O 'cycle!
 Knavish 'cycle!
 Churl to make thy
 Master speak;
 On to meet her!
 On to greet her!
 On! till journals
 Smoke and creak.

“ Hark! O 'cycle!
 From St. Michael
 Tolls the appointed
 Hour of four:
 Hurry! speed ye!
 Fly! for heed ye,
 She doth signal
 From the door.”

S. Conant Foster.

LE MASQ' ALLONGE BENEDICTITE.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.

INTRODUCTORY. — HISTORY AND LEGEND,
WHICH EVERYBODY IS ADVISED TO SKIP.

THERE, that is enough! What if this title does mix two languages, and uses neither correctly; am I to be abused by the proof-reader and the editor, and have notes fired off at me by the critics? Can any of you smart fellows talk the *patois* of the old French *habitans*? No; I thought you couldn't. Did any of you ever see the blessed mascallonge? No; you never before so much as heard of him, — and there is only one, if he is still living, in the whole world. You never even caught a cursed mascallonge, of which the great lakes are full, as all fishermen know. What do you know about it, anyhow? So, stop it! I'm going to tell this story myself. Languages, indeed! If I hear any more of such languages as yours, I'll put into the middle of it a whole paragraph in Ottawa Indian; and then, see where you'll be. Languages, to a man who knows how to answer in the Pottawatomie dialect! Well, I *should* smile!

The old Jesuit colleges, scattered from Montreal all along the chain of the great lakes, are full of quaint chronicles, by the early Jesuit missionaries, and preserved, some in the great college at Montreal, some in oral traditions at the chapel of St. Ignace, near Mackinaw, the mission of Ste. Marie, at Sault Ste. Marie, at the St. Anne Catholic chapel, and elsewhere. The curious student will find in Parkman's, and other histories of the Northwest, many facts taken from these Jesuit chronicles. These histories relate that, in the spring of 1675, the great explorer and saintly missionary, Père Marquette, who is renowned alike for his discoveries, his learning, his lofty courage, and his noble and tender piety, being taken ill with malarial fever, in Illinois, set out with four Indian converts, in a birch-bark canoe, to return to the mission of St. Ignace, near Mackinaw. In May, — probably about the middle of the month, — having coasted around the foot of Lake Michigan, one Sunday morning, after having experienced great stress of weather, and being two days wholly without food, the canoe entered

the mouth of Grand River, Michigan, where now is the thriving city of Grand Haven. Here, by the blessing of the saints, it is recorded, the Indians took several fish, which Father Marquette blessed, with pious thanks to God and the saints for their deliverance from the perils of the storm and for this supply of food! The Indians then tenderly carried the sick father to the top of one of the tall sand dunes, which stand opposite each other at the river's mouth, and laid him at the foot of a rude wooden cross, — eighteen feet in height, — which had been erected there, during a former voyage, as a pious landmark to direct voyageurs seeking the entrance to the harbor. There the Indians left the pious father to pray, while they broiled their fish at a fire which they kindled on the sand beach below. Then it is recorded that, when the good father had eaten of their fish, and had spent the day in prayer and rest, he declared himself so greatly refreshed that the voyage was presently resumed.

On the 18th day of May, 1675, at or near where now stands the city of Ludington, after several days' canoe voyaging north of Grand river, Father Marquette was again taken ashore by his faithful Indians, carried to the top of another conspicuous sand dune, where there was a cross, and left awhile to pray. Returning at the appointed time, they found him still bowed upon his knees in a collapsed heap — dead! There they buried him, and carried the sad intelligence to St. Ignace's, opposite Mackinaw, from whence a strong party was sent out, with a fleet of canoes, to carry the honored remains to the Mackinaw mission, for burial in consecrated ground.

So much for unquestioned history.

There is a legend, firmly believed by various of the French *habitan* fishermen, which supplements this historic account. The legend relates that, when the canoe entered Grand river, the Indians were without spears, or any of the usual Indian fishing implements, having lost all their hunting and fishing gear during the storm on the lake, from which they escaped with their lives only, because the canoe was miraculously succored by the saints, on

account of its bearing so holy and precious a freight as Father Marquette. In this extremity, the saintly father took from his neck a small silver cross, attached to a copper wire. This chain with its pendant cross, the good father fastened to a fish-hook, which he had preserved in a buckskin wallet, used to protect his manuscript and Saints' Book.

The cross, thus prepared, was fastened by its wire to a strong cord of plaited bark, such as the Indians were wont to use; the hook was baited with a live frog, and towed behind the canoe, like a modern trolling-hook, while the canoe was paddled along the outer edge of the tall rice plants and lily-pads, which then grew in the river nearly down to its mouth, and which still grow in profusion all along the bayous into which the river expands immediately above its mouth. Such situations were then, and are still, where the waters are not too near cities or villages, the favorite haunts of the mascallonge and lake trout. Three fish were taken, says the legend. The third fish captured was a young and slender mascallonge, of peculiarly beautiful form and colors, but with a most wicked and cunning eye. The good father gratefully blessed each of these fish as it was caught; but the mascallonge, as the finest of all, he placed his left hand upon, elevating his right toward heaven, while he blessed it with particular fervor. The good father then left the canoe, and was carried up the sand dune to the foot of the cross. Unfortunately, immediately afterward, the youngest of the Indian warriors, in attempting to take this mascallonge from the hook, did not hold it firmly; and, by one of those sudden and vicious lunges for which the species is noted, the fish broke the copper wire, and escaped into the water, with the silver cross still fast in its mouth, and a few inches of the wire dangling from the cross. With Indian prudence, the warriors did not distress the father by telling him of this loss; and, in his sick and weak state, he forgot to inquire for either fish or cross. Or, as the legend has it, in his great feebleness the powers of evil (the dark ones) were able to make him fail to observe the absence of the cross, though he often fumbled with his weak fingers at the remnant of wire which the Indians restored to his neck and bosom, where the cross should have hung.

Thus far the legend is merely a curious tale. But from this point it takes the character of a fantastic superstition. The old

habitan fishermen believe that this masq'allonge benedictite, after having received the blessing of the dying saint, and escaped therewith from the hands of its captor, still lives somewhere in the waters of lake Michigan. But the mascallonge, because of its singular ferocity, its strength, its extraordinary cunning, its evil eye, and the damage it does to nets, lives, and gear, is the paramount *fin au diable* of the great lakes. Incapable, therefore, of itself profiting by the benediction of the holy father, the vicious creature could only preserve that blessing, and transmit it to whoever should capture him. As this fish is known to live to a great age, — how long nobody can tell, but possibly several centuries, — it is believed that this particular one does live and will live until it is caught by some person worthy to receive the posthumous benediction of the glorified saint; that it will be known by its still bearing in its mouth the silver cross; and that its captor will be fortunate in all things throughout his whole life after obtaining the blessing. Hence the superstitious fishermen are always looking out for le masq'allonge benedictite, and always hoping to become its lucky captor.

CHAPTER II. — THE FISH — WHICH MAY SET NATURALISTS TO CARPING.

THE masq'allonge, or mascallonge, as it is usually called and spelled, has been rightly named the "water-tiger." Naturalists name him *Esox nobilior* (the nobler pike), on account of his larger size, strength, and beauty of form. But there is very little nobility in his character. He has the lithest body and the handsomest shape of any of the lake game fish. But his disposition is altogether tigerish. He loves to lurk in the shadows of the tall lily-pad plants and wild-rice, whence he can dart upon his unsuspecting prey, and where he can secure the greatest safety for himself. Armed with many rows of sharp teeth, with canines often an inch long, slightly recurved; a lean, long head and snout, with powerful jaws; the most cunning brain of any fish that swims; unappeasable voracity and rapacity; the sneaking disposition of a tiger, combined with a tiger's ferocity and courage, upon occasions; a lightning-like suddenness of movement, and an eye and countenance which are remarkable for their cold malignancy of expression. — it is no wonder that he is often called *le fin au diable*, or, "feeno devil," as old

French *habitan* fishermen have half anglicized the epithet, which means "fin of the devil." His excessive cunning makes the mascallonge cowardly, in so far that he hesitates to attack an enemy which is likely to fight. He generally carefully reconnoitres his prey, if it is of unusual size or appearance, and prefers to make his attack by surprise. Anything eatable, which he does not consider too dangerous to assail, fish, flesh, or fowl,—a full-grown wild-duck or wild-goose, a small animal swimming, any sort of fish, frogs, etc., he seizes and devours. He rarely leaps from the water like a salmon or trout, but darts upon a duck, frog, or any swimming animal, from beneath, just breaks the surface of the water in a peculiar swirl, and instantly drags his prey to the bottom, and carries it off to his lair in the rice or lily-pads to devour. When there are old and young ducks, he will take the young ones; but, when nothing easier offers, will not hesitate to seize an old duck.

Fishing for the mascallonge with any sort of rod, reel, or fancy gear is mere folly. His size, quickness, strength, and more tricks than any angler ever yet fully mastered, enable him to baffle anything except the strongest of trolling-lines, large hooks, and main strength and quickness. Any sort of rod or reel would be instantly broken; any ordinary line be bitten off. The hook or hooks are attached to a yard or two of copper wire, and the wire fastened to a strong, hard trolling-line. The best bait is a live frog, so fastened to the hook that it will swim near the surface naturally and fast enough not to excite the suspicion of this cunning fish. Spoon hooks he is apt to detect, though often taken by them. But a frog, apparently swimming from one reedy cluster to another, he cannot resist; or a live mouse.

When struck by the hook, he darts like lightning to the bottom, with a jerk which will snap any except the strongest line; he flings himself into the air, and shakes his head like an angry dog; he suddenly rushes toward the boat, and tries to bite off the line above the copper wire; he will twist the line around a sunken timber or the roots of the water plants; he will try both the deep water and the shallow, sometimes rushing clear to the shore. The only sure way to hold him is to haul in the line hand over hand so rapidly as to baffle his cunning by main strength; and it certainly requires main strength to pull in one of these fish, weighing from twenty-

five to perhaps sixty pounds. Hands will be cut by the line; the boat needs to be skilfully managed, or it may be upset; and many times has the fisherman been jerked clear out of the boat into the water by a sudden dart in an unexpected direction. Then, when you have pulled your mascallonge into the boat, you are not yet sure of him. Look out for your hands and feet, for his teeth are sharp, and he dies fighting. He may appear dead and quiet, when he will make a succession of sudden leaps and plunges several feet high, and with great force. Even half an hour after he has been subdued, and is lying still in the bottom of your boat, if you leave him loose, or handle him carelessly, with a sudden spring he may be gone like a flash.

CHAPTER III. — THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ — WHICH THE PROOF-READER IS HIRED TO READ.

ONE afternoon in the summer of 1835 three persons were standing on a rude wharf in Grand Haven, beside which floated an Indian canoe, or dug-out, cut from a pine log. One of these persons was a French *habitan*, aged about thirty-five, whose flesh, tanned by sun and wind, lean, brown, and muscular, had the color and apparently the toughness of jerked venison. He was busy filing the points of a fish-spear, whose tough ash shaft was fully fourteen feet in length.

This person was Jean Baptiste le Corbeau, the fisherman and trapper *par excellence* of the settlement; for Grand Haven was then only a small settlement, with a few scattered log-cabins. Where now are long lines of factories and mills, upon acres and acres of made ground, there was then a flooded swamp; and where now are long stretches of wharves, then wild-rice, water-lilies, and other aquatic plants grew in from ten to fifteen feet of water. The river, whose water now tastes and has the color of a decoction of pine bark, from the hundreds of thousands of logs and the millions of bushels of sawdust which are borne upon or in its bosom, then flowed as clear as crystal. The wild-rice then grew along its borders down to where now is the business centre of the city. Even the two tall dunes of sand which stand opposite to each other, one on its northern and the other on its southern shore, near its entrance into lake Michigan, have changed. Then both were clothed with struggling pines and underbrush nearly to their bare

summits of sand. But the winds have altered their forms, and the northern one has long been bare of trees. The river was then full of game-fish. Pike, bass, pickerel, and great mascallonge haunted its borders of wild-rice in profusion, and wild fowl were plenty in its broad bayous and reedy marshes.

Jean Baptiste le Corbeau was generally called John Baptist. His appellation of le Corbeau was not part of his baptismal name, but was the French version of The Crow, — a name given him by the Indians for some real or supposed characteristics. Probably his garrulity was one of the qualities which had procured him this title. He loved to talk, and would caw loudly about the game and fish he had taken. He was sometimes, though rarely, called Johnny Crow by the whites.

Jean's wife was a half-breed Indian squaw, of some pretensions to comeliness, and unquestionably a faithful, if not a specially neat or orderly, house-keeper, and a famous broiler of whitefish and other fish. They lived in a small shanty, under the great sand dune, on the north shore. This couple had two children, of whom they were savagely fond.

Jean was the boat-builder and repairer, net-weaver, ferryman, fisher, trapper, small sail-maker, and general small-job-factotum of the settlement. He was always ready to take any one out fishing, furnishing boat, net, spear, lines, hooks, bait, and all other gear, for a small fee. What Jean did not know about the habits and haunts of fish of any kind, certainly no one else in that region knew. He was now preparing to go out spearing for mascallonge and pike with Joseph Collins, or Joe, as he was familiarly called in the settlement.

Collins was a tall, strong, blue-eyed young fellow of twenty-three, a general favorite with both sexes. His character was frank and manly; his temper good-humored and slow to take offence; his disposition kindly, obliging, and friendly with everybody. The women liked him because he was invariably gallant and courteous, as well as modest, truthful, and open-minded; besides, he possessed a powerful, well-knit, erect, and handsome figure; a resolute, pleasant countenance, and a cheerful voice; and a hearty, infectious laugh. The men liked him for these qualities, and also because, though he excelled in wrestling, jumping, running, swimming, and other manly pastimes, he

was so modest and cheery that his successes never caused the least annoyance to his rivals. Then, he liked children, and all children liked him, — an excellent quality in a young man.

Joe now stood talking earnestly with a pretty girl, — the third person of the party on the wharf. Kate, or Kitty, Foster was undeniably pretty, with sparkling hazel eyes, abundant dark hair, a complexion which shifted its colors from white to pink roses, with every passing emotion; red lips, small, white, even teeth, a round, beautiful neck, a willowy, erect, and graceful figure, and a bust which might well serve as a model for a Venus; so that the women said of her, that "anything fits perfectly when that Foster girl puts it on." Praise from her sex could no higher go.

Everybody in the settlement knew that Kitty Foster and Joe Collins were engaged lovers; and nearly everybody felt sorry for Joe. Kitty was not popular. She was pretty; she was neat; she was a notable housewife; but the Fosters were a quarrelsome family, and their daughter had inherited the family faults. Her foibles were of an irritating sort; she was pettishly jealous. Even her lover's kindly attentions to the staid elderly matrons of the settlement annoyed her. She objected to his playful, winning ways with children. If he was barely courteous to another girl she plainly manifested her displeasure. Her idea of their relations as engaged lovers was that he must show supreme devotion toward her at all times and occasions; but she was at full liberty to flirt as she pleased with other gallants. No exigence of business must delay her lover when she required his service; but she might delay him at will, or change her mind altogether, and break any appointment. She liked to parade her conquest, and rule over him in public, — a fault which most men find particularly irritating. And she did not hesitate to scold him in the presence of witnesses, — conduct which few lovers will patiently submit to. Nothing seemed quite good enough for her. She accepted this earth not as commensurate with her deserts, but because no better was to be had, and her lover as of the earth, earthy.

Young Collins bore with all the whims and exactions of his pretty tyrant with imperturbable good humor, much to the disgust of the gossips, who united in the opinion that "what that Foster girl really needs is a strict master."

While Jean Baptiste was preparing his boat and fishing-gear, the two lovers were conversing earnestly near by.

"Remember, Joe," said the imperious fair, "that we are to start at 6 o'clock. The party are going to climb the big hill" (the tall sand dune on the south shore of the river), "and then go down to the lake beach. They wanted me to come and tell you."

"Yes; I'll be on hand, sure."

"Sure! When you go off fishing there's no depending on when you'll get back. But, if you are not home in season, I give you fair warning, I shall go with some one else."

"Now, Kitty, there is no occasion to say that. You know I will be there. See here! I'll give up the fishing, and go home with you now. John" (Jean) "can go out alone, and catch some fish for me."

"No you won't. I'm not going to have you hanging around me all the afternoon. No, sir; you can go and catch your own fish; but remember if you are not back in season you don't go walking with me."

With this the girl turned and walked up the river-bank, while Joe gazed after her and sighed with patient resignation.

Jean, who had heard every word of this ungracious colloquy, grinned sardonically with his back to the young couple. But, as soon as he heard the girl leave, he turned to Joe with a countenance as innocent as if he had been born totally deaf, and announced the boat, fishing-gear, and himself ready for business.

CHAPTER IV. — SPEARING A MASCAL- LONGE.

THE two men entered the canoe, Jean sitting, paddle in hand, in her stern, and Joe standing with the spear in her bow. Jean paddled the little craft with sweeping strokes up the river, while he remarked:

"Mebby I find big feesh; good day for big feesh. T'ink can spear big mascallonge, eh, spose we find 'em?"

"Don't know, John, till I try; but you find him, and I'll give him the best shot I know how," replied Joe, smiling frankly at the Frenchman, who chuckled and grinned as if anticipating much fun.

"Nevau you mind; find easy; know where he is. Bet you don't hit 'em first time spear."

"Why not, John?"

"Olc mascallonge too queeck; queeck like

lightnin'; dodge spear; you see." And Jean chuckled and grinned again.

After paddling up the river nearly a mile, Jean brought the canoe near the border of wild-rice, and permitted it to float slowly along the southern shore, without rippling the water with his paddle, the canoe floating like a slowly moving shadow over the water. Jean sat with his keen eyes searching the depths, while Joe stood motionless as a statue in the bow, the lines of his poised spear barely clearing the surface of the river, ready for instant use. They saw scores of fish as they drifted in this way half a mile or more down stream; but not the fish they sought. Then Jean paddled out into the middle of the river and up stream again, to again float down. When this process of floating was being repeated for the third time, Jean suddenly arrested the motion of the canoe with a noiseless and almost stirless sweep of his paddle, while he whispered:

"See 'em? Big mascallonge under ze weeds; head stick out."

Joe did not see the fish; and it was nearly half a minute after Jean had pointed the direction with his paddle before he could make out the dim form of the great fish, looking like a faint shadow close to the bottom, among the weeds, with his long, sharp snout projecting from the darker shade of his lurking-place, at a depth of about sixteen feet. But, after his eye had caught the object, it was comparatively easy to see it. The fish evidently had his wicked-looking eyes fastened upon the movements of the boat and its occupants. But, except a slow, suspicious play of his fins, he lay as motionless as the stems of the aquatic plants which nearly concealed him.

Cautiously Joe lowered the lines of his spear into the water until they were in direct line with his intended prey, and buried half the length of the spear-shaft. The great fish slightly increased the play of his fins, and rolled his cruel eyes a little; but otherwise did not stir. Then, first shifting his right hand aloft on the spear-shaft, till his arm was stretched at full length, with a sudden and swift bend of his body and sweep of his arm, the young man darted the spear savagely downward.

The instant the cast was made Jean Baptiste, who had critically watched every motion of his pupil, broke into a loud cackle of shrill laughter.

"Eh-heh-eh-eh-eh! By gor! you got

'em, eh?" he cried, as the spear-pole shot up from the water in its recoil, and was caught by the young man. "Look on ze line an' see if you got 'em. No!" (with an exaggerated pretence of surprise) "not got 'em! Eh-heh-eh-eh!"

Joe's surprise was real. He had felt so certain of his blow, that his failure greatly astonished him, and he looked blank wonderment at his instructor.

"Feeno-devil sloop¹ so; see!" and Jean held out his left arm straight and jabbed at it, spear-fashion, with his right fore-finger; but he bent his left elbow so quickly that the finger slipped by without hitting the arm.

"But I hit him," said Joe, considerably crestfallen at the Frenchman's mirth and his simple explanation. "I felt the spear jar as it struck him."

Jean fairly bent himself double with cackling.

"Hit 'em, eh? Oui, certainment. Eh? yes; he hit 'em!"

"But I felt the pole jar," remonstrated poor Joe.

"Eh? yes; feeno-devil make jar; so," and Jean again held up his left arm and jabbed at it, bending his elbow to make a miss, and then straightening his elbow again so as to hit the finger a blow with the arm, as it was drawn back. "See 'em zis time, eh?"

Joe had carefully watched the gesture of his instructor, and now understood it fairly. The fish had bent his body aside from the dart of the spear; and, in straightening his body again, with the first sweep of his broad flukes, as he darted away, he had hit the side of the spear-shaft a jarring slap. He now asked Jean curiously how to manage to strike a mascallonge.

"Mus' be queek, ver' queek," replied Jean. "Mascallonge queeker'n lightnin'. Mus' guess which way he go'n' to sloop; strike 'em close to head; can't sloop shoulder queek like body, needer."

Again and again the canoe was paddled up the river and drifted down. In a second and third attempt Joe failed, but the fourth time he transfixed a fine mascallonge, which would weigh about twenty pounds.

¹ "Feeno-devil"—*fin au diable*—fin of the devil. What is the derivation or proper spelling of the word "sloop," or "slupe," I do not know. I have never heard it used except by two old French fishermen, and by both in the same sense. Its meaning is plain from Jean's gesture, and from the action of the fish, which, feeling through the water the impulse of the darting spear, and having its eyes upon it from the first, writhed the threatened part of its body aside from the stroke with a motion of almost lightning quickness. This is a trick this fish is known to practise often, even with expert fishermen.

As he lifted this great fish from the water he would have lost it but for the readiness of Jean. For, as it came to the surface, the fierce and cunning creature writhed its body so as to catch the spear-shaft in its powerful jaws; and using this as a purchase, while at the same time it swept the water with a furious stroke of its broad tail, it fairly wrenched itself free from the steel barbs, tearing open two gaping wounds in its back, and would have darted away like a flash, but Jean, seeing and partly foreseeing the movement, slipped a small landing-net under it and flirited it into the canoe, when he instantly stunned it by a blow over the snout with the hard edge of the paddle-blade. And then, to make assurance sure, he passed a stout wire through its gills, and fastened it to a cleat on the side of the canoe.

After this Joe speared a pike and a couple of bass, when he declared himself satisfied, and the canoe returned to the village wharf.

CHAPTER V.—THE RESCUE, WHICH IS ALL WATER AND NO FISH.

HAVING landed his fish and paid Jean for his services, young Collins was about to leave the wharf, when the repeated blasts from a horn called his attention to the other side of the river. Glancing at the opposite shore he saw Jean Baptiste's wife alternately blowing a tin horn kept at the ferry landing and waving her arms in a frantic manner toward her husband. Instantly both men leaped into the canoe and paddled rapidly over to the woman, who told Jean that their two children had drifted out into the open lake in a boat, and were fast floating from the shore before the land-breeze. At the same time they could see a portentous-looking thunder-cloud rearing its black beard above the horizon in the south-west, threatening a summer squall. Both the men hurriedly prepared a light, but strong, new skiff, the finest of Jean's fishing-boats. Into her they flung a pair of oars, two canoe paddles, a light mast fitted with a sprit-sail, and a coil of stout line, with which to tow the children's boat. Stepping the mast and setting the sail, in a minute they were driving out of the river's mouth into the lake before the light land-breeze. The boat with the children was nowhere in sight, but by standing up on a thwart the anxious father caught a glimpse of her—a dark speck far out on the lake, directly down the wind from the harbor.

Petit Jean was an image of his father in reduced size. He was a bare-legged, bare-headed, black-eyed, sturdy lad of twelve years. He could swim like a fish, was an adept in handling boats, and promised to become in time as famous a fisherman and trapper as his sire. The girl, bare-legged and bare-headed also, was more like her mother, but whiter, with bold black eyes, thick hair, and a sturdy, but comely figure. The two children had taken a heavy scow-built boat, not easily upset in still water, but highly unsafe in a seaway, kept by Jean for unskilful customers to go fishing in. In this clumsy craft the boy had paddled about with only a single paddle in her, finally going out on the lake a little way. His strength was not great enough to move the unwieldy craft except slowly; but his expedition would have been safe enough had not his paddle-blade broken squarely off at the neck of the handle, just as he was turning the boat to go back to the shore. Of course the wind, catching her high broadside, immediately drifted the boat away from the shore and the broken paddle-blade, in spite of all that the lad could do with the narrow handle left in his hands.

Finding that he could not recover the paddle-blade, and that he was fast drifting out to sea, the boy stood up and shouted, and waved his arms, and made his sister do the same, hoping to attract attention from the shore. He even tore a sleeve from his calico shirt, tied it to his broken paddle-handle, and waved it a long time. Unfortunately there were no people on the beach that afternoon, and nobody who could have seen them from the river happened to look that way. But, after they had drifted a long way out, a boy, who had idled around the river and climbed the northern sand dune, observed the drifting boat, and watched it a long time, wondering at the strange antics of the two persons in it. Finally, when they had drifted nearly three miles away, he comprehended that the two in the boat were children; and then it struck him that they must be the children of Jean Baptiste, and no doubt something was wrong, or they would not be so far out on the lake. With that he ran to Jean's shanty and told their mother. She instantly comprehended, and would have herself taken a boat to go after the children but that she saw Jean and Joe at the village wharf. So she sounded the alarm.

While the two men were going out on

the lake to the rescue, the idle lad got into his canoe and paddled across the river to the settlement, feeling unusually important as the bearer of startling news. His story did not create any alarm, as the rising storm-cloud in the south-west was not yet high enough to show its head above the lofty sand dune between the village and the lake, or to obscure the brightness of the summer sunshine. There was only the rumor that Jean Baptiste's children, who were often in mischief, had drifted out on the lake a little way, in one of Jean's boats, and that Jean and Joe Collins had gone out after them, with his new boat. This report presently reached the ears of Kitty Foster, and angered her not a little. That Joe should go off on the lake after that Frenchman's brats, as she phrased it in her thoughts, after he had promised her on his honor that he would be back in season to go walking with her at 6 o'clock, — and it was now past four, — and after she had warned him that she should accept another gallant in case he proved a laggard, appeared to her an indignity not to be borne with patience; and she promised herself that she would now accept the first gallant she could obtain for an escort, without giving Joe the benefit of waiting till 6 o'clock.

By the time the skiff with Jean and Joe had run a mile and a half out on the lake, the land-breeze died away, except an occasional faint puff. Hastily furling their sail, unstepping the mast, and lashing it in the usual way along the thwarts of the boat, the men took to their oars, and rowed at racing speed after the children, casting frequent anxious glances over their shoulders at the rising storm-cloud. By the time they had rowed a mile this cloud had risen so high that its sombre and threatening edge obscured the sun, and spread an ominous shade far over the lake, changing its robe of blue to a dark hue, which deepened to inky blackness against the southwestern sky. The ripples made by the land-breeze ceased, and the bosom of the lake assumed an unnatural smoothness. The air fell into a moveless calm, as if nature had stopped breathing. The gulls in the offing wheeled restlessly about in the sultry atmosphere, screaming hoarsely. Now and then, far down toward the horizon, vivid streaks of forked lightning darted along the broad expanse of cloud, followed by the rolling mutter of distant thunder. And now, just where the water and sky met, in a line along the horizon,

a gray arch appeared, and rapidly lifted and broadened. Against this arch the distant surface of the lake could be seen tossing in tumultuous surges. Along the upper edge of the rising arch the black border of cloud was rent and torn in fantastic rolling forms, like a vast curtain whose waving folds were lifted irregularly; and fragments of dark vapor ever and anon drifted rapidly across the gray surface to join the dark border, as if issuing from the bosom of the lake.

At this moment, when they were yet over half a mile distant from the children, a long, rolling swell from the south-west passed under the skiff. It was immediately followed by another, and another, each succeeding even higher than its predecessor, alarming precursors of the coming tempest. And now the gray arch rushed upward with fierce velocity, while far away long slanting lines of falling rain streaked its menacing expanse.

The children could now be plainly seen. The boy had cast the head of his heavy boat in the direction of the approaching tempest, and was gallantly toiling, with rapid strokes of his fragment of paddle, to hold her head to the sea. If she should turn broadside to the waves, he well knew that she would fill and roll over immediately; and only his skill in handling boats, and his unusual strength and hardiness for his age, had enabled him to prevent such a catastrophe so far. But the first blast of the coming wind would be sure to heave her into the trough of the sea, and his strength could not hold out much longer.

The men pulled their light skiff with equal power and skill. As they approached the children, they saw the line of the rushing wind, edged with foam and flying spray, moving down upon them with race-horse speed. A few strokes more, and the skiff shot along-side of the laboring boat. Jean instantly flung the children into the skiff, and, catching up the coil of line in her bottom, he made one end fast to the middle thwart of the heavy boat, and passed the other end through an iron ring in the bow of the skiff, paying out line as Joe backed the skiff to a distance of fifty or sixty feet from the boat, which, turning broadside to the sea, filled and rolled over, but floated, being constructed of light pine. At this moment the squall swooped down upon them in a shower of spray, and with a fury of wind against which it was impossible to stand. The value of Jean's precaution was now apparent. The heavy

boat, floating bottom up, broadside to the sea, made a slight barrier to the rushing waves, causing them to break before reaching the skiff under her lee; and the line, stretched taut with the strain, helped to pull the skiff bows on, in which secure position Joe held her with an oar set in a notch carved in the stern, so that she rode the swells lightly and safely, being an admirably moulded sea-boat.

The first gust of the storm was a zephyr to the blasts which followed. Each succeeding squall was more and more violent. Within twenty minutes after its first rush the wind fairly howled along the hollow crests of the waves, tearing them into fragments of driving spray. The rain fell in blinding sheets, accompanied by incessant and vivid flashes of lightning and terrific peals of thunder. It was impossible to see more than a few yards in a circle about the skiff. The air was filled with spoon-drift, which, in lumps of water, struck the men with the fury and almost the hardness of flying stones. The children cowered in the waist of the boat, clinging sturdily to the middle thwart, with their backs to the storm. Jean was kept busy bailing out the water, which, in spite of his efforts, half filled the skiff, and made her motions in lifting to the waves dangerously heavy. Joe, facing the storm, found all his strength and skill taxed to hold her head to the sea with the oar, although the stout line at her bow dragged till it seemed as if it must certainly part. Several times the heavy boat, to which they were attached, rolled wallowing over, causing Jean to cautiously pay out more line. Every moment the raging seas increased in height and power. Instead of running in long ridges, the waves heaved in great lumps and cone-like hills; and now and then two or more of these watery hills rushed together with a furious shock, their clapping sides sending up showers of spray, and capping their broken tops with broad sheets of white foam. Upon these leaping hills the skiff was tossed like a chip in the rapids of Niagara, now emptying herself of water, now filling nearly to her gunwales. But the steady skill and strength of the two men kept her from rolling over, and held her firmly in the safest position, while the children, with undaunted courage, clung resolutely to their hold upon the middle thwart, to prevent being washed overboard. Of course the wind and sea rapidly drifted the boat and skiff landward, but the men could not see the shore, except occasion-

ally, when a momentary opening in the rain and spray enabled them to catch a glimpse of the sand dunes as they rose on the crest of a wave.

In three-quarters of an hour the wind began to lull a little; the squalls came at longer intervals, and with diminishing fury. In an hour the rain ceased falling, and the gale was rapidly dying away. A quarter of an hour later there was only a brisk breeze from the west, and the setting sun occasionally shone over the surging water through waves of broken clouds. But the sea, released from the restraint of the beating rain, and no longer whipped about by the varying squalls, now rose still higher, and rolled in long lines of dark heaving swells, which broke in surf and spume upon the harbor bar, and rushed with a river like thunder far up the sloping yellow sands of the shore, to uncover many yards of the bottom in its recoil. Toward this boiling and dreadful turmoil the skiff and boat were slowly drifting, and were already dangerously near.

CHAPTER VI.—IN THE SURF, WHICH IS MAINLY WIND AND WATER.

THOUGH but little attention was at first paid to the story of the urchin who spread the report through the settlement that Jean Baptiste's two children were out on the lake, and that Jean and Joe Collins had gone out after them, when the storm burst over the village, two or three persons remembered it, and wondered if the children and their rescuers had got into port safely. Then, feeling uneasy, they sought the boy and questioned him closely. Finding from his tale that the children were several miles off shore when he saw them last, and estimating that Jean and Joe could hardly have gone out and returned before the squall struck them, they hurriedly spread another alarm. A man was despatched to ascend the southern sand dune, whence he could look out upon the lake. This man came running back to report that two boats were drifting in fact outside of the harbor bar, one of them bottom up, and the men and children in the other. In his judgment, in case Jean should fail to hit the exact channel of the river, across which a furious sea was running, they would drift into the surf and be driven ashore on the northern shoal, when they would all be inevitably drowned.

Excited by this report, a party crossed at the ferry; and, by the time the boats had nearly reached the outer border of the furious surf, which surged and foamed over the bar, a dozen men and half as many women had collected on the sand at the base of the northern bar. They carried with them a long coil of rope, and at once began making such preparations as they could to aid or rescue the imperilled party, if they should enter the surf.

It was evident that the perilous moment was near at hand. When the skiff rose high on the top of a rolling wave, with her stern slanted toward the land, every act of her inmates could be plainly seen. Jean was observed to step his mast and open his sail, ready for use. Then he took the oars and seated himself ready to pull, watching for the proper moment to let go the line which held the skiff to the overturned boat. Joe, provided with a canoe paddle, with which he could steer in the surf more quickly and handily than with an oar, was seated in her stern. The two children clung to a thwart, kneeling in the bottom of the boat, which Jean had bailed clear of water.

The great waves rolling in from the depths of the open lake lifted and curled their angry crests as they felt the shallows of the bar dragging at their bottoms, rearing in dark masses many feet high, as they came sweeping on, ever and anon breaking in a smother of foam clear across the channel, or rolling in gathering surges, capped with spray and spume, to thunder on the shore, sending sheets of water far up the sloping sands from which their fierce recoil tore away masses of earth, old logs, and everything movable, with resistless force and fury. In these churning waters, bars of railroad iron from a wrecked vessel have been driven for many rods, and bent as by the blows of a titanic hammer, and solid logs have been ground to splinters in a few hours.

Waiting for a moment when the waves seeped least dangerous, Jean let go the line. Instantly the skiff shot away from the swamped boat, borne on the top of a rolling billow. Dipping his oars, assisted by Joe with his paddle, Jean dexterously pulled her about, and headed her for the river channel, her sail filling and drawing strongly as Joe gathered in and secured the slack of its sheet. Impelled strongly by the breeze as she rose on the waves, though somewhat becalmed as she sunk into their troughs, the sharp craft danced lightly over

the tossing water, now rocking wildly from side to side, as if she sought to shake the mast out of her, now mounting steeply on the summit of a surge till she shot her fore-foot clear out of the water, to fall with a crash amid a smother of foam as the wave rolled beneath her; and now shooting swiftly down the sharp declivity of a curling sea, with her stern reared high in the air, as if she meant to dive to the bottom in its hollow, the boat drove shoreward before both wind and sea. Occasionally she yawed widely, and threatened to turn her broadside to the waves, but quick and vigorous strokes of Joe's paddle, aided by a strong pull of one of Jean's oars, always recovered her before a following sea could strike her, and held her safely on her proper course. She took and kept the main channel, though the seas ran diagonally across it, forcing her as she drew near to the harbor entrance closer and closer to the edge of the dangerous northern shoal. But as they reached the pinch, beyond which lay safety, Jean plied his oars stoutly, and Joe his paddle, so that they drew a little away again toward the centre of the channel.

To the group on shore, the swift boat seemed like a live thing battling gallantly for its life. They watched its conduct with critical approval, and noted every movement of its occupants with mounting thrills of excitement, as spectators of a perilous arena wherein was being played a fearful game of life or death. Their hearts bounded in their breasts, or arose choking in their throats, every time the boat escaped the combing crest of a rolling breaker, which was instantly followed by another, threatening to comb over it and engulf it. But they did not neglect their own duty. A strong, active, and daring swimmer, stripped to the skin, except a pair of tight swimming trunks, moved along the sands opposite the boat, with a stout line tied about his waist, followed by men bearing the coil, ready to plunge into the surf the moment he could be of any service.

At this point, when safety was almost assured, and the boat, having passed unharmed over the most dangerous part of her course, was about to enter the smoother water of the river mouth, out on the lake came rolling shoreward half a dozen billows of uncommon height. The foremost wave, when it felt the drag of the bar on its bottom, was impeded in its motion. Being overtaken by the next, the two joined and swept on over the bar with-

out breaking, till they were joined by another, and another, rising higher and larger with each accession. Then this moving mountain of water, with only its top rolling in foam, hurled itself over the bar with a long, curving front, which swept across the channel, rearing high and menacing in the air, till it hung over the boat, ready to break. Struck by the foot of this rushing wall, the boat was driven to the edge of the northern shoal. In vain the men plied paddle and oar with desperate energy, striving to reach the smooth water of the river, only a few yards distant. And now, the foot of the swelling mountain being suddenly arrested by the outer bank of the shoal, the whole vast roller heaved upward, combed over, and discharged a great hill of solid water full upon the helpless boat, with the force and roar of a falling Niagara. The awful power of such a blow nothing could withstand. Many planks of the boat were ripped from her side, her strong frame was broken, and a shower of splinters blended with the foaming surge which roared over her, trampling her down into the depths. Then the broken mountain of spume surged shorewards, and rolled its fury far up the sloping sands.

When this gigantic billow came sweeping in, the people on the shore watched its course with breathless anxiety. They saw it curl high over the boat, with their hearts in their throats. When it broke over the skiff, a groan escaped from the men and a suppressed cry from the women. These changed to something like a cheer, when they saw the occupants of the boat show their heads above the smother of foam, Jean grasping his boy, and Joe the little girl, both swimming gallantly shoreward. But a general shout of dismay broke from the whole crowd the next moment. Another heavy roller, heaving the shattered boat upon its curling top, combed and discharged the wreck with murderous force over the heads of Joe and the little girl. A moment later they saw Joe, still holding up the girl, again rise to the surface and battle his way through the breakers, but plainly with diminished strength.

Jean and the boy struggled bravely landward. Whenever the hollows of the breakers let his feet touch the bottom, he surged strongly forward, catching a fresh breath, and then dug his toes into the sand to resist the undertow, till another breaker would lift him, when he would swim

skilfully on its top as long as possible, the boy imitating him with equal skill, so that he was scarcely an encumbrance. Several yards behind them Joe and the little girl followed their example; but it was now plain that Joe had received some severe injury from the wreck, as his motions lacked energy, and he swam with feeble though regular strokes, like one whose strength is spent, and whose muscles act mechanically, merely from force of habit.

And now young Brown, the man with the line, following a retreating breaker, dashed into the water. When a roller met him, he dove, head first, into and through its curling front, coming up beyond, and swimming and wading with great skill and strength toward the wrecked ones. Presently he was near enough to grasp Jean by the hand; but the resolute Frenchman put him stoutly aside, crying:—

“No, no; catch Joe an’ ze little gal; I catch on ze line when zey haul ’er een.”

As young Brown gallantly struggled still farther out, he saw that it was indeed time for his aid. Joe and the girl were now merely washing back and forth, up and down, with the seething waters, still swimming feebly, but making no headway.

It was with great effort, and only because a lucky sea floated them within his reach, that he was able to grasp them. For his own strength was spent; the long line dragged and impeded him sorely; his breath was caught in gasps, and he could hardly sustain himself against the furious fluctuations of the baffling sea. As soon as he had secured a firm hold of Joe, young Brown tossed up one of his hands, as a signal, whereupon the line was drawn swiftly shorewards; and, being grasped by Jean, the whole imperilled group were towed rapidly to the land. As they came within safe wading distance, two or three of the men, who had pushed out into the surf as far as was prudent, seized them and hurried them to the shore.

They were received with a roaring cheer. Even the women lent their mellow voices to the generous clamor in praise of this gallant rescue. For they had witnessed one of those fine exhibitions of unselfish courage, daring hardihood, calm skill in the midst of mortal peril, and lusty and unconquerable strength, which show man worthy of woman’s devotion, and which justify to both sexes their noblest pride of race and blood.

CHAPTER VII.—SOME FLOPPING, BUT POOR FISHING.

AND now the first duty was to care for the rescued. Willing hands were eager for the work.

Jean and young Brown were uninjured, beyond severe temporary exhaustion. A drink from a flask of whiskey set them both up again. Brown was rubbed dry, and assisted to clothe himself. Jean stoutly refused to change his wet garments for dry till he should get home to his shanty.

Neither of the children was the worse for their terrible experience. The little girl cried a little, but hushed as soon as she was wrapped in warm clothing and taken up by her mother. The boy began eagerly to boast of his exploits in the boat and in the surf.

But Joe had to be led from the water, supported by two men. As he walked his legs tottered weakly under him, and his body shivered as with an ague fit. His eyes were dull and glossy, his lips pale and tremulous, and his head hung limply forward. Blood flowed from two ugly wounds on his head, matting his thick hair. When the flask was pressed to his lips he did not open his set teeth till a command to drink was spoken in his ear. Then he swallowed two or three times with difficult gulps. The men immediately removed his wet clothing, rubbed him dry, and clothed him warmly, but variously, with garments taken from their own persons. Two of them then made a seat of their hands, each grasping one of the other’s wrists, with their other arms supporting his back. In this way they carried him hastily to the ferry, two other men relieving the first pair as soon as they became tired. Crossing the river, they took him into the nearest house, where the village doctor was called. This person, with a sharp pair of shears and a razor, cut away his hair and shaved the scalp about the wounds, which now showed two long gashes in his scalp, the skull gleaming white through one of them. Their edges were gently drawn together, and fastened with strips of plaster. He was given a beaten egg, upon which hot coffee was poured, to drink, which revived and strengthened him greatly. A bit of soft towel linen was laid over his scalp, covered and hidden by a soft cap; and two men were deputed to lead him home, with an order to go to bed at once, get to sleep as soon as possible, remain quiet and avoid all excitement for a few days.

On their way, in the twilight which had now fallen, they encountered a young man and woman. The pair were gabbling; and the young man was giggling at some silly nonsense. Joe recognized the giggler. He was an empty-pated spark, boastful and bumptious, for whom Joe felt a generous contempt, on account of the fellow's shallowness and coxcomb pretensions. He also recognized the girl. The grace of her figure and motion could not be mistaken, even at some distance in the twilight. The sight roused his lethargic senses in spite of his aching head. He shook off the men, and walked up to the chattering pair.

"Kitty!"

The sternness of his voice startled the girl.

"Why, Joe!" she cried in alarmed surprise.

They regarded each other a moment in silence. Then the girl recovered her usual audacity.

"I gave you fair warning," she said. "You weren't there as you promised. We didn't go on the hill, because it rained; but we took a walk. If you have any excuses to offer come and tell me tomorrow."

"Jean's children drifted into the lake, and I went with him to save them."

She had heard of this; but she had not heard that they were out in the storm, and knew nothing of her lover's peril. She tossed her head pettishly and answered:—

"Yes; you went off after that Frenchman's brats, and cared nothing for your promise to me. I presume you expected me to sit moping at home while all the other girls were out, waiting till it should please your lordship to come for me. But you were mistaken in your calculations, sir."

"We saved the children's lives."

Kitty's foolish escort could no longer restrain his itch to mingle his gabble in the conversation. He launched one of his silly witticisms:—

"Oh, yes; we saved the papposes!"

Joe, whose slow wrath had been steadily rising, while his buzzing brain had lost its usual calm equipoise, made a stride forward and shot out his right fist, straight from the shoulder, with irresistible quickness and force. Wrath, contempt, and a sore heart lent fury to the blow. It cracked on the cheek of the untimely gabbler like the kick of a mule. His heels flopped in

the air; his head and shoulders ploughed the sand; he fell ten feet away, and lay stunned.

The girl screamed and shrank back. She had never before seen her lover angry. The wrath blazing in his blue eyes and set in his white, stern face, frightened her. She feared, for a moment, that he would strike her. But his passion and the strength it lent him were both expended in that one blow. He sighed, shivered, turned, and walked staggering away, putting one hand to his head as if half dazed. The two men started forward, caught him by the arms, and led him off, reeling and leaning upon their support.

Then the girl made another mistake. "Why! Joe has been drinking," she said. She stood and looked after them till they faded out of sight in the fast increasing dusk.

A faint voice from the ground reminded her that she was not alone.

"Is he gone?" inquired her fallen gallant.

"Yes; Joe *is* gone," she answered; and then she burst into tears of mingled anger and regret.

The incongruous gabbler gathered himself carefully up from the ground.

"By George!" he said, putting a hand to his hurt cheek and then staring at his fingers. "My face is all bloody! By George!"

The girl paid no heed to him. He collected his supposed mind and concentrated it upon the situation.

"See here, by George! I can't go to your house with my face all bloody. I've got to go and wash it off, by George!"

No response from the weeping girl.

"First we know he'll be back, hunting you up again. I reckon you don't care to have him find us two together any more this evening. *I* don't, by George!"

She ceased crying.

"Joe is gone; he won't come back; Joe's *gone*. But you must not stay with me. I'll go home alone."

With this she walked slowly away.

It was late before Kitty slept. Long she lay thinking, by turns angry, frightened, fond. Ignorant of her lover's peril and wounds, and supposing him to have been drinking, she resented his conduct in knocking down her escort as an outrageous insult to her. The affray had been witnessed; it would be gossiped all over the settlement. "That fool," meaning her discomfited gallant, would tattle his own

construction, sure to be an odious one, of it. There would be a pretty scandal. She would be talked about by everybody. It was unbearable. She would punish Joe well for it. She would never forgive him. She hated him! But, stop! Suppose Joe should not forgive *her*? He looked as if he wouldn't. Suppose he should be angry enough to leave her? She had never before considered such a thing possible: now she feared it. She began to mistrust herself. She doubted if she had ever really understood her lover's character. He certainly was not as patient as she had always thought him. He might be tired of her rule. What if he should desert her? How everybody would blame *her*. Life would become unbearable. Then she could not give him up; her heart would break.

She had always thought she had only tolerated him, because one must have some lover, and one naturally wants the best. Now she discovered that she loved him, passionately. How magnificently strong he was! "That fool" had gone down before him like a mere child. How handsome he looked in his anger! How brave he was! If she should lose him, where was there another like him? And all his strength, and courage, and manliness were hers. She owned him; she could rule him; she had, and she would. He belonged to her; and she meant to keep him. But he ought to be punished; he must be; he should be. How? What should she do? In the morning her thoughts might be clearer; she would make up her mind then. So she fell asleep.

[To be continued.]

OUT IN THE SNOW.

[SEE FRONTISPICE.]

"New England," said an Englishman — not Charles Kingsley — "never was intended for white men to live in; God meant it for the Indians, and they ought to have been left in possession."

What Kingsley did say — he was here in winter — was, that it was "an iron land, which none but an iron people could have settled in," and that "they must have been heroes to have made so much of it;" and, certainly, no man better appreciated the heroic than he.

We have no inclination to soften any of the harsh things that have been said about our climate; but it having been in the divine plan that the white race should become established here, it follows that most of the inhabitants must spend here the season which those of genial latitudes are wont to speak of as the "cruel New England winter." If it so happens that your lot has been cast here, and you are able to reconcile yourself to the inevitable, which means, among other certainties, occasional "spells" of cold so intense, so persistent, that you are conquered by it, bodily and mentally, so terrible that you cower before it as at the coming of some unescapable, unappeasable foe; which means, moreover, enforced isolation at times, and being shut off or shut in from many of the enjoyable things of

open-air life, — then, you are, or ought to be, in a state to make the most of what the season has for you. Then, in the absence of so much which your eye has found delight in, you can discover the possibilities of beauty in the one element, snow, which has been the chief cause of your deprivations. If there is anything about this waste time of year, which can conciliate the defrauded æsthetic sense, it certainly is snow, or exists by reason of it.

What a relief is the very first fall of it! Into such hopelessness has the world been settling through the short days late in November that we even welcome it. In those days nature is in utter despondency; abandoned, given up to despair. I have seen a picture of "Grief," personified as a girl, in which all hope has fled forever; and on such days, for days together, too, the world is like that.

There is no sweetness, or warmth, or brightness left anywhere. The earth is iron beneath your feet, — the earth that was wont to be so genial, so responsive; the earth you have such a filial feeling for; it is as if a mother had thrown you, her child, from her. The heavens are pitiless; how hard can be the sky that once was blue in June, and warm in the August sunshine! The mountains are sullen, and

a shiver runs through the trees, as if they were human; we are touched with yearning compassion for them. We have a sense that they are a-cold.

It is a world most dismal, penetrated through and through with that kind of rawness which has such power to make you miserable. It searches to your very marrow. It seems as if it had been accumulating chill and damp all the way of its coming from frozen marshes over wide, wintry seas. In the twilight, which is upon you by the middle of the afternoon, you feel that something is impending.

To such a day succeeds a morning on which a new world meets your awakened eyes. The one you knew yesterday is no more. All night the snow has been silently falling. No other agency can so swiftly and completely transform the surface of the earth; and it neither lays waste nor harms, but comes as a protector and a beautifier, wrapping the little, green ground things in a covering of warmth and security, and hiding all unsightliness.

A snow-flake is an exquisite thing; a lovely mystery; an embodied something made up by frost and mist; a fleck of spray held into substance; a phantom floating down out of the sky. Pure as flame, but as cold and colorless as flame is genial and vivid.

If you walk abroad in a snow-storm, after night has set in, — delicious walk! — you have a consciousness that you are in a land of phantoms. Everything is seen in a sort of white twilight. There is no sidelight or light from above, nor are there footlights. Nothing is in shadow or in relief. There is no such thing as perspective. Distances, lines, coloring, shape, — these no longer exist. The world you are walking in is disembodied. Houses and trees are the ghosts of what you knew; standing in the accustomed places, but unreal. Do certain words spoken by one who had discernment of spiritual things, come to your mind? If so, "Are not these the spiritual bodies?" you ask.

You move in the midst of the whiteness and dimness, where no steps are heard, though people are walking along the streets as usual, meet you, pass you, till you feel that you are a part of the phantasmagoria, and are so given up to the illusion, to the vagueness, that you experience a shock when once more you enter your own door and find yourself surrounded by the practical and the familiar. It is conceivable that an eccentric person, used to following

out his impulses, might surrender himself to such a mood, and go back into the dim, white night, and move on and on till lost in the storm; misled by that abnormal, erratic feeling which finds a half sensuous, half spiritual pleasure in experiences unknown to the more practical of the race. Does not Hawthorne somewhere speak of this?

And then, just once, just once each winter, to be snowed in, blocked up! The New England man or woman is not a genuine New-Englander if he or she utter a protest against that. It is a part of the winter life, belongs with it, though not sure to happen. "They say" that the old-fashioned winters have gone by, that seasons have changed as well as everything else, and that in these times not usually do we have the deep snows.

But when the thing comes to pass, as a few years ago, and one heavy storm rapidly succeeds another, the entire country, the whole north, loses its identity. Not only over the near landscape, but over the remote, the disguise is complete. On the morning after the second storm of a certain February, we missed the withered seed-tops of the flower and grass-stems, at which such flocks of birds had already begun to peck; then the rose-bushes went under; finally, after three days of it, the tallest of the garden shrubs seemed dwarfed, and the tree-trunks were shortened.

Gradually the rocks on the hill-sides had been disappearing; then the walls around the fields were obliterated. We all at once became conscious that there were no boundary lines around any man's farm over all this wide outlook of country, to the north, the east, the south, and west, and the solitary houses, set in each man's domain, showed strangely unfamiliar; not what we had known, not what they ever were. Rows of leafless trees defined the borders of the country roads; other network of branches indicated the curves of the hidden streams.

The houses in the village were lower down, almost to the window-sills in snow, as if they had all settled by one consent; and in their false position they looked unfamiliar, except for the inevitable green blinds and the chimneys, showing red where the line of roof, snow-laden to the ridge-pole, was cut against the sky. Then it was that the effect of a village without door-yard fences or garden enclosures could be seen best, for all such had vanished, and between ourselves and all the

world there was nothing to separate, only space; we were neighbors as we had never been before, since nothing remained to visibly hedge in what was our own, and we were in literal possession of everything in common. Yet for neighborly communication there was no added facility. On the contrary, we were as hopelessly shut off for the time being as if an ocean lay between us. That white space was impassable; the dwellers next us, just beyond where had been our garden palings, were so near and yet so far! And as for the easy distances for open air rambles, they no longer existed as such, for nobody but a walker on snow-shoes could have traversed them. A fugitive from justice would have been safe from his pursuers on one of those snow-fields, and could have defied everything but a rifle.

We were all shut in, blocked in, cut off from our daily business, from shop, office, and railroad station; all vocations which took people from their homes were suspended, and all the people, going abroad on business or pleasure, were brought abruptly to a stand-still, defeated in their purposes, delayed, kept over by one night's accumulation of a substance so soft, so perishable, offering so little resistance as snow!

And before paths could be made through it the wind rose and drifted it against the houses, building up ridges against the windows, heaping them against the doors till it was necessary to tunnel through. Then one really was brought to understand what seclusion from one's fellow beings might be made to mean; and one was for the moment in bonds of sympathy with the loneliest settler in the wilderness, the most isolated hut-dweller in Arctic regions.

When the wind went down so that paths could be shovelled, and communication with our kind was again possible, we walked abroad along the sidewalks, under a white wall, separating us from the narrow road made in the middle of the street for sleighs to run in. Only by occasional paths could we have access to it, or cross to the opposite side. We passed into our houses by sunken avenues; and we were all in silhouette against the blank, glittering whiteness. The world was in white, — vestal, speckless, stainless, on that first morning. Everything unsightly was covered up. It was the reign of purity and stillness.

To walk far was almost an impossibility,

for after a mile or so out we were turned back by some immense drift barring the country road, impassable until towards nightfall, when the long teams from the hills came in after a day of shovelling and ploughing out, the oxen steaming, and sheathed in snow to their backs. It was as if we had never known what snow was before, and what a strange, silent, white picture the landscape could become! On the front our outlook was a snow-field rising up from the frozen, fringed river — a white hillside climbing to meet the blue sky, so plain, so unobscured that every scattered tree on it was like a sketch on paper, and a bird could be discerned as it flew across.

On the opposite side was the wide back country, walled from the north by mountains. It meant, in the summer, green hills and shaded hollows, patches of woodland, little ponds, pastures, and orchards, winding roads, fenced by old stone-walls, along which grew brambles and flowers, white birch and sumach, tangling vines of clematis and grape running riot over golden-rod and ferns — a luxuriance of green life; cattle on the hills, farmers afield with their teams. It meant color, melody, activity.

Now, no roads are visible, no movement except of smoke rising from chimneys beyond the apple orchards and on the crests of the nearer hills: only an irregular white surface, with a dip here and there, destitute of positive color, for under such conditions even the evergreens are not green. It is a hard, relentless scene, in stillness like death, in white cerements, rigid lines, icy chillness. It is stark and stiff, and cold and white.

It needs a whole winter to see snow under all its conditions and in its different lights and shades, for even snow has tints and shadows. Wherever a drift has been shovelled through, or there is a rift in it, or great blocks lie piled together, there are delicate suggestions of green and blue, in a vanishing sea-tinge or a reflection of the azure overhead; the merest hint of color, the daintiest refinement of it, as elusive as smoke or vapor, and not more easily painted than smoke or vapor can be made subjects of tangible pigments. It is only the surface of snow which presents that utter blank which is the negative of color, that singleness and simplicity which renders it the most consummate manifestation of white conceivable.

If it was not susceptible to atmospheric

influences together with sunlight, cloud, mountain-summit, and other bodiless agencies in producing results where colors are the chief attraction, how rigid, how solemn, how depressing would winter scenery be! The conditions *are* austere, the resources limited; yet it comes to pass that even in color are manifested certain rare phases of tenderness; and there are splendors, too, of blue at noontide, crimson fires at dawn, trailing glories as the sun goes down, heightened by the presence of the boundless snow-fields, and affected by changes in the temperature,— conditions and results not possible to regions south of the snow limit.

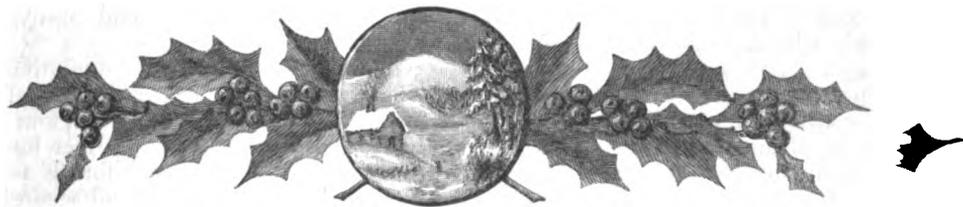
And with the immaculate simplicity of this one prevailing element all aspects of the winter scenery harmonize. In no case, except of dazzling sun-glare, can we feel that anything is out of accord. Against its white monotone the sky brings to bear every gradation of its colors. All the sky tints have a charm in these white days which does not exist (and, if it did, would not be appreciated) in the green affluence of summer. At times their pensiveness appeals to us. How shy those reflections of color, as if from sumptuous dyes away beyond our gaze, looking ready to fade, like the vanishing double of the rainbows, in tinges of rose, cool greens like the green of waves, and blue which has the far-off dimness of mountain smoke! Often as the night is closing in of a still, bright day, there lingers a tender bluish-gray along the eastern sky, or a soft purple haze will deepen into violet towards the horizon, and melt away overhead through a roseate medium into pearly whiteness.

Not without marvellous brilliance and depth of dyes is the wintry world just after the sun has sunk out of sight; then those northern mountains are changed to amethyst, burning with the splendor of purple jewels, while over the sky space nearest their glowing peaks seems a pale-green sea of light, incandescent as flame, translucent as ice, cold, pure, clear, with islands of amber, which slowly change while you watch them, and fade in the dimness of coming night; and the transfiguration passes from the mountain-tops.

There are mornings when at break of day, a flood of crimson rolls up from the east and sets the high peaks aflame, and makes the snow incarnadine; damp mornings when the east is a golden vapor; sharp, crisp mornings on which the smoke from the chimneys ascends like pillars of colored fire, and in the incisive atmosphere every line in the landscape is cut clear and sharp, black on a strong white ground.

But it is at high noon of a clear, keen day that the perfection of one color, blue, is brought out in such a magnificence as is possible at no other season and in no other climate. The glory of blue, filling all the heaven above; blue light, blue fire; an unfathomable depth of it, awful in its changefulness. At such a noon the world seems portioned into the glistening white below, and that solemn blue dome bending down to meet it; not a cloud on its immeasurable space; awful in its depth, its solemn splendor, its intensity of color, like the burning sapphire of the Apocalyptic vision.

Amanda B. Harris.



LEAVES FROM A WHEELMAN'S JOURNAL.

It was a perfect summer morning in July when I wheeled into the quiet little village of B——, in southern Maine. Greek and Latin roots, and the monotony of the college routine were behind me, and I had thrown off all restraint, and was gliding out into the country to spend a few weeks in search of insects to replace my collection, which had been destroyed a short time before by fire. The sun was scarcely an hour high; and what a contrast this quaint little town presented to the bustle and confusion of the city I had so recently left! Behind me *Agamenticus* raised its head, — its rugged sides mellowed by the soft, dreamy mist which was slowly creeping up from the low lands around its base. Green meadows and pastures stretched out on either side, their even surfaces broken here and there by scattered clumps of trees; and, winding among them, one could just discern a brook of clear, crystal water, now breaking out in hurried flight over stones and pebbles, and now once more hiding itself under the overhanging banks, fringed with maiden-hair and tangled grasses. It was just that time of the day when nature seems in her most beautiful apparel. The dew-drop still clung to the petals of the wild rose along the road-side, and the daisies and buttercups nodded in a pleasant, familiar way to one another in the adjoining fields, while every tree and shrub was alive with the feathered songsters. Ten minutes more brought me to the homelike farm-house which I was to make my head-quarters during my stay, and a hearty "Good morning" made me at once feel at home. I first found shelter for my faithful bicycle, for "a merciful man is merciful to his beast," and then took my seat at the breakfast-table, where a bountiful repast was awaiting me. My baggage had arrived the day before, and I at once began preparations for collecting and preserving whatever variety of insect I might happen upon.

My outfit for out-door work was very simple, consisting of a small net, a collecting-box lined with cork, and containing one open-mouthed bottle filled with alcohol to receive the beetles, and a small, tightly-closed one, in which was benzine, a drop of which is sufficient to destroy the life of any other insect. Thus equipped, I set

out, and wandered off by the side of an old stone wall overgrown with raspberry vines and woodbine, and ornamented here and there by clumps of wild roses in full bloom, for whose hidden sweets the bees and butterflies seemed contending; and even as I stood there, a tiny humming-bird, its breast gleaming with every color of the rainbow, came with flight more rapid than the arrow, paused for an instant before the half-open bud, and was gone; carrying with it, one might almost fancy, a casket of precious gems, flashing in the sunlight.

The first insect that attracted my attention was the *Idalia* butterfly (*Argynnis Idalia*), and a turn of the net made him prisoner. His flutterings were soon stilled, and he was safely fastened in my collecting-box. Following along the old stone wall, I soon added to my collection the *Bellona* butterfly (*Argynnis Bellona*), the *Archippus*, *Nymphalis Disippe*, and several others, together with quite a number of beetles. The spreading dog-bane, just coming into blossom, had, hidden among its leaves, and busy feeding on them, the Gilded *Eumolpus*, one of the most beautiful of the *Chrys omeleans*. This little beetle, scarcely one-half an inch in length, is favored with the most gorgeous colors. Its back is a golden-green, shaded with a brilliant bronze, and underneath it is a dark green, running into a deep purple, and as they hurry back and forth, from leaf to leaf, these colors seem to change and vary with every motion. An upturned stone, an old, worm-eaten log, each displayed its treasures; and when, at length, I turned my course toward home the work on my new collection was well begun.

The rest of the afternoon and evening was spent in mounting and studying the specimens.

The most convenient mounting-board is made of three or four strips of soft pine, three-fourths of an inch thick, four inches wide, and from one to two feet long, laid side by side but from one-fourth to three-fourths of an inch apart, and securely fastened to two cleats underneath. Strips of cork should be glued on to the under side over the openings between the boards, on which to pin the insects.

The operation of mounting butterflies, or moths, on such a board as this is very

simple, and when carefully done it leaves the insects in fine condition for the cabinet. Take a specimen: suppose it to be a butterfly. Pin it through the centre of the thorax into the cork, letting the body slip

one of a species which is of great interest to the student of natural history, because of the wonderful powers displayed by the caterpillars during the change into the chrysalis state. The caterpillar when



PAPILIO TROILUS, MOUNTED ON SETTING-BOARD.

down between the boards until it is level with them. Then carefully spread out the wings in the desired position, and secure them there by pinning over them a small strip of card-board or paper, taking care not to injure the wings by rubbing them. When they are satisfactorily arranged, with a common pin or pointed wire place the limbs and antennæ in a natural position and put something under the abdomen to prevent its dropping down below the line of the boards. Let the insect remain here from four to six days, until perfectly dry, and then it may be taken off and placed in the box intended for the collection. Great care should be taken in the selection of the box or case in which to keep the insects; for many a fine collection is destroyed or greatly damaged by other small insects which get in even when the box seemed perfectly secure. It should be about two inches deep on the inside, and may be covered with glass, or not, as best suits the tastes of the collector. A nice arrangement is to have the bottom as well as the top covered with glass, and small corks glued on, in which to pin the specimens, so that by turning over the box one can see the lower side of the wings.

The first insect that I mounted was the Archippus butterfly (*Danais Archippus*). This butterfly, although quite common, is

through feeding, wanders about until it finds a suitable place in which to undergo the transformation, as the underside of some sheltered limb or board, or even a crevice in a rock, and there it spins a tuft of silk, in which it securely fastens its hindmost feet. It is now hanging head downward, suspended only at this single small point, and having no loop around the body to support it. After remaining in this position for several

hours, the skin along the back begins to crack, and soon the round, smooth chrysalis may be seen protruding through the opening. A few wriggling movements push the old caterpillar skin back, and now comes the most wonderful part of the transformation; the old skin must be removed, and the end of the chrysalis fastened in the web where the hind feet



DANAIS ARCHIPPUS (ARCHIPPUS BUTTERFLY).

of the old caterpillar skin were entangled. It seems an almost impossible feat for a creature, having neither wing nor limb, and surrounded by no supporting

loop, to disengage its only point of support and get another hold without falling to the ground; but the all-wise Maker has not left it helpless. The abdominal section of the chrysalis is made up of rings, or segments, and, by spreading these apart and then contracting them, it catches in a small bit of the caterpillar skin.

While holding on in this manner it withdraws itself entirely from the old skin, and hangs otherwise unsupported, but still some little distance from its place of destination, and it must climb, perhaps, half an inch before reaching the point where the little tuft of silk is fastened.

It first stretches up the abdomen, and, having got a new hold above, it draws up the rest of the body by contracting the segments; and, by repeating this, it at length reaches the desired spot, and, having entangled the small hooks on its extremity in the fine silken web, it hangs secure. A few repeated whirls dislodge the old skin, now useless, which falls to the ground, leaving the chrysalis to repose in quiet until the allotted time when the last great transformation comes, and the butterfly bursts out in all its beauty and perfection.

The Archippus measures from three and one-half to four and a fourth inches across the wings and about an inch and a quarter in length. The wings are a dark golden-brown above, heavily veined with black, and having a broad black band running nearly around the entire wing, in which is a double row of irregular white spots.

The under side is a dull yellow, but veined and marked in a manner almost identical with the upper. The body is black, but has many silver-white spots on the sides and head, and is covered with down as beautiful as the finest velvet. It belongs to the class of four-footed butterflies, having its two front legs too short to be of any use in walking, and they are folded up so close to the body that at first sight it appears to have but two legs.

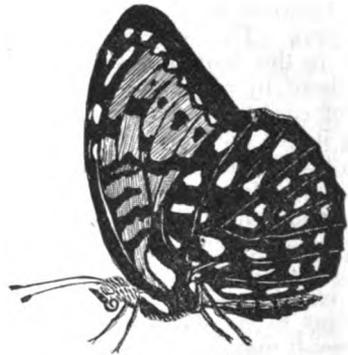
The caterpillar of this butterfly may be found during the months of June and July on the common milkweed, and it would be well worth one's time and trouble to take some of them, feed them, and watch for one's self the wonderful steps of its transformation. It reaches its full growth in about two weeks, and then enters the chrysalis state, from which it emerges the perfect insect in from ten to fourteen days.

Stop for one moment and review its life. One month ago a tiny egg, scarcely larger

than a pin-head, which the light and heat of the sun awaken into life, and we see the caterpillar, armed with powerful jaws, and ravenously devouring the leaves on which it makes its home; a few days pass, and it hangs in the apparently lifeless form of the chrysalis, from which, after two weeks' rest, it comes forth a butterfly, so entirely changed in form and manner of life that it seems a different being.

In place of the strong jaws fitted for biting and tearing the coarse fibres of the leaves we find a long, delicate tube, intended simply to receive liquid food, and the whole internal portion of the body has undergone great changes to fit it for its new sphere of action. No scientist can understand, or philosopher explain, the process of this wonderful transformation, and the ancients, when striving to represent the immortality of the soul, took a fitting symbol in the perfected butterfly.

The next butterfly I took from my collecting-box was the *Idalia* (*Argynnis Idalia*). This is one of the prettiest, and belongs to the genus *Argynnis*, one of the *genera* in the group of Vanessians. Harris



ARGYNNIS IDALIA (IDALIA BUTTERFLY).

describes the genus as follows: "The wings are never angulated or toothed, and the hind ones are generally ornamented with silvery or pearly spots beneath. The feelers spread apart at their points. The caterpillars have a round head, and are furnished with branched spines on all their segments, two of those on the first segment being usually longer than the rest, and directed forwards; chrysalids somewhat angular, arched rather thick at both ends, with the head squared, or very slightly notched, without a prominent nose-like projection on the thorax, and on the back are two rows of projecting points,

which are usually golden-colored." The caterpillars of this genus usually live on the common violets, and I have found the caterpillar of the *Idalia* and *Aphrodite* feeding on the same plants. The butterfly is very noticeable, on account of the great



MY RIVAL COLLECTOR.

contrast in color between the front and hind wings. The former are nearly the same golden-brown in color as the *Archippus*, but spotted and banded with black, while the latter are dark blue-black, ornamented with a double row of spots above. The inner row are silver-white, shaded with blue, and the outer are deep orange in the male, and cream-colored in the female. The underside spots of the front wings much resemble the upper, but have several crescent-shaped white spots near the black band at their edge, and the hind wings underneath are beautifully dotted with over twenty-five silver-white spots on each wing, in a groundwork of seal-brown. These butterflies are quite common, and in some localities may be seen during the months of July and August flying near the

thistles, or hovering around the clumps of golden-rod.

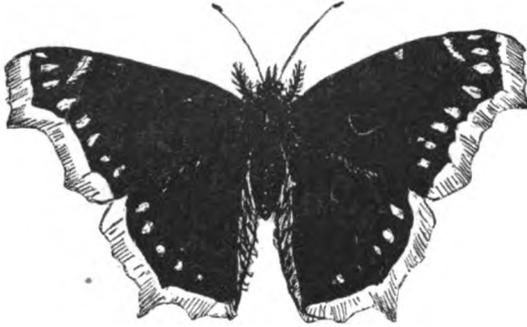
During my wanderings of the morning I very unexpectedly came upon another insect-hunter, busily engaged in the same enjoyable occupation as myself. His outfit was even more simple than my own, as he had with him not even a net; yet he had been quite successful, and had just caught a *Myrina* butterfly (*Argynnis Myrina*) as I came up. I had been looking for this very butterfly for some time, but had not been fortunate enough to see one before; so I tried to persuade him to give it up, or at least exchange. However, my most powerful arguments proved of no avail; so I cut the matter short by walking off with collector, butterfly, and all in my hand, for my rival was nothing more than a spider. This crafty fellow had hidden himself among the topmost flowers of the common Thoroughwort (*Eupatorium perfoliatum*), and was there patiently waiting for his unsuspecting victim.

The *Myrina* butterfly is rather small, measuring only about one and seven-tenths inches, and so fell an easy prey to the powerful jaws and unyielding grip of its captor. The wings of this butterfly are an orange-brown in color, with a border of black, and two rows of dark spots on the front wing, and many irregular dots on the upper side of both wings. The underside of the hind wings are mottled with light brown and pearly white.

The day was now fast fading into night, so I lit my lamp and took my seat near the window, for a few moments' rest, before I disposed of the remaining contents of my collecting-box. I could just make out a thickly wooded hill rising black against the western sky, at whose foot I knew there was a little lake, abounding in perch and pickerel; and, as the moon rose higher and higher in the east, I fancied I could almost catch a gleam of its light reflected from the lake, and hear the ripple of its waters on the shore; but a stretch of several miles lay between me and it, which my wheel and I must pass over before the little lake would be in sight.

I was making my plans for a run there the following day, and thinking of an early start, when my reverie was suddenly interrupted by a gentle tap. I arose and opened the door, simply to find the hall dark and empty; coming back I once more took my seat, and was just picking up the broken thread of my pleasant thoughts, when tap,

tap, tap, came the knocking again. This time, however, it was evidently at my window, and my importunate visitor proved to be a large brown beetle. I gave him a hearty welcome, and needed no letter of introduction, for he was an old friend. As I closed the window my attention was attracted to something hanging to the sash,

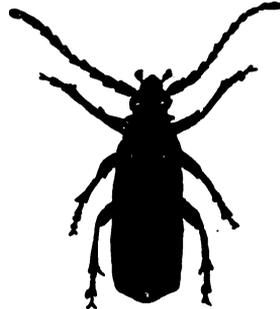


VANESSA ANTIOPA (ANTIOPA BUTTERFLY).

and, after taking it carefully off, it proved to be the chrysalis of the Antiopa butterfly. The caterpillar, in search for a secluded spot in which to pass through the chrysalis state, had chosen this window-sash, and had hung there unmolested until I saw him. My beetle friend was the *Prionus unicolor*, belonging to the genus *Prionus*. It is about one and one-half inch long, and three-eighths of an inch in width. The thorax is armed with three sharp points on either side; the head is quite large, and the jaws are very heavy and powerful. The wing-covers are nearly the same breadth throughout, and the entire beetle is a light-brown color. The antennæ are long, curved, and jointed, so as to somewhat resemble the teeth of a saw, which is probably the reason for the name *Prionus* being given to the genus. All of this genus are armed with very strong jaws, and it comprises some of the largest beetles found here and in foreign countries; they inhabit the pine trees and usually fly by night. On examining my chrysalis I found it gave signs of life, so I put a pin carefully through the little tuft of silk still fastened to it, and hung it up in its natural position, to wait for future developments. The caterpillar of this butterfly is quite formidable in appearance; the head is black and covered with protruding points, and each segment is armed with stiff, black spines. With these they were, at one time, thought able to inflict dangerous wounds. Such is, however, not the case; and this armature

seems to serve simply as a defence from the attack of birds or venomous insects. When full grown they measure almost two inches in length. In some places they are very abundant, doing great damage to the willow and elm trees on which they feed. The chrysalis is a brownish-gray, and has two sharp, thorn-like points on each segment, which are of a drab color, tipped with red; and the chrysalis itself is quite angular and irregular in its general outline. The chrysalis state lasts from twelve to fourteen days, and there are two broods yearly,—the first appears early in July, and the second during the last of the summer. A large number of the last brood remain alive throughout the entire winter. Sometimes a number of them may be found collected together in an old stump, or in some crevice in an unused barn. A few years ago I found an old box-trap, that some one had set in a pile of brush near a stone-wall,

half full of these fellows, crowded together and apparently lifeless. However, on taking some of them home, and giving them the benefit of a warm room, they revived and seemed as full of life as they were the summer before. Those of them that live over the winter may be seen early in March and April, flying around among the leafless trees



PRIONUS UNICOLOR.

in some sheltered sunny spot, destitute of their former beauty, and their wings torn and broken. The butterfly expands from three to three and one-half inches; the wings are a dark plum color edged with black, and surrounded with a band of yellow, shaded with brown. In the black band are several blue spots, which stand out in marked contrast to the other rather sombre hues. The underside of the wings are much mottled with black and brown, shading into somewhat of a dark olive-green, and surrounded with a light-brown band.



CHRYSALIS OF THE ANTIOPA BUTTERFLY.

I now turned my attention once more to the spider which I had brought home so unceremoniously. He still clung stubbornly to the unfortunate little butterfly, and was perched up on the top of the plant where I had found him. He seemed contented, but somewhat distrustful, and on my taking up a small magnifying-glass, to get a better view of his means of catching and holding insects, he let go his prey, and, dropping silently to the table, swung himself off to the floor, by a thread so fine that the human eye could not see it by lamplight, leaving me to begin the mounting of my last butterfly.

This was the Disippe (*Nymphalis Disippe*), and it so closely resembles the Archippus in color and general markings that a casual observer would be easily led to mistake one for the other. It is a tawny yellow above, somewhat lighter below, and a black band runs around the wings above, in which are small white dots; and in the hind wings there is a black band



NYMPHALIS DISIPPE (DISIPPE BUTTERFLY).

through the centre, above and below. The underside is also banded with black; but in this band there are three rows of spots, the outer quite small and white; the next are narrow and light blue, and the last are crescent-shaped, and clear white; all the veins are heavily marked with black. The abdomen is dark brown, and is marked with three white lines, one on each side, and one below.

After disposing of this, my last butterfly, I turned my attention to my beetles, and hurriedly looked them over, for it was getting rather late for such work.

The Gilded Eumolpus was by far the most brilliant, but there were others there fully as interesting. Among others, I had the largest representative of the Elatus, or spring-beetles. This is the eyed snapping-

beetle (*Elater Oculatus*). He is of special interest, as being a near relative of the night-shining Elater (*Elater noctilucus*), the celebrated fire-beetle of the West



ELATER OCVLATUS (EYED SNAPPING-BEETLE).

Indies. This curious insect gives out so strong a light from the segments of its body, and the two eye-like spots on its thorax, that one can see to read by holding one of them near the page; and they are even used as ornaments for the head and dress at evening festivities, in those countries which they inhabit.

The *Elater Oculatus* has none of this wonderful light-giving power, but still may be worthy of some comment and study. Their larvæ undergo their transformation in old, decayed apple-trees, and when full grown they measure sometimes over two inches in length, and nearly one-half an inch across. The head is of a brown color, quite large, and armed with very strong, curved jaws. They enter the pupa state in the log or tree, and soon come forth as beetles. They are then about one and one-half inches long, and the thorax is nearly one-third as long as the entire body. The head is small, and the antennæ quite short. The color is black, and the thorax is ornamented with two large eye-like spots, from which its name is derived. These have the appearance of fine black velvet, and each are surrounded with a white ring. The wing-covers are much indented, and mottled with white, while the limbs and thorax are covered with a fine white powder.

The last of my beetles was at length in my hand; it was the crusader carrion



CRUSADER CARRION BEETLE.

beetle, and I soon had him set and ready to dry. This beetle receives its name from a peculiar mark on its thorax, supposed to resemble the figure of the cross worn

by the crusaders on their mantles. It measures rather less than an inch in length, and is brown, except the thorax, which is a clear yellow, somewhat resembling horn; the wing-covers are much indented, and extend, both on the sides and ends, some little distance beyond the body. It belongs to the carrion or scavenger beetles, and they and their young may be found in great numbers in some carrion, on which they feed. This class of beetles prove themselves public benefactors, by eating or burying the bodies of animals which fall and die in our fields and woods. It is

wonderful how soon after death the body of an animal will be covered with the different varieties of these carrion-beetles; and the senses which direct them to their proper food must be very acute.

It was now long after ten, and I laid my work aside, feeling that the day had been one of interest and well spent.

My cyclometer, it is true, registered only fifteen miles for my morning's ride; but the day had been well filled, and I promised myself that the following evening would find a run of at least thirty miles registered by my wheel.

A. H. Chadbourne.

ROLL ON, SHINING WHEEL!

TUNE.—“*Silver Moon.*”

As I rise from my couch at the first dawn of day,
E'er the sun earth's beauties reveal;
The fresh morning air drives away all my care,
As I fondly caress my new wheel.

CHORUS.

Roll on, shining wheel, bear your master on the road,
With a rapture he cannot conceal;
And never, never once need the jockey's cruel goad,
Urge along, my swiftly gliding wheel.

On the wings of the wind we speed over the plain,
And glide through the forest so still;
The swift-running brook babbles on while I look
At the meadows, the fields, and the hill.

CHORUS.

Now we come to the grade up whose steep we must climb,
And bend to the work with good cheer;
And as we reach the top, we do not even stop,
For the slope we can coast without fear.

CHORUS.

As the sun mounts the sky with his beautiful gleam,
And the lark from on high trills his lay;
I check my nickelled steed, and return with all speed,
Well prepared for the work of the day.

CHORUS.

Oh, happy the man, though his years have declined,
Who the vigor of youth still doth feel;
For many, many days may he gladly sing the praise
Of the hours he hath spent on his wheel.

CHORUS.

C. T. Mitchell.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.¹

By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "The Witchery of Archery," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Poems of Fair Weather," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

MOSELY, the magazine man, had written a curt letter to Longley, asking him to send, as a mere matter of information, a description of Cedar Springs and environs, with some outline of what his paper would be; also some sketches, that he might get a fair idea of what to expect regarding the volume of the article, as well as its scope and intent.

In reply, Longley very innocently and naturally returned a long, gossipy letter, from which are taken the following extracts:—

A place of summer resort has always touched me in the quarter where one thirsts for good jokes; and especially is this true of *new* places. You know that, in the course of my artistic drudgery for the illustrated press, I have been sent on one sketching errand or another to nearly every such place within easy reach of New York; wherefore, I speak from knowledge.

Of course I know nothing of society. My views are taken from just outside the fence,—the best place for unprejudiced work.

Cedar Springs is no exception to the general rule. It is a fidgety, raw, little town, prim and dry, squeezed in between the lake and the hills, like a white-aproned old maid between a placid widower and a half-dozen green youths. It has two railroads, crossing each other acutely, with a three-cornered depot in the angle between; and it also has a vast saw-mill, a chair manufactory, some red-brick business buildings, the "Springs,"—which word covers the summer cottages, the hotel, and a half score of nasty mineral-water fountains, and a beautiful church.

The two principal cottages of the place are occupied respectively by the Lamars,—a family of old-line Georgia aristocrats,—and the Nelvilles, of New York, the latter family consisting of Mr. Edmond Nelville and his widowed mother. Nelville is my friend, and I am established in the Nelville cottage.

The hill country back of the Springs is an earthly paradise for an artist. At first, sixty years ago,—a long time in the West,—it was a German settlement, and the farm-houses have many of the characteristics of the Teutons, though the owners are now mostly Americans. I send you some pencil sketches, from which you may judge of what is to come.

Edmond Nelville is a lovesick fellow. His girl "went back on him," as the Western folk express it. She recently married a Count Somebody in Paris. Poor Nelville! he looks like a ghost.

Over at the other cottage there is a girl, Miss Lamar, a tall, sweet young thing, who seems more like a flower than anything else. She loves Nelville. One sees it at a glance. But he doesn't know it, or pretends he doesn't, and keeps on grieving about his old love.

Alden Lamar—you have published some of his verses—is an enigma. He destroys one's faith in

the poetic sentiment. He laughs at passion and makes fun of fancy, as art usually expresses them. The Ideal is nothing to him. The Real is his religion. He is, in fact, a physical poet, in both theory and practice. But he is not, on the other hand, a coarse spouter of dialect. He said to me, the other day, "Whatever is poetry in dialect, is poetry in spite of dialect. It is handicapped poetry. What a mountebank is to Edwin Booth, a dialect verse-maker is to Longfellow."

I should say that this art-doctrine of Lamar's has led him to commit an error here. He has found a country girl, the daughter of a wealthy and respectable farmer up in the hills, and is paying great attention to her. He is worshipping her, I suppose, as a poem set in a rustic binding—a picture in an acorn-hull frame. Now, I take it that a girl of this sort doesn't flirt. She is in earnest. Of course he's not. The end will be sorrow—an empty place in the poor lassie's heart. . . . I am in clover,—that's a Westernism,—and am like a new man. I use ozone recklessly. I know just how a bird feels let out of a cage in spring. I hop about and sing. I look askance at everything. . . . I've got the vim of a trip-hammer, and the elasticity of an ivory ball. . . .

A funny old naturalist lives up in a hollow a mile from here, and he has a daughter who has set every fibre of my frame to tingling. She jumped right into my arms out in a field. It was "awful nice," as they say in this region. A cow got after her, and drove her right into my protecting embrace. I fought for her with a sketch-book, and kept the brute off. You should have seen us. . . . Her name is Janet Wilson, and I think she's the very prettiest, and sweetest, and best girl in the world. . . . Her father is crazy—a monomaniac on the subject of birds. The Western folk call him an "old 'coon," without meaning anything disrespectful. He seems an excellent old soul, always up to his chin in stuffed birds. . . . You should see their delightful old house. I enclose a sketch of it, which I shall work up for my article. What a dim, mossy old place it is,—just in that stage of decay which identifies it as of kin to everything lichen-grown in the surrounding woods. . . . I think it likely that I shall fall in love with this Janet Wilson; and, if I do, I shall marry her. I never did think much of marrying before; in fact, I don't now; but if I once start I'll go like a hawk upon its prey. . . .

The lake is a beautiful one, with many picturesque fishing-cottages and boat-houses along its pretty beaches. It has some islands. A few cold spring brooks, well-stocked with trout, pour into it. Some cripple, where woodcock are found in season, and some snipe meadows, lie along one low shore. . . . What do you think of my idea of courting the dryad? What harm could come of it, if I should find that I really love her?" . . .

Of course Longley injected matter of a business nature where the points appear in the above. Mosely, who never in his life had received so incongruous, so ingenuous, and, withal, so sincere and natural a

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letter from one so nearly an utter stranger, was moved to mirth and provoked almost to wrath by it. He had a special reason, as, after a while, the reader may discover, for thinking it quite impertinent. He was a good-hearted fellow, however, and all he did was to despatch the following telegram to Longley:—

NEW YORK, June 18, —.

WILLIS LONGLEY, *Cedar Springs*:—

What the deuce do I care for your sweethearts! Hang the females! You are going to be late with your article. Stir your stumps, and get down to business.

OLIVER MOSELY.

Longley read this, and admitted to himself that he deserved the scolding. He immediately began to work in earnest.

CHAPTER X.

NELVILLE began to show unmistakable signs of returning health. Whether it was the electric baths and copious draughts of Cedar Springs water, or whether it was the outcome of a fine, elastic constitution, is hard to say; but he grew stronger day by day. Mrs. Nelville laughingly attributed his convalescence to the influence of his unremitting study of poetry.

"His late attack," she said one day to Longley, "has robbed Edmond's nature of some worthless element, and he is filling up the void with poetry of great medicinal value."

"A sort of transfusion process by which his fancy is enriched with the life-blood of another's," said Longley. "Who prescribed such heroic treatment?"

"Miss Lamar, I suspect," replied the widow, "no doubt acting on the principle that like cures like. You know it was a volume of Tennyson's poems which brought about the little catastrophe on the day of your arrival here."

"But I dare say she omitted her brother's vigorous songs from the prescription," said Longley.

"But she didn't," exclaimed Nelville, quickly. "The last time I was at the cottage she gave me a daintily bound little volume entitled, 'Curves of Beauty,' by Alden Lamar. It contains intense poetry, too. He touches the mean between the purest fancies of Walt Whitman and the 'La Grante' of Baudelaire."

"Hear him!" cried Longley; "what wide reading his talk suggests! He's getting well. The charm is working. But, Nelville, have you found time to read the 'Sweet Singer of Michigan'?"

Nelville did not deign to answer. He smiled grimly, and looked out of the window.

At this point a servant entered and handed Mrs. Nelville a note, which proved to be an invitation to dine with the Lamars.

"Of course we shall accept," said the widow. "You are particularly included, Mr. Longley, and I am not going without you, do you hear? The note says we shall meet Miss Brownby, of Louisville, Kentucky, no doubt a brilliant young lady. You know the blue-grass belles are famous; and, besides, it is time you were making some acquaintances. You acted very shabbily not to go on the yachting excursion. So it may be considered as settled."

"You ought to see the telegram I've just got from Mosely, the editor," replied Longley. "He tells me to hang the females, and let them alone till I've finished my paper and the illustrations. He's furious at me for my dallying. I assure you I can't think of dinner-parties. I should expect to see Mosely rush in at any moment during the meal and lift me quite out of my chair." He fumbled in his pocket, and at length finding the telegram, he read it aloud. "Now," he added, "what do you think of any further dissipation on my part?"

"But you just must go," cried Mrs. Nelville, "Mr. Mosely to the contrary notwithstanding. I say you shall go; so the matter is quite arranged!" Saying which the vivacious widow flitted out of the room without waiting for Longley's further demurrer.

"When a woman says you will, you will, so there's an end on't," said Nelville, leaning out of the window to get a full breath of the cool lake-breeze. "I wonder what this Miss Brownby is like?"

"I don't think I shall go, nevertheless," said Longley, putting an unlighted cigar in his mouth, and drawing down his eyebrows.

"Why?"

"I don't care to."

"Why?"

"Well, frankly, then, I don't know that I like Alden Lamar. It's a question in my mind whether he's a gentleman."

"You astonish me," said Nelville, turning from the window and facing Longley with wide-open inquiring eyes. "What is the trouble? What has Lamar done?"

"I don't know that he has done anything; I may be a fool; but I'm harboring a suspicion founded on a little proof,—a very little proof, indeed."

"You mystify things," said Neville. "I hope you are laboring under some mistake. What the deuce is the matter?"

Longley looked keenly at his friend, and began to chew the end of his cigar as if he owed it a spite. It was a difficult thing to manage this half-formed idea of an enormous wrong hidden under a bit of summer flirtation. He was espousing the cause of the country girl to whom he had seen Lamar paying marked attention, but he found his ground tenable without being able to describe it. He felt that his was the defence of pure, true chivalry.

"I cannot quite see my way clear to accusing him," he said, "but it looks all wrong to me, his attentions to this pretty Miss Revercombe up here. She's below him socially, I suppose, but she's a charming lass, and he's no business fooling with her."

"Oh, it's that!" said Neville. "I've been hearing of it. But you're not going to interfere in such things. Lamar and the young lady understand each other, no doubt; and, besides, she's nothing to you."

"She's sweet and innocent," said Longley, "and I insist that no gentleman would go and raise hopes in her mind which he never meant should be realized."

"Very true," said Neville, complacently, "but what right have you to judge him so harshly? How do you know he is attempting any such thing?"

"I don't know it," cried Longley; "if I did I'd—" He did not finish the sentence, but stood glaring at his friend and clutching an imaginary throat with his right hand. This having been done to his full satisfaction, he made the motion of flinging the strangled body aside, and added:—

"When I court a girl I mean to marry her."

"If she'll consent," said Neville, with a grim smile.

"If she won't consent," cried Longley, "then I'll snap my fingers and look for another. Die-away love is for women, not men."

Neville winced and turned to look at the town and lake shimmering far below. He became interested in some gulls fanning about in the yellow sunlight, and forgot to reply.

Longley walked back and forth in his restless way. Presently he stopped in the middle of the room, and laughed outright. Neville turned on him a curious look.

"It would be right funny if that rustic sweetheart of hers should pound Lamar thoroughly. A physical poet ought not to grumble at taking a dose of his own medicine, and I'm inclined to think that's what it will come to before long."

"To a fight, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"That would be ridiculous. Lamar won't notice him."

"He may have to."

"Why? You don't think the fellow is dangerous! You are keeping back something. I am getting interested. Why not tell me all about it?"

Longley then described his meeting with the gloomy young fellow in the wood, and the threatening character of his words and actions.

"Is he a strong man?" inquired Neville.

"Who?"

"The rustic."

"He is a young Hercules. He could take Lamar by his flowing locks and wring off his head. And that would be likely to soil his blue necktie, too."

"The very idea is disgraceful," said Neville.

"Soiling the necktie?"

"Bosh! no. To have a scene—a fight."

"Probably," said Longley; "but do you know that, if I were that burly young swain, I should take peculiar delight in soiling all those dandy clothes for him? I should to a moral certainty, if he should come fooling around my sweetheart."

"I do believe in my soul you would," replied Neville, laughing. "But I'm inclined to think he'll not fancy the dryad. She's too slight and *spirituelle* for his taste."

"Humph!" growled Longley, and went off to work on his article. He always worked on his article when he could think of nothing else to do. As for Neville, he leaned on the window-sill and wavered between two dreams, which hovered in places four thousand miles apart.

Down on the lake a little sail was scudding before the breeze. There came a sudden change in the direction of the air current. The sail performed the operation called "jibing around." It was a dangerous thing for the sailor; but no harm came of it.

Nelville himself was about to jibe around. But, at last, he might not right himself as the little boat had done.

CHAPTER XI.

FOLLOWING the broadest, crookedest, and most frequented road leading out of Cedar Springs, after doubling around among the hills and hollows for a distance of three miles, you come to a substantial and liberal-looking farm-house, set in the midst of an apple orchard, and flanked by a huge barn and some long racks in which straw is fed to cattle in winter, — the same house, indeed, which Longley passed on the day he first rode Nelville's horse, Victor. A windmill, such as one sees on so many large farms in the West, stood near the rear of the house, its circular vane-wheel shining white and red against the background of the green hills. In front was a long, wide veranda, with a lean-to roof of shingles, and being on the east it was a most comfortable place on a summer afternoon.

By a direct pathway over the hills and across the farm, the distance from Cedar Springs to this sturdy dwelling was not more than a mile and a quarter. It was by this path that young Lamar usually went on his visits, very frequent visits, indeed, to the farm-house. The distance was just sufficient to make the walk an enjoyable bit of exercise. Usually when Lamar reached the rear garden-gate, at which the path terminated, he would look over it and discover Miss Margaret Revercombe somewhere near, it being her delight to haunt this little wilderness of old-fashioned pinks and peonies, cabbages and parsley, thyme and tansy, radishes and beets, pansies and jonquils, especially at the times set apart for the poet's visits.

Lamar could scarcely have explained how he had reached his present standing in the esteem of the Revercombe household. Miss Margaret, or Maggie, as she was known in the neighborhood, was the soprano of the choir at the little church in Cedar Springs. He had heard her sing there, and her voice had charmed him. Then he had got acquainted with her father, Squire Revercombe, in the course of negotiations for the purchase of a fine horse; and so matters had flowed along to friendship, and lastly love. He had been deeply impressed with the girl's beauty from the beginning, and as he discovered her keen intelligence and thorough educa-

tion, albeit of a strictly Western sort, he was at first surprised and next captivated. She was so different from the Southern girls, and so incomparably fresher and sweeter and more natural than those of the European centres he had visited, that her influence upon him was like that of a new and original poem. He began to visit the farm-house, and gradually his best thoughts centred there. With great care, as is the Southern custom, he ascertained that the Revercombe family was a good one, of New Jersey extraction, a strain of successful farmers running back to the days of the Revolution, with a patriotic record in the three great wars. Satisfied on this score, the rest of the way was easily travelled. The course of true love ran as smoothly as heart could wish. It would have obliterated every trace of doubt from the mind of Longley touching Lamar's good intentions if he could have had one little glimpse into the poet's heart, where the old, old dream was hovering and humming. As for Miss Revercombe herself, it was the blooming time of her sweet, healthy, independent life. She gave herself up wholly and beautifully to loving Lamar. He filled her whole world from horizon to zenith. She sang for him, she dreamed of him, she lived for him.

As the friendship of these two young persons ripened into courtship and the deepening passion of love, the parents of each began to take cognizance of what was going on. But, happily, there came up no serious objection from either quarter, and, with some little remonstrance on one side and a slight hesitancy on the other, the matter was agreed to, and the lovers were happy.

At this point an element of tragedy was cast into their quiet stream of love-making. The rustic youth came more boldly upon the scene.

It was a pleasant afternoon, near the middle of June, and Maggie Revercombe was picking strawberries in the farm-house garden. She was prettily arrayed in a white dress with an apron trimmed in blue, and wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, about which long ribbons of blue fluttered in the breeze. She was fair, and tall, and strong; bright-eyed, with brown-and-gold streaked hair done into heavy braids. As she stooped to select the large red berries and drop them into the old blue pottery bowl, she was a study worthy the pencil of any artist. Now and then she stood quite erect and looked over the little gate

at the back of the garden and away down the sinuous path through the orchard, across the little clover field to the woods, in the direction of Cedar Springs. She was half expecting Lamar, and she hoped to sit with him on the old settee under the mulberry-tree, and share the delicious fruit with him while they talked as only imaginative young lovers can. And meanwhile she sang some fragments of song in a low, tender way.

Presently, while she was busy with her fruit-gathering, a voice at the gate said,—

“Maggie!”

She looked up, suddenly growing pale and frightened. A sullen, dark, discouraged face gazed at her from above the little pointed slats of the gate. A strong, broad-shouldered young man was reaching over to lift the latch.

“Louis Abbott!” Miss Revercombe exclaimed in a voice which betrayed her excitement. She put the bowl of berries down, and, holding her hands before her in a deprecating, almost entreating way, added, “Don’t come in. Go away, go away.”

The young fellow hesitated, and his face darkened more and more.

“I want to have a talk with you,” he doggedly said.

“No, no,” she replied, hurriedly, “I can have nothing more to do with you. You must understand that I am in earnest about it.”

“I understand more than you think I do,” he hotly responded. “You’d better hear what I’ve got to say.”

“Go away, Louis—Mr. Abbott—go away. I have told you often and plainly enough that I do not ever wish to see you,” she said, coldly, and at last, calmly.

The man leaned upon the gate and gazed wretchedly at her. His hopelessness was obvious. There was a look of quiet desperation, too, in his heavy face.

“Maggie,” he muttered, “what makes you treat me so, when I—I love you so much?”

She looked contemptuously and yet pityingly at him.

“I am not treating you badly, Mr. Abbott,” she said; “I do not like you, and must have nothing more to do with you;—that is all.”

“Who said so?” he growlingly demanded; “that long-haired fellow?”

Her face flashed.

“Go away,” she said, and at the same time she glanced uneasily past him down the path.

A dull fire lit his eyes at this, and he smiled a terribly wicked smile as he muttered,—

“I know who you’re expecting. I’ll see to *him*. He’s not to come here any more, you may be sure o’ that.”

“Louis Abbott,” she said, in a low, firm voice, “go away at once, and let me never see you again. Go!”

“I’ll not do it till I get ready,” he hoarsely muttered.

“Then I will go and leave you,” she said, picking up the bowl of berries and turning towards the house.

“Maggie,” said he, in a milder voice, “you don’t want me to do something awful?”

She turned back half-way, but said nothing.

“I will kill him as sure as I ever see him again!” he exclaimed, when he saw her cold look.

She trembled, but still did not speak.

Abbott turned from the gate and went sullenly back down the path through the orchard, across the clover field and into the wood in the direction of Cedar Springs. Miss Revercombe stood gazing helplessly after him until he was out of sight. Her attitude was pathetic. She seemed suddenly to have lost all her elasticity of mind and body.

A brown thrush sang in an apple-tree, and one of those little speckled woodpeckers so common in the West, chirped sharply as he tapped a rail of the garden fence. The meadow-larks piped in the clover, their golden breasts shining in the sunlight.

Young Abbott had left with her all the dread that his evil passion and his dark countenance, his threats, and his well-known revengefulness, could create. Her vivid imagination took quick hold of the worst possible outcome of the situation. She could not have mistaken the meaning of Abbott’s threats. He meant to murder Lamar if he could find him.

For more than a year past Louis Abbott had been a persistent and hopeless suitor for her favor. She never had liked him; but she had tried to dismiss him without any useless harrowing of his feelings. But nothing could drive him from her, and he had borne it all patiently and even cheerfully, until the coming of Lamar as a rival. Then he began to be moody and ugly in his manner. The end was as we have just seen it.

Miss Revercombe did not very long re-

main in her state of indecision. She put the bowl of berries on the ground beside the garden-walk and went to the gate and opened it. Here she paused, faltering and trembling. She glanced rapidly at the house, as if to see if any one was watching her; then she ran across the orchard, climbed the low fence into the clover-field, and hurried across the field into the wood.

Half an hour later she came slowly back along the path. She was pale and excited. She had seen something down there which would stay in her memory as long as she should live.

She sat down in the garden, under the mulberry-tree, and buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XII.

YOUNG LAMAR was on his way to the Revercombe farm-house. He was walking slower than usual, his arms thrown over the ends of a slender walking-stick, whose middle rested along his shoulders and across the back of his neck. He was looking along the ground in front of his toes, wrapped in deep study. He may have been shaping a new poem in his mind. He was quite unconscious of the bird-songs and leaf-rustlings and the glooms and gleams of the wood. His slender, high-arched feet left tracks almost too delicate and perfect in outline for a man's boot-prints. He wore a close-fitting suit of brownish-gray plaid, very fine, and his linen was so daintily pure and his ruby bosom buttons so clear and brilliant, his dull scarlet necktie, his broad brown felt hat with its conical crown dented and pressed together at the top, so in keeping, that he looked more of a dandy and slighter and shorter of stature than he really was. He wore perfectly fitting brown-red gloves. His hands were small, his wrists flat and sinewy, his shoulders square and well poised; and a peculiar springiness in his walk showed, as nothing else could, his fine physical training. His face was neither youthful nor marked with years, and, in spite of some hollowness about the cheeks and eyes, there was the evidence of mature manhood and self-reliance in its lines. In fact, it was the highest type of the face of the old-time Southern cavalier,—a type left over but sparingly from the antebellum days.

The knights,

"Who, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spottswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas,"

had faces of this type.

On a level sandy place, darkly shaded, where the path widened on the bed of a wet-weather torrent, now quite dry, he met, or rather was confronted by, Louis Abbott, who was glowering down at him, and startled him as he looked up with a sort of growl. It was too evident to Lamar that this apparition meant something evil.

"You don't pass here," said Abbott.

Lamar was startled, but not unnerved in the least, or confused, by this avowal and the dark scowl and threatening attitude of the brawny young giant before him. He met the fellow's gaze steadily and interrogatively, and said:—

"What do you mean, sir?" at the same time taking the walking-stick from his shoulders and neck, and lifting his head haughtily.

"I mean that you don't go up yonder any more. You go back where you belong, and stay there, or you take a blasted good licking. Maybe you understand that!" growled Abbott, clenching his fists and making threatening motions.

Lamar did understand. He fully comprehended the situation. He had been born and bred to understand every phase of personal conflicts, from duels with pistols down to street fights, where knives and bludgeons played the heavy parts. The old style of Southern gentleman did not mince matters in a fight.

But Lamar gladly would have avoided, by any tolerable means, the impending difficulty. He knew something of Louis Abbott's history, and was aware of his unrequited adoration of Margaret Revercombe. The thought of getting into a personal struggle with the fellow was anything but pleasant.

"This will never do, man," he said, very calmly. "I don't like any trouble with you. Let me pass."

"Not by a blasted sight," replied Abbott, doggedly, taking a step nearer. "You just go back to where you live, and stay there, and keep company with your own sort, and I'll let you be; but you don't go about her any more,—do you hear?"

"Stand aside, sir," said Lamar.

"I'll not do it, blast you! You can't pass here without a licking, and a mighty good one at that."

"Young man," said Lamar, his lips beginning to writhe and his eyes to send out a dull glow, "I shall walk round you peaceably, if I can. I hope you'll not attempt to touch me."

"Try it," cried Abbott, through set teeth and pallid lips.

Lamar let fall his walking stick and buttoned his coat. His movements were ominously quiet. His square jaws set themselves resolutely and his eyes were fixed on those of Abbott.

"Now, sir, be careful." That was all he said, and then he stepped briskly forward.

True to his purpose, Abbott struck out heavily with his large fist; but Lamar avoided his blow with ease, and walked on past him. This rendered him furious, and, with three or four long strides, he quickly overtook his agile antagonist.

Lamar turned, and once more said:—

"Be careful, sir."

"Be careful your own blasted, cowardly self!" came the answer from the frothy lips of Abbott, who now aimed another blow at Lamar's face.

Like the sudden recoil of a powerful spring Lamar's arm flew out and the keen thwack of a well-planted fist-stroke rang through the still woods. Young Abbott fell at full length upon his back. He did not remain down, however; his feet were quickly under him again, and he rushed to renew his attack.

"Be careful," reiterated Lamar, who now squared himself like a trained boxer.

Abbott was beside himself with rage, and did not heed the warning. There came another quick, level blow, and again he fell. It was an easy matter. As fast as the Hercules gained his feet he was stricken down by this slight, well-dressed Apollo. Of course it could not last. It was a physical and mental punishment that Abbott could not bear. As for Lamar, he seemed to get absorbed in the business before him, entering with calm earnestness into the struggle. He never once missed his aim, never once failed to knock the rustic assassin off his feet.

Finally, the latter, recovering from perhaps his tenth fall, seized a heavy stick. Quick as thought Lamar caught up a like weapon. For a second or two they glared at each other, and then Abbott struck, bringing his club over-hand like a flail, with the strength of a blacksmith. Lamar parried the blow, using his club as he would a foil, and the next instant he struck Abbott heavily in the face. It was blinding, but it was not final.

Abbott grasped his weapon in both hands, and, raising himself on tiptoe, struck with furious energy.

Lamar leaped aside, and then there echoed through the breathless woods a crunching, horrible blow. His club went into shivers across Abbott's head, sending him reeling down upon the sand, where for a time he lay in a still heap. Then he struggled to a sitting posture, gasping and wavering like one recovering from a fit. His eyes were staring and dull, his face and head horribly mangled and bloody.

Lamar looked at himself. The glove had been torn from his right hand, leaving only a fragment buttoned to his wrist. The hand itself was fearfully bruised and swollen from the blows delivered with it. Some blood, spattered from the face of Abbott, was on his cuff. He stood awhile hesitating, glancing now and again at his antagonist, who seemed little inclined or able to offer further fight. Presently he said:—

"I regret that I had to hurt you. Can I do anything for you,—assist you in any way?"

"Go away, blast you!" growled the stricken man, glaring like a mortally-wounded beast. "I don't want you."

Lamar looked up the path and down it, stood irresolute a little longer, and, at last, walked away down the path towards Cedar Springs, leaving the battered, and thoroughly cowed youth sitting on the ground, holding his head in his blood-stained hands.

What sorry work it all appeared to Lamar as he went along! He felt exasperated at himself for not avoiding in some way so brutal and disgraceful a struggle.

Conscience often operates indirectly and with implements seemingly unsuited to its purposes. There are times, however, when, as on the present occasion, circumstances lead one into doing what is, to all human appearances inexcusable, and never can by any possibility serve the purposes of conscience or Providence.

Lamar keenly regretted the whole affair, as an honorable man always does, in a like case, and, with pardonable self-respect, hoped it would not become public. He very naturally chided himself for not doing more, in some way, to avert the struggle, looking back over which he saw nothing but a modified picture of the prize-ring,—a vulgar, brutal, inexcusable fight. What he had done to Abbott seemed now nothing better than cold-blooded assassination, in appearance, if not in fact; and he lifted his painful and swollen hand to his troubled forehead as if to wipe away his thoughts.

[To be continued.]

THE NOTABLE RUNS AND EXCURSIONS OF 1883.

PART I. (*Concluded.*)

A READING CONSUL'S CENTURY.

CAPTAIN Wilhelm and J. Arthur Curtis started at 6.30 A.M., November 25, from Reading, Pa. The roads are none of the best, and it had rained for a week; and, as it had stopped but twenty-four hours before, the condition of the roads can be imagined. There was very little wind when they started, and the sky was cloudy. Neither had undergone any training. Nothing happened of any note on the road going, with the exception of one coast of about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. As they neared the bottom they struck a newly-covered culvert and both went off by the air-line ('cyclers know about how far); but on looking for the wheels they found them right side up with care, stuck in the mud. They arrived in Harrisburg hungry as could be. After visiting some parts of the city they started on their homeward journey, and had the misfortune to get on the wrong road and the pleasure of walking through mud for a half-mile; lost an hour getting back to pike again, and were overtaken by darkness 40 miles from Reading, with no light and a gale (a young one) blowing against them. As the roads had been muddy they had dried in ruts, and headers, etc., were indulged in to an alarming extent, although neither rider was hurt.

They reached Lebanon, 28 miles from Reading, at about 7 P.M., and left at 8 P.M. The sky was cloudy, and they could not see ten feet ahead, and twice ran into each other, and made about half a dozen sudden dismounts to examine the road. They arrived in Reading at 1 A.M. on the morning of the 26th of November. Distance from Reading to Harrisburg, by McDonald's cyclometer, 54 miles, and 2 miles were made when they got off the road. Road was bad and very hilly, and the 13 miles near Harrisburg were miserable, and almost tempted them to take the back track. Both were tired, but not very much. They got home at 1 A.M., and went to business at 8.45 A.M., and were none the worse for the trip.

RHODE ISLAND'S CENTURIES.

On Sept. 19, Mr. William V. Mason, Jr., of the Rhode Island Bicycle Club,

made a run of 100 miles, from Springfield, Mass., to Hudson, New York, *via* Russell; and October 12th he returned from Hudson, N.Y., to Springfield, Mass., *via* Chester, distance of 112 miles. He reports the roads in fair condition, and the weather on both runs all that could be asked. Both runs were made alone, and no special training had. He was in fine condition at the finish of both runs. Several headers taken, but none of any serious account.

A CLEVELAND CLUB-RUN.

At the call of Capt. Sholes for a 100-mile club-run on Tuesday, July 10, five of the Clevelands, Lieut. A. S. Hathaway, Geo. Collister, T. S. Beckwith, W. O. Beckwith, and F. P. Root, met at the head-quarters that morning at 3.30 o'clock.

Exactly at 4 o'clock the start was made, and Rocky River, 9 miles, was reached at 4.55, and Elyria, 28 miles, at 6.43.

A stop of one hour and thirty-nine minutes was made at Elyria for breakfast, where W. O. Beckwith and F. P. Root dropped out. Leaving Elyria at 8.12, Whiskeyville, 34 miles, was reached at 8.55, and Oberlin, 40 miles, at 9.45. The intention of the party on starting had been to make Wellington, 47 miles, but the roads were so bad that after going 3 miles beyond Oberlin they turned back, passing through Oberlin and Whiskeyville, and reaching Elyria, 58 miles, at 12.12, where a stop of one hour and thirteen minutes was made for dinner. Again was the party fooled about the roads, and after travelling $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles toward Lake Breese, they reluctantly turned back, reaching Elyria again at 2.40, having made 65 miles. At 3.05 P.M. the party started on the return trip, passing through Ridgeville at 3.40, Dover at 4.40, Rocky River at 5.25, arriving at head-quarters at 6.50, making a total of 93 miles. Taking an hour for supper, the party, with several recruits, passed through Newburgh to Corlette, which was reached about 9.20, 103 miles, returning shortly. Lieut. Hathaway dropped out at Newburgh, his home, with a record of 107 miles. The city was finally reached at 11 o'clock, and the party retired to their homes with a record of 113 miles.

No previous training was had, and no ill effects noticed.

THEO. ROTHE'S 116 MILES.

This run was made in connection with the long-distance run of the Boston Tricycle Club, on Aug. 16. J. S. Dean's tricycle came to grief at Beverly, and Capt. Everett and Mr. Bassett rode 72 miles up to 1 P.M., when they gave up the ride on account of a heavy easterly storm; but Rothe kept on, though frequently delayed by the rain.

He left home at 11.30 P.M., Aug. 15, for the club-house (10m. stop); and started, with others, at midnight, and rode with them to Lynn. Just before reaching Lynn he took a header, riding on the sidewalk; bent handle-bar and loosened same. Here he left the tricyclers and rode ahead alone through Lynn, Salem, Beverly, Wenham, Hamilton, Ipswich, Rowley, and Newburyport at 6.40 A.M. Breakfast and wait until 8.05 A.M. (1h. 25m. stop); Ipswich, 9.50, Wenham, 10.30, Salem, 11.30 (10m. stop to repair handle-bar); Lynn, 12.30 (1h. 15m. stop for dinner and *rain*); Malden, 2.35 (2h. 25m. stop for *rain*). Reached club at 6.30 (10m. stop), and home, 3 miles, at 7 P.M.

The route to Lynn was through Brighton, Cambridge, Medford, Malden, and Saugus. At Rowley he took the wrong road to Newburyport, and same for part of return, going 4 miles out of way. Met Capt. Everett and Bassett 3 miles out of Newburyport, Dean having had machine broken at Salem.

He had done no training previously, and was not tired, having had so much rest. He felt no bad effects next day, other than the usual stiffness.

KENTUCKY'S BEST RECORD.

On Nov. 18, 1883, Percy Bettison and W. Prince Wells rode from Louisville to Springfield, 60 miles and return, making 120 miles in 18h. and 53m.,—breaking the long distance road record of Kentucky of 104 miles made in 1880.

THE MITCHELL BROS., OHIO RECORD.

W. and L. J. Mitchell left Hamilton, Ohio, at 1 A.M.; rode through Middletown, Franklin, to Dayton, and stopped there for breakfast. W. Mitchell's handle-bar broke just before reaching Dayton; so had a delay of nearly two hours. Rode to Springfield, and were misdirected and went 4 miles out of the way and over a bad road. Took dinner at Springfield (rested

over an hour), from there, through Mechanicsburg, Milford Centre, Marysville (rested there), thence to Delaware; made the last 16 miles in just two hours, that being the only *good* road the whole way. They had a stiff head wind all day. Over 30 miles of newly gravelled road. It was also a very hot day, and they stopped frequently for water. They got home in good shape, very dusty, and hungry. They counted the distance by the railroad, which is nearly a direct line from Delaware to Cincinnati, but they ran over the distance claimed. They could not use their cyclometer (Thompson's) with lamp; but will run it next year and find out the exact distance, which is about 125 or 130 miles by the road.

ANOTHER NEW HAMPSHIRE CENTURY.

On December 13 John N. Pearsons, of the Manchester Bicycle Club, covered 120 miles, in actual riding time of 19 hours and 26 minutes. He left Manchester at 11.11 o'clock, Thursday A.M., starting from in front of the Manchester House. He reached Nashua at 2.10, and Tyngsboro', Mass., at 3.15, where he made a halt of 10 minutes. He reached Lowell at 4.15, when the cyclometer registered 34 miles. He left Lowell at 4.30, and found the roads so bad that it was necessary to walk for a considerable portion of the distance between that city and Woburn Centre, where he arrived at 7.45. He passed through Winchester at 8.10, Arlington at 8.30, and arrived at Harvard square at 8.45,—60 miles.

At this point he was met by Theodore Rothe, of the Boston Bicycle Club, and in company with him, as guide, he left Harvard square at 9.16 o'clock, on a run through Cambridge, Brighton, Newton, and Waltham, returning to Harvard square at 11.35,—78¾ miles. Mr. Pearsons left Harvard square on his return at midnight, and reached Woburn at 3 o'clock A.M., Friday. He passed through Woburn Centre at 5.05, and arrived in Lowell at 8.10,—108 miles. After a run about the streets of Lowell he left that city at 9 o'clock, and reached Tyngsboro', covering his 120 miles at 11 o'clock, when the run was ended. The roads for the entire distance were unexpectedly soft, and rendered the wheeling much harder than was anticipated. Mr. Pearsons is confident that with good roads he could have made a much better record.

TO BOSTON AND RETURN BY THE ROCKINGHAM.

On the 19th of June, 1883, Messrs. F. J. Philbrick and A. L. Jenness essayed to each win a gold medal offered by Chief Consul Hazlett to the members of the Rockingham Bi. Club, of Portsmouth, N.H., who should wheel from that city to Boston, Mass., and return the same day, — a distance of 125 miles. The only condition specified was that the contestants should start from Portsmouth at midnight, thus requiring the worst part of the road (that between Portsmouth and Newburyport) to be passed over in the night, and adding materially to the difficulty of the journey. The period of full moon nearest the longest day of the year was selected for the trial, and, the evening of the 18th being fine and clear, everything indicated a favorable opportunity; but toward midnight thick clouds began to gather, the moon became totally obscured, and the night was one of exceptional darkness. The adventurers, having made all preparations, would not postpone the trip, as arrangements for undertaking a similar one had been made by other members of the club for the succeeding day, and they desired to be the first to accomplish the feat. So, promptly at the stroke of 12, they mounted their wheels on Market square, and started on their arduous journey. They left their lanterns at home, being convinced by experience that they could travel faster without them, as their faint light only served to show enough of the bad places in the road to weaken a rider's nerve, without affording him sufficient time to avoid them, and the care of lanterns consumes considerable time. Egyptian darkness shrouded everything, and it was impossible to see the road or distinguish the wheel tracks from the side path.

Only those who have attempted to ride over Seabrook sands can appreciate the weary twenty miles which were traversed between midnight and dawn. The writer, being either less skilful or more unfortunate than his companion, experienced in that distance seven distinct headers, one of which was over the fence at the marsh in Salisbury, down over the embankment, which was six feet high at that place.

Reaching Newburyport a half hour was consumed in finding out the road to Ipswich, which was only partially remembered, and, by this time daylight having

appeared, the dozen miles were made in good time. Breakfast at the hotel was soon obtained, hunger furnishing a most appetizing sauce. The clouds, which had been threatening rain, now poured out their contents in torrents. This was not encouraging to the travellers; but they decided to continue, having covered the worst part of the road, and, after waiting for the shower to subside, started for Salem. But, if the rain had poured before, it deluged now, and beat down upon the wayfarers as if determined to compel them to relinquish their endeavors, or wash them out of existence. Wheels and riders reached Salem drenched with rain and covered with mud. More disreputable-looking objects never answered to the name of tramps; not even rags were lacking, owing to the falls.

Leaving Lynn, it was decided to take the turnpike to Chelsea, as being more direct; but in this case, as in many others, the longer way round would have been the quicker and easier. The turnpike proved to be a mass of sticky, clayey mud, and almost unridable. Upon the slippery pavement of Chelsea the writer fell at full length in the mud; but no soil was carried away by him, as no more would stick than was already on. No bodily injury being sustained, they continued on over Chelsea bridge, through Charlestown, into Boston as far as Haymarket square, and without delay retraced their course to Chelsea, and thence branched off through Everett and Malden, to Lynn, where dinner was had. The ride from there home was without incident, except that on the good roads through Ipswich a challenge for a little brush was accepted, and resulted in 4 miles being covered in 15 minutes. The travellers arrived home at 8.45 o'clock, tired but not exhausted, having covered the 125 miles in 20 hours and 35 minutes.

Mr. Philbrick had participated in two previous century runs, — one with the Boston Bi. Club, September, 1883, and the other in November following, with C. A. Hazlett for a companion, when they accomplished 126 miles.

Two evenings later, Messrs. John H. Knox and Goodwin Philbrick, of the same club, accomplished the same feat in exactly the same time. Their experiences were similar, except that the first 20 miles were ridden through a heavy fog, and several times during the trip they lost their way, not being as familiar with the roads as their predecessors, and must have travelled many miles more than the 125

claimed. It is regretted that accurate cyclometers were not carried by them. But few rests were taken outside of the time used for meals. The rain in the afternoon made the roads heavy. There was no training for the trip, and both were at their desks as usual the following day. The four medals were presented to the winners by C. A. Hazlett, at a complimentary supper given by the Rockingham Bi. Club at York Beach, at which the Manchester Club attended as invited guests.

Mr. C. A. Hazlett's even century was a little ten hours' spin on the 3d of November, around the 30-mile triangle made by the towns of Rye, Hampton, Exeter, Stratham, Greenland, and Portsmouth, to celebrate the completion of his 14,000 miles of road-riding since 1878.

THE MANCHESTER-ROCKINGHAM JOINT RUN.

On Wednesday, November 14, John N. Pearsons, Frank R. Parker, and Moses Sheriff, members of the Manchester Bicycle Club, left this city on the 4.20 Portsmouth train for Epping, where they were to meet T. W. Moses and A. L. Jenness, of the Rockingham Bicycle Club, of Portsmouth, N.H. The powerful head-wind prevented the latter from reaching Epping, — twenty miles, — on the arrival of the train, and they awaited the arrival of the Manchesters a short distance from the depot for an hour, and then started to finish their century run alone, thinking the Manchesters had not started. After riding fifty miles the thermometer went down to 17° above zero, and the roads freezing very rutty, and Jenness' wheel being nearly spokeless, they gave up the attempt and returned to their respective homes in Portsmouth and Rye. In the meantime C. A. Hazlett was riding over forty miles, searching for the Manchesters, who waited at Epping depot the same length of time the Rockinghams stopped for them. The Manchesters left Epping at 6.25 and reached Exeter at 7.10. Here they missed the road to Portsmouth and hunted in vain for the "old city by the sea" all along the sea-coast at Hampton and Rye beaches. At Rye the backbone of Parker's machine was broken, and he was obliged to retire, having covered 28¾ miles. A stop was made till 11.10, when the remaining two started for Portsmouth, where they arrived at 12 o'clock, midnight, precisely; cyclometers, 35¾ miles. Here they pulled Frank Moses

out of a warm bed, and the three left Portsmouth at 1.10 A.M., Thursday, reaching Rye at 4.05; cyclometer's record, 42 miles. Left Rye at 5.15, and arrived at the Union House in Hampton at 7.00, *via* Little Boar's Head; cyclometers at 62 miles. Breakfasted and left Hampton at 8.35, returning to Jenness' at Rye, which was reached at 9.20. Archie L. Jenness joined the party here, which left at 9.55, with the cyclometers at 76. Proceeded round Little Boar's Head, near which place Sheriff took a header, breaking handle-bar and pedal-pin, which caused a delay of fifteen minutes. Sheriff had covered up to this time 88 miles, and he walked 12 miles into Portsmouth, where he arrived at 3.15 P.M., pushing his wheel, covering 100 miles. Riding time, 15 hours 28 minutes.

At 11.27 A.M. they left the spot where Sheriff broke down, arriving at Hampton at 11.36; cyclometers, 90 miles. Left Hampton at 11.45, arrived at Jenness' house at Rye at 12.40 P.M., — 98¾ miles. Jenness dropped out here, and Moses continued to Portsmouth, covering 107 miles, notwithstanding his nap.

Leaving Rye at 1.05, Pearsons continued the run, reaching Portsmouth at 2.05 P.M.; record, 105 miles. Left Portsmouth at 2.22, arriving at Epping at 5.55, — making a total of 130 miles. The night was bright, but cold.

The participants felt no ill effect from their rides. Moses attended school the next day, and the Manchesters were at their work as usual. The Manchester Club gave a complimentary supper and a silver medal to their "record-breaker," Mr. Pearsons.

THE VETERAN PITMAN LEADS THE YOUNG IXIONS.

The Ixions started at 12 midnight, November 17, to attempt and gain the record for the longest club-run for any club in the State, within twenty-four hours. For this purpose they had gone to Red Bank, N.J. having been informed that suitable roads there existed for their purpose. The contrary fact was not learned until the accidents of the first part of the run thoroughly established it that the roads, being a combination of frozen ruts and sand-holes, could not have been much worse, and any record made thereon would be fully earned by hard work.

Six men started at 12 o'clock exactly,

the time and word being given by Dr. Marsden, the local consul.

It was understood that only four of the starters, Pitman, Pearson, Everett, and DaCamara, were to endeavor to make any extended run; the balance simply started to keep them company as far as possible. Dr. Edwin Field, of Red Bank, acted as guide, and Jack Keene coached and looked after the contestants, in which he was ably aided by "Doodle" Robinson. The route taken was from Red Bank to Sea Bright, a distance of $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles each way. On the first round on this route Everett was thrown, and, breaking his handle-bar, was out of the race; while DaCamara, having only bent his in the same fall, waited until his return to starting-point to straighten it, and, in doing so, snapped it off, leaving him to follow Everett into retirement.

There now remained only Pitman and Pearson, and it soon became evident that Pitman was going to astonish his friends in this run, and have the laugh on the youngsters, who proposed to do up the "old vet." The first 13 miles, to Sea Bright and return, was made in 1.17. The next round found Saffer out from a header, and Pitman and Pearson passing starting-point at 2.50 $\frac{1}{4}$ together. Pearson here dismounted, and Pitman continued without a stop, reaching Red Bank again at 4.20, and dismounted for a rub and rest till 5.04 $\frac{1}{4}$, when he mounted for beyond Elberon, 15 miles from start; from there to Sea Bright to West End, 6 miles, to start at Red Bank, 13 miles, arriving at 7.55.

Rest was then taken until 9.35, and the run to Keyport and return — 12 miles each way — made by 11.58 $\frac{1}{2}$. Dinner and rest till 1.16 $\frac{1}{2}$, and start again for West End, 13 miles; to Sea Bright, 6; back West End, 6; West End to start, 13 miles, by 5.32 $\frac{1}{2}$. Supper and rest till 6.32 $\frac{1}{2}$, found darkness awaiting him, and the poorness of the roads not warranting his riding them, he did 2 miles' stretch upon Front street until 8, when he stopped, by Keene's advice. He had then ridden 10 miles, making a total of 153 miles. Pearson stopped after having ridden 101 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles at 8.15 p.m. The roads were so bad that he did not ride during the afternoon, but started out again at 6.41, and covered 16 miles by moonlight.

Mr. Pitman finished in good order, and had 4 hours left in which to make 40 odd more miles had the roads been in decent order. Several miles that he rode up and down Front st., Red Bank, are not credited to him. Had the roads been in their usual

good condition his friends claim he would have made the champion run.

COREY RIDES 190 $\frac{9}{10}$ MILES IN 24 HOURS.

A long account of this run was published in the December WHEELMAN, page 233. The run was called by Capt. A. D. Claffin, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, and resulted in H. D. Corey making a record of 190 $\frac{9}{10}$ miles; A. D. Claffin, 108 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; J. J. Gilligan, 104 miles, — all of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, — and Capt. B. T. Harrington, of the Hawthorne Club, Salem, 119 miles.

Mr. Corey finished in good condition, and suffered from no undue physical exertion. Returning to Cambridge, he was looked after by *The World* representative, where, by the thoughtfulness of that gentleman, a substantial supper was partaken of, and after a bath and a rub-down he was put to bed, comparatively little the worse his trip.

He made $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the last half hour. The riders were informed at Salem that the Lawrence Bicycle Club, which had started the day previous with the intention of lowering the 24-hour record, had given up, after riding 104 miles. Thinking this was true, they did not hurry themselves after leaving Salem, as they knew that they could easily beat Mr. Midgley's record of 179 miles in 1882. Had they been informed that the Lawrence Club had made 200 miles, Mr. Corey feels confident that he could have beaten even that, as he did not hurry himself at any time after leaving Salem.

Mr. Gilligan, after being left by Mr. Corey, rode to Boston, covering 104 miles in 13h. and 35m. He had only been riding the bicycle for the past few months. He finished in good condition, and was at his desk the next morning at 7.30.

Mr. Claffin rode 70 miles after his fall in the morning, but could go no further, owing to his legs getting too stiff; otherwise was perfectly fresh.

The light machines they rode, weighing only 32 pounds, stood the test well, and nothing occurred as far as they were concerned that served to mar the success of the ride.

THE LAWRENCE CLUB CHAMPION DOUBLE CENTURY.

Capt. Webb, of the Lawrence Club, called a 24-hour club run, the start to be

from Malden, between 5 and 6 o'clock P.M., October 16, with the expressed purpose of covering 200 miles within the 24 hours.

Three men, Capt. T. S. Webb and Messrs. John Tacy and John F. Finn, accompanied by Mr. Natt. M. Cogswell (one of the three who made the 169 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles last year), started from the Boston and Maine Depot, at Malden, at 5.16 o'clock P.M., October 16, and wheeled to South Natick *via* Medford, Somerville, Cambridge, Watertown, the Newtons, Grantville, and Wellesley, arriving there at 7.15, where Mr. Cogswell remained to have a lunch ready for them upon their return. Starting from here at 7.20, they returned to West Newton, over the same road they had come, arriving there at 8 o'clock. Feeling hungry, they procured a light lunch, having to hunt up a boarding-house for that purpose, which delayed them half an hour. Starting again at 8.30, they proceeded to Malden. While going through Cambridge, upon the way to South Natick, they struck a bad piece of road on Brattle street, which was being repaired, and here Webb received a fall. Upon their return a police-officer directed them where he said the "roads were better." Not being familiar with the streets, they got lost and wandered about 20 to 25 minutes before getting upon the right road. The way out was from North avenue, right to Waterhouse street, right to Garden, left to Concord avenue, left to Craigie street, to Brattle street. The return route was as follows: Opposite entrance to Mount Auburn Cemetery take the *right* fork, Mount Auburn street to Brattle square, and Harvard square to North avenue. This route, although a trifle longer than the first, contained better roads, and was taken upon every other trip in this direction during the run.

They started from Malden at 10 o'clock, and returned to South Natick over the route heretofore described, arriving at 11.47 P.M.

After partaking of a lunch, at Bailey's Hotel, they started from here at 12.05 A.M., October 17, and wheeled to Salem, *via* the same route to Malden, and then *via* East Saugus, Lynn, and Swampscott, arriving at the Essex House, in Salem, at 4.30 A.M.

Between Malden and Lynn Finn received a bad fall, which so shook him up that he continued no further than Salem, his record being 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. At the Essex House they were *compelled to wait 2 hours and 25 minutes* before getting breakfast, and did not start from here until 6.55 A.M., when they proceeded to Rowley *via* Beverly, Wenham, Hamilton, and Ipswich, reaching Rowley at 8.15 o'clock; then to Ipswich, and back to Rowley at 9 o'clock, then *via* Ipswich, etc., to Salem Common, arriving at 10.20, then back to Ipswich, arriving at 11.18, and returning over the same route to the Essex House, Salem, arriving at 12.28 P.M. Here was where the best time was made during the run. The warmth of that beautiful autumn day, making itself felt after the cold all-night ride, added new life to the wheelmen, and, although they had ridden over 92 miles within the last 13 hours, they whirled along at the rate of more than 12 miles an hour, for more than 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

After taking 52 minutes for dinner, they left the Essex House at 1.20, and proceeded over the same route heretofore described, *via* Swampscott, Lynn, Malden, etc., to West Newton, arriving at 3.45 P.M., and returned to Malden, arriving at the Boston and Maine Depot at 5 o'clock, having 16 minutes to spare.

The men finished in good condition, and on November 1, accompanied by Prescott Currier, of their club, they carefully measured the route traversed by them on their long run, and verified the figures given.

Part II. will contain a history of notable excursions by American wheelmen in this and foreign countries.

C. A. Hazlett.

SAILING ON SKATES.

ICE-SAILING on skates, though little practised, affords a great amount of sport. The most convenient rig is the St. Vincent, — a large triangular sail, made of light cotton, on a jointed spar of nine or

ten feet, with a spreader of say five feet. There is a Norwegian rig with a greater spread of sail, but it requires to be strapped to the shoulders, which adds to the risk in case of breaking through, while

with the St. Vincent, the yard is held firmly with both hands, and the spreader, passing under the armpit, is pressed against the side, and the sail may be shifted to port or starboard as occasion requires. My first run with one of these sails was made January 4, 1884. Wind west, and course north. The distance, thirty miles. Leaving Hartford at 2.15 P.M., the first eight miles was made in twenty-five minutes. Arriving at Windsor I left the Connecticut river and entered the Farmington river, and stopping at a point about five hundred yards up stream, — dear to most of our river canoeists, owing to its pretty location and the many pleasant camps held there. After resting here some twenty minutes I again prepared for my voyage. To my surprise, while making my preparations, some natives skated by without noticing my sail, which was lying in plain sight on the bank, and I now thought it my turn to surprise them. Quickly taking up the sail, and starting for a small creek leading back into the main stream, I gained some yards before their attention was attracted to the strange rig. With a cry of surprise five of the party started in hot pursuit; but too late, the strange skater, backed by a stiff breeze, dropped the pursuers astern, and, soon satisfied that this method of skating had its advantages, they gave up the chase. The next eight miles was not all smooth sailing. First I encountered a break in the ice,

which, apparently, extended completely across the river. This involved taking off my skates, and walking around on the bank. Again taking to the ice I had a fine run to Windsor Locks. Here I was forced to leave the river and take to the canal, which I found frozen over, and good skating for two miles, and then came an unexpected trial, — open water in the canal, and open water in the river, with three miles to walk on a snow-covered towpath, with a possibility of finding the river open at the upper locks. Removing my skates, and furling my sail, I stopped for a minute to rest, and then started at a brisk walk; but, owing to the snow and ice, one hour of my precious time was consumed in the walk. On reaching the Lock I found to my great joy that the river was frozen as far as eye could reach. It was now after sunset, and good ice was good news for me, for with the darkness came increasing risk. Still the wind held good, and the ice the finest I had yet dealt with, and, gliding rapidly over it, I soon brought the lights of Springfield into view. Next out of the darkness loomed one of Springfield's handsome bridges, and in a few minutes more I was at my journey's end. Entering the office of my old friend, Commodore Nickerson, I inquired the time. 5.15: just three hours, thirty miles, all stops and troubles included, and not a bad record for a first attempt, after all.

L. Z. Jones.

WITHIN THE GATE.

A YACHTING SKETCH.

THE 4 o'clock salute was fired from the commodore's yacht, and in an instant every sailor was at his post; at the second salute the yachts quivered restlessly as the white sails swung slowly round; and before the third report had died away the friendly wind had filled the loose sails, and with a dip and a lurch the yachts, like great winged birds, glided from their moorings, and we were off.

Yachting on San Francisco Bay!

What could one want more? with congenial company and surroundings so luxurious that lack of space seemed only cosiness.

We were on board the "Startled Fawn," — a fast little yawl-rigged yacht,

— and soon we had the infinite satisfaction of finding ourselves keeping pace with the larger yachts of the fleet, while the smaller yachts were left in the rear.

The fresh wind whistled past our ears, the sunlit waves curled and broke, and the salt spray dashed in our faces as we sped on, while our spirits rose as San Francisco, with its many terraces of stately buildings, grew fainter and fainter with increasing distance, until its outlines were so softened that we could almost imagine it to be the mystical Temple of Fame rearing to the clouds its thousand alluring shapes; but, acting the part of old age, we, too, turn our faces away,

choosing, instead, to look toward Golden Gate, — the symbol of eternity.

The only person aboard whose happiness is not unalloyed is the Chinese cook, who is gaining his first experience in the pleasures and pains of yachting. He is sitting in the lee of the cabin with his hands tightly clasped over his stomach, and in abject misery makes the same mournful, monotonous reply to all sympathetic questioners as he rocks slowly back and forth: "Me feel awful sick; me wish me was on land."

"Never mind, Sam," the captain says, by way of encouragement, "you will feel worse before you are better;" but, strange to say, Sam fails to find any comfort in the remark.

The sky is cloudless, save for a few fleecy banks that are gathering in the west, waiting to attend with pomp and glory the setting of the sun, which, as if conscious of waning power, beats pitilessly down; but the fervent rays are quenched in the cool waves that mockingly glint back the sunlight.

The captain looks anxiously at his watch. Our destination is Marc Island, and we must be there before sunset. The rest of us give ourselves up to the pleasures of the moment, and all indulge in the most delicious lounging. One lady, from sheer force of habit, produces some fancy-work, but we all cry, *shame*, and she is promptly suppressed. Another of the party is found to be reading, but on threats of throwing the book overboard, that too is given up.

As the Bay grows wider the yachts gradually diverge, our neighbors' faces grow indistinct, the noise and tumult of starting die away, and stillness creeps over us. Dreamily we listen to the soft ripple of the dividing waters, as they fall back wishing us God-speed. We watch the clouds and the sunshine, and the sea-gulls, lazily soaring overhead; and one venturesome yacht dipping behind a little island, and, with a friendly puff of wind, gleefully darting ahead of her rivals. We try to imagine the Bay without its holiday look, — the smiles and sunshine all gone, and in their place a lowering, angry sky, with hissing waves, rearing their white caps in re-

bellion against the shrieking wind that tosses and dashes them whithersoever it will. On such a day our dainty pleasure-boats would be crushed like butterflies in a summer tornado, and many a stauncher craft would carry strong men with anxious eyes and compressed lips.

From one of the foremost yachts the melody of a popular boating-song comes stealing to our ears; the other yachts catch it up, until all about us the air is filled with music, and we dream on, until the captain's voice breaks in on our reverie. He points to Marc Island, now quite near us, and the yachts, by common impulse, turn their course toward one point.

We are nearing the island, and the captain is heard encouraging poor Sam to begin his preparations for dinner, — an idea not unwelcome to any of us.

We glide past stately men-of-war, and, drawing in to the island, we drop anchor, and rest on our journey; and as the other yachts come up, one by one, we watch the crews taking in the sails and making ready for the night. Some restless spirits quickly get out the small-boats, and, with their fair passengers, go over to the island to see friends, no doubt; for Marc Island is the great naval station of the western coast, — there are the sailors' barracks, and there live the resident officers with their families. The four men-of-war in the harbor seem almost deserted. A boat is coming from the island manned by six sailors, and their oars move in perfect unison, while in the bow sits an officer with folded arms, apparently as oblivious of his men as if they were mere machines.

The sun is just sinking, and as, surrounded by attendant clouds, he dips below the horizon, the evening salute is fired, the flags run down, and the ships' bands play "God save the Queen," the "Marseillaise," and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The yachts listlessly drop their white wings in sorrow for the departed sun, the sparkle fades from the cold gray waves, while the stern men-of-war and the frail pleasure crafts are alike safe moored in the harbor; and beyond the Golden Gate rolls the boundless space of restless waters.

Katherine H. Van de Carr.

EDITOR'S OPEN WINDOW.

Looking Out.

It is the privilege of the editor sometimes to join in the diversions of his fellow-men, and sometimes to retreat to his elevated sanctum window, — if at that toilsome altitude and in that toilsome thought-smith-shop there be an available window, — and watch the procession. And, as every privilege has its corresponding obligation, especially with the editor, he is bound to give, from time to time, his friendly readers the benefit of his prospect. We have such a window. It is located, as some of our friends know and all will be welcome to find by visitation, in forty-two degrees, twenty-one minutes, and about twenty-four seconds, north latitude, and five degrees, fifty-six minutes, and some thirty seconds, longitude east from Washington. Observe that we are genuinely American in everything. Our zone is temperate, but the breezes from it blow cool and fresh to the torrid, and warm and animating to the frigid, zones; and, like that older star in the East, our gaze is westward more than eastward.

The patter of snow and rain and the whisper of leaf and twig reach us more than the tramp of busy feet; and looking out over the thousand-lighted Common and Public Garden, our gaze extends even beyond the sunny South, and awaking Mexico, the far prairies, and the wild realms of the North, we — and this is no royal We, “Nay, master, we are seven” — we see road and track, crease and range, court and lawn, harbor, and stream, and forest; and we scan also tendencies and currents of opinion, the play of events, and the toil of cause and effect. In all genial delights and generous emulations of the recreations we are looking at you and recounting your deeds.

As the lens, with its wide angle taking in a broad field and condensing it upon a small plate, makes seemingly but inadequate report in the photograph, yet gives the careful looker a full view; so our open window will let into this magazine a miniature view of all, which may be read by each of those who watch its pages with friendly eyes.

Hardihood.

THE bold, dauntless, enterprising, hardy races not only survive, but increase and acquire by conquest. Physical, mental, and moral character in the individual are most commended and most

effective for hardihood. Of all our inheritances and acquisitions there remain these three, — wealth, knowledge, and hardihood; but the greatest of these is hardihood. That is the gist of all our teaching in school, and church, and literature; and, spite of all mercies and philanthropies, the weak go down and the hardy possess the world.

Those who plan and carry out enterprises, who compete in contests, who go to sea in ships, who hunt in the great wilds, who battle with the elements, most preserve and develop physical and mental hardiness. Pluck, resolution, perseverance, dauntlessness, are the best basis for moral hardihood; for, with these, and worthy purposes to incite, good morals are ensured, except so far as the latter rest on religious sanction or the artificialities of fashion.

The positive amateur out-door recreations tend to develop hardihood. That there is a serious side to the defence of them is immediately suggested by the foregoing considerations. The man is better and hardier for being a good yachtsman or canoeist. He who has a quiet in-door or routine life acquires hardihood from good wheelmanship. The youth and the maiden who compete in tennis, in rowing, or in skating, gain courage, decision, strength of character, along with their diversion. And even the element of danger, in some pastimes, is a strong point in their favor; for peril and hardship tend to make good and brave men and women.

It may be said that such considerations serve only as a sort of justification or apology for the pastimes, since these are pursued for their pleasures rather than for their benefits, by most. But there are those, young and old, who need also the incentive of duty to draw them into sympathy and coöperation with those who favor these worthy ministers of health and hardihood.

Sociables.

PERSISTENT use and the lack of any other word to meet the exigencies of expression are giving us, will we, nill we, a new substantive, or rather, perhaps, a new and totally distinct meaning for an old one, in “sociable,” as applied to a form of tricycle. We shall have to drop the quotation-marks and capital letter and accept it as a common noun. We shall also have to accept the thing; for it is already in quite considerable use, and not only gentlemen, but the ladies are declaring in its favor. In that vivacious book,

“John Bull and his Island,” the author has referred to its use so charmingly that we may expect a rapid impulse of sentiment in its favor. He says, “Some young couples make their honey-moon trip on the double tricycle. They go through England from village to village, without creating the least excitement. . . . In this fashion they avoid the wedding-calls of the curious, and drink deep draughts of pure country air. These double tricycles bear the very appropriate name of *sociables*, and are admirably constructed for the honey-moon. I recommend you to try them.” Just think of it, — a dozen editions of that advice eagerly purchased by the susceptible public already! “The two seats,” he touchingly pursues, “are placed closely side by side, so that hearts may overflow, hand press hand, and lips meet lips. Arrived at the top of the hill, you stiffen your body, bend your knees, and fly like the wind to the bottom of the valley. The air through which you have sped gives you force to mount the next slope as easily as you climbed the last. This little pastime, to say nothing of woods by the way where you may rest, ramble, lose each other and find each other again, — all this, I say, has always appeared to me delightful.” The riders we have met haven’t told us that, but no doubt it is true, for Mr. O’Rell has a way of saying the things left unsaid by others. And then it is so easy to have not only two hearts, but two cranks, that beat as one, for he says, “It is within the reach of all purses.”

The Log.

THERE is a time when the average man grows weary of looking out upon a waste of roads, inches deep in slush; when wheeling is not, neither sleighing, and the air is muggy and depressing until the clouds themselves weep from sympathy; and the landscape fades from view behind a veil of mist. Then is the hour for a general inspection of such worldly goods as are our cherished friends in fairer weather. The road-book is ready, and the map. We have but to open the one and spread the other, and we are prepared to lay out our route for a whole season in advance, thus gaining all that can be acquired of that pleasure of anticipation which comprises so much of human happiness. If we were wise, we did not confine our memoranda to the state of the road-bed to the exclusion of the surrounding country, as we were not searching for gold that other men had lost. The wheelman should be one of the best informed of men in view of the advantages that lie within his

grasp, and the journal of his wandering should be an index of his education, since it should record impressions received when every faculty is alert. Then it becomes, in truth, of value to its owner, a fund of enjoyment that has no limit, a gem of the understanding that contains mishap and good²fortune, laughter and sadness, with now and then some wayside sketches, embalmed for all time, like flies in amber, and making it richer even through their imperfections. There is an exhilaration in speed which is apt to hide the advantage of a slower rate. There is an intoxication among its charms that clouds the intellect, and dims all but pleasure; yet it is living in oxygen, and should be used by the traveller wisely and sparingly, like any other stimulant, and not to the detriment of more lasting things. “A glorious spin” is a record that recalls many brief deliriums of happiness, and has its proper place in the wheelman’s log; yet it is not by far the most valuable entry in it, nor the one most satisfying in after-days.

So, too, with the canoeist. The flash of the paddle as we shot that rapid, the thrill that the brain sent along the electric nerves at sight of sudden rock or unknown fall are untransferable to paper, not from lack of impression as a whole, but because of the blurring of details. Then is not the time for sight-seeing, nor is there aught to think of but personal safety, which requires the swiftest obedience of muscle to thought of almost any sport. But when placidly drifting down the broad and open river, rounding each point as noiseless as a shadow, a watchful eye sees much of nature’s house-keeping, and a wise one remembers to record them. Then is the poetry of life, and no man can afford to be insensible to its influence. The soft whisper of the reed along the gunwale has articulate words to him. The quivering mists that turn the shores to indistinct gray masses in the twilight yield picture after picture in dissolving views, and through the rifts the glimpses seem the brighter. The thoughts that come then are not those of prosaic every-day, nor of the earth earthy. They are direct from dreamland; and when the storm sets in from the north-east, and the night rain beats wintrily against the panes; when there is a sougning among the branches of the pines, and the song of the surf comes hoarsely down the wind, — then the canoeist who has been faithful to himself may take down the log and live over “the days that are no more.” Then let it storm; let wind combine with rain, — their wrath serves but to deepen his enjoyment.

GLANCES AT OUR LETTER-FILE.

Note on Racing Records.

IN compiling the American Professional Records I overlooked a fatal error in the score-sheets sent me of the Chicago race of last October. Unless this error can be corrected, the records above 83 miles must be thrown out, and the times made in the New York race of January, 1883, will stand as the best on record. The Chicago race was carried out properly, and the records must be allowed, if the error can be explained. I am at work investigating the matter, but up to the time of going to press I have received no definite information.

Abbot Bassett.

The 1884 Meet of the A.C.A.

FROM a canoeing point of view the great event of the year is the annual meeting—camp and regatta—of the American Canoe Association, Time and place, with the collateral points they involve, are therefore matters of great interest to every canoeist.

The time of meeting does not admit of much fluctuation; it has always been the month of August. What particular part of the month it shall be is governed by the lunar phases, because the campers want moonlit evenings. For 1884 the date is fixed to be from the first to the fifteenth of August. This is a much longer time than was covered by the earlier meetings, 1880, 1881, and 1882. These had lasted only four or five days, and the regatta had been their chief feature. But, for 1883, Commodore Edwards suggested and helped to carry out the idea that the A.C.A. meet should have more of the feature of a "settling down" in camp, enabling members to see more of one another, and enjoy some quiet sylvan sport apart from the bustle and work of the regatta. To this end more time was necessary; and, accordingly, the 1883 meet lasted two weeks. The plan was a success, and is to be repeated in 1884.

Lake George, the birthplace of the A.C.A., in 1880, was the scene of its meeting for the first three years. The precise spot was the Canoe Islands, the property of Judge Longworth and Mr. Lucien Wulsin, who kindly placed them at the service of their brethren of the A.C.A. Lake George, however, proved a very inaccessible spot for the Western and Canadian canoeists. Many and bothersome were the portages from

railway to steamer, from steamer to railway, from railway car to express wagon, from wagon to boat; many were the lifts; many the bumps and jolts and scratches that the canoes had to endure.

Besides, beautiful as it is, Lake George is a very unsatisfactory place in which to hold a regatta; so that when Commodore Edwards invited the Association to "come to Canada" and hold their 1881 meet at Stony Lake, public feeling was ripe for the change. They went. One very practical result of the visit was that the membership of the A.C.A. was nearly doubled by the Canadian paddlers, who flocked to its ranks,—the most practical canoeists in the world; men who use their canoes for hunting and travelling amongst the network of lakes and streams, with which the northern part of the Province of Ontario abounds. No doubt a portion of this membership will not last beyond one year, being caused solely by the locality of the meet; but a large proportion of it was of a character which could be made permanent; and this was a new and important factor in considering the location of the 1884 meet.

Lake Memphremagog, Lake George, the Thousand Islands, and other places, were proposed. The prerequisites were, that the new camp site should be easy of access, and not too far from houses and population to have an accessible "base of supplies"; yet that it should be far enough away from hotels and summer travel to preserve the privacy and independence of the camp. Such a spot has been found. It is the southernmost point of Grindstone Island, on the river St. Lawrence, about half-way between Clayton, N.Y., and Gananoque, Ont., at the upper end of the Thousand Islands. It looks into a spacious bay, which is named after the wriggling staple of eel-pies, and contains what the A.C.A. meet has never yet been blessed with,—a fine shelving, sandy beach. The spot was located by a committee, consisting of Secretary Neide, of Schuylerville, and Mr. Wm. Whitlock, of New York, who have also arranged details about storage of ice, building of wharves, supply of provisions, laying out courses, sanitary arrangements, firewood, and so on.

This location for the 1884 camp has met with general approval. It combines more advantages than any previous site. Situated on a noble

water-way, members can cruise to it for hundreds of miles, if they choose, or they can reach it by a short paddle or sail from the railway stations at Clayton or Gananoque. It is central, and undoubtedly the most easily accessible spot yet chosen. It is sufficiently sheltered to prevent very rough seas getting up, yet open enough to give a free sweep for the wind, and to allow no hatching-place for continual squalls. Its proximity to Canada will attract and retain a large part of the Canadian membership, while it is equally convenient for the Americans.

Another novel feature of 1883, at Stony Lake, was the ladies' camp. The Peterboro' lasses and matrons, you know, are born "campers-out," and they don't need any A.C.A. to teach them anything about it. And they can paddle, too. For "poetry of motion" commend me to two Peterboro' girls, with single-bladed paddles, engineering an open canoe. Well, the ladies came along with their brothers, fathers, husbands, and sweethearts, and mustered in force under canvas in a nook of their own near the masculine camp. The gallant Knickerbocker Club, of New York, has so warm a remembrance of those jolly times that they recently passed a formal resolution petitioning the Executive Committee of the A.C.A. to set up a ladies' camp for 1884. The Executive Committee, however, thought that would be *ultra vires*; and they therefore contented themselves with assigning a spot whereon ladies might camp together, leaving the A.C.A. members individually interested in said ladies to make provision for their comfort and well-being; which the present writer approveth of.

There has been a good deal of discussion as to whether we should have a permanent camp, or one differently located each year. Each plan has its own advantages, which will readily suggest themselves to the reader. My own idea is that it need not be a practical question this year. If Grindstone Island proves to be the canoeists' paradise that it promises to be, let the advocates of a permanent camp confine their efforts to having the 1885 meet held there, without asking more. The A.C.A. has been thrice at Lake George, and might well be twice at the Thousand Islands. Then, in 1885, we shall be in an excellent position to fight out and settle the question of Shifting Camp *v.* Permanent Camp. Because Grindstone Island will have been thoroughly tested, and the members will all have

had a little instalment of Permanent Camp, and can see how they like it.

It is a heart-warming and delightful experience this of the A.C.A. meetings. A man has canoeing friends scattered widely over this continent, with whom his only intercourse is by correspondence, except at the annual meeting; and then, the close hand-gripe, the kindling eye, tell how glad the fellows are to see one another!

Boys, we meet at Grindstone Island.

Robert Tyson.

L.O.W. Meet. — 1884.

THE Cleveland Bicycle Club has a membership list that goes into the forties, and there are three times forty riders who belong to smaller clubs, or are unattached. The wheel has added to the number of its devotees in this city with each season, and a new impulse is to be given in August next, when the Ohio Division of the League of American Wheelmen holds its annual session here. The gathering out of which this organization grew was more social than ambitious, but has been followed by beneficial results. Some forty riders gathered at Columbus, in 1881, and agreed to meet again a year later, when the League of Ohio Wheelmen was formed, with one hundred and fifty members. Last year the organization became a part of the national body, and its name was changed to that given above.

The exact date of the gathering of August next has not yet been decided upon. The Cleveland Club has been charged with all the arrangements, and has gone to work with a patriotism and industry that cannot but produce results. A quarter-mile track is to be built, and the prizes offered will be the best ever given in the State. A variation from former programmes will be arranged, in that business and races combined will fill the first day, and a parade and races cover the second day. The Ohio Division has a membership of four hundred and sixty, and a large representation is expected. An enthusiastic spokesman of the Cleveland Club, in outlining the expectation of those upon whom much of the responsibility rests, declares that the meet "will be the best ever had west of Massachusetts," and then adds, as he lifts his wheel over a small boulder, "I shall be surprised if we do not wrest the laurels from old Massachusetts herself."

J. H. K.

HOME BRIGHTENING.

Interesting the Children.

PERHAPS the best method of brightening the home is to interest the children in the wonders and beauties of nature.

By a little watching and judicious guiding it is easy to have the thoughts and attention of one child devoted to plants and flowers; of another, to bugs and insects; while another collects rocks or stones, or learns about birds. In this way all are interested, and the home is decorated and beautified.

In one of the pleasantest of homes, where there is a large family of boys and girls, the house is full of pretty things gathered by the children in their tramps and rides. Beautiful fluffy white thistle-balls are festooned about the gas-fixtures; vases are filled with pretty grasses; golden-rod and clematis (picked just at the right time to preserve their beauty all winter), bitter-sweet berries, cat-tails, half-opened milk-weed pods, and exquisitely lovely balls which deft fingers formed by fastening the light and airy milk-weed down in some magical way, — are scattered over the house, covering unsightly cracks, and giving it a bright and cheery look on even the gloomiest winter day.

A curious fungus from the woods serves as a bracket in the dining-room; a photograph has a frame of delicate lichens, of such variety as to astonish one who has never closely observed them, arranged with an artist's eye.

A collection of sea-weed on the parlor table is the work of a fourteen-year-old boy; while a little cabinet of minerals is the pet and pride of his older sister.

One of the boys has a taste for mechanics, and out of our pretty native wood he has carved, sawed, and turned various ornaments for different parts of the house.

Every one has had a part in the adornment and arrangement of the rooms, and they all have a pride in their home, and a love for it beyond anything I have elsewhere seen.

From the time that the first sprigs of arbutus can be found under dead leaves in the spring till the last stalk of fringed gentian has been picked on the hill-side, there is never a day but that the dinner-table has a lovely centre-piece of wild-flowers. The children feel that the responsibility of making the home attractive rests upon their

shoulders, and, as all their efforts are appreciated, it is seldom that they feel it at all irksome.

Of course this has not been brought about without some effort on the part of the parents. It isn't natural for children to think of much outside of themselves and their own enjoyment; most children would not, unaided, make a study of any branch of Natural Science.

From early childhood these children were taught to notice everything they saw, to ask about all that they did not understand; and they were trained to work together, each helping the other, no one so absorbed as to be uninterested in what his brothers and sisters were doing.

Many fathers and mothers think it too much trouble to attempt to interest their children in such things, or even to encourage their natural taste or love for them.

I wish such parents could see this home which I describe, the beauty and taste of its arrangements, the intelligent and entertaining conversation of its members, the loving family circle, proud of each other and of their home, — and then contrast it with the many unattractive, un-homelike homes in which sons and daughters grow up without taste, intelligence, or love, and go out to make other homes still less attractive.

Let us remember that nothing really worth while can be accomplished without taking some trouble. Is it not better to take trouble in the beginning, rather than to have trouble all through life?

If, by a little thought and care when our children are young, we can direct their minds, so as to make them useful, unselfish, intelligent, and happy, is it not worth while?

Such children will always have resources, something to think about, something to talk about, something to do. If they are kept in-doors by a cold, time will not hang heavily. As they grow older, wherever they live they will find much to enjoy. In the country they cannot be lonely; in the city they will improve the opportunities of reading and hearing about their favorite subjects.

The more out-door life children can have the better it will be for them; the more their eyes and ears are opened to see and hear of Nature's wonders the broader will be their culture, the nobler and finer will be their characters.

In order to have home truly bright its members must each take thought for each other, and must all be interested in something worthy, something outside of themselves. Children will enjoy their home just in proportion as they feel that it belongs to them, — that it would be incomplete without them.

Janet Clark.

A Winter Evening.

“At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper.”

ONE of the pleasantest ways known to archers of passing a winter eve is in the preparation of weapons for summer use. True, they are not equal in finish to Highfield's best; yet the very fact that they were self-made is a source of satisfaction, and — aside from match or tournament — the work done with them afield depends vastly upon the user, to say nothing of the equanimity with which we greet the occasional loss or breakage of an arrow.

Around the kitchen fire, with knife, glue-pot, a sheaf of old deal wands, a box of arrow-heads, a piece of glass, and the wing of that blue heron, which we sent whirling downward among the rushes by a wondrously long shot overhead, and our workshop is complete, although a file and a hand-vise are useful to a degree. The floor be-

comes littered; but the children are interested, and become animated interrogation-points in their unquenchable thirst after knowledge. The heron-wing points a lesson in natural history; the manufacture offers another in the practical use of various tools, and the kitchen becomes a kindergarten; while the home feeling, the knowledge that parent and children have a common interest in the work in hand, is a source of happiness that can hardly be overestimated, and leaves its mark on the after years. Nothing so “knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,” and binds a family together, as the ability to meet in this way in some one occupation, it matters not what, which shall yet be other than the every-day tasks of life; and there is no rein that can so easily guide a child, until self-guidance is established, as that which is imperceptibly rove through the harness of a play. It gives the mother time to sew on those buttons; to read a chapter of that interesting novel, for relaxation; of Emerson for improvement, — if, indeed, you are not already conscious that she is superior to philosophy of the wisest of men, — and when it is bedtime for the innocents, “Where *has* the evening gone to?” Ask the family cat, dozing with half-closed eyes in the snugest corner by the glowing range; ask it of the spirit of happy content warming your own heart; and, if you still need enlightenment, ask your wife.

John Preston True.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

With Gun and Rod.

AMONG all the books on field-sports there is none more attractive than the new volume on “Sport with Gun and Rod,”¹ which has recently been edited by Mr. Alfred M. Mayer. The contents, it is true, are not new. Many of the essays appeared in *The Century*, with the same illustrations; the two by Mr. Warner came out in *The Atlantic*, and the one by the Earl of Dunraven in *The Nineteenth Century*, and some others were published elsewhere. They are too good to be left in such seclusion, however; and it has become so common for essays to appear first in the periodicals that one gets to expect it of anything brilliant; and, unless one's memory

¹ Sport with Gun and Rod in American Woods and Waters. Edited by Alfred M. Mayer. New York: The Century Co.

for details is very oppressive, the recollections of the former view serve only, like early glimpses of a supper table, to give one an appetite for the dainties when the doors are formally thrown open and the guests pour in to share the ordered meal. The ornaments of the table Mr. Mayer sets out for us are charming specimens of that most modern and fascinating of the arts, — American wood-engraving.

There are about a dozen Japan proofs, — two of them scenes engraved by Mr. Kingsley direct from nature, and a long list of others engraved from designs by Beard, Miss Foote, Miss Gifford, Miss Bridges, and others, — all of which are good, and some of them delicious.

The scope of the work takes in much more than mere entertainment. Mr. Mayer begins by describing the prehistoric hunter, with his feeble

weapons of stone, pitting his puny strength against the gigantic monsters who preceded the glaciers.

The description is interesting, and illustrated with cuts of antiquities from the author's collection; but it would have been better if it had discriminated between the hunter of the river drift, who lived in tropical surrounding, among tropical animals, and the Esquimaux race of cave-dwellers, who came down from the north when the change of climate covered Europe and North America with ice; fur-clad fishermen, whose foes were the cold and desolation of those terrible winters. He might, too, have distinguished more clearly between the simple Iberian hunter, who came in as the ice retreated, and the more powerful blonde Aryan, who followed him with his bronze weapons, domesticated animals, and cultivated grain.

The hunter of those days fought at terrible odds. His feeble bow could not have helped him much, and he must have been driven to hand-to-hand conflicts with his clumsy spear, and stone hatchet and knife, with brutes far more terrible than those that our modern Nimrods dispose of so easily with their death-dealing rifles.

Then follow papers on hunting the bear, the fox, the buffalo, the moose, the caribou, and other deer, the wild sheep, and the musk-ox; essays on trout, bass, and salmon fishing; and on feathered game, the grouse, the woodcock, the canvas back, the rail, etc., — all full of bright stories of adventure, mixed with careful observation of the animals described, and historical sketches of the fish-hook and shot-gun, and lesser weapons; and instruction in bird-stuffing, and the like. Among the most interesting papers are Mr. Charles Ward's descriptions of bear-hunting, moose-hunting, and caribou-hunting, with his own adventures told in a breezy way that is full of the breath of the woods. The descriptions of southern hunting by Wallace and Gordon are equally good; and Charles Dudley Warner never did anything better than his descriptions of how he killed the bear, and fought with the trout. The humor is truly delicious. His thoughts while the bear was chasing him are irresistible; and so is his burlesque trout story.

He describes the cast of the fly, and the swirl of the line as the fish "made off like a shot, and took out the whole of the line with a rapidity that made it smoke. 'Give him the butt,' shouted Luke. It is the usual remark in such an emergency. I gave him the butt, and, recognizing the fact and my spirit, the trout at once

sank to the bottom and sulked. It is the most dangerous mood of a trout, for you cannot tell what he will do next. We reeled up a little and waited five minutes for him to reflect. A tightening of the line enraged him, and he soon developed his tactics. Coming to the surface he made straight for the boat faster than I could reel in, and evidently with hostile intentions. . . Luke, who was used to these encounters, having read of them in the writings of travellers he had accompanied, raised his paddle in self-defence. The trout left the water about ten feet from the boat, and came at me with fiery eyes, his speckled sides flashing like a meteor. . . and away he went with all the line on the reel. More butt. More indignation on the part of the captive. The contest had now been going on for half an hour, and I was getting exhausted. We had been back and forth across the lake, and round and round the lake. What I feared was that the trout would start up the inlet and wreck us in the bushes. But he had a new fancy, and began the execution of a manoeuvre that I had never read of. Instead of coming straight towards me he took a large circle, swimming rapidly and gradually contracting his orbit.

"I reeled in and kept my eye on him. Round and round he went, narrowing his circle. I began to suspect the game, which was to twist my head off. When he had reduced the radius of his circle to about twenty-five feet, he struck a tremendous pace through the water. It would be false modesty in a sportsman to say that I was not equal to the occasion. Instead of turning round with him, as he expected, I stepped to the bows, braced myself, and let the boat swing. Round went the fish and round we went like a top. I saw a line of Mount Marcy all round the horizon; the rosy tint in the west made a broad band of pink along the sky above the tree-tops. The evening star was a perfect circle of light, a hoop of gold in the heavens. . . When I came to myself Luke was gaffing the trout at the boat-side. After we got him in and dressed him he weighed three-quarters of a pound. Fish always lose by being got in and dressed. It is best to weigh them while they are in the water."

The Sportsman's Gazetteer.¹

A VALUABLE reference book of some nine hundred and twenty-five pages, with four maps,

¹ The Sportsman's Gazetteer and General Guide. By Charles Hallock. Fully illustrated, revised, enlarged, and brought down to date by the author. New York: Orange Judd Co.

many illustrations, index, glossary, bibliographical list, and directory of game and fish resorts, is this recently-revised work of Mr. Hallock's. Indeed, for the American hunter or fisherman it is quite an encyclopædia; and the canoeing, yachting, or camping tourist, the dog-fancier, and the taxidermist, and even the general reader will find in it much practical information, well arranged and interestingly written. Although condensation is apparent everywhere, and facts are crowded upon facts, there is not a dull page here. Amongst the many practical sporting books and manuals which have given these publishers a reputation, this is one of the best.

By the way, if any reader be desirous of more information as to the noble mascalonge, on account of President Bates' story, begun in this number of *OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN*, he will find a few very interesting pages in the book under notice.

Habberton's Washington.¹

IN the series of humorous "lives of American worthies" George Washington has now to take his turn at the hands of John Habberton. He says that our first President has been long enough a statue hidden in Fourth of July smoke, a sort of tea-shop chromo, highly colored and stiff, — and he tries to make a real man of him by telling his story in the way in which men familiarly talk of him.

There is no doubt a tendency sometimes among our authors to petrify our history by giving it a Sunday-school air of goodness. When Sparks altered Washington's letters by leaving out the bad grammar and the naughty words, he did no worse than many another. What Carlyle called "mealy-mouthed biography" is still popular here. It is not entertaining, but we feel safe with it because it is so proper. The little personal details that go so far to make up our idea of a man we enjoy in the newspapers, but seldom find in the lives. We are not so outspoken as the French and English, and that makes our history duller reading. Some of this is going by, however, with the advent of a more genuine culture, and with the lapse of time that gives our past a truer perspective. One of the signs of this is this series of half-humorous lives. The authors do not use their opportunities to exaggerate or mock at the defects of their heroes as a foreigner would have been very likely to do. They simply tell the story in that light and jocular

style in which we often talk, as Mr. Habberton says. One does not expect any very profound historical insight, or previously unknown facts, from the authors of "Helen's Babies," and "My Summer in a Garden," or the funny men of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, and the New York *Times*. But, after all, most people will get a more vivid picture of the times from these books than from the solemn productions of professional students.

"HISTORY OF PRUSSIA to the Accession of Frederic the Great, 1134-1740." By Herbert Tuttle, Professor in Cornell University. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) This fresh and well-executed work is a genuine acquisition to any historical library. It offers, in a readable volume, a continuous account of the State of Prussia and its component parts for more than four hundred years previous to the reign of Frederic the Great; and the reader will agree with the author in rejecting the idea that that reign is "the ultimate field of necessary research"; and, in accepting his conclusions, that "the childhood of Prussia preceded its manhood," and that "even the state of Frederic himself cannot be fully understood without at least an introductory sketch of the elements and processes out of which it grew." The author modestly announces the purpose of his book to be to furnish such an introduction; but it is something more than a sketch.

Professor Tuttle adopts the acquisition of the "Mark of Brandenburg," by Albert the Bear, in A.D. 1134, as the historical beginning of this State; but his account of early Germanic society runs considerably farther back than that. And from that point onward the development of the people of Brandenburg and Prussia, and of their political constitutions, is narrated with perspicuity, a due regard to historical perspective, and great discrimination. The book should become a popular one among the minor histories.

"MERCEDES, AND LATER LYRICS." By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) The grace and delicacy of Mr. Aldrich's poetry are as remarkable as its terse transparency of diction. A blush or a grave, love or estrangement, tragedy or comedy, — whatever he touches in these lyrics flashes with beauty and truth, like "the diamond at my lady's ear." "Mercedes" is an intensely dramatic prose sketch, and, in forty-five small pages, contains more and better-wrought tragedy than we have met elsewhere in current literature in five years.

¹George Washington. By John Habberton. Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. pp. 345.

"POEMS FOR CHILDREN." By Celia Thaxter, (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) In this dainty book are fifty-eight lyric poems and a bit of elegant prose,—a sandpiper story. They are of birds and pets; they have much variety, from the lullaby to the didactic; and they are full of that quality of sympathy with childhood methods of thought, and a purity and fanciful play of sentiment, which make them charming for the nursery or for the evening hour in the library. The numerous happy illustrations, as well as the letter-press, are in sepia tint, and quite unique.

"THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS," by John G. Whittier (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.), is finely dedicated to the appreciative critic and friend, E. P. Whipple. The peculiar characteristics of rugged melody, quaint expression, and homely sentiment, which have endeared this poet's writings to so many, seem intensified in this latest volume; and it will be affectionately welcomed.

"ONE OR TWO?" By Two Sisters. (St. Louis: Merriweather Bros.) This is an attractively printed volume of two hundred and thirty pages of verse, written by two sisters, one of whom still lives, and has gathered their scattered metrical contributions to the press into a goodly memorial and dedicated it to the children of both. The authors have written with much poetic feeling and grace; sometimes with rather fluent versification, and yet in passages with genuine "inspiration," but everywhere with high purpose and wholesome sentiment. The book is more charming than many volumes from more famous pens.

"WHIST RHYMES." Mr. Robert E. Day, of the New Haven *Daily Palladium*, has published under this title in a very tasteful and convenient form for the pocket, a statement of the leading principles, leads, returns, and other "correct play," of the modern game of short whist, in mnemonic rhyme. It will, perhaps, aid in the extinction of the antiquated pest of the table, whose system of play is comprised in "second-hand low and third-hand high."

THE LIFE OF LUTHER, by Von Köstlin (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), which was called forth by the four hundredth anniversary of the great reformer's birth, was the first adequate biography of him that had been written; the first to show him to us not only in his great struggle with kings and princes, but at home as he appeared to those who knew him best. The ap-

pearance of this work has called forth a number of brilliant essays on both sides of the water, and amongst them one of the best is that which Froude wrote for the *Contemporary*, and Scribner has just reprinted in an inexpensive form. It should be read in connection with the remarkable Essay on Protestantism which did so much years ago to establish Froude's fame.

THE great historical romance of Sweden, Topelius' "Surgeon's Stories," which Jansen, McClurg, & Co. are republishing, has now reached the third cycle, the period of Charles Twelfth; and the three remaining volumes are announced for speedy appearance. One needs to feel something of the Swedish national enthusiasm to kindle with these famous stories as the Swedes did, and without that they are rather tiresome reading.

"A BACHELOR'S TALKS about Married Life and Things Adjacent," by William Aikman, D.D. (New York: Fowler & Wells), is one of those good and wholesome books in which everything is written in a moral vein, and yet escapes being dull. The author talks quite knowingly, yet delicately, with his readers, lets them into some confidences, and makes them quite acquainted with some of his friends and relatives.

"VELOCIPEDESTEN-JAHRBUCH, 1884." By T. H. S. Walker. (Redaction des *Velociped*, 18 Krausen-strasse, Berlin, W.) This is an excellent combination of diary, log-book, and manual of useful information for all interested in bicycling and tricycling in Germany. The book is also instructive to wheelmen of other countries, and even entertaining, too, for it includes a story, a poem, and a humorous sketch, in addition to a *résumé* of 'cycling in 1883, a list of clubs in Germany, Austrian-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Norway, Switzerland, and other European countries, with some account of national organizations, some routes, a list of wheel publications in German, and a vocabulary of velocipede terms, and a map of Germany. It is also a tasteful and carefully-prepared book, and does credit to the accomplished editor of *Das Velociped*, which is also one of the most excellent of 'cycling publications.

VALENTINE CARDS, like those for Christmas and New Year's, have been raised to works of art and ministers of social good-will by the art publishers. Amongst the latter none have shown more enterprise and discriminative good taste than Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of Boston.

Their designs for this season have been obtained from such artists as F. S. Church, Miss L. B. Humphrey, H. Giacomelli, Mrs. Whitney, Harry Beard, and others, and the sentiments expressed in words with them are very pure and felicitous. Some of the more elegant and less pronouncedly valentine ones will make appropriate birthday gifts, and all are dainty decorations for the household.

TWO ATTRACTIVE JUVENILES. — Tried by the test of juvenile appreciation, the "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill"¹ and "Who Told It to Me,"² will rank among the best books for children which have been published this season. Both

¹Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

²Who Told It to Me. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

are lively in action, pure in sentiment, and salutary in their teaching. The latter is peculiarly noticeable for its freedom from the slang that pervades so much of modern juvenile literature.

Books Received.

JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND. By Max O'Rell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE NAZARENE. A Poem. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A BRIEF HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH AUTHORS. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LIFE OF ZWINGLI. By Jean Grob. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

CUMNOCK'S SCHOOL SPEAKER. Compiled by Robert McLean Cumnock. Jansen, McClurg & Co. 12mo, pp. 303; price, \$1.00.

ERRING, YET NOBLE. By Isaac Reed, Jr. T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo, pp. 464.

OUR MONTHLY RECORD.

Amateur Photography.

THE latest thing in photography, at Boston, has been an exhibition of very quick dry-plates and their manipulation, by Mr. David Cooper, at the rooms of Mr. C. F. Conly, attended by a considerable number of professional and a few amateur photographers by invitation. Plates which had been exposed during the day were developed by a new method, which gave excellent results. Local amateurs may gain more details from Mr. Conly, but we give here a formula for the developer used, as follows:—

Solution No. 1.

Powers and Wightman's Sulphite of Soda, 4 oz.
 Pyrogallic Acid 1 oz.
 Distilled Water 1 qt.

Solution No. 2.

Sal Soda 4 oz.
 Water 1 qt.

Use for developing plates of average or unknown exposure, one part of Solution No. 1, one part of Solution No. 2, and one part of water. These proportions can be varied, as any experienced amateur will understand. If a bromide solution be needed for controlling, use a few drops of saturated solution of bromide of potassium (not ammonia). These solutions are both permanent, and the combined solution may be used over and over on several plates. The formula for Solution No. 1 should be exactly followed as

to the character of the ingredients, to insure success and guard against oxidizing of the pyro.

There appeared at the exhibition to be no gain in speed in developing, but a great gain in delicacy. Plates that were exposed too short a time to give a clear picture under the old treatment come out perfectly sharp and distinct when treated in this way. It is to be remembered, however, that within certain limits a gain in speed is not always an advantage. The difference between a quarter of a second's exposure and three-quarters of a second is not usually a benefit to an amateur. Though if the gap to a twentieth of a second could be crossed, and a good portrait taken with a drop shutter, there would be a great gain. A shutter which can be set to give, automatically, just the desired exposure, is pretty sure to be arranged before long, and will relieve amateurs of one of their worst difficulties.

Athletics.

THERE was a recent meeting of representatives of the college faculties of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, etc., of New York, to discuss the question of athletics in these colleges, called by the Harvard Athletic Committee; and, after much discussion, it was agreed to appoint a large committee, of which Professor Richards, of Yale, is to be chairman. The committee is to draw up the rules and regulations by which all college athletics are to be controlled.

THE annual report for 1883 of the Young American Club, of Philadelphia, shows a prosperous season. The cricket eleven lost only six out of thirty-three games — a remarkable record. In base ball they won twenty-six out of thirty-seven games; and in lawn-tennis they took prizes in the Longwood, St. George, All Philadelphia, and Newport tourings.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate says that when he wants a message delivered quickly he sends it by one of the mounted messengers, several of the Senate messengers being provided with tricycles.

MR. FRANK A. ELWELL, of Portland, Maine, who so successfully promoted the "Down-East Trip" of last year, has issued a very attractive plan and invitation of a bicycle excursion for this year, in the valley of the Kennebec.

THE Pennsylvania Division of the League of American Wheelmen has adopted very direct and sensible constitution and rules, and is in a flourishing condition.

A GALVESTON (Texas) Bicycle Club has been auspiciously organized; fine roads offer good opportunities, and a racing-track is already projected.

THE "Niagara to Boston Tour," projected for this year, has been already planned in detail, and promises to be one of the leading interests to bicyclers in the touring way. Mr. Burley B. Ayers, of Chicago, is manager of the undertaking.

THE New Haven racing-track has been pronounced the fastest in the country by good judges.

THERE are five bicycle clubs in St. Louis. A State Division L.A.W. has been formed for Missouri.

THE city ordinance of Jersey City, N.J., restricting bicycling in the streets, has been repealed, and a new one passed providing as follows:—

SECTION 1. That the use of bicycles and other similar vehicles in and upon the streets, avenues, and public places in Jersey City, shall be upon condition that the rider of any such vehicle shall keep and observe the following restrictions and regulations:—

First. A light shall be carried on each vehicle when riding at night.

Second. No vehicle when mounted shall be ridden on any sidewalk or footpath.

Third. Vehicles when mounted shall only be used on the carriage-way of any street, avenue, or public place.

Fourth. The rider of every vehicle shall keep to the right, and under no circumstances pass an approaching vehicle on the left, and on overtaking another vehicle shall ride to the left.

Fifth. Care shall be exercised in turning a corner of a street, and speed in riding through any main street or avenue shall not exceed ten miles per hour.

Sixth. In riding strict regard shall be paid to the rights of others to the public highway, and caution used in approaching horses, either standing or driven.

Seventh. In approaching a vehicle drawn by a horse, or horses, the driver's raised hand shall be understood as a cautionary signal, and when repeated the rider of the bicycle or other similar vehicle shall immediately dismount.

SECT. 2. That any person who shall commit or omit any of the acts the commission or omission of which are hereinbefore declared necessary to be done or forbidden, or who shall violate any provision of this ordinance, he or she so offending shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of not exceeding \$20.

SECT. 3. That all ordinances, and parts of ordinances, inconsistent or conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance, are hereby repealed.

KARL KRON, a valued contributor to the pages of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, is preparing to publish a book, "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," which will be of unusual interest and value to wheelmen.

CHIEF CONSUL (L.A.W.) E. K. HILL has set a good example, and made a good showing of work done in his recent report of League affairs in Massachusetts.

THE Stamford (Conn.) Wheel Club was organized on the 10th January. Mr. W. L. Baldwin is the secretary.

IT is to be regretted that several wheelmen, having a lack of riding and larger enterprises to absorb their attention in these winter months, are interesting themselves (mostly) in personal quarrels, and find some of the weekly editors short enough in "copy" or in foresight to publish their epithets.

THE Lawrence (Mass.) Bicycle Club, which has made itself famous in connection with 24-hour runs, has promoted a double tournament in that city with great success, and followed the gaining custom of issuing a paper, *The Bicyclist's Record*. The paper gives a good history of the club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., has a new club called the Amateur 'Cyclist Association. None but racing-men will be admitted, and the club will build and maintain a first-class race-track.

COLUMBIA Bicycle Club, North Attleboro', Mass. New Officers: President, Fred Northup; Secretary, Charles F. Kurty; Captain, W. C. Ames.

MESSRS. L. B. Graves, Wm. Howard, E. F. Davis, and L. L. Campbell recently made a trip from Northampton, Mass., to Hartford, Conn., covering 100 miles in 13½ hours.

MR. HENRY L. DANIELS, of Lawrence, and Mr. P. M. Sargent, of Merrimac, two well-known Massachusetts wheelmen, went down in the ill-fated "Columbus."

MR. E. M. GILMAN, L.A.W. representative for New Hampshire, and resident in Nashua, has removed to Wichita, Kan.

THE San Francisco Bicycle Club held its annual meeting January 18, at the Hardie House. The following officers were elected: President, Columbus Waterhouse; Captain, H. C. Eggers; Secretary and Treasurer, George J. Hobe. A banquet followed the election.

THE Boston Bicycle Club "opened" its new club-house on Friday evening, January 25. Invitations were extended to the members and their lady friends only, and the evening was spent in social conversation, in an inspection of the new quarters and dancing. The Germania Band furnished music for the reception.

THE Montreal Club celebrated its fifth anniversary at the gymnasium in that city on the 20th of December last. A very fine programme of exercises was arranged and successfully carried out, and this included music, vocal and instrumental, addresses, a farce, and dancing. The Montreal Club is one of the oldest clubs in America.

THE Boston Bicycle Club held its seventh annual election Wednesday evening, January 2, and chose the following officers: President, Edward C. Hodges; Secretary, Edward W. Hodgkins; Treasurer, W. B. Everett; Captain, J. S. Dean; First Lieut., Freelon Morris; Second Lieut., E. F. Lowry.

THE Hermes Bicycle Club, of Chicago, has chosen the following officers: President, C. E. Murison; Secretary and Treasurer, J. O. Heyworth; Captain, J. R. W. Sargent. The club recently conferred a medal upon H. M. Higin-

botham, for highest percentage of attendance at club-runs, and medals to E. F. Shard and Mr. Higinbotham, for best riding records.

THE following officers have been chosen for the ensuing year by the Hamilton, Ont., Club: President, C. R. Domville; Captain, A. E. Domville; Secretary and Treasurer, C. W. Tingling.

THE Marblehead (Mass.) Bicycle Club has taken new quarters. The club has a road-riding record of 12,850 miles for the past season.

THE Salem (Mass.) Club has chosen the following officers: President, Frank P. Symonds; Secretary, Chas. H. Odell; Treasurer, C. H. Millett; Captain, Frank P. Ingalls.

MR. CHARLES E. PRATT, ex-president of the L.A.W., has resigned from the Boston Bicycle Club, of which he was president four years.

THE Wakefield (Mass.) Club has elected officers for the ensuing half-year, as follows: President, C. H. Patch; Secretary and Treasurer, E. D. Albee; Captain, F. H. Burrell.

ACCORDING to Chief-Consul Hill, Massachusetts has 592 League members, 60 consuls, in various towns and cities, 40 hotels by appointment, and 24 repair places. The officers of the division are at work preparing a handbook, and a road-book will soon be published.

THE Lawrence (Mass.) Club tendered a complimentary supper, January 16, to Capt. T. S. Webb, and Messrs. John Tacy and John F. Finn, participants in the long-distance run in which 200½ miles were covered within the 24 hours. Souvenir medals were given to Capt. Webb and Mr. Tacy for the record, and the occasion was interesting by speeches from the officers and members.

"EUROPE ON BICYCLES" is the attractive heading of a notice received from Wm. W. Spangler, Librarian of Indiana University, relating to this season's (the fourth) sight-seeing under his management. He proposes, with a party of twenty, to make a tour of England, France, Germany, and parts of Switzerland and Northern Italy, on bicycles. The cost of the trip will be about \$350 to each member of the party, which will be carefully made up, and ought to be a successful one.

THE Citizens' (N. Y.) Bicycle Club, at its meeting on the eighth of January, adopted the following amendment to its by-laws:—

"The uniform shall be a Norfolk jacket with belt of Citizens' Club cloth, knee-breeches of the

same material, gray flannel shirt, navy blue necktie with white polka dot, citizens' club stockings, black low shoes, and a regulation navy cap of the same cloth as suit, with a turn-down visor and a black silk cord (except in case of the captain and lieutenants, who shall wear silver), and the club badge of silver (as designed by Mr. Philip Fontaine) affixed to the front. The summer hat shall be a white helmet with the club badge affixed to the front, to be worn when directed by the captain.

"All the insignia of rank shall be of silver. That of the Captain shall be three bars on each side of the coat-collar and on each sleeve; that of the First Lieutenant two bars, and of the Second Lieutenant one bar, similarly placed; that of the Surgeon, a caduceus above a chevron worn on the left sleeve. The following officers shall wear their insignia on each sleeve: That of the First Color Bearer shall be a flag above a chevron, and of the Second Color Bearer, a flag; that of the First Bugler, a bugle above a chevron, and of the Second Bugler a bugle.

"Each member shall, within thirty days after his election, provide himself with a complete uniform, which must be inspected and approved by the Captain."

The adopted "citizens'" cloth is especially made for that club, and is of bluish gray, solid color.

ELMIRA (N.Y.) Bicycle Club officers elected: President, Lawrence H. Brown; Secretary and Treasurer, Guy W. Shoemaker; Captain, H. S. Kidder.

THE Capital Club, of Washington, D.C., held its annual meeting January 12, and elected the following officers: President, Leland Howard; Secretary, D. E. Fox; Treasurer, C. G. Allen; Captain, Max Hansman.

CORRESPONDENCE has been opened between the Harvard and Yale Bicycle Clubs, with a view to an arrangement whereby there shall be races at the annual tournaments of the two clubs, exclusively for the members of the two colleges. Harvard promises to give two such races, and there is little doubt the Yale will agree.

KENTUCKY Bicycle Club, of Louisville, Ky. New officers: President, A. W. Cornwall; Secretary and Treasurer, B. S. Caye; Captain, N. G. Crawford.

DETROIT (Mich.) Bicycle Club. New officers: President, Chas. D. Standish; Secretary and Treasurer, Leon C. Fink; Captain, Chas. Kudner.

MANY of the Boston wheelmen have been enjoying winter-riding the present season, and they have found fewer difficulties than they anticipated. President Williams, of the Massachusetts Club, who lives at Cambridge, rode to his business in Boston nearly every day during December and January, and took many runs for pleasure, besides. Messrs. Parsons and Miller, of the same club, have also been seen on the road, and Mr. Bassett of the Chelsea Club, has taken several runs into the country.

FOREIGN.

FORMAL steps have been taken to organize a Swiss Wheelman's Association, the first meeting of delegates to be held at Biel, in March.

A GRAND racing exposition for Italy, including national and international events for amateurs and professionals, has been projected, and arrangements are in charge of the Veloce-Club Torinese, Turin. An Italian League will be formed at the time and place of the exposition.

MR. J. COPELAND, of Sydney, has taken the Australian tricycle road record, having ridden 120 miles in 20 consecutive hours, 14½ of which were passed in the saddle.

THE latest novelty is a tricycle race through the streets of a great city at midnight when no teams are out. The Iroquois Club, of London, is the originator, and three of the most fashionable streets of London were the scene of a late event of this kind.

COUNT BOLRINKSY, of the Moscow Club, recently rode 67 miles (100 versts) on a wager. He was to accomplish the distance in 12 hours, and he did so in 11.40m.

OUR correspondent for Sweden and Norway, writing from Christiana, states,—

"On the 9th January, 1882, was founded the Christiana Velocipede Club; members only nine, with five bicycles. The club has been in steady growth, and can now present seventy or eighty members, and is prospering very well. In the winter we are hiring a hall for instructing beginners, which is going on twice a week. During the summer time the club had its tours every second Sunday, some directions of the neighborhood, when weather permitted. We had a rather rainy summer, and so was the autumn, so that 'cycling was scarce. I need not tell of picturesque Norway, with its beautiful and grand sceneries; Du Chaillu has done it; consequently 'cycling ought to be very common. Our roads are, in the neighborhood of

Christiana, not very good, and it is only in August, perhaps July, that you can ride; because the officials, all years in summer times, repair with small stones (pulssten); but out of town there are some very charming routes, as, for example, Gudbramsdalen, Romsdalen, Lerdalsören, Odmes, first-class high roads; and then you see the most superb scenery of our country. "Our club has not yet a track or hall, so races cannot be spoken of."

Canoeing.

E. R. SMITH, Commodore; G. W. Heard, Vice-President; L. F. Burke, Secretary and Treasurer, were the officers for 1884 recently elected by the Bayonne, N.J., Canoe Club, which is reported to be in a flourishing condition.

SOME discussion has arisen as to the comparative merits of the "Shadow" and "Pearl" models, resulting from the victory of the Racine shadow "Windward" over the pearl "Boreas," in the "full-ballast" race of the Stony Lake regatta. Without championing either model, we give as follows extracts from a letter received from Mr. Robert Tyson, of the Toronto Canoe Club, in which our canoeing readers will be interested:—

In at least two of the published reports of the Stony Lake regatta I have noticed the fact stated that Mr. Willoughby, in his Racine shadow, "Windward," made the two rounds of the sailing course in less time than did Mr. Neilson in his pearl "Boreas," when the "full-ballast" race was sailed on that stormy 22d of August. The bare statement is all right; but it was put in such a way as to imply that Mr. Willoughby's 28-inch shadow, with less beam and light centre-board, could outsail Mr. Neilson's 33-inch pearl, with her iron board of 45 pounds. Now, I want to account for the milk in that cocoanut. I divide my discourse into five heads, as follows:—

1. The race was a simultaneous one for two classes; or, rather, two races were started within five minutes of one another. Commodore Neilson's pearl was in Class B, and started five minutes ahead of Mr. Willoughby's shadow, which was in Class A. During that five minutes there came the furious squalls which capsized three of the Class B canoes, but which the "Windward" escaped, Class A canoes not having started.

2. At Robinson's rock the canoes had to turn to leeward. The "Boreas," being far ahead of all competitors, her skipper did not jibe around, but prudently luffed up and "went about,"—an operation which consumed considerable time. Had he been pressed by competitors he would have "jibed."

3. Mr. Neilson had had previously to luff up to recover his sheet, which he had lost in the roaring squall that upset the "Snake."

4. The "Boreas" carried her cruising lug mainsail, with one reef in it. During the latter

part of the race, the wind moderated sufficiently to enable "Boreas" to carry her full sail; but she had the race all her own way then; therefore her skipper left the reef in, and took things easy generally, as he was weak from recent illness. The reef having only ties at the ends,—none in the middle,—became a canvas-bag full of wind and water, which did not help speed.

5. "Boreas" was not racing against "Windward"; did not care a continental whether "Windward" made better time or not, and made no effort against her. "Windward" arrived some four minutes after "Boreas"; but as she started five minutes later, her actual time twice around was less.

I hope this will not be taken as intended in the least degree to disparage the excellent sailing of my friend, Mr. Willoughby, which was generally admired. He himself would not claim that "Boreas" was doing her best on that occasion. I want to show that it is not fair to compare the performances of the two boats as if they were racing against one another. "Boreas" took the Class "B" first prize in that race, and "Windward" took the Class A first prize.

A CORRESPONDENT, in a recent issue of the London (Eng.) *Field*, writes as follows concerning the use of a mizzen in canoes:—

A greater area of sail can be carried when a mizzen is used.

With a mizzen the mainsheet can be let fly in a squall without losing the power of luffing, as the mizzen supplies this. Even if the mainsail be lowered, the canoe will continue to sail, the windage of mainmast and lowered sail being sufficient, with the help of the rudder, to keep her head out of the wind. In lying-to in a squall, or at other times, the bit of aftersail is very useful. Again, in running off the wind, the mizzen being stowed, the mainsail, which in a two-sailed canoe will be well forward, will pull her along steadily without gibing or broaching-to, especially if an after centre-board is carried.

Add to this the manœuvring power which the two sails give, the convenience of placing the mainsail so far forward as to be clear of the head of the crew, and the occasional usefulness of the mizzen as a storm-sail, and we have a very good case for the two-sail rig, though probably not nearly so strong a one as might be made out.

COMMODORE G. W. Gardner and Secretary W. H. Eckman, of the Cleveland, Ohio, Canoe Club, have made a creditable addition to the record of successful long cruises. On November 29 last they launched their canoes, "City of Cleveland," of Stephens' Sandy Hook model, 14 X 31, and "Cuyahogo," Racine shadow, 14 X 28, at Cincinnati, cruising thence down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, at which place they arrived on New Year's Day, making the entire trip of nearly 1,500 miles in 32 days. The canoeists camped out at night on the banks of the river, occasionally quartering at houses.

They enjoyed good health, and express much satisfaction with their experiences. The voyagers are middle-aged gentlemen engaged in business in Cincinnati.

At the annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, of New York, held Jan. 10, the following officers were elected: Arthur Brentano, Commodore; Professor Fowler, Secretary; R. P. Martin, Treasurer.

At the annual meeting of the Mohican Canoe Club, of Albany, held Jan. 9, there were elected for 1884: R. W. Gibson, Captain; P. M. Wackerhagen, Mate; B. Fernon, Secretary. The titles of Commodore and Vice-Commodore were changed to Captain and Mate, respectively.

Curling.

THE fifteenth annual contest for the Gordon medal, representing the annual championship of the National Curling Association, was held at Cortlandt lake, N.Y., on the 16th and 17th of January. The ice was hard and smooth and the weather cold. The attendance was large; and each club was allowed to furnish but one team of four players. There were three rounds and a final game. The Yonkers Caledonians (N.Y. City), Utica Thistle (N.Y. City), Manhattan, Caledonians (Brooklyn), Americans, Thistle (Brooklyn), New York, Empire City, Jersey City, and St. Andrews clubs joined in the contest, and the Yonkers finally won.

At the "North and South" Curling match at Central Park, N.Y., January 10, the South won by a score of 3,074 to 2,085.

In the All Nationalities against the Scotch, at Van Cortlandt lake, N.Y., January 23, the All Nationalities won by 153 to 148.

In the Scotch against the Americans, at Cortlandt lake, January 29, the Scotch won by 157 to 135.

Pleasure Resorts.

THE Maine railway commissioners have granted their approval of the proposed Mount Desert railroad from Bar Harbor to Fort Green Mount, though they decline to allow it to be constructed through the village of Bar Harbor, which would be needlessly annoyed by steam cars along the shore front.

MOUNT Ktaadn can now be reached much more easily than in former years. A road, passable for buck-boards, was opened last June from Patten to Sandy Stream, leaving only six miles to the Grand Basin to be traversed on foot. At

Ktaadn Lake a log-house has been built where accommodations may be secured. Leaving Bangor by the morning train to Mattawamkeag, the tourist can reach Patterson's at evening of the same day.

THE Suwannee Springs Hotel, Florida, was burned in January, and its manager, Mr. Scoville, at once leased the Sanford House, at Sanford, Florida, for the present season.

R. H. SOUTHGATE, lately of the Long Beach Hotel, has become one of the proprietors of Congress Hall, at Saratoga.

THE Hotel Kaaterskill, in the Catskills, will next season be under the management of W. F. Paige, lately of the Grand Hotel.

A DAILY fast mail service between Jacksonville and Palatka has been established.

THE Uplands Hotel, Eastman, Ga., owned by the estate of the late William E. Dodge, is under the management of George A. Farnham, of Saratoga, for this season.

THE new hotel now building by Mr. Isaac Crufts at St. Augustin, Fla., is located just outside the city gates, and will accommodate, when completed, one thousand guests.

A RECENT exploration of the Florida Everglades, made by twelve persons, under command of Major A. P. Williams, results in the statement that the Everglades, from Lake Okeechobee to Cape Sable, are worthless for any purpose of cultivation, that they contain no large tracts of land above water; that they cannot be successfully drained, and that the establishment and maintenance of a telegraph line along the route traversed would be impossible.

Pleasure Travel.

A PARTY of eleven went from Boston to the White Mountains in the last week in January, for a snow-shoe excursion up Mt. Adams; and so little has been done in the way of winter mountain-climbing, that the trip was a notable one, although the weather prevented its entire success. The party consisted of Mr. Scudder, of "Science," Prof. W. H. Pickering, of the Institute of Technology, Mr. R. A. Bullock, Mr. W. B. Clarke, six ladies, and a little boy, and was a very merry one. On Wednesday, the 22d of January, they went to Gorham, and on the following day to the Ravine House and Randolph. On the 24th they tried their snow-shoes, and took a sleigh-ride towards Jefferson, which was arrested by a violent snow-storm; and on Friday

they drove to Berlin Falls, through woods loaded heavily with snow in the most fantastic and beautiful forms. On the following day, Saturday, the 26th, the four gentlemen, with two guides well known to the Appalachians, Watson, of the Ravine House, and Hunt, started on their ascent of Mt. Adams, which has never before been attempted in winter, it is believed. The snow was deep enough to cover the fences, and too soft to bear without snow-shoes. The thermometer was below zero, and a strong wind was blowing; the views, however, were superb, and, owing to the absence of foliage, were very extended. Unfortunately, as the party got above the forest line, and the difficulties of the ascent increased, the fog shut down upon them so heavily that, while they were still six or eight hundred feet below the summit, they were obliged to turn back. All of the ascending party were frost-bitten, without exception, though they did not feel the cold painfully otherwise. On Sunday they drove to Jefferson, and were rewarded with a perfect view from that beautiful spot; and on Monday they returned to their homes, leaving the thermometer 18° below at Gorham. The trip was so pleasant that they propose to try it again another season, taking the precaution, however, to attempt the mountain in better weather, to have the path broken out beforehand by the guides, to wear hoods, and prepare for spending the night on the mountain.

WHATEVER affords more prompt and certain communication between the passengers and engineer of a railway train tends toward *increased safety*. A pneumatic connection through a small rubber hose, enabling the conductor or brakeman to sound a small whistle in the cab, by pressing a button in the car, is now being tested as a substitute for the bell-ropes.

DURING the year 1883 the Cunard line carried 9,153 cabin passengers across the Atlantic.

THE steamer, "City of Columbus," with a large number of tourists on their way to Florida, was lost on January 18, off Gay Head, on the Massachusetts coast. Of the 125 people on board, four-fifths lost their lives from drowning or exposure. The steamer, which was new, and rated first-class, struck a rock, and went down in a few minutes.

ON January 12, the Mexican Central railroad had been completed to a point 634 miles from Paso del Norte, and track-laying was progressing with remarkable speed. The completion of

this road will open an extremely interesting country to the ready access of tourists.

THE South Florida railroad was completed on the 23d of January, and the first train from Sanford to Tampa ran over the road on the following day.

THE Delaware and Hudson Canal Company has commenced the building of a second track from Saratoga to Ballston, which, when completed, will leave but eight miles of single track between Albany and Saratoga.

A FAST express train from New Orleans to New York, over the several roads comprising the coast line, has been arranged for, and will soon begin running.

Rowing.

THE Inter-collegiate Rowing Association held its annual meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Dec. 27. Delegates from Princeton, Cornell, Wesleyan, the University of Pennsylvania, and Bowdoin, were present. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mr. Bird, '87, Princeton; Vice-President, Mr. Thompson, '84, Bowdoin; Secretary, Mr. Jones, Pennsylvania; and Treasurer, Mr. Scofield, of Cornell. Messrs. Reed, of Bowdoin; Hoyt of Pennsylvania; and Downs, of Wesleyan, were elected the Regatta Committee for 1884. The next regatta will be held at Saratoga, July 4, 1884, a committee of Saratoga hotel and railroad men having offered the Association special advantages in transportation and accommodations. The events will be a four-oared shell race, and a single-scutt shell race, over a mile and a half straight-away course. The question of an eight-oared shell race was left for decision to the regatta committee. It was voted to admit four-oared crews or single scullers from any outside college, provided the entry is made thirty days before the regatta, such entry to be an admission of the college to the Association. "If the Association," said an old college oarsman, "will only stick to four-oared shell-racing, the glories of the old institution, which once sent thirteen college crews up abreast for a race, will be revived. Outside of the expense small colleges cannot produce the material for eight-oared shell-racing, and so in both ways large and rich colleges would always have them at a great disadvantage. Besides, there is far more science and sport in a crack four than in a lumbering eight with a coxswain. Because Oxford and Cambridge have an annual hurrah over an eight-oared race is no reason why all our colleges should go into such a contest. Our amateur

clubs used to have ten and twelve and even sixteen-oared crews, but they finally came down to fours as the most sportsmanlike and scientific." That the advantages and desirability of four-oared crews is attracting attention, is evinced by the proposition of a correspondent of the *Harvard Herald-Crimson*, who advocates sending a University four-oared crew to the Sararoga regatta.

Shooting and Fishing.

THE province of Quebec Fish and Game Club has been doing some successful work in enforcing the Game laws, and there has been a gratifying increase of fish in Lake St. Louis and the Two Mountain District in consequence.

WE call the attention of our anglers and piscatorial connoisseurs to the following paragraph which we clip from a letter in a recent number of the *London, Eng., Field*:—

While quietly walking one still day last week beside a small trout stream, watching the fish on their gravelly spawning beds, I saw a large water-rat deliberately dive under and proceed to run his nose like a mole among the stones, in search of the ova which the fish had been depositing. This he did several times, coming to the surface every now and then, and poising himself a moment or two for air. The water was shallow and very clear, and I could therefore watch him narrowly. After several searches on one of these small gravel heaps or washes which the trout had made, he quietly swam down the stream to another, which he began to treat in the same way until I sent him off. Many trout-preservers regard pike as their most deadly enemy, and undoubtedly they do kill some fish; but the action of this water-rat convinced me that, while one jack may perhaps kill ten trout in a season, this unpunished four-legged enemy destroys them by hundreds or perhaps by thousands, seeing that the ova which he does not devour he detaches and disturbs from its thin layer of gravel or stones with which the fish had covered it, and it floats away. Henceforth, I am, as an angler, an enemy to the water-rat.

Yachting.

ONE of the committee arranging for the proposed New England Yachting Association has given the following explanation of the movement to the press:—

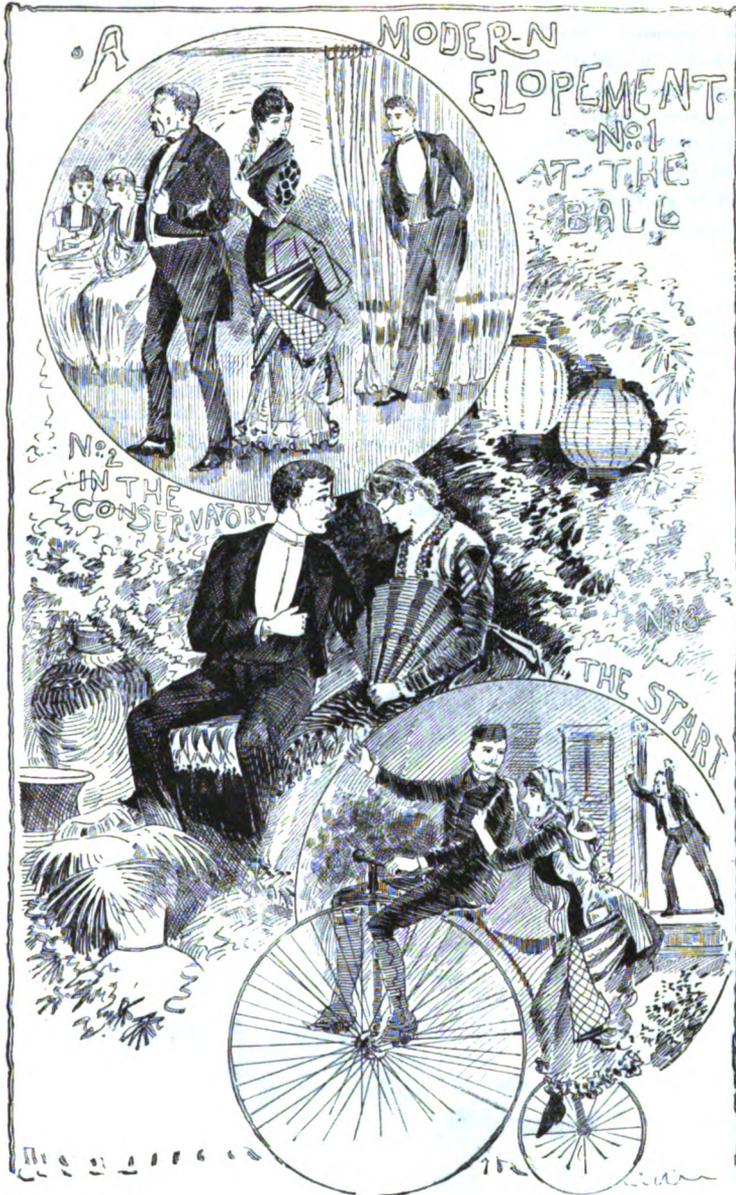
Among the yachtmen of New England, especially those residing near Boston and belonging to many of the leading clubs, there has long been felt a desire for a greater uniformity in measurement, time, allowances and other details in yacht-racing rules and regulations. In order to effect this and establish a permanent congress for the consideration of these points as well as the best method of promoting their adoption, it

is proposed that each club appoint one or more delegates once a year, who shall meet as often as may be necessary. It is suggested that such a congress would afford a proper authority for the settlement of any important questions arising during the racing season. Yachting headquarters is important and desirable for all yachtmen. It would be open to members belonging to any recognized club and be supported either by the yacht clubs and individual members, or by individual members alone. One of the advantages accruing to the clubs in joining would be the privilege of holding meetings in the rooms. The advantage of such a headquarters is manifest to all yachtmen, affording a rendezvous for meeting those interested in yachting, to discuss the events of interest in seasons gone by, and to arrange plans for the future. Former experiences in cruising, racing, etc., could there be retold, giving pleasure to the older and instruction to the younger yachtmen, and the best types of hull and the best rigs, spars, and sails could be thoroughly discussed. Yachting magazines, both foreign and American, and such yachting publications as may be desirable, could there be found, and a bulletin for news, exchanges, sales of yachts, etc., could be established.

It would afford a repository for all new inventions connected with yacht building and fitting; a course of lectures could be inaugurated, and numerous other advantages would eventually arise from the establishment of such an organization, which, it is believed, could be started and maintained at a moderate yearly cost.

It should be distinctly understood that the yachting congress before mentioned, though under the same head of the New England Yachting Association, is entirely separate and distinct in its workings, though entitled to the free enjoyment of the privileges of the headquarters.

THE Boston Yacht Club is in a flourishing condition. At the January annual meeting of the club, at the Parker House, the report of the treasurer, Mr. Augustus Russ, showed a surplus of \$546, after paying a deficit of \$250 from 1882, and expending more than \$700 on the club-house. The following officers were elected: Commodore, Jacob Pfaff; Vice-Commodore, William L. Lockhart; Rear-Commodore, John B. Meer; Secretary, Thomas Dean; Treasurer, Augustus Russ; Measurers, D. J. Lawler, J. B. Smith; Trustees, B. Dean, T. Mack, Edwin Denton; Regatta Committee, C. F. Loring, J. B. Moody, J. A. Stetson, George H. Tyler, C. L. James; Membership Committee, J. B. Meer, C. H. Plimpton, D. B. Curtis. The constitution of the club was amended so as to provide that representatives of yachts, life members, and other members who have paid ten annual assessments, shall have the right to vote. Delegates to attend the convention of the New England Yachting Association were chosen.



AMENITIES.

YE ANCIENT CORYDON.

I.

HE lives by hook or crook, —
 He pipes stale meerschaum airs, —
 He knows "life" like a book, —
 The life mid "bulls" and "bears,"
 And stocks, and bonds, and shares;
 Sometimes "a flyer" dares,
 Then, with the big D, swears.

II.

The rural lambs he'll fleece
 That stray anear his fold;
 He plucks the silly geese
 That lay the eggs of Gould.
 To-day, in wealth he's rolled,
 Next day (the tale's oft told)
 Ye shepherd's badly "sold."

III.

So, with a battered "tile,"
 (Wrecked in his Wall-street haunts),
 He comes to spend his "pile"
 With sisters, cousins, aunts;
 And don't they have to dance!
 To keep pace with his wants,
 As round he gallivants
 The grayest of gallants.

IV.

Alas! and well-a-day.
 His cheeks have lost their bloom:
 Chloe and Phyllada
 Don't to his whistle come.

The pretty maids look glum;
 The widows e'en are mum;—
 Oh, beware the flattering "flum"
 Of ye Ancient Shepherd's "hum!"

J. Ives Peake.

Young and inexperienced house-keeper.—
 "How much is brown sugar a pound?"
Green-grocer's clerk (not up in prices).—
 "Ahem—twenty-four cents a pound, marm."
Young and inexperienced house-keeper.—
 "Goodness! four cents more than white sugar.
 How is that?"
Green-grocer's clerk (up in expedients).—
 "They charge more for browning it, marm."
Young and inexperienced house-keeper.—
 "Ah! yes, to be sure. How stupid!"



THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

Points to be Remembered.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is Two Dollars a year, in advance, postage prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. Subscribers in any other country embraced in the Postal Union will receive the magazine for \$2.50 a year, postage prepaid.

REMITTANCES may be made by mail with perfect safety, if in the form of Bank Drafts on Boston or New York, or Postal Money Orders. Bills or Postal Notes may be sent with equal safety in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. In directing the change of an address, be particular to give the *present* address as well as the new one. Otherwise it is impossible for us to comply with your desire.

BACK NUMBERS of either **OUTING** or **THE WHEELMAN** will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Booksellers, postmasters, and bicycle agents will receive subscriptions at regular rates. The trade is supplied by the American News Company, New York, our sole agents for the United States and Canada.

THE ADVERTISING RATES OF OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will be forwarded on application, together with sample copies of the magazine, and testimonials from those who have used its pages to their own profit and satisfaction. The special character of **OUTING** and **THE WHEELMAN** makes it of great value to all who seek for the patronage of the best people. Orders for advertising forwarded by mail will receive careful attention, and proofs will be submitted if desired. Special care will be given to the printing of good cuts.

Volume Three.

THE present issue of **OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN** closes the volume, and is accompanied by a full index and a title-page, for convenience in binding. Bound volumes will be ready for delivery about the first of March, and will be mailed, post-paid, to any address in the United States or Canada, at \$1.50 each. Cases for binding, in brown cloth, with gilt side stamp, will be sent by mail, post-paid, for 60 cents each. Those who possess the last six numbers of the magazine, uncut, in good condition, may exchange them for the bound volume on payment of 75 cents, the purchaser paying transportation charges *both ways*.

The Outing Library.

THERE is no such treasury of literature and art pertaining to the out-door recreations obtainable in any other form, as may be found in the five bound volumes which make up the complete files of the two magazines, **OUTING** and **THE WHEELMAN**, all of which we will send, charges prepaid, on receipt of \$6.50. Every out-door club in the country should have this set of bound

volumes among its permanent belongings. Their value for reference would be far more than the cost, and the contents, both artistic and literary, will afford a continual feast to the members. We shall be ready to fill orders for the complete set about March 1.

Volume Four.

OUTING will be, during the six months covered by Volume Four, the leading illustrated magazine of the world, devoted wholly to the literature and art of out-of-doors. Its contributors will be those most eminent and broadly informed in their special departments of the general field. Its artists will be among the best in the world, and their work will be better and more abundant than can be found anywhere else in kindred literature. Its editor will keep the magazine *en rapport* with the best and brightest thought of the time on recreative topics, and present each month a rich and varied feast of literature and art for his daily growing constituency of readers. What has been done in the two magazines, now merged in one, is only a suggestion of the work which we confidently expect to accomplish in the months to come.

Words of Cheer.

THAT the new departure of this magazine, and the purpose which underlies it, are heartily appreciated and approved by its readers, we have most agreeable testimony in our daily mails. A single extract so well illustrates the tone and purport of many letters that we feel justified in laying it before our readers. The letter comes from Wyoming: "I wish to compliment **OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN**, and, of course, its management, upon the position already gained, and the still higher regard in store for it among such of the public as think that the best of the world is out-of-doors, and not included within the four gaudy walls of the modern parlor; that sunlight and the light of moon and stars have not yet been improved upon by gas companies and experiments with magnets and batteries; and that healthy parts are better than attenuated imitations of the human form divine, with bloodless flesh and questionable livers; that the book of nature is as valuable an acquisition for the human family as the latest French novel; that a man may be refined and healthy, and that a woman

may have ruddy cheeks (natural) and at the same time be a lady. The field is a broad one, and OUTING enters upon its work thoroughly well."

AND, while we are about it, let us give a sample sentence or two from the kindly and appreciative notices of the press, which have been so abundantly given. The Boston *Herald*, for instance, says: "The first number is a magnificent issue, invaluable to any one loving out-door recreations. The illustrations are in the highest style of art."

THE *Christian Union*, which is itself devoting a good deal of attention to physical culture and out-of-door life, says: "Good physiques is the watchword of the hour. . . This work is destined to go on till we learn how not only to make the most of what is born, but to insure that the best shall be born. Such a publication as OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, with its fine art department, and with the push and enthusiasm of young blood in it, cannot but work beneficent results in the present generation."

HERE is the revised verdict of the *American Garden* on the union of OUTING with THE WHEELMAN, which is tersely and heartily stated: "During its two years of existence OUTING had become so endeared to us that we felt unfeigned regret when we read the notice of its combination with THE WHEELMAN, as it seemed hardly possible that improvement could result from combining with any magazine. When the January number appeared, with OUTING all on wheels, we perceived that our apprehensions had become verified. But, lo and behold! there comes the February number, not only full of the familiar ring of unlimited, universal outing, but refreshed, invigorated, rejuvenated: outing on the St. John's, in Florida; outing over the Alps; outing under the Southern Cross; outing by the side of the "Summer Sweet-heart"; outing at home; outing everywhere. Mr. Editor, we tender you our apology for doubting your ability to improve OUTING; you have done it! Success to OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN!"

THAT the magazine is of even greater interest to those concerned in bicycling since its modification is the unanimous testimony of the wheeling press, as well as of our daily letter mail. These words from the *Bicycling News*, of London, are a compliment fully appreciated: "The incorporation of the magazine OUTING with the American WHEELMAN, cannot fail to adduce to the success of the latter journal. . . . Once more the unique, practical, and splendidly artistic illustrations in the number are noticeable. . . . OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN stands alone in its excellence among magazines devoted to athletics, and we recommend every 'cyclist to subscribe for it."

Sundry Reminders.

YACHTING on the New England coast affords the topic for a picturesque and timely paper soon to be published. It is from the pen of Arthur Dodd, of the Hull Yacht Club, and is richly illustrated by prominent artists. The general subject of yachting, from its recreative rather than its racing side, will receive full attention in this magazine during the current year.

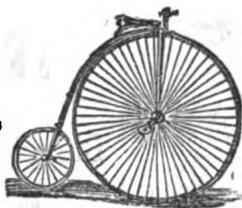
"SUMMER DAYS IN THE CATSKILLS," by Mrs. Abbie Crocker Percy, richly illustrated by D. D. G. Stone, an artist who has spent twenty-five years among the mountains, and knows their secrets most intimately, will be a leading attraction for one of our early summer issues. The mountains are treated from the point of view of the summer visitor, and large amount of a careful information, together with vivid and picturesque description, is given.

OUR new Prospectus and Premium List is uniquely and richly illustrated, and contains information that will interest every reader of the magazine. We send a copy on receipt of two-cent stamp to any applicant.

THE second part of "Le Masq'Allonge," written in President Bates' inimitable style, will appear in our April issue, and will be found to complete a most fascinating sketch.

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and roads.



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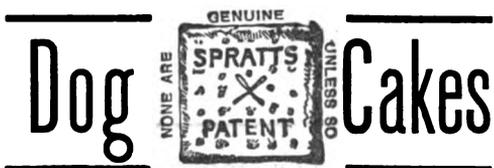
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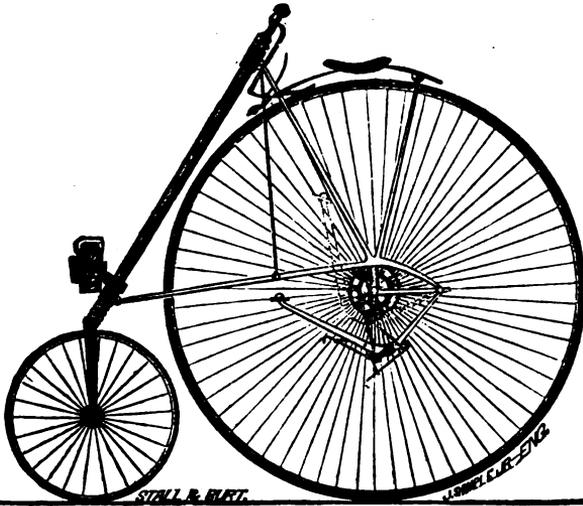


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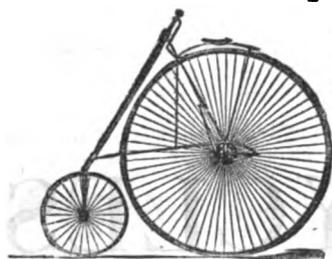
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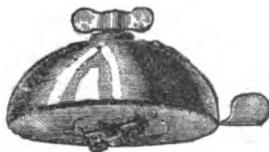
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