THE WHEELMAN.

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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 public[1]; 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.

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

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 cheveaux 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

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

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-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 *cheval mechanique* 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-cranks 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.

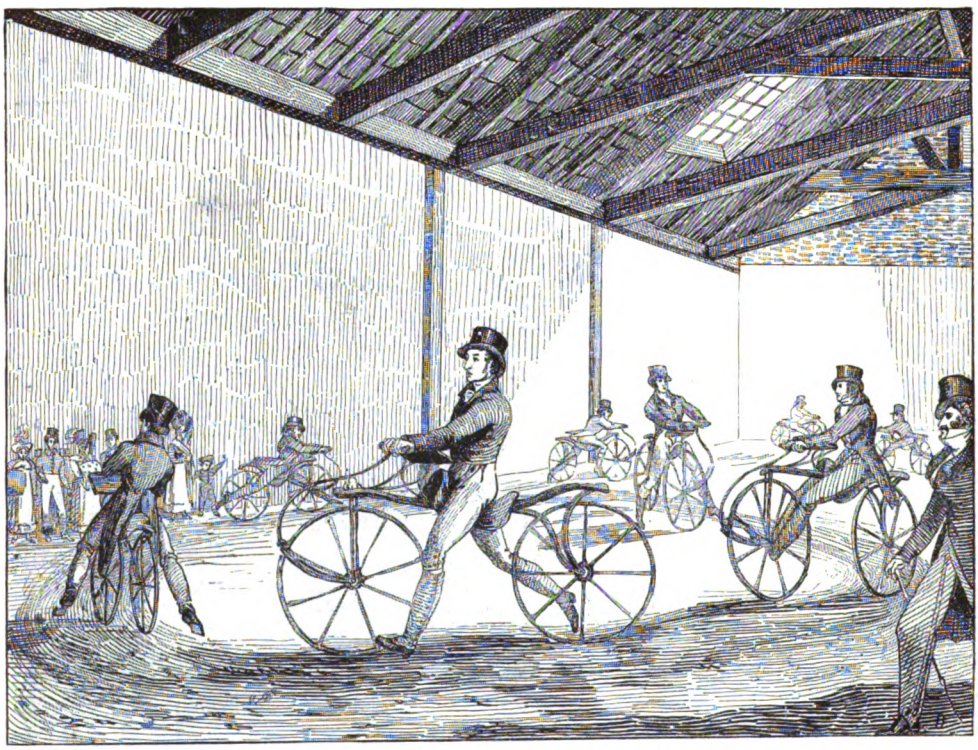
Lallement was quick-witted. He could differentiate, and put things together. If hand-cranks, why not foot-cranks? If foot steering by a front wheel, why not both foot steering and foot propulsion by the same? If that would do on a three-wheeled velocipede, why not on a two-wheeled, after gaining velocity 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

BOULEVARD SAINT MARTIN, IN 1863.

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

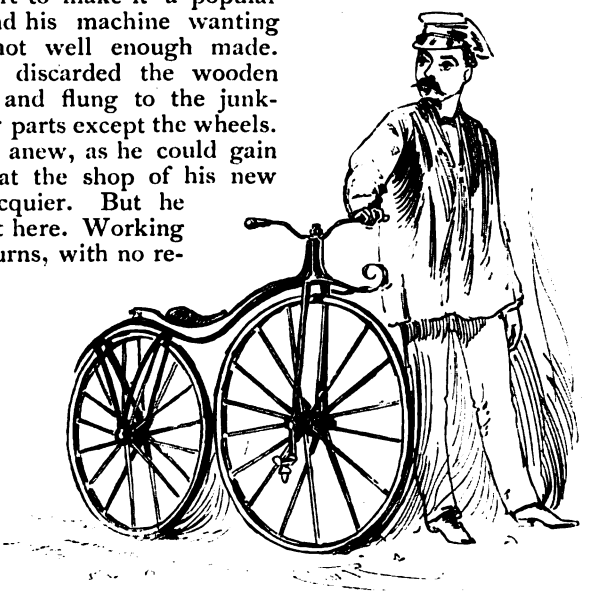


THE DRAISINE IN ENGLAND. [*From a print of* 1819.]

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 ridable, — 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.



THE BICYCLE IN 1865.

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.

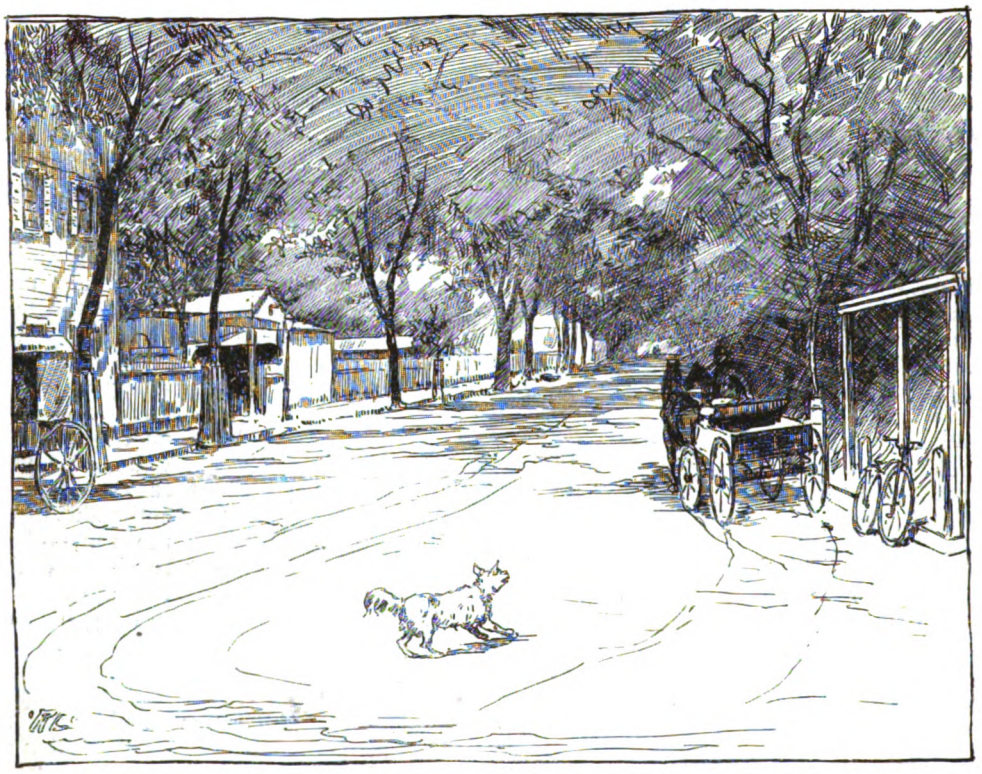
There had been rains, making rills in the gutters, and a considerable rush of water under the culvert at the foot of the long hill, —somewhat steeper then than it is now after eighteen years of filling at the bottom and reducing at the top,—first reached at the north of Birmingham. Lallement had no brake,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

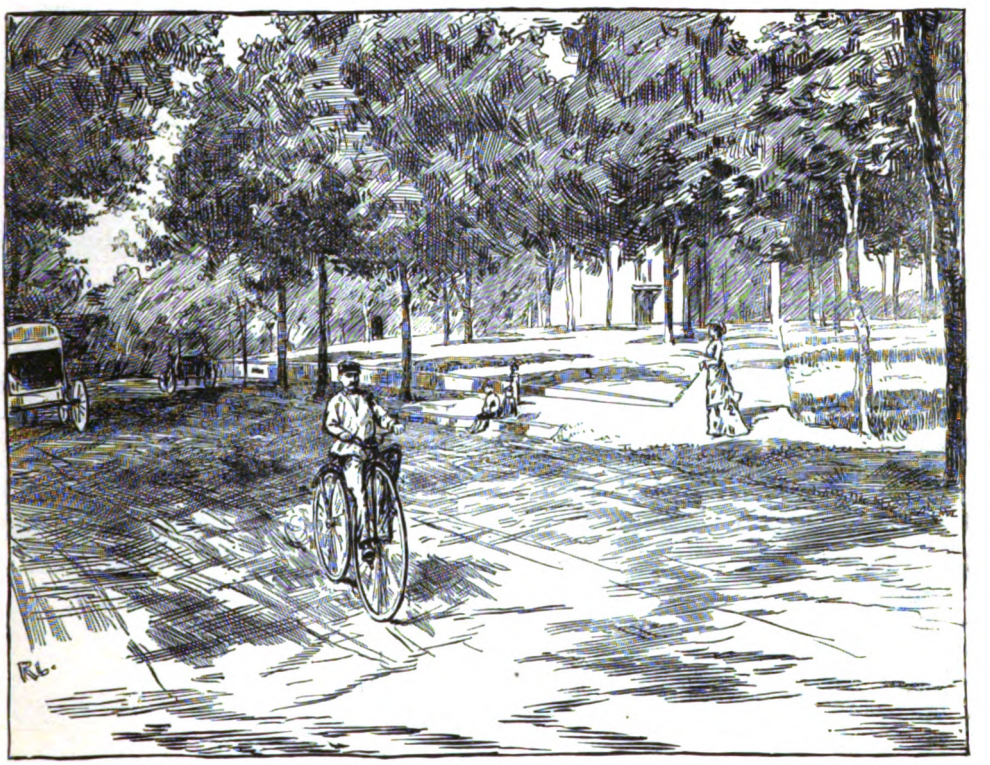


A STREET SCENE IN ANSONIA.

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 exactly 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 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.

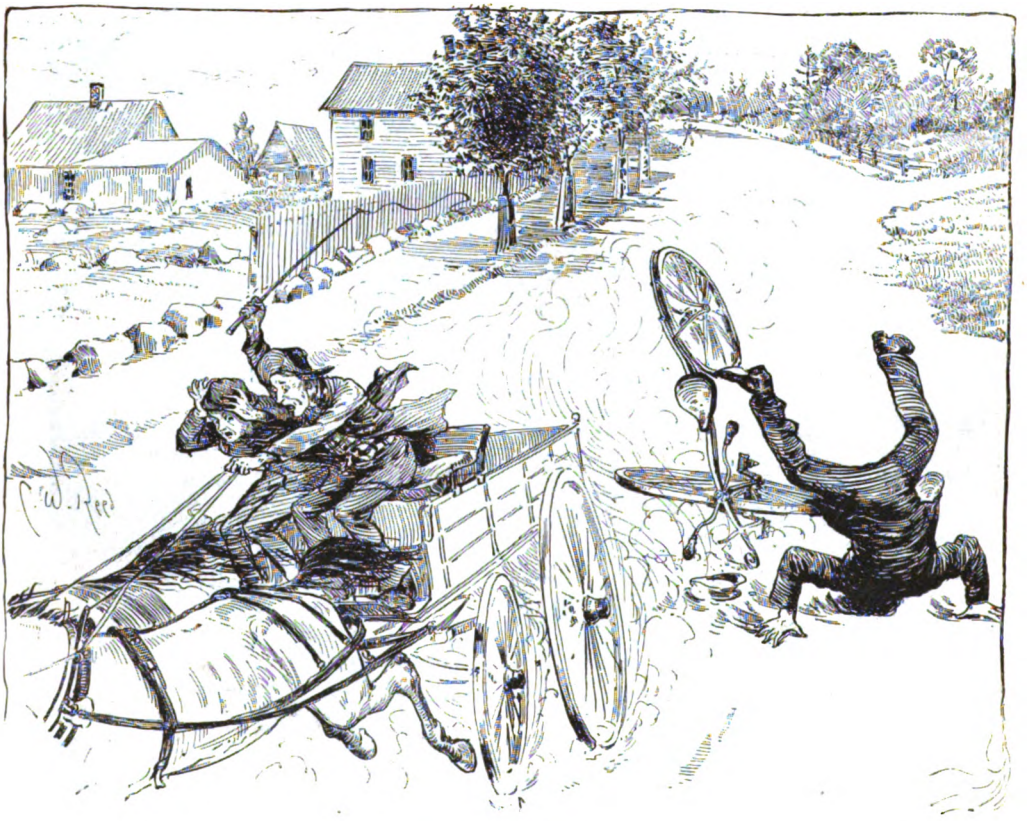
Compare Elias Howe's sewing-machine with the "Hartford," or any of the fine mechanical seamstresses of to-day, and see how much was wanting. He had the essentials, however, and his reciprocating eye-pointed needle, which would serve the double function of needle and hook, was his chief specific contribution. So Lallement's solution of the chief difficulty lay in putting foot-cranks on the front wheel, and making it serve the treble functions of guiding, balancing, and propelling the velocipede.



BIRMINGHAM GREEN.

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 a 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



THE FIRST HEADER

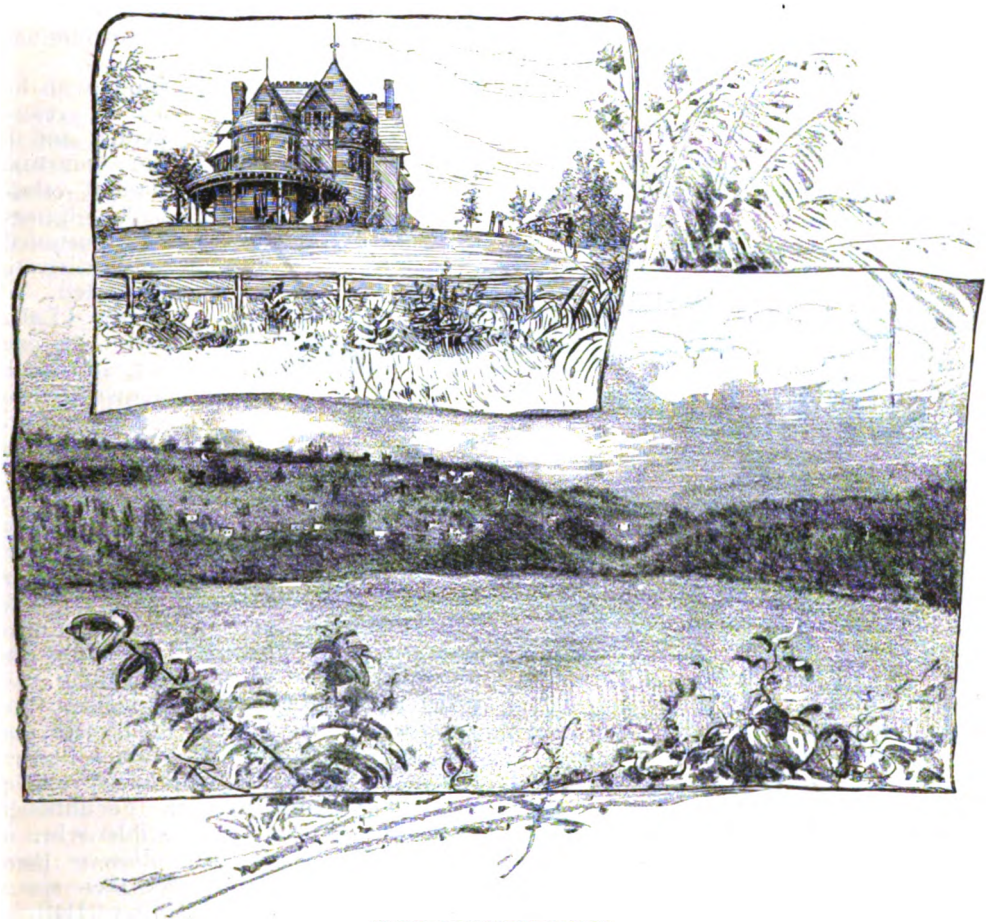
the new vehicle was *le vélocipède a pêdales et a frein;* his patent and subsequent additions covered improved cone-bearings, and other details of improvement. The price that year ran up to 400 francs. Although the name bicycle was applied to them probably as early as 1867, it was not until 1868 that 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," — "Tricycles, 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, M. Paul Devillers, in THE WHEELMAN, Vol. I., 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.

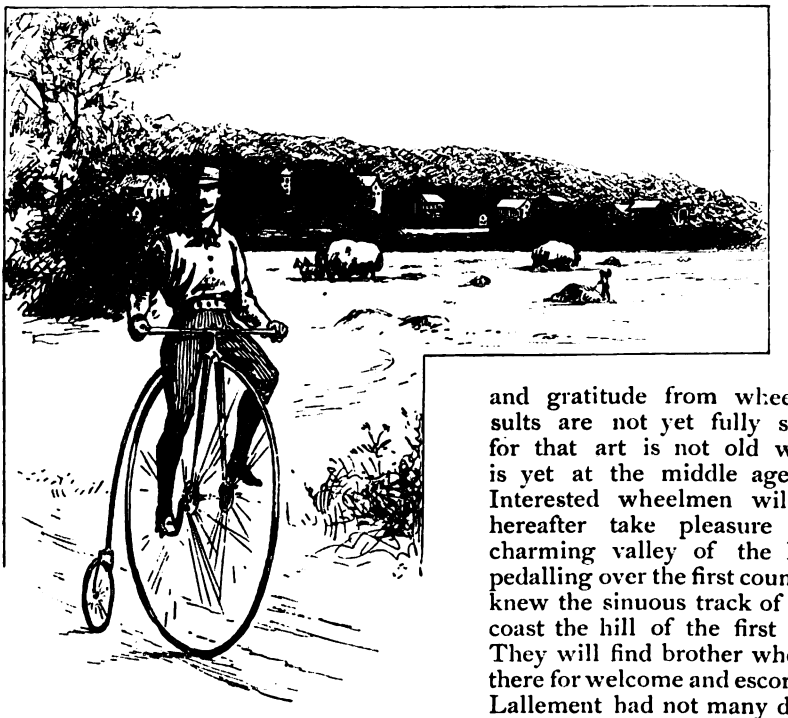
Whilst the few riders in France in 1867 and the more in 1868 were making the bicycle frequent on the roads, in the latter year riding, two of them, at least, an average of seventy-five miles a day for six days, and two others making one hundred and five miles in a day, and another covering one hundred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



IN THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY.

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 member 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 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.



A PILGRIM IN 1883.

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 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 wheelmen[1] 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 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.

A NAME IN 1869.

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 qustion, "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 garners. 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 to-morrow, 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 story-teller. 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 *embonpoint* 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 bedposts 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 nebulæ, 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 wouln'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 bicycler 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 club-men 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 ridable 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-

tress. 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 bicycler 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 wich 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 ridable, 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.

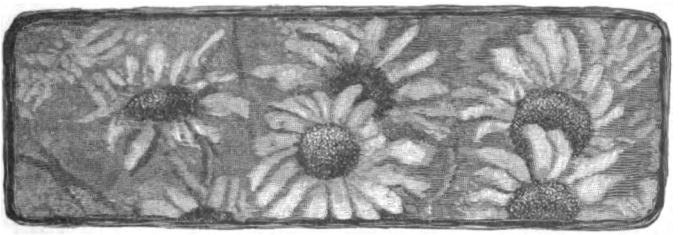
The Purnell House, in Millersburg, where I stopped for the night (which, spite of its age, was the most comfortable country inn I found in the State), was reached at 6.20 o'clock, and was eight miles and a quarter from my stopping-place in Paris. I was an hour and ten minutes in doing the distance, which 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 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 unmixed with anger.

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 — 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, doubtingly, "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. Elwell.

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 escapade 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? Pff'h! 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 be 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, SAM.

"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 skilful 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 "Ferrum" 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 language 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 Tricylist*.

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 × 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., etc., should be made as early as possible to A. W. McGregory, 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. 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 from 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 nickeled 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, Greppen, 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 Lowerzer 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. Scearce, 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 3.48¾; 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: 59¾.

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 3.3⅕s.; 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 *fête* of the Coventry Philanthropic Institution, Aug. 6. The events were: a one-mile handicap, won by W. J. Padbury (130 yds.), time 2.48⅛; a three-mile handicap, won by W. Brown in 8.54; a two-mile tricycle handicap, won by J. Gascoigne (215 yds.) in 6.56⅝, 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 2.48⅜. There were eleven heats in all, and the slowest winning time made in any heat was 3.04⅘, by J. R. Dundas (50 yds.). The fastest time was made by O. Thorne (40 yds.), 2.47⅜.

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 37¼ 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 2.57⅕. 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	1⅘	9 W. Brown,	27	43⅗
2 F. R. Fry,	5	59⅕	10 F.E.S.Perry	30	36⅗
3 J. C. P. Tacaqui,	9	5⅗	11 W. Brown,	33	49⅕
4 W. Brown,	12	5⅗	12 J. D. Butler,	36	56⅕
5 F. R. Fry,	15	4⅕	13 C. E. Liles,	40	2⅗
6 W. Brown,	18	17⅗	14 A. Thompson,	43	3⅗
7 F. M. Adam,	21	25⅕	15 C. E. Liles,	45	47⅗
8 J. D. Butler,	24	29⅗			

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 2.53⅕; a three-mile handicap, won by Perry (90 yds.) in 9.15⅖; a half-mile scratch dash, won by Perry in 1.23⅝; 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 3.27⅜.

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, 9.36⅘ and 3.06⅘ respectively.

AT the one-mile open handicap of the Ranelagh Harriers, on July 18, Gaskell ran a mile in 2.48⅗. 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, 2.55⅘.

H. Sturmey (30 yards) won the two-mile tricycle handicap. Time, 7.33⅘.

A. Gibson (220 yards) was again successful in the three-mile handicap, coming in in 9.24⅗.

A. Millard (550 yards) won the five-mile in 16.12⅘.

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 2.43⅘; 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 12.33⅗, F. E. S. Perry the second, in 12.10⅗, H. W. Gaskell the third, in 14.25⅗, Gaskell doing his last lap in 41⅗ sec. A. Thompson won the fourth heat in 14.25⅗, H. F. Wilson the fifth, in 11.37⅗. His time by miles was: first mile, 2.50⅗; second, 5.45⅗; third, 8.42; fourth, 11.37⅗. This cut Cortis' best time 8⅗s.; 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 11.34⅘, with Liles a half-yard behind. The time by miles was: first, 2.50⅕; second, 5.50⅗; third, 8.49; fourth, 11.34⅘.

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	31⅘	Lees
2	6	12⅕	De Civry	7	21	39	"
3	9	25	Howell	8	24	44⅕	"
4	12	33	Lees	9	27	50⅖	"
5	15	31	"	10	30	52⅕	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 36⅗
15	Tacagni	0 48 55⅗
20	"	1 6 37⅖
25	"	1 24 0
30	Wilson	1 38 58⅕
35	Wilson	1 55 24⅗
40	"	2 12 25⅕
45	"	2 29 8⅗
50	"	2 46 26⅗
Fry		2 46 50⅕
Reynolds		2 48 16
Vesey		2 57 41⅗

* Denotes fastest professional time on record.

† Fastest five miles with a flying start ever ridden by a professional.

Ion Keith-Falconer still holds the record, 2hs. 43min. 58⅕sec., 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	47⅗
*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	5⅗

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 respective epochs stand Thomas Jefferson[1] 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 every Saturday until the whole are published. The set complete for $3.00.

[1] Master Bieland and his Workmen. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by E. Hancock. [Leisure-Hour Series.] Henry Holt & Co., New York.

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 Shakesperean 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 *edition 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."

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 Nickeled 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.

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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.

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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.

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.

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This is given *free* to each new subscriber. Bear in mind, we give premiums and presents to our agents, and presents to our subscribers.

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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.

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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 2, 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 bicycler should neglect subscribing for it, which will help him to keep a firm seat on the machine. — *Puck*, New York.

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.

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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.*

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.*

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.*

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.

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.

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 2, 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 bicycler should neglect subscribing for it, which will help him to keep a firm seat on the machine. — *Puck*, New York.