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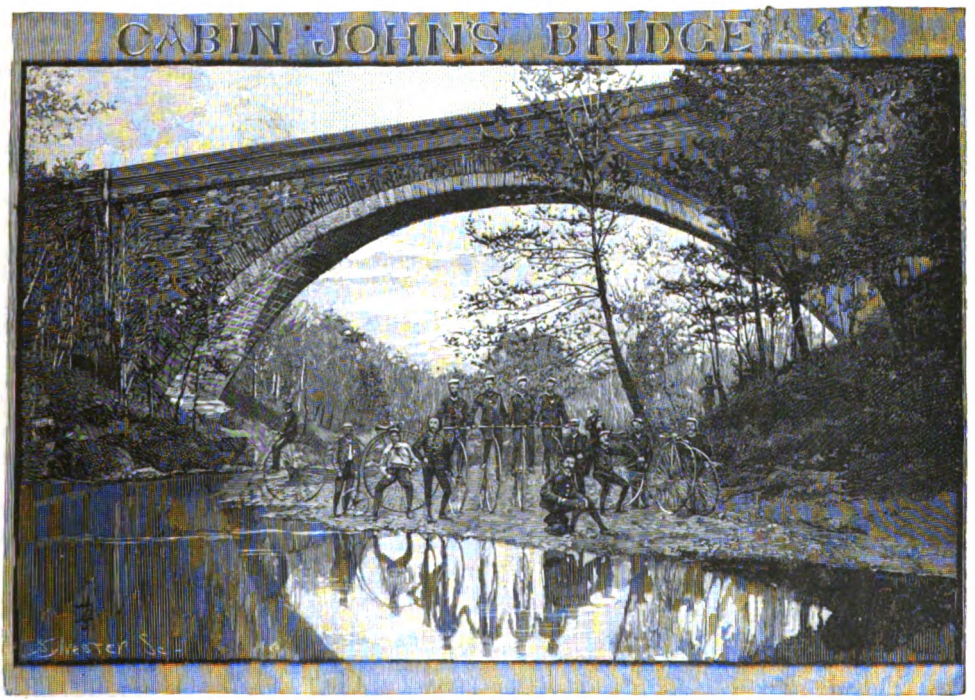
THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. III. NOVEMBER, 1883. No. 2.

THE CAPITAL AND THE CAPITAL CLUB.[1]

WASHINGTON has always been called "the city of magnificent distances." The stranger tourist finds it so, even with its many lines of street-cars, hansoms, herdics, and other conveyances; but to the wheelman, tourist, or native, the name loses much, if not all, of its significance, because distance is so completely lost in the superlative magnificence of its broad, asphalt paved streets. The home of the Capital Club, therefore, has earned another name, — and a far more significant one, though lost on the stranger tourist, — "the bicycler's paradise."

The streets of Washington should be a nation's pride, for there are no finer in the country, though the nation's representatives and the country at large had less to do with them in the outset, in the matter of laying them and paying for them, than the property owners abutting upon them, — and the thoroughfares prior to the advent of Governor Shepherd were wretched beyond description.



When the French engineer, who laid out the city in Washington's time, gave fifty-four per cent. of the land area to street and park, he did not foresee what a stumbling-

[1] The MS. for this article was prepared by a committee of the Capital Club, consisting of Messrs. Leland Howard, L. W. Seely, and Charles R. Dodge.

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block the wide streets and avenues would prove in the way of a practicable paving scheme. This was fully realized after the war, when the *scheme* was being agitated, and the enormous cost of paving such broad thoroughfares arose as an insurmountable obstacle. But the difficulty *was* overcome most charmingly when the present superb parking system was devised, which has given to property owners in the majority of streets a grass plot or lawn, to enclose and beautify, without the obligation of purchasing the ground. At first wood pavements were employed for the carriage-ways; but, from dampness of Washington winters, or other causes, they soon fell into decay, and were superseded by asphalt, neufchatel, and other "concrete" pavements, until now nearly the entire city is laid out in thoroughfares so smooth that their smoothness becomes almost monotony.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

The parking system has worked wonders, too, in the matter of shade, some streets having four lines of trees, from house to opposite house, so that in time one may ride for miles beneath their green canopies shielded completely from the heat of the noon-day sun. Then the parking itself, in some localities, presents the aspect of a continuous flower-garden, relieved here and there by vases, fountains, or ornamental trees, terraced oftentimes, and altogether presenting an aspect of rare beauty.

Thus Washington has grown more beautiful, year by year; people of wealth have become attracted to it as a city of winter residence; a friendly rivalry has sprung up among its own moneyed men in the erection of fine houses; the "high official" population early caught the fever, and the artistic building era commenced, and has

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continued with a steady growth until many thoroughfares — as Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut avenues — show long lines of superb edifices as beautiful as any in the country.

That the capital of the nation is a beautiful city even the Parisian visitor will not deny, and that the Capital Club is proud of its home —

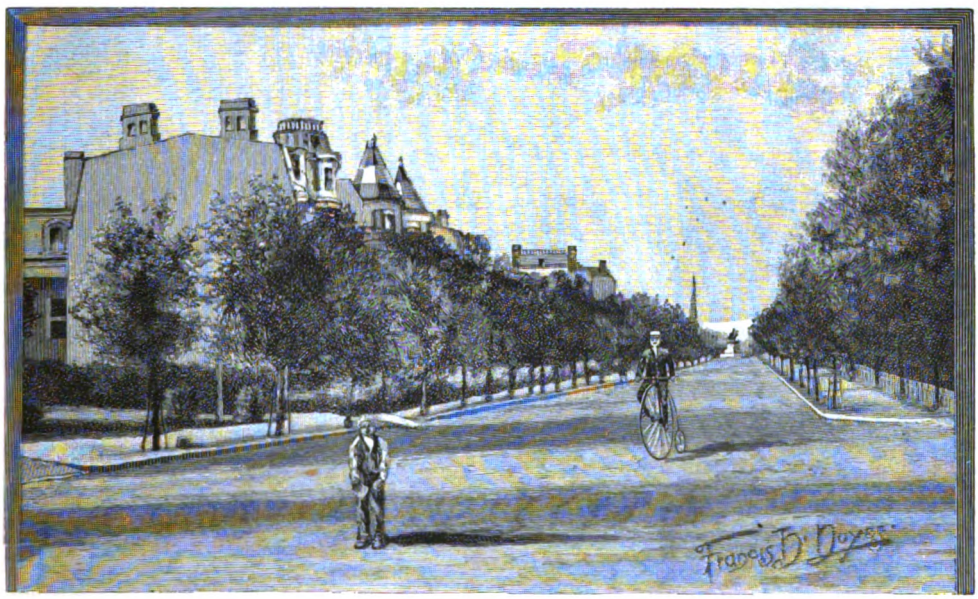
> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only" (politics)[1] "is vile,"

will never meet with a contradiction.

It is worthy of note, in passing, that this club of wheelmen is perhaps the only one thing in Washington not interested in or controlled by politics; however, a great change in the political situation *might* affect it somewhat.

Still it has a *leaning* toward governmental institutions, though the grand old capitol building experienced no tremor when seven wheelmen met in its protecting shadow, January 31, 1879, to effect the first organization, from which has grown the influential body now so familiarly known as the "Capital Bicycle Club."

Greenough's Washington still held his nondescript sword in his left hand, motioning with the other to Columbus to throw the marble world a little higher; the Indian woman still cowered; and the gaze of the sturdy pioneer was not diverted from the ruthless savage to the exciting scene at his feet; all were unconscious of the event then transpiring. Even the casual mention of the names of Hansmann, Einolf, Krauskopf, and Jessunofsky, aroused no memory of Kosciusko in the bosoms of the States-men who were chance spectators. In fact, the beginning of the Capital Club was a very small event. Seven men accomplished its organization, and it is fitting, as a matter of record, that their names should follow here. They are: Herbert S. Owen, Max Hansmann, F. D. Owen, L. P. Einolf, F. G. Wood, L. N. Jessunofsky, and Chas. Krauskopf.



VERMONT AVENUE.

These early pioneers of bicycling in Washington had much to overcome in the way of prejudice, for though the introduction of the bicycle here may have been accomplished with greater ease than in many less favored cities, it must not be supposed that the American citizen, at home, relinquished at once and without a struggle his inherent right to grumble and oppose the silent innovation.

Complaints were early received at police head-quarters, and harrowing tales regarding the destructive nature of the bicycle and the recklessness of its riders were circulated, and by some implicitly believed. That no wheelman, in his senses, would

[1] And "malaria."

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risk serious personal injury by collision with a pedestrian, the public did not yet understand; and when two members of the club were summoned to an interview with the chief of police there was a feeling that a crisis had arrived, and response was made with no little anxiety.

It was a fortunate thing for the wheelmen that the chief of police at that time was as clear-headed and sensible a man as Major Thomas P. Morgan, since District Commissioner, and now an honorary member of the club. Calling the attention of the two delegates to the numerous complaints received, and stating that he could not ignore them, the wheelmen were advised that, for their own good, they should adopt a course of action convincing to the public that bicycle-riding and the public safety were not incompatible. He then gave his own views upon the subject, — commendable to all prejudiced city authorities as models of good sense, which were substantially as follows: I approve of bicycling. My duties as chief of police enable me to see a great deal in which the young men of Washington are concerned, and as a result of my observation I shall do all in my power to encourage an honest, manly exercise, promoting the physical health of the participants, and tending to keep them out of bar-rooms and other questionable resorts. The favorable position taken by Major Morgan has been held by his successors and the authorities generally, and to this liberal policy the club owes much of its rapid advancement.

The interview resulted in the passage of club rules, requiring the use of bells by day and lamps by night, which rules were religiously broken upon all occasions; but such was the moral effect of the club action, coupled, perhaps, with greater caution and a more conciliatory bearing when upon the wheel, that complaints diminished in frequency, and in time practically ceased.

Almost from the first advent of wheel-

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

ing, the fair sex of Washington have declared in favor of the wheel, which even now excites outspoken admiration and envy, — very gratifying by contrast to the continuous ovation of tin cans and opprobrious epithets from the small-boy, often tendered the rider in his passage along the street, to say nothing of the epithets without the cans from the boy's father or big brother.

But with the growth of bicycling came an entire change in public sentiment, as leading business and professional men adopted the wheel for exercise or use, and still preserved their dignity. After the first shock to conventional ideas the attractiveness and fitness of the costume were readily conceded, and its appearance

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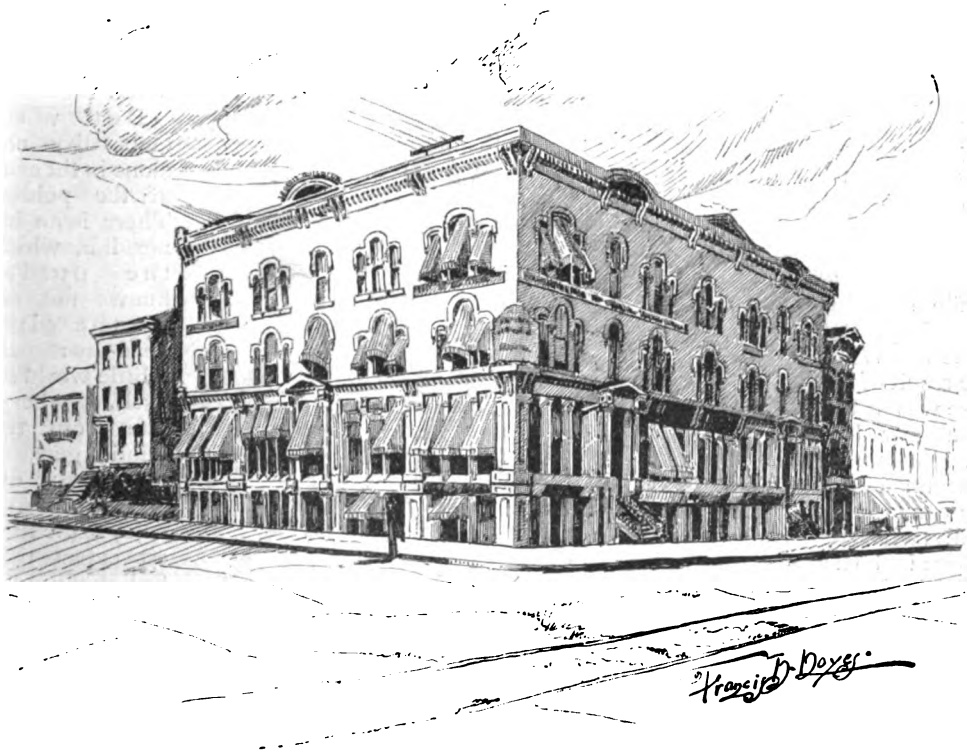
on the streets now rarely provokes unfavorable comment. Apropos, in passing, there is an old resolution in the early archives of the club quite denunciatory to an up-town hotel-keeper, the *casus belli* being the ejectment of a member of the club on account of his objectionable uniform.

In the darkest hours of 'cycling in Washington there has always been the consoling reflection that prejudice had no force within the beautiful grounds of the Soldiers' Home, for its many miles of perfect roadway, its shaded walks and picturesque bypaths, have always been open to wheelmen, even when the all-pervading *horse*-owner was excluded. To be classed with members of Congress ought to satisfy the wildest ambition, at least Capital men have always been admitted to the grounds on Sundays, when all except our country's lawgivers were *religiously* excluded. After repeated abuse and insult upon the road, there has seemed poetic justice, if not full compensation for wrong, in the simple letting down of the chain at the entrance to admit a party of wheelmen, and the replacing it again to prevent the entrance of some closely following carriage. How far the custom of giving the old veterans who kept the gates a present of "Fine Cut" and "Navy Plug," at Christmas, has contributed to this result is not stated.

The influence of the Capital Club in overcoming prejudice in Washington has been exerted for good, not in the capital city alone, but throughout the country; for the club has been instrumental in procuring the clearest and most outspoken judicial recognition of wheelmen's rights yet uttered in any State where the question has come up, — a decision which, in the city, renders wheelmen perfectly secure in the enjoyment of privileges which are theirs by right, but makes them liable, like others, for their abuse. The playful custom of horse-owners of "breaking up" a parade, or of running down an individual wheelman, now and then, received a sudden check in June last, when the widely published Lane *vs.* Chapman case came before the public, a day or two after the spring race meet. It was a very aggravated case, the full partic-



LE DROIT BUILDING.

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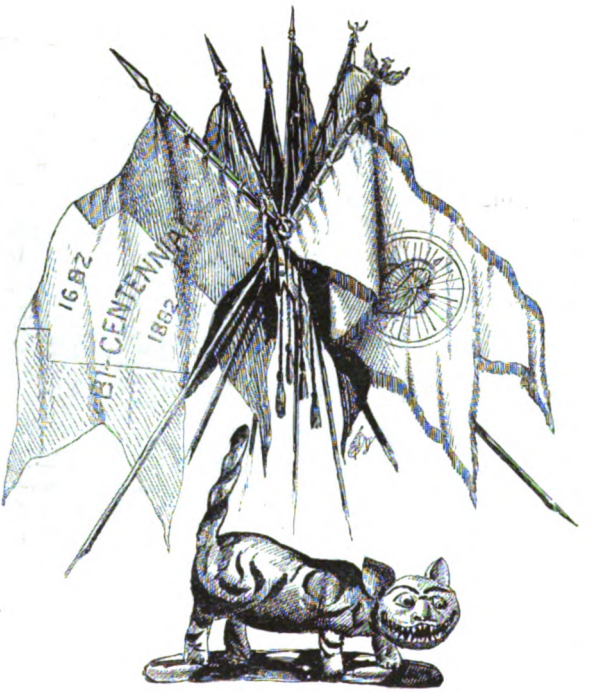
ulars of which, with the legal decision rendered, will be found in the August issue of THE WHEELMAN (pages 370 and 385), so it will not be necessary to repeat them here. In brief, it may be stated, however, that, in imposing fine, Judge Snell held that, in the eyes of the law, bicycles have the same rights and privileges, and are subject to the same restrictions, as other vehicles, and that their riders are no more bound to exercise special diligence in avoiding accident and collision than the driver of an ordinary carriage or wagon. In a case shortly after the same judge upheld his former decision by fining a colored boy $20 for running into and badly injuring a gentleman upon a crossing, while speeding on a frequented street. While the result of this case was heartily approved by all right-minded wheelmen and club men especially, who have labored long and faithfully to subdue public prejudice, it had a salutary effect upon wheelmen generally. It is said, however, to have caused considerable mental anguish and deep distress to a youthful aspirant for racing honors, who, when spurting down Fourteenth street, one evening, ran into and knocked down a gentleman as he was stepping from a street-car. Visions of police courts and stations flashed upon his brain as he picked up the demoralized victim, escorted him to his residence near by and procured a physician. His injuries were pronounced to be not of a serious character, a fine black eye being the most noticeable feature of the accident. The young man visited his victim assiduously during the few days of confinement, spending a small fortune in bananas and other luxuries, and they became great friends.



KLUB KAT AND FLAGS.

In closing this theme, a word for the press of Washington is fitting. Always friendly toward the club, and free from prejudice against the wheel, it has ever extended to wheelmen a helping hand in forming a kindly public opinion, even suppressing accounts of accidents by frightened horses, — upon one or two occasions at least; once ascribing a runaway caused by the bicycle to fireworks, — and publishing most complete accounts of all local wheel events as matters of general news.

But wheel clubs live not alone in the eyes of the public. There is an inner life, which the public knows not of, for the club head-quarters is a little world of itself, where, safe from the public gaze, it may throw off all restraint and enjoy to the fullest extent that feeling of kindly interest, one with another, and the pleasant interchange of thoughts and opinions, which always characterize fraternal association.

Early meetings of the Capital Club were held at houses of members, and later the first floor of a dilapidated mansion on Tenth street, near H, was rented. Once in permanent quarters club enthusiasm became aroused to a high pitch. Each night saw every member at head-quarters carefully cleaning or repairing his "wreck." If it happened to be perfectly clean and in good repair, he took it to pieces for the somewhat doubtful pleasure of putting it together again. Long runs were instituted, and the surrounding country explored. The first captain, in the fall of 1879, accomplished the feat of riding thirty miles

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through Maryland with one leg of his breeches torn off.

In April, 1880, there was a general call for more central quarters, and the ground floor of No. 412 Eleventh street engaged. The funniest memories cling round the dirty old place (it is now used for a machine-shop), for many a watermelon has been cut within its precincts, and many a cider jug has come in full and gone out empty. It was here that the great "racket" of the unveiling of the stove took place to the delicious music of the overture to "Il Bomboso," composed by Maestro Noyes, and performed upon "domestic instruments." Here, too, the great stand-still match took place between Owen, Schooly, and Seely, which was won by the former with a record of 2h. 22m., which remains to this day unrivalled. The greater part of this feat was accomplished "hands off," and he finally dismounted, only because he could not bear to miss his dinner. Shade of Ezekiel, look ever kindly upon old 412, and spare her long to gaze blandly with her open face upon passing wheelmen, and smile with cracking walls in memory of long ago!

The rapid growth in membership ere long caused another move, and in January, 1882, the club took possession of its present quarters, Rooms 10, 11, and 33 Le Droit building. The events which have transpired since have hardly passed into history, yet hundreds of delightful runs have started from the shadow of the Le Droit, many a wound has been nursed within its protecting walls, and many a stormy debate, wild song, and enthusiastic club-yell have shaken its windows. The main club-room has already a homelike aspect to us all. The benignant countenance of our first president, C. E. Hawley, smiles down upon the green surface of the club pool-table; the ferocious phiz of the klub kat gazes wildly out from its drapery of banners towards the dreamy face of the "Shadow Love" opposite, and the customary groups and individual photos hang thickly round the walls. Hazlitt, on his Marine, is running head-on into Higham, of Nottingham, and Dr. Coleman peers over the head of his Royal Challenge inquiringly at the gorgeous circus-poster of the Springfield meet, hung conspicuously under the reading-desk. Our Catholic member expresses his belief in the infallibility of the *Pope* in a cartoon on one side, and on the other, amid a solid mass of bugles, billiard-cues, maps, horseshoes, and other relics of the road, hangs the gem of the collection, — a babe dimpled and white. To quote the words of the illustrious president of the Springfield Club, "the joy, the pride, the pet," of the club, — the klub kid, — the first child born to the organization, the only infant who has achieved the proud distinction of cutting his teeth on a British Challenge ebonite handle-bar.

In this room the klub kat was dedicated with imposing ceremony, — "Presented on behalf of the emperor of Japan," by C. E.

Hawley, and received on behalf of the club by L. W. Seely; and there on its pedestal it has stood — grim arbiter of our destinies — for twelve long months; and it has passed into tradition that so long as it stands there, solemn and silent, all will go well; but when removed by impious hands disaster will overtake us, and the direst calamities befall each member. Here, too, the club dictionary first saw light. The eminent lexicographer, C. G. Allen, a master of English "as she is spoke," soon discovered, on joining the club, many strange words in constant use. As the sport became older the number of these new words and peculiar slang phrases increased, and, with his exact and analytical turn of mind, he noted them all down with their probable meaning. The result was "a dictionary of the words and phrases peculiar to the Capital Club," which was

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read on the eve of the third anniversary, January 31, 1882.

In this room, too, was organized a most interesting feature of the club, — a bicycle debating society, at the meetings of which, every fortnight, the members discussed a paper read by some one, on some point connected with the bicycle. Thus, one night the subject of "tires" would receive a severe handling; the next time, perhaps, "tracks," and so on. A great deal of good has come from this little intestine society, and men who otherwise would have paid no attention to the construction of their ma-

chines have become thoroughly conversant with the minutest points.

The inner life of the club is thoroughly enjoyable. Regular runs are held on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and every evening sees small parties starting out on tours of exploration or "practice runs" through the ditches, and gulleys, and commons of East Washington. A gathering of members every evening discusses pool, or dominoes, or whist, while "cleaning bees," in the machine-room, are of almost nightly occurrence. Through the winter a series of *soirées* is given, which have attained great popularity among the butterfly population of the city, and theatre parties, in full uniform, give frequent evidence of club spirit. The Capital Club was probably the first to give a "uniform dance," although the Meriden Wheel Club and the Milwaukee Bi. Club followed hard on its footsteps.

The machinery of the club is simple, with four classes of members, — active, associate, honorary, and non-resident; the active only have a voice in the proceedings. All routine matters are decided by the executive committee of eleven, which holds monthly meetings and frequent special meetings. The club also meets monthly, and passes upon the action of the executive committee. The latter, in case of emergency, may act for the club, by unanimous vote, in any matter, however important. New members are recommended by the executive committee, their names posted for one week, and elected by a two-thirds vote of the club. The active membership is limited to sixty, while the associate and honorary lists have no limit. Uniforms are obligatory with active members, and optional with all others. The present uniform is too well known to riders through the country to need description, and offers a pleasing contrast to the aboriginal costume of polo cap and leggins, which was first adopted.

It seems to be the universal opinion, and it is one which Washington wheelmen have been called upon frequently to combat, that Washington streets are so fine that the temptation to do anything but throw legs over handles and glide down the smooth grades, or to start out in drill squads and evolute upon the faultless surface, never seizes, or never ought to seize, a Capital man. "My dear sir," replies the Capital man, "would you never tire of riding in a rink, and can you not imagine that even gliding by building after building of public interest would soon become an ancient story?" The suburban roads are not sand-papered, but there is something which every rider will understand in the constant exercise of every faculty upon a rough road. There is an exhilaration in a coast down a stony hill, in a source of danger on every side, which makes even a timid rider feel that he has more thoroughly *lived* in an hour of such riding than in a week of bowling over asphalt. It is this feeling which takes Capital men miles away from home upon every opportunity, and which has caused a thorough exploration of the neighboring counties of "My Maryland" and the "Old Dominion."

And then there *is* something to see outside of Washington: Bladensburg, the historic duelling-ground, six miles away, over a sandy road furnished with foot-paths worn smooth by the calloused feet of "culled" laborers and "po' white trash." Cabin

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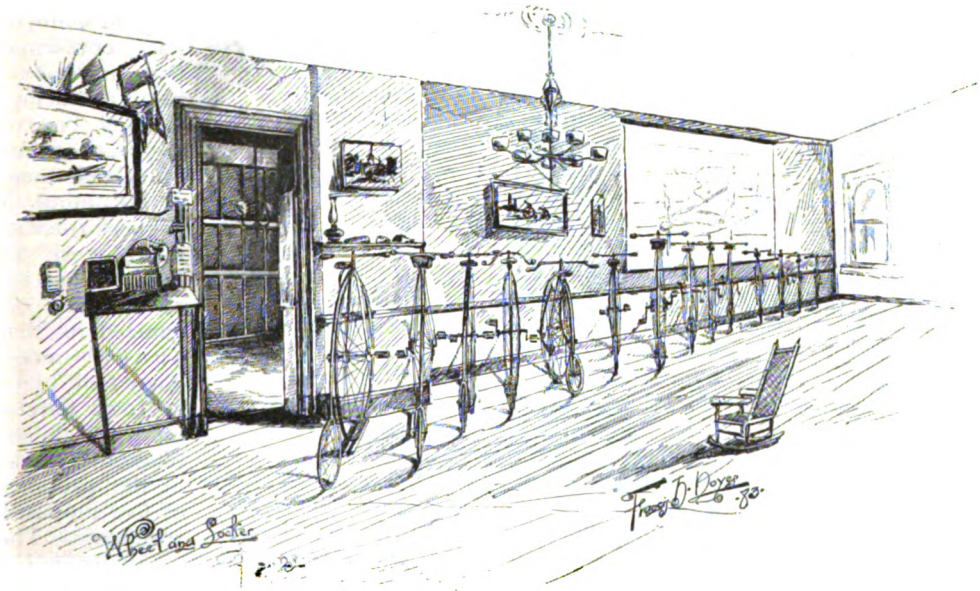
John's Bridge,[1] — that glorious stone arch, with its old hotel and its invariable parties of sweet girl picnicers, — ten miles from head-quarters, over macadam, as the goose flies.

How many bright memories are associated with it: quiet breakfast parties, with luscious spring-chicken (the genuine article), and flaky "flour doin's," — of snowy whiteness by contrast with the kindly black face of the "old aunty" who rules the "cook-house"; quieter confidential talks in the *interim* of rest, between chums, lying prone upon the grass, in the shadow of the trees, a hundred feet below the parapets; or, less quiet gatherings upon the



breeze-kissed hillside, to listen to Bert's inimitable yarns, while the waters babbled musically over the rocks, and the inanimate stone of the great arch flung back, in a chorus of mighty echoes, the peals of merry laughter. The time he raced with the calf, a-wheel, on this same road, and only headed him off at the very edge of the embankment, after as many turns as a hound-pursued fox would make; how the chicken ran so fast, along the fence, while fleeing from his on-coming wheel, that she broke her neck in attempting to dart through a familiar aperture in the pickets; how he raced the rural "trotter" in a back town in Pennsylvania, in the "early days," and turned the laugh on the gaping jockeys by a complete walk-over. These and many other sunny memories! Dear Cabin John! — *our* pleasant "country seat."

Then there is Tennallytown, with its cock-fights and three-quarters of a mile coast. Rockville, with its seminary and base-ball nine, with our "Tip" and "Lele" on the "cullud" side; Great Falls, where the Potomac takes a flying leap down a succession of giant stairs; Alexandria, the landing-place of Braddock, the worshipping-place of George W—g—n, the death scene of Ellsworth, and the present residence of Mayor Smith; Arlington, the former home of Lee, and the resting-place of ten thousand immortal warriors; and Mount Vernon, where — who can't fill in the gap?

Farther away are Harper's Ferry, the caverns of Luray, and the natural bridge, so graphically described in a former number of THE WHEELMAN; Baltimore, with its genial host of riders; Bull Run, Cedar Creek, Spottsylvania Court-House, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Five Forks. We older know them all by heart, and more than one Capital man took part in the great struggles which these latter names represent. Many a time has the writer — a northern man — exhausted by a long day's run, lain under the shade of some

[1] Cabin John's Bridge is the longest single arch of cut stone in the world. Span, two hundred and twenty feet; height to top of arch, seventy-eight feet. Built by the government to support the aqueduct supplying the city with water.

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huge tree, and listened to "the other side of the story" from an old Confederate soldier, whose true Virginian hospitality had just been experienced.

But enough of runs. The climate of Washington is something which has been joked about for the last year by northern riders, and there is just a feeling of hesitancy about singing its praises here. This article is no "Handbook of Florida," to induce immigration; yet we do have advantages in climate. All winter long the glint and shimmer of the wheel is seen, and the exploits of Wilmot are outdone by many a Washington rider. In summer, so stated by General Hazen, Washington is the coolest city on the Atlantic seaboard; sunstrokes are few, and no wheelman has ever been overcome.

One thing the club suffer from — isolation. Our ideas are our own ideas; our machines were bought from a consultation of the "Indispensable," and not from our examination of similar wheels; our organization was and is upon an original plan. Our feeling of loneliness is evinced in our eager welcome of all outside wheelmen. It is a gala day when King brings over a party of Maryland men from Baltimore; we welcomed dear old Marsden like a brother when he passed through here on his way from the Chicago meet; and our eyes were opened to their widest extent on our first visit as a club to the North, and our friends of the Germantown Club can testify to our appreciation of the chance they gave us at Philadelphia, in October, 1882, to see what a real live northern club was like.

Perhaps it is this very isolation which has given to the club its independence, for, as the world goes, a sturdy self-reliance, enforced by circumstance, in boyhood, makes the man of sterling worth. We do not wish to be thought boastful as a club, — it is *not* a Capital Club trait; but it is a serious question if there is another club in the country more enthusiastic to a man, or in which the members pull more thoroughly together. Mr. Prince noticed it when he came to settle in our beautiful city; and, as others have mentioned it from time to time, we take a pride in thinking it is so, because, to many of us, the club is father, mother, sister, *brother*, in the absence of dearer home associations.

Outside of Washington, the Capital Club, or its representatives, have done but little racing. Barring one or two races against Maryland men, at Baltimore, it has performed its racing-work at home. June 29, 1880, were organized its first annual races. They took place at Iowa Circle, on a rough asphaltum track, in the presence of five thousand spectators. The quarter-mile race was won by Wm. Chester (now of Princeton College), in the good time of 41¾ sec. (flying start). The 1-mile and 5-mile were won by J. McK. Borden, in 3 m. 25 sec. and 19 m. 21 sec., respectively. In 1881 and 1882 the annual races were held upon the same track, and the 1-mile time was lowered to 3m. 10 sec., and the 5-mile to 17 m. 44 sec., also by Borden, who, in 1881, made a two-mile record of 6 m. 52 sec.

In the spring of 1883 a 4-lap cinder track was laid in the grounds of the Athletic Park, at an expense of nearly $3,000, and the annual races for this year were held here, with the track in an incomplete condition. Never did racers before contend against such difficulties. The track was a regular quicksand, and fast time was out

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of the question. The 2-mile open was won by Frank Howard, of Columbia College (scratch); the 1-mile open by J. Day Flack, of the Maryland Club (100 yards); and the 5-miles club championship by J. McK. Borden.

While upon the subject of races it may be well to make one more mention of that grand Garfield meet fiasco, called the "slush meet," by an over-facetious Capital man. Most elaborate preparations were made for the entertainment of visiting wheelmen, and a very interesting series of races arranged. Nothing else was talked of in the club for weeks, and when, on the night of the 27th of November, 1882, wheelmen came pouring in by all the northern trains, in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, it is safe to say that a more wretchedly disappointed and forlorn association never existed than ours. But the club men bore themselves bravely, and in this they were handsomely aided by the cheerful going-to-have-a-good-time-anyway demeanor which all of the guests assumed. The old walls of the City Hall rang with laughter as machines were packed away after the slush and mud had been wiped off, and the black night was made hilarious with song as the merry party tramped through the snow back to the hotels.

In the morning, detachments of visitors, guided by "Capitalists," ploughed their way around the city, visiting this or that place of interest, — Public Building, Museum, or Art Gallery, — and in the afternoon the hearts of the pretty girls in the booths at the fair, at the capitol, were gladdened by the sight of an hundred odd Philadelphia, New York, and Boston men clad in those "darling uniforms." Many a strange story could be told of the events of that afternoon. One *has* been told, — the "*Owl*" has many times hooted out a gentle reference to "the gallant Pit and the farmer's daughter."

On the 29th old Sol shone out once more, and the snow vanished as if by a miracle. A parade of one hundred and fifty wheels was formed and carried through the principal streets for two hours or more, and in the afternoon a contest in fancy riding took place at the east front of the capitol, all races being postponed on account of the condition of the track.

In the evening one hundred and twenty-five men sat down to a supper at the Riggs House. The utmost good-fellowship prevailed, and the speeches and responses by President Hawley, of the Capital Club; Colonel Pope; Captain Wilson, of the Philadelphia Club; Captain Trego, of the Maryland; Messrs. Garvy, of St. Louis; Griffiths, of Boston; Jenkins, of New York; and others, closed the evening and the meet in as pleasant a manner as "our boys" could wish.

But the end was not yet. For six long months the club struggled with that hydra-headed monster, the G.M.F. Association, with bills of all sorts and descriptions, which the Association was in honor bound to pay; but beyond the amount for the grand-stand, not one penny of the expenses of the meet has ever come from the plethoric purse of the Association. Upon one pretext and another, the club was put off time after time, and finally the entire debt was repudiated by the auditing committee, — D. G. Swaim, Judge-Advocate General of the army; and John W. Thompson, President of the National Metropolitan Bank, and of other influential organizations. Meanwhile the club had itself been losing credit from the long postponement, until at last, in desperation, it shouldered the heavy obligation, and paid it off.

CLUB BADGE.

With the perfect facilities afforded by broad, smooth streets, the club naturally became well drilled. To the peculiar ability of Mr. H. S. Owen, in devising new figures and evolutions, and his capacity for instructing others, the club has been indebted for the great success of all its drills. The first regular appearance of the club drill-squad was at the National Fair, in October, 1880, when six men went through some very pretty evolutions, and accomplished the then wonderful feat of standing still in "company front." In April, 1881, a drill-squad of eight men, under Captain C. G. Allen, gave an exhibition in the Biddle-street Rink, Baltimore, at the invitation of the Baltimore Bicycle Club. Fully two thousand of the beauty and fashion of Baltimore were present, and the hearty applause testified to their interest in the novel spectacle. The majority then rode painted wheels of a standard pattern, long since discarded; but the spokes, at least, glistened in the gas-light, — a bright compensation for hours of labor with crocus cloth and emery. The exhibition was repeated

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some months later at the same place with equal success.

At the bi-centennial meeting in Philadelphia the club entered a drill squad, under Captain E. H. Fowler, but found no competition. The movements were made with some difficulty, owing to the softness of the track, rendering short curves and turns somewhat dangerous; but the gathering of appreciative wheelmen was generous with applause, and the handsome Keystone banner, the prize then won, now forms a conspicuous ornament at club head-quarters.

The most successful affair of this kind, however, was given at the Washington Skating Rink, in January, 1883. Twelve men, four on 56's, four on 54's, and four on 52's, constituted the drill squad, under the command of Captain L. W. Seely. "Standing room only" was a literal fact upon this evening, and the club outdid itself. A peculiar alternate still-mount, the invention of sub-captain Max Hansmann, was introduced on this occasion, and proved very effective. The wheels and platoons were beautifully executed, and the drill terminated with a stationary triangular figure, requiring in its successful execution the greatest skill and nice calculation of the twelve men forming it. The rink was found to be too small to drill sixteen men, so that the 50-inch squad, composed of excellent riders, was reluctantly disbanded.

The last appearance of the club drill squad was at the fourth annual races of the C. Bi. C., in June last, when eight men, under Captain Seely, secured the prize offered, — a split-second timer.

In fancy riding the brightest name on the club-roll is that of Herbert S. Owen, — brightest because of his originality in this direction at a time when trick-riding, and the capacity of the bicycle in that direction, were practically unknown.

His feat of riding down the Senate steps of the capitol was witnessed by several of his fellow-members, and the account of it had a wide circulation. He rode an ordinary 54-inch machine, which he mounted on the steps without assistance before commencing the descent. Before retiring from the arena of fancy riding he was a master of forty-five distinct mounts, and an infinite variety of tricks.

Rex Smith received the benefit of Mr. Owen's instruction, and, under his guidance and aided by his own gymnastic powers, is probably the best fancy rider in the United States. A trained athlete, of wonderful strength and nerve, his command over his 52-Centaur is something incredible.

Seward Beall is by many looked upon as a coming man in fancy riding. To great strength and skill he unites perfect coolness and nerve, and performs many very difficult feats. Then there are other fancy riders in the club, unknown to fame; there is the prominent dentist, who has been seen on the street with a watermelon under each arm, with which he claimed to have mounted alone and unassisted; there is the family man, who takes his basket to market on the wheel every morning, and has done the pedal mount with a pitcher full of milk in one hand without spilling a drop.

A brief statement of the doings of the club abroad may interest the reader.

During the first year of its existence Captain Owen toured from Portland to Boston. He rode then a 54-inch Duplex Excelsior, all the bright parts of which were coppered in a truly elegant manner. On this machine he was one of the party in "The Wheel around the Hub," and was always supposed to be the original "Nine-pin," who stood still at the summit of a long hill, until a Worcester man rose up and claimed the honor. The old "copper-bottomed wreck," as it was called, was exhibited at the National Fair in the fall of 1879, labelled, "This machine has been ridden 5,000 miles." It long ago passed into other hands, and its owner has become a "*Star*omaniac; but it is thought that, so metimes, he compares the rattling ratchet on the sixty pounds of machinery which now carries him to the noiseless rush of his old Duplex with a feeling akin to regret.

During the fall of 1879, Messrs. Max Hansmann and H. M. Schooley rode from Washington to Boston *via* Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Hartford, and Worcester. It was in the days before uniforms were generally known, when a rubber band around the bottom of a pair of loosely flapping trousers supplied the place now filled by knee-breeches or knickerbockers. The tourists were the recipients of much attention and kindness on the route, where their "Special Challenge" and "Coventry Perfection" machines were absolute novelties. They were thirteen days on the road from Washington to Boston, and the postal-cards received from them daily make very interesting reading, even now.

In September, 1880, a published call for a grand meet in New York, — allowed by

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the wheel press to pass uncontradicted, — induced five members of the club to take shipping at Baltimore. The affair was a great hoax; but it resulted in bringing together many prominent wheelmen, among them Fairfield, of Maine; Hazlett, of Portsmouth; Ely, of Cleveland; and Clark and Whyte, of Baltimore. Runs to Yonkers and Coney Island were taken, and execrable photographs of the party at West Brighton still remain, though it is believed not in public circulation. A night ride through Prospect Park and Brooklyn, running the blockade of the vigilant police, with unlighted lamps, terminated the day's excitement.

The exhibitions by the club in Baltimore have been alluded to. In addition to these, twenty-eight men attended the Oriole meet and races in September, 1882, taking part in the parade. In the following October twenty-six men were honored in leading the bicycle parade through Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and in being the guests of the Germantown Club, at the elegant supper at Bryn Mawr, after the races, as well as upon that glorious run on the Lancaster Pike, the morning following.

During the fall of 1882, Messrs. Hansmann, Allen, and Seely scored a "first on record," at the Natural Bridge, in Southern Virginia, visiting also the Luray Caves, and finding good roads throughout the section. This tour covered about five hundred miles.

At the League meet in New York seventeen members of the club, under Captain Seely, headed the third division of the parade, composed of non-League clubs, at which time the "parade form" of the club, and its disciplined riding, were particularly complimented by press and public, — points in which the members take special pride.

It has always been a matter of surprise to clubs and wheelmen from abroad that the order and discipline maintained in the Capital Club, mounted or unmounted, whether at home or abroad, while together *as a club*, are worthy of a well-regulated military company. An insubordinate spirit that may occasionally be displayed by one or two members of an organization always reflects severely upon the character of the whole, and while the utmost latitude may ordinarily be allowed, yet on club runs, formal parades, or club excursions, the word of the captain should be law. It is so in the Capital Club.

The C. Bi. C. early retired from the League of American Wheelmen, and has since seen no reason for rejoining that body. Its independent course is naturally abused by certain elements in the wheel-press, and to be abused by which is rather a compliment than otherwise. Its members prefer to owe allegiance to the Capital Club rather than to any organization professedly broad in character — practically exclusive. Under the badge of the Capital Club we feel that we do not need the emblem of the League; to the Capital Club all wheelmen carry their recommendation with them, and the fact that they may be members of the League will not in the slightest affect unfavorably the cordiality of their reception in Washington, and the heartiness of their welcome at all times.

It is only by looking back over the five years' history of the club — so short in time, so great in events! — that we can realize the changes that have taken place. The club is now the third in point of age in the United States, and it has seen the birth of nearly two hundred others. From a mental picture of the bleak steps of the Capitol, — on that January day in 1879, — with the seven shivering wheelmen assembled there, we turn to our well-ordered club-rooms, to which seventy members have access. From the recollection of the 46-inch "Aerial," which the pioneer wheelman rode, we look to our machine racks with their shining lines of wheels, the best makes, — Coventry, London, and Hartford. We see our limit of active membership reached, and applicants waiting for vacancies to occur. We see our ranks recruited from Washington's best citizens, — merchants, lawyers, doctors, teachers, and government officials, — men who, if old, recognize in the bicycle the means of renewing their youth; if young, the means of preserving it.

For the establishment of the policy which the members of the club have always pursued we are indebted to the activity, energy, patience, and example of Herbert S. Owen, one of the pioneer wheelmen of America, and the best road rider that ever crossed a bicycle. By aiming to make a good rider of each man as he entered the club, by correcting, through precept and example, defects of form, style, and action, by encouraging the development of fancy riding and club-drills, and, in general, by giving his whole energy to the cause of bicycling, he has made the club largely what it is.

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And what of the future? That can only be revealed to us, day by day, as the hand of time shall turn each page whereon appears the record of events. But the thinker may ponder, the enthusiast speculate, and the idealist dream over it, — reclining listlessly upon the sofa, in a quiet corner of the club-room, peering through the filmy nothingness of cigar smoke; — or, mayhap, while gliding through some sunny woodland by-path, in a crisp November day, upon the steed we all love so well.

Denser now the filmy cloud, — swifter speeds the flying wheel, — and the picture grows and grows till the eye catches the outline of upreaching walls. There is the broad, familiar asphalt pavement, the pretty parking, and the beds of flowers; and the white flagging leads up to a handsome structure, new from the builder's hands. There is a wide oaken portal, and within are pretty rooms, furnished with all that taste, and art, or woman's fair hands, may fashion or devise. Long lines of wheels stand brightly in their places; yonder is the repair-shop, and beyond that, the kitchen, and —

But coming events *have* been foretold in dreams; — at least, the kat whispered last night that nearly the entire sum had already been subscribed.

APPENDIX, — STATISTICS.

The *personnel* of the club may be described more briefly and accurately perhaps by a few statistics than in any other way. The sixty-eight riding members are summed up as follows: —

Occupation. — Draughtsmen, 12; government clerks, 11; mercantile pursuits, 8; lawyers and patent attorneys, 7; examiners in the patent-office, 4; engineers, 3; teachers, 3; printers, 3; architect, newspaper business, banking, stenographers, 2 each; druggist, leisure, student, bank-note engraver, dentist, entomologist, litterateur, 1 each.

Age. — Average age, 26 years 9 mos.; oldest, 50; youngest, 19. (Candidates for admission are now required to be 21 years of age.)

Height. — Average height, 5 ft. 9 in.; tallest, 6 ft. 2 in; shortest, 5 ft. 4 in.

Weight. — Average weight, 141 lbs.; heaviest, 180; lightest, 104.

Make of Machines. — Expert Columbia, 17; Extraordinary Challenge, 9; British Challenge, 8; Yale, 6; American Star, 5; Standard Columbia, 5; Harvard, 4; Royal Challenge, 3; Centaur, 2; Portland, 2; Coventry Perfection, 2; and one each of Imperial Challenge, Matchless, Facile, Grand, Union, and Special, by Bayliss & Thomas. In other words, manufactured by Pope M'f'g Co., 22; H. B. Smith M'f'g Co. (Star), 5; Challenge machines, 22; other English makes, 23.

Sizes of Machines. — In this account no mention is made of Extras, Stars, or Faciles, as they bear no proportion to the rider's reach. The upright or crank machines may be classified as to size as follows: 60 in., 2; 58, 1; 57, 1; 56, 12; 55, 1; 54, 12; 53, 2; 52, 10; 50, 8; 48, 1.

The first officers of the club were: —

Vice-President, Max Hansmann; *Secretary and Treasurer*, L. P. Einolf; *Captain*, Herbert S. Owen.

The present officers are: —

President, Leland Howard; *Vice-President*, Chas. Flint; *Secretary*, F. R. Lane; *Treasurer*, F. C. Donn; *Captain*, L. W. Seeley; *Sub-Captain*, T. C. Tipton; *Jr. Sub-Captain*, Jno. T. Loomis; *Executive Committee*, the above, and D. E. Fox, T. A. Berryhill, S. P. Moses, Jr., and N. D. Cram.

WATERMELON RACKET.

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'CYCLING AS AN AID TO SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES.

In *Longman's Magazine* for October is an exceedingly sensible article on 'Cycling as an Intellectual Pursuit. The writer, B. W. Richardson, M.D., proves by his personal experience that the bicycle and tricycle have conferred on men and women "a new faculty of locomotion." Having studied the question of muscular motion physiologically, he concludes that we are entering on a new era of locomotion, when men will no longer be servants to engines, but each one be his own locomotor, traversing any desired distance with all convenient speed, without fatigue, but rather with refreshment of body, quickening of mind, and enlargement of interests and knowledge; in short, that the art of flight over land and sea will be the virtual result of experiments now in progress. What has already been accomplished in 'cycling makes such predictions as these seem reasonable and modest. The writer recalls a calculation made some years ago by a man of science, whose reasoning was generally respected, proving it to be absolutely impossible for a person to propel himself by machinery at greater speed or for a greater distance than he could advance by walking. When we see how men have overcome obstacles, although contending against public prejudice, imperfect machinery, and defective roads, we hesitate to say what is in store for the future.

There is a visible danger, however, to the best future of this promising art. In England, as well as to some extent in this country, there is a tendency to make a "sport" of the exercise, so as not only to carry it beyond the limits of physical benefit and incur diseased bodily conditions by over-exertion, but also to shut wholly out of sight any nobler relations of 'cycling.

It must be granted that, viewed merely as a sport, 'cycling is incomparably superior to all others. For success in its pursuit it demands temperance of life. Betting in connection with races has never been encouraged, and the rewards offered are of the simplest kind; very rarely of money. Racing, moreover, is undoubtedly a test of machines as well as of riders, and manufacturers have been spurred up by contests in speed and skill to the use of the best mechanical genius and the choicest workmanship in the construction of instruments.

But the art has higher relations; and besides developing physical strength, skill, courage, and endurance in the 'cyclist, it should call forth and employ powers and abilities of a different order. Indeed, it must do so, unless it be allowed to become a mere racing amusement, and, consequently, to fall into disfavor amongst the sedate and intellectual classes of society, whose views and opinions always ultimately rule the majority.

There are other fields in which the bicycle and tricycle may become very useful and popular in aiding the exercise of the observing powers. It is proposed that all the ladies and gentlemen who make an amusement of 'cycling should band themselves into an association for the collection of various kinds of information while making expeditions in their own or foreign countries. The headquarters of the society should be in some central and important city, and branch organizations should be in all the country towns. Each local association should have its own secretary, who should be a man of sufficient knowledge to give any desired information to travellers through his neighborhood, and whose duty it should be to issue, at stated intervals, historical or scientific reports containing all recent additions made by his branch of the society to local knowledge.

The whole society should be divided into four sections, of which one should be Archæological, one Geographical, one Natural Historical, and the fourth Mechanical and Constructive.

The entire body should be governed by a president, to hold office for one year, subject to reëlection for two years, but not for a longer time consecutively; also by a general secretary, a treasurer, and a council of twenty-four members, to conduct the business of the society between the general election meetings.

The branches should be governed by corresponding officers, a local president, secretary, treasurer, and council; and they should conduct local business, subject to the authority of the central organization.

The central society should have a house of its own, fitted up with all conveniences

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and open to the use of all members, metropolitan and local. This institution should be provided with a full and carefully selected library of works relating to all subjects of interest to the organization, with a lecture hall and museum. Such a house would quickly become a busy establishment, the grand centre of communication for the 'cycling brotherhood of the whole world. It would be in constant reception of new information and of collections of all sorts of curiosities illustrative of facts and conditions of past and present, and would thus be a public treasury of information without a rival. In the central society, as well as in each division, an open meeting of the members, presided over by the general and local presidents, or by a vice-president eminent for learning, archæological, geographical, natural historical, or mechanical, should be held each month. At these meetings papers would be read by the members, as in the different learned societies, and the readings would be followed by discussion without voting, unless it should be judged desirable to take a vote on some special question.

It would be well that the papers read at the different meetings should be written by members of the different sections, following the order of division already given. Thus, at one meeting the subject would be antiquarian, archæological, or historical; at another the papers would describe the physical peculiarities and conditions of any regions visited by the writers. At a third meeting the subject would be natural historical, including observations in botany, zoölogy, entomology, geology, meteorology, and anthropology; while at a fourth the readings and discussions would refer to mechanical matters, and especially to inventions directly connected with the pursuit of 'cycling.

Such an outline of work as has been suggested gives scope to one of the most active and versatile societies in the world, and offers a field for industry and talent so inviting to the 'cyclist that he will need only to view it to enter upon it. Ladies could take as full part as gentlemen in adding to the useful and pleasant knowledge collected by the society. The archæologists could very quickly bring into the records of the institution a description of everything of true antiquarian interest. They could furnish reports of the battle-fields of the Revolution and Rebellion. They could collect relics of the Mound-Builders, and Aztecs, and add greatly to our knowledge of other primitive and curious tribes. Many parts of our country offer rich rewards to investigations of this class. Such inquiries, moreover, are extremely fascinating to the majority of persons. No man or woman making the slightest pretence to culture would refuse an interest to results connected with the past of their country or with the interests and actions of mankind.

The geographers, who would form the second section of the society, would have equal facilities for the accomplishment of their work. There is not a natural feature or an artificial modification of surface on all our vast territory that would not afford them material for observation and report. In one respect alone they might perform a service of inestimable value to all government administratives as well as to individual travellers. They might in a few months make a report on the state of the roadways, highways, and byways of the country the like of which, for completeness and suggestiveness, has never existed. They could point out what are the best and what the worst roads; what are safe, what dangerous. They could indicate what methods of making roads are found on trial to be best adapted to different soils. Perhaps in time they might even be able to devise means of obviating the impassability of the mud of our Western States at certain seasons of the year. They could show what is the best basis of a road, and what upper dressing is most even, most dry, and most enduring. They could suggest the parts where, owing to excessive steepness of ascent or descent of surface, it would be proper for the engineer to improve the course by levelling it or diverting the line. They could show what sideways and narrow roads ought to be made for the sake of saving distances when travelling from the great highways to the surrounding towns and villages. By means of their cyclometers they could correct an immense number of errors respecting distances which the sign-posts almost invariably make. They could map out the parts of the country which are still unenclosed, gather up the very best information on the matter of waste lands, and record the local usages of such places for marking out boundaries and for defining public and private rights of property. They could define the lines of rivers and canals, and perform an essential service to the commonwealth by showing where, in the course of flowing streams, the greatest and

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steadiest force can be supplied. They could show the best sources of fish supply, and the readiest means of conveying stores of fish to the centres of population. They could learn what parts of the land were most productive of different fruits and vegetables, and indicate the encouragement that ought to be given for the development or sustainment of those cultivations. They could discover what lands are out of cultivation, and what remedy can be applied for lack of productiveness in waste places. What a varied and inviting field for such investigations is laid open by our broad land! Think of all the mountains, hills, plateaus, valleys, forests, and farming and grazing districts, in the East, West, North and South, in regard to which no such information is anywhere accessible. What messengers of civilization and progress would be the carriers of such various and valuable news! How much worthier is such information of being sought out and published than the greater part of the sensational news, to gain which men contend against time and distance and risk property and life!

The possible work for the geographical section of the proposed association is worthy of being more fully elaborated than that of the others, as serving more fully to illustrate in its extent and bearing the plan before us. It has also been proper to dwell upon it fully, because it would, at first, be the most popular work, and certainly the readiest for execution. Knowledge of roads, maps of districts of country, and the extension and improvement of highways, are certainly matters of practical importance and immediate interest to all 'cyclists. There are at this moment hundreds of intelligent 'cyclists furnished with machines, ready equipped for the adventure, all capable of travelling their twenty-five to fifty miles a day, each one capable of adding something to the general stock of information on the topics just selected for mention. In ten years we might possess from these inquirers a new library of our country, making it so well known to ourselves and other people that all scholars would look upon us as the perfectors of geographical research, — a preëminence which we, so richly furnished with material and opportunity, ought assuredly to seize and retain.

There would be equal scope for work in the two other departments suggested as parts of the constitution of the new society. Ladies and gentlemen who are fond of natural history in its various branches would very quickly become mistresses and masters of numerous facts, out of which essays and papers of perfectly original character would be produced. Meteorology, the study of clouds, weather portents, climate in its variations in different districts; anthropology in its widest sense, — man in respect to his different characteristics, mode of life, learning, physical culture, health, race peculiarities, would be subjects at command, and would yield profitable results to the investigators themselves, as well as to the inhabitants of the districts studied, and all to whom the information should be distributed.

Those, again, who were in earnest in following up the improvements of a mechanical kind in 'cycling machines would find constant opportunity for testing the quality and applicability of assumed improvements, with or without the test now almost entirely relied upon, of the long or short race on the track or the road. At meetings of the fourth section of the society the latest kinds of machines would be described, and the merits of whatever was new would be canvassed. At such meetings projects of a reasonable and practical kind for improvements would be brought under notice. At such meetings a special report might, from time to time, be brought up, indicating in what directions developments of sound advances and improvements had progressed, or conveying what was being attempted and effected by ingenious inventors and mechanists in the different centres of industry at home and abroad.

To make the new society complete in its working, one special event in its history each year should be the holding of a general congress, with an exhibition of new and improved machines and appliances for 'cycling purposes. The congress, held in the spring at any one of our large towns, would be, if properly carried out, as good a conference as any of the other great congresses to which the members of older societies are wont to repair. It would bring together youth and mature age for discussion of subjects the advancement of which are both agreeable to the mind and advantageous to the community. Its organization, framed on the model of the society, would give four days for meeting, during which, in the divisions of archæology, natural history, and applied mechanics, there would be opportunity for useful debate, and for comparison from year to year of the progress that was being made

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in all departments, not excluding a final series of contests for records of the old type, in which "the sport" need not for any reason be forgotten.

The difficulty of carrying out this design is all at the beginning. The first question is the one that has to be answered. How shall the start be made? Shall some one of the existing clubs, unions, or associations take the lead, and, by an extension of its organization, be transformed into the new body? Or shall there be a new society altogether, starting from its origin with the several objects in view which have been projected? Or shall there be a combination of the existing organizations, and shall the new association be founded from a central council, formed by them in union? It does not signify materially which of these three courses is taken. The last named — a combined council of existing bodies — would be the most likely to succeed rapidly; but there are so many obstacles in the way of beginning on this basis, and so many contending interests to be reconciled, that we shall probably have to wait for the time when the new society, starting on entirely new foundations, will be accepted as the fittest mode of development, notwithstanding a certain slowness of growth in the early stages.

That a programme promising results so rich will soon be carried out, although possibly with many a modification found necessary to its execution, must be with certainty anticipated.

H. H. M.

A BALLADE OF THIS AGE.

LONG years ago, when garb of steel
Was worn to war by gallants gay,
And valiant hearts o'erflowed with zeal
Their knightly prowess to display;
When men believed in elf and fay, —
Then lovers often wielded lance,
And risked their lives in mortal fray,
For maiden's praise or tender glance.

Oblivion now has set its seal
On those proud deeds of ages gray,
When Love to ladies made appeal
Through minstrel's lute or poet's lay;
Extinguished now is ev'ry ray
Of that bright sun of old Romance,
And unmoved now those *hommes d'épée*
By maiden's praise or tender glance.

Time's onward course now doth reveal
Another chivalry to-day;
They ride no steed but trusty Wheel;
No garb of steel doth them array.
Yet gallant knights and true are they;
Full hard they ride, oft brook mischance,
And daring feats full oft essay,
For maiden's praise or tender glance.

ENVOY.

O 'cycling knights of our late day!
Her dearest prize Fortuna grants,
And sweetest guerdon doth convey,
In maiden's praise or tender glance.

Basil Webb.

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OUT-DOOR INFLUENCES IN LITERATURE.

THE earth is the great reservoir of physical forces, and whilst no scientist has yet been able to discover how intimate or how perfect is the connection between the mental and the physical, there exists, no doubt, a correlation between the processes by which the body and the soul are kept healthy and vigorous by draughts on the great reserves of Nature. One grows tired of books and cloyed with all manner of art. Then comes a hunger and a thirst for Nature. Real thought-gathering is like berry-gathering, — one must go to the wild vines for the racy-flavored fruit. Art and Nature are really the antipodes of each other, — one is original, the other second-hand. When we go from the library or the studio to the woods and fields, we go to get back what Art has robbed us of, — the freshness of Nature. Art presents compositions; Nature offers the original elements. The suggestions of Nature come, as the flowers and leaves and breezes come, — out of the mysterious, invisible generator; but Art merely reflects its suggestions back upon Nature. What genuine poet or novelist has not caught his charmingest conceits from some subtle and indescribable influence of out-door things? In-door poets, like Dante G. Rosetti, always lack the dewy freshness of Helicon, the thymy fragrance of Hybla, no matter how much of the true maker's *labor limae* may appear in their works. Even Poe and Hawthorne disclose too heavy a trace of the must and mould of the closet. Each stands alone, inimitable, in his field, but lacking that balmy, odorous freshness of the morning woods and pastures, when the convolvulus and the violet are in bloom. We should have little faith in the bird-song described by either one of those wizards of romance.

> "The skies they were ashen and sober,
> The leaves they were crisped and sere,"

in all their works. Cheerfulness and enthusiasm have always seemed to me to belong of right to the best genius. Shakespeare exemplifies it; the sublime audacity of Napoleon I. instances it. But Shakespeare was a poacher, and Napoleon loved to dwell out of doors. I hold that communion with Nature generates lofty ideas, feeds noble ambitions. The only way to lengthen a yard-measure is to gauge each new length of cloth by the preceding one, and not by the yardstick. The growth will be slow, but amazingly sure. So in Art, if we cast aside the standards and permit such accretion as Nature suggests.

But there must be some excuse for going out alone with Nature other than the avowed purpose of filching her secrets and accumulating her suggestions; for, as a matter of fact, nearly or quite all of the available literary or artistic materials caught from her great reservoirs come without the asking, and at the moment when they are least expected. Then, too, the human mind seems to have no voluntary receptivity. The power of taking in new elements seems most active in the brain when the pleasurable excitement of a rational pastime is upon it. The artist is often surprised, while aimlessly sketching in the presence of Nature, at the sudden coming on of a genuine "inspiration," — a suggestion leaping out of some accidental touch, or out of some elusive, shadowy change in the phases of things. The direct study of Nature is dry, and its results, however useful and entertaining, far from satisfactory from a literary or artistic stand-point. As one can see an object better in the night by not looking straight at it, so the indirect view of Nature is best for the discovery of those inspiring morsels upon which the gods used to feed, and with which the poet, the novelist, and the painter of to-day delight to stimulate themselves. But the gods were hunters and athletes, as well as lyrists and songsters. They bent the bow with as much ease and delight as they blew in the hollow reed or thrummed on the stringed shell. They robbed the wild bees of their honey, and chased the deer over the hills; they followed the streams of Arcadia, and haunted the fountains and glens of both Italy and Greece. The poets are said to be the successors of the gods. The gums and resins, the spices and saps, the perfumes and subtle essences, of Nature make their nectar and ambrosia. It is the presence of this flavor of Nature that discloses the work of a genuine genius. No amount of cunning artisanship can create, it can only build. Genius works with animate materials and essences; its

> "Conscious stones to beauty grow."

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In a bit of verse I once tried to express my idea of the true poet: —

> He is a poet strong and true
> Who loves wild thyme and honey-dew,
> Who, like a brown bee, works and sings,
> With morning freshness on his wings,
> And a gold burden on his thighs,
> The pollen-dust of centuries.

This pollen-dust is to be found in the old woods as well as in the old books. The flowers of poesy are but impressionist sketches of the flowers of Nature. The little bloom of the partridge-berry has sweeter perfume than any lyric of Theocritus or Horace. From the proper point of view the big, vigorous flower of the tulip-tree is as full of racy, unused suggestions as it is of stamens. Virgil and Tennyson, Theocritus and Emerson, Sappho and Keats, have filled their songs with the most delicately elusive elements of Nature caught from out-door life. They are the half-dozen poets of the world who have come near in their work to the methods of the bee. The honey-cell and the poem are of divine art, — the honey and the idea of the poem are of divine nature. Rosetti and Poe builded lovely cells, but they had no wild-flower honey with which to fill them; theirs was a marvellous nectar, but it was gathered from books and art. "Volumes of forgotten lore" served them, instead of brooks, and fields, and woods, and birds, and flowers.

Now, literature is not the whole of life, nor is the study of Nature the whole secret of literary inspiration. But recreation of body and mind is drawn from obscure and various sources, and the well-rounded genius seems to feed itself upon Nature much more than upon books. A book is most useful as a literary helper, when it may be used as a glass with which to better view Nature. I would not be understood as saying that all worthy literature is or should be a mere interpretation of out-door life; far from it. Out-door life, I may say, furnishes the inspiration, the enthusiasm, the freshness. It furnishes the water for the clay, it gives the hand its certainty, the mind its new leases upon youth. It does not make the mind nor the hand; it merely informs them with the creative effluence of Nature, as Thoreau would express it. It has a fertilizing power, — this lonely communion with the out-door forms of life, — which one may trace in the best works of the geniuses of all ages. Pan, when he pursued the flying Syrinx, and at last clasped an armful of reeds instead of the nymph, very accurately typified the poet. He took the reeds and made of them his pipe. He had caught the idea of music from the sounds of the rustling leaves and stems. If you would like to fully understand the meaning of this myth of Pan and Syrinx go clasp an armful of wild green reeds and hold your ear close to them. You will hear the sound of washing seas and rippling rivers and flowing breezes all blending together; voices from vast distances and snatches of immemorial song will come to you. Like Pan you will long for a pipe, that you may express what has been suggested to you by the reeds.

A while ago I said that direct, conscious study of Nature was not best for gathering those impressions most valuable to the poet and artist. Thoreau is a striking example of a poet spoiled by this direct study. Compare his poetry with that of Keats or Tennyson or Emerson, and it will be discovered that his obvious attitudinizing before Nature prevents him from appearing sincere, simple, and fresh in his conceits. It seems that the available material which one gets from Nature, save for scientific purposes, must be received aslant, so to speak, — must be discovered by indirect vision, — and while one is looking for something else. Thus while Thoreau was besieging Nature for her poetic essences, he failed to find them, though Keats had stumbled upon them apparently by accident.

> "What melodies are these?
> They sound as through the whispering of trees."

If ever the songs of a poet

> "Come as through bubbling honey,"

and

> "In trammels of perverse deliciousness,"

the songs of Keats did, and in them we may find in the best measure the influences of the indirect study of Nature.

Now, there are few persons who, like Keats, will absorb these influences without some stimulus other than the poet's love of solitude; nor is solitude for its own sake wholesome. On the contrary, it is inimical to healthy physical and mental development. Keats might have lived to finish all his "divine fragments" if he had been an enthusiastic canoeist, archer, or bicyclist. He died of consumption at the age of twenty-five years! If William Cullen Bryant had possessed Keats' genius, or if Keats had had Bryant's physique! Think

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of the boy-author of "Endymion" singing till he was eighty! And yet such a thing might be if recreation were regular and judicious. If Keats were alive to-day he would be but eighty-eight years old, and yet his poems have been classics for more than sixty years! The study of Nature, as I have said, should be indirect, in order to perfect recreation. Some cheerful sport, to absorb one's direct attention, is the best aid to the end in view, and to my mind the best sport is that which necessarily takes one into the woods and along the streams, where wild flowers blow and wild birds sing, and where the flavor of sap and the fragrance of gums and resins are in the breezes. If I were a poet I think I should be one of that class described as

> "Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
> Still fond and proud of savage liberty."

I could not be the one of the garret and the crust; better a hollow tree and locusts and wild honey. The redeeming feature of Walt Whitman's deservedly tabooed, and yet deservedly admired, "Leaves of Grass" is the sweet, ever-recurring wood-note, the sincere voice of Nature, half strangled as it is in incoherent sounds, — a feature that affects one like the notes of a wood-thrush heard in the depths of a dismal, swampy hollow. Too much time spent in the streets and crowds of the cities, — too much knowledge of the brutal side of life, — has given us a Whitman, a Baudelaire, and a Zola. Too much knowledge of Nature gave us a Thoreau. It is a curious fact that, so soon as a people have grown beyond the study and the love of out-door nature, their literature begins to be what French literature now is, — a literature without any true poetry. Daudet, for instance, is a poet, but he cannot make poetry. His novels are spiced with intrigues and immoralities, instead of with the flavor of out-door life. Zola sees nothing but the tragedies of the gutter and the brothel. He never dreams of green fields and melodious woods; he finds nothing worthy of his art in rural scenes or in honest, earnest life. He never goes into solitude with Nature. The literature of England, from Chaucer down to Dickens and William Black, is full of the fragrance, so to speak, of out-door life, and it will be so as long as the English man and the English woman remain true to their love of all kinds of open-air pastimes. The deer, the pheasant, the blackcock, the trout, and the fox, have done much to fence the poetry and fiction of our mother-country against the French tendencies and influences.

But American literature is beginning to feel, in a certain way, the effect of much love of Parisian manners. Henry James, Jr., who just now leads our novelists, is much more French than American or English in his literary methods. His theory is, that the aim of the novelist is to represent life; but he nowhere recognizes "out-doors" or out-of-doors things as a part of life. Life to him means fashionable, social life — nothing more. The life of which Hawthorne wrote is *passé* to him. From his stand-point he is right. If realism, as the critics now define it, is a genuine revolution in literature, it may be a long while before any other fiction than Mr. James' very pleasant sort will be in demand. He is master of his method, and has made the most of his theory. But, without finding fault with Mr. James' charming novels, it may be asked if they would not be better were it possible for the author to inject into them something of William Black's knowledge of out-door things, and to give them the color and atmosphere demanded by the places where their scenes are laid. Social atmosphere he does give to perfection; but of the air his people breathe he knows nothing. He never sets his story in a landscape; its *entourage* is always an artificial one; he frames it, like an artist, with a frame exactly suited to its tone; but it would look as well in one place as another. In reading his stories we are thoroughly charmed, and would not know where to change a word; but we know all along that we are reading a story. He does not take us away from the spot where we are reading; but he chains us to our chair with the spell of his "representations of life" until the end is reached. Now, a little different treatment would change all this. The color and the atmosphere of the place should be added, as with the brush of the painter, so that we would find ourselves on the spot, feel the air, smell the perfumes, see the varied features of the region round about, as well as talk with the people and share their life. Let it be understood that I do not criticise Mr. James. He is a prince of novelists. I merely attempt to show that he might add to his charming stories the freshness of the breezes, the bird-songs, and the flowers, without abating in the least his placid realism or endangering his reputation for merciless analysis.

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But even so delicately refined a novelist as Mr. James loses less by the lack of a knowledge of out-door things than does the least of minor poets. The singer must not, cannot, rely upon any other reserve than Nature from which to draw the freshness and racy flavor that every true poem must have. Still it must be remembered that mere descriptive writing, no matter how true to Nature, is not what gives that "smack of Helicon" of which Mr. Lowell speaks. The true critical test is one that will discover any trace of the simplicity, the artlessness, and the self-sufficiency of Nature. Whatever is truly fresh and original in literature will be found to contain something not acquired from books, nor from observation of society, nor yet from introspection; this comes, one might say, from the soil and the air by a growth like that of the flowers. I believe it is due, in nearly every case, to out-door recreation. It is felt on almost every page of Emerson, Tennyson, and William Black, and it is just as charming in a story like "A Princess of Thule," as it is in "In Memoriam" or "Wood Notes." John Burroughs has shown what a delightful study Nature may be to him who plays with her for the mere sake of the play. He has given us the extreme of what may be called wind-rustled and dew-dashed literature. What a grand novelist Henry James and John Burroughs would make if they could be welded together! Life would then be represented sympathetically from centre to circumference, — from the heart of an oak to the outermost garment of a "dude."

Mr. Hardy's novel, "But yet a woman," and Mr. Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs," leaped at once into popular favor on account of the freshness that was in them. In both stories a knowledge of out-door life is blended with a keen insight into the most interesting mysteries of the human heart. Mr. Isaacs was not only a master polo-player and a crack shot; he was also a philosopher and a lover of no common sort. In "But yet a woman" the descriptive passages and the epigrammatic paragraphs serve as a fixitive for the story, setting it permanently, and giving it an air of its own. The physical atmosphere is as wholesome and sweet as the moral spirit is sane and pure. One would suspect that the story had been written in the open air, or, at least, in the country, with the library windows wide open. Indeed, sunshine and air are as antiseptic and deodorizing in literature as in the field of physical operations. Even Baudelaire occasionally, under the influence of a sea-breeze, wrote such a poem as "Parfum Exotique," or "La Chevelure." He had a charming knowledge of marine effects, and it seems to me that his verse

"Infinis bercements du loisir enbaumé"

is enough of itself to immortalize him. It is a whole poem. One sees the warm, creamy tropical water, feels the long, lazy swell, the infinite idle rocking, the balmy leisure, and takes in, as by a breath, the illusive charm of the ever-mysterious sea. Buchanan Read's "Drifting" might be condensed into that one line —

"Infinis bercements du loisir enbaumé."

In fact, the few poems worthy the name, written by Baudelaire, were made out of the sweet, warm shreds of his out-door life, while on a voyage in the far East. Even in France, this freshness of Nature is recognized and relished. In "Numa Roumestan" M. Daudet has, as one might say, wafted the odors of Provence through the streets of Paris. The critics felt the atmospheric change, and went to the windows to see the mistral flurrying along the boulevards. So, in America, when Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller sent their stories and poems over the mountains and deserts from our far Pacific coast, it was their freshness, — their woodsy, dewy, out-door flavor that recommended them. A happy blending of the bucolic with the latest fashionable tendencies, — a welding together of the pastoral and the ultra urban, made a great success of "An Earnest Trifler." It would be easy to multiply instances. The proofs are perfect that the influences of out-door life upon literature are of the subtlest and most interesting nature. Whilst every one must admit the paramount importance of human life in every form of literary composition, still the side-light of out-door nature is absolutely necessary to the historian, the poet, and the novelist, and he who neglects it fails in one of the prime requirements of the best art. As well might the painter draw a group of figures without color, atmosphere, or background, and expect to win the highest fame, as for the novelist or the poet to depend wholly upon human actions and conversations for his effects. The moral of all this need not be appended. Out-door life is the great recreator and regenerator. Nature is steeped in the elixir which has

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power to freshen and renew our highest facilities. If "the proper study of mankind is man," still it is safe to say that sound lungs, healthy blood, a good appetite, and a clear brain, are indispensable to such study, and are to be had only by those who breathe pure air, digest their food, and read the human heart by the light of the sun.

Maurice Thompson.

GOING BY.

SHE pushes back her bonnet brown,
A rustic glance to raise,
Her blue-black lovelocks slipping down
To veil the bashful gaze;
In kerchief white and russet gown
A-dreaming on the painted town,
Half bold and wholly shy
She lifts her head — her foot she stays,
As I go by.

The lonely pastures stretch behind
In yellow parching heat;
I watch the dappled river wind
By shallows clear and sweet
Through mazy footpaths far and blind,
With silver birch and poplar lined,
My leafy way shall lie —
Beyond them runs the village street —
And I — go by.

Across the laurel-bordered rise
The hills are blue as steel —
The splendor of the harvest skies
Is white against my wheel.
Again the look of swift surprise,
The graceful arm, the restive eyes,
The gesture, frank and shy —
A stranger's glance of lost appeal
As I go by!

I cross the bridge, I mount the hill
All black with hemlock shade;
I pass the ancient, ruined mill,
The green and silent glade —
Yet haste or linger where I will,
Her girlish figure draws me still
And mutely waits reply —
Late, late I come, my mountain maid,
And all the world goes by!

Dora Read Goodale.

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A POINT OF VIEW.

Hannibal Hammersmith, a Freshman at Harvard, to his uncle and guardian, John H. Hammersmith, Esq., in Iowa.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Nov. 5, 1882.

MY DEAR UNCLE: —Your very welcome letter of Oct. 30 is duly received, and I am glad to hear of your continued good health and of the welfare of the family. Your good advice is appreciated as always, and will be borne in mind. I am gradually "getting the hang of the schoolhouse," and settling down to my studies in good earnest, while I am making new and pleasant acquaintances every day. So far I have made no unpleasant ones. I am very much pleased with the fellows I have met. There are not so many "stuck up" fellows here as I expected and feared to find, and a plain, homespun boy like me has plenty of comrades of his own style and way of thinking. Of course there are students here who would not look upon me as an equal, because I have not so much money as they have; but, among fourteen hundred, these are but very few. I shall get along quite comfortably without their acquaintance, companionship, or patronage. I haven't seen any "hazing" yet, and begin to think I am going to slip through without any unpleasant experiences in that line. Thanks to the firm stand taken by the faculty here, it is pretty much a thing of the past, and you hear no stories of such carryings-on as they have in some of our Western colleges.

I'm thankful I came to Harvard. It's the "boss"; there's no doubt about that. I tell you, it's a grand institution, and a fellow who comes here to study has opportunities and aids that no other college can offer. The professors are scholars all through, but are very approachable and considerate. I'm getting up a great admiration for President Eliot. He's smart, I can tell you; he runs this big college — *University*, I mean — as smoothly as clock-work, knows every detail, and watches every point as a general would manage a campaign.

When old Hollis Hall was on fire, a few years ago, they say he worked as hard as anybody, and went home drenched to the skin when it was over. A good story is told of him at a fire a few weeks ago. A stable near the colleges was burning, and he was on hand watching to see if any college property was likely to be in danger. Some firemen were putting up a ladder near; the engineer, not noticing who he was, sung out, "Here, you; won't you help put this up?" and President Eliot sprang to it, and pushed lustily, until he was recognized and apologies were tendered. That's just the kind of a man he is. A few years ago a student had the small-pox, and he had him taken right into his own house, thus checking the threatened panic. Then, too, he is a prominent worker in all sorts of "good works" outside, whether it be civil-service reform, or saving the Old South Church.

Everybody here seems very public-spirited. It's in the air, comes down in the blood of the Puritans, they say. You can't help getting over your prejudice against these New Englanders by being at Harvard. They may be close or mean in some ways, but they are generous enough in all matters *pro bono publico*.

But to go back to President Eliot. It was he who proposed using that magnificent Memorial Hall for a dining-room for the students. The old college dons were fearfully shocked at the idea of making any such use of this building, erected at a cost of almost half a million, all raised from private subscription of graduates, in memory of their fellows who fought in the war for the union. Most of the faculty would have kept this hall shut up except upon great occasions, Commencement days, etc., but Eliot carried the day, — as he usually does, — and about eight hundred of us students go into that immense room three times a day and eat, with the portraits of the founders of the college, its past presidents, etc., — some of them valuable portraits by Stuart and Copley, — looking down upon us. And sometimes the Cambridge girls come and look down upon us, too, from the gallery, which is open to visitors. The fellows call it "coming to see the animals feed."

That building and the Hemenway gymnasium (which cost $125,000, and was given to Harvard by one graduate) are to me the grandest things here. Harvard furnishes just as fine a physical train-

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ing as mental. A first-class physician has charge of this perfectly equipped gymnasium, and great attention is paid to exercise.

And this, dear uncle, brings me to a subject which I broach with reluctance. I remember your last words at parting were, "Now, Han, you are going to Harvard to *study*, to get an education. Just you let boating, and base-ball, and foot-ball and cricket *alone*. You have got no time or money to fool away on such follies."

Well, uncle, I don't hanker for boating or any kind of ball-playing, though the fellows do seem to have awful good times at these games, and I don't see that it keeps them back in their studies much, if any; but I'll promise not to spend any time or money at these, if you'll let me have *a bicycle*.

Now, I don't know as you know what a bicycle is, and you hardly *can* know until you have seen one; and then you can't know how delightful it is until you've ridden one. I also send you by this mail one of the Pope Manufacturing Company's catalogues, from which you will get some idea of this new vehicle, which I firmly believe is going to revolutionize man's method of locomotion. Just think of a man nicely balanced on top of a wheel about five feet high, with a little wheel behind to steer by, the whole thing not weighing over fifty pounds, and by a slight motion of the feet on pedals attached to the axle of the big wheel, flying along the road as fast as the best horses can go! You can't imagine it all — so don't try. They cover long distances with them, too. Why, the other night I was going down to the post-office when I saw four little red lights shooting along the street like will-o'-the-wisps, and running down to them I saw four men on bicycles. They carry lanterns fastened to the hub, which show red lights behind and on each side, and throw a bright light ahead, so that they ride in the night without danger. Well, I heard somebody shouting to the men, and they got off, and I heard them talking to the friend who had come out to meet them; and it seems they had been riding all day, and had been to Newburyport and back, riding over a hundred miles since 4 o'clock A.M., and they were going to ride ten or twenty miles more, though it was then raining. They belonged to the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, one of the large clubs here, composed of business men, lawyers, doctors, etc. Don't think, uncle, that these bicycles are only for boys. Lots of middle-aged men ride them, several ministers, and some business men use them for business, and ride to and from their homes. It is partly for this that I want one. You know you wanted me to room away from the college grounds, thinking I could study better and be less liable to interruptions. Well, I think you're about right, and I like my rooms very well, but it is pretty hard work to walk half a mile back and forth to my meals at Memorial Hall three times a day, rain or shine; it takes a good deal of time, too, from my studies.

Now, with a bicycle I could run back and forth in a third of the time. Lots of students do this. Over a hundred students have bicycles, and at meal-times you will see from a dozen to twenty wheels leaning up against the building at the entrance to the dining-room. Some of the fellows live at quite a distance from the college, and ride to and fro daily. One friend of mine lives at his home in Brookline, riding over every morning and back at night. I could make a bicycle very useful, rooming as far away as I do, and it would be the best thing in the world for me to take my daily exercise with. Walking is said to be good exercise, but there is nothing exhilarating about it. I try to take a regular walk every day, but four or five miles is as much as I can do without fatigue; while twenty or thirty miles on the bicycle, through the beautiful country about Boston, can be done every day with enjoyment and great physical benefit. You can't imagine what beautiful surroundings Boston has in every direction, splendid roads, and fine country seats bordering them, with lovely lawns and noble elms. Talk about parks! — the suburbs of Boston are one immense park. Now, uncle, how much better for me to take my recreation in riding through these scenes, getting strength, pure air, and healthful exercise, than to be playing billiards, or cards, or going to theatres for my amusement! Not that I do these things much now; but you know "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." I suppose *no* fellow can get along without *some* amusement, and I can't imagine any so free from every objection as this of bicycling.

Certainly nothing could inspire more enthusiasm and confer more benefit at so slight an outlay after the first investment. The class of fellows who ride bicycles is remarkably nice. No "slouch," or loafer, or dissipated fellow, would care to ride a

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bicycle. Those I happen to know who do ride are fine, manly fellows, just such as I know you would be glad to have me associate with.

Please, dear uncle, do not decide against this hastily. I know, at your distance, and never having seen a bicycle, you cannot understand what a splendid thing it is, or what a fascination it has. One feels like a bird, as he skims over the ground; lifted quite above its mud and its dust, the fresh air blowing in his face as he cuts through it; every muscle in play — not work — and the blood dancing in his veins. I tell you it is glorious! I promise you that if you will let me buy a bicycle, I will let all other amusements alone, and will be just awfully good. I will spend as little money as I possibly can until I have saved up enough to make up for the cost of the wheel.

I know that it seems a good deal to pay out. I should need a 54-inch, which would cost, for a Standard Columbia, with ball-bearings, which is as good as I want, $105. But there is *no* expense in keeping it, you know; it isn't like a horse or a boat, in which the first outlay is only the beginning of expense. Many of the fellows have English bicycles, costing $150, or more; but I can't see that they are much better than those made here. You know some folks think anything "Hinglish" is *so* much better. I could get a fair second-hand one for from $60 to $80; but I think it would be economy to buy a good one that has not had its best wear taken out of it. There is no chance for any discount — so dear to the student's heart — on a new one. The Popes are mighty stiff. There, uncle, you know now my dearest wish. I shall await your answer with hopeful impatience. I want one very, very much, and if you will gratify me in this desire you will, I know, never regret it.

My love to Aunt Catherine and to my sweet Cousin Bella. Tell her she will be very proud of me when I ride my bicycle through the streets next summer. She ought to have a tricycle, which is a sort of velocipede for ladies and old men. You can't complain that this is too brief a letter. Hoping to hear from you soon,

I am,

Your affectionate nephew,

HANNIBAL HAMMERSMITH.

N.B. — I forgot to say that I have already learned to ride. A friend kindly loaned me his bicycle, and has taught me to ride, that I am all ready to start out on my own machine, if you will *please* let me get one. H. H.

A REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

John Hammersmith, of Iowa, to his nephew, Hannibal Hammersmith, at Harvard.

DEAR NEPHEW: — Your letter of Nov. 5th is received, and I am pleased to hear that you are progressing in your studies, and that you like your Harvard, its professors, and its president. I am glad you are already so loyal to your college. Pride in one's State, country, town, family, school, or college, is most commendable and desirable, if not carried too far; and I am not sorry to find you "bragging," so to speak, of Harvard, its advantages, buildings, etc., so soon. But do not belittle other educational institutions in your zeal for that with which you are connected.

It gives me pleasure to see also that you find your prejudices against New England vanishing away by contact with its people. That has always seemed to me one of the chief benefits to be derived from sending boys from the West to Eastern colleges, rather than educating them nearer home. Local prejudices, ideas, manners, and customs, and even ways of talking, are eradicated or softened, and the young man becomes cosmopolitan.

I rejoice, too, that you do not find America's greatest educational institution — I had almost said its only real university — overrun with a false aristocracy, with "exquisites." Perhaps we of the West are too apt to think that it is so; and I am gratified by your assertion that the wealthy students do not assume control at Harvard, but that the medium class is well represented. Do not fear to be classed with them. Respect yourself, and you will be respected there, as elsewhere, by all whose respect is worth having.

And now, my boy, do you think it would add to your self-respect to be mounted a-straddle of a five-foot wheel and attempt to trundle yourself along the road? Only six weeks at college, and you ask me, "with tears in your eyes," to permit you to buy a hundred-dollar *toy!* I knew it would come, in some shape, sooner or later. I expected it. I feared it. You have got it, poor fellow! and

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you've caught it earlier than I expected, and in, I judge, one of its worst forms!

Every boy who goes to college runs a great risk of catching some fever. Either he gets the boating fever, or the base-ball fever, or the cricket fever. But now it seems there is a *new* fever. Lord deliver us from *the bicycle fever!* Evidently from your "symptoms" it's the worst of the whole lot, and the catalogue you send shows some very severe cases of it. Certainly it impairs the intellect, and I judge that it entirely destroys the veracity of its victims.

It is one of the most discouraging things about sending a boy to college, that no sooner does he get there than he is seized with a great interest in some boyish amusement. Away goes his ambition to excel in his studies; position in the college nine, or in the college crew, becomes of more value in his eyes than position in his class.

I had dared to hope that you, Han, might escape this. But, no; you share the common fate. Perhaps I ought to be thankful that it's a new disease that you have contracted; but I fear it is all the worse. If one hundred and five dollars is the first investment, it must be one of the most expensive of college amusements. As you say, I don't know what a bicycle is. I never saw one, or heard of one before, and the catalogue you send me gives me but a very faint idea of it. The pictures of bicycles it contains fail to show what holds them up. If they were made as there represented, they could not hold themselves up for an instant, much less hold a boy up. The third wheel is not shown. Of course there must be one, and I infer that it must be the mate to the small wheel. Consequently, your "bicycle is simply an overgrown velocipede, differing only in size from such as little boys ride along the sidewalks. The pictures show only little boys on them, not yet arrived at the dignity of pantaloons. The idea that anybody can "cover long distances" upon such a thing is preposterous.

I'm positively ashamed of you that you should have swallowed that story of four men having ridden a hundred miles in one day. Fie! fie! boy; don't be so easily gulled by those Yankees. Can you so utterly have lost your wits? Can't you see that, noticing a "fresh"-man eavesdropping, these fellows talked loudly of their day's ride, to see how big a story you would stand? Why, Hannibal! there's no horse that could do a hundred miles a day over country roads. Your good judgment should have told you at once that the story was a fiction.

I hope that you haven't made yourself the laughing-stock of the college by telling the story as though you believed it. I supposed that you had seen enough of the world not to believe all you hear, and certainly not to take for law and gospel statements made in advertisements, prospectuses, circulars, and the like. You send me this catalogue of the Pope Manufacturing Company as though that settled the question, evidently thinking me as credulous as yourself. Do you suppose I believe half it contains? Humbug! Why, this very fact that the appliance, whether it be a third wheel or some sort of outrigging, that holds the thing upright, is not shown throws suspicion upon the whole book.

It represents a man doing an impossible thing, as impossible as it would be to stand a pyramid on its apex. As well might it exhibit a wheelbarrow standing perpendicularly above its wheel.

You speak several times of some "machine"; perhaps that is the thing which supplies the balancing power; but, if so, it ought to be shown.

You ought to know that all these testimonials amount to nothing. Who knows any of these people who write so glibly of their achievements on the bicycle? Have you tried to find any of them personally or by letter? A "medical opinion on bicycling," and a letter from a "country surgeon" appear, but without any names appended.

I've no doubt that a muscular man might push such a velocipede about on good, smooth roads or sidewalks quite comfortably; but a few miles on a country road would tax one's strength to a dangerous degree. One writer is honest enough to say, I see, that he took the cars out forty miles to take a certain route," because of the descent to the sea," and he rode forty miles in four hours. Well! possibly he might have done so if the "descent to the sea" was steep enough. The tables of "fastest times on record" must be taken "*cum grano salis*," and the statement that there are hundreds of thousands in use in England and thousands in America must, of course, include *all* children's velocipedes.

The list of patents is put in to give an air of business to the affair, and probably

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to give some warrant for charging such an outrageous price for a large-sized velocipede.

You probably do not remember that some twelve years ago, I think, this velocipede craze went through the country, just as, according to your letter and this catalogue, it is going now in the East. It lasted perhaps a year, and then velocipedes which had cost in the neighborhod of a hundred dollars were sold for old iron. "History repeats itself," but not always so immediately, and this craze will probably have its little run and then die out.

The manufacturers have shown their shrewdness in changing the name of the vehicle, and I presume it has been improved; but that it will be of permanent or practical use I do not believe. We used to hear the same talk then of "revolutionizing man's methods of locomotion." Humph! Keep on walking to and from your meals, my boy, and wait for the flying-machine. Don't make yourself ridiculous and a nuisance by trying to ride a big perambulator on the Cambridge sidewalks, scaring women and children, and putting them in danger of their lives. In the streets you cannot go; first, because you would find it impossible to propel it over ordinary pavements without taxing your strength unduly; and, second, the authorities would not permit it, for, of course, it would frighten horses. No, no; remember that you are a man, or are getting to be one, and "put away childish things." If there are, as you say, some "full-grown men, and even ministers," who ride these new-fangled things, do not follow their example.

You express some respect for your college president. I am glad to hear it. It does you great credit. There seems to be "an irrepressible conflict" between college boys and college presidents. The former treat the latter with all the disrespect they can command, heap insults and injury upon them during their college course, and then go to the other extreme all the rest of their lives, and brag on the president under whom they studied and graduated, venerate him and praise him out of all proportion to his deserts. Perhaps this brings the average of respect and esteem about right; but I'd rather see a student pay proper deference to his president while he *is* his president, than wait to worship him afterward, perhaps when he is dead and gone, worn out by vexations and indignities which his undergraduates have heaped upon him. So I am glad to have you speak so well of your president, and I admonish you to continue to do so.

Well, now, does President Eliot ride a bicycle? Can you *imagine* him doing such a foolish thing? I fancy not.

I shall hope to hear no more of this nonsense, and that having had *this* fever you will escape any run of the base-ball or boating fever.

Knuckle down to your studies, and don't let your thoughts run off into other channels again.

I have gone more at length into this subject than it deserves, because your letter shows that you have yet to learn the lesson that it isn't wise to "take stock" in every new notion that is brought to your notice. That lesson should be learned early in life; I trust you have learned it now.

Your aunt and cousin send love. "Proud to see you ride your bicycle through the streets next summer?" No, indeed. Spare us such a humiliation. Write often. Take good care of your health. Be a good boy.

Your affectionate uncle,

JOHN H. HAMMERSMITH.

Miss Bella Hammersmith, of Iowa, to her cousin, Hannibal Hammersmith, at Harvard.

DEAR COUSIN HANNY: — Your last letter was a veritable sensation in this very *unsensational* house. Quite a change from the short and not too sweet epistles with which you have favored the family since you left. Pa brought it in unopened, and said almost anxiously, "A long letter from Hannibal," and settled back to read it as he would a favorite sermon. At ma's request he read aloud, and you may be sure that I listened with curiosity and enjoyed it hugely.

Oh! you sly dog! As he read through your "goody, goody" talk, my eyes opened wider and wider. "Has Han experienced a 'change of heart'?" I wonder. "Is he sick, or in love, or what?" No hero of a Sunday-school book could have written a more moral, pious, and "eminently proper" letter than yours. Your love and respect for your teachers, and your appreciation of your school, were something to draw tears to the eyes of a fond parent, — or say, cousin! But I saw through your thin disguise, dear cousin, if pa and ma didn't. Long before he came to it, I knew that you were going to ask some great

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favor, and that you were working pa up to a favorable state of mind. You very nearly *overdid* it, you schemer, and I am only surprised that pa didn't see what was coming; but evidently he didn't, and when he read, "and this brings me to a subject," I actually held my breath in my curiosity.

Ma, who also "had an inkling," I guess, of what your fine words were for, leaned forward in anxious suspense. You could have heard a pin drop. And when pa read out, "If you'll let me have a bicycle," ma, pa, and I all exclaimed in one breath, "*A what?*" I wondered if it was some sort of an animal, or a new style of garment, or a boat of some kind. But your explanation came, as I pondered on it, and pa gave a grunt of disgust, and ma said, "Ho!" But I, loyal to you, Cousin Han, bound to get in a favorable word, said, "Wouldn't it be nice?"

Pa looked up over his glasses and exclaimed "Humbug! *Will* Han never be a man?" But your eloquence made a favorable impression on ma; and as for *me*, gracious! I can hardly wait to see you on the wonderful wheel! Oh, you men! There it is again. You have all the fun. I never can forgive old Mother Eve for loading us with skirts, and so hampering us that we can't enjoy anything — *but* our dresses. Humph! You say I ought to have a tricycle, "a thing made for old men and women." Well, I reckon I'm not going to be classed with old men and women just yet! When you bring that buycycle home I'm just going to ride it; if it won't be proper to ride it by daylight, I'll ride it *evenings*. If this new thing is half what you say it is, the ladies of America are not going to leave all the enjoyment of it to you men, I know. If they do, I'm ashamed of them. "We'll find a way, or make one," to ride, if we all have to discard skirts, and even wear "bloomers." Can't we ride it "sidesaddle"?

Well, Han, pa is down on the idea of your having anything of the sort, and was quite stirred up about it; said he had hoped that you wouldn't make a fool of yourself and get some hobby outside of your studies, etc. But he's softening, Han, he's softening, and you trust me to keep quietly at work on him in your favor. I've got ma all right. She will help us to conquer his prejudices, and we will use all our influence — very slyly and quietly, you know — to get pa to give his consent to your having one. I heard him say today, when off his guard, "If Hannibal *should* have a bycicle" — I shall never be able to spell it so as to be sure that I am right — "he would have no excuse for not calling oftener on his Uncle William down at Plymouth"; and when pa says *if*, he's got a good ways toward yielding. Don't fret, coz, you will have that bicycle before you come home or my name isn't Hammersmith, and I am not

Your affectionate little cousin,

BELLA.

THE ROCKINGHAMS' GREAT BEREAVEMENT.

IN order to fully realize the deep anxiety and the intense excitement that the members of the Rockingham Club, and all the residents of Rivermouth, passed through, when the report of the death, at Springfield, of their favorite captain was announced to them, we must go back to the beginning of the year. The first the club heard of the proposed tournament was through the bugler of the enterprising Springfield organization, while he was on a visit to his old homestead, in a town adjoining Rivermouth. The magnitude of the project electrified the Rockinghams, and when the date was publicly announced, the members began to arrange their summer vacations so as to take it all in.

President Lowbrook, the champion long-distance rider of the State, was at a standstill, trying to decide whether the Down East trip or the Springfield tournament was the better for his various interests; and there he sat all through Elwell's Eastern excursion, and then generously allowed his musical brother, Goodwind, to act for him at Springfield. Captain McIntire was perched on the fence all the spring, but he jumped on the Springfield side, and so became the lamented hero of this sketch. His rise from the ranks to the captaincy had been most rapid. All available material in the city had been so completely captured by the club the preceding year that he, a new resident in the city, was the only member added to the ranks during

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the season; but so enthusiastically did he work for the club's best interests, so strongly did he advocate all measures tending to improve the morals of the members, and make the club-rooms so unobjectionable that the parents had no hesitancy about placing their sons in them, that when Mr. Ekscheef surprised and grieved the members by resigning the captaincy, he was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Ekscheef, the pioneer wheelman and veteran office-holder, immediately added to his stock of half-a-dozen wheels that filled his bicycle stable, a nickelled Expert, on which he declared he would, if necessary, wheel all the way to meet his friends at the wheelmen's Mecca of 1883. Even Mr. Nokarfe, who had not yet dared to don his first pair of knickerbockers, doubled his daily walks and hall rides, and smiled with satisfaction when he was able, after daily measurements, to tell the boys that there was a visible increase of muscle, and that, with careful padding, he would not be a discredit to the club in that important respect.

The number of entries for the trip increased as the time approached, and nothing was discussed at the monthly meetings but Springfield, and how the club should be equipped. The club banner caused the greatest debate, not even excepting the famous hat, cap, or helmet discussion. The colors, scarlet and white, were adopted several years previously; but how they should be arranged on the flag was debated for hours. As to shape: some wanted a banneret, while others declared they would only ride after a pennant. Then came the inscription and style of lettering. No two could agree; and so three of the most radically opposed members were delegated to settle all these vexations. A nickelled standard-holder and a pole, surmounted by a League pointer of brass, were presented by the two oldest members.

It was the club's proudest morning when the excursionists rode to the depot, all equipped for Springfield. There was just breeze enough to extend the brilliant pennant so the crowd could read the neatly-cut inscription, "Rockingham," across the scarlet field. It was carried by Goodwind, who was mounted on the "Baby," so called because it was the largest wheel the club could boast. The wheel having been put in mourning by the application of a coat of the blackest asphalt, it was solemnly rechristened "Nigger Baby," by Mr. Sharpe, the club wit.

The club assembled each evening at Loafer's Head-quarters, and read the letters, papers, and bulletins sent by the fortunate ones. They shook hands all round when the club was honored by the appointment of their old captain, Ekscheef, to a prominent position on the staff, and again when the club received a good place in the parade. They cheered when Hendee outspurted the Englishman and prevented the boasting Britisher from burdening himself with the care of transporting to England "all those blasted watches and prizes" which he publicly proclaimed he should capture. They looked up to the wall where hung the flaming red lithograph of Hampden park, and selected the Rockingham tent, only a few of the club knowing that they were comfortably lodged six stories higher, under the eaves of Hotel Warwick, where they were free from tent demolishers, and were rarely disturbed by the fish-horn and calliope serenaders.

Thursday evening nearly all the club assembled again, and were listlessly discussing the latest news when Mr. Header rushed into the room, pale as a brunette could be, and, if possible, more excited and stuttering than ever.

"What's the matter, Header," inquired Sharpe, — "broken your seventh handlebar?"

"Bau — bau — boys, our captain is dead," he gasped.

Every member was on his feet instantly, as Header tried to read from a damp newspaper which he clutched in his trembling hand; but it was no use; he broke down completely and laid his head on the shoulder of Sharpe, who remarked, as he loosened the paper from Header's set hand, "This is very good acting, indeed. Header only needs a tongue and genius to be a second Booth." The club became impatient as Sharpe slowly scanned the columns. Suddenly the pink faded from his jolly face, and his voice cracked, as he said, "I'm afraid it's true. I'll read it."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Sept. 20, 1883. — The Board of Officers of the League of American Wheelmen met at Hotel Warwick this morning, President Beckwith occupying the chair. Appropriate resolutions were passed on the death of W. W. McIntire, of Rivermouth, N.H.

For many minutes none dared to break the deep silence that prevailed. Then blundering Pharaoh said, "Boys, we'll have to wear crape on our left arms, and abstain from riding, for thirty days." It

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was a relief to the members to have something to smile at.

"What paper is that?" asked a doubting member.

"*Bau — Bau — Boston Journal*," sobbed Header.

"And here's the *Traveller*, and two or three others with similar dispatches," said a new-comer; "and they wouldn't all print it if it wasn't true."

"Let's go down and see the president," suggested Pharaoh; "he may have a dispatch when the body is to arrive."

And to the president's store they solemnly marched. All but Header. He does not believe in walking anywhere that he can ride. He was so agitated that he kicked a dozen times before he made up his mind to rise into the saddle, and then he failed to mount. Three more attempts only increased his nervousness, and by that time he had reached the cobble-paved street, a third of the distance to the president's store. "Ho — ho — hold my machine for me," he stuttered.

But none of them would assist, and a by-stander, who attempted to aid him, was soon under the wheel, while Header picked up another broken handle-bar. The club found the store crowded, the news having preceded them. They had great confidence in their president, whom they had always found to be calm and clear-headed; but he was strangely excited; yet he told them he did not believe a word of it. "Why, Ekscheef is too cool and too much of a business man not to have telegraphed me if any accident had occurred. You all know how calm he was, and how every detail was attended to, when we all thought Hiltoff was killed, as he laid unconscious and bleeding so long; and then how carefully he broke the news to the boy's mother. No, I don't believe a word of it. It is a terrible mistake. However, I will telegraph if you wish it." The crowd followed him to the office, where he wrote and sent a dispatch to the clerk of the Warwick House. An hour passed and no answer, and the street became crowded.

Somehow a rumor started that the body was coming on the Pullman train. Pharaoh to this day denies that he was author of the story, but he confidently led the procession to the depot. By this time it seemed as if the whole city had heard the dreadful news. Even the curfew bell failed to deplete the streets and start the regulars homeward. No such excitement had prevailed since the day Garfield was shot. Machines could have been bought for a song, and no one dared to ride to the depot.

"There's the box!" said Pharaoh, as the baggage-car rolled into the depot. But he was mistaken, and not a bit of information could be learned from the passengers. Back to the telegraph office the crowd surged, and still no news. The president looked discouraged as he ran to the telephone office. "Can you talk with Springfield?" he asked.

"Yes, by repeating at Boston and Worcester."

Soon an answer came from the latter place. "The telephone lines are down between here and Springfield," was feebly heard over the hundred miles of wire.

"Telegraph for us at once from Boston and Worcester," was answered back.

Another hour passed, and then Manchester was tried, and answered that the Associated Press despatches were going over the lines and would not be interrupted. The offices emptied slowly, but long after midnight little groups hung around hoping for news.

The residents of Rivermouth took in the *Morning Barnacle* earlier than usual the following morning. The news was confirmed by startling headlines. The item was as follows: —

DEATH OF WM. W. MCINTIRE. — The Associated Press despatches from Springfield, Mass., Thursday, Sept. 20th, in the report of the meeting of the officers of the League of American Wheelmen said: "Appropriate resolutions were passed on the death of W. W. McIntire, of Portsmouth, N.H." As we have from time to time mentioned, a number of prominent officers and members of the Rockingham Bicycle Club of this city, went to the great convention of wheelmen at Springfield, but we were on Thursday evening unable to learn anything further than was contained in the press despatch as to Mr. McIntire. During the bicycle races of Wednesday, the 19th, a number of accidents took place, owing to the spectators crowding the wheelmen; but the reports said that though some of the riders were severely injured, none were fatally hurt.

[A telephone message at a late hour in the evening, stated that the report of Mr. McIntire's death was correct, he having been thrown from his bicycle on the 20th, and struck on his head.]

But the president had not given up all hope. As usual he rode to his store on his wheel, notwithstanding the shocked countenances he saw, and the loud condemnation he heard from many friends. Again the captain's music-store and Ekscheef's bank contained anxious inquirers. The depot was visited, and still no news. As the forenoon wore away even the hopeful

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president could find no encouragement, and no one to sustain him. Before the noon hour a musician from an adjoining town had applied for the captain's position as organist at the Congregational church; steps had been taken to drape the organ; his pastor had chosen an appropriate text for the following Sunday, and the chaplain at the Odd Fellows Lodge had referred feelingly to the late brother. Telegrams poured in from relatives and bicycling friends proffering all manner of assistance.

At 3 P.M. the now regular attendants at the depot discovered the rim of a well-known bicycle at the partly open door of the baggage-car. A dozen impatient hands pushed open the slide, and there, beside the wheel, stood their captain, as well and ruddy as ever, though looking sorely puzzled at the frightened looks that greeted him, and at the hearty cheers that quickly followed. Not till then did he fully realize the excitement the report had made in Rivermouth.

"Has any one told my wife?" he anxiously inquired.

But no one knew certainly, for she was visiting the old home in York, seven miles away. Pharaoh wanted the captain to head a triumphal procession down the main street. But he broke away from them all, and, mounting his wheel, went spurting through the streets, right over the slippery cobble-stones, answering not the wondering and amazed looks of his friends, or the calls for explanation, and cheers of congratulation, that greeted him from every side. The remembrance of the admiral's wife, crazed by a similar report, filled his brain, and spurred him on. Over the bridges, forgetful of tolls; up and down sandy hills never conquered before; past rearing horses, unmindful of warning hands, rushed the anxious captain, right up to the door of the old homestead. Relatives met and restrained him, but he thrust them aside, and stopped not till his wife was in his arms.

"They wouldn't tell me; but I knew something had happened to you," she sobbed, woman-like. "Now tell me the worst, for I know you are hurt."

"Why, nothing at all. The fools even had my head broken short off; but I am as well as ever," he explained.

"But something might have happened to you, and" — well, that is all he would tell us of the happy meeting.

How the report originated was not explained until the club returned the following day. The first the Springfield party knew of the report was after they had brushed and primped for the bicyclers' ball, which was to end the festivities, and to which the popular local bugler had invited them, and promised plenty of partners. Ekscheef had shined up his jewellery and paste diamonds, and arranged across his coat the badges, medals, and pins he was and was not entitled to wear, so that he resembled a diminutive Indian chief decked out for the war-path. Nokarfe feared the close scrutiny of experienced feminine eyes, and had exchanged his knickerbockers and pads for low tide pantaloons and hose that required no attention and gave no anxiety. Goodwind blackened his just visible side-whiskers, invested in a new collar and gorgeous bow, shined the lower half of his No. 9 buttoned boots, and, in his conceit, imagined he only needed a cane and eye-glass to successfully compete with the New York dudes. The captain was proud of his club, but secretly glad the events were so nearly over, and he could return to his little family.

The elevator landed them in the office, where the clerk looked inquiringly at the captain.

"Your name is McIntire, isn't it?"

"I'm sure it is," said the captain.

"Well, I was sure I saw you go upstairs awhile ago, so I answered this telegram and said you're alive. Want to read it?"

The members encircled the astonished captain while he read it: —

CLERK OF THE WARWICK HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: — Is the reported death of W. W. McIntire, of Rivermouth, N.H., true? Answer quick.
F. J. LOWBROOK.

"I'm afraid his answer wasn't full enough," said Ekscheef. "Perhaps by this time the story is that we are all dead. I will send one saying that the Rivermouth party are all well and lively. Not a single header even."

The captain took it the hardest; but he soon cheered up with the thought that his wife was out of the city, and would not hear the rumor. Yet he made immediate preparation for his homeward trip, not waiting even to find out how the rumor originated. Ekscheef solved the mystery. His old friend, Chief Consul Marsden, one of the most beloved of wheelmen, had died in New Haven in July, and at the meeting of the officers of the L.A.W., on Thursday, resolutions of respect and sympathy

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had been presented and passed, and then the officers proceeded to the next business in order and elected Captain McIntire, a representative of the L.A.W. for New Hampshire. A blundering reporter or telegrapher substituted the name of McIntire, of New Hampshire, for Marsden, of New Haven, and the Associated Press spread the news all over the country.

The excitement at Rivermouth is nearly over, and the club and its captain are in higher favor than ever, as was indicated by the increased attendance at the church the following Sunday to hear the old organist, and listen to the third and latest sermon the pastor had prepared that week. Sharpe came early, and his first victim was Ekscheef, who came in with Miss Blue, at whom Sharpe hummed an air from the "Wedding March," as they seated themselves in front of him. The only revenge Miss Blue had was when she caught Sharpe wiping away a tear when the pastor referred so feelingly in his prayer to the events of the week. Header bumped his knee against a pew door Sharpe had wickedly swung out into the aisle, which so disconcerted him that he walked past his pew and did not discover his mistake until his pretty sister, who rides a "Sociable" with him, came in later and asked him to back pedal. Sharpe, who witnessed the exchange of seats, whispered to Ekscheef, "Header would make a good standard-bearer; his face has all the club colors — scarlet, white, and guilt." The president, Goodwind, Nokarfe, and other members, were in various parts of the house. Even the atheistic Pharaoh attended for the first time in many years. He ascended to the singers' seats in the rear gallery and placed himself beside his beloved captain, to whom he consolingly, but loudly, whispered at the close of the prayer, "If you had been in that box I bet we'd have worn crape for you all winter long."

C. A. Hazlett.

A VERSICLE.

I WILL write you a rollicking, nonsense rhyme,
Of a man on a wheel of steel,
Who was always singing, in tuneful time,
In praise of his shining wheel.
He sang at the break of the dawning day,
He sang when the night grew chill,
In a sort of a reckless, roystering way,
With a right good royal will.

And sorrow slid off from his careless life,
Like drops of rain from a spire,
And he hadn't a fretful thought of strife,
Nor a hopeless vain desire;
So wherever he went, and whenever he sang,
His manner, so free from guile,
Made every one glad, and the welkins rang
At the sight of his sunny smile.

And the women and children, and grown-up men,
Would beg of him, all the while,
To tell them the secret, there and then,
Of his everlasting smile.
"I ride a good deal, on a wheel of steel,"
Said the man; "and a conscience clear
Will make you feel that a real steel wheel
Is a source of endless cheer."

James Clarence Harvey.

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A SHADOW LOVE.[1]

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

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

XXVIII.

"Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not,
Love may sink by slow decay;
But by sudden wrench believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away."

On a blustering day in March, such a day of damp "east winds" as is sure to carry terror to the heart of the average Bostonian, two gentlemen were crossing the Charles-river bridge in a horse-car, *en route* to Cambridge.

Without, there was "a nipping and an eager air," as the breeze blew straight in from the bay, ruffling the waters of the river into innumerable little white caps, which broke sullenly against the piers and shipping, while within the air was chilling and comfortless.

The taller of the two, with intelligent face and iron-gray hair, sat gazing listlessly out of the opposite window, while his companion, English in dress and features, read the advertisements displayed upon the panels, or idly studied the half-dozen shivering fellow-passengers. At length the end of the bridge was reached, the conductor made his appearance; but the elder gentleman, still absorbed in his own thoughts, failed to observe him, or to note that his companion had taken out his purse.

"Harvard Square?" the official inquired.

The Englishman gave a furtive glance into the man's face, looked towards his friend, and back to the conductor again.

"We wish to stop at the Museum of Comparative Anatomy," he replied, again glancing towards his companion, as if to feel assured that he was right.

"Tickets or change?"

"Here, Mr. Manning, I have tickets," said the doctor, suddenly waking from his revery.

"But I have *not*," the Englishman replied, with his usual persistency, pushing back the doctor's hand, while the conductor was tearing off the bits of paper. In a moment he continued: "Professor Gantier was very kind to send so pleasant a letter of introduction to Dr. Westfield; I imagine they are personally acquainted."

"Yes, the doctor and the professor were great friends when the latter was in America, and the friendship has continued as warmly ever since. The doctor is also a personal friend of mine, and while my simple introduction would have secured for you the freedom of the Museum, this letter of Professor Gantier's will prove of special advantage. I am glad, Mr. Manning, that you have at last decided to return to Paris to study under the direction of Professor Gantier, for I know of no scientist more worthy to direct a young man than he. Besides, having a personal interest in you, he will be more careful to insist upon good work, so that you will but succeed in any field to which he may direct you.

"I also approve of your plan to remain upon this side of the Atlantic for a month or two, to visit the more important of our American museums and make acquaintances. Of course I shall give you all necessary letters of introduction to aid you in your object. But will you be able to arrange your business affairs in England to remain away for so long a time?"

"Oh, there will not be the least trouble on that score," Wellford replied, with positiveness. "Fordham, the superintendent of the mill, was in father's employ for over twenty years, and after settling up the estate I allowed him to purchase a small interest, for the express purpose of securing a continuance of his faithful services. Then I shall go home, on my way to Paris, anyway, and after that an occasional journey to England will *not* be such a terrible undertaking."

Wellford's final decision to open the book of nature, as a searcher after the truths of scientific revelation, had not been made hastily. The desire to know more of the great world in which he lived did not depart when he lost the companionship of Professor Gantier and the doctor, upon quitting Paris. He brooded over it

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during all the weeks of his father's illness, and in his mind formulated plan after plan for the furtherance of his desires, one by one being reluctantly abandoned, as each in turn proved impracticable. But when, at his father's death, he found himself beyond the influence of parental prejudice, with means at his command to do as he wished, he felt that the opportunity had come, and it only remained to find the way.

As he viewed it now, there was nothing incompatible in being a scientist and directing a woollen mill; in fact, his bread and butter easily assured by the one, the starvation fiend could never prove a hindrance to good work in the other, and each in a different way would be an advantage. He resolved to return to Paris as soon as matters at home had once more settled into the old ruts, and lay the subject before Professor Gantier for his advice and direction. Then the professor's warning letter regarding Ruth had been received, and, forgetting everything but his love for the girl, he had hurriedly returned to Paris to find her gone, and subsequently followed her to America; and in those first few weeks of disappointment and anxious waiting, after his arrival in the New World, certainly the subject was farthest from his mind.

Then he had met Ruth again, after months of weary longing. He had learned how false a friend Hoyt had been to him, and how cruelly the man had wronged him, when there were none to refute his slanders. He had met Ruth, with his heart overflowing with love for her, and learned almost from her own lips how hopeless was the love he had cherished so fondly. He had been confronted by one who had the right to claim all of her love, her loyalty, and devotion; they had met, not in anger, but as quondam friends; there had been brief but bitter explanations, and they had parted, their hearts heavy with a sudden weight of poignant grief; and stunned and crushed by the unhappy revelation, for the time being, past, present, and future even, seemed to the young Englishman but a great, hideous blank.

As iron, changed and softened by the forge-fire, is moulded and shaped anew under the ringing strokes of the blacksmith's sledge, so with suffering and the cruel blows of adversity are men's natures made better and nobler.

After a few days had passed, and Wellford had begun to realize the hopelessness of the unhappy situation, he endeavored to occupy his mind with other things, believing that it was the more manly course to pursue. He knew he loved the girl immeasurably more now than when he had parted from her; he felt that she had given George Thorne her promise fairly and honorably, and that as far as himself and the world were concerned there it would end. But he knew that which the world would never know, — that her love for himself was not dead, though she herself had supposed it so before that strange, fateful meeting in Washington; and his heart told him she would keep her promise to George faithfully, and give him the loyalty of her woman's heart without reserve.

So there was nothing now to stand between himself and his dream of becoming a naturalist. The doctor had remained warm and friendly, and had urged him to enter upon his studies at once, and he had decided to do so. But when he attempted to formulate plans for immediate action he found his mind in so unsettled a state that he concluded to travel for a couple of months instead, and see something of the New World, before he should again return to the Old.

And now he had returned from his wanderings, a serious-faced, handsome fellow of three and twenty, with a new-found purpose in life, a will to pursue it untiringly, and a manly strength of character to aid him in all his undertakings. And to-day he was on his way to the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, to make the small beginning which might prove the turning-point of his life.

Here Edwin Hoyt drops out of the narrative. Wellford met his old friend upon the street, a few weeks after returning to Boston, and they exchanged empty compliments and parted. Once since they had met, but only to pass each other with a cold bow.

That there had never been an engagement between Miss Mayne and this gentleman, or, indeed, anything more than friendly cordiality, Wellford had learned, though he knew nothing more. But the doctor knew that the acquaintance came to a sudden and disappointing end, as far as the young man was concerned, not long after the reading of the letter from Professor Gantier, enclosed in the package intrusted to Wilson's care; and Ruth knew that her brother's face became almost livid with anger, and his eyes burned like two coals of fire, when he reached that portion of

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the letter in which Hoyt's statement was repeated, that he was soon to marry Doctor Fred's sister.

And Ruth knew more than they all, though she kept the *dénouement* of Hoyt's presumptuous folly to herself, explaining satisfactorily why the gentleman had called so seldom since their return from Europe. After that his name was never mentioned.

George came frequently to Boston, for he was a most devoted lover, and could not remain long away from his *fiancée*. After that strange episode of his visit to Washington, for a time he feared that Wellford's sudden return might prove the death-blow to his darling hopes. He knew beyond all doubt that Ruth's love for the Englishman had never been wholly extinguished, and at one time it would not have surprised him greatly had she broken their engagement, — though it would have broken his heart at the same time. But she had never even hinted at being released from her obligations; more than this, she had frankly told him in as many words, but with quivering lips and dimmed eyes, that Mr. Manning could never be more than a friend to her, and that she should keep her promise sacredly. And since that hour she had appeared so true to him that he had never again doubted her love.

As for herself, she had grown so used to patient, silent suffering, that she sometimes feared her heart was dead.

A few days after the opening of the exhibition the doctor went to New York, partially on business at the Park Museum, but more particularly to view the pictures with Grace.

It was 5 o'clock when he reached the city, and nearly half an hour later before he alighted at an east-side "L" railroad station, not many blocks from Miss Thorne's studio. He knew it was late and that he might not find her in, but he had resolved upon spending the evening with her at the Art Gallery, and desired to make the engagement before she returned home. Then it was far pleasanter to meet her in the artistic atmosphere of her studio, surrounded by her pictures and the souvenirs of travel, than amid the conventional adornments of the modern parlor, especially as he would be more sure of finding her alone.

He was a man who could be cool under very trying circumstances; but upon this March afternoon, as he unloosed the buttons of his overcoat, and began the ascent of the last staircase, he felt that his heart was beating a little less normally than usual. He hoped she had not gone, for he wanted to congratulate her upon the acceptance of her picture in the studio where it was painted, and tell her, unheard by other ears, how proud he was of her success. Then he reached the door and knocked.

For a moment there was no sound, and he feared that he was indeed too late; then he heard a soft footfall, and all was silent again. He waited a full minute, and, gently knocking once more, the steps approached, and the door was quietly opened.

She greeted him with a startled exclamation, and for a moment stared at him in a half-frightened manner; then, without a word, opened wide the door to admit him.

The doctor was startled at the apparition which confronted him, for the whiteness of the girl's face, and its expression of utter woe, touched him to the heart.

"Grace! what *does* this mean?" he demanded.

With a painful effort to appear at ease she gave him her hand, and said with a hollow smile, —

"Oh, nothing at all, — I was only surprised at seeing *you*; I thought it was my brother."

The doctor retained her hand, while he led her to a chair and seated himself beside her.

"Won't you tell me?" he again asked, kindly. "I know something unusual has happened."

He glanced up hastily, and, looking toward the door-way, knew all without further question; for, leaning against the wall, where it had been left by the porter, was the picture she had painted for the Exhibition. He started involuntarily; both were silent a moment, and then, with an affectation of indifference painful to observe, she said, —

"Yes, my picture is rejected, thanks to the jury of admission, who have generously saved me the mortification of seeing so wretched a thing hung."

The doctor only shook his head as he sat in thought, his eyes turned toward the rejected canvas.

"It is nothing," Grace continued, with a defiant toss of the head. "The picture is no better nor worse than the day before it was submitted, nor I a better or poorer artist. The mistake was in dreaming for one moment that *I* could be admitted there, for I am only a poor, struggling student,

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with far more ambition than knowledge or ability."

Her voice faltered, and she turned to the window.

"No, Grace, your picture is neither better nor worse, nor you a better or poorer artist," the doctor said, kindly; "but I am satisfied that there are pictures with less merit in them than in yours now hanging upon the walls of the Society's exhibition-rooms. You have lost nothing surely, — you have gained, for even if unsuccessful, I am satisfied some of the jury voted to admit you; and, though you were not admitted, you have made friends for another trial. You should remember how —

"'Godlike 'tis
To fail upon the icy ledge, and fall
Where other footsteps dare not'" —

"Do not taunt me, Doctor Mayne!" she exclaimed, with feeling. The tears came into her eyes, but she brushed them hastily away, and again turned toward the window.

Oh, how swiftly thoughts of the happy summer in Europe flashed through her brain like burning words upon the electric wire! She lived it all over again in a few seconds, reviewing each scene, down to the very present. She knew how well she loved Doctor Mayne, how determinately she had tried to shut the doors of her heart against him; and she felt that he alone was responsible for the rejection of her picture, through that love. She had endeavored to work; she had studied as she had never studied before; but it had only ended in a spiritless effort; and whether she cared to admit it or not, each day had been but an impatient waiting for the next, and the next, and the next, until she should see him again. Where would it end? Where could it end, when she had told him so many times, in their conversations, that art alone was to be her ambition and her *life?* It was simply, now, a question of love and pride, — and, when she thought how strong were both, she trembled for the consequences.

The doctor felt her change of manner, and saw the tear-drop steal over her cheek as she turned to the window, and, laying a hand kindly on her arm, he said, —

"It pains me deeply that you so misunderstand me. I want to be your friend, — I want you to feel that I *am* your friend."

"Yes, you have been very kind to me," she answered — without changing her position, — "more kind than I deserve, and I am proud to feel that you *are* my *friend*." Then she clasped her hands before her and looked down to the floor.

"You say I have been kind to you," the doctor pursued. He endeavored to look into her face, but her head was still turned away from him. "I hope I have been so, for there is no kindness, no service, no sacrifice, that I could do, or make for you, that would be too great, if it gave you pleasure. Yet why have I been kind to you?"

The doctor paused; her only reply was a half-convulsive sob, as she again turned toward the window.

"It is unfair to ask you such a question, I know," he went on, "for there can be but one reply. You know how deeply I love you, Grace" —

She turned toward him imploringly.

"O Doctor Mayne! Don't — I pray you, leave me, before I seem unkind to you in return for so much kindness!"

"Shall I leave you? Yet I will, if you really wish it, for I would go to the ends of the earth rather than give you pain."

How desperate was the struggle 'twixt love and pride! How the poor girl longed to give up the struggle, and, laying her pride at the doctor's feet, show him how great was the measure of a woman's love! Her heart fluttered wildly in her bosom, and her temples throbbed painfully. As she was still silent the doctor continued, —

"Doubtless you are able to recall our conversation in the Cathedral of Cologne. I asked then that I might be *ever* near you, a true and trusted friend. I ask you now to be my wife."

For a single moment she closed her eyes as though she longed to forget herself in oblivion; but when she opened them again they fell upon her rejected picture, and once more pride was in the ascendancy. Then, in a low calm voice, she gave him her answer, —

"Doctor Mayne, I respect your love too deeply to wish to wound your feelings by slightest word of mine; and I feel honored above many of my sex in having won the love of so true and good a man, though Heaven only can know the suffering it has brought, and will bring upon us both. You have asked for my answer; it is not right that I should withhold it longer, for I can never be to you other than a friend. *We must part forever.*"

He was a man, and, though the words had fallen upon his ears like clods upon the coffin of a darling hope, he bore it

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with all the manfulness of his great, manly nature; but as he left the fair girl's side, after their parting, and entered once more the careless, thoughtless world, he carried, deep hidden in his heart of hearts, A SHADOW LOVE, tenderer, sweeter far than the sweetest, tenderest dream of youth.

And in a studio, high above the housetops and the busy bustle of the streets, with the fading light of day streaming faintly through the quaint mullioned window, a slight, girlish form reclined upon a sofa, her face buried deep in the pillows. A hushed and holy stillness seemed to have fallen upon the place, broken only by the sound of some one sobbing.

XXIX.

"And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which might ne'er be repeated; who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes!"

SPRING had come at last, not in name merely, but in all the tangible splendor of budding, blossoming actuality. The March winds had shrieked themselves hoarse, and, not having been successful in frightening anybody, like bustling cowards, had themselves fled affrighted into their airy caves before the warmer sunshine. April had wept herself to sleep upon the throbbing, swelling bosom of tender May, and the violets and the trailing-arbutus were in blossom once more on the hillsides and in the shaded woodland dells.

Again the skies were of that soft, clear blue, which the ocean takes on when it is asleep in the sunlight and the lazy waves scarce heed the saucy breezes playing above them. In every field sleeping germs were waking to new life, and over every sunny slope Nature had spread a carpet of green velvet; new leaves put forth in every tree, and the robins were all singing tender love-songs to their mates.

It was the first week in May. Wellford had made the round of the "scientific centres" Doctor Mayne had advised him to visit, and returned; he had been ten days in Boston, and in a few days more was expecting to return to England, and subsequently to Paris. In the course of his travels he had gained much, in the way of suggestion, which would be useful to him in making out a line of study, and getting a fair start. He had kept his mind occupied, as far as possible, to the exclusion of things not essential to his happiness, — or that contributed to his unhappiness, — and he had made a few friends.

And now the days were long again, and in the golden splendor of their dying hours, and oft into the shadowy twilight, — sometimes alone, sometimes in the genial company of a "Boston," or a "Massachusetts," — the young man sought relief from much thinking in many a merry "wheel around the Hub." Paris and the Bois de Boulogne, Suresnes, Saint Cloud, Versailles, and Saint Germain, had grown to be but memories; while Arlington, and Waltham, Newton, Chestnut Hill, and Auburndale, or the nearer Milldam, now were bright realities. There were brisk club runs for exercise and practice; there were pleasant moonlight runs, in the company of some congenial spirit with a soul for sentiment, amid the *echoes and shadows* of drowsy nature; or, mayhap, his companion was a rambler in fair fields of literature, a *wheelman* after his own heart, slight and graceful, poised upon a "56," or energetic on a "52"; and, sometimes, it was a quiet, dreamy run, with only a silent wheel and thought for company.

Oh, the joy of these solitary spins, when the brain is filled with a thousand cobweb fancies, — films of nothing, out of which the ceaseless shuttle of the brain weaves fabrics of more airy lightness than the "woven wind" of India's looms!

The wheel glides smoothly down the winding road, the sunlight sifting through the branches of overhanging trees and falling in bright patches on the ground; there is witchery in the air, and a song on the heart; the shuttle flies more swiftly than the flying spokes, and soon upon the thought-woven fabric appears a bright picture of some tender memory!

At length a steep incline is reached, the thread of fancy snaps, the dream vanishes, and exultantly each member leaps to the charge, fighting every inch of ground with dogged persistency, until the summit and the victory are gained. And then the "other side," like the down-hill of life, when the weary years of toil are passed, — legs over the handle-bar and brake off, it is a delirious, whirling rush for the shadowy vale below. But here the metaphor ends.

And now the picture is a mossy bank, sloping down to the margin of a deep, still pool; overhead, thick canopies of rustling green, and through their openings glimpses of a blue summer sky; the breezes blow softly, and the waters mur-

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mur over the shallows, or babble joyously among the rocks below, their music falling upon the ear like the dreamy echoes of childhood. The wheel is prone upon its side, pedal and handle-bar sunk deep into the soft grass, a colony of busy ants exploring the cuts and crevices in its well-worn tire. In a bush hard by a silly bird is chattering about her nest of speckled eggs which she fears may be molested, not having sense enough in her little cranium to keep still about it, and avert the danger; wild flowers blossom everywhere, and earth and air are filled with myriads of creeping, flying things, dreaming away the happy hours in a blind, purposeless (to them) cycle of existence.

So the great heart of Nature throbs, the world turns round and round, old Time moves on with silent tread; but the dusty wheel is still, and the tired wheelman sleeps.

He is dreaming of the sweet summer-time: —

Summer is coming, is coming for me! —
The daisies are coming, too;
The sweet birds are singing in every tree —
Is summer, love, coming for you?

Summer is coming, is coming so soon,
I feel its warm breath in the air;
The daisies are opening; the meadows in June
Are smiling with verdure fair.

The dainty spring flowers have all gone to sleep, —
The daisies are constant and true;
The summer is coming! Love, shall I keep
A thought and a daisy for you?

And not the daisies alone, for when the hill-sides grow white with their saucy, graceful bloom,

"Those little rimless wheels of fate,"

the hedge-rows will blaze in the crimson of June roses, and bluebells will brighten the thickets. But the summer has not come yet, for it is only May.

But time is fleeting. Life was no longer a dream to Wellford Manning, but had grown to be an earnest, purposeful reality. Again the hour of parting came, and once more he turned his eyes to look across the blue Atlantic.

"Love goes toward love as school-boys from their books;
But love from love to school with heavy looks."

If Shakespeare could have known this big-hearted fellow personally, he could not have written more truly of him. Certainly, it was love parting from love, probably forever, and not only with heavy looks, but with a heavy, aching heart, which saw in the future not one single ray of hope. And he was crossing the Atlantic to go to school again — as one of Nature's pupils.

He had not trusted himself to say good-by to Ruth alone, but took advantage of a time when he knew the doctor would be present.

Their words of parting were kindly, — there are those who might have thought them commonplace, — though they were not as empty and meaningless as the partings of half the people in the world, who love not any too well, but more wisely. They exchanged the kindliest wishes for the future happiness of each, and expressed the hope that in some manner, not provided for, each might occasionally hear of the other, and then they said good-by.

Simply *good-by*, while the hands closed in a last warm pressure, and eyes looked into eyes with a long, lingering gaze. Alas! how cold and empty is human speech, when, in such a moment, the trammelled heart breaks its bond of silence and grows mutely eloquent! When soul thrills answering soul through the fervent pressure of two burning, throbbing palms, and eyes, with the rapidity of thought, flash to and fro such tender messages, that, for the glad moment, Time stands still, and life rolls backward as a scroll.

Then the loved form glides into the nothingness of empty air, the spell is suddenly broken, and, like a resistless tide, the old life comes rushing in again, the heart takes up once more its weary burden of silent grief, there is a tear-drop, and —

"A ripple closes over us."

XXX.

"Wherefore it is
All love which finds its own ideal mate
Is happy, — happy that which gives itself
Unto itself, and keeps, through long, calm days,
The tranquil image in its eyes, and knows
Fulfilment and is blest, and day by day
Wears love like a white flower, nor holds it less
Though sharp winds nip, or hot suns fade, or age
Sully its perfect whiteness, but inhales
Its fragrance, and is glad. But happier still
He who long seeks a high goal unattained,
And wearies for it all his days, nor knows
Possession sate his thirst, but still pursues
The fleeting loveliness — now seen, now lost.
But evermore grown fairer, till at last
He stretches forth his arms and takes the fair
In one long rapture." . . .

It is almost a year since Wellford went abroad, and the dreary month of March has come again.

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He has been doing good work with Professor Gantier on the structural anatomy of certain forms of vertebrate animals, and has already published the results of a portion of his investigation, Doctor Mayne considering it a genuine contribution to science. He corresponds with the doctor regularly, though his letters are more those of a scientific man writing to a *confrère* than a correspondence between friends. There is no doubt, however, that the doctor values these epistles very highly, and as the doctor's letters frequently contain a line or two, at their close, regarding *other* friends, with occasional remembrances joined with his own kindly sentiments of lasting regard, it is probable that Wellford holds the epistles of his friend, if anything, more highly.

In the language of a cold, unfeeling world he has never gotten over that love affair with the doctor's pretty sister, — and it is probable that he never will. He has tried hard to interest himself in other things, however, plunging into study and laboratory work with such enthusiasm and downright energy that even Professor Gantier wonders, now and then, if Time, the great healer, has not softened, in a measure, the bitterness of his sorrow.

Wellford has never lisped Ruth's name to the old scientist since his return to Paris, and the Frenchman is likewise silent, — thanks to a slight explanation of affairs vouchsafed him by Fred, and handled most delicately, which preceded the Englishman's advent by a couple of weeks.

But in one of Wellford's pretty rooms, not far from the professor's cosey apartments, there hangs upon the wall a life-size portrait of a lady, done by one of the first artists of Paris. And when the occasional stranger-visitor gazes upon it in wondering admiration, and asks who she may be, the answer is always the same:

"It is a copy of a photograph I purchased in Rome."

Two years have passed since the photograph was taken; it was called a very faithful likeness at the time, but in the past year the features have changed somewhat, as the face has grown more serious and thoughtful. There is a calmer, sweeter expression now, though the lines of the mouth have grown firmer, while the eyes are more dreamy.

She has kept her promise to George Thorne faithfully and uncomplainingly, patiently endeavoring to look upon the brighter side of life, even when the clouds were darkest. George has been very happy in her love, and has shown her every mark of tender affection that a devoted lover might show, and now they are to be married in June.

At first it was Ruth's preference to wait until the fall; but George urged the earlier date quite strongly, and the doctor also expressed the wish that it might take place before his visit to Europe, — as he was anticipating absence abroad for the remainder of the year, — and finally she consented.

Since his final rejection the doctor has not once seen Grace Thorne, though he has been in the city several times. Far from having forgotten each other, there are still evidences of warm friendship on both sides, though regarded by each as simple *friendship*, and nothing more.

Perhaps an occasional meeting would have afforded a quiet consolation to the doctor; but, appreciating fully Grace's feelings in the matter, he wisely concluded it was best to remain away altogether. But, after all, it was not possible to long lose sight of each other, — as the world expresses it, — for George was a frequent bearer of kindly messages between them, and his relations toward Ruth would, in any event, have insured a continuance of friendly interest in each other, for family reasons, if for nothing else.

The rejection of her picture, the year before, had been a bitter experience to Grace, and for a time it was almost a death-blow to her ambition; then she went to work in earnest, studying harder than ever, working early and late, until George declared she was trying to kill herself, and begged her to rest. But his words were as the idle winds, for she kept right on with her work, saying she should die, anyway, if she stopped, and death in a good cause was not such an unenviable thing, after all.

At length she won her triumph, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of her canvases hung at last at the American Society's exhibition. It was a proud day for her; and among the kindly congratulations of interested friends none gave her more quiet joy and real pleasure than those of the doctor, transmitted to her in a few lines upon a note sheet, the day after the opening.

Then, too, her pictures were beginning to sell; she had been asked to do some illustrating for one of the book publishers, and at length began to feel that her efforts

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might some day be crowned with success.

Her strongest work was in figure painting, and at the present time she was bending all her energies in this direction, employing models continually, costuming them as lords, ladies, brigands, beggars, and painting them in different poses, over and over again, until George expressed himself heartily sick of seeing them about the studio, and suggested something new.

He had taken quite a fancy to the face of a little Italian flower-girl he frequently met on Broadway. One day he stopped her, and learning that she would pose, took the number of the house and the name of the street in which she lived, and promised her a sitting. Several days passed, and late one afternoon, as George ran into the studio to accompany his sister home, Grace spoke of this model, expressing the wish that she might have her for a sitting the next day.

"I am sorry you are so late this evening," she said, as he seated himself before a new charcoal sketch. "I was going to ask you to find Paolina, and have her come to sit for me in the morning."

"Why, I can go now," he said, rising. "It is not late."

"But I am all ready to go home," Grace interposed.

"So much the better," her brother replied, "for I can walk with you as far as the 'L' station." He fumbled in his pockets a moment, and then exclaimed, "Provoking! I believe I have lost the address!"

"Can't you recall it?" the artist asked, while she paused in her preparations; "the name was Paolina Feretti."

"At all events I think I can find her," the young man replied, "for the house was in Crosby street, and these Italians all know one another."

They passed out upon the sidewalk together, and sauntered slowly in the direction of Broadway.

"I received a letter from Ruth to-day," George resumed.

"Yes?" she replied, as much as to say "Go on."

"She is coming to New York to-morrow upon a little visit" —

"Alone?" Grace questioned, abruptly.

"No, the doctor is coming to see the exhibition."

"Oh! I thought so."

"Grace, it is perfectly exasperating the way you have treated that man," the brother observed nonchalantly.

"Well, I never treated him ill until he began talking of marriage."

"And why are are you so bitterly opposed to marriage? Have you ever stopped to think if anything happened to me how alone you would be in the world?"

"And the little fortune papa left us would be just as large as it ever was, would it not?"

"Yes, but" —

"Then I am a 'rising artist' now, you know," she continued, with a smile, "and ability to earn one's bread and butter makes one terribly independent, I assure you. No, George, I shall be content to look at happiness through your eyes and Ruth's, for I would never be willing to tie myself for life to any less noble-natured man than Doctor Mayne, and, if I married *him* — well, I am afraid the *artist* would be lost in the *wife* in a very short space of time."

"Will you see the doctor to-morrow, when Ruth comes?" he ventured, looking into his sister's face inquiringly.

"No!"

A pained expression came over his features, for Ruth had planned a quiet dinner-party of four for the morrow, and it was to obtain his sister's consent that George had broached the subject at all. She saw the look, and as George walked in silence for the remainder of the block she had ample time for reflection.

"That is, I had rather not," she said, at length, "unless it would be a pleasure to you and Ruth."

They had reached the station, and Grace ascended several steps.

"Well, find Paolina, and tell her to come at 10 o'clock, sharp, in Roman peasant costume. I will think of your request, George, on my way home, and give you my answer when you return."

"By-by!" he said, laughingly.

She stood still, looking after him as he waved his hand to her and vanished into the crowd, on his way to take a 'cross city line of cars. She waited several minutes, gazing after him, not knowing why she did so, and then slowly climbed the stairs to the platform.

"Yes, I think I will see the doctor," she mused, "to please George, he is such a dear, good fellow." It was a pleasant thing to remember — that kindly resolution — in after years.

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An hour later, in one of the narrow streets in the lower part of the great city, a mob of rough men and ragged and dirty women and children were gathered together in front of a vile drinking-den in the Italian quarter. In the midst of the crowd was a prostrate man, and two policemen were bending over him.

"What the devil's the row?" roughly demanded a new-comer of a swarthy padrone standing at the edge of the group.

"Noa rowa — Italiano sho-ot te Americano (pointing to his breast) wit te pistola; noa rowa!"

"Drunk and ugly," a by-stander put in. "No place for a gentleman this time o' night, anyhow; and the man *was* a gentleman, and a-minding of his own business."

One of the policemen was roughly searching the man's pockets.

"Here's something; we're all right now," and he drew forth a dainty envelope superscribed in a woman's hand. "Read the name, Tom, it's gettin' too d—n dark for my eyes."

It was the letter from Ruth.

Oh the horror and agony of that dreadful night, as the loved form lay unconscious on a bed of death! And oh the weary hours of waiting for the dull gray dawn of morning, which seemed never to come! If he would open his eyes, — if he would only speak once before he died! It was terrible to see him lying there so pale and haggard, while the lagging moments crept by at funeral pace, life slowly ebbing away, and that poor girl, convulsed with grief, bending over him in the agony of despair.

Kind neighbors and friends did what they could, but at such a time what is there to do save, with simple presence, to stand betwixt the stricken heart and the horrible emptiness and silence of almost tangible space, peopled with its dread ghosts of the imagination?

The doctor learned of the shooting, from the morning paper, almost upon arrival, and before the boat had come to her place at the pier, and he lost no time in getting ashore. Taking a carriage, he proceeded without delay to the Thornes' lodgings, only telling Ruth that George had met with quite a serious accident, and it might be best to go to the house at once.

Ruth was not prepared, therefore, for the scene that met her gaze as she entered the room where her lover lay. Grace was kneeling at the head of the bed, her face buried deeply in the pillows, but at Ruth's frightened exclamation she started to her feet, and with a cry rushed into her arms, and for a moment neither was able to speak.

It was not long after that George opened his eyes and faintly called for a draught of water. Dr. Mayne was standing by the bedside, and as he brought it a smile of recognition went over the sufferer's face; then he asked for Ruth and his sister.

Through the long day they hovered about his bedside, smoothing his pillows, or whispering loving words of hope to him, in the intervals when he roused himself from the stupor that had come over him; then the twilight shadows gathered again, and the turbulent city once more grew silent.

A little past midnight the doctor noted a change. Grace was reclining upon the lounge in the next room trying to get a little rest, while Ruth sat by the bedside. Presently George whispered Ruth's name, and turned his face toward her.

"I am easier now," he said, faintly. "Where is my sister? — is the doctor here?"

Doctor Mayne called Grace at once. As she approached the bedside George put out his hand to her, and smiled as he said, —

"Now we are all together — once more" —

It was evidently an effort, and he closed his eyes a few moments before he went on.

"But I am going — away soon — something tells me *very soon* — and — then" —

He gave his sister's hand a faint pressure, as he looked into her eyes intently, and in a moment turned toward Doctor Mayne.

"You know — what I want to say; when I am gone *she* will be — all alone in this great, selfish world."

The poor girl tried to speak, but was unable to control her feelings sufficiently. Then her head sank upon the pillow, as she endeavored to suppress a choking sob, and for a moment the silence was oppressive. Then the doctor, with strong, brave words, but tender as a woman's, while his eyes dimmed with tears, gave the dying man the dear assurance that he craved. The wan face brightened; turning to Ruth, who held the other hand, he said, softly, —

"Come nearer — put your arm under my head — and let me lay my cheek against your shoulder — for I want to tell you for the last time — how much I love you. There! — it won't — be long!"

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Again he closed his eyes, for he seemed to be sinking rapidly. The doctor stepped to the table for the brandy, but George shook his head when the draught was brought to him.

"I am going — *soon*," he said, after a few moments' pause, "and perhaps it is just as well — for *he* loves you, Ruth — not as I have loved you — but — dearly, I know — besides you have your brother to — care for you."

Again he paused, and the doctor moved noiselessly round to the opposite side of the bed from his sister. The silence grew almost audible, the ticking of the little French clock upon the mantel sounding like distant anvil strokes.

"It was selfish in me to hold you to your promise, when — you — loved *him* first — but I have been *so* happy, and — I am quite sure you — love me — a little" —

"I *do* love you, George!" she faltered, bravely hiding her emotion; "I love you dearly, and you *must* not leave us! — you *will* get well again" —

"No-o — it is nearly over" —

Once more he closed his eyes, and his breast heaved as though with a deep sigh.

"I am — free — from — pain — now — kiss — me" —

The tired head sank upon that dear bosom ere the quivering lips could grant the last fond request; the lids closed in a peaceful sleep which should know no waking, and Grace was alone in the world.

The June roses are in bloom again; the parks and lawns are smiling in the tender verdure of early summer, and gay Paris is at its brightest. How like a dream the last two years of Wellford Manning's life, as he reviews it to-day, on his way home from the hotel, where he has been to call upon Doctor Mayne for the first time since his arrival.

How charming that he should have met the professor at the very threshold of the door-way, upon precisely the same errand; — for the old Frenchman has such a way of making everybody at ease there is never opportunity for embarrassing pauses after sudden surprises. And Ruth, — how womanly she had grown; how serious and thoughtful! yet the expression of her face seemed sweeter than the pictured love of by-gone days. And the doctor and Grace were married!

No wonder the two years seemed a dream to him as he walked briskly on toward his lodgings.

Professor Gantier took it all very philosophically, though he made some quite cynical remarks to the doctor about fools who marry late in life; and the doctor, in turn, called him an incorrigible old grumbler, who would be only too glad of the opportunity to marry, himself, if he could find the woman who would have him. But the professor understood the matter perfectly, and told Wellford, in one of their confidential talks, that he knew all the time that Grace would marry the doctor, for she couldn't help it; and the doctor's kindness at the time of George's death was only the straw that broke the camel's back.

So the days sped swiftly on; the doctor and his wife appeared to be more interested in Art than Fred Mayne and Grace Thorne had ever been, and the limit of the honeymoon seemed to have been extended indefinitely. Ruth was happy because her brother was happy, and, preferring to find a quiet enjoyment in books and in solitude, she was left much alone. But the longest book must have an ending, and sometimes she had not even one of these little, unobtrusive friends to entertain her, and so it happened, one bright afternoon, when she had been in Paris a month and more, that she found herself with nothing to read.

Her thoughts were with the past, and it was not strange that her wandering gaze should rest upon a little morocco-bound volume upon the table, near, bearing the title, "Deutsche Liebe," or, as the English translator puts it, "Memories." Taking it from the table she opened it to the last chapter, which she had read and re-read and wept over perhaps a dozen times, and had began to read it again, when a gentleman was announced. Hurriedly laying down the open book, to keep the place, she crossed the room hastily to welcome her visitor.

"Why, Mr. Manning!" she said, with surprise; "I did not dream it was you."

"No?" he half-questioned.

"I thought you were engaged with the professor this afternoon."

"No, I have come to ask you to go to ride with me instead; and you *must* not refuse, for I have a particular reason for asking you *this* afternoon."

"Then I *will* not refuse; but, surely, I may know the reason, may I not?"

He smiled pleasantly, and answered, —

"Yes, when we return."

She was soon ready, and when she again emerged from her own room Wellford could but recall that bright day, nearly

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two years before, when he had first walked with her in the streets of Paris, on their way to visit the professor.

And as they rolled through the magnificent Avenue de Neuilly, past Courbevoie, and along the lovely banks of the Seine, where Hoyt and himself had passed so many happy hours a-wheel, he felt a joy such as he had never experienced before.

The birds sang as blithely as then; the skies were as blue, the breezes as soft, and the landscape as beautiful; again the bees hummed as merrily as they flew from flower to flower; the voices of the boatmen upon the river rang out in songs of gladness, and the bright equipages flashed by as gayly as though the world had never known a disappointment or the human heart a sorrow. To-day all was light, and life, and gladness.

"Why did you wish to ride this particular afternoon?" Ruth demanded, as she drew off her gloves and threw herself into a big easy-chair upon their return.

The young man placed his hat upon the table, and seated himself near her upon the sofa. "Haven't you an idea?" he asked, looking into her face seriously.

She was removing her hat, and when she had done so he arose to take it; but she quietly laid it in her lap, and he returned to resume his seat upon the sofa.

"No, truly, I haven't an idea,—unless that the day was so beautiful."

He espied the little volume lying upon the sofa, and, pausing, took it in his hands.

"How every life has its *memories!*" he said, thoughtfully, turning the leaves slowly one by one. "Mine have been sad ones of late; but to-day, somehow, they seem faintly tinged with joy. May I tell you the story of a photograph?"

He stood before her, the book in his hand, — with his finger keeping the place to which it had been opened, — while he gazed intently at the lettering upon the back. For a moment the girl's eyes lighted roguishly, though their expression was not observed by her companion as she said, —

"It was purchased in Rome, I believe?"

He gave a quick glance into her face; but it was as calm as a summer morning.

"You have heard the story?" he returned.

She continued, —

"He followed the lady to Paris, did he not? And then made her acquaintance, as the friend of her brother?"

"You are smiling!" he made answer, his features growing more rigid; "perhaps you are thinking that he was very foolish, and long to tell him so?"

"I have not said so, surely! — but that was *two years ago*" —

"Yes," he replied, his thoughts reverting fondly to the rapture of that first introduction, "*that* was two years ago *to-day;* and it was the happiest day of my — of the young man's life, except" — He paused abruptly, and began perusing the gilded lettering again, while the girl played with her hat-strings, and for a few seconds there was an awkward silence.

"Ruth, is there any reason why *this* should not be a far happier one?"

Her face grew serious for a moment, as she gazed down to the floor without replying. Then, as she looked into Wellford's face again, her own beaming with an expression of deep love and confidence, he tossed the book of *memories* back upon the sofa, and, with an arm thrown lightly around her shoulders, bent down and kissed her very tenderly.

THE END.

TO THE KAT.

GRIM as the Sphinx, — a snadow of *old* Egypt's time
Flung down athwart our pathway in a Christian age;
A thing of worship, snatched from off some carvéd page
In a vast pagan pyramid, and sung in Christian rhyme.

As ancients worshipped, long ago, thy kind, so we, —
Thou sacred symbol of a Pharaoh's kingly state, —
Have learned to look on thee as born of fate;
Have found in thee an arbiter of destiny.

Arthur Penfield.

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THE COLUMBIA BICYCLE PRIZE CUP.

THE incentives to athletic contests have in all ages been essentially the same. The physical enjoyment of action, the mental delight in achievement, the personal impulse to attain superiority, are amongst the chief of these incentives, at least with manly and courageous men; and to these is to be added the stimulating glory of public approval, the popular praise of them that do well, applause of them that do better, and worship of them that do best. These are at once the most natural motives and the most honorable prizes. "Whoso in the games or in war have won delightful fame receiveth the highest of rewards in fair words of citizens and of strangers," sang the poet whose immortal odes commemorated the winners in Grecian races. It is always, however, an inherent necessity that there shall be certain formalities of auspices, time, method, and means of conflict, as well as stated selection of competitors, in order that a competition may be a definite event and not a scramble or a delusion; and, further, that there shall be some tangible trophy to be won, not for itself alone, but as evidence of title to the honor, so to speak, and as an emblem or memento representing all the values attained in the winning.

The first requisite of such a trophy, then, is, that it should be emblematic; so a leafy crown of victory was for him who "hath won longed-for glory in the strife of games, for whose strong hand or fleet foot abundant wreaths have bound his hair."

But the frail crown of laurel leaves must also be superseded by something more enduring. And the third requisite is for distinctiveness, preciousness, for something that is unique, or has no mate. Mere costliness should be no factor in the prize; but costliness of thought in its design and of skill by which it is wrought, and of appropriate material to embody its idea in imperishable and exquisite form, are to be desired more than gross expensiveness, practical usefulness, or convertible money value.

Indeed, here may be drawn the true line of distinction betwixt amateur and professional prizes. It is the real amateur whom we have been considering. The professional may enjoy his art, and may make good sport for beholders; but he reduces the art of his choice to a trade, a business, and seeks a business value in his rewards. A roll of current coins, or some other available merchandise, is his appropriate reward; but for the amateur, a bit of sheet metal wrought by artist hands into a beautiful vase, or of molten bronze, or of paint and canvas, or anything by which art may speak in language of grace, and strength, and beauty of the victory won.

For reasons quite appreciable few of the cups or other prizes offered in the minor athletic competitions, or even in the greater ones, possess in any marked degree these appropriate art qualities; that is, that are emblematic of anything significant, or are rare or distinctive, or that have in them costliness of thought or artistic expression.

The most conspicuous instance of a prize embodying all the requisites for award in an amateur competition which has come to notice in recent years in connection with bicycling, or, indeed, with any athletic art, is afforded in the "Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup," of which a brief description, and the rules under which it was offered, were published in THE WHEELMAN for June last (Vol. II., p. 227), before its completion, and which is shown in an engraving forming the fontispiece of this number. Indeed, its appearance is an innovation upon the prevailing fashion in prizes in several respects. The first departure was in obtaining the services of an artist of wide distinction in designing it; and Mr. L. S. Ipsen, himself an enthusiastic wheelman, a member of the Middlesex Bicycle Club and of the L.A.W., has made it a work of sympathy as well as of professional care to trace a worthy design, and to watch its execution in silver and bronze. He chose for the general form a horn after the style of the old Scandinavian drinking-cups of the eighth and ninth centuries, introducing this for the first time into American art. The American public has now, however, an opportunity of seeing another fine example of its use in a form of royal costliness at the Foreign Exhibition in Boston. The appropriateness of the horn, as the body or framework of the prize, cannot be gainsaid, as, besides its graceful curves and natural beauty of form, it is in itself an emblem of strength, courage, and conquest. It was used in ancient art to express plenty

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and blessing, and to serve for libations of gladness and homage.

Upon this general form the artist has impressed a style of treatment at once tasteful and appropriate in ornament and significant in idea. The winged wheel rolling in bronzed silver dust, with which it is surmounted, shows how skilfully the artist can make an old device take a new expression; and the broad band of bas-relief figures near the top, full of variety and harmony, suggests all the action and pantomime of a score of bicycle races. The horn is poised upon an elegant bronze pedestal of fine proportions and finish, and held thereon by two dragon's feet. The house of Shreve, Crump, & Low has preserved its fame for excellent workmanship in the execution of the design and an almost faultless embodiment of the artist's design.

As a whole, this trophy bears long, deliberate examination; and, indeed, the longer it is looked at the better it is appreciated. It is not, of course, as imposing as the Bryant vase; nor is it as expensive or as showy as some other memorial pieces; for, when one has read of thirty thousand dollars expended in the handwork of one foreign vase alone, he is inclined to be modest in his claims for American art. But here is a trophy of some fifteen inches in height in which the *repoussé* work and molten and wrought trimmings in silver and bronze represent values many times greater than that of the metals upon which the design is imposed, and which will stand as a monument to the generosity of the giver[1] as well as to the prowess of the winner into whose hands it may fall.

Many readers are familiar with the conditions of the offer; but some are not. These are interesting, too, since they follow the course of the prize and determine its disposition. It is to be won three times by the same competitor, in amateur twenty-mile bicycle races, or else in one race by completing that distance in less than an hour. The distance is a substantial one, and probably best suited of any to test the qualities of a racing man. The distance has not yet been covered in an hour in this country, though it is reported to have been three times done in England, and an American has come within seven minutes and thirty-three seconds of accomplishing it here. This offer is in encouragement of fine training and rapid racing here; and for this reason, and to keep it from English semi-professional amateurs who occasionally make a raid upon our tracks, it is only open to competition by American citizens. The L.A.W. and the N.A.A.A.A. are the guardians of amateurship in this country, and their sanction is invoked to keep it within amateur reach. It is with the bicycle — the velocipede having its driving and guiding wheel combined in one and forward, and a trailing wheel behind, and a direct cranked axle with pedals for foot propulsion — that records have been made and the art of wheelmanship developed; that has made a place for all velocipedes in the public appreciation and the highways as well as the race-courses of the world, and that nineteen-twentieths of all the wheelmen in this country ride; and so competition for this cup until won, whether in one or in three years, was limited to be by bicycle, on a track clear of all but bicycles, and to be taken from one trial winner to another only by the same instrument. It is to be a free gift to the wheelman who attains the eminence to win it, and so the small entry fee to be prepaid as a guaranty of good intention to compete is to be returned to each one who rides the distance. And in order that the winner for the time being may have a suitable memento of his victory, and an evidence of inchoate right to the cup, the donor has provided a medal in coin gold, bearing an engraving of the cup, and its name, and an autograph signature of the president of The Pope Manufacturing Company, on one side, and on the other the names of the contest, the place, and the winner, and the date and the record time on the other side (a cut of which is given on p. 146), to be presented to him as a personal souvenir.

In some of the conditions a likeness to those of the celebrated Astley Belt and United States Belt, and other rules, will be observed, whilst some of them are, of course, peculiar to the individual prize; and all appear to be such as may hold the course of the prize, after its setting adrift, to the direction intended by the donor. These conditions all appear to be reasonable, and have already received the approval of many wheelmen. They would have been put to the test in the recent Springfield tournament (where a race for this prize was held out by the management as one of the events, and four entries from prominent racing men were received for it), had not the manager of the races rejected this cup at the last moment in favor

[1] The total actual outlay by The Pope Manufacturing Company for this prize has been nearly fifteen hundred dollars.

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of a substitute prize, for some reason not yet fully explained.

Whether any competition be held for the Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup during the remainder of this season or not, it will probably afford a fine additional interest to one or more race meetings next season, and may perhaps have some tendency to encourage, by example at least, the offering of prizes of more artistic value and discriminative taste for competition in bicycle races. In many other ways the American people are learning to prefer the beautiful and expressive to the ugly and nondescript, and that the former is not necessarily more expensive. If they learn it in this, and if wheelmen encourage such offers and demand something less common-place in the way of trophies for amateur races than the hitherto prevailing fashion has furnished, it can but have a good effect upon all the interests of wheelmen.

Charles E. Pratt.

ECHO.

ACCORDING to mythology, Echo was the most unfortunate of her race. An oread or nymph of the mountains, she on one occasion, by her untimely and artful loquacity, deeply offended Juno. The goddess punished her by rendering her unable to speak unless first spoken to, — a disability from which she has never recovered. Afterwards a still more grievous misfortune befell Echo, she having fallen in love with the youth Narcissus, who remained obdurate and unmoved. They do say, — and the story seems credible, — that the heart-broken oread pined into a shadow, and from a shadow into sheer nothingness, only her sweet, melancholy voice continuing to haunt her mountain home. Narcissus became a flower, — a "white daffodil," — with a drooping head, fondly gazing at its image in the water. Nothing being more absolutely voiceless than a flower, Echo could not even talk with her beloved Narcissus, and so fell into an austere habit of silence, from which she never rouses except when some rude provocation is given. This theory for what it is worth; we do not pretend it is authenticated.

The poets have always been on terms of friendship with Echo; but their opinions and representations of her character differ widely. Sir John Davies reports her to be a dancer, a lively, volatile creature, who can't

> "Forbear
> The airy pavement with her feet to wear;
> And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
> For after time she endeth every trick."

George Herbert (with difficulty we spare the adjectives "quaint" and "old") hails Echo as an ethereal messenger, and proceeds to a devout cross-questioning: —

> "O who will show me those delights on high?
> *Echo.* *I.*
> Thou, Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.
> *Echo.* *No.*"

In Comus, the lost lady searching for her brothers invokes Echo to guide her where they are: —

> "Tell me but where,
> Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,
> So mayest thou be translated to the skies,
> And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies."

In Brydges' sonnet, which Wordsworth and Southey so extravagantly praised, two sleeping nymphs are seen in the deep woods; at the sound of the hunter's horn, timorous Silence starts back into denser shade; not so her sister, Echo: —

> "With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
> Bounding from rock to rock and hill to hill,
> Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
> With thousand mimic-tones the laughing forest fill."

That Echo, like a good child, speaks only when spoken to (notwithstanding she is heard and not seen) is an obvious fact; but to prove that she is not always as civil and acquiescent as represented, we give some part of a conversation between her and a would-be suitor. Can it be that this pert, equivocating spirit is the same with the sweet informer, whose replies so delighted devout Herbert? Let us hear and decide: —

> "Echo, lonely Echo, may I win thee if I try?
> Try.
> Try I will; but thou away on tricksy wing dost fly —
> Lie!
> Dost not? Surely, then, I'll overtake thee by and by.
> Ay.
> Echo, love me as thou didst Narcissus long ago —
> Go!
> Must I? Never true heart served a faithful lover so —
> So?"

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It would be easy to believe that primitive man gave the mysterious daughter of earth and air a place among his deities; that he built her temples, and sought to propitiate her with sacrifices. Hearing himself tauntingly answered from the uninhabited rocks and woods, he must naturally have inferred that some spirit inimical to himself presided in those places. It was doubtless a great gain to the science of that twilight time when poor Echo's incapacity for monologue was discovered.

There is a charm in sending our voices to places inaccessible to our feet; it is performing the journey by proxy. We send a vocal shot, and are pleased at the prompt ricochet. When we rouse the echo we practise a kind of enchantment; we do not take away the power of speech, but temporarily give voice to the voiceless. The silent and self-absorbed wilderness will talk with us; only we must take the initiative, must speak first.

As form is imaged by a reflecting surface, so also is sound; but in the latter case the reflecting surface is not so readily distinguished. Look in a quiet stream, and you see your face drawn in definite and nearly constant lines; but the mirror that gives you back your voice is but vaguely surmised to be in yonder wood or hillside; just where the phonetic blow struck, just where is the centre of the reflected sound, remains uncertain.

"The bird we hear is of the cuckoo's brood, —
'A wandering voice, a mystery.'"

Here in the woods is an attentive listener, who records instantly all that is said or done. Each stroke of the chopper's axe is followed by a sharp cry of grief and accusation. Seemingly, there is somebody here, whom it cuts to the heart when the heart of the good old oak or maple is laid open. The hammer of the woodpecker, whose workshop is "up-chamber," is answered by a kind of hollow spirit-rapping; the partridge drumming awakes a responsive roll; the scornful halloo of the crow, the barking of that busybody, the squirrel, the splash of the muskrat dropping into the still sleek water, are all quickly and faithfully reported. When the leaves have fallen, — the muffling curtains and tapestries of the forest interior removed, — Echo seems to wake to new freedom. After an ice-storm has sheeted every hanging branch and low shrub, what tinkling reports are heard whenever the ice-bound twigs clash together or break away and fall on the glassy floor!

Children especially delight in echoes, as who cannot testify that remembers his own youthful experiments in this branch of acoustics? What youngster has not, at the risk of a broken neck, clung to the edge of a rain-barrel, and leaned his head far into the opening, just to hear the mellow, mumbling sounds his voice called forth? Some little-used chamber of one's old home is sure to be remembered for the eerie confabulations held there by the child and Echo. A friend of ours, whose early life was passed among the hills of New England, recalls a pleasant game which she and her brother used to play with the mountain nymph. The two, while swinging on the boughs of a chosen orchard tree, would take turns in shouting at the top of their voices, "Bring me a pound-sweet apple!" Twice, and from opposite directions the cry was repeated, "Bring me a pound-sweet apple!" as though a couple of oreads were contending for the possession of the prize fruitage.

When Echo takes up her abode within walls she seems to prefer unfinished apartments. In the dreaded house-cleaning season, when you have denuded the floors, and turned out of doors tables, chairs, mirrors, and curtains, Echo comes visiting, sits aloft near the ceiling, and despitefully mimics the earnest tones which you use in directing your house-cleaning allies. She is also a frequenter of town-halls, churches, and other assembly-rooms, unless excluded by some device of the builder. In many a place of worship, she plainly declares her unhallowed pagan origin by her disturbing and uncanonical responses to the preached word. In the Middle Ages it may have been attempted to expel this disorderly spirit by exorcism with bell, book, and candle.

The Miltonic epithet, "Daughter of the sphere," has a touch of the new poetry of science, when we remember Echo's great liking for concave surfaces, and that architecture has its vaults and arches named for her. Whispering galleries illustrate this principle; and the one in the dome of St. Paul's, where the ticking of a watch or a gentle whisper can be heard from one side to the other, is surely a suitable habitation for the "Daughter of the sphere."

Some echoes may be classed as historical; and were we to visit their haunting-places we should probably not neglect to make them speak to us. In this historical class

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may be mentioned the echo at the tomb of Metella, near Rome, where the acoustic conditions are such that an entire hexameter line is repeated with perfect distinctness. Sixty pistol-shots for one are given by an echo produced from the walls of a castle not far from Milan. An ancient fortress in Flanders has an intriguing Echo that says nothing to the person speaking, but hastens to repeat all to the listener at a distance,—the listener, however, being unable to hear the original sound. In the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, is a cave, entering which the visitor hears no reverberation of his voice, but, having gone a little farther, to his surprise overtakes the leisurely echo. At Lake Killarney a singular reduplication of sound-shadows is observed, the first in the series being less sonorous than those which directly follow.

We might speak of a class of echoes entirely different from any previously mentioned, inasmuch as the physical ear is not concerned in their identification. We might speak of the echo that lives in the mind, ranging through all the vacant chambers there—a dully, importunate thing, that rings over the last words of a conversation or an isolated and meaningless phrase from a printed page. For instance: once reading that the following caution had been posted at some point on a harbor, — "TORPEDOES. Don't anchor here,"— the mental echo, for hours afterwards, kept repeating the words with a kind of fustian rhythm and impressiveness. Sometimes it is a measure or a simple cadence from an old song which the mind-echo takes up and repeats with tiresome exactness and regularity until sleep or some interrupting incident comes to our relief.

There is still another class of echoes of which we may say nothing, except to claim that they are more wonderfully minute than those heard in the dome of St. Paul's, more wildly multiplied than those of the Irish lake: —

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

Edith M. Thomas.

SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER.

WE have before us this month a book of most decided and original flavor, — Maurice Thompson's Songs of Fair Weather. The author has caught and sung for us, in freshest and truest notes, the poetry and joy of a life out-of-doors in all its tunes and moods, with all its active and inspiriting pleasures, as well as its tender dreams and fancies. All the warm and sunny seasons, when skies are clear, birds sing, seeds spring into flowers, and fruits are gathered, — when man can live under the sun and the trees, and be filled with nature's spirit, — have their own songs here. The poet views his own life as a happy succession of nature's moods: —

"I seem to look through all the lapsing years,
And see my path wind through a holy land,
While wondrous as the music of the spheres
Is the soft murmur of time's golden sand.

"I see my springs go by, a golden train;
I see my summers, with their corn and wines;
I see my autumns come and come again,
And roaring winters through the windy pines!"

And again: —

"I heard the woodpecker pecking,
The bluebird tenderly sing;
I turned and looked out of my window,
And, lo, it was spring!

"The loves I have kept for a lifetime,
Sweet buds I have shielded from snow,
Break forth into full leaf and tassel
When spring winds do blow.

"I forget my old age and grow youthful,
Bathing in wind tides of spring,
When I hear the woodpecker pecking,
The first bluebird sing."

One more sweet spring song we must quote, and then forbear for lack of space: —

DROPPING CORN.

"Pretty Phœbe Lane and I,
In the soft May weather,
Barefoot down the furrows went,
Dropping corn together.

"Side by side across the field
Back and forth we hurried;
All the golden grain we dropped
Soon the ploughshare buried.

"Bluebirds on the hedges sat,
Chirping low and billing;
'Why,' thought I, 'not follow suit,
If the maid is willing?'

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"So I whispered, 'Phœbe, dear,
Kiss me—' 'Keep on dropping!'
Called her father from the plough;
'There's no time for stopping!'

"The cord was loosed,—the moment sped;
The golden charm was broken!
Nevermore between us two
Word of love was spoken."

He tells of the hour before dawn, when —

"The emphasis of silence made
The fog above the brook
Intensely pale; the trees took on
A haunted, haggard look.

"Such quiet came, expectancy
Filled all the earth and sky;
Time seemed to pause a little space;
I heard a dream go by!"

Of November he sings —

"A hint of slumber in the wind,
A dreamful stir of blades and stalks,
As tenderly the twilight flows
Down all my garden walks.

"My robes of work are thrown aside,
The odor of the grass is sweet;
The pleasure of a day well spent
Bathes me from head to feet.

"Calmly I wait the dreary change,—
The season cutting sharp and sheer
Through the wan bowers of death that fringe
The border of the year.

"And while I muse, the fated earth
Into a colder current dips,—
Feels winter's scourge, with summer's kiss
Still warm upon her lips.

All the old and ever-young nymphs and goddesses that dwelt among Greek woods and mountains are seen and adored by this new frequenter of their haunts. He enters the lists with Atalanta: —

"When spring goes old, and sleepy winds
Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love, in green, cool groves,
Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

"She throws a kiss, and bids me run,
In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
And at the end, I know, is death.

"But joyfully I bare my limbs,
Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew thrill
The vigor of Hippomenes.

"O race of love! we all have run
Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
For life or death, or anything!"

He tells us how his own eyes saw: —

"And Ceres came across the wheat
That, like bright water, dimpled round
The golden sandals of her feet."

He exquisitely describes Diana, with her—

"bow of yellow horn,
Like the old moon at early morn."

He sees the —

"naked baby Love among the roses,
Watching with laughing gray-green eyes for him;"

and his mother, —

"Racy of earth, yet full of fire divine,"

pure, for she came to him —

"Out of the white foam-lilies of the sea,
Out of the salt-clear fountains clearest stream,
The embodiment of purest purity."

Our poet is an angler, passing days "in haunts of bass and bream," where —

"Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream."

He describes the sights about him while he sits patiently, "keenly expectant": —

"Out of a giant tulip-tree
A great gay blossom falls on me;
Old gold and fire its petals are;
It flashes like a falling star.
A big blue heron, flying by,
Looks at me with a greedy eye.
A bumble-bee with mail all rust,
His thighs puffed out with anther-dust,
Clasps a shrinking bloom about,
And draws her amber sweetness out."

At last he feels "a mighty weight," and then —

"I follow where my victim leads
Through tangles of rank water-weeds,
O'er stone and root and knotty log,
O'er faithless bits of reedy bog.
. . . . . .
Through graceful curves he sweeps the line,
He sulks, he starts, his colors shine,
Whilst I, all flushed and breathless, tear
Through lady-fern and maiden's-hair.
. . . . . .
A thin sandpiper, wild with fright,
Goes into ecstasies of flight,
A gaunt green bittern quits the rushes,
The yellow-throat its warbling hushes;
Bubble, bubble, flows the stream
Like low music through a dream.
At last he tires, I reel him in.
. . . . . .
I raise the rod, I shorten line,
And safely land him,—he is mine!
. . . . . .

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Damp, cool breath of moss and mould,
Noontide's influence manifold;
Glimpses of a cloudless sky, —
Soothe me as I resting lie.
Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like low music through a dream."

But chiefly, and with all his soul, the singer is a bowman. By river and lake, in Florida and the West, he feels that —

"Life is a charm and all is good
To him who lives like Robin Hood."

But he is scarcely at home in "this younger land." While —

"I blow the reed, and draw the bow,
And see my arrows hurtling go
Well sent to deer or wary hare, —
. . . . . .
I think how sweet if friensd should come
And tell me England calls me home.
. . . . . .
I wait and watch, for soon I know
In Sherwood merry horns shall blow,
And blow, and blow, and folk shall come
To tell me England calls me home.
. . . . . .
I walk where spiced winds raff the blades
Of sedge-grass on the summer glades;
Through purpled braids that fringe the mere
I watch the timid tawny deer
Set its quick feet and quake and spring,
As if it heard some deadly thing,
When but a brown snipe flutters by
With rustling wing and piping cry.
I stand in some dim place at dawn,
And see across a forest lawn
The tall wild-turkeys swiftly pass
Light-footed through the dewy grass;
I shout, and wind my horn, and go
The whole morn through with bended bow;
I live and keep no count of time,
I blow the bubbles of my rhyme;
These are my joys till friends shall come
And tell me England calls me home.
. . . . . .
Ah, call me, England, some sweet day,
When these brown locks are silver gray,
And these brown arms are shrunken small,
Unfit for deeds of strength at all;
When the swift deer shall pass me by,
Whilst all unstrung my bow shall lie,
And birds shall taunt me with the time
I wasted making foolish rhyme,
And wasted dreaming foolish dreams
Of English woods and English streams,
And of the friends who would not come
To tell me England called me home.
. . . . . .
Such words are sad; blow them away,
And lose them in the leaves of May.
O wind! . . . . . .
And here, these better thoughts, take these,
And blow them far across the seas,
To that old land and that old wood
Which hold the dust of Robin Hood!
Say this, low speaking in my place:
The last of all the archer race
Sends this his sheaf of rhymes to those
Whose fathers bent the self-yew bows,
And made the cloth-yard arrows ring
For merry England and her king,
Wherever Lion Richard set
His fortune's stormy banneret.
Say this, and then, oh, haste to come
And tell me England calls me home!"

The songs are beautifully printed on linen paper, and bound in parchment, forming a very tasteful and dainty volume.

A BICYCLE TOUR IN TYROL AND SWITZERLAND.

THE summer holidays, an "Expert Columbia," proximity to the finest scenery in Europe, and a necessary but not superfluous amount of cash in hand, — these are the four factors of a problem by no means hard to solve: the solution in my case being a month's tour in Tyrol and Switzerland. As it has fallen to the lot of very few American bicyclers to make such a trip I have thought that a brief account of my experience might be of interest.

The first objective point was Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol, and the radiating point for excursions in all directions. The best route thither is *via* Rosenheim and Kufstein, but as the scenery between Munich and Rosenheim is very dull, and the road very poor, I deviated from my rule, and took my machine by train to R.

Mounting the wheel at that place on the 10th of Aug., at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I set off for Kufstein. The opening of the tour was not altogether auspicious. It had rained the day before, and the road, not very fine at its best, was "heavy"; ridable, indeed, but not very enjoyable. The sun was shining when I left Rosenheim, but before long the fog-bank gathered over the mountains; then came a sprinkle; then occasional showers, and finally a gentle but steady rain. But there was only one thing to do, and I did it. I had agreed to meet friends the next day in Innsbruck, and Kufstein must be reached

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that night. Occasionally I asked the passers-by how far it was, and sometimes had the encouragement of hearing that it was farther off than it had been half an hour before; but I had faith in the immovability of the town, and knew I was steering in the right direction, so the conclusion was unavoidable, that if I made "the wheels go round" long enough I should get there.

I was frequently reminded that I was on the frontier between Germany and Austria by meeting revenue officials scattered along the road. But as there was nothing in my appearance suggestive either of diamonds or cigars I passed them unmolested.

At length Kufstein (22¾ miles) suddenly came in sight, and the moist condition of my garments could not prevent my admiring the picturesque situation of the town, on the banks of the Inn, amid lofty hills, and having as its most peculiar feature an abrupt elevation, in the very midst of the town, surrounded by a fortification.

On the following morning, finding that my clothes had fully dried during the night, under a dubious sky, but with the promise of a gentleman at the hotel that it wouldn't rain, I started up the valley for Innsbruck. For the first half mile I encountered the deepest and muddiest mud that ever was; then the road became suddenly better. After an hour or two the sun asserted himself, and things moved swimmingly.

I passed several villages, occasionally a quaint old town, while, here and there, on a hill, stood that culminating ornament of European scenery, a ruined castle. At Bixlegg there were posters up announcing the performance of the "Passion Play" on the following day.

At 3 o'clock arrived in Innsbruck (45¾ m.). A very conspicuous object, as one approaches it, is the bridge, a mile long, with nearly two hundred arches, spanning the dam and the adjoining lowlands. This city has only one rival, Salsburg, for the honor accorded to it by an enthusiastic writer, who calls it "the pearl in the circlet of Austrian cities." As my tour was for the purpose of sightseeing full as much as for riding, I remained there two days. On Monday made the acquaintance of Mr. Mackley, an Englishman, and consul for Tyrol of the "Bicycle Touring Club," with whom I made two little excursions, aggregating twenty-one and a half miles. He is a great admirer of the mechanical skill of America, and has for several years taken the *Scientific American*. He examined my machine very critically, and was so much pleased with it that he requested the address of the manufacturers with a view to purchasing.

On Tuesday morning I rolled away from Innsbruck to go over the Brenner pass. After riding about six miles, somewhat ascending, I reached the point where the Innsbruck riders always dismount and walk fully three miles up grade. I didn't have time to walk, so I rode, and not being winded, kept on for ten miles more before resting. When within a mile of the top I walked for five minutes, reaching the summit in a little less than three and three-quarters hours; distance, twenty three miles. In the afternoon came the other side of the story in the descent to Sterzing. This was one of the most exciting parts of the trip, as the distance of eight miles is made up largely of a series of steep hills, some of them with sharp curves. I doubt if I should care to make that run again; but I was not so unfortunate as the gentleman I lately read of who made the descent of Mt. Washington at the rate of about six miles an hour, some of the time going "so fast that he could not see, and had to turn his head to breathe."

The scenery on the way to Sterzing is fine, and from there to Franzensfeste the road is superb. The latter town, at the intersection of the Brenner pass and the Pusterthal, contains the largest and finest military fortifications I have ever seen. Diverging at this point to the east, for a trip through the Pusterthal, I soon reached Mühlbach, fifty-three and a quarter miles from Innsbruck, a very pretty village, but with nothing more important in its history that I know of than that I spent the night there. In the small hours of the morning I was awakened by the roar of cannon, that shook the house, the clang of bells, and a great tumult generally. I supposed it was some great military celebration, and inquired what sort of a holiday it was. "The anniversary of the Virgin Mary's ascension to heaven," was the reply. It struck me as being decidedly unique to commemorate that event with artillery, and I think Mary herself must have smiled a little.

At 8 o'clock I continued the journey through this central valley of Tyrol, sauntering along at ten miles an hour, up and down hill, reaching Bruneck (fifteen miles) at 9.30. After a light lunch I was again in the saddle, and soon found

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that the road was taking me by a winding course up a high hill. For twenty minutes the grade was a stiff one; but, of course, nothing would induce me to dismount, so I crowded on steam and pushed ahead. A freight-train left Bruneck at the same time, and made about as hard work of it as I did, and a great deal more noise. For a while we kept along together, although my course, being more winding, was longer; but finally I drew away from it, and did not see it again until it reached Toblach, where I was resting.

At this point I made a southerly detour in order to pass through the valley of Ampezzo, one of the most celebrated in Tyrol. The view suddenly changes. The green and sloping mountains of the Pusterthal give place to sheer, jagged, and barren masses of rock, defiant of nature's efforts to soften their outlines with the covering of vegetation. It is true these mountains are smaller than many in Switzerland, but whereas the latter are often blended in an almost unbroken chain, these in the Ampezzo are so thoroughly isolated, notwithstanding their nearness, as to give a peculiar impression of immensity.

The steady up grade of the first six miles, combined with a stiff and persistent head-wind, gave me hard work; then came an easier stretch, during which I passed the lofty Monte Cristallo, with a glacier upon its side and the little Durrinsee at its base, giving back so clear a reflection of the mountain that one sees photographs of it everywhere.

It is through this valley that you find one of the most magnificent specimens of carriage-road engineering to be seen anywhere in the world; especially in the six miles before reaching Cortina, and the fifteen beyond, where the road, immensely broad, and smooth as a floor, winds down the mountain side with the evenness of a railroad grade, apparently, like the old Roman highways, perfectly regardless of expense.

Cortina, fifty-one and a half miles from Mühlbach, was reached at about 5.30, and on the following day I pushed on to Belluno (forty-five miles). In the first hour covered twelve and three-quarters miles easily; but, as long spurts are not advisable in such a tour, I took the remaining distance more leisurely. I was now forty miles over the Italian border, and would like to have gone farther south, but it was the hottest part of the year; besides, it would have brought me too deep into the region of the Italian language and of earthquakes.

When within five miles of Belluno I came the nearest to an accident of any time in the tour; or, rather, I should say, to being the cause of an accident. It happened in this wise: I always keep a sharp lookout for horses, and watch carefully as they approach, to see what they think of me. I have rather prided myself on being able to prognosticate with a good degree of accuracy what their movements will be. But the beast I met near Belluno beat all my calculations. He approached with the utmost unconcern to within thirty feet, then sprang, whirled the wagon around, dashing it against a curbing-post, and made off at a rate that must have surprised himself, for to all appearances the animal hadn't been able to exceed three miles an hour for twenty years. This spirited evolution resulted in promptly spilling the upper half of an oldish gentleman over the edge of the wagon. As the horse took a "straight-away" course, the man succeeded in drawing himself in, after which he proceeded to draw in the horse. His efforts were materially aided by the fact that in the collision against the curbing-post the hind wheel had become bound, which made it rather hard for the horse. In about ten minutes the man appeared, leading the team. Just at that point I felt awkward. I thought perhaps I ought to take my hat off, as they walked by, just as one does when a funeral procession passes. I apologized in German; he responded in Italian, neither understanding the other. I observed that he bore himself with a great deal of dignity, while perhaps swearing at me internally. But I had been pretty well frightened; so had the horse; so had the man; and to show a proper respect for the occasion I rode very slowly at first; but the solemnity soon wore off, and I quickened my pace.

The task for the next day was to get back to Cortina, and, although only forty-five miles, it required six hours. The wind had very provokingly, and as it seemed to me, very unnecessarily, whisked around to the north during the night, and the last ten miles was a tremendous pull. But a good dinner at Cortina made me forget my troubles, followed by a good night's sleep, or what would have been a good night's sleep if it hadn't been for an unearthly clatter of bells in a town close by. I feel constrained to allude once more to this matter of bell-ringing in Tyrol. It is horrible. At the slightest provocation, even without any provocation at all, by day

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and by night, they shake up those bells as if the whole town was afire. The very smallest church has at least two, and the larger ones half a dozen or more. But it must be confessed the ringing is not monotonous. They play all sort of antics on the bells, the most peculiar being a sort of drum tattoo struck upon the one of the highest pitch, while beneath that, without being able to detect any distinct strokes, you hear a constant reverberation from two of the lowest pitch. The effect is very novel, but one doesn't fully appreciate the novelty when it wakes him up in the middle of the night, — by which I mean, four o'clock in the morning.

After rolls and coffee, a rather meagre breakfast for a bicycler, I rolled away from Cortina. It was more like a September morning, clear and cool, and the run back to Toblach (18 miles), the finest part of the Ampezzo, was delightful. From Toblach I continued easterly through the Pusterthal without any special incident. Near Lienz, on account of extensive alterations in the rail and carriage ways I had to use a temporary road, partly ridable and partly not. In the afternoon reached Lienz (49¾ m.). As there is nothing remarkable about this place I will skip the next thirty-six hours and say that on Monday morning I was up with the lark, — if larks rise at six, — saddled at 7, rolled easterly for three and a half hours, when my cyclometer registered 33¼ miles. A brief rest and off again for Villach (67¼ miles) which was reached at 2.45. As I neared the town, had a fine view of the range of mountains just south of V. and stretching away to the east, their sharp outlines softened in a drowsy August haze.

After thirty minutes' locomotion began again, as it was my purpose to reach Klagenfurt. The road was hilly, and I was sorry to find that most of the hills ran up instead of down, but muscle counterbalanced gravity. The finest part of the way was along the Worther See, a lake ten miles long, with steamboats plying upon it in summer, one of which pulled along with me for almost the whole length.

Met a tricycler, and had my mouth all made up to speak, but he was either ashamed of me or ashamed of himself, I don't know which, for he hardly looked at me. At 6 o'clock arrived in Klagenfurt (91¾ miles), and wasn't I hungry! Had to have two suppers. Normally, I am not a glutton, but that night I did seem to be in pretty good health.

I had now reached the eastern limit of my tour, and the next morning the star of empire began to roll westward. Nothing of special interest occurred until afternoon when I met the remains of the Grazer Club. I think I must tell you a little about this club. The Grazer Club belong in Graz, and started out a week or two before, eleven strong, to make a long tour and get unto themselves a great name. They were going as far south as Venice, and were advertised to appear all over the eastern part of Tyrol. Everybody asked me if I had seen the Grazer Club. They hadn't, but were expecting to. Evidently the ambition of the club exceeded their muscle. They began to dwindle. On reaching Lienz I learned that two more dropped out at that place and took the cars for home. As I said, in the afternoon I met what was left of them. Four remains and no remainder. They were going to Graz as fast as possible. I kept on and at 6.40 dismounted at Lienz (91½ miles).

I have not scattered in many allusions to the weather, for it was fine every day. The next day rode to Toblach, and thence by a slight but almost constant down grade for eighteen miles to Bruneck. The approach to this place from the east gives a fine view. Beneath you in the valley lies the town, high up on the south side a castle, while on the north side are two of the lofty Tyrolese alps. Riding on I reached Mülhbach (62½ miles from Lienz), at 5.30.

I had still three important cities to glean in Tyrol: Trient, Botzen, and Meran; and the following day I took a southerly course through a valley so narrow in places that there was hardly room for railroad, carriage road, and river; passed through Botzen and reached Trient (72¼ miles) at 6.30. Remained till noon the next day, roaming about the town, and finding it a strange compound of dilapidation and elegance, then returned to Botzen (37¾ miles), where I spent a day. This lies in a region famous for its fruit, and I had planned to be there at the beginning of harvest. Found the most delicious grapes, plums, pears, and peaches, tasting all the better for being so cheap.

Saturday night ran up to Meran (18¼ miles), and spent Sunday. This is a great place for people to go to who are out of health. There are curing establishments of all sorts here, with numerous little parks in which the dilapidated ones can walk. Considering how many sick people there are there, it seems to be a very healthy place.

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Had intended to be off early on Monday morning, but the cook wasn't up in season, and I didn't leave until my usual hour of 7. My course for the day ran westerly to Glurns, then northerly to Landeck. The feature of the day was the making of the Finstermunz pass. A little walking was necessary in the ascent, but from the summit to Landeck is fine riding. At one point of the descent is a magnificent view up and down the valley, equal to anything of the kind in Switzerland. The road is superb, and the rider is tempted to make a "rapid transit." I would recommend caution, however, in the descent, as at two different points I found a squad of cows lying in the middle of the road, — and cows think slowly. At 5.45 reached Landeck (78 miles), and the next day Feldkirch (54¼ miles). That was the hardest day's work in the trip. I knew at the outset there wouldn't be much fun in it, but it was my shortest cut into Switzerland, and I resolved to push through. It involved the making of another pass, besides a good deal of poor road. At one point of the descent the machine came very near running away with me, but I didn't "turn my head to breathe," and the front wheel didn't "smoke," as front wheels are sometimes reported as doing. But if I were to make the same tour in Tyrol again, I would have two brakes on the machine, both for safety and for comfort. Imagine a macadamized road, worn down to the coarse stones and covered with a thick layer of dust, and you will know my experience from 12 till 2 o'clock. A railroad is now being built through that region, and if I ever see that stretch of country again, I rather think it will be through the car windows.

In many places my vehicle caused unequivocal amazement. Not unfrequently on approaching a village I would see a man in the middle of the street staring at me, then dart into the house and presently appear with all his sisters, cousins, and aunts, whose breathless silence as I rode by spoke louder than words. The effect was not always of the happiest kind. One little fellow dropped his wheelbarrow in the middle of the street, and ran as if a certain gentleman, never reported to have ridden the bicycle, were after him.

The following day I crossed the Rhine, where I took leave of Tyrol, coasted along the east end of Lake Constanz, and struck inland to St. Gallen. Nothing more entertaining happened on the way than the threat of a street laborer to dislodge me with a hoe if I didn't get off the sidewalk. Distance 38¾ miles.

Next morning started for Zurich, which I reached at 4.30, distance 54¼ miles. Friday was devoted to "doing" the city and the Exposition. I have seen no city in Switzerland, not excepting Geneva, that I like so well as Zurich. In solidity and elegance, as well as the display of enterprise, I doubt if any city in the country surpasses it. Probably few in America know anything about the Exposition being held there, but any one in this region who has not visited it is considered behind the times. It is not "international," and to me that is one great beauty of it. It is a complete exhibit of what "we Swiss" can do. The buildings are very tasteful and attractive, and although in the heart of the city the grounds are ample and finely laid out. It is the daintiest little Exposition you can imagine; a great success financially, and the Swiss are as proud as peacocks over it. Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

On Saturday had a charming run to Zug, with a view on the way of almost the entire length of the lake of Zurich; thence along the shore of the lake of Zug to Arth, at the foot of Mount Righi; then to Goldau, and past the famous landslide of 1840 or thereabouts, chiefly interesting because it killed so many people; along the little Lowerzer See to Schroyz; thence to Brunnen, on Lake Lucerne, and along the north shore of Lake Lucerne (61¼ miles). Things there were at the height of the season, so the first night I lodged in the fifth story. Next morning fell three flights and had a pleasant room. A powerful rain in the afternoon made the roads too heavy for riding, so I remained in Lucerne on Monday, with only a ten-mile run for exercise. The next morning, with an ominous rainbow in the west, set off for Berne. At length the sun conquered the clouds, and I rolled along all the forenoon over a smooth road. On nearing Berne, had a fine view of a portion of the Bernese Alps. But the morning's rainbow must have its fulfilment: the clouds gathered, and I entered Berne under the fringing drops of a storm. Distance, 58¾ miles. Time, 6¼ hours.

On such a trip one often finds no one at the hotels among his fellow-tourists who is companionable; at other times you meet very pleasant people. At the hotel in Berne were several very pleasant English people, one of the ladies being especially

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sociable, — not "advanced" enough to be well preserved, but likely to become so, being rather dry constitutionally. I wouldn't call her an old maid, but she was certainly the most thoroughly unmarried person I ever saw. Berne is a nice place to visit, but everything is expensive there, from the hotels down to the little wooden bears.

The remainder of that day it rained, and the next day. Thursday morning, with heavy roads, but with a change of wind, I rolled out of town northward at 7 o'clock, reaching Solothurn (23¾ miles) at 9.45; Oltin (21 miles), at 12; and Aarau (8 miles), at 12.45. After "thirty minutes for refreshments," I was in the saddle, and made the next 33¼ miles in 3½ hours, although the last ten of it the road was heavy again with a fresh rain. Reached the hotel in Zurich at 4 45. Distance, 86 miles.

The next morning was an elegant one for riding, a genuine autumn morning, clear and cool. Having only about fifty miles to make that day I proceeded leisurely, *vid* Winterthen, a prim little town, and Franenfeld, reaching Constanz, at the head of Lake Constanz, early in the afternoon. Distance, 56 miles.

The Island Hotel, where I stopped, is the most unique that can be imagined. Originally a monastery, it has been remodelled, perhaps one ought to say, degraded, into a hotel, situated on a small island, the remaining grounds of which are very tastefully laid out. But, notwithstanding the alterations in the building, its former character is evident throughout. One of the "sights" of Constanz is the dining-hall, which was formerly the chapel, an imposing apartment, with two rows of columns and a lofty ceiling. I also saw the room, or, rather, dungeon, at one corner of the building, where the martyr, John Huss, was imprisoned for eighty-five days, awaiting his execution. A fifteen-minutes' walk outside the town brought me to the spot of his martyrdom. Instead of one of those marble, gingerbread shafts, such as I expected to find, the monument is a grand old weather-beaten rock, the base and one end covered with luxuriant ivy and enclosed within an iron railing. The stone bears the simple inscription:

JOHANNES HUS.

+6 (14) Juli. 1415.[1]

[1] In this country a person's death is always indicated by a cross prefixed to the date.

On Saturday morning, September 8th, I mounted the wheel for the last time, and coasted along the south shore of the lake of Constanz; then north to Bregenz and Lindan (56¼ miles), where my tour terminated; thence, by rail, to Munich.

From the day I left Rosenheim until I reached Lindan I made no use either of cars or of post-wagons, so that my record of distances does not include any railroad rides topped off with a little bicycle run. The amount of walking was too insignificant to be worth mentioning. The entire length of the run from Rosenheim to Lindan was, 1,264¼ miles, making an average of fully fifty miles per day, six days in the week, for a little over four weeks. My daily average expenses from leaving Munich until reaching it again, were $1.85. In the smaller places stopped at the best hotel I could find; in the large cities at hotels of "second rank."

I did not bear off so much as a scratch in memorial of the tour; indeed, as the poet has expressed it,

"Not a 'spill' was heard, not a funeral note,"

from beginning to end, partly because I go upon the principle that it is easier to be careful than to repair damages. It is hardly necessary to say that I am in quite a robust state of health, and, as for color, can almost rival Orebus himself.

I should be doing injustice to close my account without a word of commendation for the machine that bore me so successfully through the trip. I need only say that it gave me not the slightest trouble in any respect, during the whole tour. Easy running, noiseless, and durable, the "Expert" has proved itself to be eminently a *touring* bicycle.

All my baggage for the trip I took with me in a "multum-in-parvo-bicycle-travelling-bag," — not so long as its name and about half as wide. Without the capacity of a "Saratoga," it still contained all that was absolutely necessary with the exception of a full-dress suit; but in travelling it is not really necessary to take that; you can always borrow one from the "waiters."

Such a tour constitutes a novel and delightful episode in one's life, and I can wish my bicycling friends no better fortune than the privilege of a similar experience.

H. E. Parkhurst.

MUNICH, 13 September, 1883.

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CASTLE TRUNDLE.

IN THREE PARTS.

I.

I HAD decided to run away. The whole thing did not seem worth a picayune, and I was so unreasonably miserable, I would have sold out my interest in life and thrown eternity in for total annihilation and relief from thought. This was a shameful state of mind for any young man to be in, — a fairly respectable fellow, too, with professional ambitions. Some people can take things entirely on the surface; but they cut to my marrow. Disappointment murders me. I turn a trouble over until the air is full of it. I knew if I didn't make a move of some kind, more would come. If I had trembling nerves, some of my muscles were steel-hardened. And if I could not spare a great deal of money for a vacation, the horse I proposed to fly with called for neither oats nor railroad tickets. I told the folks at home not to be surprised if they lost sight of me for an indefinite time. I was going to ride my bicycle into the unknown, and should resent any question which would force me to plan ahead. But I struck out West. For days I drove the wheel with delight and fury. All the byways were full of quieting, pulse-cooling life. I ran along many a mile, feeling the dusk fall like a benediction spoken out of the skies; and that was all I wanted to hear spoken, at first, for my instinct, a long time, had been to avoid talking to human beings like myself. The eternal "good-mornings" and "good-evenings," the chat or inquisitive remark, the covert criticism and selfish snub, — I had them all behind me now! I could sail along with the silence of a spirit, and need not even glance into the startled countryman's face. The village children scarcely gathered before I was past. It was healing; it was life. It was nearly that mute and invisible observance of humanity for which I had ached when I felt worried and crowded. In fact, the man who never tried such an experience can form no idea of the change there was in me when I had been out a week. I grew fairly companionable, and considered my secret hurts balmed and tied up, as you might say. I took to my horn for the pleasure of making a noise, or whistled operatic airs to the blackberry-vines along the fence. It was July weather, but I came across at least one country school in full blast, and we nooned together. The boys all took a pitch from my wheel, and I divided up my lunch, and in return tasted every variety of cake and pie baked in the district.

I began to love everybody; and not anybody in particular too well. I had struck the philosophic happy medium. The golden age was open to me. Even railroad cars joined me kindly to my race, and no longer tore my nerves when I took to them for an uninteresting distance. I allowed myself and my wheel to be talked to, and to receive suggsetions. A man from Illinois said I ought to go it on the prairies, and a man not from Illinois said I would not go it very far if I got stuck in some of the slews. Then a man from the Hoosier capital told me there was a beautiful lake region in northern Indiana which I ought to explore. So I got off at Indianapolis, and the broad streets of the city melted into country bowers, and I found only about ten miles of boggy country in a fifty miles' run, with turnpike roads in every direction.

This dive at the northern Indiana lake region was what brought me to that photographic car. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon and a storm had been threatening several hours. Distant farm-houses appeared to sleep under the air's sultry night. The cut hay, smeared over a field, was being stacked as rapidly as men could haul and pitch it. I remember noticing the man on the top of the stack pause as if to get a better footing on his fragrant quaking monument, and make a gesture as if exclaiming at me. But a clap of thunder covered his voice just as the lightning ripped one long gash in the northern sky. I knew if I did not get under cover soon I should be a stormy petrel of a wheelman. The country was populous, but the sudden whistling wind which chilled my arms gave me to understand that, having waited so long, I need not hope to hunt a house now before the storm broke. The woods were dense with a blackness moving solidly out of the north-

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west; but through whirls of dust and twigs I saw a photographic car lumbering ahead of me on the road.

The entire storm-cloud was green, and its roar made me lift my voice to a shout, as I whizzed abreast of the driver.

"May I come aboard?"

"Certainly," said he, stopping his horses and getting up to move his stool out of the way.

I had set my wheel against a wall of the interior when he was driven in, and we were both obliged to put our shoulders to the door before it could be closed; then the blue-lined structure rocked, picture-frames clattered, and a camera in one corner came down with its mantel about its head, like a still-life Cæsar. A section of skylight was the only means of admitting day, and through this the lightning flung its flames of fire, the sash rattling with instant thunder; the dust and grime upon the panes were drenched by floods; looking up you could see the floods resolve themselves into individual rods of rain, coming from unknown depths in the sky, to rattle and slash and shiver into splinters of drops on the roof of the photographic car.

I noticed this, and I noticed the exquisitely tidy interior; the camp-seats and rattan-rocker threaded with blue ribbon; the square of looking-glass held by strips of moulding to the wall. And I took a second look at the driver, only to smile with him.

"Where have I seen you?" I said, raising my voice above the storm.

"Taking photographs in Tipton, perhaps," he called back; after which he flattened the corners of his mouth, and looked at the painted floor as if enjoying himself. We were both upon camp-chairs. He placed his cap on his knee and leaned back against the door. He was about my age, a handsome, radiant young fellow.

"I don't know how to shelter them," he said. We heard the horses moving uneasily in the rain. "It's impossible to bring them into the ark, and I presume they won't run off unless a flood comes, to make it easier sailing. You observe they weren't blooded stock?"

"I didn't observe them at all," said I. "Here's my excuse for despising all horse-flesh."

"It looks like a good machine," said he, sweeping my wheel with a trained eye.

"This sort of a thing," said I, "is coming nearly as close to Mother Nature as riding the wheel. But it's so slow. How do you stand that?"

"Well, I've seen some fast days of my own," he replied. "And it moderates a fellow's feelings to creep along with the old castle creaking over his head, and to estimate its capacity doubtfully at every little hill. It's a pretty good-looking turn-out, isn't it?"

"Too good. You ought to smell worse of chemicals, and have piles of dirt swept into the corners."

"The other room is where we keep the chemicals. Jupiter! what a clap that was! I'd better look in there."

He did so, closing the partition door after an instant's waiting.

"It's a regular parlor coach," I continued, "and I suppose you have sleeping and dining room attachments?"

"Well, don't build your expectations any higher," said he.

"I won't," said I, feeling more strongly every minute the freemasonry of equality that was working between us. "Here's my card. My name is Rogers. I'm a stray atom from New York City. But that isn't you on the rear end of the car, is it? I read as I bowled up, 'Hill's Photographic Palace.'"

"Hang his palace! No, my name's Rains," said the photographer, taking my card. "Suits the weather just now."

I said it was a cooling name, but the fact was it made me burning hot.

"Not from Albany?" I said.

"No. From Cincinnati."

"You haven't tortoised along in this thing all the way from Cincinnati?"

"No, I haven't," owned Rains, "any more than you've whirled your wheel the entire space betwixt here and New York."

"But I've pretty nearly done that. I'm making a tour through sylvan places, you see. They told me there was a nice lake region above here; and then I can go from Michigan City either by steamer or train to Chicago. Do you know the name of the next town?"

"Kokomo. It's a county seat," said Rains, "and I shall tie up near the court-house square, and look out for the rural Hoosier. But I shan't get many of him. His ideas are looking up, and he doesn't care about squinting at a trading camera, except at fair-time, when he feels reckless with money, and inclined to stoop in his amusements."

"You talk like a man of experience."

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"And you talk like a man who thought I was playing travelling photographer."

We both laughed.

"Maybe you've never been in reduced circumstances," continued Rains, in an injured tone.

"I've been in other tight fixes," said I, "and can conjecture a hundred reasons why a man like you should go in for this."

"You flatter me," he said. "But I knew you would see I'm a nobleman in disguise."

The first fury of the storm being by this time over, he set back his camp-chair and opened the door, letting in a damp rush of meadow scents and loam perfumes. We both pulled our lungs full. The rain was still pouring, but it no longer flapped like a gusty curtain at the corners of the car, or interposed like a wall miles thick between us and distant views.

The lean horses were standing with their heads and tails drooped as if humbly petitioning the gods to strike them with lightning.

"I don't think we'll trundle any farther to-night," said Rains. "Look at the road ahead, will you?"

"I'd rather not," said I, ruefully.

He laughed.

"I never look at it as adapted to the elephantine progress of this car. It's fair turnpike; but the ruts and the gray mud and the driving rain are a little more than a child of the desert and a Romany of the road like me wants to feel through after dusk."

"Don't you always tie up at dark?" I inquired.

"Let me recollect what I always do. Last night I tied up, and the night before I was stationary at Tipton. Yes, I believe I always tie up at dusk. And it will come early this time, with so many of these liquid pencil-strokes scratching out the daylight."

"Nice idea," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "strikes me that way. A great many of these artistic figures of speech occur to a man of my profession. You may have it gratis. You're a journalist, aint you?"

"Yes," I said; "and so are you."

"Perhaps I once was. But you needn't insult me by alluding to it when you find me travelling in my own car."

Rains now turned up the bottoms of his trousers, and took a gum coat out of a locker which was covered with a carriage-cushion. I also began to pull a waterproof garment out of my knapsack.

"You needn't do that," said he. "You'll be welcome where you are to-night if you can rough it."

"Roll in the lap of luxury, you mean, and keep from mudding my tire. Of course I'd like to stay if it wouldn't be imposing on you. I slept on the top of a blessed haystack one night," said I, "and I know it was sweeter than any farm feather-bed that you could find in Pennsylvania. It beat the country tavern. But I haven't seen anything along the whole route that tempted me as this does."

"Then you'll stay?" said he.

"You couldn't drive me off," said I, and we both dropped to the ground to attend to the horse.

"I'll guide the car off the road among the trees," said Rains. "Now that the electrical display is over, there'll be no danger."

"Certainly. Otherwise there might be a collision with passing vehicles in the night. This is a pretty populous part of Indiana, isn't it?"

"Rather. And while we are about it we will conceal ourselves entirely."

I went around behind the car and pushed. It jolted over the wet grass and ploughed its way among scraping boughs. I thought I heard a woman's small shriek or exclamation as the right hind wheel crunched over the end of a crumbled log; but I was pushing so hard, and the blood was throbbing so in my head, and the leaves were pouring such sudden reservoirs of water down my neck, that I could not be sure I heard anything besides the laboring of the vehicle, after all.

It occurred to me, and I shouted to Rains, "You'll wedge her so deep among the trees you'll never get her out again." For he led and coaxed the horses in a devious line farther and farther from the road.

"Well, I don't want to do that," he responded. "Would you mind going back to the starting-point and telling me whether you can see anything except the track she made running in?"

I thought he was carrying his desire for privacy to extremes; but I went back and found that only the heavy wheel marks could be distinguished through the fast thickening dusk. "And these," I added, "will be washed away if it continues raining."

"All right," responded the young man,

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who was now my host. "Thanks, won't you go in and make yourself comfortable now, while I find a place for the horses to drink, and give them their feed, and tie them up for the night where they won't annoy us?"

I got upon the platform before the open door, and he entered the car and carried from some receptacle a sack of grain across his shoulder.

"Isn't it delicious?" I said. "We get the full flavor of an agricultural man's life without his weight of responsibility. Why do you banish the horses? I'd like to hear them grinding and stamping. I think I'd like to wake up and hear one of them squeal, and feel as if I ought to take a lantern and grope through a dusky barn, starting at the rats in the granary or at the long fish-lines of hay hanging from the mow — to see what was the matter with that horse."

"I shouldn't feel just that way," said Rains. "So I'd better put them in a back stall of Robin Hood's barn."

The mesh of green leaves was close around me, as I stood under a jut of the roof watching him unfasten the traces. He had refused my further help, saying he left all the harness, excepting the bits, upon his horses over-night.

The rain rested from pouring, and only whispered far off. Monotonous drops, held in reserve by the leaves, spattered at regular intervals on the roof of the car. I felt as if I had found a good inn.

"All you lack," said I to Rains, as he took the horses' leading-straps over his arm, "is the presence of lovely woman. We can't take them with us on the wheel, and a bicycle's solitude is its only drawback. But you might carry a drawing-room full of sisters and cousins and so on."

"My wife and my sister *are* in the chemical room," owned Rains, pausing.

"No!"

"Yes, they are. They hid away there from the lightning. This is my wedding trip," he added, with a hardy smile.

"Well, now you've scooped me! And do you mean to say it's your wedding trip, and you're asking me to intrude on it?"

"Oh, it won't be any intrusion at all. You don't know much about it if you haven't found out young married people are always anxious to entertain as soon as they have set up an establishment in life."

"Well, you have my congratulations, if you'll accept them. But I don't know the least thing about it, and never expect to."

"That's the way we all talk at some time or other; but fate is silently hemming us in."

After he disappeared among the blurred foliage I kept an expectant eye on the partition door. Behind that lay the refining or destroying spirit who made these blue walls a casket of beauty, or a mere perambulating hut. The whimsical disposition of my host made it appear possible for him to marry the widow and portable effects of some deceased photographer. I could not imagine any woman in my own set consenting to ramble out her honeymoon in such a way, even to please the most amusing of husbands. The photographer's widow probably owned a snug house somewhere, and she was herself a snug, pretty woman, with well-marked features for taking. She knew the business, and it was she who shook the rattle or sawed on the mouth-harp to keep the babies quiet until Rains could drop the cloth over the mouth of his loaded camera, draw out the plates, and exclaim, "That will do!"

These speculations were not serious. But my enjoyment of them ended as if shocked by a silent earthquake, when two young ladies came out of the chemical-room and met me. One was slim, long-waisted, stylish, and fluffy. She had pale-blue eyes and little, bloodless hands, and held to the other with unembarrassed, leaning grace. What was I to them? I knew she was my host's bride, because the other, vigorous, large, and beautiful, so full of individuality that the sight of her swung me helplessly around like a leaf in a whirlpool — was the woman from whose memory I had run over mountain and State.

After the first start at hearing Rains' name I had not connected her with him in my mind. Her home was in Albany. He was a Cincinnatian, and a Western man. Nevertheless, he was her brother.

I held my cap in my hand and stood still, feeling the blood leap through every artery. She recognized me very calmly, and gave me her hand to touch, after which she introduced her sister-in-law. She also said they had heard my voice in the dark-room.

"And when I heard it," added the slim bride, "I was frightened worse to know a stranger was in here than I was by the lightning. Though we are *so* glad to have you stop. You are an old friend of Will's, aren't you? But just now, you know, we want to avoid almost every one. We *have*

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to be real careful. Will told you, of course; and doesn't it seem funny that we have been four actual days and nights in this thing! I say to him every day, 'Will, what *do* you suppose ma would say if she knew it?' Ma thinks we've nearly reached Denver by this time. Do sit down, Mr. Rogers. When did you and June get acquainted?"

"Last summer," replied June, with crisp precision. "We are wedged in among the trees here."

"Yes, and it's *so* much better," exclaimed the slim bride; "only I thought we must be going to the end of the woods, over fences and everything. But last night we stopped in an exposed place, and Will seemed to worry all night. I knew he expected an attack."

"He seemed in very good health and spirits." I found voice to assure her.

"Oh, yes, his health and spirits are all right. I didn't mean *that;* I mean he expected the car to be regularly besieged. And he knows ma will never forgive him if he gets June and me hurt or frightened to death."

I was going to ask her who would besiege the car in this peaceable State and community, though while June Rains was near me I felt little interest in anything else; but my host himself, having bestowed the horses to his satisfaction, now reached the door. My eyes loved him that instant for a decided family resemblance to June; and the next instant my whole nature hated him for indicating her with a bend of his head as "my wife," and then presenting me to her bridelike companion, whom he bade me greet as "my sister!"

M. H. Catherwood.

[To be continued.]

THE WHEELMAN'S JOY.

THE shadow of my silent steed
Flies over hill and vale,
As swiftly as the clouds that speed
On Notus' fav'ring gale.

No whip, no spur, its sleek thigh wounds;
Nor galls the chafing rein;
But, free as Helios' steed, it bounds
Along the shining plain.

Fly on, fly on, my glorious wheel,
And round the belted earth
Go flashing with thy spokes of steel,
Like star on heaven's girth!

My toils, my cares I leave behind;
Away, away, I spin.
The birds that travel on the wind
Seem all my kith and kin.

Look how the groves go by the fields,
The fields go by the groves!
What joy the flying 'cycle yields,
As swiftly on it moves!

Now cleaving with its noiseless hoof
The white dust of the plain;
Now sliding down the mountain's roof
Like a silver drop of rain!

Oh, merry are the wheelman's days;
His dreams are deep and sweet;
He glides down all life's troubled ways
With vevlet 'neath his feet!

Paul Pastnor.

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Winning its Way.

THE St. Louis reporter is nothing if he is not witty. *Vide* the *St. Louis Republican* some weeks ago.

BOUGHT A BICYCLE. — Mr. Fred Cochrane, who advertised a week ago for a second-hand bicycle, went on 'Change yesterday with his right foot in a sling, and making his painful way towards the pork corner by the aid of a pair of new crutches he sat down by the water-cooler, and was asked what the trouble was by one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven persons. Finally some kind friend furnished him a placard which read: "I bought a bicycle yesterday. I tried to ride it. My ankle is dislocated. Good-by. God bless you."

A second-hand rubber-tired bicycle, almost new, can be bought cheap by addressing X 15, care Merchants' Exchange.

If the above were all true it might be funny, as Mr. Cochrane (firm of Bartle & Cochrane) is an enterprising businessman of St. Louis, an ardent admirer of horse-flesh,— particularly blooded stock,— and is himself an expert horseman. But the facts are that, having first become interested in THE WHEELMAN through the contributions of his cousin to its pages, he lastly became interested in the wheel to the extent of purchasing one. He rides a 50-inch Columbia, when he isn't riding a Kentucky thorough-bred, — has no idea of parting with it, believes in it, and proposes to give it a fair trial. In a recent letter to the writer, he says, in closing, "Come on to St. Louis, and we'll take a fifty or a hundred mile bicycle ride together."

I SEND you this from the *Continent*: —

"Bicyclists are becoming such a power in the land, through the capital invested in the manufacture of the machines, through the clergy, and journalists, and lawyers, and citizens generally who use them, that it is time all this energy to brain and muscle were given an object aside from the very praiseworthy one of pastime and exercise. In no one particular, perhaps, is our great and glorious republic inferior to the *effete* despotisms of Europe save in the matter of public roads. Go a few miles outside the limits of any city, and you find yourself on the ordinary country road, namely, a strip of local territory fenced off from the adjacent fields, and more or less rounded up into a road-like shape. Of course this state of things is largely unavoidable, owing to the vast extent of the country and its newness but the bicycle has developed a class of travellers who have brains and energy, and capital to back them, and to whom good roads are essential for the enjoyment of their chosen recreation. If towns would annually build, say one mile of good macadamized road for each two thousand inhabitants, beginning at some central point, ten years would make an enormous change in the facilities of travel, and the cost would be more than saved in the decreased wear and tear of vehicles and horseflesh. Here, then, is the bicyclist's opportunity. Should the tariff or the civil service fail to serve as nuclei for the new political party, let the bicyclists combine on a basis of reforming the roads, and success will await them. States have been made and unmade for less worthy motives."

I send you the following extract from the *Journal de la Côte-d'Or*, published at Dijon, August 24, 1818: —

"Trial was made to-day, at ten o'clock in the morning, in the Place Royale, of the travelling machine, called the draisine or velocipede.

"M. Lagrange, a turner at Beaunequi, came yesterday from that city, seven leagues distant from Dijon, in two hours and a half, and rode very rapidly through the Place Royale in all directions. He seems very skilful in this exercise. Two draisines were seen in motion at the same time.

"Persons desirous of procuring for themselves this new means of transportation, which answers perfectly to the name *velocipede*, may apply to M. Lagrange. We are informed that to-morrow, during the exercises which will take place in the Park on the occasion of the festival of Saint Louis, M. Lagrange proposes to give a fresh proof of the celerity of this economical steed, which consumes neither hay nor oats."

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EDITORIAL.

'Cycling and Study.

THERE are three separate and not necessarily dependent fields in which the bicycle and tricycle are used: as a factor in transportation, as an instrument of recreation, as a means of sport.

As a means of sport, 'cycling stands at the head in pure athletics.

It affords the finer elements, and those elements in a most intense degree, which enter into the nobler physical contests. Bicycle-racing far surpasses horse-racing in intrinsic interest, because it affords physical contests between the men themselves. It surpasses sculling in many ways. As a sport it may be claimed to be *par excellence* the best.

As a mode of recreation bicycling and tricycling are scarcely equalled by any other pastime. A few of the elements of this excellence may be mentioned. It takes one into the open air. It affords opportunity for the general, symmetrical, and thorough development of all the muscles and functions of the body. It exhilarates the mind, and, above all, it is an enticing, fascinating mode of exercise. This last point gives value to the other excellences of 'cycling and superiority to 'cycling itself as a mode of recreation. It is possible to swing dumb-bells, to walk, to ride, to take exercise in various forms; but it is not possible, always, to be *induced* to take exercise. Here is where the bicycle surpasses all other instruments of exercise. A man can't resist the fascinations of his wheel, and, if he owns one, must use it.

Viewed, then, in this light of pure athletics, 'cycling commands the interest and demands the approval of all right-minded people; but it is not purely as a sport or purely as a recreation that it makes its highest claims or its strongest appeals. It is when it appears as *applied* 'cycling, so to speak, that the full possibilities of the wheel are seen and appreciated.

As an aid or an incentive to intellectual effort the bicycle opens up a most fascinating and useful field.

The bicycle, at the present day, affords the only fascinating mode of travelling so as to study the natural aspects of the countries traversed. Rare facilities are afforded the amateur photographer; the artist can easily carry his easel, water-colors, etc. The geologist, the botanist, the archæologist will find the tricycle a most serviceable machine. *Apropos* of this subject we will quote from an editorial by Lacy Hillier in the *Tricyclist*:—

Gazetteers and Guide Books are either too bulky or too diffuse, but this one work contains all the salient points of such histories as the tourist seeks to learn, which can be subsequently pieced out with the aid of other and more elaborate tomes. In the same way doubtless there are works which would fully post the geologist, the entomologist, the botanist, and all other classes of scientific amateurs as to the right things to look for and the right places to look for them in any given county or district. It is this particular point that we want information upon, and doubtless some of our readers will be able to help us. Any one, for instance, who has had the good luck to fall in with an enthusiastic archæologist, in the person of a resident C.T.C. Consul, will at once understand what we are driving at. The completeness with which the district was "done," the number of minor objects of interest which were ferreted out, some of which would have been missed altogether but for the local man's knowledge; the legends and tales of every turn of the road which such a companion bristles with, all go to add to the interest and pleasure of the visit. We have personally, on many occasions, had the pleasure of showing 'cyclists over what was once our "home district," that of Chichester, and we venture to fancy that our local knowledge was of value. In the same manner, to an ordinarily intelligent tourist, the flora of a district would be of great interest, especially if he possessed the slightest smattering of botanical knowledge. For instance, in a certain field close to Chichester there grows a plant found nowhere else in England, but which is plentiful in certain parts of France. What a find for a botanical tourist from some distant shire! Not to multiply cases or become tedious, we only wish to suggest that any reader who may know of such works as those we inquire for, or who can contribute to our columns any tour, embodying in general terms some reference to one or other of the various branches of science to which we have alluded, should put his information into a readable form, and send it us for insertion in these pages; whilst, doubtless, with a little labor, we could tabulate or generalize the information into a brief and compact form for future reference.

MR. S. A. AUTY, late Secretary of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, calls our attention to a mistake in our August (1883) number, in which we say: The club will shortly be registered as a corporate body,—a proceeding which will enable it to

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prosecute in case of any defalcations, such as marked the course of the late secretary. We should have said the late *treasurer*. We regret exceedingly the mistake, and thank Mr. Auty for calling our attention to it.

Records in France.

IT is a singular fact that French 'cyclists have no such enthusiasm as their English neighbors for making records, but seem to ride for the most part purely for the pleasure and benefit of the exercise, making 'cycling rather a pastime than a sport. No official table of the best times made by bicyclers, has yet been drawn up in France. The fact is to be explained, in part, by the imperfections of the French tracks, which are usually temporary makeshifts, and in part also by the fact that the distances actually made in races do not always correspond exactly with those announced on the programmes. But, while the public highways of France are quite as fine as those of Great Britain, French bicyclers, even there, show no disposition to follow the example of Englishmen, who for sometime have been given up to a veritable frenzy of 24 hour races on the highway, with both bicycles and tricycles, for the purpose of beating the record. Mr. Marriott, the winner of the 24-hour race of the London Tricycle Club, who expected long to retain the record of 351 kilometers, saw it taken away from him a few days later by Mr. Bird, of the Speedwell Bicycle Club, who covered 356 kilometers in the same time. The ages of Messrs. Marriott and Bird are respectively forty and thirty-four years.

WE give here cuts of both sides of the medal to be given to the winner of the Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup. (See page 128.)

WHEEL NEWS.

A FORMAL complaint has been entered at the Post Office Department, by E. C. Hodges & Co., against the mailing of the *Wheel* as second class matter. Pending the settlement of the question, the *Wheel* has been detained at the post-office.

COL. A. A. POPE was toastmaster of the reunion banquet of his regiment, the "Old 35th," at Roxbury, Sept. 17th.

THE judges of the articles written for the prizes offered by the Pope Manufacturing Company, upon the bicycle and tricycle, by physicians, and published in medical journals, have awarded the prizes as follows: First to Dr. George E. Blackham, Dunkirk, N.Y., "The Bicycle and Tricycle as Aids to Health and Recreation." Second to Dr. J. F. Baldwin, Columbus, O., "Physicians and the Bicycle." Third to Dr. Charles A. Kinch, New York, N.Y., "The Bicycle and Tricycle for Physicians and Patients." The prizes are a Columbia Tricycle, an Expert Columbia, and a Standard Columbia.

THE *Bicycling World* had a special edition of 10,000 copies at Springfield.

THERE were 400 wheelmen in line at the meet in Philadelphia, held on Sept. 29th. Col. Sanderson was commander, and Col. A. A. Pope and Dr. N. M. Beckwith, aids. Geo. D. Gideon, the veteran racer, was the recipient of much applause during the races. In every way the meet was a great success.

MR. ABBOT BASSETT, business manager of the *Bicycling World*, made 104½ miles on a Victor Rotary on Saturday, Sept. 29th.

The route lay through Chelsea, Everett, Malden, Medford, Somerville, Cambridge, and Newton, to Natick, returning to Malden, then through Lynn and Salem to Ipswich, and return to Chelsea; whole distance, 104½ miles; whole time, 16½ hours; riding time, 14½ hours. Reports he came home fresh and smiling.

Clubs.

THE Denver Bicycle Club consists of about twenty members, with five or six more anxiously awaiting the arrival of their wheels in order to take an active part in the glorious sport.

We are too far off to enjoy the benefits and pleasures of a very frequent exchange of visits

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with other clubs, and so have to enjoy ourselves as best we can amongst ourselves. We have some of the best roads in the country, and every visiting wheelman who has tried them gives the same verdict, — 'ɛ Can't be beat."

We havn't a very large record of runs to report, still we occasionally steal away for an afternoon in the direction of some town where we are sure of a good supper, — the last consideration always being the most weighty one next to a good road.

A club run being called by the captain for Saturday afternoon, found eight of us at the meeting point, the riding-school of the Columbia agents, — a club-room being a visionary dream of the far-off future, which no one has, as yet, had the hardihood to give expression to in words. Eight is a very insignificant number when compared to the large turnouts of eastern clubs. But you must remember that bicycling here is, as yet, in its infancy, although it is surely and steadily growing. However, we attracted considerable attention as we wheeled noiselessly out of the city (especially that of all the dogs in the neighborhood). When we were fairly out of the city, and started on our favorite road, which we consider to be just a little better than any other road in the country, we found a threatening-looking thunder-cloud following in our rear, whence ensued a lively race to keep ahead of the storm; but, as we had to wait for the slow ones in the rear, we received a slight wetting.

After about five miles of first-class roads, without any mishap, we came up with a mule-team, which seemed inclined to dispute our passage. Of course such arrogance was immediately resented by a spurt. The driver of the team lashed his mules into a dead run, and our "fast man" lay over the handles to some of his best work. The bicycle was already ahead, when, lo! he incautiously leaned too far, and

> "Over the handle-bar
> He went like a shooting star,"

performing the series of gymnastic feats so well known to all experienced wheelmen.

> "We picked him up from the hard, cold ground,
> And the full extent of his injuries found"

to be only a few scratches, and a sort of black-and-blue-all-over-in-spots feeling. We reached Littleton, our objective point, without any further mishap.

The run home of ten miles was made without any incidents or accidents of importance in fifty-one minutes.

A NEW Club — Central City Bicycle Club — has just been organized at Syracuse, N.Y., with the following officers: President, Carl G. White; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank W. Padgham, 17 Shonnard st; Captain, Lute S. Wilson.

THE Akron Bicycle Club contains the following members (club was formed early in the season): Joe Smith, President; Grant Merriam, Secretary; Clarence Howland, Captain; Chas. Howland, Bugler. In all probability a 64-inch wheelman will soon join our ranks if he gets his wheel. The Club will join the L.A.W.

THE Oberlin College Bi. Club was organized Sept. 15th, 1883, with a membership of nine, and with a prospect of several more joining us soon. The officers elected are as follows: President, G. S. Lee; Secretary, C. H. Covell; Treasurer, F. M. Covell; Captain, R. M. Lee; Lieutenant, H. E. Beecher.

A NEW club has been formed at Adrian, Mich., christened "The Maple City 'Cyclists," eight members, officers as follows: President, W. B. Mumford; Vice-President, H. M. Judge; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Burnham; Captain, I. H. Finch; Lieutenant, C. G. Weisinger.

AT the semi-annual meeting of the Hyde Park Bi. Club, Sept. 5th, the following officers were elected: President, T. O. Walter; Secretary and Treasurer, W. D. Smith; Captain, A. D. Hale.

AT a meeting of "The Lehigh University Bicycle Club," held to-day, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. P. Smith, '84; Captain, J. W. Packard, '84; Lieutenant, Barry Searle, '84; Secretary and Treasurer, J. R. Engelbert, '84. Club Committee: G. S. Patterson, A. P. Smith, J. B. Price, P. D. Millholland. The club numbers 20 nembers.

The Denver Bicycle Club now numbers fifteen active members.

There was a new club organized here on the 21st inst., called "The Colorado Wheel Club," with a membership of nine.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Captain, W. H. Jackson; Lieutenant, F. C. Failing; Secretary and Treasurer, H. C. Kimball.

It is to be a League club, and the badge adopted is the League pin pendant from a bar with the club initials engraved thereon. The rules adopted were substantially those of the Massachusetts Club.

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All our roads are now in fine condition, and as the cooler weather comes on we are enjoying some fine wheeling.

Three of the Denver Club will take a week's tour to Cheyenne and Laramie about the first of October.

We have received pleasant calls at headquarters, during the summer, from the following wheelmen: F. T. Davis, Mt. Vernon Bi. Club, New York; Mr. Mallory, Waltham Bi. Club, Waltham, Mass.; V. C. Place, Canton, Penn.; J. E. Witmer, Marietta Bi. Club, Marietta, Penn.; Harris I. Carpenter, Massachusetts Bi. Club, Milford, Mass.; James S. Brierly, Secretary-Treasurer Canadian W. Asso., St. Thomas, Ont.; C. H. Imhoff, Lincoln Bi. Club, Lincoln, Neb.

Respectfully yours,

CHAS. A. POLLEY,
Capt. Denver Bi. C.

CHICAGO, Sept. 17, 1883.

The following is a correct report of races held under the auspices of the Chicago Bicycle Club, at Woodstock, Ill., Sept. 14th.

First. ¼-mile dash. Entries: L. W. Conkling, E. Mehring, N. H. Van Sicklen, and A. T. Bennett. Conkling 1st, 52s.; Van Sicklen 2d, 52½s.; Mehring 3d, 56s. Bennett slipped his pedal and took a header, resulting in a black eye.

Second. 100 yards slow riding. B. B. Ayers, Capt. E. F. Brown, Bennett, Mehring, and Van Sicklen were the entries. Ayers and Brown crossed the line together in 4m. 48⅛s., resulting in a tie. Ayers and Brown rode over, Brown winning in 4m. 58⅛s. Brown rode a 60-inch wheel.

Third. 1 mile. L. W. Conkling 1st, 3m. 42s.; A. T. Bennett, 3m. 43s.; Van Sicklen, 3m. 43½s.

Fourth. 2-mile handicap. Mehring, Bennett, Stevens, Van Sicklen, of C. Bi. C., and W. M. Wise, of Sycamore. Mehring and Stevens were given 10s.; the others started at scratch. Mehring, 1st mile, 3m. 55s.; 2d mile, 4m. 3s.; 2 miles, 7m. 58s. Van Sicklen 2d; 2 miles, 7m. 58¼s.

Fifth. 3-mile. E. F. Brown, Mehring, and Ayers started. Brown took the lead and held it, winning in 12m. 51s.; Mehring 2d, in 12m. 55s.; Ayers distanced.

The track was a clay-bottom horse-track, ½ mile, in very bad condition, being covered with loose sand and stones; the home-stretch is upgrade, being about one in fifty feet rise, and an adverse wind was blowing quite brisk.

On Saturday, Sept. 15th two handicap races were run on the track of the Pullman Club, a, Pullman, Ill. The entries were, for the 2-mile Conkling, E. Mehring, G. Mehring, and S. Vowell. Conkling started at the scratch, the others having 10s. start. E. Mehring won; time, 7m. 18⅛s. Conkling 2d, time not taken.

Second 5-mile handicap won by G. Mehring; time, 19m. 21⅛s. Vowell 2d, time not taken; as there were no second prizes no second time was taken.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3, 1883.

There were some amateur and professional races run here Saturday evening, of which the following is the report: —

1st. One-mile race, in heats, best two in three, the entries were John Valentine, A. T. Bennett, and N. H. Van Sicklen. Van Sicklen won the two first heats, in first 3.23¼; second, 3.30. Bennett second, Valentine distanced. Prize, silver cup.

2d. Five-mile race, handicap. Van Sicklen scratch, Geo. Mehring and S. N. Vowell 30 seconds start. Won by Mehring. Time, 18 m. 52⅛s, Vowell second. Van Sicklen took a header at the end of two miles, and did not finish. Prize, a silver cup.

3d was a twenty-five mile race between Woodside and Morgan, the latter winning by about three yards, in 1 h. 32m. 30s. Prize, $250.

The track was *eleven* laps to the mile, and only *ten* feet wide, with raised ends or curves.

N. H. VAN SICKLEN.

PRESCOTT, A.T., Sept. 20, 1883.

As an item of curiosity I send you the following account of a race that took place here to-day. The contestants were J. C. Willoughby, mounted on a 48-in. Standard Columbia. and Theo. Eggers, a foot-racer, well known in Colorado and this part of the country. Conditions were, 100 yards, best three in five heats, bicycle to have flying start, stakes $150 a side. Eggers won first heat in 10¾ seconds, Willoughby won second aud third heats in 10 seconds each; fourth heat resulted in a dead heat, whereupon Eggers gave up race and money. Track was quite sandy for bicycling.

We have five or six bicycles in this part of the Territory, and will probably organize a club by next spring.

THE meet at Manchester, N.H., held in connection with the New England Fair was very

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successful. The whole number present was about seventy, of which fifty participated in the parade. The following clubs were represented: Manchester, 16; Rockingham, of Portsmouth, 8; Nashua Wheelmen, 6; Star, of East Rochester, 2: Penacook, of Fisherville, 3; Pittsfield, 2; Concord, 2; Weare, 1; Boston, 2; Boston Ramblers, 1; Tremont, of Boston, 1; Lowell, 5; Lawrence, 11; Worcester, 5; Massachusetts, of Boston, 2; Newton, 1; Brockton, 1; with some unattached riders.

The order of the parade was as follows: —

First Division. — Chief, Capt. C. H. Wilkins, Manchester Bicycle Club; Aids, Rev. H. F. Bedinger and E. P. Comins, Concord; Bugler, G. W. Hendrick, Nashua; Manchester Bicycle Club, Rockingham Bicycle Club; Star Wheel Club, Nashua Wheelmen, Penacook Wheel Club.

Second Division. — Chief, Capt. W. B. Everett, Boston Bicycle Club; Aids, W. W. Hall, Boston Bicycle Club; E. A. Hemenway, Tremont Bicycle Club; Capt. E. F. Tolman, Æolus Wheel Club, Worcester; Lawrence Bicycle Club; Lowell Bicycle Club; Worcester Bicycle Club; Brockton, Newton, and unattached riders.

The racing men did not enter the parade. At the close the party rode to the police tent, which was occupied as a dressing-room by the racers. The races were called on at once, and were well contested. The time made was not remarkable, except on such a track. Some of the best and fastest men did not start, as the track was too soft and rough for their light racing machines.

In the two-mile race there were four starters: Midgeley of Worcester, Tacy of Lawrence, McMaster of Nashua, and Stahl of Boston. The contest was between Midgeley and Tacy, as Stahl did not finish, and McMaster was in too fast company, and was interesting only as an exhibition of the elegant racing "form" of Midgley. Tacy led in both heats to the last quarter, when Midgley easily spurted to the front and won by several lengths. The winner's time was 8.17½ and 8.41⅛.

The one-mile race was contested by Wattles of Canton, Hatch of Northborough, and Cotton of Lawrence, who finished in the order named, best time 4.39; 4.26¼.

The half-mile race was well fought, and excited much enthusiasm. Dean of Worcester won in two straight heats, his time being 1.57½ and 1.54½, Hatch of Northboro' coming in second. Segur of Andover, Mass., started in this race, but withdrew after the first heat.

The "New Hampshire race" was regarded with much interest, and was won by Jenness of Rye, in 4.20¼, with McMaster of Nashua, and Moses of Portsmouth, following in the order named.

The officers of the race-meeting were: Referee, C. A. Hazlett, of the Rockingham Bicycle Club. Judges, W. B. Everett, Boston Bicycle Club; E. F. Tolman, Æolus Wheel Club; E. A. Hemenway, Tremont Bicycle Club. Time-keepers, W. W. Stahl, Boston Bicycle Club; F. A. Fielding, Lowell Bicycle Club; F. J. Philbrick, Rockingham Bicycle Club. Starter, J. N. Pearsons. Scorer, F. C. Baldwin. Clerk of Course, C. A. Smith, — the last three of the Manchester Bicycle Club.

A TWENTY-FOUR hour race was run in Mechanics' Pavilion, Portland, Oregon, for a purse of $500, with the following starters: Merrill (scratch), Gove (20 miles), Warren (30 miles), Ripperton (50 miles). Only Merrill and Riperton finished, Ripperton having 266 miles 13 laps to his credit. Actual distance 216 miles 13 laps, and Merrill having 253 miles 8 laps to his credit.

At the close of the race Merrill filed a protest against the referee's awarding first money to Ripperton, claiming that the score was not correctly kept. Each contestant had a scorer of his own selection who had at all times watched the scoring of the others, and it is not at all likely that there is ground on which to base Merrill's claim.

THE Brockton wheelmen may congratulate themselves on the success of their race meeting held in connection with the Brockton Fair, Oct. 3d. About 200 wheelmen from Boston and suburbs, and various other towns in the State and Rhode Island, gathered themselves together at the Brockton Theatre at 12.30 to partake of the dinner prepared for them.

THE RACES.

THE track was in good condition, and there was very little wind. Mr. W. M. Pratt, of the City Club, was starter. The first race called was: —

Five-mile Championship of Plymouth County. — Prize, gold medal, value $75. H. A. Carr and Silas Howe both of City club. Carr won in 19.47½.

Two-mile best two in three. — Prizes, Star bicycle, silver chronograph, Auburndale timer. E. P. Burnham, Newton (1); Charles Frasier, Smithville, N. J. (2); A. H. Robinson, Kensington, Eng. (3). Time 6.12⅝ and 6.25.

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One-mile Handicap, best two in three. — Prizes, gold watch, chronograph, Auburndale timer. H. Edgerly, Cambridge, (1); F. L. Dean, Worcester (2); J. W. Wattles, Jr., Canton, (3). Time, 2.55 and 2.50. Handicap not given.

Half-mile dash, best two in three. — Prizes, silver chronograph, watch, pair ball pedals. Robinson (1); Burnham (2); Frasier (3). Time 1.30¾ and 1.28.

Two-mile for Star Bicycles. — Prizes, chronograph, Auburndale timer. Frasier (1); Pressy (2); N. G. Norcross, of Lowell, (3). Time 7.08.

One-mile Tricycle. — Prizes, gold watch, chronograph, silver watch. Burnham (1); W. W. S. Hall (2); F. Morris, Boston, (3). Time, 3.40⅘ and 3.35.

Half-mile without hands. — Prizes, chronograph, silver watch, silver watch. Pressy (1); F. B. Brigham, No. Attleboro', (2); G. E. Cain, Lynn, (3). Time, 1.37.

Half-mile Consolation. — Prizes, silver watch, Auburndale timer, ball pedals, Hub lantern, L.A.W. badge. Five starters. F. G. Crosby, Newton (1); E. P. Marshall, Brockton, (2); W. Finley, Boston, (3); L. B. Gould, Brockton, (4); G. Freeze, Boston, (5). Time, 1.30.

One-mile Club. — Prizes to winning club, club colors; to first three men, gold club badges. City club won. Time, 3.11¾.

There was an award of the prizes, an exhibition of fancy riding, and a ball at the Theatre in the evening.

THE one-mile bicycle race, given by the Central Illinois Fair Association, came off on the evening of September 8th, as advertised, in the presence of a very large and enthusiastic crowd. The track was illuminated by a large number of very strong electric lights, which made the race plainly visible, though the track was one-half mile. The track was in excellent condition, but a very strong wind down the first quarter, prevented good time being made, though several of the contestants were well able to make fast time under more favorable conditions. The race was hotly contested from first to last, hence the slow time must be attributed solely to the heavy wind.

The participants were as follows: — C. E. Stone, C. E. Duryea, D. R. Davies, P. W. Stone, and A. Young, St. Louis; L. W. Conkling, and N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago; Chas. F. Vail, and H. E. Whetzal, Peoria; Chas. Dodge, Normal, Ill.; E. Keller, Logansport, Ind. Chicago and St. Louis were pitted against each other, and both were determined to win, which, added to the natural excitement of a race between good men for valuable prizes, made an exceedingly interesting race. Bicyclers were present from many distant towns.

The race was strictly according to League rules. The men started in good shape. Three men got tangled up, however, and were thrown about twenty feet from the scratch. H. E. Whetzal and E. Keller were two of the three, and did not again appear in the race. Conkling took the lead on the home stretch which he held until within a very few feet of the scratch, when C. E. Stone by a tremendous spurt came up alongside him, when both men passed under the wire seemingly simultaneously. The judges gave the heat to Stone, as he was a mere trifle ahead. Time. 3.46½. Conkling, second, time, 3.46½. C. E. Duryea, third, 3.58.

In the second heat Stone again won. Time, 4.02½; Conkling, second, 4.04; P. W. Stone third, 4.08½. In the third heat Stone took the lead down the first quarter, as his greater strength gave him an immense advantage against the heavy wind. Conkling stood straight on his 60, presenting 6 feet 2 inches to the wind. On the home stretch Conkling made a magnificent spurt, however, taking the lead, and coming in ahead. Time, 4.03½; Stone, second, 4.05. P. W. Stone, third, 4.05½. The fourth heat was started in good shape, and Stone took the lead as usual, which he managed to hold until the finish, giving him the race. Time, 4.08¾; Conkling second, 4.11½; C. E. Duryea third, 4.12½. Stone was therefore entitled to the Full Nickel Expert Columbia bicycle, offered for first, while Conkling took the diamond L.A.W. badge for second prize. As Duryea and P. W. Stone were tied for third prize, they ran a heat together. Soon after the start the electric lights, which had been behaving perfectly, went out entirely, leaving the course in inky darkness. The boys went on, however, when the light was started again, and again went out. The race was finished in the glare of the light, however, amid cheers from the spectators, who admired their pluck in riding in Egyptian darkness. The time was necessarily slow. Duryea came in ahead. Time, 4.21; Stone, 4.25.

The town was not clear of visiting wheelmen until the first of the following week, and in the interval the visiting wheelmen were shown around in good shape, and left apparently well pleased with their treatment. Such an influx of visitors was entirely unexpected, however, as more than half the entries were made on the day of the race, and we had no means of knowing that so many would be here. Had the club known,

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nothing would have pleased it better than to have given the visiting wheelmen a banquet.

Our club is steadily growing in numbers and influence and is closely crowding 40. It is only a question of time when another club will be formed, as there are quite a number of unattached wheelmen who will not be content to remain long unorganized.

On Sept. 30th three of our members were mixed up in what might have resulted most seriously for bicycling interests in this section. A half-drunk German, notorious for his reckless driving, was driving in the street-car track in the lower end of the city. Without checking his horse, which was going at full speed, he attempted to turn out of the track. The wheels went out of the track with a jerk, and the momentum was such that it was dashed against the stone curbing, and the two occupants of the vehicle thrown violently against the stone pavement and curbing. One of them was so badly injured that he soon died, while the other was rendered unconscious. Just as the accident occurred, three of our club — Chas. and Will. W. Thompson and Richard Roberts — turned the corner. Two of them escaped uninjured, but Chas. Thompson (not having time to get out of the way) was run down and his machine crushed. He grasped the shaft of the wagon and was dragged a short distance when he let go. Had he clung an instant longer he would have been dashed against the curbstone with the two men and seriously injured. As it was, he escaped unhurt. A crowd gathered at once and the natural inference was that the bicycles had scared the horse and caused the accident. As one of the men was apparently dying, covered with ugly wounds, shedding blood freely and breathing in a painful manner through a hole in his windpipe, and another man was being carried away unconscious, the crowd needed little to do damage to the wheelmen. There was considerable talk, and for a few moments it looked dark for them. Here was an opportunity for the opponents of bicycling to make the most of, and we confidently expected to have trouble. However, so far, every paper has sided with the bicyclists and roundly blamed the driver for running the wheelmen down. The *Journal*, in commenting on it, says: "Thompson mourns the loss of a $175 machine, and Mahl his life." As the cause of the trouble paid the penalty of his recklessness with his life, the L.A.W. has no opportunity to defend its members by prosecuting him.

Very truly,

H. G. ROUSE, *Sec'y P.Bi. C.*

The Springfield Meet.

MONDAY, September 17th, looked as if there would be no meet. About 5 P.M. a heavy thunder-shower drenched the city and chilled the ardor of wheelmen.

Tuesday dawned bright and clear, however, and the shower of the preceding day proved an auxiliary instead of a drawback. The air was clear and bracing, there was no dust, and the track was in the best possible condition.

FIRST DAY. — At exactly twenty minutes past 2 P.M., the first race was started.

One Mile, 3.20 Class. — Thirty-two entries, eighteen starters; A. B. Prince, Pittsfield, (1); H. W. Smith, Worcester, (2); W. Barton, Springfield, (3). Time, (1) 3.05¾; (2) 3.06⅗; (3), one length behind. First prize, gold watch; second, silver ice set; third, Ritchie's cyclometer.

One Mile Tricycle Race for Championship of United States. — Nine entries, seven starters. W. W. Stall, (1); A. G. Powell, (2); L. H. Johnson, (3). Time, (1), 3.33; (2), 3.34⅕; (3), one length behind. Best previous record, W. B. Everett, 4.32. Prize, gold medal; value, $200.

Ten Mile Amateur for Championship of United States. — Eleven entries, ten starters in the following order: T. W. Midgley, Worcester, (pole); C. H. Jenkins, Louisville; A. H. Robinson, W. Kensington, Eng.; C. D. Vesey, London, Eng.; Geo. M. Hendee, Springfield; Chas. Frazier, Smithville, N.J.; H. D. Corey, Boston; E. Pettus, New York; J. H. Low, Montreal; W. G. Ross, Montreal. This was the finest race during the tournament. They were all good men, and, while Hendee was the favorite, no one felt absolutely sure he could name the winner. The last mile was made in 2.58⅕, and the enthusiasm knew no bounds as Hendee crossed the line, winner by ⅘ sec., with Robinson second and Corey third by half a length.

Time by miles and leader: —

Miles.	Leaders	Times.
1.	Vesey	3m. 16⅖s.
2.	"	6m. 36⅖s.
3.	Midgley	10m. 02s.
4.	Vesey	13m. 27⅖s.
5.	"	16m. 57⅖s.
6.	Pettus	20m. 29s.
7.	Corey	23m. 55⅘s.
8.	"	27m. 33⅕s.
9.	Hendee	30m. 45s.
10.	"	33m. 43⅕s.

Prize, gold medal; value, $300.

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One-Mile Ride-and-Run. — Six entries, three starters: W. J. Landen, Jr., Springfield; Burt Pressy, Smithville, N.J.; H. W. Smith, Worcester. Pressy (1), Smith (2), Landen (3). Time, 4.34⅖, 4.38⅗. Prizes, gold watch to first, diamond ring to second, French plate mirror to third.

Half-Mile Dash. — Sixteen entries, twelve starters: Robinson (1), Burnham (2), Ross (3). Time, 1.25, 1.25⅖. Prizes, silver nut-dish to first, diamond collar-button to second, seal ring to third.

Two-Mile Handicap. — Twenty-three entries, fifteen starters, as follows: E. P. Burnham (scratch); Chas. Frazier (2s.); A. G. Powell (3s.); A. Dolph, New London, Ct., and W. C. Palmer, New Haven, Ct. (4s.); A. B. Prince (6s.); Chas. H. Chickering, C. S. Fisk, and W. R. Pittman (12s.); J. Tacy, Lawrence; J. F. Ives, Meriden; J. F. Lynch, Meriden (14s.); Alan Arthur, Montreal (16s.); C. A. Bowman, New Haven (27s.), and N. P. Tyler (32s.) It looked as if Burnham had been too heavily handicapped, but he rode pluckily, and deservedly won the race in 6.04, Fisk (2) in 6.24⅕ and Prince (3) in 6.34⅗ actual time. The best previous record was 6.14, by Frank Moore, Birmingham, Eng. Prizes, picture, chronograph timer, silver pitcher, and goblet.

Two-Mile Springfield Club Race. — Four entries, two starters: Hendee and Fisk. Fisk dropped out, and Hendee attempted to beat Burnham's time, but failed. Time, 6.17. Prize, gold medal.

Twenty-Mile Horse-Bicycle Race. — Berte Le Franc used ten horses, and four bicyclers. Prince, Higham, Morgan, and Keen, alternated every mile. Bicyclers won by ¾ mile. Time, 1hr. 2m. 9⅖s. Keen's five miles were made in 2.55, 2.58⅕, 3.00, 2.58⅕ and 2.52⅘ respectively, each being faster than any of his competitors' miles. Prize, purse of $500.

Second Day. — The second day was even finer than the first, as the wind of the first day had subsided to an almost imperceptible breeze.

One-Mile without hands. — Five entries, three starters: Pressy, Jenkins, and Fisk. Pressy (1), Jenkins (2), Fisk distanced. Time, 3.11, 3.11⅖. Best previous record, 3.28¾, by W. Q. Hatch, of Northboro', Mass. Prizes, picture, Rogers group, berry-dish.

Two-Mile Scratch. — Thirteen entries, seven starters: Ross, Frazier, Dolph, Prince, Corey, Robinson, and Vesey. Robinson (1), Corey (2), Vesey (3). Time (1), 6.02¼; (2) 6.02⅖, (3) one length behind. This broke Burnham's record of the day before. Prizes, picture, placque, Goethe's works.

Ten-Mile Handicap. — Fourteen entries, eleven starters, as follows: Robinson, scratch; Vesey, 15s.; Burnham, 60s.; W. C. Palmer, 1.15 Tacy and Henry J. Hall, Jr., Brooklyn, 1.30; Robert F. Way, Hartford; H. J. Redfield, Hartford; J. L. Strong, Easthampton, Mass.; Stevens and Chickering, 1.35. Robinson was evidently too heavily handicapped, and gave up in the third mile. Burnham won with Chickering close up. Chickering passed Burnham on the inside twice, Burnham claiming a foul in both cases. Time: (1) 32.48⅖; (2) 32.48⅗; (3) Palmer distanced. Chickering had 35s. start on Burnham, hence Burnham's actual time was 32.13⅖, which beat the previous record, which was 33.34. Prizes: Rudge racer, gold stop-watch, gold watch.

Tug of War. — Five clubs entered, three starters: Springfield, Newton, and Meriden. Hendee came in first, Corey second, Fisk third, the Springfield club making the best average, won the first prize. Time: Hendee, 6.02⅘.

Five-Mile College Race. — Seven entries, four starters: A. D. Claflin, Harvard, (1); Lewis Hamilton, Yale, (2); W. R. Crawford, Yale; F. W. Williams, Amherst. The latter soon dropped out. Claflin won easily. Time: (1) 16.48; (2) 16.52. Prizes: $500, silver cup.

Twenty-Mile Amateur for Columbia Prize Cup. So the race was announced, but just before it was to come off Mr. Ducker announced that the cup had been withdrawn and another cup, which the club had ordered two or three weeks before in Providence, substituted in its place. There were six entries and three starters. Jenkins, who was not well, and only entered by request, withdrew after two miles, and the race was betwen Midgely and Hendee. Hendee won by three lengths. The crowd, with criminal heedlessness, surged over the track at the finish, and both riders, exhausted by the long, intense struggle, were thrown from their machines. Hendee was picked up senseless, and carried to the judges' stand, where he soon recovered.

Time by miles, with leader: —

1.	Hendee	3m. 9⅘s.
2.	"	6m. 19⅗s.
3.	"	9m. 33⅖s.
4.	Midgley	12m. 47⅗s.
5.	Hendee	16m. 1⅗s.
6.	"	19m. 31⅖s.
7.	"	22m. 52⅖s.
8.	Midgley	26m. 15⅖s.
9.	Hendee	29m. 42s.

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10.	Midgley	32m.	47⅕s.
11.	"	*36m.	7⅕s.
12.	"	*39m.	34⅘s.
13.	"	*43m.	6s.
14.	"	*46m.	38⅕s.
15.	"	*50m.	16⅗s.
16.	Hendee	*53m.	29⅗s.
17.	"	*56m.	54⅗s.
18.	"	*60m.	39s.
19.	"	*64m.	23⅗s.
20.	"	*67m.	32s.

*Record broken.

Ten-Mile Professional Handicap. — Eleven entries, nine starters: Prince, Higham, Morgan, Keen, Young, Neilson, Robert James, Birmingham, Eng.; Kline, New York; Rollinson. Prince won; James second, Keen third, and Higham fourth.

Time, by miles, with leader: —

1.	Keen	3m.	2s.
2.	James	*6m.	7⅕s.
3.	Keen	*9m.	6⅗s.
4.	Prince	*12m.	14⅗s.
5.	Higham	*15m.	24⅗s.
6.	"	*18m.	36s.
7.	Morgan	*21m.	53⅕s.
8.	Keen	*25m.	3⅗s.
9.	Higham	*28m.	14s.
10.	Prince	*31m.	6⅗s.

* Beats record.

Prize, $500 purse: $250 to first, $150 to second, $75 to third, $25 to fourth.

THIRD DAY. — The weather continued favorable and at 10 A.M. a large crowd assembled to witness the competitive club-drilling. The only contestants were the New Haven and Rochester (N.Y.) clubs. The Rochester club easily carried off the prize, although the New Haven boys did well.

Prizes, club banner and silver cup to each member for first, and, for second, bicycle bugle.

Master Geo. Nash gave an exhibition of fancy riding, performing some wonderful feats.

At 1.30 Wilmot and Sewell showed what skill and training can accomplish. Wilmot is a wonderful rider. They elicited the heartiest applause.

After this exhibition the races were called.

One-Mile Scratch Race. — Ten entries, seven starters: Ross, Dolph, Robinson, Vesey, Frazier, Hendee, and Corey. The excitement was intense, for a better field it would be hard to pick. Hendee took the lead and held it to the home-stretch, when he gave out, having been hurt the day before. They passed under the wire: Corey 1st, Robinson 2d, Ross 3d. Time (1), 2.51⅘; (2), 2.52; (3), a length behind, all three coming in better than last year's record, which was 2.54¾, by Frank Moore, Birmingham, England.

Time by ¼ miles is: —

Miles.	Leader.	Time.
¼	Hendee	*42⅖s.
½	"	*1m. 24⅕s.
¾	"	*2m. 11s.
1	Corey	*2m. 51⅘s.

* Record broken.

Prizes, gold chain and charm, diamond L.A.W. pin, statue.

Five-Mile Handicap. — Twelve entries, nine starters: Prince, 5s.; Fisk, 20s.; Palmer, 45s.; Chickering, Tacy, Strahn, Hamilton, B. G. Sanford, New York; handicaps not given; Frazier, scratch. Fisk (1), Frazier (2), Prince (3). Time, reckoning from the time scratch man started: (1) 15.39⅘ (actual time, 15.59⅗); (2) *15.40; (3) 15.43¼ (actual time, 15.48¼).

* Record broken.

Prizes, Rudge racer, gold watch, picture of Priscilla.

Five-Mile Tricycle. — Seven entries, three starters: Johnson (1), Powell (2), Midgely (3). Time by miles with leader: —

Miles.	Leader.	Time.
1.	Midgely 3m.	39⅘s.
2.	" *7m.	31⅕s.
3.	" *11m.	21s.
4.	" *15m.	10⅕s.
5.	Johnson *18m.	35⅕s.

* Records.

Prizes, Victor Rotary tricycle, tilting ice set, cat's-eye pearl ring.

Twenty-Mile Professional. — Ten entries, five starters: Prince, Higham, Morgan, Keen, and James. Higham (1); Keen (2); James (3); Prince, (4).

Time by miles with leader: —

Miles.	Leader.	Time.
1.	James 3m.	14⅕s.
2.	Keen 6m.	21s.
3.	" 9m.	29s.
4.	James 12m.	42⅗s.
5.	Keen *15m.	46s.
6.	" *18m.	59s.
7.	" *22m.	12⅘s.
8.	James *25m.	27s.
9.	Prince *28m.	48s.
10.	James *32m.	7⅖s.
11.	" *35m.	25⅕s.
12.	Keen *38m.	52⅖s.

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13.	James	*42m. 19 2/5s.
14.	Morgan	*45m. 49 3/5s.
15.	"	*49m. 15s.
16.	Prince	*52m. 43 1/5s.
17.	James	*56m. 12s.
18.	"	*59m. 45 1/5s.
19.	"	*63m. 26s.
20.	Higham	*66m. 30s.

* Record broken.

Prizes, handsome gold medal to winner and a purse of $1,000, divided as follows: $500 to first, $300 to second, $150 to third, and $50 to fourth.

Twenty-five Mile Amateur Championship of United States. — Sixteen entries, nine starters: Low, Midgley, Frazier, Burnham, Hamilton, Hall, Pettus, Robinson, and Vesey. Midgley and Burnham were both unfortunate in having their machines break; both rode a plucky but losing race. Robinson (1), Frazier (2), Vesey (3). Frazier fouled Robinson near the wire on the last mile by taking the pole immediately in front of him, compelling Robinson to slow up to avoid a header. Robinson entered a protest, and his claim of a foul was sustained, and the race given to him. Time: Robinson, 1.23.12; Frazier, 1.23.10.

Time by miles with leader: —

Miles.	Leaders.	Time.
1.	Vesey	3m. 11s.
2.	"	6m. 23 1/5s.
3.	Burnham	9m. 43 4/5s.
4.	Vesey	12m. 49 4/5s.
5.	Burnham	16m. 9s.
6.	Midgley	19m. 27s.
7.	Pettes	22m. 37s.
8.	Frazier	25m. 55s.
9.	Pettus	*29m. 55s.
10.	Vesey	*32m. 17 1/5s.
11.	Midgley	*35m. 44s.
12.	"	*38m. 55s.
13.	Pettus	*42m. 9s.
14.	"	*45m. 34 3/5s.
15.	"	*48m. 55s.
16.	Vesey	*52m. 11 3/5s.
17.	"	*55m. 27 1/5s.
18.	Pettus	*58m. 54 3/5s.
19.	Vesey	*62m. 25 3/5s.
20.	"	*65m. 46 1/5s.
21.	"	*69m. 15 2/5s.
22.	Pettus	*72m. 51s.
23.	"	*76m. 25 3/5s.
24.	Hall	*80m. 5 1/5s.
25.	Frazier	*83m. 10s.

* Record broken.

Prizes, gold medal, studded with diamonds and rubies, value, $500; a medal, as a memento to every man completing the 25 miles.

One-Mile Consolation. — Seven starters: A. Dolph (1), C. S. Stevens (2), S. J. Mills (3), J. A. Cross (4), R. F. Stahl (5). Time: (1) 3.04 3/5, (2) 3.05 2/5, (3) 3.07. Prizes, centennial timer, diamond snake ring, diamond pond-lily pin, diamond snake ring, seal ring.

After this race Corey set out to run ten miles against time. Fisk, Prince, and Ross acted as pace-makers.

Below is the score: —

Miles.	Time by miles.	Total Time.
1	3m. 7 2/5s.	3m. 7 2/5s.
2	3m. 4 1/5s.	6m. 11s 3/5.
3	3m. 11s.	*9m. 22 1/5s.
4	3m. 17s.	*12m. 39 1/5s.
5	3m. 8 3/5s.	15m. 48s.
6	3m. 10 3/5s.	*18m. 58 1/5s.
7	3m. 13 2/5s.	*22m. 12s.
8	3m. 12s.	*25m. 24s.
9	3m. 13 1/5s.	*28m. 37 1/5s.
10	3m. 2 1/5s.	*31m. 39 2/5s.

* Record broken.

Prize, gold watch, value, $150, as a memento. Corey now holds the one, three, four, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten-mile records.

Officers of the Meet. — Referee, Fred Jenkins. Judges, Gilbert H. Badeau, F. A. Egan, Fred T. Sholes, F. C. Hand. Timers, O. N. Whipple, George Avery, George Robinson, W. C. Marsh. Scorers, George Taylor, George D. Baird, Charles Haynes, Fred Ripley. Clerk of the Course, Chas. E. Whipple. Assistant Clerk of the Course, D. E. Miller. Starter, Henry E. Ducker.

The parade took place on Wednesday, at 11 A.M. The order was as follows: —

Two mounted police flankers.

City Marshal R. J. Hamilton, in carriage.

Detachment of six mounted police officers.

Two pace-makers.

Decorated barge, containing Colt's First Regiment Band, of Hartford, twenty-five pieces, W. C. Sparry, leader.

Chief Marshal, Dr. N. M. Beckwith, of New York, President of the League of American Wheelmen.

Adjutant, Capt. W. N. Winans.

Bugler, Edwin Oliver.

Aids: Col. A. A. Pope, H. E. Ducker, W. H. Miller, B. G. Sanford, Geo. H. Day, E. M. Gilman.

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First Division. Commander, T. S. Rust, Meriden, Conn.

Aids: William V. Gilman, E. K. Hill, Abbot Bassett, C. A. Hazlett, and A. T. Lane.

Springfield Bicycle Club, fifty-six men.

Visiting clubs in this order: Scranton, of Scranton, Pa.; Ramblers, of Boston; Marylands, of Baltimore; Greenfield, of Greenfield; Meriden, of Meriden; Rockingham, Montreal, Buffalo, Ramblers, of New Haven; Albany, Schenectady, Trojans, of Troy; Rutlands, of Rutland, Vt.; Chelsea, Clinton, and Lawrence.

Second Division. Decorated barge with Hutchins' Band, twenty-five pieces, G. H. Southland, leader.

Commander, Fred G. Bourne, New York.

Aids: Henry S. Redfield, J. W. Jewett, F. T. Sholes, C. G. Ross, Capt. Clark, Albert Trego, L. H. Johnson, and Frederick G. Tuttle.

Clubs: Massachusetts, Connecticut, Holyoke, Capital, of Washington; Orange Wanderers, Orange, N.J.; Philadelphia, Frankford, Germantown, Hudson, City, of Brockton; Boston, Nashua, Thorndyke, of Beverly; Framingham, Chicopee, Stars, Hyde Park, Utica, Newport.

Third Division. Decorated barge with Little's Band, twenty-five pieces, E. H. Little, leader.

Commander, R. V. R. Schuyler.

Aids: Harold Serrell and Will Parker.

Clubs: Citizens', of New York; Ixions, of New York; New Haven, Millville, N.Y.; Kings County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn; Leominster, Columbia, of North Attleboro'; Rochester, N.Y.; Rhode Island Club, of Providence; Berkshire, of Pittsfield; Chicopee Falls, Northampton, Marblehead, East Hartford, Æolus, of Worcester; and New Britain.

Delegates from the following clubs were scattered through the line: Missouri, Penacook, Mount Vernon, Columbia, of New York; East Bridgewater, Batavia, Clinton, Canandaigua, Roxbury Highlands, Pequonnock, Chicopee, Æolus, of Paterson, N.J.; Cambridge, New York, Worcester, Hermes, of Chicago; York Wheelmen Biddeford, Me.; Nova Scotia, Easthampton, Holyoke, and Cambridge.

The procession was twenty minutes passing a given point, and moved over the following route: Through Clinton, Main, Carew, Chestnut, Worthington, Main, around Court square, down Main, Locust, Mill, and up Main street to the park, where the line was dismissed. There were 692 men in the line.

The Connecticut Club had twenty-two men in the parade, and secured the prize bugle.

The exhibition was a success. The Overman Wheel Co. had a fine exhibition of tricycles. J. S. Stevens & Co., Chicopee Falls, had some bicycle guns and rifles, which were well made, and looked as if a bicycler could use one of them to advantage. Stoddard & Lovering came next, with an exhibition of their various machines. The American Bicycle Co., of New Haven, had on hand their patent air-cushion attachment to the backbone, just above the rear forks. Next came Fay, with an exhibit of shoes, and just beyond them was the Pope Manufacturing Co.'s display, which was very attractive. They had on hand samples of all their various machines, and of the different parts. Then came the Harwood Safety Step, and beside it the Missouri Wheel Co.'s "Jumbo," Albin's eight-foot machine, and just beside it a twenty-inch wheel, the largest and smallest bicycles in the world. Ira Perego, the popular furnisher of New York, had an excellent display of hosiery, gloves, jerseys, etc., etc. H. L. Belden occupied the lower end of the hall with a stand covered with souvenir placques of the meet. The American Star occupied the space just around the corner, and then came C. W. Hutchins, with a display of band instruments and souvenir medals, with the head of Mr. Ducker stamped on one side in relief.

S. T. Clarke & Co. followed with the largest exhibition of machines in the hall. An 18-pound 54-inch wheel in his display attracted a good deal of attention. Next came THE WHEELMAN art exhibit, original drawings and engraver's proofs, and a table on which copies of the magazine were for sale.

E. A. Whipple exhibited Lamson's L.A.W. badges and the Facile stop-bell. R. V. R. Schuyler had a fine display of American clubs, and Cheylesmore and Imperial tricycles. His 63-inch club, full nickelled, showed up well. The new machine, the Otto, occupied the next space, and was the centre of attraction. Next came the Burley saddle exhibition, tacked up against the wall.

There was a great deal of sport and but little sleep indulged in at the camp.

L.A.W.

THE fall meeting of the board of officers of the L.A.W. was held at Hotel Warwick, Springfield, Mass., September 20, 1883. The following officers were present: President, N. M. Beckwith; Corrresponding Secretary, F. Jenkins; Treasurer, W. V. Gilman; E. M. Gilman, repre-

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sentative New Hampshire; E. K. Hill, chief consul Massachusetts; H. S. Tibbs, chief consul Canada; J. D. Miller, representative Canada; Stephen Terry, chief consul Connecticut; T. S. Rust, representative Connecticut; A. G. Coleman, representative New York; Yates Penniman, representative Maryland. The meeting came to order at 9.30 A.M., President Beckwith in the chair. In the absence of the recording secretary, Chief Consul E. K. Hill, of Massachusetts, was appointed recording secretary *pro tem.* The corresponding secretary presented no written report, but stated that thus far 1,500 applications had been received; that a circular of information had been issued, and that he had issued membership blanks to division secretaries; that one hundred stencil outfits had been received and distributed among a few States, and to the various wheel publications. He thought a new hotel certificate was needed, as the original one was not very artistic; that on the mail vote on changes in the constitution, out of 2,300 ballots sent out but 575 were returned, which was about fifty less than the number of votes cast at the League meet in New York. Treasurer Gilman presented the following report: —

TREASURER'S REPORT.

TRIAL BALANCE, 1 SEPTEMBER, 1883.

CASH.	*Dr.*	*Cr.*
Balance in treasury 1 June, 1883	$1,025 38	
Membership assessment	816 00	
Admission fees	366 75	
Badge account	1 00	
Interest account	18 07	
Expenses of corresponding secretary's office		$156 78
Salary of corresponding secretary to date		40 00
Expenses of treasurer's office		46 00
Salary of treasurer to date		40 00
Membership tickets		25 00
Consular outfits including stencils, etc.		100 00
Reporting business meeting at New York		16 00
Expenses of Massachusetts Division L.A.W., 1882-3		136 49
Subscription to official organ for entire membership		1,074 50
Abatements to division officers		68 75
Balance		523 68
	$2,227 20	$2,227 20

Balance accounted for, as follows: —

In Second National Bank, Nashua, subject to check	$505 18	
In money-drawer	18 50	
		$523 68

The credit items above exhibited are as ordered by special vote of officers or with approval of finance committee, as set forth in rule 6, constitution L.A.W.

Respectfully submitted,
W. V. GILMAN, *Treasurer.*

Stephen Terry (Hartford) was elected chief consul of Connecticut, E. L. Beckwith (Galveston) chief consul of Texas, W. L. Howe, chief consul of Iowa. Harry Bates's resignation as chief consul of Indiana was accepted.

E. S. Fogg (Woodstown), B. S. Rose (Trenton). elected representatives for New Jersey. W. W. McIntire (Portsmouth), elected representative for New Hampshire, and F. H. Benton (New Haven), representative, for Connecticut. On motion of Mr. Terry it was voted that it is the sense of this meeting that when the membership of a State increases so as to entitle it to an additional representative the president shall fill the vacancy thus created.

Treasurer Gilman spoke of the death of S. A. Marsden, late chief consul for Connecticut, and moved that the Chair appoint a committee of three to draft suitable resolutions. The motion being carried, the Chair appointed Messrs. Gilman, Terry, and Coleman as the committee, who retired, and shortly returned with appropriate resolutions, which were accepted by the meeting.

On motion, the Chair appointed Messrs. Hill, Terry, and Penniman a committee to look into the matter of hotel certificates, and report to officers through mail. The chairman of the racing board was not present, but the corresponding secretary read his written report, which contained statistical information in regard to the sanction of races and the creation of championships, etc. On motion of Mr. Jenkins it was voted that the Star, Facile, and Extraordinary Challenge be recognized as bicycles, and be admitted to races as such; and that no race where these machines are excluded shall receive the sanction of the League.

L. L. Atwood, consul at Pittsfield, Mass., was protested by Messrs. Pettus and Hall, of Brooklyn, for exceeding his capacity, in refusing to allow them to race with legs bared from the knees down to the tops of racing-socks. The protest was sustained, but Mr. Atwood was not deprived of his office. The matter was referred to the chief consul of Massachusetts to instruct Mr. Atwood what the duties of consul are, etc. Mr. Jenkins moved that it be the sense of the meeting that, in case an application for membership is received from the secretary of a club for a member residing outside the State where the club is located, the dues shall belong to the division of which the club is a part. Carried.

Mr. Jenkins asked if it would not be well to change the wording of the rules relating to membership. It reads "Any wheel*man*," etc. In New York the ladies cannot obtain the privileges of Central Park unless they belong to the L.A.W. The president thought no action would be necessary, as the term *man* includes the female sex.

Mr. Jenkins asked for a ruling regarding the date when chief consuls and representatives shall

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enter upon the duties of their office. The Chair ruled that his term commences with the annual meeting.

Mr. Jenkins stated that the Maryland Club had entered a protest against R. F. Foster, of Baltimore, for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and he had been suspended from the League. The matter will go before the membership committee.

Mr. Jenkins said that certain of the Western States had chosen presidents of their divisions, and he asked if they should be recognized by the League. The president thought that, while it would do no harm to have such officials, the League must look to the chief consuls as the first officers in the divisions.

President Beckwith said that he had received a protest against Mr. Jenkins from R. F. Foster, of Baltimore, but, inasmuch as it was not signed by four League members, he had not entertained it. — *Bicycling World.*

English Notes.

AUGUST 18th the records from 10 miles to 20 miles were lowered. Also for ¾ mile and for 1 mile, for either amateur or professional times, and for every mile, excepting two miles, from 1 to 20 inclusive for professional times. Howell made 1 mile from stand-still start in 2.40⅘. Lees made the 20 miles in 58.34.

THE 20-mile championship was made in 59.41⅘, by Wood. The last mile was made in 2.31⅘.

THE tricycle road races have been stopped by the police.

WOOD won the 25-mile championship in 1h. 26m. 37s., his principal competitor being Howell. Mr. G. H. Adams, accomplished 241 miles in 24 hours on a "Facile." Mr. Brown had previously made 255½ miles in 24 hours.

French Notes.

THE Popular Gymnastic Society, of Lourain, appointed for Sept. 2 a grand gymnastic festival at the Parc St. Donat, for the benefit of the victims of the catastrophe of Ischia.

RACES AT VILLENEUVE-SUR-LOT, 19 AND 20 AUGUST, 1883.

THESE races were a great success, thanks to the presence of the best French racers, MM. Médinger, de Civry, Terront, and Hounney, of Paris. The track, which measures exactly 375 metres in circuit, and from five to six metres in width, is one of the finest in appearance in France. It is of oval form, making almost the whole circumference.

On the first day the international race of 10,000 meters was easily won by M. Médinger, of Paris, 20m. 30s.; 2d, M. Terront, of Paris, 20m. 33s.; 3d, M. de Civry, of Paris, 20m. 39s.

Handicap. — 3,750 metres. 1st, M. Terront, scratch, 7m. 58s.

2d Day. — Race of 40 kilometres. MM. Terront and Médinger, *ex æquo*, 1h. 32m.; 3d, M. de Civry, 1h. 32⅗m.; 4th, M. Hounney, 1h. 34m.; 5th, MM. Martini and Lascombes, *ex æquo*, 1h. 43m. M. Médinger, although having changed machine four times, was able to regain the distance he had lost, and arrived dead heat with M. Terront, both followed by M. de Civry, who was on one wheel. The approach of MM. Martini and Lascombes gave rise to a magnificent struggle; the two competitors were under such headway that they had not presence of mind to follow the track, and came full tilt against the tribune of their predecessors, but fortunately there was no accident to deplore.

Race of Skill. — 1st, M. Terront; 2d, M. Hounney.

RACES AT NANCY, AUGUST 26, 1883.

THE races organized by the 'Cycling Club of Nancy took place in magnificent weather. Spectators were sparsely present, which is astonishing in a city as important as Nancy.

The track was well shaped, but bad, the committee having had the unfortunate idea of covering it with gravel, thinking that it would harden with use. Consequently times of the races, which were of necessity very poor, will not be given.

The International race of 10,000 meters was very interesting. It was won by de Civry, of Paris, with Messrs. Duncan and Etienne coming next at equal distance, and Mr. Heitz taking the third place. During the first two rounds the five racers remained abreast; but during the third Mr. de Civry made a slight advance, while Mr. Heitz lost on the group of the three other racers, and lost by one lap on the sixth round. On the ninth round a spoke of the large wheel of the bicycle of Guhraner, of Paris, having broken, he was obliged to leave the track. The strife between Messrs. Duncan and Etienne was very keen up to the twenty-fifth and last round. At that point victory seemed about to fall to the English racer, but Etienne resisted defeat valiantly, and the two passed the goal precisely together. Mr. de Civry was in advance about half the length of the track.

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In a tricycle race of skill Mr. Duncan won, and Mr. de Civry stood second.

In the evening a banquet at the Hotel de France united victors and vanquished. M. Ducret spoke, congratulating the racers upon having, in spite of the great heat and the state of the track, given races of so fine character. Prizes were then distributed.

BOOK NOTICES.

The English Novel.[1]

AMONG the introductory sentences in the first lecture of this book are several which show that Mr. Lanier had, long before that time, planned several series of lectures which should treat of representative forms of expression, historically and philosophically. This volume contains the second of these series, the first having been published under the title of "The Science of English Verse." As is said in the present volume, there are no works which adequately present critical treatises of the great literary forms of expression. The literary tastes and genius of Mr. Lanier, as well as the philosophical cast of his mind, naturally directed him to these subjects, and the two series of lectures mentioned were delivered to the students of Johns Hopkins University.

It is unfortunate that these lectures were not revised for the press by Mr. Lanier himself before his death, for they are evidently his notes, and would have been, no doubt, thoroughly rewritten and enlarged upon if the writer had lived. There is often a lack of unity in the lectures, and a diffuseness, which, though useful in spoken discourse, is detrimental in a printed book, where we look for logical consequence. Mingled with the subject-matter are extended remarks upon other themes suggested to the lecturer, which, in their present form, are often confusing.

In spite of these things, however, the book is a most noteworthy one in both subject and treatment. It is a philosophical discussion of the rise of the novel. Beginning with Greek life, the author traces the growth of the idea and consciousness of personality down to the present time. It was the development of this idea that gave rise to that form of literature, the novel. Men felt their own personality and those of the men about them, and, perceiving the difference, sought for a method of expressing these complexities. In working out his philosophy, Mr. Lanier discusses all the great novelists from Richardson to George Eliot, and analyzes their works and style.

This is a most suggestive book upon the most important of literary topics. The enormous amount of fiction produced and read each year, and the fact that most of the patrons of libraries read nothing else, show the influence this class of literature must have, and the importance of the subject. As the work of an earnest literary thinker and critic, this is the most valuable discussion of the novel yet produced.

[1] The English Novel and the Principle of its Development. By Sidney Lanier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

Development of English Literature and Language.[1]

THAT this masterly and comprehensive work has been appreciated is shown by the fact that, though first published but a year ago, it has reached a third edition. Such appreciation is well deserved. In scope, in thoroughness and accuracy, it is beyond question the most complete and satisfactory review of the whole range of English literature ever printed. Not only is the language traced from its beginning in the Anglo-Saxon, down through all the periods of foreign influence which modified it, but the course of literature, from Beowulf to Emerson, is followed carefully, each step made clear in a scholarly, critical style. But we could not do these volumes justice without further explaining the author's plan, which is in itself the best recommendation of the work. He is writing a history of the *Development* of English Literature and Language, not a mere history giving results and facts. It devolves upon him to show the causes of things. In this point the plan of the book, if not wholly unique, at least is so in completeness and thoroughness. We quote from the Prologue to the work: "Neither the artist nor his art can be understood and estimated independently of his times. . . . Consequently, each of the periods into which the work is divided, according to what seemed their predominant characteristics, is introduced by a sketch of the *features* which distinguish it, and of the forces which go to shape it, including *Politics*, the state of *Society*, *Religion*, *Poetry*, the *Periodical*, *History*, *Theology*, *Ethics*, *Science*, *Philosophy*." From this short extract, it can be readily seen how splendidly the work has been planned. In the execution of this plan the author shows a broad knowledge of English literature and the history of the English language, a deep scholarly sympathy with the best in that literature, and a mature and ripe critical judgment. It cannot, indeed, for specialists take the place of the many books detailing fully the subjects connected with our literature, but as a single work it is a compact and well-nigh complete view of the subject in hand.

[1] Development of English Literature and Language. By Alfred H. Welsh, M.A. In two volumes. Chicago: S. C. Griggs, & Company. 1883.

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Newfoundland.[1]

FROM the press of Rockwell & Churchill, with the imprint of Doyle & Whittle as publishers, we have a handsomely bound, well-printed octavo volume of about 450 pages, entitled, "Newfoundland: Its History, Its Present Condition, and Its Future Prospects." It is, we must confess, one of the most fascinating histories we have ever read. It tells of a country more than two-thirds the area of the New England States, with the most interesting and wonderful history, the richest and most varied natural resources, and the highest prospects for the future. The work is exceedingly interesting. We may also add that it is highly instructive, full of eloquent and graphic description, and teeming with historical facts and useful statistical information hitherto beyond the reach of the general public. There is a handy and useful index, and some capital illustrations. It is one of the most instructive and interesting books that the press has given us for a long time. It deals with the subject in a pictorial and striking way, takes up its history, social life, political and religious, and economical surroundings, and describes at great length its commercial aspects and the natural resources of the place. Both writers possess a glowing and eloquent style, and have done their work well. There is not a dull page in the book. It will do for Newfoundland what Wallace's "Russia" has done for that vast empire, and what Dent's "Last Forty Years" has done for Canada. Every chapter is a monument of labor on the part of the author. No pains have been spared, evidently, to secure accuracy in every detail. The matter is invaluable; the manner in which it is presented is beyond all praise. We can cordially commend this valuable book to our readers.

One is surprised to see how much of interest centres around Newfoundland. As a place in which to invest money and expend energy it affords equal inducements with any region in North America. The volume is published at about one-third of the cost of the English edition.

Minor Notices.

IT would seem as if Mrs. Dahlgren[2] had some spite against Washington society. The picture she draws of it is certainly not flattering. One sees at once that it is overdrawn, and, while there is some truth in her criticisms, the larger part of them are wholly unfounded and unjust. Her style is spirited, but acrimonious throughout. By way of contrast with the vulgarity and ignorance of Washington, Mrs. Dahlgren draws a picture of European culture and refinement, which is very stiff and unnatural, and would no doubt be as quickly resented by Europeans as her delineations of Washington society are by us.

"COREA, THE HERMIT NATION,"[1] is the title of a 450-page volume from the pen of W. E. Griffis, of Schenectady, N.Y. Mr. Griffis was, until lately, connected with the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan, and is the author of "The Mikado's Empire." He is, therefore, eminently qualified to treat of this subject; and the size of this volume, and the evidences of carefulness and the thoroughness of research bestowed upon it, show that he has used his knowledge to the best advantage. The book is a complete mythological, mediæval, modern, political, social, and religious history of Corea and its people. A large number of maps and several excellent illustrations add a great deal of interest, and serve to make the situations clearer to the reader. Mr. Griffis has added a complete and very valuable list of the works which have any bearing on Corean history. The book is encyclopedic in its scope.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Phila., have issued a "Primer of Politeness," which is designed for the use of home and school government. There are questions and answers, and, following some of the more important ones, are short stories connected with the life of noted personages, illustrative of the subject discussed. This is an excellent idea, and will serve to impress the lesson firmly on the minds of the youthful students.

"THE PRICE SHE PAID" is a serio-comic story, whose title operates against it. Once beyond the title, however, one finds much in it to interest and amuse. It is written by Frank Lee Benedict, who is the author of several other novels, "Saint Simon's Niece," "Madame," etc., and is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE Railroad Gazette Co., 73 Broadway, New York, send us "Painting and Painters' Materials," a book about oils, varnishes, paints, colors, and the use of color. It treats of nearly all the difficulties met with in their use. It is properly an experienced painter talking about paint, and backing his opinions with scientific facts. Many practical painters and authorities on the various subjects treated, together with a writer who has given the subjects more attention than any other one individual ever probably gave to it, have produced this volume, covering every point and subject of interest and value to the painter, — the changes in the qualities of paints, in the lustre and surface of varnish, changes in vermilion, the powdering of white lead, the fading of lakes and other colors, the composition, value, and serious ob-

[1] Newfoundland: Its History, Its Present Condition, and Its Future Prospects. By Joseph Hatton, author of "To-day in America," etc., and the Rev. M. Harvey, author of "Across Newfoundland." Boston: Doyle & Whittle. 1883. $2.50.

[2] A Washington Winter. By Madeline Vinton Dahlgren. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

[1] "Corea, the Hermit Nation." By William Elliot Griffis, late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

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jections to ready-mixed paints, the mistakes in using color in house, car, and carriage decoration, together with thoroughly practical hints on the methods of doing work, lists of good combinations of color, etc.

WE have received from J. R. Osgood & Co., another of Col. Waring's horse stories, entitled "Ruby." Col. Waring is inimitable in this line, and "Ruby" is one of his best.

"LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER." Based upon Kostlin's life of Luther, as prepared by Prof. W. Rein, Seminary Director at Eisenach, in Germany, translated and edited by the Rev. G. F. Behringer, Brooklyn, N.Y. The memorial celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth is exciting a world-wide interest. Aside from all religious questions, the great reformer occupies a conspicuous place in history, and as a historical character alone his life is worthy of study. To present an attractive and popular record of the man, which shall at the same time be scholarly and reliable, is the aim of this volume. It retains all that is valuable and interesting in the two volumes (not the condensed work issued in one volume in Germany, and announced for publication in this country) of Köstlin's extensive work, omitting abstruse and technical points of purely theological interest, and yet presenting the salient features of its subject in so attractive a manner that the interest never flags. We greatly err if it will not prove the best popular life of the great reformer ever printed in the English language. It will be printed in Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library, No. 101. Price 25 cents, in paper; cloth, $1.00. Ready Nov. 2.

Literary Notes.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co., London, who are publishers to the India office, and issue probably the largest number of the notable English works on Oriental subjects, are to republish Dr. S. Wells Williams' great work on China, "The Middle Kingdom," simultaneously with its appearance in this country.

MR. CHARLES C. PERKINS'S new book, "Historical Hand-book of Italian Sculpture," will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Perkins's elaborate works on Italian sculpture are so well known and rank so high as authorities that there is good reason for believing that this smaller work will assume an important place in art literature.

The poems chosen for illustration are: It is not Always May; Daybreak; The Village Blacksmith; The Day is Done; Seaweed; The Evening Star; Cadenabbia; Amalfi; Snowflakes; Songo River; Chrysaor; Moonlight; The Lighthouse; The Bells of Lynn; Three Friends of Mine; The Tides; Elegiac; The Tide Rises, — the Tide Falls; Mad River in the White Mountains; Becalmed.

These poems are illustrated with fifty designs, in which Mr. Ernest Longfellow interprets their spirit with rare grace and beauty. A fine new portrait of Mr. Longfellow is prefixed to the volume; and peculiar interest attaches to the book from the fact that the portrait and all the illustrations are from the hand of the poet's son. It will be in all respects a very tasteful gift-book.

"MERCEDES" is a historical drama of admirable spirit and grace, based on a very striking incident of a Spanish campaign while Napoleon was emperor. The remaining contents of the volume include many of the lyrics written by Mr. Aldrich during the last seven years. Readers of modern poetry do not need to be told that these seven years have produced very few lyrics worthy to be compared with those which are embraced in this book.

A NEW work from the pen of Professor George P. Fisher is always a welcome event, and his new volume, "The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief," announced by Messrs. Scribner, devoting, as it does, special attention to topics connected with modern theological thought, is likely to be received with special interest. The book embraces a discussion of the evidences of both natural and revealed religion, and among the subjects treated are the arguments of design and the bearing of evolutionary doctrine on its validity; the reality of knowledge; the miraculous element in the gospels; the truthfulness of the apostolic witnesses; and a variety of subjects relating to the Scriptures and the canon.

Books Received.

The Diothas; or, A Far Look Ahead. By Ismar Thiusen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A Righteous Apostate. By Clara Lanza. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Recollections of a Naval Officer. By William Harwar Parker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A Fair Enchantress; or, How She Won Men's Hearts. By Miss M. C. Keller. T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia.

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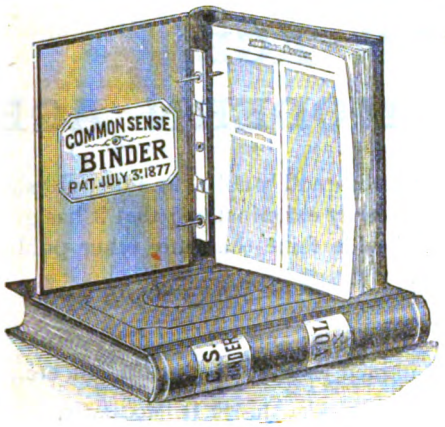

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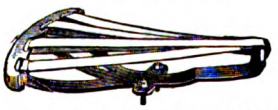

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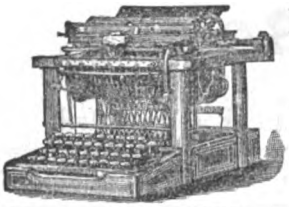

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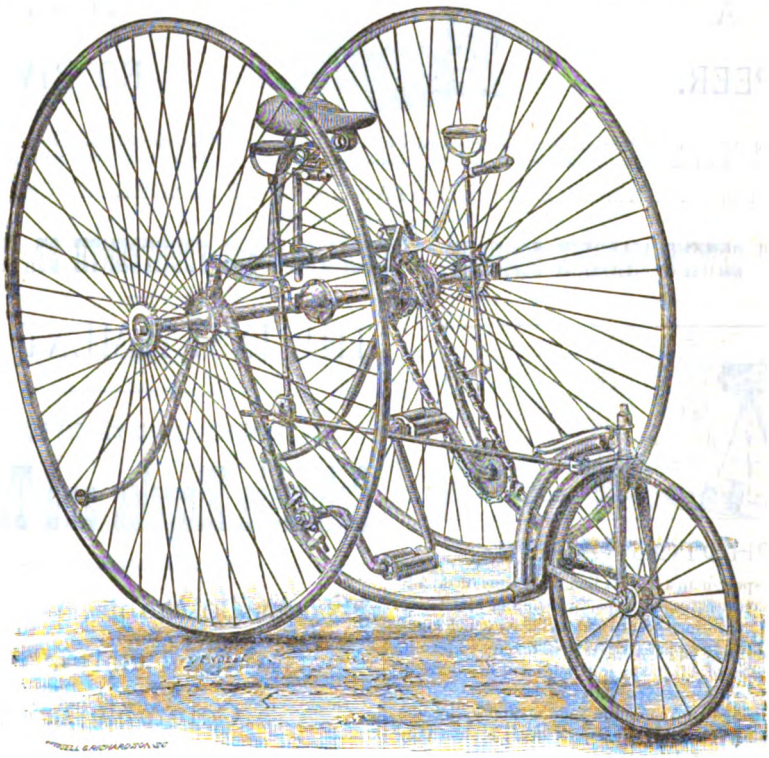

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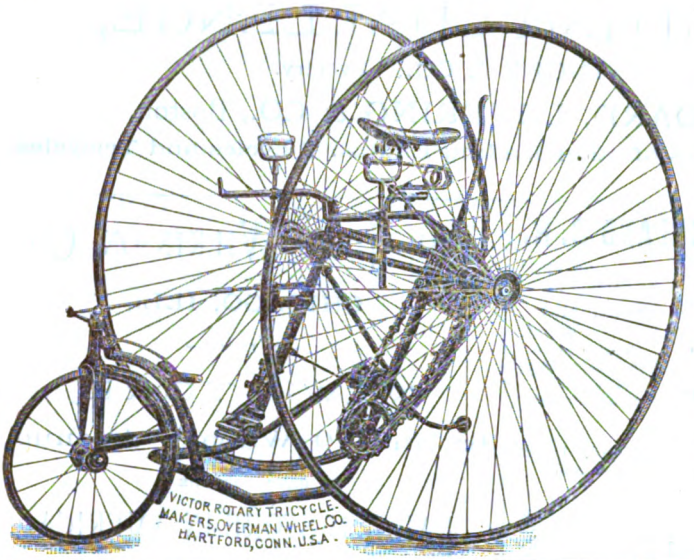

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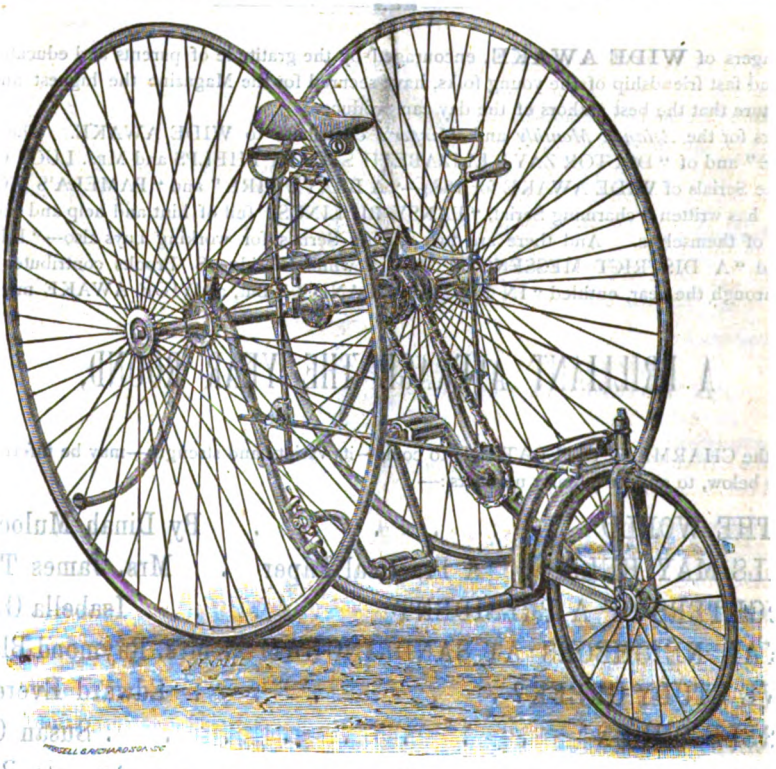

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