OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1884. No. 5.

THE ST. JOHN'S REGION IN FLORIDA.

As they have acquired wealth with the increase of years, the American people have become nomadic in their habits. No sooner do the June roses cease to bloom than multitudes of them hie northward, or to the seashore, in search of some place where the mercury is not so aspiring as it is in the marts of trade. And when the first sober tints of autumn appear, and the first frosts and raw winds of September give token that "the season" is past, they hurry back to their offices and counting-rooms for a brief turn at "business," extending usually through the early winter holidays, and then begin to pack their trunks and examine their guide-books in search of some winter city in a summer land where they can be free from the biting blasts and rigors of the Northern winter. As the snows fall and the ice-king binds brook and river in his frozen bonds, the invalid, too, is reminded, by a recurrence of his hacking-cough and restricted breathing, that there is "a balm in Gilead," and that his lease of life may be lengthened by hastening away from the bleak North to a land where tropic suns and milder airs carry healing on their wings.

ON THE HOTEL PIAZZA, ST. AUGUSTINE.

To both classes — the pleasure-seeker

and the searcher-after-health — the Florida peninsula has become a sort of Mecca; and hither they fly on the swift axles of the Pullman car or the commodious and comfortable ocean steamer, as soon as the yule log has burned out and the new year's balance-sheet has shown their bank account and business in satisfactory condition. The facilities for travel have been so increased and improved during the last three years that the journey to Florida is made with ease and comfort. One has only to take his seat in an elegant buffet car or parlor coach in Boston, New York, or Washington, and inside of thirty-six hours from the first-named city, with not more than one change of vehicle, be whirled through nine States, from a land of frost and snow to one of perpetual sunshine and balmy air.

The leading objective point of the winter travel Floridaward is the thriving city of Jacksonville, situate in the far-famed St. John's region. Jacksonville lies in latitude 30° 15′, longitude 82°, sixteen miles in a direct line from the ocean, where the St. John's crooks its elbow and makes nearly due east to the sea, after flowing for one hundred and seventy-seven miles almost due north. This peculiar stream is the only great river of the whole United States system between the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Gulf of Mexico that does this anomalous thing, proving thereby that the Atlantic coast-line in Florida is highest midway of the peninsula. The face of the country through which it makes its way, however, is comparatively level, abounding in pine. The tributary streams are all plentifully stocked with fish, and game of all kinds abounds in the forests, thus making this region a delightful resort for the devotees of the rod and gun. The strip of land lying between the river and the sea varies in width from sixteen to twenty-five miles, and comprises a section of country full of historic interest.

Eastern Florida was first settled at the mouth of the St. John's river, in 1564, by Rene de Laudonniere, a subject of the king of France, although his former commander, Jean Ribaut, had touched upon the shore two years before, — long enough to formally take possession of the country for his sovereign, by the right of discovery. Just above, where the little fishing hamlet of Mayport now stands, on what is known still as St. John's Bluff, Laudonniere found a spot which suited him for the location of a trading-post, with its attendant houses and fort. This is the one spot of high ground in that vicinity, and completely commands the river, which here must have originally been very deep as well as wide. Captain Laudonniere chose his ground well. After exploring the banks for some distance up the stream, he dropped back with the tide to the bluff, landed his party, and commanded the trumpet to sound a call to mass, "that they might return thanks to God for their favorable and happy arrival." It was, moreover, a trumpet-call to civilization for those piny wilds, untrodden heretofore by the foot of a white man. Standing there in the waning light of an October day, I seemed to hear the notes the stalwart bugler blew: —

"Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors the blast rung,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music,
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor and beneath the reverberant branches."

The fort which Laudonniere here built was in the usual triangular form, and he named it Fort Caroline. The bluff was long held as the principal settlement of the French on the east coast of Florida, and was the scene of the first of a series of tragedies which marked the history of this region during the long contest of the Spanish and French for the possession of what each fondly imagined was a new Eldorado. Laudonniere and his followers were devout Protestants, Huguenots; and the Spanish adelantodo, Menendez, and his band, were of that fierce type of Catholics, who, in that day and age, believed in doing missionary work with the sword. Menendez had established a colony at St. Augustine, and in 1565 he made a forced march of thirty miles through the woods to Fort Caroline, surprised the garrison, massacred some and took others prisoners. The latter he hung from the limbs of the neighboring trees, placing over them the inscription, "*No por Franceses. sino por Luteranos*": Not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans. The fort, however, was afterwards retaken by a band of French Huguenots, under Gourgues, who retaliated in kind by suspending a number of Spanish Catholic soldiers from the same trees, and placing tablets over their heads which bore the legend,

"Not as Spaniards, but as traitors, thieves, and murderers." There is no trace of the fort remaining, and the bluff itself has been gradually undermined and eaten away by the restless river, until it has swallowed up the ghostly remains of the dead Frenchmen and Spaniards buried on its border, and the steamboat channel now runs over where the early pioneers had their flower-beds and gardens.

Diagonally across the river from St. John's Bluff is the village of Pilot Town, and lower down is Fort George island, another place of great interest to the tourist. The island is one of the most beautiful spots to be found on the South Atlantic coast. Edgewood avenue leads to it from Pilot Town over an excellent shell road, through a natural forest of live oak, palmetto, magnolia, bay, and other semi-

Highlands of New Jersey. From the observatory which crowns it there is an unobstructed view inland and oceanward, which is incomparably grand.

The St. John's river is two hundred and twenty-five miles in length; starting from Jacksonville, twenty-five miles from its mouth, and noting the principal landing places, we have this result: —

	Miles.
Jacksonville to Orange Park	13
" " Mandarin	15
" " Magnolia	28
" " Green Cove Spring	30
" " Tocoi	49
" " Palatka	75
" " San Mateo	79
" " Fruitland	106
" " Drayton Island	115
" " Astor	134
" " Beresford	165
" " Sanford	175
" " Enterprise	200

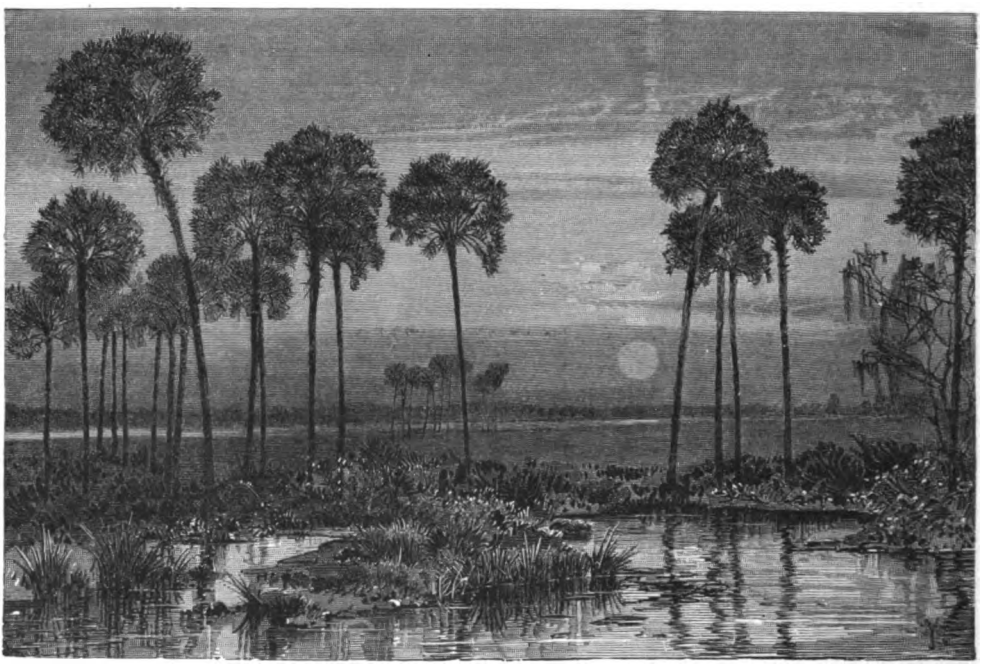
THE OLD GATE, ST. AUGUSTINE.

tropical trees, through which glimpses may be had of the river, the white sand-dunes, and the great blue ocean. Drives extend around and through the island, and leafy groves and bosky dells abound. In the centre are two concrete tombs, which are said to be the last resting-place of McIntosh, the slave-trader, and his African princess wife, who, many years ago, had their homes on this romantic spot. The Fort George Hotel is at the terminus of Edgewood avenue, the house being also approached from the south through Palmetto avenue, — a drive of remarkable beauty. To the west of the hotel rises a ridge, which is said to be the highest point of land on the Atlantic coast below the

The means of travel on the river are now excellent. There are three lines of steamers running through the winter months from Jacksonville, — some of the boats having been built expressly for the route, and others, like the "Sylvan Glen," the "Anita," and the "John Sylvester," having been brought down here from the Hudson river and New York bay. Another line will be put on this winter, running from Charleston *via* Jacksonville to Palatka.

The steamers of the Mallory line, elegant sea-going vessels, ply between New York and Fernandina, whence passengers go by rail to Jacksonville, — a distance of thirty miles. Fine lines of steamers also run between Boston, New York, Philadelphia,

Baltimore, and Savannah, connecting at the latter place with the Waycross road to Jacksonville, — a distance of one hundred and seventy miles; steamers also ply between Baltimore and Charleston, whence the tourist can get rail transportation as at Savannah. It will be seen, therefore, that with the Atlantic coast line railroad making thirty-hour runs from Washington to Jacksonville, the traveller from the North has every facility for reaching this favored region, while from the West and Northwest the various roads running out of Chicago and Cincinnati are equally available.



A FLORIDA LANDSCAPE.

Green Cove Spring, a beautiful town, famed for its mineral spring and its excellent hotel accommodations, is the river terminus of the road which runs to Melrose. Tocoi is the landing at which passengers disembark for historic old St. Augustine, which is also reached direct from Jacksonville by rail. St. Augustine was long the seat of Spanish power in Florida. It is one of the quaintest old places on the continent, and every winter is thronged with visitors. The old city gates; the narrow and tortuous streets; the overhanging balconies of the houses; the handsome plaza, with its old market-house, sparkling fountains, and ancient monument; the old cathedral of Coquina stone, with its four-bell chime and antique relics; and storied Fort Marion, which was sixty years in building, and where is still shown the dungeon in which the gallant Indian chief, Osceola, was confined, — all these tempt the visitor to tarry from day to day.

On a market day, from one of the hotel piazzas, may be seen a crowd of the denizens of the place, — a crew as curious as the architecture of the old town. Here you see the lantern-jawed "cracker" of the pine woods, the bustling Yankee from New England, the smooth-tongued Spaniard, the polite Frenchman, the swarthy Minorcan, the ebon-hued Ethiop, and occasionally a specimen of the high-cheek-boned native of the everglades. The Minorcans interest one most. The treaty of 1762 gave Florida to England. Soon thereafter an association was formed in London, in which Sir William Duncan and Dr. Andrew Turnbull were the central figures. They bought a large tract of land south of St. Augustine, near Mosquito Inlet, and at an expense of nearly $200,000 brought out from Smyrna, under indentures, fifteen hundred Minorcans and Greeks, and settled them in and around

what is still known as New Smyrna. For the money paid for their passage out and their support they were to work for the proprietors a certain number of years, and then they were to have grants of land in proportion to the number of persons in a family. Indigo and sugar were the crops they were to grow, and for a time they were fairly successful. But, in 1769, the Minorcans, having been, as they conceived, ill-treated, grew tired of their semi-servitude, and rebelled. The insurrection was put down with a heavy hand, and a number of the leaders were put to death. The discontent, nevertheless, continued to grow, and seven years thereafter they instituted civil proceedings in the judicial tribunal at St. Augustine, and the court annulled their indentures, and gave them their freedom. The Turnbull Company then made them liberal offers to remain at New Smyrna and cultivate the lands; but the Minorcans were disgusted, and the colony, having been reduced by disease to half its original number, removed in a body to St. Augustine, where they were given lands in fee simple, and there their descendants are to this day. They are generally small of stature, of swarthy complexion, and have the small, bright black eyes of the people of southern Europe. They are by all odds the best fishers and boatmen on the coast. Some of the young girls are remarkably handsome; but their morals, so I am told, are not so well developed as their features and forms.

At Palatka, the terminus of the Florida Southern road, one can run out into the pine woods, or over to Ocala and Gainesville, — both thriving towns, having excellent hotels, and peopled largely from the North. Palatka itself is one of the handsomest towns in Florida.

At Sanford the tourist, if so minded, can reach the Kissimmee country over the South Florida road, or he can cross over into the Indian and Halifax-river countries, where the finest oranges in the world are grown. The hotel facilities there also are good, and near the town are ex-Minister Sanford's extensive orange and lemon groves; while the heart of Orange county and the towns of Orlando and De Land are easily reached.

A noticeable feature of the St. John's region is the number of prominent northern men who have bought lands and orange-groves along the river, and built for themselves elegant winter homes. Gen. A. S. Diven, of Elmira, N.Y., has a beautiful place just below Jacksonville, on the opposite side of the river. Hon. Alexander T. Mitchell, the Wisconsin railroad king, has a Swiss châlet on the same side, three miles further up, which he has named Villa Alexandria. Gen. Francis E. Spinner, of greenback-signature memory, lives in a beautiful place in the suburbs of the city. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has a queer old-place at Mandarin, fifteen miles up the river from Jacksonville, on the Atlantic side, which is memorable as the site of the old Indian town of Thimagua. Thaddeus Davids, the ink-manufacturer, has a villa at Green Cove Spring. Ex-Minister Sanford's place I have already mentioned, and, besides these, there are dukes and counts, and other notables, *ad infinitum*.

The scenery of the St. John's region is peculiar. As the northern tourist passes through the country he is greeted by something new and strange at every step. The only things which are uniform and monotonous are the long gray moss, which drapes the gnarled arms of the oaks and cypress, giving to the woodlands a wild and weird appearance; and the interminable stretches of scrub palmetto which everywhere abound, and which, by the way, give to the waters of most of the rivers their peculiar coffee-color. I ought, perhaps, to add to this the universal prevalence of a sandy soil, which makes of pedestrianism a weary toil, and renders carriage-riding disagreeable in the extreme. The flora is abundant and varied in its seasons, ranging from the prettiest little pimpernell and the flaunting hibiscus in the low grounds, to the flaming trumpet flowers, blazing oleanders, and dazzling magnolias of the hammock lands. A Florida swamp is a sight to see for one who has been accustomed to the tame woodlands of the North; great stretches of pine woods and wide-spread savannahs greet one travelling inland; yet even in these the stranger meets with a continued variety of objects which attract his attention and occupy his thoughts. Song-birds are not so numerous as one would expect in so wild a region, the liquid-voiced mocking-bird ranking as the feathered prima donna. Her notes are indeed wonderfully sweet, and go far to make up for the void left by the silence of other and far handsomer birds. I have seen thousands of our northern robins in the thickets along the banks of the St. John's, in the winter time; but they did not sing a note, — they were down here, apparently, merely to get away from the cold weather,

and did not propose to do anything more than to eat and grow fat. Like the bob-o-links in the Potomac marshes they seemed to consider the musical season closed, and were anxious only to recuperate for the "grand spring opening" in the northern orchards.

To the devotees of the rod and gun Florida is a sort of paradise. The rivers all abound in fish that take the troll or rise to the fly. The black bass, here strangely enough called the trout, abounds in the upper St. John's as well as in the numerous lakes, and the toothsome mullet, sheep-head, drum, bream, and other finny favorites, give the piscatorially inclined tourist plenty of sport. Resident anglers, however, proficient in the gentle craft, care nothing for the common varieties; they go for the drum, the rare tarpon, and the red-snapper of the banks off the mouth of the St. John's. To catch one tarpon is to be looked up to; while he who captures a brace of them in a season is a hero, and the subject of eulogy in the local press.

As for game, the woods are well stocked with quail, and I have heard them whistling within the city limits. Deer abound in some localities, and wild turkeys are quite plenty in portions of the State. Other game birds are not infrequently met with, the only drawback being that in hunting them one will occasionally drop on to a "rattler," with ten rattles and a "button," or tree a snarling wild-cat. Duck-shooting is rare sport at times, millions of them making the St. John's their habitat at certain seasons. The fine canvas-backs of the Chesapeake, however, are rarely met with.

The continuity of waters on the east coast renders the region especially favorable for yachting sports. Some of the most elegant little craft of the northern yachtsmen are occasionally seen on the St. John's in the winter. They come down the coast to the mouth of the river, and spend months in cruising, running up into Lake George, and following the sinuous Ocklawaha to the great Silver Spring, and occasionally passing around to the Matanzas and Indian rivers, by way of St. Augustine and Mosquito inlet. The cruise can be varied in a hundred ways, and is one of the prettiest forms of winter living in this sunny land.

AN AFTERNOON DRIVE.

There are two or three fine orange-groves in the neighborhood of Jacksonville; but the largest and best-bearing groves are on the upper St. John's and in the Indian-river country. There are some fine young groves at Orange Park and Mandarin, and all along the river at intervals. The groves of Col. Hart, at Palatka; Gen. Sanford, at Bel Air; the De Bary grove, near Enterprise; that of the Duchess of Castelucca, on Indian river, and the Dum-

mett grove, have become famous all over the United States. No one has really eaten oranges who has not sampled one or more of these groves. The growing of this fruit is fast becoming the leading industry of the State. Last year the crop of merchantable oranges amounted to fifty millions. This year, from reliable data, I figure that the crop in sight is one hundred and two millions, the increase coming mostly from young groves that are just coming into bearing.

After all is said, however, it must be conceded that the great charm of Florida is its winter climate. Lying between the gulf and the ocean, the atmosphere of this region is gratefully tempered by the cool, salty air from either direction. This it is which draws thousands of people here from the North every winter. Here they seldom find the thermometer going below 30°, and the days in winter are almost uniformly sunshiny and pleasant. The rainfall, which at Jacksonville averages 54.5 inches for the year, mostly occurs in July, August, and September. As connected with health, the humidity of the air is an important consideration. On this subject I present the following table of relative humidity in the places named: —

	November.	December.	January.	February.	March.	Mean for 5 Months.	Mean for 5 Months.
	p. ct.	p. ct.	p. ct.	p. ct.	p. ct.	p. ct.	p. ct.
Cannes and Mentone	71.8	74.2	72.0	70.7	73.3	72.4	
Augusta, Ga.	71.8	72.6	73.0	64.7	62.8	68.9	
Breckinridge, Minn.	76.9	83.2	76.8	81.8	79.5	79.6	74.3
Duluth, Minn.	74.0	72.1	72.7	73.3	71.0	72.6	
St. Paul, Minn.	70.3	73.5	75.2	70.7	67.1	71.3	
Jacksonville, Fla.	71.9	69.3	70.2	68.5	63.9	68.8	72.7
Key West, Fla.	77.1	78.7	78.9	77.2	72.2	76.8	
Punta Rassa, Fla.	72.7	73.2	74.2	73.7	69.9	72.7	

From this it appears that the mean relative humidity of Cannes and Mentone during the cold months exceeds that of Jacksonville by nearly four per cent. Three stations in Minnesota have a mean of 74.3, and three in Florida a mean of 72.7, showing a per cent. of 1.6 in favor of Florida, and 5.5 in favor of Jacksonville over Minnesota. Furthermore, if we take the entire year, for a period of five years, we shall find but little difference in the mean relative humidity of Minnesota and Florida.

John Ransom.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.[1]

By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "The Witchery of Archery," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Poems of Fair Weather," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE room set apart in Nelville cottage for Longley's studio was exactly like the one Nelville called his den, and was directly over it. The artist, so long used to seeing his studies, sketches, proofs, and *fac-simile* drawings and tracings for transfer work, flung around loose on table and floor, and hung in all sorts of odd ways on the walls of his Bohemian quarters, scarcely felt free to begin work until he had perfected some such chaos in his new studio.

A day or two subsequent to the yachting trip, when Edmond Nelville entered this room, he gazed around with wide-open eyes at the litter and confusion.

"Well, say your say, what is it?" said Longley, smiling quietly. He was keenly alive to the effect his arrangement of things was producing on his friend.

Nelville whistled a long, low, disparaging note, and said: —

"Such is art and art life! What the deuce is the use of all these scraps — all this litter and trash? I should think you would like order and brightness and beauty for your genius to feed upon while you work, — not all this abominable scratching and blotching."

"Your education is deficient. High art is all lost on you," exclaimed Longley, looking up from a board upon which he was making a pen-and-ink sketch, to be reproduced by a photographic process. "You don't appreciate chiaro-'scuro, and the effects of contrast. Genius is itself so prismatic that it does not need shining accessories. It revels in the chaos out of which it brings order and harmony. It stands out boldest when relieved by a cross-hatching of dull and common things."

"Yes, you ought to have been a Frenchman, trained with Zola."

"Nothing of the sort. Gautier, Dumas, and Balzac suit me better, and some of our young Americans best of all."

"Bret Harte?"

"Yes, and no. He sketches inimitably in a narrow field, but his subjects are abominable; the figures in his foregrounds are, like Dickens's, of a class not interesting *per se*. I think there's a set of younger poets, prose-writers, and artists, about Boston and New York, and scattered through the West and South, who are budding the true artistic theory and practice. Of course, the result is for the future. If they wouldn't try to out-Boston Boston all the time, and would keep true to themselves, some young fellows I know of would soon win high place; but they insist upon merging originality and individuality to make themselves of a length with Boston's critical bed. Soon as one lifts his head above the clubs, and begins to attract notice, he is original no longer."

"Who is the best — the most original, and to the manner born — of the western geniuses?" inquired Nelville. "I must read up in poetry a bit; I see I'm going to need it. I never dreamed what an important element of life it might chance to become. You ought to have heard Miss Lamar rail at her brother's notion of poetry. She has views of her own, and has excellent ability to express them."

"And she doesn't like her brother's muscular theory, then?"

"Not in the least; and I tell you she is full of philosophy and logic, and satire and" —

"Perfectly bewitching generally, — a summer sweetheart of no doubtful sort, — a princess of the sunny South! Oh, she'll cure you, she'll cure you, Ed, sound and well."

"None of that," exclaimed Nelville, crossing his hands behind him and turning aside. With the movement his eyes chanced to fall on a charcoal sketch lying on a table. It was the profile of a girl's face, with a hasty outline of her form, half reclining in a basket phaeton drawn by just a hint of a pony. A quick look of recognition came into his face, as he said, picking up the drawing: —

"When did you do this? It's good. It's excellent. One could not fail to recognize it."

"That? Oh, she came past at a poking pace the day you went yachting with the Lamars. She struck me as picturesque, so I sketched her from the window. Who is she?"

"The dryad, the wood-nymph, — that other girl of my letter, — the old naturalist's daughter. Do you remember what I said about her?"

"Perfectly. You don't for a moment suppose I could ever forget a word of so memorable an epistle? What is her name?"

"Janet Wilson, — so they told me at the post-office. Her strange beauty would make any man inquire. I've read of gold floss hair, and moonshine hair, but hers is the first practical example I ever chanced to note. It plays about her forehead and temples like a pale yellow mist."

"You are enthusiastic," said Longley, taking the sketch between his thumb and finger, and holding it off at arm's length, and gazing at it with half-closed eyes. "That's not a bad memorandum of her, if I may judge."

"It is perfect," assented Nelville. "But I had nearly forgotten what I came to say: I've a grand saddle-horse in the stable, and I'm not strong enough to ride him. He's pining for air and work. Do you like horseback exercise? You'll find him a glorious companion, I can assure you."

"Just to my taste," cried Longley; "he shall not pine another hour. I should think the roads are charming in this region."

"So they are," said Nelville; "you will find them leading to the queerest places. And then there are paths — bridle-paths the rustics call them — branching off and winding among the hills. However, I must advise you to stick to the roads and leave the paths alone. The latter are given to fading out under your horse's feet, leaving you with nothing to guide you. Should you get into difficulty of this kind, give Victor — that's my horse's name — the rein, and he'll come home."

Longley, still holding out the sketch, turned his head to one side, the better to view it, and said: —

"Would there be any danger of meeting the original of this in my equestrian wanderings, do you think?"

"Very great danger, indeed," replied Nelville.

"That is encouraging. I see possibilities ahead of me. Do you know, Nelville, that I never have had a — a —"

"Sweetheart? That's fresh. I never before met such a case. But I must go

and begin my poetical studies. My ignorance is beastly. Whose poems did you say are the best to begin with?"

"The Sweet Singer of Michigan's; go read them quick. You appall me."

"'The Sweet Singer of Michigan,'" repeated Nelville, reflectively, as he passed from the room. "I'll go look in the library."

Longley chuckled gleefully to himself as he began preparations for a gallop among the hills.

He looked like a great, big, happy boy, full of the keenest relish for life as it might come.

CHAPTER VI.

When Longley started from the cottage to go for a ride, he had no definite thought of where he might get to. Away he went, through the sunshine over the sandy road, at a swift canter, his sketching portfolio slung shot-pouch-wise from his shoulder. He rode naturally and well, sitting easily and firmly. His hat — a soft felt, with a considerable brim — was pushed back so that the wind fanned his forehead, and tossed the short locks of his hair wildly about. Victor was a bright bay, nobly made, fleet-footed, with black mane and tail, — a horse that delighted in just such a flight as now lay before him. He entered into the spirit of the thing, sharing, to the last thrill, the sense of exhilaration which took possession of his rider. He knew, without having it especially indicated to him, that the wooded hill-region, above the town, with all its zigzagging roads and shady hollows, was just the place Longley would like to explore. He held his head high, as he stretched away with long bounds, his nostrils spread, and his delicate ears pointing forward. Over a sandy space and across a stony hollow, where his feet clattered sharply, then into the milder light of the woods, now fast greening, the tassels falling and the leaves broadening to their summer fulness, he sped with that indescribable ease and elasticity which eager willingness lends to the movements of a really fine horse.

A little way in the woods Longley checked him, bringing him down to a gentle walk. The birds were piping overhead, and in all the undergrowth. The smell of burning logs and corn-stalks was on the air, borne from the farm-fields making ready for the plough. Wild flowers starred the hill-slopes. Squirrels ran to and fro, crossing and recrossing the road ahead of him. Some of the birds were surprisingly tame. He stopped the horse and sketched a downy woodpecker, which was making a dead bough ring with the hammer-like blows of its bill. It was a sleepy-looking, speckled little thing, too intent on making a hole to the insect it was boring for, to be afraid of the artist, sitting in his saddle, not fifteen feet away. His next model was a ground-squirrel on the top of a decaying stump, which was covered with curiously fringed gray lichen and dark green moss. A magazine artist, he thought, could not afford to overlook anything. Even a chipmunk might serve for a tail-piece.

The artist was not the conventional fellow one sees in pictures and reads of in poems. He was too heavy-shouldered, and broad-faced and massive-headed. He had inquiring eyes, a frank face, was as quick in his movements as a boy, and had about him the air of one innocent and fearless, perfectly self-reliant, and willing to be admired. You could not look at him without seeing that his standard was purity and honor.

He had a way of looking larger than he was, and much taller than five feet eight, his real stature. He sketched with a vim and dash, depending a great deal on the force of straight lines. His rule was to express a thing with the fewest strokes possible. He was inclined to use the same standard in talking, making himself clearly understood by the tersest phrasing.

The woodpecker and ground-squirrel seemed to quite satisfy his desires as to sketching, and as he rode slowly along he fell to thinking, as an imaginative person sometimes will, of the curious coincidence which had thrown him here to spend the summer delightfully with his best friend; and he wondered what would be the upshot of it, — wondered if Mosely, the editor of the monthly, had discovered valuable promise in his art-work, and something strong and true in his character. He scarcely knew Mosely, had met him but once or twice, and then in a mere business way; but the man's characteristics were public property, and Longley was well aware that this sudden recognition was not born of a whim. It meant much if he could prove himself worthy of the trust.

He went on and on, the road winding and zigzagging among the hills and ravines. He passed one large farm-house, set in the midst of an apple orchard, and flanked by vast barns and ricks of hay and

straw. Clover fields, thickly dashed with the deep green tufts and tender sods of those favorite grasses, were frequent on either hand. He saw well-kept cattle and sturdy swine, with an occasional flock of heavy-coated sheep, nearly ready for the shears, in the wooded pasture-lands and rolling fallow-fields. Victor stopped of his own accord to drink from a noisy brook whose promising rapids and dimpled pools made Longley think of his trouting-tackle. Indeed, a shining half-pounder flung itself above the water after a gay fly which was dancing above the surface of a shady eddy some rods below the road-crossing. A sober-feathered vireo kept up a plaintive crying, somewhere overhead, and far away a thrush sang its broken medley.

For some distance the road was bordered with a hedge of *bois d'arc*, behind which he could almost hear

> "The milk that bubbled in the pail,
> And buzzings of the honeyed hours."

Young calves, sleeping in the shade near where their mothers were browsing, opened their round, mild eyes to gaze at him as he went by. He saw a lad of fifteen, standing on a big log, and wielding a heavy axe with hands and arms that looked distortedly bony and muscular. The bells of cows and sheep tinkled plaintively.

At length he turned Victor's head homeward by a less frequented cart-way, and began to think of Janet Wilson. How did it happen that she crossed his mind? When he came to discuss this question frankly with himself he doubted if she ever had been entirely out of his mind since he made the sketch of her as she passed the cottage. He found himself wishing he might meet her somewhere on this road. It would be a pleasant thing to merely pass her by, and steal a look at her bright, gold hair and gray eyes. Her old, mossy home, as Nelville had described it, must be not far away. He stroked Victor's black mane and smiled to himself. Then his mood changed, as the birds in a dark wood redoubled their singing, and he shook the reins, bidding Victor go faster.

It was while dashing along a level piece of road, with a clover-field on one side, that the horse shied a little at a man and a girl, sitting side by side on a mossy log by the fence, near a large, rather pretentious farm-house. Longley recognized young Lamar. The girl was prettily dressed, and seemed, from the hasty glance, quite handsome, — a farmer's daughter of the best Western class. Her face was beaming with health and happiness. Lamar, too, looked contented and pleased. Of course, in going by at a swift gallop, Longley could get but a glimpse; but the picture fastened itself safely in his mind.

A little further on he met a tall, rather flashily dressed young fellow, plodding along afoot, going in the direction of the farm-house he had just passed. He had seen the same person, with his bellicose face, at the village post-office, and hanging about the street-corners. He seemed to be what in the Western towns is termed a loafer, — the word expressing more of contempt there than in the East.

Seeing this fellow in his best clothes, walking in the direction as stated, it was natural for Longley to suspect he was going to see the girl with whom Lamar was talking. Something in the young man's face, too, so gloomy and dogged, told of unpleasant broodings. It was not a bad face of itself, — a rather strong, manly one, in fact; but just then bad feeling was expressed in it, even dangerous feeling, if one might judge from the ordinary stand-point. Longley passed him, as he had Lamar and the girl, at a rapid pace. It was a momentary, almost startling, glimpse. A few more bounds and the woods were left behind. Down past the Lamar cottage, and up the rocky road past the hotel, across the hollow where the spring-stream gurgled, and up the slope towards the Nelville cottage, Longley went at a sweeping gallop. Just before he reached the Nelville gate he met in the highway Mrs. Lamar and her daughter, in an open carriage; he bowed very low, lifting his hat as he passed, and then he suddenly recollected that he had never been introduced to these ladies. He was inclined to think they did not return his salute. He actually blushed, all by himself, and bit his mustache as he stooped to unlatch the gate.

CHAPTER VII.

THE weather dreamed, and smiled in its dreams, awoke and laughed, then dozed and dreamed again, till at length there came a hot flush of summer before its time.

The songs of the birds were now pitched in a firmer key, and the perfume of the flowers was less fresh and pungent. The lines of the forest were stronger, the lights

and shades more decided; the nests of the wild things were full of young.

Longley had caught some new element into his nature from this quiet pastoral life, and from the cultured society, too, called about him by the Nelvilles. His was a mind which insisted upon acquisition from every source it could reach. His cheerful disposition made him almost jolly under the influence of the cool breezes, the wholesome sunshine, and the new scenes at Cedar Springs. His cheeks got brown, and he whistled after the fashion of farmer lads.

Finally he had an adventure which added much to his enjoyment of everything else. It was one of those little turning-points in life where, of a sudden, a new prospect opens, presenting possibilities hitherto not known, suggesting things not heretofore considered.

He was roaming around among the hills, and chanced to come upon a beautiful field of blue-grass, reaching into the woods from a considerable farm. In its midst a single cow, short-horned, sleek, tawny, kindly-eyed, was grazing. Longley seated himself under some wide-spreading trees growing in the corner of the worm-fence on one side of the field, and began to carefully sketch "bos," as she slowly cropped her way through the grass. Not far from the animal, at a place where a cabin had once stood, some gay flowers, descendants of the old garden stock, shone in flecks of pink and white among tufts of rank weeds and grass-grown mounds of brick and mortar where the chimney had fallen.

He was too busy with his sketch to note the approach of a briskly stepping girl, until she was close to the cow, and then the adventure promptly began.

A very young calf, — possibly it was five days old, — which had been lying mysteriously hidden in those weeds, scrambled to its feet in a stiff, awkward way, and bleated vigorously, turning its head towards the girl, who stopped short and looked startled. The cow bawled vigorously, opened her eyes till the whites of them gleamed wickedly, and lunged forward as if eager to toss the intruder over her broad back. Longley sprang up and ran to the rescue. The girl screamed and let fall something she was carrying, then turned and fled, involuntarily launching herself right into his arms, the calf stupidly following her at an awkward gallop, the cow bringing up the rear.

Longley still held his sketch-block in his left hand. So he cast his right arm around the girl's waist and held her firmly, while with the sketch-block he drove back the bewildered calf and harmless cow.

"Oh, dear! Oh, gracious! Oh, let go, please! Oh!" — she cried, all out of breath, her pale-gold hair dishevelled, her gray eyes tremulously dilating.

A new sensation went through Longley, like a spring wind through a grove. He tingled from head to foot.

He was loath to give up his precious, panting armful. He kept on waving the block about, and hallooing at the cow, which now stood eying him in mild astonishment. She had not thought of hooking the girl. She was running to her calf, nothing more. As for the calf itself, it was taking, just now, a hearty meal, in the usual way, whisking its tail vigorously and stamping its feet for joy.

"Let go, please," the young lady urged, making an effort to free herself from his arm, and unwittingly she scratched a long place on his hand, upon which a tiny bubble of blood arose. Longley did not feel this. How could he? He waved and hallooed with a little more energy, — that was all. She struggled very hard now, and in a moment got away from him. Just then the cow let go a deep, growl-like moan and shook her head. Poor girl! — she sprang back again, and again Longley clasped her.

"You must let me protect you," he said, renewing the motions with the block of drawing-paper, and holding her very close to him. "That cow," he continued, "looks ugly enough to do anything. See how sharp her horns are — and such savage eyes!"

Another hollow moan from the innocent brute came just in time to emphasize his remarks. He felt a tremor steal over the girl; but still she would not be content to stay in his arm.

"Please let go, sir," she cried again, giving him a quick, scared glance, and digging his hand with her sharp, pink nails. He felt the effect keenly now, and suddenly discovered that he could better keep the cow away if he used two hands.

"I'm afraid she'll hook you," he exclaimed, quickly releasing her.

She stood irresolute, gazing at the cow.

"I dropped my book yonder," she said, as if talking to herself. "I wish she'd go away."

"Where is it?" said Longley. "I'll get it for you."

She seemed to be half afraid of him, and glanced around as if wishing some one else were in sight.

"Come along," he continued; "I'll keep her off. There's no danger when I'm with you."

By dint of loud hallooing, and much beating the air with the sketch-block, Longley slowly urged the gentle old cow and her calf along until he could pick up a book, which proved to be a work on china-painting. Between its leaves, plainly to be seen, on account of their larger size, were a number of water-color sketches of plants and flowers. He replaced two or three of these, and, closing the book, handed it to her. She almost snatched it, she was so excited.

"Where do you wish to go?" he asked; "I must see you to some place of safety."

She threw back her hair, which had fallen down almost to her feet, and which shone in the sunlight like a flame. She gave him a quick look, as if to judge whether she might trust him. His face in a measure reassured her, and she said: —

"If you will be so kind as to stay with me till I get through the bars yonder, I shall be safe."

"Certainly. With pleasure. Come on," he responded, and then, as they walked in the direction she had indicated, he added, "You had a narrow escape. She was running right at you."

"I'm so easily frightened," she rejoined, glancing back at the cow, which was now dreamily licking its calf. "And it was so sudden. I was not expecting anything of the kind."

"Some women would have fainted," he said; "and I think it was enough to make them, don't you?"

"It was dreadful," she murmured, and then, looking at his hand, added, "Are you hurt? You are bleeding."

"No; that's nothing," he replied, with charming frankness, holding the wounded member out before him; "you clawed me a little while I was holding you. It's not deep."

"I am so sorry," she said confusedly, a pink flush running up to her temples.

"Sorry it isn't deep?" he inquired in a grave way.

She looked up again into his face and moved her lips as if about to speak, but she said nothing.

He let down the bars and helped her through.

"Thank you," she said, very sweetly, and when he turned about, after readjusting the rails, she was hurrying off down a path through the thickest part of the wood. He stood looking after her, hesitating. How could he suffer her thus to slip away from him? Would it be rude to follow her? He feared it would. He looked contemplatively at his feet. Suddenly his face brightened joyfully. He stooped and picked up one of her water-color sketches which had fallen there when she stooped to pass through the opening he made in the bars; he ran glibly after her.

"Stop a moment," he called; "see, you've lost this. I'll fetch it to you."

When she turned she gave him just such a look as she had given the cow. However, when she saw the sketch she smiled faintly. "Oh, my turkey-pea," she cried; "I should not like to lose that." She made a step or two back to meet him. "Thank you." She took the sketch and turned. As she walked on again he went by her side, though there was scant room in the path. It made them very close together.

"Is this your way, too?" she demanded, lifting her eyes to his face askance, with a mild rebuke in them.

"All ways are an artist's," he replied. "I see you, too, are sketching from nature. May I look at your work, please?"

It would have been a thankless thing to refuse him, his voice was so kind and his manner so gentle and honest. She allowed him to take the book and examine the drawings, though she felt ill at ease. It was a wild, dark place they were in.

"This is good work," he said, in his positive, forthright way; "these flowers are extremely well done."

"They are studies for china-painting," she said, a shade of interest coming into her voice. "I am making a wild-flower set. That goes on the cream-jug."

"It will be lovely," he said. "Have you ever had any of your work on china fired?" He took up a sketch representing a cluster of wild pinks, and, holding it at arm's length, examined it with a critical gaze.

"Oh, yes; I've had a great deal fired, and with excellent success," she replied; "my work took first premium at the State exhibition last autumn."

Longley felt light and airy. Her voice thrilled him. His pulse was faster than normal. The dark, deep woods seemed full of music. He looked down, as if in a

dream, at that jaunty hat and the cataract of yellow hair falling from under it.

"That *was* a great success," he said, stumbling a little as he walked on, still examining the pinks. "Have you many wild-flower studies at your — studio?" He had been bred in a studio. His father had been an artist, — a poor, disappointed man, who died early, of no particular disease. He could not remember his mother; she left the world when he came.

"I am not a professional; I have no studio," she said, smiling and glancing at him sidewise under her drooping lids. "I'm the merest amateur, working for the pleasure it gives me. Besides, what use has one for a studio here? Who would ever visit it?" The question came with something like a sigh. She had forgotten he was a stranger.

"I would gladly come, with your permission," he said, transferring his gaze from the sketch to her bewitching face. "I would come and get you to give me lessons; your coloring is exquisite."

"I could not teach; I have no knowledge and no patience," she said, holding out her hand for the book and pausing in the path.

Longley almost started with his surprise at seeing that they were in front of an old brown country-house, whose gables and dormer windows were mossy and lichen-grown, and whose porches were almost hidden in vines. A gate of green wire barred their way. A huge woolly dog, with his fore-paws on the top of the gate, glared affectionately at the girl, further manifesting his delight at seeing her by furiously wagging his tail and whining. Longley relinquished the book and stood in an expectant attitude.

"Thank you," she said; "you have been kind." Then she pushed the dog's feet off the gate and passed through. She turned again, inside the yard, and Longley thought she was going to invite him to go in; but she only murmured, "Good-morning!" and, with one hand on the dog's head, almost ran into the house.

Longley looked like a boy whose hat had fallen into a stream and floated out beyond his reach. He stood there gazing after the retreating girl as if he would give a great deal to have the right to follow her. His eyes remained fixed on the door-way through which she had passed till long after even the dog's tail had disappeared within, and with a slight bang the shutter had been closed behind it.

An artist who has done much work for the illustrated journals never lets a chance for a good sketch slip through his fingers. Longley had done all sorts of drudgery while serving as artistic factotum for a New York illustrated paper. Particularly had it been his lot to be sent to fires and scenes of disaster, boat-races, prize-fights, and other disagreeable places, where he was sometimes compelled to make his sketches under difficulties verging on the dangerous. Occasionally, too, he had been commissioned to work up some genuinely picturesque scenes, especially among the old houses of New York, — these being his respites, his heavenly days, when he felt like a real artist at legitimate work; it was restful and soothing, after such labor as transferring to the block sketches of the brutal faces and beastly figures of a prize-fight, to begin on a drawing of some quaint Dutch house of the early days, made interesting by a bit of revolutionary legend. Training of this varying and contrasting kind has a value, well understood by the artistic profession, in that it schools the eye and the hand to the rapidest execution possible. Longley could toss his hat into the air and sketch it perfectly, with outlines and cross-hatched shading, before it fell to the ground.

As he stood looking over the little green gate at the vine-grown and mossy house into which the girl had fled, it struck him that he could use a sketch of the place to some purpose. His way was not to hesitate; so, taking out his sketch-block, he fell to work making a drawing, in rapid, clean-cut lines, of the scene before him; this, too, without shifting his position. Once, when he glanced from his work to get the details of the roof of the house, he was sure he saw the girl's face slyly peeping between the brown curtains of a dormer window. However, he did not pause to scrutinize, but kept on swiftly to the end of his task.

As he was putting the block into his pocket, a slender old man, neatly dressed in loose trousers and blouse, approached him from behind, and said: —

"Good-morning!"

The voice was a peculiarly gentle and agreeable one, and the man himself bore all the marks of gentle breeding and high intellectual endowments. There was a bland smile on his face.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONGLEY turned, facing the old man, and instantly felt a twinge of conscience, as

though in making the sketch he had infringed on the personal rights of this nice-looking individual. He bowed reverently, returning the morning salute, and added, "This is your place, I presume."

"Yes," the old gentleman said, letting fall, as he spoke, the butt of a fowling-piece he carried, and resting it on the toe of his neat hunting-boot, at the same time assuming a most dignified bearing.

Longley surveyed him with that hopeful flash of the eye which always is ready to flare up when an artist sees something new. It was with obvious respect that the young man said: —

"I am an artist. Would you mind if I took a sketch of the house? It is a beautiful old place."

"You want it for a magazine paper, or for an illustrated weekly?"

"I might use it in *Mosely's Magazine*," said Longley, with outright directness, which cared to hide nothing.

"*Mosely's Magazine!*" exclaimed the old man in a pleased, smooth way. "My son is connected with that, — controls it, I believe."

"May I ask your name?" demanded Longley, hesitating, and looking almost incredulously at him, "I — I thought Mr. Mosely was" —

"Wilson, Wilson, not Mosely. Wilson is my name," said the old man, drawing himself up quite stiffly, and putting into his voice some emphasis. "No doubt you have heard of me. I am an ornithologist, you know, and I" —

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Longley, "of course, certainly; but I am not acquainted with your son. Mosely is" —

The old man laughed outright and looked deprecatingly at Longley, as if right sorry for him, and yet mightily amused.

Longley looked at himself to see if there was anything ludicrous about his make-up.

"Well, well," went on Mr. Wilson, presently, as if dismissing some absurd proposition, and taking up something pleasant in its stead; "well, well, I'm glad to know you, Mr. — "

"Longley is my name," said the young man, apologetically.

"Ah, glad to see you, Mr. Longley. It's all right. Come in and look the place over. I shall be glad if it can be of any use to you, I assure you."

Mr. Wilson flung open the gate as he spoke, and motioned Longley to enter. They went through, and, passing up the narrow, gravelled walk, between rows of old trees, they approached a wide veranda at the side of the house. The square columns of this veranda were heavily festooned with honeysuckle and climbing-rose. The old man led the way, walking very nimbly, and, when they had passed along the shady promenade to the front of the building, he offered Longley a chair. There was a carriage-road leading down to a larger gate, to intercept a highway going toward Cedar Springs. Vases, pots of flowers, hanging-baskets, bird-cages, and the like, were everywhere. An elegant table of antique workmanship stood near the farther end of this front limb of the ell-shaped veranda, and beside it a rustic chair; on it a porcelain palette, some scattered tubes of paint, three or four brushes, and a plate bearing an unfinished sketch of a wild-flower, some leaves, and a bud. The border of the plate was a delicate apple-green. Longley took in all at a glance. He well knew who was the presiding genius of the place. He had a sketch of her in his room at Nelville cottage; it was Mrs. Nelville's dryad, — the girl with the moonshine hair, of whom Edmond Nelville had spoken in his letter. He smiled complacently as he sat down in the chair and looked about. He felt the fitness of being just where he was at just that particular time. He tilted himself back a little, and, elevating his chin to allow the cool breeze to blow on his throat, said: —

"You have a delightful old place here, Mr. Wilson."

"Yes, I like it," said Mr. Wilson, still standing. "It just suits me, in my business. I am an ornithologist. No doubt you have heard of me, — Wilson, the great ornithologist."

Longley gave the old gentleman a quick, keen look, which said, much plainer than if words had been used, You're a little daft, eh? But he bowed, and articulated, "Certainly, Mr. Wilson; no doubt, sir."

"I spend most of my time in the woods," Mr. Wilson went on to say, "watching an opportunity to take a rare specimen; but I don't get many now. I've killed so many they're getting scarce. Would you like a peep at my cabinet?"

"Indeed, yes, if you will be so kind as to permit me," said Longley, rising. Something new always suited him.

"Oh, I shall be delighted to show you. I show every one who comes. Janet says I ought to wait and be sure the favor is acceptable before offering it; but I know

you will enjoy it, being an artist and a magazinist. Come in this way."

Longley followed him into a wide, airy old hall, where, stopping before a heavy cherry door, he began to fumble in the pockets of his blouse. He seemed unable to find what he wanted, though he ransacked every corner of the receptacles, using first one hand and then the other with increasing rapidity and nervousness. Presently he paused a moment and looked at the floor, drawing his thumb across his forehead; then he raised his head and called, "Janet! Janet! O Janet!"

"Yes, papa, coming," fell the musical answer from somewhere above the upper landing of the stairway. The voice was quickly followed by the young lady herself, who came lightly tripping down the steps. Her hair, lately dishevelled and floating mistlike down her back, was now arranged in a heavy braid, doubled into a shining loop behind her neck. Her low, broad forehead was fringed with amber locks, pale and thin. Her gray eyes, large and luminous, did not hesitate to look straight at Longley. Her lips slightly apart, her delicately chiselled nose, her pink and white cheeks, her softly-rounded chin, and her snowy throat, all struck his artistic fancy with somewhat bewildering force and effect. He made no note of her dress, — a simple blue suit, with feathery white ruching, and a solitary large pearl at the throat. He did see her foot, — what genuine man would not? — with its slender slipper and embroidered stocking; saw it without seeming to see it, and his heart smiled whilst his lips remained still. He did not think whether she was large or small, slender or stout. She made no definite physical impression, unless it was of that inexpressible sort, the effect of bodily and moral symmetry. Nevertheless, as we have already stated, he was bewildered, like one lost in a morning mist, or in a sunset cloud. Vertigo? Do not say it. A young man will be a young man: praised be his name!

Mr. Wilson very gravely introduced Longley to his daughter. You would have thought they never before had seen each other. The young man bowed, almost profoundly. Miss Wilson acknowledged this by a gentle inclination, and then quickly inquired of her father if she could be of any service.

"The key, Janet, dear, — do you know where it is?" said the old gentleman. "I was sure I had it in my pocket, but I haven't. Where can it be?"

"I'll look," replied Miss Wilson. She went away. Longley heard her rustling down the hall. Presently she returned with the key. While Mr. Wilson was unlocking the door, Longley said to the young lady: —

"Your father came upon me at the gate, while I was making a sketch of the house. It is a delightfully picturesque place. I never could have thought of finding such a fine old homestead in this region."

"I like it," she replied, demurely watching her father. Longley watched her.

"Do you ever get lonesome?" he asked, in his blunt way.

She looked up into his face and saw its boyish honesty. He did not look bold and self-important, as she had half expected he would. His eyes were full of earnest respect and sincere inquiry.

"Hardly that," she said; "but sometimes the monotony of the life here gets too — too obvious for perfect contentment. One has exacting moments, you know, when even sunlight is gray."

"A cheerful companion would be a good tonic at such seasons," said Longley; "some one who would restore the equilibrium of things."

"I have my dog," she said.

"He was not along with you" — he began, and then checked himself. A little flush had jumped into her cheeks, and she appeared not to hear him, or rather not to wish to hear him.

Mr. Wilson finally got the door open, and, as Longley followed him into the room, the young lady passed out upon the veranda.

Cases of stuffed and mounted birds, no matter if the work has been done in the best practice of taxidermy, have little attraction for one not an enthusiastic naturalist. Longley might have found the lively and, withal, highly instructive, chattering of the old man rather enjoyable, if his mood had been more propitious. As it was, his ears were deaf and his eyes saw but dimly. He put his hands in his pockets and looked as though he wanted to whistle. In fact, all his inclinations lay in the direction of the veranda. Quite unconscious of the possibility of his enthusiasm failing to be infectious, Mr. Wilson delightedly began a systematic and measured progress around the walls, calling the attention of his visitor to each specimen, dwelling here and there with loving fervor on the merits of rare species, as an epicure lingers with the tidbits of a banquet. Scientific names and

their derivation had to be minutely explained; the habits and habitat of the more important varieties, or families, were described with a closeness of detail and conscientious discrimination as to small exceptions which, to Longley, seemed almost terrible. A rapidly formed approximate judgment fixed the probable duration of the ordeal at about four hours. The young man looked at his watch at least a half-dozen times. An hour passed. One wall had not yet been finished. Eternity! What would he not give to be free! At length, unable to longer play the martyr, he spoke suddenly, positively, as if he had just recollected some important affair: —

"Beg pardon, how time flies! I've an engagement. Must go at once. Must tear myself away. You will kindly excuse my unseemly haste. It is very important, I assure you. I shall be glad, with your permission, to call again and finish this examination."

"Just a moment, sir; this woodpecker" —

With a look which nearly said, Confound your woodpeckers! Longley began backing out of the room, bowing, smiling, and saying: —

"It is *necessity*, — I cannot stay a moment longer; I am *compelled* to go. You have been extremely kind. I am so *sorry*. I *must* go. Good-morning."

Hurried as he was, however, he found time to look searchingly about for Miss Wilson, while he was crossing the veranda. A pang of disappointment cut across his heart when he saw her chair empty, and her colors and sketches still lying on the table. She was not visible. He lingered on the steps and faltered in the path; he turned his eyes hurriedly about. When he had passed through the front gate and turned to latch it, he caught a view of her sheeny hair and blue robe, far off in a cool shade, under the low-hanging boughs of an old tree. She was reading a book, and did not look up, notwithstanding the sharp clink of the gate-latch. He dallied a moment rather wistfully, all in vain; then, with a pace not in the least indicative of the hurry he had spoken of to Mr. Wilson, he went down the road in the direction of Cedar Springs.

In a deep, dim hollow midway of his walk, where the overlapping foliage of the maples shut out the sunshine and almost the day, some one stepped from a place of concealment in front of Longley, and glared wickedly at him. It was the strapping, gloomy-faced young man he had met on the day he took his first gallop on Victor. He stopped, as this sinister apparition loomed in his way, and gave it a startled look of inquiry; at the same time a sense of imminent danger caused him to wish he had some deadly weapon at hand.

"Thought you was that cussed other feller," growled the man, after glaring a moment at Longley.

"You'd better make no mistakes, sir," Longley growled in return. "Whom do you mean? What are you after?"

"That other feller — that long-haired cuss — that Southern rebel devil — I mean *him*."

Longley could think of nothing further to say. In his own mind there appeared a very clear outline of the trouble behind this matter; but he felt himself powerless to do or say anything of any value in the premises.

He walked on, leaving the young fellow gloomily standing there, the strongest picture of an assassin he had ever seen. And yet this rustic had no felon's face. Under fair fortune it might have been the face of an energetic, happy man.

Longley was in no mood for long lingering with the circumstances or probable outcome of this little adventure. His mind quickly skipped the whole thing over, and passed back to the Wilson cottage and the vision of Janet, blue-robed and sunny-haired, sitting under the old tree. It was so sweet to him that he smiled as he walked on. His feelings were in perfect accord with the manifestations of nature — the wind-song, the bird-song, the leaf-rustle, flecks of bright sunshine, the soft, delightfully grateful shade.

He reached Nelville cottage, and went directly to his studio; but he did not work much. His faculties were uncontrollable. He did not think of love. He was happy in a new way. The comfort derived from some charmingly indefinite source was not connected in his mind with anything exactly describable, but he did not hesitate to trace it into the mild romance, which, like a tender cloud, clothed the old house among the hills. He would smile whenever he thought of Miss Wilson, and sometimes he would almost chuckle as he held out his hand to examine the red nail-prints she had left on it. Those little wounds served to recall the whole of the pretty adventure in the field, and he found that his arm still retained a shadowy impression of the form it had lately clasped.

[To be continued.]

REST BY THE ROADSIDE, CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

A-WHEELING IN NORAMBEGA.

PART II.

MINE HOST.

THE day spent upon the island of Campobello will ever be memorable to the members of the party of wheelmen whose wanderings we are following. The fog still stood up in banks around, as the ferry-boat carried us, through mist and water, from Lubec across "The Narrows." Friar's Head, a tall rock, shaped like a head at the top, and standing against a cliff, peered through the fog, like a draped granite bust on a lofty pedestal.

Campobello is under British rule, though, with the exception of a few freeholds, it is owned by a company composed of citizens of the United States. It was a mere matter of chance that Campobello fell to the English. When the north-east boundary of the United States was being decided upon, the agreement with Great Britain was that a ship channel should be fixed upon, and the islands upon the side nearest the United States territory should belong to that government, and those upon the opposite side should belong to England. It so happened that the vessel which carried the commissioners passed, at high tide, through the narrow strait which separates Campobello from Maine. If they had been but a few hours later, it would have been necessary to have sailed around the island, on account of low water in The Narrows, and in that case the island would have fallen to the United States.

It was delightful to wander a-wheel over the smooth roads of this picturesque little island. From Welsh Pool Landing we skirted the shore, facing towards the main land, which was still hidden by the fog, then collected in low floating clouds. These were piled up over the strait, shutting out the view of the promontories opposite. We, however, rode in clear, dry air. We rolled along the road, winding with the shore, through the little cluster of fishermen's cabins, surrounded by weirs and drying nets, with the boats lying in the water before them, and finally stopped at Mulholland's Point. A wrinkled old man stood watching us as we rode up and dismounted.

"Ah! boys," said he, "I know what ye want! Ye're looking for Bessy's place. It's seaweed tonic ye're after. Weel, weel, I've drank enough meself t've saved a pile of money," and he added, as if to suppress regret, "But it's too late to pump ship when she's sinking. Be the time I've a half hour to live I'll have saved enough to last the rest of me life." The old philosopher trudged off to his little house on the hill beyond, where, as he told us, he had lived forty-four years.

As we mounted again an upper stratum of the fog-bank, which hid Lubec, — lying but a few rods distance across The Narrows, — rolled back, and there, almost above us, was the town. The houses seemed to be standing out in the air, with nothing below them but the light gray fog. But the breeze soon piled up the bank again, and the town disappeared. Vessels out in the bay came and went in the same sudden and seemingly mysterious manner. Now dim and ghostlike and distant, they appeared to be phantom ships; then coming out of the fog they stood out black, distinct, and magnified; and again they were gone in

a moment; they disappeared by magic, as quickly as a candle is puffed out by the wind.

Turning back, toward the interior of the island, we sped along the smooth turf of a grass-grown road through a wild forest region. The scent of the firs and spruces came fresh and spicy on the breeze. The road led through dark clumps of trees, across stump-dotted open plots, and between tall, hanging bushes that swept us as we passed, and struck the tautened spokes of the wheels with a sound like the twang of a guitar. Often among the low-branching trees we wound in and out, ducking our heads under the larch limbs. The tangled woods seemed to resent the road-maker's work, and to be trying to recover their property.

Picking our way down a water-worn slope, dodging tree-branches, running around logs, suddenly we burst out of the forest on to a wild shore, where the waves were beating and washing upon a broad beach.

Herring Cove is a large semicircle; a stream comes rushing down at the centre, at the mouth of which the beach has formed; in either direction from the beach, ragged, lofty rocks rise along the shore. It was a picturesque scene; the stream rippling and bounding down to the shore; the bold, rough rocks, covered with broken, burnt, and straggling firs; headland after headland, as far as one could see along the coast; the wheels stacked in the background; in front the broad, pebbly beach, upon which were scattered groups of wheelmen; and beyond, the rolling waters of the Bay of Fundy roaring up the sands.

Tom and Yachtsman took a plunge in the chill surf, and, with forced exclamations of enjoyment, tried to allure Old Joker. He put his hands to his mouth for a speaking-trumpet, and called out to them: "No, I don't believe I care for any. But if I had a cake of ice to warm up on when I came out, I'd be with you."

Some of the old traditions of the island relate to this spot.

One of them tells of a strange wreck, lying far up in a little cove where no ship could be stranded now. The rotting timbers were old a century ago, and, strangest of all, there was no trace of iron in their fastenings. Thirty or forty tons was the capacity of the little vessel; and one cannot help wondering whether she were not one of the ships that bore the Northmen hither, and whether the "Skeleton in Armor" might not, as a living warrior, have paced her storm-washed decks. More than fifty years ago men who claimed to be the descendants of buccaneers came over from Mount Desert, where their forefathers had settled, to dig on the shores of Campobello for a large iron chest full of Spanish doubloons, whose description and position had been carefully handed down for generations. Old Admiral Owen found them at work, and they promised him a third of the treasure when they should find it, if he would allow them to continue their search. Years passed on, and they were still looking for the iron chest. The old admiral had passed away, and his son-in-law was watching their labors. One day he rode across the island to see how they were getting on, and they had gone. Only a deep excavation was left, at the bottom of which, said Captain Robinson Owen, was plainly to be seen the outlines of a large, iron chest, marked out by the rust that had covered its sides. But the treasure was gone, and the pirate's sons and grandsons came no more to Herring Cove.

The clouds overhead grew lighter and thinner, and an occasional patch of blue sky peeped out, as we rode back through the tangled woods. After following the road back for some distance, we dove off into the forest in a new direction. The trees were closer, and shut in the road on either side, leaving but little space above. In a most secluded little glen, just before a turn in the road, a spring, as pure and sweet as those of Prospero's island, bubbles up from a bank on one side. The water runs along a trough of hollowed wood, and falling, ripples across the road. Around is the dark-green foliage of the woods. Under the branches along the sloping banks, grow delicate ferns. Down the stream, which starts from the spring, Hylas is heard calling and crying, croaking still over his fate in becoming a frog, as he did in the morning of time, when the nymphs first bewitched him. In this beautiful spot we dropped from our wheels, rested on the bank, and drank from the pure water of the spring — Cold Spring, it is called.

What a cheer went up through the dark firs, as the sun broke through the clouds, and the sunshine came pouring down warm, and full, and strong, flecking the ground with quaint figures of light and shade, as it sifted down through the branches!

"I told you so, Captain," exclaimed Limb. "I said the sun could not hold out longer than till Thursday."

"But this is Friday."

"Yes, that's so," he replied slowly, and then, after a moment's reflection, continued, "I'll tell you how that happened. In making the calculation I forgot to carry one. I remember now."

We fairly revelled in that glorious sun-

shine the remainder of the afternoon. No hills were too steep to climb; no grades too sharp for a coast. The fog disappeared; the woods grew a lighter green; the sky overhead was a deep dark-blue; the sunshine warm and inspiriting; the breeze fresh and dry. Back across the island we flew, past the two splendid hotels, through Welsh Pool Landing, and out along the bluff that overlooks the Passamaquoddy. On one side the rough, rocky, tree-sprinkled land, on the other spread out the broad bay, with its many islands, bright in the sunshine. The glimmering water, in which were mirrored the white sails of ships, the little green islands, the tree-covered hills of the larger Deer Island beyond, the bay penetrating far up into the land, between the hills, — these are but hints for a picture, which it would be difficult to draw with words.

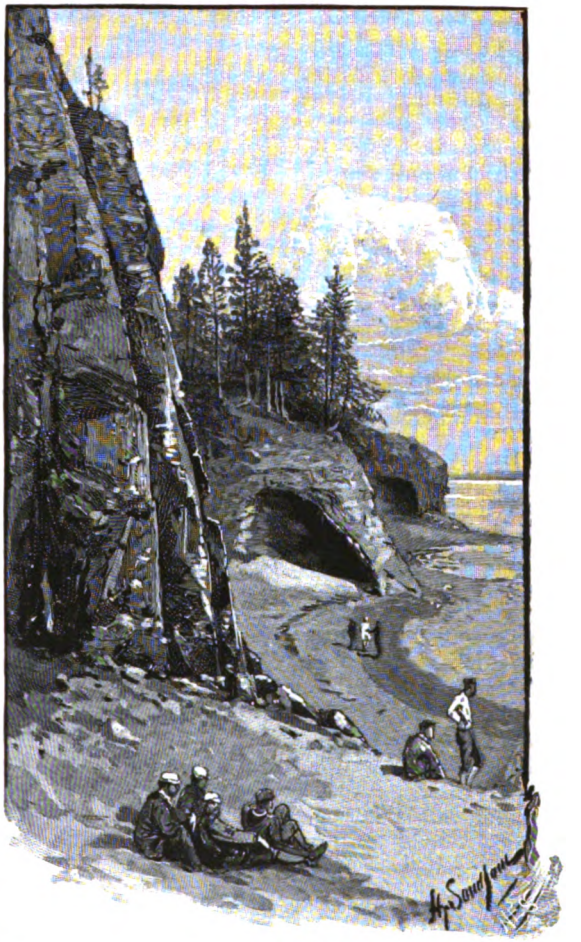
Three fine hotels have been built by the company who own the island: The Owen, named from Admiral Owen, to whom the island formerly belonged; The Tyn-y-coed, a Welsh name, signifying "the house in the woods"; The Tyn-y-maes, or "house in the field." All three are beautiful in architecture and site. Families from the Provinces and from many parts of the United States spend the summer upon the island. Near the Owen stands the house of the old admiral, from whom the hotel receives its name. Many interesting relics of the old gentleman, and of the former life of the people, are preserved. The admiral's portrait hangs upon the wall of his former office, which also contains some old chairs and tables. On a shelf lies a case of duelling-pistols, — a necessary piece of furniture for the gentleman of half a century ago.

Old John Farmer, the collector of customs, met the party as we dismounted at the wharf to wait for the boat.

"Boys," he said, "I've been watching for you. I'm proud of you! The Yankees are showing their stock when they take to such out-of-door sports as riding those wheels. They're getting back to the spirit of old mother England. I'm an Englishman, and I'm proud of you! Now, every mother's son of you has got to come and drink with me!"

The president assured him of the unbending temperance principles of the company.

"Well, take lemonade or soda; but come on," and the old gentleman, who had evidently been drinking our health before we arrived, led the way to "the store," which served in the triple capacity of grocery, restaurant, and saloon. We drank the health of the kind-hearted old man, who waxed communicative, and began to give his conversation an autobiographical tendency. He had been the agent of Governor Owen years ago, and managed his affairs while he was away from the island. But the whistle of the ferry-boat broke in upon the discourse. As the boat steamed away, the old gentleman braced himself against the piles of the wharf, spasmodically waved his hat, and, as far as his circumstances would allow, gave a parting cheer, which we answered in full chorus from the deck.



THE OVENS.

"We are unwilling walkers," says John Burroughs somewhere, speaking, if I remember rightly, of the American people. The bicycle comes in to make easy the difficulty of learning this lesson. It will arouse in a man the latent taste for the breath of the woods, fields, and streams. It must be admitted that walking has its charms, when, in some suburban wood, one leaves the travelled road and rambles off among the trees with the birds and flowers. But with a merry party, and on a road that runs through regions unsubdued by man, then dives into the depths of old forests, and wanders along semi-cultivated valleys, with here and there a guardian farm-house, then bicycling has its unsurpassable delights, its memorable and unique felicities.

That Saturday's ride from Lubec to Machias gave us a full realization of these pleasures. "Light-hearted I take to the open road," seems to indicate that old Walt Whitman is a bicycler, though it is not conclusive evidence. At least that line expresses the feeling of each one of us as we whirled away from the village in the early June morning. In view of the thirty miles before us we rolled along leisurely, fully enjoying the bracing air, the prospect of the woods and fields and hills, and above all, and through all, that exquisite sense of half-flying, hovering along the ground, which bicycling brings. I know of no other sport, of nothing else, that gives this delightful but peculiar and almost indescribable sensation. One has a feeling of freedom, as if the limitations of movement had been taken away, and one could fly or walk at will. But why attempt to describe something which, from lack of analogies, is beyond description? It is wholly unique. Experience only could give the words meaning.

All the morning we wheeled along, with an occasional stop. A long-drawn whistle came floating from the rear, signifying "slow up;" the captain answered; the long line would gradually close up; the stragglers would come panting in, and on again. This was repeated several times during the morning. Or over the brow of some hill, which we had just mounted, came short, quick calls from the whistle; they were passed along the line; the captain repeated the signals, and dismounted; one by one the men dropped from their wheels, eagerly looking back to see the cause of the delay. Only a header. The bent handle-bar is soon straightened; one whistle, the signal "mount." tells us that all is right, and we are off again. Another silent "slow-up" signal was used at the top of down grades. The captain, as he started down, threw up his hand, and waved it a moment in the air; the man behind him came almost to a stand-still to increase the distance between them, and made the same motion; this process was repeated again and again, till the line had doubled its length, and the men were far apart, and free to take the hill without danger of interfering with one another.

In those wilds there is none of the scrupulous art of the country residence, with its grounds, which betray the fact that nature has been barbered by a gardener and a lawn-mower. There is freedom in the beauty. It appeals to the love of the wild and the semi-barbarous which is within us all, often smouldering, but which breaks out when afar from the everlasting, confining, wearying "improvements" of man. No landscape gardener could "improve" the hill which I now call up in memory. Solemn it stands there, overlooking the low, tangled valley, rugged with rocks peering from the barren spots among the trees; wrinkled and folded, an old, gnarled, but kindly face; and from the dark-green of the cone-like spruces comes floating the song of the wood-thrush.

At one point the road made a deep dive down a steep, rocky hill to the lowlands. The slopes on each side were covered with trees. "It seemed but a step on either hand to grim and untrodden wilderness." Deep ravines, at right angles to the valley, formed spurs in the hills, which often stretched far out towards the opposite side. Far ahead where the trend of the valley changed, the hills appeared almost to overlap, leaving but a narrow gap, through which we saw the distant tree-covered slopes, mellowed by a delicate haze, "woof of the fen." As we came near, the hills gradually separated, the gap widened, and we were in the same broad valley, with the forest-crowned hills rising on either side as before. "Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where the moss-grown but decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy perpetual youth, and blissful, innocent nature is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds and trickling rills?" Nothing can surpass the beauty of these forests of Eastern Maine, dark and silent. There is the spruce-tree, with its tapering trunk and thick leaves, forming a dark-green

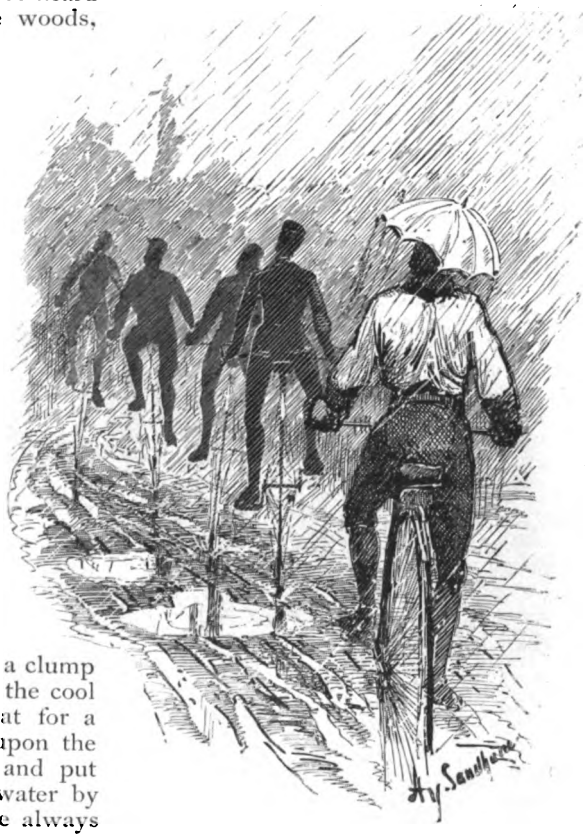
cone; the soft-foliaged hemlock; an occasional tall birch, raising itself in graceful dignity, and waving its bending branches benignly over the tops of its fellows; the clean, shapely beech, which, according to tradition, is the only tree of these forests which is never struck by lightning.

There are but few sounds in these woods in June. The rat-ta-tat of the woodpecker, the mournful cry of the pewee, the retired melody of the wood-thrush singing to himself, were the only sounds to be heard which properly belonged to the woods, and these but seldom. Really, however,-there was the sound of laughter and shout and song, which echoed among the trees as we swept into the shadows of the forests, or came back from the steep sides of valleys through which we passed. Not even the sound of the mosquito was heard, for the summering season in those latitudes does not begin till July. But when he does arrive with his family, his kinsfolk, and a numerous representation of his countrymen, woe betide the belated traveller who shall be compelled to spend the night far from a roof. Thoreau gives some show of credence to the story of a Jesuit priest, who was lost in the woods of Northern Maine, became too weak to defend himself, and was devoured by mosquitoes.

Once we stopped at a spring in a clump of stripling larches, and drank of the cool water, using the Yachtsman's hat for a cup. K. K. stretched himself upon the ground in a reptilian manner, and put himself in connection with the water by means of a rubber-tube, which he always carries for that purpose.

At East Machias, the bugle called a dismount in the centre of the village. All the town people had come out to welcome us. Stores and residences were decorated with flags in our honor. Buckets of lemonade then were brought out to us. He must be hard-hearted, indeed, who could not appreciate and be grateful for such a reception in a little village "'way down East."

As we were crossing the bridge beyond the town we first noticed the black, ugly-looking clouds which were coming up. "We've got to run for it, boys," called back the Captain, spurting along the smooth road. Then, for three miles, we fairly flew; up hill and down, by fields of brake, across which the wind rippled in rolling waves of light and dark green; along the river, where a half-built schooner stood on the bank; and across the rolling country of the Machias valley. We halted a moment outside Machias, for the last



RIDING IN THE RAIN.

riders; and then, in regular line, wheeled into the town. The drops began to fall; the sky grew dark; the last half-mile was swiftly reeled out. Our machines were stored away in the large barn, and we ourselves in the hotel, before the rain could collect its forces. It confessed that it had been baffled, by the spiteful manner in which it soon after came driving against the panes.

Machias is a quaint old town, spread out along the slopes of two hills coming down from either side to the little river. After plunging through between the hills, the

stream runs into a broad, fertile valley. From the tops of the hills one obtains a broad view of the lowlands, which stretch away toward the sea. The water of the river is of a rich, brown color; and, as it pours over a ledge in the very centre of the town, the effects of color are rich and beautiful. This natural fall furnishes the power it stands with it now, — sold, perchance, to the New England Friction Match Company."

As far back as 1633, there was a trading post at Machias, built upon the ruins of an older fort, the date of which is unknown. Ever since that time the place has been of considerable importance, standing, as it

FANCY RIDING.

for several saw-mills, which stand clustered together below it. All along the banks of the stream are scattered logs and lumber. Around the mills are huge piles of boards, and great logs ready for the saw. "Think how stood, the white-pine tree, on the shore of Chesuncook, its branches soughing in the four winds, and every individual needle trembling in the sunlight; think how does, at the head of the navigable waters of the Machias river. In past times many ships were fitted out there for the fishing-grounds, and even for foreign ports. Ship-building is still carried on to some extent; a vessel of several hundred tons was standing in the stocks below the town at the time of our visit. This little town figured prominently in the exciting scenes of the

Revolution. Here the first "naval battle" was fought, as the people of Machias are pleased to call it.

This happened in June, 1775, soon after the news of the battles of Concord, and Lexington reached the village. A British schooner, called "Margaretta," with forty men, came sailing up the river one day, accompanying, for the purpose of protection, two sloops which brought provisions to be exchanged for lumber. This lumber was for the use of the British who held possession of Boston, and to insure its safe arrival, they had sent the armed schooner. A few bold men, led by Benjamin Foster and Jeremiah O'Brien, determined to capture the cutter, and then take the sloops. They attempted to seize the officers in church, Sunday, June 11th, but warning was given them in time to escape through the windows. Soon after the cutter weighed anchor, and started down the river. The citizens at once took possession of the sloops and pursued. The one commanded by Foster ran aground, but O'Brien pluckily kept up the chase. As they ran into the bay at the mouth of the river, the sloop had gained a little on the "Margaretta." The sloop kept steadily lessening the distance, and as they put out to sea, came so close that shots were exchanged. The captain of the cutter was badly wounded; his vessel was soon boarded, and, after a short hand-to-hand fight, captured. The Americans had but few muskets, and in close fighting handled their axes and pitchforks with the vigor and skill acquired in fields and woods. The history of the sober little town is full of interesting stories and incidents — enough to make a volume. Indeed, several books of local history have already been published.

Machias is the ideal of an old "down East" village, with its hills, old houses and mansions, large, branching trees, the river fresh from the pine forests, the woods close at hand, and the sea but a Sabbath day's journey distant. No railroad has yet brought it out from its quiet retirement, and made it common. The people lead a life of purity and simple enjoyment, which its isolation makes possible. They have the best of schools, and take a hearty interest in what is going on in the outside world.

There was a quiet enjoyment in spending a bright, beautiful Sabbath in this cosey little town. It must have been long years before that day that knee-breeches had been seen in the pulpit of the church. Maybe, as the parson stood there, dressed in a style that smacked of another time, some of the old, white-headed people had visions of other days, when such sights were more common.

Late that afternoon we wheeled out of the peaceful village, and across a few miles of hill and dale to Machias-port, where we went on board the boat, which left before daybreak the next morning, for Portland. It was a beautiful, calm evening. Just at sunset the Yachtsman, Whale, the Reporter, and the Editor wandered off for a little run. The shadows were settling down upon the waters of the bay, while the sunshine still lingered on a distant point.

The road ran around the edge of the bay, far out on this point, and we reached the end just as the sun had gathered in his last ray. In front lay the broad bay, running in and out the rugged shores. On one side it widened towards the sea, and was dotted with islands; on the other it stretched away inland, shut in by narrowing shores. As we rode back through the dark woods that covered the point, the cry of a boy calling the strayed cows came to our ears, and then the distant tinkle of a cow-bell; the ghoulish hoot of an owl grated upon the calm of evening.

> "The holy time was quiet as a nun
> Breathless with adoration."

Out of the forest, we rode in the fresh, bright moonlight, back to the boat.

We were among the islands of the Maine coast when the party assembled on the hurricane deck of the steamer the next morning. In and out of the islands the vessel steamed; at one time in what seemed a bay; then heading out to sea, the shore line sinking down and growing dim. As we sat in groups under the lee of the pilot-house, chatting, and laughing, and singing, suddenly the Lawyer jumped to his feet and looked anxiously about him. He saw the receding land behind, and the open ocean ahead, upon whose waves the boat was beginning to rise and sink. There was a troubled look in his face. "Boys," he exclaimed, in thrilling, despairing tones, "I believe that darned captain is steering out to sea." The dejected look, the appealing outcry, brought a roar of laughter from his heartless companions. It was evident that his manly form and handsome face could do nothing for him then; he was human. In vain we tried to console him; but he would not be comforted. Ere long he was seen skulking along towards the stern, behind the boats and smoke-stack, making for the ladder.

All that clear, bright morning we sailed along the rugged, irregular coast, in and out among the rocky islands. The main land was always visible, sometimes so near that its hills and trees and cliffs stood out clear and distinct; again the coast dropped down to a low blue line. But always there was the bright blue above, the warm sunshine, and the brisk breeze sweeping the deck.

Never will the little party that disembarked at Bar Harbor forget the memorable and pleasant hours spent in wandering among the hills and mountains of the island of Mt. Desert! The President acted as captain; behind him rode Tom; then the Parson, Whale, K. K., the Governor, and a number of other strong, trusty riders.

Monday afternoon we sped out of Bar Harbor, along the road which leads to Schooner Head and Spouting Horn, where

"Full on the coast the great waves' thunder-shocks
Roll, and afar the wet foam-vapors fall."

After passing down the avenue of cottages we turned off to the right and were alone in the forest, in a dark cleft of the mountains. On one side rises Newport Mountain, overlooking the many-voiced ocean, the stately, silent listener to the midnight choruses which Great Head and Spouting Horn fling out on stormy nights. On the other side stands Dry Mountain, and beyond it, rough and bold, Green Mountain, —

—"beyond the wood,
Whose pines are heavy with the solitude,
Sacks all the space of sea and sky sublime."

The road was smooth and worn, but runs through the wildest of regions. Soon the sea came in view again at Otter's Cove. The road became more hilly and rougher. We walked down hills almost like precipices, holding back our wheels by bringing the handles over forward, and trundling them like wheel-barrows, in front of us, upon the large wheel, with the small one swinging in air. We rode through deep, narrow valleys, shut in on all sides by hills and mountains. The road wound about aimlessly, as it seemed; up rocky, steep hills, along level heights, giving, on the one hand, magnificent views of the far-reaching sea, sprinkled with islands and sails, and, on the other, views of deep valleys, with brawling streams; thickets of underbrush, wooded slopes, and the ever-present overhanging mountains beyond. We alternately wheeled and walked along the rugged road. Northeast Harbor was passed —

"Against the seaward reefs from time to time,
Some wave more bold and eager than its mates
Runs up, all white with hurrying, and waits,
And clings, as to a rugged verse the rhyme."

At Hadlock's Pond we ran into the shadow of Brown's Mountain, which, with its steep lofty sides, has but space enough for the road between its base and the water. The road becomes a dark avenue, shut in on one side by the steep, dark sides of the mountain, which almost hangs over the road, and on the other by thick trees, through the foliage of which we caught vistas of the lake and the peaks on the opposite side. It would be impossible to even mention all the glorious sights we had seen that day; but they have often been described, and are familiar to many.

It may be worthy of record that, on one of the many steep slopes that lead down to Eagle Lake, the President took his first fall in six thousand miles of riding. The hill began with a gentle declivity, but at a sudden turn it becomes steep and sharp. The President went around the curve, and seeing the steep incline below him, had just time to call back warning, when his wheel darted downwards at a fearful pace. The rest of the party dismounted safely before reaching the steep grade; but it was impossible for the President to stop or dismount. The foot of the hill was invisible in the woods below. He knew not what would happen if he kept on. There was but one thing to do, and the cool-headed President did that one thing. He fairly threw himself from his machine, and came tumbling down in the dirt, while the wheel was thrown over. A few bruises and a bent handle-bar, soon straightened by the Herculean Tom, were the only results. From the farther end of Eagle Lake a railroad runs up Green Mountain. We saw the speck of an engine creeping up its sides. It went so slowly that one had to sight it by a tree to see that it moved. Green Mountain towers above the rest of the peaks on the island, and seems almost conscious of its sovereignty.

"Thou gazest on the sea,
With fir-crowned stony brow that changes never;
We leave thee, in dumb mystery,
Dread Sprite! to heave that stony bulk forever."

The next morning we ran out to the Ovens along a smooth, hard road, overlooking the bay. After loitering a while along the shore under the cliffs, where the water has washed out hollows and caves, the shape of which gives the place its name, we whirled back along the fine road, enjoying it the more from our rough ride of the day before.

Later in the day the party were lounging on the upper deck of the little steamer, "Mt. Desert," bound for Rockland, where we were to meet the boat for Boston. The sky was cloudless, the water as calm as an inland lake, the breeze fresh and invigorating. There on that glass-like sea, floating among the islands of Frenchman's Bay, with the peaks of Green Mountain, Brown, and Pemetic in the distance, we will leave those pilgrims, whose wheel in Norambega was ended.

The story of their adventures will, I doubt not, be told around many a club-house fire for winters to come. And even after the wheelmen whose wanderings have been related shall be no more, and these records shall be dust, there will, no doubt, remain faint traditions of its lost glories. Mayhap it will be handed down that the President coasted Green Mountain, or Tom climbed the rough sides of the Chamcook; or perhaps men will only say, after the manner of old Kaspar in Southey's ballad, not knowing how or why, "It was a famous run."

John S. Phillips.

OVER THE ORTLER.

"What is Art? Here's my answer:
Leg of tramp, and toe of dancer."

"*In hoc signo vinces*," wrote the Journalist, with benumbed fingers, under the ill-proportioned Maltese cross, the drawing of which had occupied his whole attention for several minutes, and then he held the sole-leather instrument case at arm's length that his comrades might gaze upon his handiwork by the aid of the shimmering rays of the fire.

"Under that sign we *will* conquer," exclaimed the other American, the Explorer.

"Under that standard we *hope* to conquer," added the most confident of the four Cambridge men.

It was a strange-looking party, even for far-away Tyrol. Who were the strangers who have thus been introduced through the *vade mecum* of a hackneyed borrowing from the phrase-book?

They were tramps, who were indulging one of the noblest endowments that God gave man. All were mountaineers, — six from love of adventure, and two to gain a livelihood.

None were novices save the one first introduced, and all were determined men. One had earned renown in distant Iceland, where he had mastered the sky-piercing Herdubreid, the sphinx of that far-off land of sagas. Of the others, three had solved the mysteries of the Matterhorn, Mount Blanc, and the Jungfrau, and all were members of geographical societies and Alpine clubs.

Here they were, at the base of the Chevedale glacier, intent on leaving their footprints on the Kœnigspitz, — that pinnacle which stands supreme sentinel over the Ortler range of the Eastern Alps that so few travellers have had the courage to pay court to.

"We'll meet at Innsbruck on the 5th of August," was the magical message sent in January before, and on the day stated the sextette met in The Tyrol's historical capital, coming from England, Germany, and America. A day or two was passed in getting the necessary *impedimenta* together, and having necessary repairs attended to, and late in the forenoon of a drizzling day the six young athletes said good-by to the clothing and customs of every-day life, and set forth on a tramp, that was planned to take them over the Austrian frontier into Switzerland and Italy.

The route to the Ortler region led through the Sill valley and the Brenner pass, and then by way of Sterzing over the Jaufen pass, through the Passeyerthal, — where the name and exploits of Andreas Hofer, the peasant patriot, will ever be revered, — by way of Meran, with its tropical temperature, to Latsch, where the ascent was to begin.

The tramp of a hundred miles, with its occasional scrambles, had brought the young travellers into good condition for the work that was before them, and furnished no end of incidents that fostered pleasing impressions of the frugal and superstitious Tyrolese, who, unlike their Swiss cousins,

have yet to learn to regard tourists with favor only from the stand-point of personal profit.

At Latsch the luggage of the party was subjected to the pruning operation. The Irishman parted with his flannel cricket trousers and eye-glass with evident sorrow, and the pound of Cavendish was divided into six portions, with a nicety worthy of an apothecary's clerk. The knapsacks were repacked, and the aneroids and barometers were carefully tested. The alpenstocks, ice-axes, and ropes were further experimented with to discover any vulnerable point or strand, — a precaution that has become almost second nature with mountain climbers since the tragic death of Lord Douglass, and several of his following, on the Matterhorn, when Whymper and a single guide were left to tell the sad tale.

On the 13th of August the enthusiastic little party digressed from the travelled path at Latsch, where the aneroids registered but one thousand nine hundred and fifty feet above the sea level, and, following a stream whose source was the very glacier that they were journeying to, they scrambled over the rocks until their next resting-place was reached, — Badsalt, an Alpine village of less than a hundred souls, and whose altitude is three thousand seven hundred feet. This hamlet is the rendezvous of a band of daring mountaineers, who have earned distinction by their fearless work, and who are endorsed by the Alpine clubs of London and Vienna. Months before, two of them, Carl and Michel Hofmeister, had been engaged to meet the party that had chosen the grand old Ortler for the base of their operations. Both guides wore the medals of the London Alpine club, that had been given for safely conducting two Oxford geologists over the ice-field of the Chevedale. Each was a fine specimen of the native mountaineer, of proven valor and of lifelong familiarity with the heights and vales of the range of mountains that forms an almost impenetrable barrier between the domains of Austria and Italy.

The next day's climb was up precipitous bluffs and over yawning chasms, where every nerve had to be strained to its utmost tension, and where a misstep or an under-calculation of the width of a crevasse through which the glacier stream passed, would result in instant death. The Zudfall *hütte*, or cabin, was the objective point; but, before half the distance had been traversed, every member of the little expedition was drenched to the skin by the storm that had set in before the jingling bells on the necks of the goats and sheep grazing on the Badsalt plateau had been lost to the ears of the climbers. The last half of the jaunt was made through a driving rain, that gradually changed to snow as the altitude was increased, and when the Zudfall *hütte* was finally reached, the adventurers were stiff with cold. The little building had not been occupied since the summer before, the guides discovered on breaking open the door.

A fire was quickly kindled on the rude hearth, and in a few minutes the Hofmeisters had supper under way, the scantily provided locker of the cabin being drawn upon for the extracts of coffee and beef, the guides advising against opening the provision knapsacks except for one or two delicacies, such as Wienerschnitzel for Michel and Carl, and cognac for the others.

It was a scene long to be remembered for its weirdness, that presented itself with the opening of this sketch, an hour or two after the wayfarers had disposed of their frugal meal prepared eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The travellers were drying their rough garments by the fire that was made of the refuse bits of logs and planks left when the cabin was built; for, remember, even the hardy linden and fir cannot live in an altitude above four thousand feet, and that beyond seven thousand five hundred feet little else than gray moss is found, and that the line of eternal snow is established at eight thousand feet.

The young men's countenances reflected their thoughts, all save the Explorer, who was always unhappy when not in the very jaws of death. Even the Irish Baronet looked worried, and the faces of the guides were far from having a reassuring cast.

The elder Hofmeister once more returned from the little door that had to be barricaded to keep the gale from blowing it in, and in his German *patois* gave the expected intelligence that the snow was still falling, with very little prospect of abating for hours.

The climbers knew what the continuance of the storm, for another hour at least, meant, without having to be informed. It was that the hundreds of crevasses of the glacier would be hidden for days, and that to cross the enormous ice-

field, with its pitfalls hidden under a sheet of crusted snow, would be little short of sheer madness; and, if the storm kept up several days, as storms in the eastern Alps frequently do, what was to become of them!

The last person to run the gauntlet of the labyrinth-rifted Chevedale, according to the record found in the hut, was a well-known English climber, who had come over from the Italian side in the autumn before when there could have been very little danger, as the crevasses were then hermetically sealed under the hard surface of the glaciating snow.

"In the words of our beloved Mr. ——, — some one, I can't think just who, —'survive or perish, sink or swim,' I shall, with the help of the Creator, attempt to cross the Ortler to-morrow," calmly spoke the hero of Herdubreid and Mount Hecla, as he turned away, after a moment's observation at the door, whitened by the snow that clung to his garments.

"Where you lead I'll follow," added the Correspondent; "and, with the storm over, we'll leave this cabin at daybreak, if a guide will accompany us."

"I will go with you," the eldest Tyrolean said, slowly and with considerable gravity.

Then it was that the Journalist outlined the cross of Malta on the instrument-box, and added the quotation that came to his mind instinctively.

An hour later the six young men were either slumbering or courting sleep on their common couch of hay, and, from the sonorous tones that came from the opposite side of the hut with marked regularity, it was certain that the rest of the two hardy mountaineers was not disturbed by any apprehensions of the morrow, or by flitting visions of the past. They were asleep, soundly and positively.

The breakfast at 4 o'clock the next morning was eaten in silence. No one was in a mood for talking. The day was dawning, and a half-hour later the sharp point of the Koenigspitz reflected the golden rays of the sun, and that tooth of ice, whose height is without parallel in the Austro-Italian Alps, looked to be within easy reach. But how deceptive!

The little party left their names in the cabin register, and filed solemnly out of the door that had been so welcome to them the day before. There was no jesting, and the two Americans forgot even to continue the friendly rivalry with the four Cambridge alumni, concerning the relative merits of the New World and the Old. The guides were silent, save when called upon to answer questions so directly put that evasion would be an incivility. The walk at first was through snow knee-deep; but when the terminal moraine that was to be the point of entrance to the great glacier was reached, after an hour's climbing, the lightest of the adventurous band found footing on the crust, but with an occasional sinking to the knees when the feet touched a vulnerable spot in nature's frosting.

A halt was made on some erratic boulders that had been captured by the principal moraine on the Austrian side in its slow but positive march. The stop was for consultation, and old Carl urged that as little time as possible be lost; for, said he, "Our only hope of getting over the cracks is while the crust is strong enough to bear us; five hours of this sun, and we are in danger of losing our lives."

The Englishmen were conversing in low tones meanwhile, and when they beckoned the two bare-kneed Tyroleans to them the Americans divined the result of the council.

"We cannot take the foolhardy risk of attempting to cross with this green snow on the ice; but, if you persist in the undertaking, may God be with you. *We will cross the Ortler*, but not to-day!" was soon shouted to the New Englanders by one of the other party, whose bravery had been established by a daring ascent of the Matterhorn in 1881.

"We are determined to make the effort, and make it we will," was the answer that was reverberated by the rarefied air.

After a hasty handshaking all around the young travellers separated, the Britishers and Michel cheering on the daring trio that were scrambling up the side of the moraine, and when the edge of the ice plateau was gained three rousing cheers were given by the Americans for their friends three hundred feet below, which were answered by a salvo of shouts, that continued long after the abrupt edge of the glacier had shut them out from view.

"Perhaps the boys were right in waiting for the snow to glacify," said the Traveller; "but we're in for it now, and nothing but bad luck will keep us from sleeping in Italy to-night," he continued reassuringly.

At the next halt the three were roped together, as they were getting into the locality where the great rifts began the season before, the guide said.

Carl took the lead, with two folds of the

rope around his waist, and, thirty feet behind, the Journalist was girdled by the stout line, the post of honor being given him owing to his limited experience. His companion brought up the rear, thirty feet behind.

The aneroid indicated eleven thousand five hundred feet at 9 o'clock, and the third rest was being taken. The crust was still unyielding, and there had been a lack of incident for more than an hour, save the loss of the Journalist's ice-axe, that had slipped from its fastening on the top of his knapsack, and, striking its steel-shod handle on the snow, had broken the crust and gone through into a rift of unknown depth.

The canteens were drawn upon for cognac sufficient to wash down the luncheon of eggs and schnitzel, and old Carl had shouldered the haversack again, and the journey was about to be resumed towards the base of the Koenig, whose peak rises like a huge dome, and near the top of which appears a projection of ice that is surrounded by the jaws of a yawning chasm, with an overhanging cornice of ice running from base to crown, which must be traversed if one would gain the uppermost pinnacle. It appears sheer madness to attempt to scale this king of the Ortler, but the enthusiastic climber shrinks from nothing short of certain destruction.

"If we can get to the berg we'll be beyond the dangers of this honeycombed desert of ice," said Carl; "but the hardest work will begin there. Let's hasten, for this sun" —

What had befallen Carl? He had disappeared as by magic!

The travellers knew by the strain on the rope what had happened. Their faithful guide was in a crevasse, and they felt themselves being drawn towards the aperture in the ice-crested snow!

The ready-witted Explorer knew what ought to be done, and in a moment both the young men were braced in the snow. The rope was cutting into the Journalist's body and hands; but the burden of the weight was quickly transferred to an alpenstock that was stepped in the solid ice a foot under the snow. The Traveller unslung the coil of rope at his side, and, crawling on his stomach over the imaginary line of the rift which held the old mountaineer captive, threw it down the opening. It was instantly grasped, telling the alarmed climbers that old Carl was not stunned by the fall, as they had feared.

"Yes; the old fellow is all right, even if he is in the parenthesis of nowhere, suspended by the thread of destiny," the Explorer said, lapsing into his jocular vein.

A concerted pull brought Carl into view, and another landed him well out on the crust. He was bleeding from a scratch on the head and a cut on the knee, where he had struck the rough sides of the chasm in his downward flight. But Carl was not to be crippled by anything so slight, and after saying "Donnervetter," two or three times, while he was getting himself into shape again, he was ready to proceed. He had lost his hat and alpenstock, but his long-handled axe made a good substitute for the latter.

The altitude of the sun, by this time, demanded the greatest caution, and stops were called for every few minutes. But it was noticed that neither the guide nor either of his following reëstablished himself on his feet on the very spot where he had sat or lain at full length during one of these breathing-spells. Experience and observation had taught them better. Upward and onward the travellers kept going, the monotony of their work being frequently relieved by one of them disappearing beneath the snow, taxing the others to get him out again. By mutual agreement a draught from the spirit-flask was the balm that healed the injuries of the unfortunate as soon as he was drawn from the subterranean depths; but, as there very soon arose a suspicion that a certain member of the party was only too willing to exchange a fall into a crevasse for a swallow of brandy, the custom was vetoed, as it were, by a two-thirds vote.

When the outline of the distant Piz Bernina came into view, far beyond the nearest slope of the Koenigspitz, Carl said they were about on the *landesgrenze*, or dividing-line, between Austria and Italy.

Force of habit almost made the Americans open their knapsacks and turn their pockets inside out, so that the imaginary customs' officer could assure himself that King Humbert's laws were not being transgressed by smuggling quantities of tobacco and spirits into his territory.

But there was no customs' station, and, had there been, the less than a score of venturesome people who pass the border by way of the Ortler every season would hardly suffice to keep the dozen military martinets, who would have to be stationed there, from perpetual *ennui*.

For once, certainly, American tourists entered Italy without having their luggage ransacked by gaudily dressed representatives of the crown, who can scent a package of tobacco with surprising facility.

When the base of the spitz, that lifts its haughty head 2,000 feet above the inclined plane, forming the Chevedale glacier, was reached, the sturdy climbers were well-nigh exhausted, and were doubtless silently thanking the Providence that had watched over them in the positions of peril in which they had been on that mid-August day. Each had scratches, cuts, and bruises to look after, and each did his share in preparing the noon meal. The Explorer's spirit-lamp was first called upon to reduce a few handfuls of snow to water to dilute the cognac with, and then to soften — melt, the Journalist called it — the extract of beef. Many famous *table d'hôtes* have furnished less enjoyable repasts than the one that was prepared and eaten on the Ortler, at a height of 12,250 feet, and with snow-covered mountains of three countries almost within rifle-shot!

The Correspondent gave evidence of his determination to be cheerful, by remarking that there was an excellent chance for an ambitious landlord to establish a hotel on the spot; he could be truthful when he advertised the scenery as unsurpassed, the nights cool, no mosquitoes, the air always invigorating, and grate-fires comfortable even on midsummer mornings.

"And might add, 'Skating the year round,' by way of novelty," suggested his comrade.

Once more the safety-line was adjusted, and the ice-axes and alpenstocks called into use. Up, over the primary moraine, the trio crawled and gained the *aréte*, which narrow ridge led the tortuous way to the peak of the Koenig. It was a grateful change from the glacier, with its constant hidden dangers, to the berg, that displayed its perils boldly. The snow, moistened by the sun, made the footing good, and the occasional cliff of denuded ice was easily scaled by means of steps cut by the guide. The sensitive instruments worked admirably with the rarefied atmosphere; and the "log," as the Journalist termed the record of the observations and altitudes that he set down in his book at stated intervals, would prove a grateful acquisition to the literature of this seldom-visited range, the Explorer said.

The ascent two-thirds made, the experienced eyes of the guide descried a dark cloud approaching, that he contemplated with ominous silence. On it came, with a roar sounding like distant thunder, and the young men did not have to be told that there was every indication that in a very few minutes they would be in the midst of a *tourmente*, — a whirlwind peculiar to high regions.

They chose the most inviting spot within immediate reach on which to meet the impending storm, and had no sooner gained the little plateau, protected by a ledge of ice, before the furies burst upon them. Each of the travellers laid flat, with face downward, and holding firmly to the serrated edge of the ice-ledge. The force of the *tourmente* was quickly spent; then followed a dense snowfall, accompanied by gusts of wind that sent the flakes flying in clouds that confined their vision to a very limited space. The climbers, half buried in the snow, retained recumbent positions so long that they found their limbs growing numb. But in a few minutes more they had resumed their climb, and were cautiously but surely nearing the peak, that was again resplendent under the rays of the sun.

Their courage was fired by the belief that victory would be theirs in another half hour if no accident befell them, and not for a moment did they think of their exhaustion or their bruised and cut hands and legs. Does the person "seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth" shrink at the moment of success or defeat?

So, with buoyant hearts and steady heads, they overcame obstacle after obstacle, and at 2 o'clock the three men were standing erect on the uppermost spur of the Koenig.

What a panorama was spread at their feet! What grandeur! What sublimity! Hundreds of peaks, range beyond range, met the gaze; but nowhere was there a break in the vista, — white everywhere, except an occasional low-lying cloud, that hung lazily over neighboring bergs, but hundreds of feet below the top of the Koenig. The binocular telescope penetrated the distance, however, and far away to the south-west the plains of Lombardy could be descried, and here and there the eye could find a resting-place on mother earth, — bright oases in that desert of ice and snow.

Turning their faces in the direction from which they had come, the travellers gave three cheers for Austria and The Tyrol; then, turning toward the Piz Bernina, three

hearty cheers were given for Switzerland, followed by three more for the kingdom on whose northern boundary they were standing, — Italy.

"We mustn't forget ourselves," ventured the patriotic Correspondent, and twice three lusty cheers were given for the United States of America, the shouts being accompanied by the reckless swinging of poles and hats by way of emphasis.

The pointing hand of the aneroid had nearly made the circuit of the dial-plate, and, when the keeper of the log held the little instrument as high as he could reach, the finger rested midway between fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty and fourteen thousand three hundred feet.

The young men were disturbed in their silent contemplation of the grand spectacle by the guide, who urged the necessity of beginning the descent at once.

The greatest caution had to be exercised in the downward journey, and while there was every incentive to venture an occasional slide down the sides of some of the less precipitous ridges, the advice of old Carl consoled his wards to making the descent of the spitz as the ascent had been made, — by careful steps, and with the bodies always braced by the alpenstocks.

It was a short stretch from the foot of the Koenig across the glacier to the point where the men were untied to resume their individual pace and method of progress.

Sliding was now practicable, and, with alpenstocks or axe-poles trailing behind for the double purpose of steering and regulating their speed, the adventurers made quick time in reaching the final moraine, that penetrated a gradually widening valley to a considerable distance, forming, eventually, a rushing stream of glacier-water.

It was with feelings of exultant satisfaction that the travellers passed the line of demarcation and gained a footing on *terra firma*.

Down, down, they went, until they found themselves traversing a path well worn by the Italian peasants, who keep their flocks of sheep and goats high up the mountain side. Here and there they saw lonely shepherds tending their herds; and, suddenly, as they were pursuing their journey with considerable speed, two young women were discovered coming up the valley on the backs of meek-eyed donkeys. The attire of the equestriennes told the tourists that they were nearing a mountain resort, where summer travellers probably affected ribbon-bedecked staffs, blue hat-veils, and other notions, always for sale at mountain hotels.

The ladies were within five hundred feet of the three rough-looking men before they were aware of their presence. One look was all that was needed to assure the young ladies that the uncouthly dressed men were brigands. The girls wheeled their steeds about in a hurry, and urged them down the valley at the utmost speed compatible with safety.

The two Americans and their man Friday reached the little village of St. Caterina at 5.30 o'clock, and the throng of Milanese aristocrats who monopolize its hostelry, going there to drink the mineral water that bubbles from the ground, and to profit by the rare atmosphere afforded by its elevation of six thousand five hundred feet, separated to allow the strangers to enter by the principal door-way. They were well-received, for banditti, and when it was learned in the evening, from the guide, that his companions had successfully crossed the Ortler with him, and that the young men were Americans, their arrival became a popular topic of conversation, and when the youths appeared at dinner the next day, with faces and hands flecked with plasters hiding their scratches, they were heartily greeted by the warm-souled Italians.

That evening the Explorer's stiffened joints became limbered after an hour's waltzing with one of the fair young ladies who the day before was quite positive he was a brigand, and during the course of the evening's pleasures it was noticed that the cluster of edelweiss plucked by the Explorer near Zudfall, after a sharp climb over a ledge of ragged rocks, was pinned at her corsage.

The next morning the tramp was resumed, the route leading by way of the Bormio and Bernina passes and the Bernina Hospice, to St. Moritz, in Switzerland, and then through the Engadine valley to Lake Como, where a holiday tramp and climb of nearly two hundred and fifty miles came to an end, and where it was learned that the Englishmen had returned to Latsch to make additional preparations for again attempting the Ortler.

Frederic Courtland Penfield.

OUT-OF-DOORS IN PHILADELPHIA.

In Philadelphia and vicinity there are many enthusiasts in out-door sports; but they are quiet in their pursuits. It is only when what are regarded as important events occur, that their doings are reported in the daily papers. There is a Sunday journal called *The Sporting Life*, which has reached an enormous circulation; but it is a paper the general public seldom see. It notes carefully and in detail all sporting movements. The Germantown Cricket Clubs are organizations composed of young men connected with the best families of that locality, and with them are associated clubs of ladies, for lawn tennis and the like. They also have their in-door social entertainments, and are very prominent in the life of that neighborhood, where reside some of the richest citizens. It was announced, about a year ago, that a great Casino, with conveniences for all games, was to be erected in Germantown, and influential names were connected with the project; but it has apparently fallen through. West Philadelphia has numerous associations for out-door sports, and any fair day ladies and gentlemen may be seen upon the handsome lawns surrounding the houses, engaged at lawn tennis.

The Hare and Hounds Club and the Rose Tree Club are very active organizations. The Sportsman's Club has a large membership. The Philadelphia Sparring and Fencing Club is a very exclusive society, and objects to newspaper notice. Although it has been in existence a number of years, I never saw it referred to but once in our local journals; and away from home it is not known of at all. The bicyclists, as The Wheelman told its readers so well, and with such full particulars, some months since, are innumerable. There is no hour or day when you may not meet them in the Park, and sometimes, on Sunday especially, they ride down Market street, often to near the Delaware. The Park Commission, for a wonder, is very liberal in its rules concerning bicycles. Since several of the squares or parks in the heart of the city have been improved with flag pavements, bicyclists often make use of them. They are allowed the outer paths; they make long trips into the country, occasionally attending church in suburban towns, five or six miles off, take dinner, and then back to the city. They go on longer journeys also,—to Lancaster, Reading, and other cities in the interior. The banks of the Schuylkill are lined with the houses of boating-clubs, a majority of them very handsome and expensive structures. I should say there are about twenty-four of these clubs. Their membership is largely among the well-to-do people. Glorious dinners are given now and then. They have large eight, ten, and twelve oared barges, luxuriously fitted up, and summer evenings the Schuylkill, near their houses, is covered with these boats, carrying happy parties of ladies and gentlemen,—invited guests. They are very active in their practice; the club members are on the river in their shells in light boating costumes every day. The historic State in Schuylkill flourishes as of yore, but only the high and mighty are admitted to its wonderful feasts. Though The State in Schuylkill has often been described and illustrated in print, yet it must still remain much of a mystery to all but its own inhabitants, and the very few they invite to its territory. The shooting-clubs and fish-houses, where you meet the famous Fish-house punch, so innocent in taste, but so quick and powerful in operation, are not to be counted. They are located on both the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers. On the latter, below and above the city, there are a number of magnificent structures. The most famous are situated at Holly Oak, where they dot the shore for a stretch of half a mile. On the New Jersey shore, about Billingsport, there are half-a-dozen clubs from this city, who own as many houses. Up the river the most pretentious houses are on the cove back of Petty's Island; and all the way up to Bristol can be seen, on either shore, neat houses owned by Philadelphians, and used exclusively for gunning and fishing. The figure would not be overestimated, to say that there are not less than one hundred such houses within twenty miles, north and south of the city. These clubs include men of all classes among their members, from the millionnaire merchant to the fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk.

Yachting is also very popular in Philadelphia, and is confined to the Delaware river. There are twenty-one clubs, the most conspicuous being the Quaker City, composed of schooners and sloops. The

Philadelphia, with its three classes of yachts, none of which are over fifteen feet in length, is the oldest, and has upon its roll over sixty boats. The Southwork Club, composed of double-enders, has lately reached prominence by producing some of the swiftest yachts that ever spread canvas on the river. The others are chiefly composed of large craft.

A few years since, the city had some ten or fifteen skating-clubs, and as many parks, — enclosed flooded fields, which were frequented alike by ladies and gentlemen. Skating then was more than fashionable. A band of music was always in attendance; there were skates to hire, and comfortable, warm waiting and retiring rooms; there were even restaurants, and it certainly seemed as if these parks were to be permanent establishments. But all at once they disappeared as mysteriously as did Aladdin's palace, and now there is not one in the city. All the real-ice skating we have is when the Schuylkill is sufficiently frozen. Of course this change has put skating out of the good books of the ladies, and more's the pity. Roller-skating was quite popular for a while, and a large rink devoted to it for some time did excellent business; but it, too, lost favor, and has now very few friends.

There is a great deal of horseback-riding, and numerous riding-schools; and cavalcades of ladies and gentlemen go out for exercise and practice under the charge of the masters in the park. The early morning is the usual time, and a ride to the dairy for fresh milk is the proper thing. Another sight often witnessed in the park is the flying of carrier-pigeons, for which sport there is something of a mania in Philadelphia. While the park is very enjoyable from the various pastimes I have mentioned, it is undeniable that the feeling exists that the Park Commission could make it much more so if they would. They permit very much, but they actually encourage nothing. They might, it is thought, establish numerous out-door amusements within the boundaries of this immense reservation, which would make it more truly the pleasure-ground of the whole people. At the University of Pennsylvania the young men show great interest in all out-door sports; they stand very high among colleges in this respect, and in other respects, also, I hope. Foot-ball, cricket, with boating, are its favorites, and they are now organizing a lacrosse club. The admirers of lacrosse claim that it can be played in any degree of cold, and that it is peculiarly adapted to the autumn and early spring months. Heretofore, when the ground was too hard for foot-ball, there was nothing to take its place. They now say that lacrosse will fill this void. The University Athletic Association is growing in importance, and they propose to put up buildings and fit up grounds at their own expense. They appeal, however, to the alumni and the general public for assistance, and no doubt subscriptions will be generous. There is a large amount of land about the University, and so plenty of room for nearly everything in the nature of sports. The University has a department for physical culture, which was established last May, and is under the charge of distinguished physicians.

Our fashionable people, possibly through whim, and not through thought, are living out of doors to a surprising degree. Many families remain at their country-houses almost indefinitely, returning to their city residences only about Christmas; then they are back again to the country before spring is fairly opened. They go from there to their seaside villas, only to return again for the fall months. These country residences are usually filled with guests, invited after the English fashion,— cards informing them how long they are expected to stay. There is an unceasing round of gayeties, of course including long rides and drives. Atlantic City has its most fashionable patronage in the fall and after the Christmas holidays. Even New Yorkers are then attracted to this resort. Cape May is also ambitious for cold-weather patronage, and it is an ambition that receives some encouragement. Several hotels there, and at Cape May Point, are open. However they came to adopt this new method, it must be for the good of the society folks, far preferable to nothing but balls and crowded receptions. But you must not suppose that city society life has died out. That is as lively and brilliant as ever, but they are mixing considerable country and pure air with it.

It would not do to close without saying a word of the base-ball clubs, but any particularization of these organizations would be impossible. Naturally, since base ball is so much of a professional game, it can hardly come under the head of what we recognize as out-door recreations, for with many of the players it is a business rather than a pleasure.

J. W. Forney.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

PERHAPS there is no other portion of the civilized community where the future prospects of the wheel are in a more roseate, healthy, and prosperous condition, than in the colonies which form the continent of Australasia. In the Southern Hemisphere bicycling is but in its infancy, and has, besides, many obstacles to surmount, some of which are of considerable magnitude. However, there is little reason to doubt that these will eventually be successfully overcome; for the colonial youth, although lacking in some qualities, is not without that bull-dog pluck and tenacity which has, for centuries past, been so proudly associated with his English forefathers.

The exact date upon which the first bicycle of the kind now so extensively in use was first imported into the colonies is somewhat uncertain; but, as far as I can ascertain, it was about the month of July in the year 1876. The rider and envied possessor of this particular "steely steed" brought down upon himself popular prejudice in a most practical form, which at times assumed the shape of road metal, and profanity of the keenest kind. However, as time rolled along, other 'cycles found their way to our shores, and eventually, about the month of August, 1878, a club was successfully formed, under the title of "The Melbourne Bicycle Club." From that time the sport gradually increased. Young men, with a perception perhaps beyond their years, clearly saw the very many excellent uses to which the 'cycle could be put, as well as its admirable qualities as an inexpensive means of obtaining healthy and harmless relaxation and recreation. It is not to be wondered at, then, that there are now so many associations devoted to the furtherance of the pastime here.

Victoria can fairly claim to be the hub around which the southern 'cycle revolves. That particular colony boasts more wheel clubs than the other colonies united together. New clubs are upon the increase, and on the 1st day of October, 1883, the date upon which I pen this, it is clearly evident that a golden halo throws its lustrous light upon the glowing horizon of Southern Wheeldom.

It was not until January of last year that the monotony of club life was agreeably dispelled. Previous to that date club runs, meetings, tours, and races had comprised the sole doings of our World of Wheels. The successful competitors in these races invariably preferred, and accepted, cash in preference to trophies, probably being of a commercial turn of mind. There was then no distinction on the path. The rider who accepted money competed against the rider who accepted a trophy; and there is every probability that cyclistic affairs would have continued to remain in this chaotic condition had not a Union been founded for the special purpose of regulating this and the many other evils which began, as the sport increased, to threaten its ultimate success. On the date above mentioned appeared the first number of *The Bicycle*, "a bi-monthly journal of bicycling news in all the Australian colonies," and which enjoyed a successful run of nine months, under the editorship of Mr. T. A. Edwards, when it was merged into the *Australian Bicycling News*,—a larger journal, which still continues to make its appearance on every alternate week.

On the 6th of February of the same year was founded, on the basis of the English Bicycle Union, the Australian 'Cyclists' Union. The inaugural meeting was attended by the following gentlemen: J. A. R. Clarke, H. C. Bagot, R. Fergusson, T. A. Edwards, E. G. Glass, J. Lugton, J. Manson, A. Lewis, W. E. Adams, J. Metcalfe, T. B. Vallentine, F. J. Empson, H. J. Hobday, and W. H. Lewis.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Edwards, Clarke, and Manson, was appointed to frame a code of rules and regulations, which, at a subsequent meeting, held on the 2d of March, after undergoing discussion, modification, and alteration, were finally unanimously adopted. The objects and rules of the association are almost identical with those of the English B.U., the former of these being as follows:—

1. To secure a fair and equitable administration of justice as regards the rights of 'cyclists on the public roads.

2. To watch the course of any legislative proposals in Parliament or elsewhere affecting the interests of the 'cycling public, and to make such

representations on the subject as the occasion may demand.

3. To secure to the Union universal jurisdiction over handicapping in all 'cycling races held in the Australian colonies where there are club members of the Union.

4. To settle all important questions relative to 'cycling, and to judge, as a supreme tribunal without appeal, all difficulties amongst 'cyclists in the Australian colonies.

5. To procure for tourists desirable information relative to their journey.

6. To examine the question of 'cycle-racing in general, and to frame definitions and recommend rules on the subject. To arrange for annual race-meetings, at which the amateur championships shall be decided.

Of these, three have been carried out with success, whilst the remainder have yet to be dealt with, and will, it is to be earnestly hoped, meet with a similar consummation. The Australian 'Cyclists' Union, although it has been in existence but twenty months, has accomplished much that will eventually operate to procure that immaculateness of the "art" for which purpose it was originally partly founded. For instance, it has, after a severe but determined struggle, clearly distinguished an amateur from a professional rider, and by this action has become the recipient of the animosity and implacability of that particular section which is always to be found in every athletic sport throughout the universe; and which, whilst desiring to compete for money prizes in preference to trophies, still wish to preserve their amateur status in its integrity. This much-vexed, and apparently never-to-be-settled, question has caused considerable discussion and dissension of a somewhat heated nature amongst Australian wheelmen. The section referred to is continually agitating either for a modification or rejection of the rule. But I rejoice to say that, so far, their efforts have been futile. May they continue so until the end of time!

Through the efforts of the A.C.U. a substantial reduction has been brought about upon the carriage of bicycles upon the Victorian railway lines, which has in very numerous instances proved a great boon to many a tourist. It has also been the direct means of having a cinder racing-track laid down around the Scotch College Cricket Ground, which is the only path of the kind in the colonies. This, however, will not be available for practical purposes until the termination of the present winter months, as it requires a great quantity of water, in order that it may set in a proper manner; and the rains which prevail at this particular season of the year will, it is anticipated, bring about the beneficial result so impatiently desired. It will therefore be seen that the A.C.U., in spite of its brief existence, has been of pronounced benefit and valuable advantage, both to the sport and its numerous votaries.

It is the intention of the gentlemen who compose the Council of the colonial governing bodies of 'cycling, in the course of time, to establish a branch upon the basis of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, so that a special hotel tariff will exist to 'cyclists when touring throughout the colonies; and will also combine the other excellent practical advantages of that English body. This is an exigency long experienced, and one which is becoming daily more palpable, with the growth of bicycling and tricycling; and without doubt, when this intended addition to the benefits to be derived from membership of the A.C.U. has been proclaimed *un fait accompli*, the Council will receive from all Australian wheelmen that further support, and those hearty congratulations, that their zeal and energy in promoting the interests and the welfare of the pastime most certainly will deserve.

As regards clubs, there are many in our midst. Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, and the queen city of the South, has alone some fourteen wheel associations; whilst in the country districts there are, at the least, some twenty-two clubs. New South Wales boasts about eight, South Australia three, Tasmania three, Western Australia one, Queensland one. 'Cycle races are continually being decided; and so fascinating are these contests now becoming to the mind of the outside public, who formerly regarded the wheel as an object of nuisance, and a thing to be firmly put down, that scarcely a sport's programme is arranged without allotting a prominent position to bicycle events; and the fact has now become permanently established that, as regards excitement, a wheel race supersedes any other kind of athletic competition.

On the whole, however, colonial clubs have chiefly confined their operations to the road and to the path, few having undertaken with any spirit to fully develop that feeling of good-fellowship which is almost unconsciously attached to 'cycling. Lately, however, our leading club, the Normandy B. and T.C., held its first annual ball, which was attended by all the wealth and beauty of our southern city.

The success which attended this undertaking in the Terpsichorean line has stirred several others of our B.C.'s into social activity; and the gratifying result is, that we are now promised three balls, besides several other entertainments, mostly savoring of the "smoker" type.

It is not so long since that to traverse 100 miles under 12 hours was considered in our world of wheels a feat of more than ordinary merit; but, lately, this distance has been covered within the stipulated time by so many riders that the novelty is fast wearing away. The best Australian 100 miles' record is accredited to Mr. George Burston, who occupies the position of captain of the Melbourne B.C.; and, as the features of his run will probably prove of interest to your readers, if you can spare me space, I will describe them tersely.

Sunday was the day selected to attempt his feat; Mr. Burston, no doubt, believing in the venerable saw, "The better the day the better the deed." The route chosen was from Ballarat, — one of our largest inland mining cities, — *via* Gulong, to Melbourne.

It was cold and dark, at 6.10, when he mounted his bicycle and commenced his arduous journey. For several days previously heavy rains had prevailed, and the roads, therefore, were in a wretched condition, and not at all conducive to record cutting. The stagnant pools of water, with which the ruts in the road were filled, were covered with a thin film of transparent ice, and the coldness in the atmosphere, being intense, had the effect of increasing our rider's exertions, in order that a genial warmth might be generated.

The little township of Elaine (20 miles) was reached at 8.10, and as the road now began to improve the pace was quickened to nearer 20 miles an hour. Meredith, Lethbridge, and Leigh Road were passed in succession, and it was not until Batesford Hill (48 miles) had to be negotiated, that our traveller made his first dismount, at 10.24. Twenty-eight minutes later, and the remaining 6 miles had been covered and Gulong reached. But 20 minutes were lost here in resting, when a fresh start was made, the rider now enjoying a slight breeze on his back. After crossing the Little river the rain, which had been threatening all the morning, began to descend in torrents. Twenty minutes were lost in walking over a mile of bad road; but as it improved so did the pace, with the result that the township Werribee was reached at 1.37 P.M. Another rest of 20 minutes, and once more was the 56-inch sent humming merrily along. After passing through the borough of Footscray the road thence to the metropolis was found variable; in fact, very much variable; but, eventually, the 100 miles were completed by 4 P.M. The successful issue of this tedious journey will have the effect of permanently establishing Mr. Burston's reputation as one of our best road-riders, and he has consequently received that praise which is the due of every plucky wheelman.

Although Australians have performed creditably on the road, their efforts on the track are also of a somewhat high order. Southern 'cyclists, as compared with their English brethren and American cousins, are placed at a great disadvantage as regards the quality and condition of the paths at their disposal. In Melbourne there are but four, and of this number one only is at the present time really fit to permit 'cycle contests to be decided upon its surface; whilst another, the Union track, will, as soon as it can be moulded into proper form, be the *crême de la crême* of racing-rinks in the colonies. As regards the tracks in the country districts they are simply execrable. In spite, however, of all these disadvantages and drawbacks, W. S. Hazelton, also a prominent member of the Melbourne B.C., succeeded in March, of last year, in completing a mile, in connection with a club handicap, in the excellent time of 2m. 43⅘ secs., which is, I believe, the second fastest for the distance placed on record. It will be seen that it is but 2⅗ seconds slower than H. L. Cortis' best; and, when the quality of the two tracks is taken into consideration, I think that a great number of your readers will coincide in thinking with me that the colonial's performance is equal in merit to that of the "Wondrous Wanderers."

Touring is carried on with great avidity by all sections of riders; and this is not to be wondered at when the many attractions which our provincial districts contain are taken into consideration. The scenery to be viewed when traversing our country routes is of a variable character, — from the mountains, covered with gigantic specimens of the *Eucalyptus*, and thick undergrowth, affording a safe refuge to timid marsupials and the treacherous snake; to the flat, undulating country, having only here and there, in the space of many miles, an occasional oasis in the shape of a friendly "public," whereat the weary rider may dismount and recuperate his energies.

We have roads that lead to the sandy shingle of the ocean; and others that terminate in the haunts of the umbrageous fern, under the fronds of which nothing is more enchanting, or more renovating to the inhabitant of the city, than to peacefully lie and dream away the fleeting hours. Again, the country folks are, on the whole, an unexceptionally hospitable class of people; and the majority of them are but too glad to extend to the traveller, be he the rider of a 'cycle, or the "humper" of a swag, every possible kindness and attention. The hotels through which one passes when on an Australian tour, although unostentatious as regards external appearances, are found, upon inspecting the interiors, to be of the cleanest kind; whilst meals, and other necessary accommodation, are extremely reasonable in price, and, as far as quality is concerned, calculated to satisfy the tastes and desires of all except the extremely fastidious.

We, like you, have our "cads on castors," who appear to strive their utmost, by their ungentlemanly behavior and illegal transgressions, when riding along the highways, to bring the sport into disrepute with the non-'cycling public, — a class of people, who should, even at considerable personal inconvenience, be conciliated, and made to look upon the pastime with a pleasing eye. Owing to the liberty which 'cyclists, one and all, hitherto enjoyed without the slightest restrictions on the part of the authorities, having been most grossly abused by the above class of riders, the Melbourne, and several other Municipal Corporations, found it imperative to frame special by-laws, with a view to regulate 'cycular traffic, and the course they found so necessary to adopt has already had a beneficial effect. A number of riders have appeared before the justices at various times for failing to carry lamps after nightfall, and for indulging in the prohibited luxury of footpath riding; but in no instance have the offenders been mulcted in a heavier sum than one shilling, with the customary costs.

It will, therefore, be seen, from what I have asserted in this article, that Australia is beyond a doubt a fitting field for the ultimate growth of the 'cycle to enormous dimensions; and there is every probability for assuming that when the wheel has become more extensively used by the youth of the colonies, it will tend, in a great measure, to increase and strengthen both the physical and the moral condition of Australians as a people; and that the benefits derived now from the pursuit of such a healthful and excellent exercise will have the effect of making the next generation of colonials one of the strongest and sturdiest nations in the world.

The 'cycle has already exercised considerable influence over our young men from a social point of view; and there is, to my mind, every reason to believe that as manhood suffrage is in vogue in our midst, and as the majority of our riders have attained that age which entitles them to participate in the election of parliamentary representatives, in a few years hence the influence of the wheel in our political world will prove of no small order. Happily, however, up to the present time no occasion has arisen to necessitate 'cyclists to put this dormant power to the test. They enjoy the free use of all highways; they are regarded, and consequently treated, as gentlemen; and they have likewise that which is apparently generally denied to our English brethren, namely, impartial justice meted out to them in every court of law throughout the colonies. Therefore, under all these truly advantageous circumstances, let us adopt as our motto for the wheel the long-established and universally recognized device of our country: "ADVANCE AUSTRALIA."

Thomas A. Edwards.

THE TWIDDLE TWINS.

It was a sultry August day. The sky was covered with a thick blanket of clouds, which yielded no cooling rain, and scarcely moved in the still air. Though these clouds shut out the direct rays of the sun, they also seemed to shut out every breath of wind, and to pen in and reflect back the quivering heat which rose from the steaming earth. The road was deserted. Its length of baked gravel and clay stretched away a silent and lonely whitish-yellow streak across the languid landscape. Mr. Twiddle drove his wheel along with a faint and half-wilted indifference as to whether he ever arrived anywhere. He had the whole road to himself, and he took improper liberties with it, wobbling all over its glowing breadth, with many lazy side-lurches, as if he did not care how many rods to the mile he made of it. It was so hot — so almost infernally hot — that nobody else was abroad on the highway. Man and beast remained at home. As he rode the sweat poured from every pore of his body, and enveloped him in a filmy steam that would have been almost visible if anybody had been there to see him. Where he was riding the road traversed a wood, without a house within a mile of him, either before or behind. This wood on either side, instead of looking cool and inviting, seemed like two rows of vast ovens, out of whose myriad mouths exhaled a heated air, making the highway thus walled in still more insufferably sultry. The woods seemed tiresome because of their monotonous silence and sameness. No squirrel rustled their leaves; no bird flitted among their branches; even the insects had retired to the deeper shades to seek shelter from the heat.

Presently Mr. Twiddle rolled slowly across a wooden bridge spanning a ravine, through which flowed a sluggish brook. If the water of this brook had exhibited a lively motion, if it had looked cool, clear, and inviting, for either drinking or bathing, Mr. Twiddle would have been tempted to leave his saddle and refresh himself by bathing his head, neck, and arms in its current. But its water flowed slowly and looked dark and warm; the banks were steep, and the exertion of dismounting and going down to the water appeared a greater task than his languid ambition was willing to undertake.

Nevertheless, after riding two or three rods beyond the bridge, Mr. Twiddle suddenly checked his wheel. He came so nearly to a stand-still that he lost his balance and dismounted after a few preliminary wobbles. Then he leaned one arm on his saddle and stared sharply, with his mouth ajar, at an object under the edge of a thicket on the left-hand side of the road. Presently Mr. Twiddle shut his mouth with a snap, pursed his lips, and emitted a long whistle, expressive of great astonishment. Waiting a moment as if to see what effect his whistle would produce, he pronounced in a solemn and emphatic manner the word "Je-ru-sa-lem!" expressive of prodigious surprise.

The object whose appearance in that retired and silent place had thus singularly upset Mr. Twiddle's long and pretty thoroughly trained equanimity — a virtue which receives a pretty sharp and continual tillage at the hands of the club wits — was a small red and white checkered shawl spread out upon the grass, with a three or four months' old baby sitting bolt upright in the middle of it, and no other person, especially no female person, anywhere apparent either to sight or hearing!

This baby was dressed in crumpled white muslin, with a soiled pink ribbon about its waist. It held in one of its chubby fists a rubber rattle. It stared at Mr. Twiddle for a minute with unwinking eyes, and a very business-like expression, as if taking an inventory of his visible qualities. Apparently its investigation proved satisfactory, for it suddenly raised its rattle and brought it down with a vigorous whack of approval on one of its legs, and looked at Mr. Twiddle to note if he had anything to say about it.

Mr. Twiddle looked up the road, down the road, all along the wood, and at the brook. He saw nobody; he heard nobody. Then he looked at the baby again, and remarked with sincere earnestness: —

"Great Scott!"

This remark the baby immediately applauded with another vigorous whack with its rattle.

Thus far Mr. Twiddle had stood facing

the baby, and had not looked at the opposite side of the road. But now a slight noise behind him caused him to suddenly turn about. He started violently, and let his wheel drop rattling to the ground. In falling, one of the handles grazed the pet corn of his left foot. He immediately gathered up this foot affectionately in both his hands, and sought to press it to his bosom, while he hopped ludicrously about on the other foot till he stumbled and sat down hard on the road. All this time he kept his eyes fixed upon the object which had a second time upset his equanimity. After sitting and staring a few moments, Mr. Twiddle slowly arose and dusted off the expanse of his knickerbockers with various slaps of his hands. Then he ejaculated with solemn force and deep feeling: —

"I'll be blowed!"

This second object which had so singularly disarranged Mr. Twiddle's collection of ideas was another small red and white checkered shawl, spread upon the grass, under the edge of the thicket, on the right-hand side of the road, with another baby, very much like the first one in size and appearance, and also dressed in soiled white crumpled muslin, with a pink ribbon about its waist, sitting bold upright in the middle of the shawl, and staring at the astonished wheelman. This second baby in white was also armed with a rubber rattle.

Seeing that this second baby made no reply to Mr. Twiddle's first eloquent remark, he looked first at one, then at the other, of the singular phenomena, meanwhile mopping his face and neck with a handkerchief already saturated with sweat, and observed with increased emphasis, indicative of the extreme climax of surprise: —

"Well, by George!"

To this pertinent remark both babies responded by simultaneously banging their rubber rattles down upon their knees, producing the effect of unanimous applause.

Mr. Twiddle now walked to the right-hand side of the road, where he mounted a log and peered carefully into the recesses of the wood. Nobody in sight. Then he crossed to the left-hand side of the road, mounted a stump, and looked sharply into all the woody vistas. Nobody there. Then he walked back to the bridge, and looked over each side down at the water. Nobody visible. Then he went back to his wheel, and looked first at one baby and then at the other. They were both there. He went up close to the right-hand baby, and ventured to touch its head softly with his right forefinger. It was a sure enough live baby. Then he crossed over the road and touched the head of the other baby with his left forefinger. It was a no-mistake flesh-and-blood infant. No optical delusion about either of them. Then Mr. Twiddle went back to his wheel, mopped his face and neck some more with his wet handkerchief, and cried out: —

"Hello-o!"

No reply from anybody. He tried it again, a good deal louder and longer: —

"Hello-o-o!"

No answer. Silence everywhere, thick enough to be felt. Then Mr. Twiddle laid his head back between his shoulder-blades, opened his mouth wide, shut his eyes, took in a big breath, and let out a yell that would have strained the vocal chord of a four-horse-power steam calliope:

"Hello-o-o-ah!"

He paused for a reply, and gasped for air. Not a sound anywhere; not an indication that there ever would be any sound. Only the two babies looked at his performance with graye surprise and some alarm. But they concluded that this was merely a vocal entertainment gotten up out of pure kindness of heart for their amusement, so they simultaneously banged their rattles again in unanimous applause.

After waiting a few moments in the vain hope that somebody would appear, Mr. Twiddle began to consider the situation seriously. It was exceedingly awkward and perplexing. He thought of mounting his wheel and riding on to give an alarm at the first house where he could find a woman. It seemed to him that a woman was the one central necessity of the universe. His respect for woman rose almost to veneration. He felt that he would gladly give all the money in his pockets, and his note for any reasonable amount in addition, for a woman, — any sort of a woman, young or old, ugly or beautiful, without regard to race, color, or previous condition, — anything capable of taking charge of babies.

On further reflection he concluded not to ride on. Suppose a cow should come along and trample on one of the babies, or a hog, or dog, and attack them, or a snake. He thought that either of these animals would be a fool of its kind to travel on such a hot day; still one might do so, and he dare not take the risk. He wished

ardently that some traveller would appear; but the road was deserted and lonely, as far as he could see in either direction.

Suppose these deserted babies should cry? His hair rose at the thought. He felt sure they would begin to cry pretty soon. Suppose they should get hungry? Dreadful supposition! They would, they must, ere long. A cold chill ran down his spine, in spite of the heat of the day.

While he was thus cogitating, the right-hand baby began preparations for crying. It snarled up its little face. Mr. Twiddle hastily snapped his fingers at it. It looked a little astonished for a moment, and then snarled up its face again. He rattled his watch-chain; no use. Then he blew a soft note on his wheelman's whistle. Only a temporary check. It suddenly emitted an unmistakable yell, indicating a fixed and business-like determination. He ran to it and tried to stop it by shaking its rattle, poking his finger at it, and saying "Boo!" and other demonstrations of which he had read as the proper thing to do in such cases. The baby looked at him a moment with indignant astonishment, and then shut both eyes, puckered its face all over, and howled. Mr. Twiddle stooped to pick it up; but suddenly drew back. Suppose it should be — sweaty? Very likely that was what ailed it. As if to reduce him to despair, at this instant the other baby began to cry also. Probably they were both — sweaty. The situation was simply appalling. Consternation; confusion; chaos; all nature demanding a woman!

Suddenly Mr. Twiddle heard flying footsteps. Two women darted past him. One swooped upon the right-hand baby. She was a comely woman, apparently aged twenty-five or twenty-six years, and evidently a mother. She lifted the child to her bosom, where it instantly cuddled and became quiet. The other was a pretty girl, apparently about eighteen years old. She snatched up the left-hand baby, gave it a dexterous toss or two, and a pat on the back, when it also became quiet. Then the pair faced Mr. Twiddle and scrutinized him with a decorousness so demure and grave that he was instantly sure that they were inwardly laughing at him. No woman would be quite so unnaturally sober, he felt, unless she was sitting on the safety-valve of her laughter, to prevent an escape of pent-up merriment. The girl, he was convinced, was inwardly boiling with giggle. Imps of mischief were dancing in her large, black eyes; but her face was as sober as the face on a postage-stamp.

Mr. Twiddle mechanically lifted his hat and bowed. Both the women nodded, but said nothing, only continuing to look at him demurely. Then the mother began making strange motions and antics with her fingers, her hands, and her free arm, looking fixedly at the girl. The girl shook her pretty head solemnly, and then made antic motions at the mother with her fingers, her hands, and her free arm. Then the women turned to Mr. Twiddle, who was watching this performance with increasing amazement, and began making queer motions at him. He stared, backed away a step or two, and fell over his wheel. Both women advanced hurriedly. He thought they were about to attack him; but the kind concern in their faces, which, in spite of themselves, was mingled with mirthful smiles, reassured him. He arose, dusted himself with furtive slaps of his hands, picked up his wheel, and leaned upon its saddle, still gazing at the pair with deep astonishment. Then the mother smoothed a place in the surface of the road with the sole of her neat walking-shoe, stooped and traced in the sand with her forefinger the words: —

"Deaf and dumb."

She pointed to this inscription, and Mr. Twiddle bent and read it. He bowed, smiled, and pawed the air with lunatic gestures, which he fondly imagined conveyed to the woman a whole dictionary full of expressions of sincere sympathy. But she watched all his gestures closely, and then shook her head, signifying that she did not understand. He was about to go through another ridiculous pantomime when the girl, who had been shaking with suppressed merriment during his first attempt at sign-talking, suddenly burst out laughing in a clear, joyous, irrepressible peal. She laughed till she sat down on the grass, with the baby in her arms, and the tears softened her dark eyes. Mr. Twiddle's confusion was immense. He grinned, then looked sober, then grinned again, then looked indignant, and finally stood smiling like an idiot. As soon as the girl could command herself she spoke in a soft and ladylike voice: —

"I beg your pardon, sir, but really it was too funny to resist. We were sitting under the bridge when you first came, and saw the whole thing through a crevice. We had been down to the brook to bathe our faces, it was so hot. You looked so

astonished when you saw the babies that we really couldn't help waiting and watching you. It was rude, perhaps, but I really never saw anything more amusing in my life. But we both beg your pardon. It was kind and gentlemanly in you to stay by the deserted little darlings, and we thank you. This is my sister, Mrs. Rudd; I am Jenny Wilson. She is deaf and dumb. You are Mr. Twiddle, I think. We have often seen your club ride by, and know the names of most of the gentlemen."

Mr. Twiddle instantly knew that the home of these ladies was the next farm-house. He had met Mr. Rudd, a prosperous deaf-mute; but he did not know that Mr. Rudd had a wife also a deaf-mute. He fell to chatting with the young lady while he walked with the pair to their house. At the gate he expressed a desire for a glass of water, when he was invited in and given a glass of iced milk, which Miss Wilson said she had been told was the favorite drink of wheelmen. After that he mounted his wheel again, and rode slowly into the city.

This is the reason why Mr. Twiddle always votes to have the club ride on the O. Road. This is the reason why the club members so often speak of "The Twiddle Twins."

President Bates.

THE PERFECT CANOE.

It is strange, yet nevertheless true, that although the A.C.A. brings together within its membership persons with such a variety of tastes, habits, social conditions, religious faiths, political views, professions and trades, yet there is one point upon which its members perfectly agree, — one bugle-note sounded in chorus in which there is no discord, — one supreme belief grounded in every mind, and held as firm as the mountain on its base. This one point of harmonious opinion is, that each member possesses the most perfect craft in existence. Whether the particular member owns a Shadow, a Princess, a Peterboro', or a St. Paul; whether it is lap-streak or smooth skin; whether it is of wood, tin, leather, paper, canvas, or birch-bark, he is equally willing to be qualified to the fact that his canoe and its appointments are the handsomest and most available under the sun. Even the modest owner of the original Stella Maris, who said in a published article, some time since, that he did not claim absolute perfection for his model, blushed, I have no doubt, when he wrote the lines, at his own bold dissembling.

Not that any member thinks that his canoe cannot be improved upon. Oh, no! Bless you, no! for he is always tinkering at it with new ideas which he considers the *ne plus ultra* of canoeistic science; but he merely believes that no one else understands so well as he what it is that is defined by the words "a perfect canoe." Just as soon as he shortens his mast a little, puts in a screw here, or fastens a leather strap on there, then his canoe will be beyond improving. But perfection is always just a little in advance, and the last screw is never driven home nor the last piece of leather affixed, and the canoeist dies — if a canoeist ever does die — with the irrepressible thought in his brain that if he had only placed that cleat a little farther aft, he would have surely acquired that *ignis fatuus*, the perfect canoe.

So much of an opposing nature has been written on the perfect canoe that, after reading the various accounts, one is left in a mixed-up state of feeling as to what is what, and has confused, nightmarish ideas as to whether the perfect article should be thirty inches long and fourteen feet broad, the hatches be dagger-shaped or suspended from the bow in a semicircle, the mast be cambered so as to turn the rain, or the keel be rolled up in water-proof bags and stowed away in the mast-tube. And then the sail-rigging-literature, that has driven so many poor canoeists to the verge of insanity in their endeavor to keep the lines from kinking in their brains! Oh my! Even Tyson, after writing an article on top-gallant halyards and pulley-lifts, has been known to faint dead away when he read the matter in cold print and endeavored to understand it; and Whitlock, our own gallant Whitlock, is more than suspected of being compelled to have his eyes bandaged and his ears filled with cotton while working upon one of his awe-inspiring treatises on balance lateens and triangular lugs, lest he might commit violence upon himself before his task was completed.

Now, if every member of the A.C.A. possessed a canoe such as is mine, they migh-

be in condition to assert the superiority of their possession. I received it fresh from the hands of its maker, bright and new, its sides and deck polished and glistening until they reflected the sunbeams like a mirror, and its shape so graceful that it seemed about to metamorphose itself into a living swan and paddle away, even on dry land, on its own account. I had determined to baptize it in the Upper Allegheny, and, therefore, it must travel hundreds of miles by rail. How to ship it that distance most safely became a question of importance. I reasoned that if sent by express, in the hurry of transfer it would be roughly handled, and, doubtless, injured; so I determined to ship it by slow freight. Then, again, if wrapped in any covering, rough and heavy articles would be piled upon or against it, while, if left uncovered, its beauty of finish would draw forth the admiration of freight men, and cause them to give it tender care. So I fashioned a small wooden cradle to keep it upright, and consigned it to the mercies of the railway.

It was with inward misgivings that I placed it upon the little stream, at the end of the journey by rail. Would it behave itself, or would it prove unruly, and pitch me out into the water on our first introduction? But we were soon afloat, and proved fitted for each other; for the canoe had the same ideas in regard to travel as had I, and we were perfectly harmonious in our opinions. Whenever one of us wished to travel the other was always ready; and when the sunshine grew too warm for one the other always acknowledged the bond of sympathy by starting for the shadow of the trees. The partnership thus formed has continued for years, and we two have travelled thousands of miles in company.

When the water is too deep for wading, my canoe carries me; and when we reach a dam, or log-drift, or any other obstruction which my canoe cannot surmount of itself, I perform the same office for it. We occasionally have slight differences of opinion when we come to a rapid current. But a little coaxing with the paddle, and we soon coincide in our views, and come out at the same point together. Once it did get its back up, and threw me out into a dangerous rapid, which came very near being the last of both of us; but we managed to get out together; and, remembering how often it had carried me safely through rapid and storm, on river and lake, I soon forgave it, and we travelled on in company as though nothing had ever occurred to interrupt our friendship. It is a sensitive canoe, this craft of mine, and, if I were to tell you of all its smart doings, you would hardly believe me even though I am a canoeist.

Sometimes when I have paddled up toward a landing, with the intention of procuring a bucket of milk from a farm-house, and a big, fierce dog has come whirling around the corner of the barn and down toward the water, with its teeth gleaming whitely, the short hair on its neck turned up like a cross-cut saw, and emitting a sound from its throat like that made by a rusty coffee-mill, — at such times, I say, I have known that canoe, almost in an instant of time, to shoot out into the water a hundred feet from the bank, its prow turned down stream, and away from the dog. Then again, when I have been lying stretched out beneath its deck, and with my little tent over me, in the depths of some wilderness at dead of night, and have heard the cry of a lynx from out the near forest, or the fancied crawling of some huge serpent across the deck, I have felt that frail canoe tremble all over, as if it shivered at the dread sound. And when in some still piece of water, spreading before and around us like a wondrous mirror, and the mountains reflected from the depths, I have known that canoe to remain in one place, without moving, for many minutes at a time, lest it might ruffle the surface of the water, and destroy the fairy scene.

A good canoe is more than half human, anyway. What an attachment springs up between man and canoe in the course of a long, solitary cruise! It is the only object which continues in your company day after day, and you learn to pet it and caress it, and talk to it, as though it were a living thing. No matter what kind of a canoe it is, it is your canoe. Together you have travelled through the bright sunshine and the pelting rain; together floated down past the flower-crowned banks of the rivers, and by the grand scenery of the mountain gaps; together ran the swift, exciting rapids, crossed the great lakes, fought the storm, and mayhap together you have been rocked in the mighty wave-cradle of Old Ocean itself. And when the day's journey is done you crawl beneath the deck of your loved companion, wrap your blankets about you and drop off into trustful slumber, while through the night the tall trees sentinel your sleep, and the dancing star-beams kiss the glistening deck of the PERFECT CANOE.

Orange Frazer.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN'S 100-MILE RECORD, 1883.

COMPILED BY C. A. HAZLETT.

Date.	Club and Members.	Size and Make of Wheel.	Distance. Miles.	Full Time.	Rests.	Riding Time.	Average Miles per Hour.
1883.				h. m. s.	h. m.	h. m. s.	
Oct. 6.	BOSTON BI. CLUB ROAD RACE.						
	Thomas Midgley ..... *Worcester Æolus Wheelmen.*	54-in. Rudge.....	100	9.47	1.12	8.35	11.65
	Theodore Rothe..... *Boston Bi. Club.*	55-in. Yale.....	100	10.44	1.03	9.41	10.33
	L. A. Peabody..... *Marblehead Bi. Club.*	54-in. Stan'd Columbia..	100	11.25	1.40	9.45	10.25
	J. F. McClure..... *Boston Ramblers.*	52-in. Stan'd Columbia..	100	12.40	2.35	10.05	9.92
	J. E. Wood ..... *Thorndike Bi. Club.*	52-in. Expert Columbia .	100	10.30	1.03	9.27	10.58
Oct. 26.	CAPITAL BI. CLUB TRACK RACE.						
	Thomas Midgley..... *Worcester Æolus Wheelmen.*	55-in. Rudge.....	100	7.25.52½	.....	7.25.52½	13.45
Nov. 12.	Capt. B. F. Harrington..... *Thorndike Bi. Club.*	52-in. Expert Columbia .	100	9.59	.28	9.34	10.45
Sept. 19.	Wm. V. Mason, Jr..... *Rhode Island Bi. Club.*	50-in. Special Columbia .	100	24.	10.30	13.30	7.41
Dec. 6.	President L. B. Graves	52-in. Sansparil	100	19.30	6.15	13.15	7.55
	Captain E. E. Davis.....	52-in. Expert Columbia.					
	Lt. Wm. Howard	52-in. Expert Columbia.					
	Secretary L. L. Campbell.....	50-in. Stan'd Columbia.					
	All of *Northampton, Mass., Bi. Club.*						
Nov. 14.	MANCHESTER-ROCKINGHAM CLUB RUN.						
	Moses Sheriff..... *Manchester Bi. Club.*	52-in. Expert Columbia .	100	20.40	6.42	13.58	7.16
Nov. 3.	C. A. Hazlett..... *Rockingham Bi. Club.*	52-in. Expert Columbia .	100	11.30	1.30	10.	10.
Oct. 11.	Karl Kron ..... *Unattached.*	46-in. Stan'd Columbia..	100¼	20.30	5.30	15.	6.68
July 9.	Willard Eggleston ..... *Rutland Bi. Club.*	52-in. Sansparell	100½	18.	6.14	11.46	8.54
	N. S. Marshall..... *Rutland Bi. Club.*	56-in. Stan'd Columbia..	100½	18.	6.14	11.46	8.54
Nov. 2.	HAWTHORNE BI. CLUB RUN....	.....	100½	13.38	2.37	11.01	9.12
	Captain W. H. Bondreau.....	55-in. Philbrick.					
	Lieutenant A. J. Philbrick.....	52-in. Philbrick.					
	Vice-President B. T. Harrington.....	52-in. Expert Columbia.					
	Secretary H. T. Conant.....	56-in. Harvard.					
	Treasurer J. H. Chamberlain	56-in. Stan'd Columbia.					
	G. H. Abbott.....	52-in. Stan'd Columbia.					
	Benj. Bondreau.....	54-in. Harvard.					
	Alden Babcock.....	50-in. Expert Columbia.					
	W. C. Higgins	50-in. Stan'd Columbia.					
	All of *Hawthorne Bi. Club.*						
Nov. 18.	C. E. Whipple.....	52-in. Br. Challenge	101	14.15	2.	12.15	8.24
	O. N. Whipple	50-in. Sansparil.					
	F. W. Westervelt.....	52-in. Br. Challenge.					
	All of *Springfield Bi. Club.*						
Oct. 22.	E. B. Treatman...	52-in. Harvard	101	15.	2.45	12.15	8.24
	A. M. Bennett.....	54-in. Rudge.					
	Both of *Rochester Bi. Club.*						
Nov. 17.	IXION BI. CLUB RUN.						
	G. B. Pearson	52-in. Expert Columbia.	101¾	20.13	9.34	10.39	9.55

Date.	Club and Members.	Size and Make of Wheel.	Distance. Miles.	Full Time.	Rests.	Riding Time.	Average Miles per Hour.
				h.m.s.	h. m.	h.m.s.	
1883. June 3.	LEOMINSTER BI. CLUB RUN	.....	102	15.10	4.20	10.50	10.12
	President W. H. Chase.....	54-in. Expert Columbia.					
	Secretary R. G. Morse.....	52-in. Sp. Timberlake.					
	Captain C. A. Joslin	52-in. Harvard.					
	J. P. Swett.....	52-in. Stan'd Columbia.					
Oct. 26.	CAPITAL BI. CLUB TRACK RACE.						
	B. F. Foster..... *Incurables of Baltimore.*	52-in. Special Club.....	102	9.45.48	.....	9.45.48	10.44
Aug. 26.	W. W. Darnell ..... *Unattached.*	50-in. Expert Columbia.	102	14	2	12	8.50
Nov. 27.	C. Sumner Stevens..... *Millville, N. J.*	52-in. American Club ...	104	11.50	2.50	9.	11.55
Oct. 18.	MASS. BI. CLUB RUN.						
	J. J. Gilligan..... *Mass. Bi. Club.*	54-in. Rudge.....	104	14.25	1.50	12.35	8.26
Sept. 29.	Abbot Bassett ..... *Chelsea Club.*	Victor Tricycle	104½	16.30	2	14.30	7.21
June 9.	J. Elmer Wood	50-in. Expert Columbia..	106	15.6	4.37	10.36	10.
	C. J. Giddings ..... Both of *Thorndike Bi. Club.*	52 in. Expert Columbia.					
Nov. 4.	F. P. Burnham ..... *Newton Bi. Club.*	52-in. Premier.....	106	9.50	1.6	8.44	12.02
July 10.	CLEVELAND BI. CLUB RUN.	55-in. Yale	107	18	6.26	11.34	9.25
	A. S. Hathaway ..... *Cleveland Bi. Club.*						
Nov. 17.	N. P. Tyler..... *New Haven Bi. Club.*	52-in. Expert Columbia .	107	18.40	6	12.40	8.45
Nov. 14.	MANCHESTER-ROCKINGHAM CLUB RUN.						
	Frank W. Moses ..... *Rockingham Bi. Club.*	54-in. Stand'd Columbia.	107	24	11	13	8.23
Oct. 18.	MASS. BI. CLUB RUN.						
	A. D. Claflin ..... *Mass. Bi. Club.*	52-in. Rudge.....	108½	13.20	2.20	11.	9.86
Nov. 25.	Captain W. I. Wilhelm.....	54-in. Stand'd Columbia.	110	18.30	5.20	13.10	8.35
	J. Arthur Curtis ..... Both of *Reading Bi. Club.*	54-in. Stand'd Columbia.					
Sept. 19.	W. V. Mason, Jr..... *Rhode Island Bi. Club.*	50-in. Special Club.....	112	24	10	14	8
	CLEVELAND BI. CLUB RUN.						
July 10.	T. S. Beckwith	58-in. Harvard	113	19.	16.26	12.34	8.09
	George Collister	54-in. Expert Columbia.					
Nov. 19.	Captain Asa Dolph ..... *New London Bi. Club.*	52-in. Expert Columbia..	115	19.45	6.15	13.30	8.52
Aug. 16.	BOSTON TRICYCLE CLUB RUN.						
	Theodore Rothe ..... *Boston Bi. Club.*	55-in. Yale Bicycle.....	116	19.30	5.50	13.40	8.49
Oct. 18.	MASSACHUSETTS BI. CLUB RUN						
	B. T. Harrington..... *Hawthorne Bi. Club.*	52-in. Expert Columbia .	119	17	5	12	9.84
Nov. 18.	Percy Bettison.....	55-in. St'd Columbia	120	18.52	3.27	15.25	7.79
	W. Prince Wells ..... Both of *Fall City Bi. Club.*	48-in. Velos Columbia.					
Sept. 15.	W. Mitchell ..... *Delaware, Ohio.*	52-in., made to order....	120	19.20	4.30	14.50	8.09
	L. J. Mitchell ..... *Both unattached.*	56-in. Sansparicl	120	19.20	4.30	14.50	8.09

Date.	Club and Members.	Size and Make of Wheel.	Distance. Miles.	Full Time.	Rests.	Riding Time.	Average Miles per Hour.
				h. m. s.	h. m.	h. m. s.	
1883.							
Dec. 13.	J. N. Pearson..... *Manchester Bi. Club.*	56-in. St'd. Columbia....	120	23.49	4.23	19.26	6.17
June 19.	ROCKINGHAM BI. CLUB RUNS.						
	President F. J. Philbrick.....	56-in. St'd Columbia	125	20.35	5.30	15.05	8.29
	A. L. Jenness.....	54-in. Challenge.					
June 21.	Lt. G. Philbrick	56-in. St'd Columbia	125	20.35	2.10	18.25	6.78
	J. H. Knox	49-in. Harvard.					
Nov. 24.	MANCHESTER-ROCKINGHAM BI. CLUB RUN.						
	J. N. Pearson.....	56-in. St'd Columbia	130	23.30	7.20	16.10	8.04
Nov. 17.	IXION BI. CLUB RUN.						
	W. R. Pitman	56-in. Expert Columbia .	153	20	4.12	15.48	9.68
Oct. 18.	MASSACHUSETTS BI. CLUB RUN.						
	H. D. Corey	53-in. Rudge.....	$190\frac{9}{10}$	24	4.57	19.03	10.02
Oct. 16.	LAWRENCE BI. CLUB RUN	.....	$200\frac{2}{32}$	23.44	4.15	19.29	10.27
	Capt. T. S. Webb.....	52-in. Expert Columbia.					
	John Tacy	52-in. Expert Columbia.					

THE NOTABLE RUNS AND EXCURSIONS OF 1883.

PART I.

THE compiler has not undertaken to build a pyramid, as he did in THE WHEELMAN of January, 1883, with the names of the clubs that had made century runs during the autumn of 1882, because the material of 1883 is too abundant, and considerable of it was furnished by the unattached. No time or means have been spared to make these returns complete, answers being on file from the greater part of over three hundred clubs in the United States to whom inquiries were addressed. In only one instance, and in that case only after repeated efforts, has he failed to have his blanks returned properly filled out, almost wholly escaping the trials of the English compiler of century runs for one of the English 'cycling weeklies, who frequently, while publicly acknowledging returns of statistics of runs, gives the senders free advice, indulging in such soothing remarks, parenthetically, as: "Why on earth don't you follow the style laid down?" or, "You give us an immense deal of extra trouble, making us wade through a long 'yarn' for details"; or, "We can make neither head nor tail of your MS."

Nearly all the following details were furnished by the participants themselves. In a few cases the returns were verified; but in general the details, somewhat condensed, are printed as furnished. One report of a club-run, claiming to be a champion one, is laid over for further proofs, and when furnished will appear in an article entitled Addenda to Notable Runs.

The future compiler will undoubtedly deal less liberally, while more attention will probably be made by the participants to authenticate their runs, and so be ready to furnish the chronic doubters with clear proofs of the accuracy of their reports. In several instances the participants found it necessary to remeasure the routes traversed and furnish the bicycling press with satisfactory evidence that the miles claimed were actually accomplished. By means of accurate-working cyclometers and of postals previously prepared for mailing at the different post-offices along the route it is a simple matter to substantiate ordinary century rides without material loss of time. In important road-racing events the stationing of disinterested parties to check off the time made by the racers at various points, and previously measuring and marking the course by sign-boards, has been successfully

accomplished, and should be in advance of every such contest.

At the request of several writers more details are published than ever before, in order to show the difficulties the riders contended against by reason of heavy winds, poor roads, broken handle-bars and wheels, and more especially to indicate whether the runs were "straight-away," "out-and-home," or "round-about." The latter, in most cases consisting of indefinite repetitions over roads selected for their superior surface, is a sort of "road-riding" which is only one degree removed from the regular racing-track in the open air. The "out-and-home" is generally the most even, as a "straight-away" rider is not apt to start against a head-wind.

The average size of wheels used was 52 inches. A few century runs have been made by Canadian wheelmen; but the returns were so incomplete and tardy that they could not be included in the table.

The postals containing the requests for information regarding notable runs and excursions were sent out so freely into all the States and Territories, and to the secretary of every organized club in the country, and were so generally replied to, as were also the requests so kindly published in the bicycling weeklies, that numerous reports of century runs were secured that would not have been published otherwise. Several very creditable long rides in the pioneer days of bicycling were brought to light, and will be referred to as a matter of record. Notably among these is what now appears to have been the first century run accomplished on United States roads within the period of 24 hours. It was performed Dec. 19, 1880, on the road from Louisville, Ky., to Frankfort, and return, — a distance of 104 miles, — by H. C. Schimpler and O. M. Anderson. They started at 3.15 A.M., finished at 9.45 P.M., with 3h. 20m. rests. A letter from L.A.W. Chief Consul Anderson is given in full: —

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 20, 1883.

C. A. HAZLETT, ESQ., —

Dear Sir: — I send herewith copy of *Louisville Commercial*, of Dec. 21, 1880, containing a short account of our century. This run was an outcome of local rivalry, and, at the time made, was not considered by the participants as of more than local importance; consequently it was never published in any of the bicycling papers. Later on, when the question of century runs was agitated, I examined into the records made by other riders, but have never seen an account of one made before ours; so I feel justified in making the claim that ours was the first.

The day was a clear, cold December day, thermometer at about 30°, and wind generally against us. The road was in comparatively good condition. The last 25 miles were run in complete darkness, and the last 12 in a snow-storm, with the wind driving the snow in our faces. The snow completely covered the road, and this, combined with the darkness, rendered riding extremely hazardous. But we made the best of it, and took the frequent headers with a reckless disregard of everything except the covering of the miles between us and home in the shortest possible time. We arrived safely and in very good condition, and were both at our desks at the usual time the next morning.

Yours,

O. M. ANDERSON.

The second and third long-distance rides reported were accomplished by two students of Amherst College, on the road between Amherst and Boston, during the first week of the summer of 1881. In the first place the Captain of the College Bicycle Club, — Paul Blatchford, '82, of Chicago, — on returning from the League's second annual meet, wheeled from Boston to Amherst, 102 miles, in 15 hours, ending at 8.30 P.M.

A few days later, on the 6th of June, another member of the club, whose weight was 120 pounds, and who rode a 48-inch wheel, outdid the captain's feat, by riding from Amherst to Boston and Cambridgeport, — 100 miles, — between 4.30 A.M. and 5.45 P.M.; and thence retracing his course to Framingham, at 8.30 P.M., making 125 miles by daylight. The following day, between 4 A.M. and 6 P.M., he returned to Amherst, — 80 miles, — thus accomplishing upwards of 200 miles inside of 38 hours. The rider was George F. Fiske, of New Haven, who received his M.D. degree at the Yale Medical School, last summer, and is now continuing his studies at Gottingen, Prussia. His three-column report of the trip appeared nearly a year after the event itself (in the *Bicycling World* of April 28, 1882).

Two other rides, early in 1881, by Messrs. Geo. D. Gideon, — 108 miles in 15 hours, — and A.G. Powell, — 110 miles in 13 hours, — both from Philadelphia to New York, are so interestingly and characteristically referred to by a well-known pioneer member of their club that his letter is given in full: —

GERMANTOWN, PA., Nov. 5, 1883.

C. A. HAZLETT, ESQ.,—

Dear Sir: — Your postal card has been forwarded to me. I think I may safely state that I believe the Germantown 'Cycling Club has done more long-distance riding *on their wheels*, and said less about it, than probably any other club in the country.

Here are some facts! Starting on the 4th of July, 1880, F. W. Corse, Chas. Tatum, and myself rode from Philadelphia to Poughkeepsie, New York,

and return to this city, a distance, *via* Bethlehem Water Gap, Port Jervis, Lake Mohawk, and down the Hudson, about 500 miles, in 11 days. I was absent that length of time; but I rode from New York to Bristol, Pa., within the 24 hours on the last day. The others stopped in New York. We went over, while riding along the Hudson, the ground the illustrious Wentworth Rollins *didn't ride*. We took the cars one evening between Sing Sing and Tarrytown, and those 10 miles were all the riding done, save on our machines, during the trip.

We were followed, in about a week, by Mr. Reishly, who, though not of the club, is one of us. Messrs. Cressman and Eaton rode in '81 to Boston. G. D. Gideon rode to New York, 108 miles, in 15 hours, and A. G. Powell made, in a week or so afterward, the run from Willow street, Philadelphia, to Fifty-seventh street, New York, in 13 hours, including stops and everything, which means 3 miles of cobbles in Philadelphia, and the whole of Broadway and Fifth avenue in New York. He also rode to Long Branch in a short time. Messrs. Walter and Carl Herring rode to Saratoga and return. '82, H. S. Wood, W. Norman, and H. Rogers, rode to Boston; and the four members of the club, on the 4th of July, attended what we believe to have been the first regularly called 100-mile club run from Philadelphia to Long Branch. Messrs. Gideon and Craven covered the 96 miles in about 11 hours, including stops, and Mr. Delbert and I were about 3 hours more; we started 3 hours earlier. 1883, Messrs. Randall and Beck rode to Boston, and a number of men ran to New York.

I am confident that no one in the country has come anywhere near Mr. Powell's wonderful run, begun on the Belgian blocks of Philadelphia, and finished on the cobbles of New York. We do not see the necessity of blowing about these things; but when we hear of your wonderful records up and down, and back and forth, on your sand-papered roads, we feel that if there was anything to be gained by making records — and there isn't in our estimation — *we might* make some time tearing up and down our pike.

I also did several hundred miles of touring in England, one trip being 500 miles straight away. You can use this letter if you wish.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH PENNELL.

But earlier than any long-distance ride yet mentioned was that by Herman C. Eggers, of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, who, as long ago as November 29, 1879, accomplished 200 miles in 22h. 50m. including 1h. 45m. rest; but it was on an in-door track and cannot be classed with the road records; yet, being done by an amateur, the compiler allows Geo. H. Strong, Chief Consul, L.A.W., a chance for a few details of interest: —

"I think Mr. Egger's ride is the best performance which has been made in the United States to the present time, and, although it cannot be considered a road record, the peculiarities of the track made it difficult to ride, and entitle the record to consideration. On the 29th of November, 1879, a three-days' bicycle race was given in the old Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco. The track was six laps to the mile, and the floor was inclined so that it was five feet higher at one end than the other, making a perpetually recurring grade, which soon became very tiresome. Mr. Eggers commenced at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, and completed 200 miles in 22h. 50m. with a total rest of 1h. 45m. As this was only one day of three, it does not represent what he might have done if he had ridden for a single day's record. His time for the three days was 543 miles 1 lap, and his total sleep was 3½ hours."

The club runs of 1882 were reported in full in the January, 1883, number of THE WHEELMAN, commencing with the Boston Bicycle Club (the first club to call and *accomplish* a full century run), and followed by the Buckeye, 103½ miles; Champion City, 110 miles; Massachusetts, 118 miles; Boston Ramblers, 120 miles; Rockingham, 126 miles; Æolus, 136 miles; Tremont, 154 miles; Lawrence, 169¼ miles; and Æolus, 179 miles.

In addition to these club runs, three individual centuries have just been reported: Mr. E. N. Bowen, of Fredonia, New York, on September 20, 1882, rode from that place to Erie and return, — 101 miles, — in 13h. 30m., with rests of 3h. 15m. On October 27, 1882, Capt. C. C. Wing and Sec'y H. T. Packard rode from their town of East Bridgewater, Mass., to Newburyport, and return to Wenham, — 102 miles, — in 14h. 45m.; rests, 2h. 45m.

In the tables the compiler fixed the lowest limit of record at 100 miles; but two runs have been sent him, during which the riders so nearly accomplished the "three-figure" limit that he briefly refers to them. Messrs. N. H. Van Sicklen, M. A. Meade, and P. A. Staley, all of Chicago Bi. Club, made a run of 90 miles in and about Chicago, in 21 hours, including 1h. 35m. rests. The rain stopped them, or more miles would have been accomplished. Capt. G. E. Cram, of the Kenton, O., Bi. Club, made 98 miles, on Aug. 22, 1883, near Kenton and Delaware, in 14h. 30m., including 3 hours' rest.

BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB ONE HUNDRED-MILE ROAD RACE.

The one hundred-mile road race, projected by the Boston Club, was satisfactorily carried out on Saturday, Oct. 6.

At 6.30 o'clock they were started in front of Bailey's Hotel, So. Natick, and entered upon the contest.

The following were the riders: Thomas Midgley, Worcester; Theodore Rothe, Boston; L. A. Peabody, Marblehead; C. F. Frazier, Smithville, N. J.; J. F. McClure, Cambridge; H. T. Packard, East Bridgewater; H. T. Wheeler, Worcester; J. E. Wood, Beverly; Walter F. Morse, Norwood; C. C. Wing, East Bridgewater.

At Wellesley, Packard went to put on a spurt, when his handle-bar parted, and he was thrown to the ground, bruising his face and spraining his wrist. He retired from the race. Peabody also came to grief here, taking a header which shook him up considerably, and bent his handle-bar badly. He pluckily remounted, and, although his machine was injured by the fall, continued on after the others, and soon caught up with them. Wood also bit the dust about here, and snapped his handle-bar short off at the head. He mounted again, and rode with half a bar as far as Beverly. At West Newton the party was met by W. W. Stall, who gave them a rattling pace to Lynn, which none but Midgley, Rothe, and Frazier were able to hold, the others falling back.

At Lynn Common, Mr. Bassett, of the *World*, took the checks. Distance from starting-point, 25⅛ miles. The three leaders, — Midgley, Rothe, and Frazier, — with Stall as pace-maker, arrived at 8.28, having averaged about 13 miles an hour from the starting-point, and over 14 miles an hour from Newton. Wing retired from the contest at this point. Rothe took a header at Ipswich and sprained his wrist. Midgley and Frazier waited 8 minutes with him, and he then remounted, riding with one hand, the other hanging useless at his side. He rode in this way to the end.

At a point five miles beyond Rowley was the northern limit of the route, and the turning-place. Here Capt. Everett was stationed. Wheeler stopped before getting to the turning-point, and Morse, whose back gave out, turned about a mile before reaching it.

At Harvard square the Boston Club had men ready to bring the contestants in. Midgley arrived at 3.51, and was taken the rest of the way with F. Morris as pace-maker. At 4.30 Rothe came, and was taken by Neilson. Rothe and Frazier stopped at Medford for a lunch, and when they came out of the hotel they were told that one of the racing men had gone along. Frazier told Rothe to go ahead and catch him, and Rothe, who had been holding back for Frazier, acted on the suggestion. Frazier was soon after taken with cramps, and had to give up. He took train for Boston.

At the club-house the members were assembled to receive the men as they came in. First came Midgley, at 4.17, having made the distance in 9h. 47m. Rothe was the second to put in an appearance, with a record of 10h. 44m., and at 5.55 came Peabody, whose time was 11h. 25m. McClure finished at 7.10, in 12h. 40m.

The roads were very good for most of the distance, but a very heavy wind blew against the men on the homeward route. The prizes were a gold medal to the winner, and a silver medal to the second man.

The riders attracted little attention on the highway, and few who saw them would think them more than tourists on a pleasure-trip.

Midgely was perfectly fresh at the finish, and could, without doubt, have made much faster time if he had been pushed.

CAPITAL BI.-CLUB TRACK RACE.

7.25.52 1-2.

The bald announcement: "Records over 50 miles — America has none," has long been an eyesore to several of those familiar with our record tables. It is so no longer. On the Athletic Park Track (built especially for bicycling), at Washington, D.C., on Friday, 26th October, 1883, under the management of the Capital Bicycle Club, a 100-mile amateur race was successfully carried out.

Thomas Midgley, of Worcester, Mass., and R. F. Foster, of Baltimore, Md., appeared. Foster had been suffering with fever and ague for two weeks past, but in the absence of any other competitors determined to start anyway and do the best he could.

Midgley immediately shot away, and led Foster 100 yards on the first lap (one-quarter mile). Both rode with excellent judgment, under the circumstances. Midgley knew he was sure of first place unless he broke down; the first lap convinced him that the wind was too strong, and the track too soft, from recent heavy rains, to admit of his beating L. H. Johnson's in-door, 3.9.45½, or even Place's out-door, 3.27.11¾ for 50 miles. He had nothing to fear from Foster, who never rode over 30 miles in his life before, on track or road, so he settled down to about 14 miles an hour for all day. Foster, on the other hand, knew

about 11 miles an hour was all he could stand; and, with an Auburndale in one pocket and a lap-scorer in the other, he regulated himself like a clock to that gait, and no challenges from Midgley, or urgings from pace-makers, could shake him. The high wind and soft track gradually told on the speed, and both men tapered off in pace considerably after going 30 or 40 miles.

When Midgley passed 50 miles Foster was within a few yards of 10 miles to the bad, and when he reached 100 Foster had not scored 79, neither having made a dismount or slackened for an instant. As announced from the judges' stand before the start, the time limit was, as usual, 10 hours, and a special prize was given to the rider covering the greatest number of miles in that time without leaving the saddle. Midgley was satisfied with his day's work of 100 miles, and quit at once, with no further apparent inconvenience than a sprained heel. Foster kept on, and, encouraged by the officials, succeeded in riding 102½ miles without a dismount,—a very fair performance for a sick man.

The 100 miles were made by Mr. Midgley in 7.25.52½, and it took Foster 9.45.48 to run his 102 miles. The score was printed on page 232 of the December WHEELMAN.

Foster ran his last quarter in 58 seconds, and would have gone on for the full 10 hours; but the officials were tired and hungry, and the 2 miles were sufficient to entitle him to first prize for not dismounting.

CAPTAIN HARRINGTON'S EVEN HUNDRED MILES.

This run was made on a very blustering Monday, November 12, 1883. Captain Harrington left the Hawthorne Bicycle Club head-quarters at Salem, Mass., at 6 A.M. He went over the same route as pursued by his club on its 100-mile run, November 2.

At Newton, on his return, he took a header and broke a handle-bar. He procured a back-stick from a carcass of mutton and tied it on for a handle-bar. At Maplewood, near Malden, he was met by Benjamin Boudreau, who accompanied him to Hotel Wallace, on the outskirts of Salem, where Capt. Harrington had a bad fall and broke the wooden handle-bar, and bent a crank and both treadles. Mr. Boudreau loaned him his machine, on which he finished the distance.

He registered and took dinner at Old Colony House, South Framingham. He had the wind in his face all the way out, and when he reached South Framingham it blew a gale.

On his return trip he had a favorable wind the greater part of the distance.

KARL KRON'S CANADIAN CENTURY.

On the fourth day of Karl Kron's monumental straight-away tour of 1,422 miles, from Detroit to Natural Bridge, Virginia, he accomplished a straight-away ride of 100 miles in a day. Starting from the Tecumseh House, in London, Canada, at 5.45 A.M. of Thursday, 11th October (having ridden 149 miles from Detroit during the three previous days), at 5.45 P.M. he had covered 72 miles in 9 hours of riding time, his stops being respectively 15, 75, 20, 40, and 30m. After doing 76 miles, he stopped 2 hours more for supper, bath, and a change of clothes; and then at 8.30 began the home-stretch of 24 miles, from Howesville to Mitchell. He finished at 2 A.M., at the Hicks House, with 100¼ miles as his record on the cyclometer. From London to Goderich, 66 miles, his course was the one traversed by the Chicago tourists in July last; and the rest of it was the one they would have traversed except for the rain. During the first 66 miles the wind favored him, but was against him on the last 24½ miles, which he rode and walked (half and half) in the darkness in 5½ hours. He had three falls; the last one set him down violently in a mud-hole. His weariness the next day was chiefly the result of want of sleep, as he was not stiff or sore except from the effects of the fall.

A VERMONT CENTURY.

Mr. Willard Egleston, of the Rutland Bicycle Club, and Mr. N. S. Marshall accomplished a run of 100½ miles on July 9, 1883.

They did not start with the avowed intention of making 100 miles. There had never been any runs made in the State of over 50 miles. Neither had any special training. They started at 4.10 A.M., and arrived home at 10.10 P.M. The roads were good, except for the hills, a good many of which they had to walk over. The intended route was from Rutland, Vt., to Salem, N.Y.,—52 miles distant; but finding too many hills they turned around 36 miles out and took in short side-runs to complete the distance. They did not go

over the same road twice except to return. No falls or accidents of any account, except one while coasting side by side down a short, but smooth and hard hill, at the bottom of which was a mud-puddle. It had the appearance of being shallow and safe to go through, and they made no effort to avoid it. A moment later they found themselves on their hands and knees, but with no damage except a *dropped* handle-bar. They worked all the next day.

NINE HAWTHORNES MAKE A CENTURY.

This club made an enviable record on November 2, in that nine members succeeded in covering 100 miles in a club run. The start was made at 6.07 A.M. The route was from Salem, through Lynn and Malden, to Medford, where a stop of 40 minutes was made for breakfast. From there they rode through Harvard Square to South Framingham, where they arrived at 11.17 A.M.; distance, 47½ miles. A stop of 12 minutes was made here, and then continuing on through Saxonville to East Sudbury, reaching that place at 12.21 P.M. The cyclometers now registered 49¼ miles, and, as they did not wish to ride more than one hundred miles, they made a short stop here and then rode back to South Framingham. Stopping here twenty minutes for dinner, they started on the return run at 1.30 o'clock. The return run was made over about the same route as that pursued on the outward trip, through Natick and the Newtons. It was now raining quite hard, and the roads white with snow, which, of course, made the riding very unpleasant. They reached Medford Centre at 4.05 P.M.; distance, 78¾ miles. Supper was taken here, and at 5 o'clock they started on again. At Swampscott two of the riders collided, throwing them both off and slightly injuring one of the bicycles. This accident necessitated a short stop, but as the damage to the machine was slight, they were soon off again. When near Salem they found that if they rode direct to their club-rooms the distance covered would be 1⅝ miles less than the 100 miles; consequently they rode through the city by circuitous route to the club-rooms, arriving there at 7.45 o'clock; distance, 100½ miles.

THREE SPRINGFIELD BOYS RIDE TO BOSTON.

C. E. and O. N. Whipple and T. W. Westervelt started from the U.S. Armory at 4.30 A.M., Nov. 18. For 3½ miles it was good wheeling; the next 5 miles very sandy, and all took headers. From Wilbraham to Palmer and West Warren, the roads were fair. From West Warren to the Brookfields they are sandy and stony. About 2 miles out of Brookfield they stopped at a farm-house for breakfast. They found the road good, but very hilly from Spencer to Lester. Here they were met by Mr. Lamb, of Lester, who very kindly wheeled to Worcester with them, where they stopped twenty minutes to telegraph to Springfield. Contrary to what had been told them, they found every hill between Springfield and Boston could be coasted with safety. Their next and last stop (fifteen minutes) was at a farm-house at Southboro', where they commenced to realize what good roads were. The prospect put new life into their tired limbs, it being the first long run they had ever taken. From Framingham they wheeled through Natick, Wellesley, Newton Lower Falls, to Brighton, Chestnut-Hill Reservoir, to the Public Garden, Boston, and dismounted in front of Brigham's restaurant at 6.45.

A ROCHESTER RUN.

On Oct. 22, 1873, Messrs. E. B. Treatman and A. M. Bennett, of the Rochester Bicycle Club, rode from Rochester, N.Y., to Watkins (Glen), *via* Palmyra, Canandaigua, and Geneva. They started at 4 P.M., finished at 7 P.M., with 2h. 45m. rest. Roads hard and smooth. They did not experience any great fatigue at finish or soreness the next day. Had no previous training, except occasional riding each day.

LEOMINSTER CLUB.

This was the first regularly called club run of the season. Four members made the run. The route traversed was from Lancaster, Mass., through Clinton, Marlboro', South Framingham, Natick, Newton, Brighton, Cambridge, Arlington, Medford, Lynn, to Salem, reaching there at 1 P.M. Returning by same route to South Framingham.

The start was made from Lancaster at 5.05 A.M., and the finish at South Framingham, at 8.15 P.M. All hands were in good shape, and able to work the next day. It was a fine day to ride; roads in good condition, and not a very strong wind.

There had been no training for the run; in fact, none of them had done much riding before the date of the run. One had only had a wheel four weeks. During the run one rode 22 miles without dismount, and the last 15 miles with one handle-bar.

MY MARYLAND'S CENTURY.

On Aug. 25, 1883, Mr. W. W. Darnell rode from his home in Cumberland, Md., to Dam No. 6, a distance of 51 miles, and return. He left at 5 A.M., and got back at 7 P.M. Track pretty good, being the towpath of Chesapeake and Ohio canal. It was a fine day with a small breeze. He had a good many stops on account of meeting teams, — not included in the two hours' rest, — causing him to dismount seventy-seven times. He had no previous training, and was in good condition at end of ride. This century was made on the last day of an excursion through the States of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland, during which he bicycled 1,008 miles.

FIRST AMERICAN TRICYCLE CENTURY.

The first American tricycle century was made by Mr. Abbot Bassett, of *The World*, September 29. Starting at 4 A.M. from his home in Chelsea, he ran by way of Malden, Medford, Somerville, Cambridge, and the Newtons, to Natick. Returning by the same route to Malden, he continued his course through Saugus, Lynn, Salem, Beverly, Wenham, and Hamilton, to Ipswich. Then from Ipswich to Chelsea, over the same route. Two cyclometers were used, a McDonnell and Stanton's. The former registered 106 and the latter 104½ miles. The latter distance is the record to be allowed. Mr. Bassett was accompanied the first 50 miles by Mr. Frank M. Gilley, of Chelsea, on a bicycle, and this part of the journey was measured by 3 cyclometers, which agreed, with but a trifling variation. The course is certified by hotel registers and certificates.

THORNDIKE BICYCLE CLUB, OF BEVERLY, MASS.

On Saturday, June 9, Granger Whitney, Louis L. Dodge, J. Elmer Wood, Charles J. Giddings, and Benjamin Thissell, of the Thorndike Club, Beverly, Mass., started on a run of 100 miles. The party left Beverly at 4.30 A.M. and ran to Newburyport, A lunch was partaken of at Newburyport. Rowley was again reached at 9 A.M., and breakfast eaten at the Eagle. Wheels were again mounted, and Beverly reached at 11 A.M., and the run continued to Lynn, where the party dined at the Sagamore House. Rowley was again reached, at which place a circuit of the town was taken, at the close of which the party repaired to the Eagle House for supper. After a short rest the bicyclists started for Beverly, which was reached in due season. Of the five who started on the ride, only two held out to the close. Mr. Dodge received a "header" on the trip to Rowley, by coming in collision with Mr. Thissell's machine, which had met with an accident, caused by a rut in the road, and badly scarred his right hand. His record was 75 miles. Capt. Whitney and Mr. Thissell covered 50 miles each.

The time was 15h. 6m. Stops, 4h. 30m.; time, 10h. 36m., or 10 miles per hour 106 miles. Both the riders are little more than boys, — Mr. Wood being nineteen years of age, and Mr. Giddings only seventeen years. The record would doubtless have been better had not one of the party been taken sick and delayed the others over an hour.

E. P. BURNHAM'S 106 MILES IN 9 HOURS, 50 MINUTES.

On November 4, Mr. Burnham started from his home in Newton at 6.51 o'clock, with the intention of trying to beat Mr. Midgely's record of 9h. 47m. for 100 miles on the road. Mr. P. E. Aubin, of the same club, started with him, but before reaching Medford he fell and broke the handle-bar of his machine, so Burnham had to ride on alone. He met a number of wheelmen at different points along his route; but, as none of them was able to keep pace with him, he was soon obliged to leave them, and, consequently, most of the distance was accomplished without pace-makers of any kind. His route was from Newton to Watertown, through Cambridge to Medford, and then by way of Malden, Saugus, Wyoming, Rockville, and Peabody to Danversport, where he arrived at 8.47 A.M. He stopped here for 16 minutes, and then continuing on through North Beverly and Wenham, he reached Hamilton at 9.35 A.M. After stopping here for about 10 minutes he rode to Ipswich, and thence through Rowley to Newburyport, where he remained a quarter of an hour for dinner. He started on the return from Newburyport at 11.04 A.M., and returned over the same route as far as Beverly, where he branched off and went to

Salem, arriving there at 1.35 P.M. He stopped here only 7 minutes, and then, resuming his ride, he rode through Swampscott and Lynn to Saugus, and then over the same roads as on the outward trip to Watertown, thence to Waltham, and thence to Newton, finishing there at 4.41 P.M.

Mr. Burnham feels confident that he could have accomplished the distance inside of nine hours, had it not been for the heavy wind which blew against him on his return from Newburyport, while on going out the wind blew scarcely any.

He states that he was not tired out at all, the only ill effect being a strained tendon of his right leg. He has taken part in eighteen races, winning fourteen first prizes, including four record medals, and three second prizes, aggregating in value, $900. He never does any training, all the practice he gets being after his ten hours of regular work.

DR. TYLER'S 107-MILES RUN.

Dr. N. P. Tyler, of New Haven, started from Springfield, at 1.15 A.M., Nov. 17. Bright moonlight. Thermometer, 26°; very little wind. The north-west wind had been blowing strongly for several days, and he expected to take advantage of it by coming from Springfield southward. Messrs. Charles Fiske and H. Westervelt, of Springfield Club, started, expecting to make the run with him. It was to be a *straight-away* run, no using the same road twice; and this was adhered to, with the exception of six or seven miles in getting back to Springfield, to replace a broken handle-bar. At Westfield they lost their way, and found themselves in a desert of sand. It was suggested to mount upon a railroad track running some fifty feet above their heads, and follow until they came to a cross-road. It was a picture for an artist, to see them pushing their wheels up an incline, varying slightly from the perpendicular, hanging on to shrubs, momentarily in danger of being precipitated to the bottom. Three-quarters of a mile brought them to a cross-road, and, following the direction of the north star, they travelled, pushing their wheels before them, over seven miles of the sandiest of sandy roads. Then they found a ridable road, to Springfield, where they had determined to go to get the handle-bar replaced. Reaching Springfield, his companions determined to await a more propitious occasion to complete a "century run," and, after waiting several hours to repair the broken bar, he went on alone, stopping only for dinner, and again for oil. At one point he was spinning along quite fast, and passing a fair daughter of Erin, she exclaimed, "Arrah! aint ye high?" At this moment his wheel caught in a rut, and he took a header, and was only saved from going down an embankment by being precipitated against a rail put up for that purpose. "Air ye hurted?" greeted his ears as he sorted himself out from wheels, bent handle-bars, and a demoralized brake. He was in pretty fair condition when stopping, at about 8 P.M., excepting pain in the knees, produced by straining the attachments of the ligaments by strong pedalling against the wind. Felt very good the next day.

AN OHIO RUN OF 115 MILES.

On Sunday evening, November 18, Capt. A. Dolph, and Sec'y Van Vecten, of the New London Bi. Club, took the 9 P.M. train and went to Galion, Ohio. Left there for Cleveland, Ohio; distance, 115 miles. Route was through Mansfield, Ashland, New London, Wellington, Oberlin, Elyria, thence to Cleveland. Left Galion at 1 o'clock Monday A.M.; full moon; bad road to Mansfield. Van Vecten broke his saddle-spring close off to the head, on the way to Mansfield, which necessitated riding with saddle on backbone, reminding him of the genuine old "bone-shaker"; Mansfield was reached at 3.30 A.M.; stopped five minutes to mail a postal-card to the Cleveland Bicycle Club. Road to Ashland quite hilly, but better than before. Made Ashland, 17 miles, 1h. 30m. Stopped 1h. 5m. at Ashland. Made New London by 9 o'clock. Distance, Galion to New London, 50 miles. From here Dolph continued on alone with the intention of breaking the State record. Left New London at 10.30; reached Wellington 12; stopped 1h.; Reached Elyria 3.30; stopped 2h.; Reached Cleveland 8.45 P.M., making 115 miles. Roads from Elyria to Cleveland too bad to return, so the attempt at record breaking was given up. No training was done for this trip, and participants felt all right next day.

Entire distance was made without an accident, header, or anything out of the way, but the breaking of a spring.

C. A. Hazlett.

[To be continued.]

BICYCLE AND TRICYCLE RACING RECORDS.—PART I.

COMPILED BY ABBOT BASSETT OF THE L.A.W. RACING BOARD.

BEST AMERICAN AMATEUR BICYCLE RECORDS.

Miles.	Time.	Name.	Place.	Date.
¼	.43	C. H. Jenkins	Louisville, Ky.	July 4, 1882.
¼	*.42 2-5	Geo. M. Hendee	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
¼	1.24¾	" "	"	" 20, 1882.
¼	*1.22¾	" "	New Haven	Oct. 10, 1883.
½	2.27½	Jeffreys Wyman	Boston	June 10, 1882.
½	*2.11	Geo. M. Hendee	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
1	2.54¾	Frank Moore	"	" 20, 1882.
1	*2.50	Geo. M. Hendee	New Haven	Oct. 10, 1883.
2	6.14	Frank Moore	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1882.
2	*6.02 1-5	A. H. Robinson	"	" 19, 1883.
3	9.41½	W. S. Clark	New York	Feb. 14, 1880.
3	*9.17	W. C. Palmer	New Haven	Oct. 10, 1883.
4	13.02¼	Geo. D. Gideon	Boston	April 6, 1882.
4	*12.30	Geo. M. Hendee	New Haven	Oct. 10, 1883.
5	15.47¾	Frank Moore	Springfield	Sept. 20. 1882.
5	*15.26¼	Geo. M. Hendee	New Haven	Oct. 10, 1883.
6	19.54	Frank Moore	Boston	Sept. 13, 1882.
6	*18.58¾	H. D. Corey	Springfield	" 20, 1883.
7	23.20	F. Moore	Boston	" 13, 1882.
7	*22.12	H. D. Corey	Springfield	" 20, 1883.
8	25.48	Frank Moore	Boston	" 13, 1882.
8	*25.15	E. P. Burnham	New Haven	Oct. 10, 1883.
9	30.15¼	Frank Moore	Boston	Sept. 13, 1882.
9	*28.24	E. P. Burnham	New Haven	Oct. 10, 1883.
10	33.34	Frank Moore	Boston	Sept. 13, 1882.
10	*31.32½	E. P. Burnham	New Haven	Oct. 10, 1883.
11	39.56	C. D. Vesey	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
11	*35.44	Thos. Midgley	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
12	43.45	C. D. Vesey	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
12	*38.55	Thos. Midgley	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
13	47.19½	W. Smith	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
13	*42.09	Ed. Pettus	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
14	51.14	C. D. Vesey	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
14	*45.34 3-5	Ed. Pettus	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
15	55.04	C. D. Vesey	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
15	*48.55	Ed. Pettus	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
16	59.03	C. D. Vesey	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
16	*52.11 3-5	" "	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
17	1.02.55	" "	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
17	*55.47 3-5	" "	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
18	1.07.01	" "	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
18	*58.54 3-5	Ed. Pettus	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
19	1.11	C. D. Vesey	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
19	*1.02.25 3-5	Ed. Pettus	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
20	1.15.04	C. D. Vesey	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
20	*1.05.46 1-5	C. F. Frazier	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
21	1.19.04	C. D. Vesey	New York	Dec. 19, 1881.
21	*1.09.15 2-5	" "	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
22	1.22.54	W. S. Clark	New York	Feb. 21, 1880.
22	*1.13.51	Ed. Pettus	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
23	1.26.27	W. S. Clark	New York	Feb. 21, 1880.
23	*1.16.25 3-5	Ed. Pettus	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
24	1.30.04	W. S. Clark	New York	Feb. 21, 1880.
24	*1.20.05 1-5	H. J. Hall, Jr.	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
25	1.33.39	W. S. Clark	New York	Feb. 21, 1880.
25	*1.23.10	C. F. Frazier	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
26	1.37.10½	W. S. Clark	New York	Feb. 14, 1880.
27	1.41.27	" "	"	" "
28	1 44 50	" "	"	" "
29	1.48.26	" "	"	" "
30	1.52.29	" "	"	" "
31	1.56.38½	" "	"	" "
32	2.00.39½	" "	"	" "
33	2.04.44	" "	"	" "
34	2.08.47	" "	"	" "
35	2.12.34	" "	"	" "
36†	2.17.08	L. H. Johnson†	"	Feb. 21, 1880.
50	3.00.45	" "	"	" "
51‡	*3.42.20½	Thomas Midgley‡	Washington	Oct. 26, 1883.
100	*7.25.52½	" "	"	" "
101	*9.40.03	R. F. Foster	"	" "
102	*9.45 48	" "	"	" "

* Record in dispute, the track not having been measured according to the League standard.
† See next page for records from 37 to 49 miles inclusive.
‡ See next page for records from 52 to 99 miles inclusive.

†Miles from 37 to 49, inclusive, held by L. H. Johnson at same date and place as on preceding page, and in the following times: —

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
37	2.20.58	42	2.40.31	47	2.58.34
38	2.24.06	43	2.43.47	48	3.2.23½
39	2.28.40	44	2.47.25	49	3.6.09
40	2.32.45	45	2.51.07	50	3.9.45½
41	2.36.41	46	2.54.50		

‡Miles from 52 to 99, inclusive, held by Thomas Midgley, at same date and place as on preceding page, and in the following times: —

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
52	*3.48.08½	68	*5.01.15	84	*6.13.55½
53	*3.53.36½	69	*5.05.59½	85	*6.18.15
54	*3.58.40½	70	*5.10.58	86	*6.22.42
55	*4.03.35	71	*5.15.31	87	*6.27.36
56	*4.08.02	72	*5.19.52½	88	*6.32.06
57	*4.12.36	73	*5.24.08	89	*6.36.48½
58	*4.17.00½	74	*5.28.18	90	*6.41.31½
59	*4.21.45	75	*5.32.56½	91	*6.46.24½
60	*4.26.11	76	*5.36.57	92	*6.51.14½
61	*4.30.33	77	*5.41.11	93	*6.56.03½
62	*4.34.29½	78	*5.45.56	94	*7.00.30½
63	*4.38.28½	79	*5.50.29½	95	*7.04.14½
64	*4.43.00½	80	*5.55.14	96	*7.09.15
65	*4.48.59	81	*5.59.45½	97	*7.13.22
66	*4.53.39	82	*6.04.16½	98	*7.18.33½
67	*4.56.55	83	*6.09.15½	99	*7.21.48

BEST AMERICAN PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RECORDS.

Miles.	Time.	Name.	Name.	Date.
1	2.59	John S. Prince	Boston	Feb. 22, 1883.
2	6.11½	" "	"	" "
3	9.30	W. M. Woodside	"	May 15, 1883.
3	*9.06½	John Keen	Springfield	Sept. 19, 1883.
4	12.40½	W. M. Woodside	Boston	May 15, 1883.
4	*12.14 3-5	J. S. Prince	Springfield	Sept. 19, 1883.
5	15.51½	W. M. Woodside	Boston	May 15, 1883.
5	*15.24 3-5	H. W. Higham	Springfield	Sept. 19, 1883.
6	19.02	W. M. Woodside	Boston	May 15, 1883.
6	*18 36	John S. Prince	Springfield	Sept. 19, 1883.
7	22.15½	W. M. Woodside	Boston	May 15, 1883.
7	*22.12 4-5	John Keen	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
8	25.27½	W. M. Woodside	Boston	May 15, 1883.
8	*25.03 2-5	H. W. Higham	Springfield	Sept. 19, 1883.
9	28.39½	W. M. Woodside	Boston	May 15, 1883.
9	*28.14	H. W. Higham	Springfield	Sept. 19, 1883.
10	31.49½	W. M. Woodside	Boston	May 15, 1883.
10	*31.06 3-5	John S. Prince	Springfield	Sept. 19, 1883.
11	36.20½	" "	Boston	May 25, 1882.
11	*35.25 1-5	Robert James	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
12	39.41	John S. Prince	Boston	May 25, 1882.
12	*38.52 2-5	John Keen	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
13	43.05	John S. Prince	Boston	May 25, 1882.
13	*42.19 2-5	Robert James	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
14	46 30½	John S. Prince	Boston	May 25, 1882.
14	*45.49 3-5	W. J. Morgan	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
15	49.55½	John S. Prince	Boston	May 25, 1883.
15	*49.15	W. J. Morgan	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
16	53.26½	John S. Prince	Boston	May 25, 1882.
16	*52.43 1-5	" "	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
17	56.57½	" "	Boston	May 25, 1882.
17	*56.12	Robert James	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
18	1.00.33½	John S. Prince	Boston	May 25, 1882.
18	*59.45 1-5	Robert James	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
19	1.04.12½	John S. Prince	Boston	May 25, 1882.
19	*1.03.26	Robert James	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
20	1.07.47½	John S. Prince	Boston	March 17, 1883.
20	*1.06.30	H. W. Higham	Springfield	Sept. 20, 1883.
21	1.11.45½	John S. Prince	Boston	May 25, 1882.
22	1.14.35½	" "	"	" "
23	1.18.36	" "	"	" "
24	1.22.36½	" "	"	" "
25	1.26.07	W. M. Woodside	Chicago	Dec. 15, 1883.

* Record in dispute, the track not having been measured according to the League standard.

Miles.	Time.	Name.	Place.	Date.
26	1.30.44½	John S. Prince	Boston	May 25, 1882.
27	1.34.45½	" "	"	" "
28	1.38.53½	" "	"	" "
29	1.42.50½	" "	"	" "
30	1.43.43½	W. M. Woodside	Chicago	Dec. 15, 1883.
31	1.51.22½	D. Stanton	New York	Feb. 14, 1880.
32	1.55.06½	" "	"	" "
33	1.59.00½	D Belard	"	" "
34	2.02.21½	" "	"	" "
35	2.02.56	W. M. Woodside	Chicago	Dec. 15, 1883.
36	2.09.42½	D. Belard	New York	Feb. 14, 1880.
37	2.13.23½	" "	"	" "
38	2.17.10½	" "	"	" "
39	2.20.58½	" "	"	" "
40	2.24 48½	D. Stanton	"	" "
41	2.28.33½	" "	"	" "
42	2.32.10½	D. Belard	"	" "
43	2.36.08½	" "	"	" "
44	2.39.58½	" "	"	" "
45	2.43.55½	" "	"	" "
46	2.47.57½	" "	"	" "
47	2.51.46½	" "	"	" "
48	2.55.39½	" "	"	" "
49	2.59.09	D. Stanton	"	" "
50	2.59.15	John S. Prince	Boston	June 9, 1882.
51*	3.16.00	" " *	Chicago	Oct. 22, 1883.
100	6.46.55	" "	"	" "

*Miles from 52 to 99, inclusive, held by John S. Prince at the same date and place as above, and in the following times:

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
52	3.19.54	68	4.25.09	84	5.23.21
53	3.24.18	69	4.28.40	85	5.36.52
54	3.29.14	70	4.32.16	86	5.41.27
55	3.33.05	71	4.35.46	87	5.46.09
56	3.36.59	72	4.39.19	88	5.50.49
57	3.40.58	73	4.43.23	89	5.55.27
58	3.45.06	74	4.47.40	90	6.00.36
59	3.49.18	75	4.51.57	91	6.05.50
60	3.53.30	76	4.56.18	92	6.09.29
61	3.57.48	77	5.00.40	93	6.14.05
62	4.02.04	78	5.05.03	94	6.19.43
63	4.06.17	79	5.09.26	95	6.23.16
64	4.10.34	80	5.14.20	96	6.28.44
65	4.14.30	81	5.18.45	97	6.32.16
66	4.17.59	82	5.27.09	98	6.37.44
67	4.21.33	83	5.32.41	99	6.41.07

Mr. Prince holds the best on record up to and including 486 miles.

BEST AMATEUR TRICYCLE RECORDS.

Miles.	Time.	Name.	Place.	Date.
		American.		
1	4.32	W B. Everett	Boston	June 30, 1883.
1	*3.31⅗	E. P. Burnham	New Haven	October 10, 1883.
2	*7.05½	" "	"	" "
3	*11.21	Thos. Midgely	Springfield	September 20, 1883.
4	*15.10 1-5	" "	"	" "
5	*18.35½	L. H. Johnson	"	" "
		English.		
1	3.11	M. J. Lowndes	Belgrave Road	May 15, 1883.
2	6.28	" "	" "	" "
3	9.49	" "	" "	" "
4	13.12	" "	" "	" "
5	16.24½	" "	" "	" "
6	20.17	" "	" "	" "
7	23.39 3-5	" "	Crystal Palace	July 14, 1883.
8	27.02	" "	" "	" "
9	30.27 3-5	" "	" "	" "
10	33.45	C. E. Liles	" "	" "
20	1.15.24	M. J. Lowndes	" "	June 25, 1883.
25	1.36.03	" "	" "	" "
50	3.18.27	" "	" "	" "
100	7.23.50 2-5	A. Nixon	" "	" "

* Record in dispute, the track not having been measured according to League Standard.

EDITOR'S OPEN WINDOW.

A Wish and a Word.

FOLLOWING an accepted custom in the issuing of magazines, we come before our readers under date of the month *for* which we hope to be their companion, rather than of that *in* which our handful of ripened results is made up, and we knock at the doors of their hospitality. So it is that, on the eve of the New Year, we are writing for its second month, and our genuine greetings of the season are belated into February. However, we wish our thousands of friends — readers, contributors, and patrons — all the positive happiness that springs from congenial and recreative activities, and all the success deserved by wholesome living and honest effort. We pledge ourselves and all the forces at our command to assistance in their realization of this wish.

It is just as obvious to us as it can be to our readers that our own share in such happiness and success must depend largely upon our own efforts and wisdom; that our strongest appeal for support will be in the excellence and attractiveness of our monthly issues, and that our enterprise, like any other, must hold its measure of success upon business principles, and not upon friendship or invited charity. But it is true, nevertheless, that our course is over a new and untried field of journalism, and that the completeness and warmth of color and illustration, and truthfulness of record of this magazine, and hence its value to its readers, as well as its progress beyond a certain stable existence and reasonable merit, which we have reached, must depend in a large measure upon the voluntary aid of its interested readers. By correspondence giving us facts, incidents, and suggestions, by contributions, by notices of what has been and is to be done, by reflecting for us the sentiments and tendencies in particular circles and localities, and by encouraging subscriptions amongst their friends, our readers can aid us much in giving them a fuller, and better, and more sympathetic magazine from month to month. In this direction he that giveth receiveth. We shall not often talk of ourselves in these columns, but for this once we warmly thank our friends for all their aid hitherto, and ask each one to take these suggestions as a word to the wise.

Winter Recreations.

THE out-of-door recreations in our temperate zone are fewer, and the pursuit of them is less general, in winter than at other seasons of the year. This is in large part due, of course, to climatic rigors, which shut off the necessary conditions of some, and bring to others so many asperities as to dull their delights. Canoeing and yachting are suspended in the North; the cricket crease and the archery range are snowed up; crosse, racquet, and mallet are driven in-doors; the camera and the dry plate tempt to shorter distances, and even bicycling and tricycling, which are nearest to all-the-year-round recreations, become amphibious, and share the general torpidity of unseasoned arts.

Besides the fact that the in-door amusements are increased in number and attractiveness in the cold season, there is another less frequently noticed. For most people the ordinary pursuits and activities of life afford more physical exercise in winter than in summer. It is the busy season, and cold, and snow, and slippery walks, and hurried action and exposure, make larger drafts upon the energies, and leave less surplus for pleasurable exercises. The days are shorter, and night frowns upon most out-of-door recreations.

And yet winter has its peculiar sports, and appreciation of them is on the increase. Tobogganing is moving into the United States, by invasion from the North; and even our old "sliding down hill," on sleds, pungs, and double-runners, is becoming dignified by the organization of coasting clubs and reserved coasts. Fascinating and perilous ice-skating has not faded from a land offering the best opportunities in the world, whilst ice-yachting spreads a little on our rivers, and ponds, and bays, and the safer ice-game of curling is acquiring a permanent place with American diversions. Sleighing may not, but seasonable hunting and fishing can, be classed as organized pastimes, and snow-shoeing and snow-ball warfare have been; and the semi-out-door roller-skating and polo of the rinks form a connecting link with the gymnasiums, where also much more is done in winter than in summer.

Not only restless, growing youth, but also earnest, busy men and women, are finding more and more the healthfulness and good-cheer derivable from positive recreation in so marked a degree better than from the negative in-door relaxations.

Better Housed.

THE club idea involves common purpose and interests, sociability, coöperative action, and locality or common resort. It is one of the accumulating signs of the permanence of bicycling and tricycling that so many of the older and leading clubs are acquiring better headquarters. Well established and confirmed in their chosen recreation, they no longer find the small wheel-room and meeting-room of temporary quarters adequate to their wants. They require more adequate, and varied, and comfortable provision, — their principal and incidental needs, — and such æsthetic and contributors' appointments as shall satisfy them for most social club-purposes, also for the year round.

Notable are the new club-houses of the Chicago, Boston, and Citizens' bicycle clubs, the former recently completed, with main reference to practical wheel-club use, but combining some other athletic and social features; the latter just erecting and contrived solely for an active membership, and the other found almost ready to band, and with the social idea more predominant in its designed uses. The three, indeed, represent well the leading variations of the same general kind of habitation; and throughout the country, the clubs, large and small, are better housed than they were a year ago.

The bicycle clubs are not alone involved in this tendency toward better buildings and appointments. In our athletic metropolis and elsewhere the temples of hygiene are proofs that physical strength, and training, and exercise, are receiving more of the attention they deserve.

GLANCES AT OUR LETTER-FILE.

The Sailing Rules of the American Canoe Association.

SINCE my article on this subject was written (January OUTING, page 295) the Executive and Regatta committees have taken some further action, more particularly in relation to the 1884 meeting at the Thousand Islands. The classification of canoes given above as used at Stony Lake has been permanently adopted; it having, in the opinion of the committee, "given general satisfaction and worked smoothly." At the 1884 meet there will be a "clerk of the course," who will act as secretary, and collect and enter entries; a time-keeper, a starter, and a judge at the finish, in whose hands the actual carrying out of the regatta programme shall be. This is an improvement on the somewhat hap-hazard manner in which the work has hitherto been done by any members of the regatta committee who happened to be disengaged. The "senior and junior" distinction has been abolished; and in its place there will be a "novices'" sailing race, open only to members of the A.C.A. who have never sailed a canoe previous to January of the current year. Another novelty is the introduction of a race in "cruising-rig"; the definition of cruising-rig being not more than fifty feet of sail area for Class A, the smaller canoes, and not more than seventy feet for the larger ones of Class B.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to point out two typographical errors in my article of last month on "The Sailing Regulations of the American Canoe Association." On page 296, the commencement of the last paragraph should read thus: "The provisions in italics are those which have not been changed since. Canoes were put into these four classes for the paddling races as well as for the sailing races; and herein lay the great practical difficulty." These two sentences were made into one by the omission of the full point after the word "since"; with a crushing effect on the context. Then, in the last line of the same page, the words "in sailing" should be struck out; their only effect is to make nonsense of a sentence which refers solely to *paddling* races.

Robert Tyson.

The Cost of It.

IT is an every-day complaint that bicycles *cost so much*. This complaint — more frequent and emphatic among those who are just looking about in the first thought of purchasing than among actual users of the wheel — sometimes takes the form of remonstrance. I have been told, at various times, that, "I can't see what there is in bicycles to make them cost so much," and "there must be a big profit on them somewhere"; I have been challenged to justify their higher price here than in England, and have been assured that whenever they are brought within the reach of average people they will be more in use, etc., etc.

The plaint has one fact at least for foundation — bicycles *are* high-priced. For one, I sincerely wish they were less so, and if anybody will only show me how to reduce their cost I will gladly take the initiative in reducing their price. It is, however, an error to suppose that any dealer can make prices low because the consumer wishes and there is a *disposition* to gratify him. The conditions governing total cost are very little in the power of any one person, or, indeed, of the combined efforts of all engaged in a particular trade. The dealer takes the goods as they cost him, all processes and stages considered, and he adds a living rate of commission for his services. This last addition is all on which he has any discretion, and he is under severe limitations as to even that. Make it too much, and he kills off his business; make it too little, and he does the same. Whether he requires what is an equitable profit, or whether he aims to charge what the traffic will bear, in either case he studies after the happy medium.

Recognizing the fact that the purchaser's plaint of high price is natural and reasonable, from his point of view, and desiring to treat it with candor and patience, I write to point out some considerations which he overlooks. As rider, writer, student, enthusiast, and importer, I have been "in" bicycling about five years; and while I cannot claim rank among the pioneers, — since there is a numerically respectable but comparatively small band who preceded me, this term and experience are enough to carry some title to hearing.

What has to be paid by the purchaser of a bicycle is, its cost of production, its cost of distribution, the risk involved in the business, and the profit or commission of the last party through whose hands it passes. In the case of this inquiry there is some misconception as to what a bicycle is. Its rudimentary form of "dandy horse," embodying the discovery of the paradox of the balancing, is nearly a century old, but a long string of clumsy peltering with levers. gears, cranks, and complex devices, which went astonishingly astray from the goal of simplicity, came before practicability was reached. The bicycle is a specialized carriage, the product of laborious evolution. There is no part but has been worked over and over; and although the ultimate seems now nearly reached, the series of experiments are a foundation of invested capital. Moreover, it is itself the product of large capital to-day, for it cannot be produced, commercially speaking, except from the investment of a small fortune in "plant." It demands, and reasonably receives, the choicest material and skill, for there is no article that gets severer usage; the concentration of strain and shock is such that the only wonder is how it bears them, especially as its slenderness is constantly besieged by all for further "lightness." Without going into figures, I am clear in saying that its bare cost of production is more than the public suppose.

The risks involved have also to be paid for. These may seem trivial, now that the bicycle is established; but there is, even now, a risk in the uncertainty of demand in this way. The market widening every year, each past season is no guide for the next, and all parties must make the best guess they can. Supply on a large scale involves large capital, and, in their conservative endeavor not to overdo, they have underestimated the demand thus far. The risk of oversupply on one hand, or of a jam in market and delay in supply on the other, must be paid for. Whenever the public learn to prolong the term of use, and to crowd less the year's trade into a "season," this trouble will be mollified. Meanwhile, if purchasers will only take the advice in which I know the entire trade heartily unite, and *order early* (please understand that these two words are intended to bear all the emphasis which display type could give them), instead of holding back until the day they wish to ride, and then criticising the trade for not being conducted in a business manner, they will lighten this part of the risk also.

If the risks are trifling now, how was it once? The remnants of the old impressions and prejudices about bicycles still survive. What was thought five years ago of the novel, absurd, dizzy toy? Was it decently safe? Could any but acrobats master it? Could it be ridden on the roads we had? Was it healthy? Would it be more than a revival of the craze of ten years before?

The little band of Boston pioneers deserve all honor. I must confess, for myself, that it was not until perhaps a year ago that I became fully clear in mind about the future of the machine in America. Faith, and works that go with Faith, are so easy after the way is broken. But how about the making it? There can be no question that the investment of capital and labor in the bicycle in 1877–79 was a hazardous venture, as things looked then. Whoever takes business risks gets no help from the public if he fails, and not much sympathy; so it is a recognized rule that he is entitled to get from success more than interest on money and good wages for labor — he must be well paid for the risks. Otherwise, nobody would take risks; the world would wait for certainties; that is, we should be still living on roots, dug wild, and be eating those raw.

Here comes mention of patents and "monopoly." It is bare justice to admit that the present holders took these as they found them, and could not ignore them. Grant that they were obstructions, they would have hampered all who attempted to enter the business, and their consolidation and control in one concern was the only way to dispose of them, except to successfully contest them. The handling of these patents is a once "explosive" subject that has provoked some controversy, which is now remanded to the bygones by almost general consent. These patents, of course, have been one item of cost, as they always are; but not more severely so than in other lines of trade.[1]

The cost of distribution also must be paid for, and this is mostly overlooked by the public. One of the elements in this cost is the large amount of unique advertising that has had to be done. The older makers and dealers especially deserve great credit for the aid they have given to bicycling literature. It *cost;* and the wheelman of to-day is reaping more benefit of it than is covered by the small bit from the expense account he pays in the price of a machine.

Valuable as the bicycle is it is not a realized necessity, and it met no known want. Had it waited for its success abroad to bring it into use here it would have waited forever. The bicycle had to be figuratively crammed down the public throat; reputation and demand had to be *created.* There are large blocks on the map where it is probably still unheard of. It has a momentum now, but the uphill fight with ignorance, incredulity, indifference, and prejudice was severe. The entire trade shares in the benefits of this expenditure. Had it not been made chiefly by one concern, it must have been made by many; or, perhaps, it would not have been made at all. My point is, that all this must be paid for; and advertising outlay must be perpetual.

The retail trade is another factor in cost. It is a convenience for the buyer to have his establishment at hand, where machines of various makes can be seen and tried, and bought at central prices, plus transportation; but this convenience costs. The retailer must be assumed to be useful and necessary, or he could not exist. If everybody who can possibly be led to think that he wants a bicycle would only order directly from maker or importer, retail prices could be somewhat lower; but they won't. The consumer pays all expenses. When the public get fully convinced that they want bicycles, and fully decided as to which and what they want, they can leave out the retailer. Until they do, his share of profit will be found in the list prices.

Now, suppose this product of skill, patience, enterprise, and pluck does cost from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars, — what then? Mr. A. S. Parsons has calculated that his own practical use of it as a vehicle strictly pays for the steed every year; and there are not a few who similarly get utility out of it. The perfected gymnasium, as at Harvard, and the zeal of Mr. William Blaikie (who, unfortunately, does not yet know the steel steed well enough to give it its just place in his regard), are admirable; yet there will be a pretty general consent that there is no single implement which unites pleasure, health, assistance, and practical utility as does the bicycle and its three-wheeled brother. Nobody buys either to help the trade, and only rarely does one who tries either abandon it, unless for the other. As well expect crops without soil as successful life without good bodies in which to find its roots. The "nerve" of Americans is as excellent as their nerves are superabundant and burdensome. This applies to both sexes; and, as it is hopeless to look for more vigor than mothers have to give, the tricycle is a boon almost unspeakable to American womanhood, and to generations still to come. [I am one of the probably few who see no natural hindrance, and wish yet that women may dare to ride the bicycle; but I don't quite reckon on living to see it, though I believe it will

[1] Possibly one in a hundred of your readers may know that I was formerly a pretty intense opponent of the owners upon this subject, and an emphatic "anti-monopolist." It is human to err, and creditable to confess it. My differences were from sincerely held opinions, which I admit were in part erroneous, from not looking enough at all sides; and no one who knows me will doubt, I think, that this admission, so far as it goes, is wholly voluntary.

come.] But a piece of construction which has such potency for recreation (of which we never get enough), and for health-giving, without which we are nothing, and for utility, — which we all half worship — is it not *worth* its price?

There will probably be some decrease in the cost of production after some years more; but the earlier decrease will be in the cost of distribution as here outlined. Whoever would speed this wheel millennium of lower prices, better roads, and banished prejudices, should not only use the wheel himself, but should make all his influence help his example in raising the public estimation of the wheel and extending its use. The larger the market the better for all. On the contrary, to use one's machine and bear no testimony is to follow neither the impulse of generosity nor the dictates of enlightened self-interest.

Julius Wilcox.

The Lawrence Bi. Club 200-Mile Run.

CAPT. WEBB, of the Lawrence (Mass.) Bi. C., called a 24-hour run, the start to be from Malden, between 5 and 6 o'clock P.M., October 16, with the purpose of covering 200 miles within the 24-hours.

Three men, Capt. T. L. Webb and Messrs. John Tacy and John F. Finn, accompanied by Mr. Natt M. Cogswell (one of the three who made 169¼ miles last year), started from the Boston & Maine depot, at Malden, at 5.16 o'clock P.M., October 16, and wheeled to South Natick, *via* Medford, Somerville, Cambridge, Watertown, the Newtons, Grantville, and Wellesley, arriving there at 7.15, where Mr. Cogswell remained to have a lunch prepared for them upon their return. Starting from there at 7.20, they returned to West Newton over the same road they had come, arriving there at 8 o'clock. Here they procured a light lunch, which delayed them 30 minutes. Starting at 8.30, they proceeded to Malden. While going through Cambridge, upon their way to South Natick, they struck a bad piece of road, which was being repaired, and Webb received a fall. Upon their return, a police-officer directed them where he said the "roads were better." Not being familiar with the streets, they got lost, and wandered about 20 or 25 minutes, before getting upon the right road. The return route (*via* Harvard Square), although somewhat further than the other way, contained better roads, and was taken by them upon every subsequent trip in this direction.

They arrived at the Boston & Maine depot, in Malden, at 9.55, and from Lerned & Varinas' apothecary store, directly opposite, telephoned to Dyer & Co., Lawrence. Starting from here at 10 o'clock, they returned to South Natick over the route heretofore described, arriving at 11.47 P.M.

After partaking of a lunch at Bailey's Hotel, they started from here at 12.05 A.M., October 17, in company with Cogswell (whom you will remember they left here upon their first trip), and wheeled to Salem, *via* the same route to Malden, and then *via* East Saugus, Lynn, and Swampscott, arriving at the Essex House, in Salem, at 4.30 A.M. Between Malden and Lynn Finn received a bad fall, which so shook him up that he continued no farther than Salem. At the Essex House they were *compelled to wait 2 hours and 25 minutes* before getting breakfast, and did not start from here until 6.55 A.M., when they proceeded to Rowley, *via* Beverly, Wenham, Hamilton, and Ipswich, reaching Rowley at 8.15 o'clock; then to Ipswich, and back to Rowley at 9 o'clock; then, *via* Ipswich, etc., to Salem common, arriving at 10.20; then back to Ipswich, arriving at 11.18, and return over the same route to Essex House, Salem, arriving at 12.28 P.M. Here, by a preconcerted arrangement, they were joined by Messrs. W. B. Segur and William Cotton, of the Lawrence Club, who acted as pace-makers for the remainder of the run.

After taking 52 minutes for dinner, they left the Essex House at 1.20, and proceeded over the same route heretofore described, *via* Swampscott, Lynn, Malden, etc., to West Newton, arriving at 3.45 P.M., and returned to Malden, arriving at the B. & M. depot at 5 o'clock, having 16 minutes to spare. They decided to go no further, and took the train from here to Lawrence.

At the depot in Lawrence they were met by quite a delegation from the Lawrence Club; and, after a few minutes' conversation about the run, in Dyer & Co.'s store, they went to their respective homes. One of our club men gave to the reporter of the *Lawrence Eagle* a few facts about the run, picked up in this few minutes' conversation, as a matter of news, and the route *they* then published was even different from what *he* gave them (so he says).

The route published in the WHEELMAN was copied from *this erroneous "Eagle" report*, and, as considerable of the route was left out, the distance figures up considerably less than the actual distance travelled.

The distance covered was $200\frac{2}{3}\frac{2}{2}$ miles, and the actual riding time 19 hours 29 minutes.

This, we claim, is the longest 24-hour club run on record. I enclose correct tables of the time and distances. Yours fraternally,

MAHLON D. CURRIER,
Pres. Lawrence Bicycle Club.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

Malden to South Natick (short way)	$18\frac{11}{32}$ miles.
South Natick to West Newton	$7\frac{6}{32}$ "
West Newton to Malden, *via* Harvard square in Cambridge	$11\frac{31}{32}$ "
Malden to South Natick, *via* Harvard square in Cambridge	$19\frac{5}{32}$ "
South Natick to Essex House, Salem, *via* Harvard square in Cambridge	$35\frac{29}{32}$ "
Essex House, Salem, to Rowley	$16\frac{28}{32}$ "
Rowley to Ipswich	$3\frac{28}{32}$ "
Ipswich to Rowley	$3\frac{28}{32}$ "
Rowley to Salem Common	$16\frac{17}{32}$ "
Salem Common to Ipswich	$12\frac{21}{32}$ "
Ipswich to Essex House, Salem	13 "
Essex House, Salem, to West Newton, *via* Harvard square	$28\frac{23}{32}$ "
West Newton to Malden, *via* Harvard square	$11\frac{31}{32}$ miles.
	$200\ \frac{2}{32}$ "

TABLE OF TIME AND RESTS.

Start.	Arrive.	Leave.	Rest.	Rem'ks.
Malden		5.16 P.M.		
Bailey's Hotel, So. Natick	7.15 P.M.	7.20 "	5 m.	
West Newton	8.00 "	8.30 "	30 "	Lunch.
Malden	9.55 "	10.00 "	5 "	
South Natick	11.47 "	12.05 A.M.	18 "	Lunch.
Essex House, Salem	4.30 A.M.	6.55 "	2 h. 25 "	Breakf't.
Rowley	8.15 "			
Ipswich				
Rowley	9.00 "			
Salem Common	10.20 "			
Ipswich	11.18 "			
Essex House, Salem	12.28 P.M.	1.20 P.M.	52 "	Dinner.
West Newton	3.45 "			
Malden	5.00 "			
			4h. 15m.	

Riding Time	19 hours,	29 minutes.
Rests	4 "	15 "
Spare Time		16 "
	24 "	0 "

HOME BRIGHTENING.

A Definition and an Invitation.

THE development of the bright, cheerful, recreative side of home life is the province of this department. The ideal home is the most delightful place on earth to all its inmates, and is enjoyed only less than this by the guest whose good fortune it is to share its comforts. There are many well-nigh ideal homes into which this magazine finds its way each month, and bears its ministry of breeziness and cheer from the out-door life which is, as it hopes, somewhat vividly portrayed in its pages. To these, and to all the homes where OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN finds a welcome, it desires to bring suggestion, counsel, and help for yet higher attainments on the part of those who make the home.

All departments of the family life must be in harmonious accord to round out the perfect home; hence, there is no room in the house, from the kitchen to the observatory, which may not properly at some time come under our notice in these pages. Our special province, however, is the recreative side of the home, in which the house-mother finds some of her most difficult, as well as most satisfying, work—that which promotes the symmetrical development of all members of the family, and provides rest, amusement, varied occupation, or physical exercise, as each may need. If we may give her aid, or afford suggestion, or enable her in any wise to add to the brightness and well-being of her home, our purpose will have been accomplished.

To this end the conductor of this department cordially invites coöperation and practical aid from those who read these pages. Records of experience afford the best possible material for the purpose we have in view, and even untried theories may have in them much of valuable suggestion. Questions of the practical sort are invited, and will be answered as faithfully and

helpfully as may be. With approval and help on the part of our readers and correspondents, and constant effort on our own part, the department of "Home Brightening" may, and we hope will, become one of not merely passing interest, but of real and permanent value.

Occupation for Childhood.

THE mournful wail of the little one going to his mother half a hundred times a day with the restless question, "What shall I do?" merely voices the cry of all childhood for occupation, and presents to parents a problem which needs to be solved anew with each new day. That part of the thought and care of the mother which is given to so directing the recreations of childhood as to render them fresh and attractive, and at the same time educational in their tendency, is wisely used. Children need variety of play, as well as of study or work, and are happiest when they can find it in the line of construction or investigation. The building of a snow fort, and the observation of a spider's web in a sunny window-corner, will, each in its own way, interest, amuse, and educate a family of children. But no single suggestion from the mother will fill up the whole morning, or all the afternoon. Fertility of invention, constant interest, and long-enduring patience are essential qualities for the mother who aims to see that her little ones are kept happily and profitably employed.

The Family Table.

THE old-time American habit of going to the dinner-table merely for the sake of satisfying bodily hunger in the briefest possible period, is, happily, getting a little out of fashion. We earnestly hope for the day when it may be wholly obsolete. Health, happiness, and politeness unite to urge a pleasantly formal, social, leisurely family meal, at least once a day, at which each member of the household shall be present, and to which each shall bring his contribution of chat, or news, or incident, or merry joke. Whether this preëminently social meal should come at mid-day or in the early evening is, of course, purely a matter of individual preference and convenience, though there is a special appropriateness, it would seem, in placing it at the close of the day's business, when the tension of care and work is relaxed, and the out-door history of the day is finished.

There are too many tables where the china is sheer and fragile, the linen spotless and delicate, the viands ample, and the service without a fault, around which there is no true family life. The father and mother have each a vital share in creating a bright and cheery atmosphere about the table, and will find full reward for the time and effort it may cost in the strengthened attachment of children to their home, and the daily pleasure they will gain for themselves. The amenities of the table are not to be ignored or neglected in the ideal home.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Fishing with the Fly.[1]

THE fine art of throwing the "well-dissembled fly" has nowhere been more winningly set forth than in the elegant volume recently brought out by Mr. Orvis. Composed as it is of original articles, by more than twenty different fishermen of ample qualifications, covering nearly the whole field — or water — of fly-fishing, it is probably more acceptable than any treatise by one could be. Salmon-catching in our northern and western rivers, and in Alaska, is well described in chapters by Charles Hallock, George Dawson, and Capt. L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N. Fitz James Fitch contributes a valuable article on "Sea Trout," with entertaining bits of experience and incident. "Rangeley Brook Trout" is only too briefly discussed by James A. Williamson, and "The Grayling," by Fred Mather. W. Thomson describes "A Trouting Trip to St. Ignace Island," and the sport obtained; and A. Louis Miner, Jr., gives a vivid narrative of "Fly-Fishing in the Yosemite." "Fly-Fishing in Florida," and the different kinds of fish to be found in its waters are explained by Dr. J. C. Kenworthy, and the charms and possibilities of "Winter

[1] Fishing with the Fly. Sketches by Lovers of the Art, with Illustrations of Standard Flies. Collected by Charles F. Orvis and A. Nelson Cheney. Manchester, Vermont: C. F. Orvis, 1883. pp. 299. With 13 colored plates.

Angling" are told by Frank S. Pinckney. There are valuable practical chapters by Seth Green, R. B. Roosevelt, and Charles F. Orvis; while the "Resources of Fly-Fishing" are set forth by Dr. James A. Henshall; and A. Nelson Cheney shows that it is "Not All of Fishing to Fish"; and the poetry, and literature, and beauty of the sport are charmingly reviewed by F. E. Pond, W. D. Tomlin, and others, and W. C. Prime explains "Why Peter went a-Fishing." The old sportsman will find in this book much to delight him, and many another, who has not yet learned wholly to be a born angler, will be tempted and assisted by it to select and test his first tackle.

The Calumet of the Cotean.[1]

THIS book has several surprises for the intelligent reader. Bound in muslin, bevelled boards, with gilt title and emblematic decorations, it has the appearance of a substantial book by a substantial publishing-house. On opening it the pages are found to be disappointing, and the illustrations wretched. A second surprise arises in the discovery that it is not a volume of poems at all; and another dawns upon the reader, after rapidly skipping a wilderness of rather rugged versification, occupying two-thirds of the leaves, and some diffuse notes in very small type, when he discovers the chief value of the work in some forty pages of "guide-book" at the end. There is so little accessible information about the vast and almost unfrequented national park, that this portion of the author's production is very interesting. There is a map of the region referred to, and there are some useful tables.

The Bear Worshippers.[2]

THIS is the latest of an unique series of three charming books by the same author, illustrative of the life and conditions of the modern Japanese. In his "Young Americans in Japan" Mr. Greey gave an account of the southern parts of the empire; and in his "Wonderful City of Tokio" he described the capital and its various attractions and resources. His several prolonged visits to that interesting country have given him exceptional opportunities for acquiring an intimate knowledge of it and its people, and in writing it up for the younger readers of his land he has afforded entertainment and instruction to the older ones as well. This latest book relates to Yezo, formerly a part of the empire of Japan, though ceded to Russia a few years ago, and the other small islands of the north. The "bear-worshippers" are the aboriginal natives of these islands, and their habits, manners, religions, and social customs, police, soldiery, and games and pursuits, as well as the topography and natural history of their surroundings, are told in an interesting and graphic manner, and are profusely illustrated by Japanese artists. The numerous pictures have, at first glance, a rather grotesque appearance to the American eye; but, on further examination, appear to have, besides the charm of variety, the effectiveness of more faithful portrayal of the peculiarities of a strange people than any finer illustrations by our own better artists could lend. The present volume is an example of the excellence of the publishers in the book-making art, and should be a welcome gift-book to the young.

The Florida Annual.[1]

ABOUT two years ago Mr. Munroe "dropped a tiny canoe into the waters of the Suwanee river, where it is crossed by the Florida Central and Western Railway, and made his way down the Gulf coast of the peninsula, entered the Caloosahatchee river, ascended it, and worked his way into the great, dismal, watery waste of Okeechobee. On this shoreless, inland sea of solitude he wandered for eight days and nights, searching for the mouth of the Kississimmee river." He is said to have been the first man to take "a boat into the Okeechobee from the Gulf." Not only with the canoe has Mr. Munroe explored Florida waters, but in other ways has he had ample opportunities to learn much of that remarkable peninsular State, to which, although it did not disclose the fountain of perennial youth to Ponce de Leon, so many in our day look longingly, as to a land of health, and some even as to one of fortune. This "Annual" is put forth as a periodical; but it is really a very valuable and thorough book for instruction, reference, and entertainment. A large map accompanies it, and it contains eighteen statistical tables. The resources for farming, stock-raising, gardening, milk-raising, sporting, recuperation, and investment; the climatic and social conditions; the means of travel, and the form of government, and many other things, make the book a valu-

[1] The Calumet of the Cotean, and Other Practical Legends of the Border. Also a Glossary of Indian names, words, and Western provincialisms. Together with a guide-book of the Yellowstone National Park. By P. W. Norris, five years superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

[2] The Bear Worshippers of Yezo and the Island of Karafuto, being the further adventures of the Jewett family and their friend, Oto Nambo. By Edward Greey. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1884. 180 illustrations. Boards, $1.75; cloth, $2.50.

[1] The Florida Annual. 1884. Price, 50c. Edited by C. K. Munroe. Office of Publication, 140 Nassau st., New York.

able one, and worthy of much better typographical presentment.

Recollections of a Drummer Boy.[1]

THE author enlisted as drummer boy, at the age of sixteen, in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers. These sketches of his three years in the army were originally written for and published in *St. Nicholas*, with the idea that his boyish experiences might be better fitted than anything else to arouse the interest of young people, especially the children of former soldiers, in the events of the War of the Rebellion. But the clear and connected narrative of the departure from home, the first days in camp, the march on to Washington, the false night-alarm of an attack, the picket experiences, reviews, life in camp, marches and battles, will stir the blood of many an old soldier, and hold the interest of readers, old and young. The book is illustrated by graphic drawings, many of them interesting from the fact that they are the work of Allen C. Redwood, who served in the Confederate army, and was a witness of the scenes he has depicted.

Book of the Black Bass.[2]

MR. HENSHALL has written a very fascinating book, and one that will find its way into every angler's library. The black bass is highly honored in having a volume of over four hundred and sixty pages devoted to it. The book consists of three parts. The first part, containing eight chapters, gives a complete view of the natural history of the black bass. The second part, of nine chapters, consists of able discussions of tools, tackle, and implements; and the last part treats of angling and fly-fishing. Many of the chapters on angling and rods, etc., are of a general nature, and would read well in any book on fishing. The volume is a veritable encyclopædia of the black bass. It is also a new and valuable addition to angling literature, as much of the book treats of the angler's art in general. It contains a portrait of the author.

Bird's-Eye View of the Civil War.[3]

THIS is an excellent and interesting account of the operations of both armies during our Civil War. The author shows that he is a trained soldier and writer. He tells his story in a clear and concise manner, and in a way that those not familiar with military movements can understand. The important history of the Civil War is condensed in a single volume, without leaving out anything of importance to the general reader. The book should be placed in the hands of all of the present generation, that they may learn how the great campaigns of their fathers were fought. The writer pays deserved tribute to the courage and zeal of those brave men who fought under the Confederate flag, as well as to those who fought under the stars and stripes. It is a fair and impartial record of the achievements of the Federal and Confederate armies. The volume is conveniently indexed, and has a valuable glossary for those not familiar with military terms. To the old soldier it brings back vividly to mind the scenes of twenty years ago.

"IDEAL POEMS FROM THE ENGLISH POETS." (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) This very beautiful holiday gift-book is composed of just a dozen of the sweetest of English poems, and of the same number of full-page illustrations. There are two poems of Tennyson, and one each from Kingsley, Wordsworth, Burns, Shelley, Jean Ingelow, George Eliot, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, Caroline E. S. Norton, and Adelaide Procter. The illustrations are very beautiful, the work of such artists as W. L. Taylor, E. H. Garrett, Hy. Sandham. and Alfred Fredericks. Mr. Taylor is the only one who has furnished two drawings.

"THE STORY OF MY HEART." An Autobiography. By Richard Jeffries. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.) This is a singular self-history, dealing with the longings, experiences, and development of the soul, and yet not touching upon human associations in any way, however remote. The life described is all inward. The soul is shown in contact with nature and art in all their beauty and variety, but never under personal relations with another soul. The effect is strange and interesting, but quickly grows monotonous.

"THE MATE OF THE DAYLIGHT." Sarah Orne Jewett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) The title of this volume is that of the first of the short tales it contains. Many of these have already become familiar to readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and are known as thoroughly excellent. She is distinguished for the naturalness of her style, and the truthfulness of her character sketches. She also has a grace and facility of expression that make charming reading of her stories.

[1] Recollections of a Drummer Boy. By Harry M. Kiefer. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

[2] Book of the Black Bass. By James A. Henshall. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

[3] Bird's-Eye View of the Civil War. By Theodore A. Dodge. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

"NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS." Joel Chandler Harris. (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) The writer of this volume is already well-known from the preceding one of the same nature, entitled "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings." This collection is intended to be more complete than the former one, which consisted of the more common and more easily verified negro tales. Daddy Jack, a new character, with dialectic peculiarities of his own, is here introduced. There is a long and valuable preface, giving some account of the history of the legends, of the great difficulty of learning of their existence, and hearing them related by the negroes. There is also in the preface a vocabulary making Daddy Jack's language intelligible to the reader. Mr. Harris has a genius of imagination and an ease of narration that make him inimitable as a preserver and propagator of the curious stories.

"THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB ALONGSHORE." By C. A. Stephens. (Estes & Lauriat, Boston.) This lively club, carrying out their favorite theory of education by travel and experience, instead of in college, took a trip from Boston to the land of the midnight sun. The present volume is a spirited account of the stories they told, the sights they saw, and the exploits and adventures that were theirs. They went to Halifax, Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland; on their return made a poetical journey to the village of Grand-Pré, and thence returned to Boston. The book is fully illustrated.

"RED-LETTER DAYS ABROAD." (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) John L. Stoddard, the entertaining lecturer on foreign lands, has just given some of his choicest travels to the public in a beautiful volume. He describes the airy architecture of the Alhambra, the streets, gardens, and palaces, the people and customs, of sunny Spain. The second part of the book gives a detailed account of the Passion-Play at Oberammergau. The plentiful and excellent illustrations are of the greatest service to the reader of this valuable and curious chapter. The third part is devoted to the cities of the Czar, — St. Petersburg and Moscow. The writer became thoroughly acquainted with this strange people, so much to be respected for their abilities, and yet retaining so many of the dangerous traits of barbarism. He relates of Ivan the Terrible that he asked the architect who constructed the wonderful church of St. Basil if he believed himself able to build another church equally beautiful. The artist eagerly answered that he could, doubtless hoping for another commission. "By heavens! that you shall never do," exclaimed the tyrant, and ordered him to be immediately beheaded.

NOHL'S "WAGNER." (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.) This is one of the most interesting biographies of the year. Mr. George P. Upton is the translator, and he has done justice to the author. Dr. Louis Nohl seems to be especially worthy to be the biographer of the great musician, as he has just gained the prize offered by the Prague Concordia for the best essay on "Wagner's Influence upon the National Art." He traces with loving and appreciative hand the life of Wagner, from his childhood until his death. The mighty nature of the great composer palpitates through the pages. It is a genuine inspiration to read of one so great and powerful.

"VIRGINIA." By John Esten Cooke. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) This volume belongs to the series of American Commonwealths, edited by Horace E. Scudder. It is a history of one of the original centres of American life and events. While New England has been the subject of much enthusiastic study, and the great Puritan character has been highly appreciated, very little has been seriously written of Virginia. And yet, to understand some of the most important events in our country's records, we must understand Virginian character, and know the nature and history of her people. In order to do this, says the writer, we must lose sight of "the fancied dignity of history," and come into close contact with the people themselves, of every class and occupation. Into such a contact Mr. Cooke has drawn his readers, making men of the past seem flesh-and-blood creatures, to be known and comprehended by us. For such a portrait of the Virginians it was of little use to search general histories, and the author has accordingly found his materials in the writings of the old adventurers, in the laws of burgesses, in old family papers, and, best of all, in the traditions of the people. It is a most valuable and interesting study of a fascinating people.

THE BOYS OF THIRTY-FIVE: A Story of a Seaport Town, by Edward H. Elwell, editor of the *Portland Transcript* (Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston), is full of incidents and reminiscences of boyhood life in Portland fifty years ago. It is written in a style which smacks of the sturdy vernacular of the Dirigo State, and is a thoroughly wholesome book for boys. Its narrative of the school-days, work, games, and ad-

ventures, will also be read with interest in fireside hours, by men whose boyhood was passed in New England towns.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The Scribners have, it would seem, temporarily turned their attention to our navy. The books they have recently published on that subject contain a vast amount of valuable historical data. Their latest publication in this line is the recollections of an officer who was in the service twenty-four years. Capt. W. H. Parker, the officer referred to, is also an author, having written at least a half-dozen books before the present one. Beginning with the preface, which is itself a joke, it is brimful of humor to the very end; and, as the author has twenty-four years of experience to draw from, it never gets stale.

"AN EPITOME OF ENGLISH HISTORY." (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.) A revised edition of a little work designed for school use by teachers and students. It is not to take the place of a text-book, but to be used with one, to aid in fixing in the memory the essential dates and facts necessary to the enjoyment of more extended study.

"GUENN," recently published by J. R. Osgood & Co., is a strong and vivid story of Breton life, full of wit and lively incident.

ESTES & LAURIAT send us "Three Vassar Girls in England," by Lizzie W. Champney, who wrote "Three Vassar Girls Abroad." Their varied adventures are well told, and the text is fully illustrated by "Champ" and other well-known artists.

Books Received.

HEALTH IN THE HOUSEHOLD; OR, HYGIENIC COOKERY. By Susanna W. Dodds, M.D. New York: Fowler & Wells.

SEVEN STORIES, WITH BASEMENT AND ATTIC. By Donald G. Mitchell. REVERIES OF A BACHELOR. By the same. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BARNES'S GENERAL HISTORY. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

THE IMAGINATION, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By George Macdonald. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A COLLEGE FETICH. By Charles Francis Adams, Jr. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

HEALTH NOTES FOR STUDENTS. By Burt G. Wilder, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A RIGHTEOUS APOSTATE. By Clara Lanza. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HENRY IRVING: A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS PUBLIC LIFE. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

THE DIOTHAS; OR, A FAR LOOK AHEAD. By Ismar Thinsen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

JEWISH ARTISAN LIFE IN THE TIME OF JESUS. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

SERMONS PREACHED IN ENGLISH CHURCHES. By Rev. Phillips Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

QUESTIONS OF BELIEF. Topics of the Time, No. 5. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ITALIAN BY-WAYS. By J. A. Symonds. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

HISTORY OF CHARLES XII. The Classic Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

HER SECOND LOVE. By Ashford Owen. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

OUR BOYS IN CHINA. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

JUDITH: A Chronicle of Old Virginia. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.

FLAXIE'S KITTYLEEN. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

SPEECH AND MANNERS FOR HOME AND SCHOOL. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

CHRISTINE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Leisure Hour Series.

A PHYSICIAN'S SERMON TO YOUNG MEN. By William Pratt, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY AND PHOTOGRAPHERS. By H. Baden Pritchard. New York: E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.

HISTORICAL AND OTHER SKETCHES. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND MEDITATIONS. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

A BRIEF HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH AUTHORS. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.

OUR MONTHLY RECORD.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE Boston Bicycle Club has held its own in membership during the past year, and thrown off its debt; and now it has begun the new year by taking an ampler and better located club-house at 87 Boylston street, with every prospect of increased success.

SEVERAL of the bicycle clubs, notably the Germantown, Ixion, and Montreal, have purchased "Sociable" tricycles, and keep them as part of the club property, for use by the members. It is a fashion well set, and likely to be followed.

THE action of the few New Jersey wheelmen who publicly protested the Citizens' Bicycling

Club for coasting a hill on which a "dangerboard" had been placed, is generally condemned by the 'cycling press. The result was not so serious as alleged, and there was not even technical blame, it seems.

THE new club-house of the Chicago Bicycle Club, which was formally opened at a social attended by fifty members on the 27th of November, is a three-story brick building on Michigan avenue, adjoining the Leland Hotel. On the first floor are wheel-room, bowling-alley and gymnasium; on the second floor are bath, dressing, and meeting rooms; and on the third floor are the parlors, from which one overlooks Lake Park and Lake Michigan. There is a racquet court in the rear, and the attic will have a billiard-room.

MR. JOHN N. PEARSONS, of the Manchester (N.H.) Bicycle Club, made an out and return run of 120 miles, on bicycle, in a riding time of 19h., 26min., on the 13th December.

MORE long rides are coming to light. On 25th November last, W. I. Wilhelm and Arthur Curtis, of the Reading Bicycle Club, rode from Reading to Harrisburg, visited the capitol, and made some other visiting, and returned to Reading, within 19 hours: a distance of 110 miles in riding time of 13 hours 30 minutes.

THE Michigan State Division L.A.W. is well-organized, active, and prosperous; and one element in its suceess is doubtless its vivacious and tasteful "organ"— *The Western 'Cyclist.*

MR. J. E. ALDEN, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, fifty-three years of age, has ridden on one bicycle, since April of 1881, a little over 10,000 miles. Mr. Alden is credited with saying: "Many people are apt to look upon bicycle riding as bad for the liver and kidney complaints. I had both when I began riding, and am now free from any sickness or weakness."

THE Springfield (Massachusetts) Bicycle Club has taken steps to organize as a stock corporation. This is done for business reasons connected with their tournaments.

THE Connecticut Wheel Club (Hartford) held an exhibition early in December, which brought out considerable talent and proficiency in fancy, company, and acrobatic riding, Master G. H. Nash, of Willimantic, and Master C. E. Fennessey, of Springfield, showing much expertness, and sharing applause with D. J. Canary and Wilmot and Sewell.

THE many wheelmen of St. Louis are rejoicing in the anticipated benefits to be derived from the worldly wisdom of the Union League Base Ball Club in putting down a five-lap cinder track for bicycling on its grounds.

WHILST the prevailing Eastern club-chat and press-talk favor Washington as the place for the next L.A.W. meet, the Westerners are pressing the claims of Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Cleveland.

THE surveyors' certificates, obtained and produced at last, for the tracks at Springfield and New Haven, seem to entitle all times made thereon the past season to stand as "records."

HIS Honor Mayor H. G. Lewis is president of the New Haven Bicycle Club, and was met at City Hall and taken into a club photograph and run on Thanksgiving day.

MANY good wheelmen are engaged in a current discussion in favor of amateur race meetings for amateurs only. They evidently accept the old saw, with an amendment: "Birds of a feather should flock together."

THE vicinity of Nashville, Tenn., is reported to be very attractive for bicycling, the country being undulating, the turnpikes many and of good surface, and the people hospitable and courteous.

A GOOD point, in the matter of wheel journalism, is made by *The Wheel:* "We do not think that the interests of wheeling are promoted by praise of one particular make over another. If improvements are suggested, let them be made in a general way, and not as particularly applied to one machine as superior to any of the other makes. We all have as our particular choice the machine we ride, and comparisons are odious, in as much as in this case they utterly fail to cover the ground."

APPLICATIONS for membership in the L.A.W. continue to go on rapidly, and that body is in a fair way to show a gain of two thousand members during the current year.

PROTESTS have begun to be raised in print against the admission of "paid amateur" racing men to amateur bicycle contests. They were made in intelligent conversation and correspondence long ago.

AMONG the new clubs this month are the following: Harrisburg, Penn.; Pine Tree, Bangor, Me.; Chester, Penn.; and Ariel, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

RACES were held at the Driving Park, Merchantville, Penn., Nov. 29. W. Parke won a 3-mile club race in 18m. 50s. Lincoln Moore won the mile silver cup race in 5m. The ½-mile club race was won by J. R. Esterbrook in 2m. 37s. The 2-mile race was for a diamond pin, presented by C. E. Updegraff, of Philadelphia, open only to members of the League; Charles Frazer, of Smithville, N.J., winning, in 11m. 50s. J. W. Atkinson won a mile club race in 7m. 20s. The Consolation club race, half a mile, was won by G. W. Busby, in 3m. 59s.

RACES occurred at Janesville, Wis., Dec. 14, between W. M. Woodside and W. J. Morgan. The distances were ½, ¼, and 1-mile, best two in three to win. Woodside won the mile in 3m. 10s., Morgan the ¼ in 39s., and Woodside the ½, and the race in 1m. 30s.

RACES were held at St. Louis, Nov. 29. The winners were: 1-mile, 2 in 3, Louis Lueders; 1-mile, C. E. Stone; ¼-mile, P. W. Stone; 100-yards, man *vs.* bicycle, Fred Myers on foot; 2-mile, hands off, A. Toury.

AT Oakland, Cal., December 8, H. Tenney won a ½-mile race in 1.31¼, beating the Pacific coast record for that distance.

A SERIES of professional races was held at the Institute rink on Christmas day. J. W. Wilson, on a bicycle, defeated Kenneth A. Skinner on roller skates: Gilpatrick won a 2-mile bicycle race, and J. W. Wilson scored victories in a 1 and a 2-mile race.

SATURDAY, Dec. 15, W. M. Woodside made an attempt at Chicago to beat the professional records for from 1 to 50 miles. The day was intensely cold, and not favorable to record-breaking. The first part of the journey did not approach the record. At the end of 20 miles he was but 49s. behind the record for this distance; 25 miles were covered in 1h. 26m. 7s., ten seconds ahead of the best time on record, made by D. Stanton some years ago, and 30 miles in 1h. 43m. 43½s., lowering the record for some distance held by Prince; 35 miles were completed in 2h. 2m. 56s., also lowering the record. At 35 miles Woodside was compelled to retire.

DEC. 15, John S. Prince contested in a 15-mile race with a trotting horse and suffered defeat.

DEC. 29, at the Institute rink, Boston, J. W. Wilson defeated Clay and Gilpatrick in a 2-mile race.

THE Wakefield, Mass., Club held an exhibition at the Town Hall, December 19. A squad from the Boston Ramblers' Bicycle Club gave an excellent exhibition of club-drilling, which pleased the audience greatly. At the conclusion of the drill the Ramblers were presented with a silver cup by the Wakefield Club as a souvenir of the event. Wilmot and Sewell gave an exhibition of fancy riding during the evening.

THE Connecticut Club, of Hartford, gave a fine entertainment Nov. 21. The programme was, club drill contest, won by the New Haven Ramblers; fancy riding by Geo. H. Nash, C. E. Fennessy, and Wilmot and Sewell, and a banquet.

THE Cambridge, Mass., Club received its friends Nov. 16th. Dancing was the chief feature of the evening's entertainment.

THE Columbia College Club has been reorganized.

THE second annual entertainment and hop of the Scranton, Penn., Club was held Dec. 13.

THE annual banquet of the Keystone Club of Pittsburg, Penn., was held at the Seventh-Avenue Hotel, Nov. 27.

PRESIDENT CHAS. A. BORST, of the Hamilton College Club, entertained the members of his club and the Utica Club at the Willard House, Clinton, N.Y., Nov. 15. Speeches by members of the two clubs, and a poem by Captain Donaldson, followed the banquet.

THE Boston Ramblers have decided to admit associate members.

THE Cattaraugus County 'Cyclist Club, of Randolph, N.Y., a League club, has changed its name to the Randolph Bicycle Club.

THE Salem, Mass., Club have taken new rooms at 252 Essex street, and they announce that the latch-string is out for all wheelmen.

THE Citizens' Club, of New York, laid the corner-stone of their new club-house Dec. 27. Rev. T. M. Brown, president of the club, made an address, and remarks were made by the architect, Geo. M. Huss. In the corner-stone were deposited a full set of working plans of the building, a copy of the president's speech, copies of the incorporation papers, and the first permit of the park commissioners for wheeling in Central Park. Vice-President Fred. G. Bourne laid the stone.

THE Boston Ramblers hold "chop" suppers every Saturday evening.

THE Montreal Club celebrated its fifth anniversary Dec. 20. The programme of the celebration was made up of music and addresses, a farce, and several pieces illustrating the experiences at Springfield. The club now numbers seventy-one uniformed members.

THE Ariel Wheel Club was organized at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., December 9, with sixteen active members. The following officers were chosen: President, I. R. Adriance; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles F. Cossum; Captain, Theodore Roberts; Lieutenant, Frank Swartz; Bugler, Charles Ostrander. It is unanimously a League club. A convenient club-room, in the Johnson building, was opened January 1.

IT is reported that Mr. R. J. McKee, of the Wanderers' Club, Toronto, recently rode from Toronto to Belleville, a distance of 115 miles, in 16 hours.

PATTERSON and Kimberly, Yale, '84, accompanied by Hendee, the champion, rode to Springfield from New Haven on 21 November, covering 100 miles in the trip.

MR. FRANK M. SMITH, of Portsmouth, Ohio, recently made a continuous trip of 326 miles on a bicycle with some 24 pounds of baggage strapped to the handle-bar. The trip occupied somewhat over 52 hours.

THE veteran John Keen will act as trainer for the New York wheelmen next season.

W. R. PITMAN, of New York, is credited with a run of 153 miles within 24 hours. The run was made on the road between Red Bank and Seabright, N.J.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed by the Canadian Wheelman's Association to prepare a road and guide book of Canada.

MESSRS. Staley and Mead recently wheeled from Columbus, Ohio, to Chicago, making the distance at the rate of 90 miles a day while in Ohio and Indiana, but less on the prairie roads of Illinois.

THANKSGIVING Day the Chicago Club held a hare-and-hounds' run, in which the hounds secured a victory.

MR. GEO. W. BROOKS, of Worcester, has been elected secretary of the Massachusetts Division L.A.W. in place of F. P. Kendall, resigned.

THE Springfield race track has been surveyed and found to be short of a mile when measured eighteen inches from the pole.

THE secretary of the L.A.W. has calculated the new apportionment of representatives as follows; the first figure represents the present number of representatives in the States, and the second the number they will be entitled to in the future: New York, 3, 13; Massachusetts, 4, 11; Pennsylvania, 1, 9; Ohio, 2, 6; New Jersey, 3, 4; Connecticut, 2, 3; Illinois, 1, 2; Michigan, 1, 1; New Hampshire, 2, 1: Maryland, 1, 1; Missouri, 1, 1.

KARL KRON recently completed his long ride of 1,422 miles, which commenced at Detroit, October 6, and ended at Staunton, Va., November 22. The particulars of the trip will be given in two articles, which will appear in this magazine, entitled, "A Fortnight in Ontario," and "From the Thousand Islands to the Natural Bridge." The ride was taken on Karl's original 46-in. bicycle, "No. 234."

JOHN N. PEARSONS, of the Manchester, N.H., Bi. Club, rode from that city to Boston and return December 13, in 19h. 26m. The distance is 120 miles. The previous evening he was tendered a complimentary supper at Hotel Windsor by the club, and was presented with a handsome silver medal in commemoration of his various feats in record-breaking.

PHILADELPHIA is to have a grand bicycle tournament next June. Five thousand dollars will be expended for prizes.

AND now the road record of Kentucky, made two years ago (108 miles) by Messrs. Orville Anderson, and Henry Schimpeler, is said to have been broken on Sunday, November 18, by Messrs. Prince Wells and Percy Bettison, both young men of Louisville, and members of the Falls City Club. The distance covered was 120 miles; riding time, 15h. 25m.; time lost, 3h. 27m.; total time, 18h. 53m.; average distance travelled per hour, 8 miles.

WM. COLLINS, of Meriden, Conn., has added his name to the century list, having ridden 104 miles in 15¼ hours.

THANKSGIVING Day, Edward Pettus, of Brooklyn, L.I., rode 5½ miles on the Coney Island boulevard in 19 minutes.

AT the games of the Olympic Athletic Club, San Francisco, Nov. 29, H. C. Finkler won a 1 and 5 mile bicycle race, and R. T. Vermider the ½-mile race.

A SERIES of races was held at the Boston Institute Rink Thanksgiving Day. 1-mile, won by H. M. Saben in 3.23½; 2-miles, won by C. W. Clapp in 7.8; race between John W. Wilson on a bicycle, and Kenneth A. Skinner on roller skates, won by Wilson, 1-mile in 3.41; Obstacle race won by Burt Pressy.

THE Columbia (S.C.) Club held races at the State Fair November 14 and 15. 1-mile, won by T. T. Gilmer in 3.45; 3-mile, won by W. L. Pharr in 12.16; 1-mile, won by D. A. Childs, in 4.9: ½-mile, won by T. T. Gilmer; 2-mile, won by W. L. Pharr, in 8m.; Consolation race won by C. R. Query.

THE Scranton, Penn., Club held a road race on Thanksgiving Day. Distance, 14 miles. Won by Filmore in 1h. 23m.

THE second of the fall series of races was held by the Cincinnati Club, November 27, at Power Hall. The winners were as follows: 1-mile club handicap, J. G. Kitchell, 3.40; 2-mile, J. G. Kitchell, 7.28; 3-mile, E. F. Landy, 11.27¼; Boys', Kinney Low; Obstacle race, J. Barclay; Slow race, P. V. Myers; ½-mile without hands, P. V. Myers; 5-mile for *Enquirer* medal, N. L. Pierson, 17.48½.

F. E. DAVIDSON won the 2-mile bicycle race at the Seventh Regiment games, New York, Dec. 8. Time, 6.29⅘.

THE League of Champions, which is making a tour to the Pacific Coast, exhibited in Denver, Col., December 2. Eck, with 300 yards start, defeated Rollinson in the 2-mile race; time, 11.47. Prince defeated Higham in a 3-mile contest, in 11.46. The amateur race between Hannan, Robinson, and Kennedy, mile heats, best two and three, was won by Robinson in 3.34; 3.40. Armaindo defeating Eck in two straight mile heats. Rollinson scored a success in burlesque bicycling, as did Higham in fancy riding. The 10-mile handicap closed the exhibition. Eck had 1¼ mile, Armaindo 1 mile, and Rollinson ½-mile start. Higham won by 6 yards; Prince second.

W. G. ROSS, the Canadian bicycling champion, is a competitor for a snow-shoeing prize of a $250 cup offered at Montreal.

ON Thursday, 27th November, the Citizens' Bi. C. of New York, laid the corner-stone of their new building on Fifty-eighth street, with appropriate ceremonies. The address of the president, Rev. Thomas McKee Brown, was very felicitous and instructive.

TWENTY-FIVE members of the Albany (N.Y.) Bi. C. attended the opening of the Trojan's new club-rooms, which was done with decorations, banquet, speeches, songs, and good-fellowship, in the approved style.

THE Bi. Club, at Covington, Ky., has three members weighing over 200 lbs. each.

THE Genesee Bicycle Club, of Rochester, N.Y., held its semiannual election, and adopted a uniform, on the 28th Dec., 1883. President, F. D. Helmer; Secretary, A. B. Rapalji.

THE Rochester (N.Y.) Bi. C. has fitted up tasteful and convenient rooms in the Walbridge block, and is flourishing and hospitable.

THE Mansfield (O.) Wheel Club has postponed its Loan Exposition to Feb. 18, 1884, to continue six days, or longer. They were compelled to do so on account of the great amount of work to be done, loans of relics and curiosities being reported in such profusion that more space had to be secured for the exhibits. Four large halls will be used, covering the entire Blecker block.

EFFORTS are making for the formation of a wheel club at Gallipolis, O.; and Mr. C. V. Fowler is endeavoring to induce the City Council to permit a bicycle track around the public park.

MESSRS. L. B. GRAVES, William Howard, E. E. Davis, and L L. Campbell, of the Northampton (Mass.) Bicycle Club, made a successful 100-mile run from that town to Hartford and return on 6th December. Their running-time was 13¼ hours, and the roads were in very heavy condition.

BICYCLING is gaining a hold at the City of Mexico. Mr. Sylvester Baxter (formerly of the Middlesex Bicycle Club) and Mr. W. S. Locke find good roads and some companionship.

Foreign.

A 50-MILE road race was run on 29th November, from Kyneton to Melbourne, Australia, and won by J. Fenton, N.B.C., in 3h. 29m. He had considerable handicap in his favor, however, and the best time was made by another competitor, Mr. H. Stokes, of Melbourne B.C., who ran the whole distance from scratch in 3h. 12m.

MR. G. H. SHIMMIN, of the Ballarat B.C., is credited with a 50-mile road ride in 3h. 23m. The Bohemian 'Cycle Club, of Ballarat, is one of the most active in the colony.

TWO members of the Marmion B. C. (Tasmania), Messrs. P. J. Bower and J. Leedham, made a "century" run on the road from Perth to Bridgewater, covering 100 miles in 10h. 48m., including stops.

THE stealing of bicycles and tricyles has become such a frequent and troublesome crime in England that the press is devoting editorials to the suggestion and discussion of prevention.

THERE appears no longer any reasonable doubt of Mr. Wood's record of a mile in 2m. 31⅘sec. (with flying start) on bicycle.

THE Isle of Wight bicycle championship was won on the 27th November last, over eleven other competitors, by H. M. Tarrant. Twenty-five miles, in 1h. 31m. 22⅕sec.

THE Coventry Chamber of Commerce has been greatly stirred by a proposed increase in the railway freight charges on bicycles and tricycles. A committee of some of the leading manufacturers has been appointed to oppose and endeavor to prevent the proposed increase.

SOME lady members of the C.T.C. held a meeting in London on the 12th December, and after some discussion, voted to recommend for tricycling suits a flannel or merino combination, an overskirt, made as simply as possible of ordinary walking length (style and bodice to be left to taste of wearer), loose trowsers to match the dress in color, Norfolk jackets for slight figures, at least, straw hats with club ribbon, and black woollen stockings.

THE English wheel-papers are discussing "the softer sex" (*sic*), "lady members," club runs and smokers with ladies present, in a way to show that the lady tricyclers are really quite numerous, and are bound to come in with the gentlemen.

THE Tricycle Union has been prosecuting tricycle thieves, which are so plenty as to be troublesome to the general wheel public. Two such have been sentenced to four months hard labor.

A PHOTO-'CYCLING Club is much clamored for in England.

REV. J. T. DOVE, of Spalding, England, was recently fined for leaving a tricycle unattended by the roadside. The case will be carried to a higher court.

MR. F. H. TAYLOR, of the Clissold Club, recently rode from London to Derby, 126¼ miles, without a dismount.

MR. F. S. HUNWICKE rode from Tottenham to Edinboro' on an Otto machine in 4 days 15 hours 5 minutes. Distance, 402½ miles. The start was made Oct. 29.

THE Paris authorities require wheelmen to have their name and address on their machines.

THE Speedwell Club held an athletic *fête* in September for the benefit of the local charities of Birmingham. The profits were £163 14s. 3d., which amount was given to the societies.

MR. J. H. ADAMS, the Facile rider, essayed a mile against time on the Crystal Palace track, London, Nov. 17, and accomplished it in 3.19⅘, which is the Facile record.

MR. A. J. FOOTE, the vice-captain of the Warrampool Bi. Club, has been trying to cut the Australian record for 100 miles. A head wind made success impossible, but the rider made the colonial record for 44 miles, which he made in 3h. 10m., without a dismount.

THE Prefect of Police of Paris has been petitioned by a committee of the Union Vélocipédique de France, and by numerous other wheelmen and non-wheelmen resident in that city, for a removal of the restrictions by which, under an order of November 9, 1874, bicycles and tricycles are excluded from the Boulevard de la Madeline, Rue Vieille-du-Temple, and a few other avenues. The original home of bicycling is not entirely without opportunities for conquest.

FORTY-FIVE competitors in the races in France during 1883 won 643 prizes; of these 59 were won by Charles Terront, 46 by De Civry, 42 by Médinger, all of Paris, and 38 by Krell of Bordeaux.

LA Fédération Belge de Vélocipédie has for its principal object the securement of freedom to bicycling and tricycling in all the parks and highways of Belgium.

AN immense bicycle meet is already being projected to take place in Vienna in 1884.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for organizing a national velocipede association for Italy, at Turin, similar to those now existing in many other countries.

London Wheel Notes.

ANOTHER season has passed away and winter festivities are, of course, in full swing. The almost general wish is that something novel may be introduced in the way of winter amusements. The "Smoker," or "Social," is very enjoyable

in its way, though the participator *does* get nearly suffocated by rank tobacco-smoke; but when at each and every affair of the sort you have to sit and listen to "Christmas Day in the Workhouse," "Powder Monkey Joe," and "What a fool I must have been to marry Je—ane!" you feel bound to admit that wearying repetition of even nice things like these is a trifle more than your hard-worked frame can bear.

The "Smoker," too, has nearly always such a pot-house flavor about it, and very often bears a marked resemblance to what in low beer-shops is usually styled "A Select Harmonic Meeting"; with the orthodox yells and howls such as the tap, tap, tap, of the chairman's hammer: "Give your horders, gents, please!" "Chair!" "Horder!" "Two o' gin, 'ot!" "Mr. 'Arris will keindly obleidge with 'Ang up your 'at behind the door!'" etc., etc. What is wanted is a good club-room for each respectable club, the same to be quite independent of a public house; but rents are unfortunately far too high for anything of the sort at all near the metropolis. The North London T.C. have their head-quarters at a Coffee Tavern; but this has too much of the "Cup of Corphy and a 'Erring" flavor about it for most 'cyclists, — in plain language, it is not quite good enough. Many reforms have been made since the outcry in the journals some time ago, and several well-known clubs get up a really pleasant and wholesome entertainment now and then.

This is certainly a most important question. Club members must be kept together in the off season, and the only way to do this is to keep up their interest in the sport. The "Social" seems, indeed, a poor way of going about it. "Read the 'cycling papers," says one. All very well; but how is a man to enjoy week after week the same old songs by the same old singers? — to wit, interminable correspondence on "Fat tires *versus* Lean ditto," "Tall gears or short gears," "What to drink," "What to eat," "How to dress yourself"; reports of jolly doings by people he knows nothing about, such as "Interesting lecture to the Humdrum B.C.," "The Nincompoop B.C. Smoker," or "Grand Concert by the Four-Half Tricycle Club." Then there are the bold deeds of winter-riding clubs. "One member of the So-and-So Club rode to Dalston Junction, had a sausage and fifteen drinks to follow; rollicking ride home. Total distance, 1½ miles."

This kind of thing is very difficult to swallow, and the fellow who is weak enough to peruse it is wont to grow sad and muse on the follies of the world. Very likely he wonders a little how it is his rusty, cobwebbed, neglected steed cannot be used in some sort of way during the winter months. Ah! he may soon have to wonder how to ride it in the summer months; for even whilst he sits pondering, some wretched tramway company may be applying to parliament for power to lay down its abominable lines on yet another of the few clear means of exit from the city. The tramline question is truly a serious one for London 'cyclists. Some of the companies will very soon have their cars running for miles along some of our finest outlying roads. These roads will be decidedly dangerous for night-riding, and on summer evenings will produce the too well-known spectacle, viz., wheel twisted in groove of the rail; rider, spanner, oil-can, knife, and bits of string, figuratively all over the shop. Though of common occurrence in densely populated neighborhoods it will seem really too bad when taking place on hitherto irreproachable suburban thoroughfares.

The Stanley Show is a great event every one is looking forward to. A rival exhibition will again be held, and competition between the two is to be the order of the day. A fine collection of machines ought to be the result of this rivalry. A sensible letter lately appeared in one of the papers with reference to a matter we have often heard grumbled about. The writer complains of the incessant bugle practice indulged in during the show. What the object of the blowers can be I cannot imagine, but fancy it must be principally in the interest of advertisement. It is a great nuisance any way, and the sooner it is put a stop to the better for the peace of the 'cyclic tympanum.

The National 'Cyclists' Union have invested in a complete set of the one-inch scale ordnance survey maps of England and Wales. They can be used at the rooms by *any* 'cyclist. This is liberality, and no mistake, and I shall be surprised if it is not the means of bringing in a host of new members.

The new company for insuring bicyclists and bicycles is a bold venture, to say the least of it. It is no doubt a fine idea; but how will it work in practice? When one bears in mind that the insurance of riders against accident is generally found to be the reverse of profitable, one naturally concludes that the rates for the other and novel part of the business must be adjusted with great care, or the results will be scarcely satisfactory to the shareholders. The management is, I believe, in experienced hands, and the directors are nearly all practical 'cyclists. They therefore ought to succeed, if such a concern

can be made to succeed. It will be interesting to know in what light the company will take the so-called "cheap" machines. They ought to consider it a bad risk, in the same way as a fire-insurance company does an oil-shop next door to a fireworks factory. This being the case, no intending insurer will invest in the high-rated article, which generally breaks down after the first ten miles; and, in consequence, we shall see less of those "Handsome, Strong, Light, Nickel-plated, Ball-bearing Tricycles for £10, by weekly instalments."

Now is the winter of our discontent. But we have at least the satisfaction of "winter walks" with our fellow-clubmen, as the weary plods o'er muddy roads, with much wetting of feet and spoiling of trousers, are called. Still, in the hostelry where the bells were wont to tinkle and the bugles to bray, we can make our sad selves merry, and joyfully turn out in time to lose the last train.

Canoeing.

THE Rochester (N.Y.) Canoe Club has secured a site for a club-house at the outlet of Irondequoit Bay into Lake Ontario, and plans for the building are in the architect's hands.

THE annual camp for the summer of 1884 of the American Canoe Association has been arranged for August next, and to be held upon a point at the foot of Grindstone Island, among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. The location is sure to charm the canoeists.

MR. READE W. BAILEY, of Pittsburgh, is the tallest member of the American Canoe Association. His height is 6 feet 3 inches.

THE London *Field* refers to the growth of canoeing, and states the reasons for the constantly increasing interest in this form of recreation, as follows: "That canoe-sailing, apart from racing, is becoming deservedly popular, may be inferred from the number of these craft which have been built during the last few years, and the fact that very few are for sale; and it is not surprising that this should be so, when we remember the varied uses to which these craft can be put, namely, pleasure-sailing, match-sailing, paddling, cruising on almost any waters, camping and sleeping, fishing, shooting, etc., and working alone or in squadron. Their cost is comparatively small, and their 'keep' trifling. Their handling in a race is by no means mere 'boat-manship,' and it would take a crack yachtsman all his time to keep a canoe bottom downward, and get her best speed out when first attempting to sail a sailing-canoe in a club-match."

Yachting.

MR. W. BADEN POWELL, an English canoeist and yachtsman, has an interesting article in the (London) *Field*, to show the utility of the tricycle in connection with the other sports, in which he says: "That the tricycle may be utilized with great effect in connection with shooting, fishing, and yachting, is being recognized, slowly but surely, both in England and Scotland.

THE famous and magnificent yacht "Livadia," built only three or four years ago for Czar Alexander II., of Russia, is now serving as a coal-hulk in the harbor of Sebastopol. She is described as being "one of the most gorgeous vessels ever built. No such vessel had been seen since Noah navigated the Eastern waters; her hull was hidden in a projecting basement which supported a row of pillars: she had four tiers of decks paved with black, white, and red marble; there was a magnificent marble fountain; the baths were hewn from white marble blocks; rows of electric lights illuminated the saloons and avenue-like corridors, and the many sets of apartments were finished in rare woods and stones, furnished with the most costly trappings, and ornamented with Oriental splendor. Altogether, the 'Livadia' was more like a fairy palace than a modern yacht, and it is not strange that the impression went abroad that one purpose of her creation was to dazzle the Asiatic mind, and increase the awe and mystery with which it regarded the czar. But the 'Livadia' was not a safe sailer, and before Alexander's assassination she was practically discarded as worthless."

THE demand for cutters among American yachtsmen has been and is a steady growth. Recent statistics from England show that schooner racing has practically ceased in foreign waters; and the cutter-rig seems destined to become the sporting-rig *par excellence* all the world over. Nevertheless, the cutter-question is raising a fierce discussion.

THAT wide-awake journal, *Forest and Stream*, is after the yachtsmen now, of course for their own welfare. It wants to know why the owners of small yachts cannot follow the example of the canoeists, and hold meetings during the winter, and "reason together" upon the interests of their favorite recreation. Of course they can if they only will, and that they have ample reason for banding together for the protection of the small yacht is clear. Of the three classes of yachts, the most deserving, as is shrewedly pointed out, "are those yachts which directly enlist physical as well as mental exercise in their management and

keep; which call into being a vigorous, athletic life and promote quick perception, study, and forethought in many directions. Large vessels are their own advertisement. They require no coaching, not even unity of action, to recommend themselves for all they are worth. The sand-bagger appeals to the contingent of landsmen inimical by choice to the amateur life of a sailor and sure to be supported in pursuit of an innate spirit of rivalry which is, to a great extent, an offspring of the human failing to gamble. Between these two lots, the legitimate cruiser of small dimensions is driven to the wall and crushed out of sight. Yet the small cabin-yacht, possessing all the merits of a large vessel, without the accompanying expense, is, or ought to be, the life and soul of the sport. Organization and united action are demanded to keep her special field of utility before the public in such a prominent way that new recruits may be gathered and inoculated into the absorbing pursuit of sailing as well as owning a boat, until that time, at least, when, by mere force of numbers, the advantages of small yachts shall compel the consideration from all sides to which they are entitled beyond all other styles and sizes. The fleet of small yachts is the barometer by which the popularity of the sport is to be gauged. Their prosperity should be uppermost with all who wish to promote the best interests of yachting."

IT is said that a gentleman named W. B. Bennett will launch a pleasure yacht on Lake George next season, with an iron hull 45 feet long and 8 feet beam.

THE New York *Mail-Express* remarks that the English craze for yawl-boats was short lived among American yachtsmen, and quotes by way of proof the "Gannet" and "Aneto," which last year were rigged as yawls, and are to be re-rigged as sloops for next season.

Shooting and Fishing.

THE Walnut Hill Rifle Range has seen some fine shooting, and has, through the winter, competitions for some fine prizes. It is the liveliest range in Massachusetts, and becoming more popular all the time.

THE great damage to the forests of New Hampshire and Maine, occasioned by the recent gales, will have an effect on the sport with dog and gun, which that section afforded. Tens of thousands of acres of forest trees have been destroyed, and it will take fully a century to restore them.

THE New York *Herald* has this bit of philosophy concerning the preservation of game: "As the matter stands to-day, the man who wants game on his table must either pay something directly or indirectly to shoot it, or he must take his purse and go to the markets. If every large farm of from two to five hundred acres were preserved the outside community would be better off. It is impossible to keep all the wild birds planted within boundary lines. Quail, grouse, rabbits and the like cannot be controlled by line fences, but will scatter over the country for miles around. From the lay of the land no one man can control one whole stream to fish. The more fishes and birds the wealthy owner sees fit to distribute in his waters and on his land, the better picking there will be for the public along the edges Instead of opposing and harassing the man who is generous enough to stock a section, the whole country-side would do well to hail the era which is just dawning on us as a permanent benefit in the inoculation of new blood, which in more ways than one will result to the common good of the community."

THE "Indians" living on the reservation at Poosepaddock, Long Island, have quite an ingenious scheme for "fooling" the ducks they desire to capture from the bay. The Indian sportsmen build a blind or hedge of boughs on the shore in plain sight of the ducks swimming in the bay. The work is watched all the while by the ducks, who have a great deal of curiosity in their nature as well as cunning. Half a dozen men with guns then walk down behind the hedge. Then one man rises, gun in hand, and deliberately walks away. His disappearance is the signal for the ducks to swim or fly in to inspect the hedge, and a big bag is easily secured. The Indians say in explanation that the "ducks can't reckon further than one" in taking count of objects they see.

BLACK ducks on Long Island eat clams, breaking the shell on rocks or stones.

A CUSTOM that prevails among Suffolk County, New York, gunners, would, we think, prove very satisfactory in some other localities. A custom as binding as law requires that the guides evenly distribute among their patrons all game captured, share and share alike, so that the poorest shot is put on a level with the best one in getting a bag.

IT is estimated that over one thousand hunters have lately been engaged in slaughtering deer and buffalo on the line of the Northern Pacific, in Montana. No wonder the game is fast disappearing.

ACCORDING to a Virginia paper, Miss Withers, daughter of ex-Senator Withers of that State, can handle a shot-gun with an accuracy of aim that exceeds that of many pretentious sportsmen, and many birds are brought down on the wing by her seldom-erring sight.

JUDGE GILDERSLEEVE, of the American Rifle Team, has been making a target of wild ducks on the Susquehanna flats.

A CONNECTICUT marksman cleared $200 as the profit from attending eight shooting-matches.

CAPTAIN E. M. COOKESLEY, an Englishman, and his friend, Mr. Geo. W. Marsh, recently completed a two months' hunting expedition in Wyoming. They captured elk, buffalo, bears, mountain-sheep, and other game, numbering seventy-five head in all, and had several narrow escapes from death. Once they were in a charge by a buffalo herd which nearly ran them down. Another time they lost themselves among the mountains, during a blinding snow-storm, and had only a bit of sage-bush for fuel to prevent their freezing to death. In fact they encountered perils enough to make their experience quite a thrilling one.

SPORTSMEN residing near Kinderhook, New York, a year ago planted along the shores of its beautiful lake about two bushels of wild rice, obtained in the West. They knew nothing about the grain beyond the fact that wild ducks are very fond of it, and they hoped to attract them to the lake in search of it. The rice has not come up, and the disappointed sportsmen are at a loss to know why. Can any reader of this department furnish information, so that future experiments may be more intelligently made.

SETH GREEN is utterly opposed to eel weirs, and, in a recent letter, says they should not be tolerated on any of our streams, for they not only take all kinds of mature fish, but they also take the young, and thus do more to deplete the supply than all the other ways of fishing known to man.

THE managers of the late International Fisheries Exhibition have come to a very wise determination as to the disposal of the surplus cash in their hands, which amounts to quite a respectable sum. They propose to expend it in building and outfitting a model American fishing schooner, at Gloucester, Mass. The boat will be manned by Gloucester fishermen, who will go to England with her and instruct the fishermen there in the use of purse-nets. This is a really practical outgrowth of the exhibition, involving a high compliment to their cousins on this side of the Atlantic.

THE black bass in Greenwood lake, New York, have been found guilty of a strange habit, the cause for which is at present unascertained. When the first cold snap comes, and a thin film of ice forms on the surface of the lake, the large-mouthed species of black bass may be seen floating, belly up, on top of the water. If taken from the water while in this semi-torpid condition, they immediately regain their normal briskness. A change of the temperature also restores their spirits and friskiness, while in the water.

THE *American Field* promises anglers for channel bass some fine sport during the winter months, among the bays, passes, and rivers of the south-west coast, and advises those who go to Florida to provide themselves with very strong double hooks.

SHAD, which were planted in the waters of California a few years ago, are naturalizing themselves along the whole Pacific coast. They are now caught in Puget Sound, and the *Alta* believes will soon frequent every river and harbor between San Francisco and Alaska.

Athletics.

THE Rochester (N.Y.) Athletic Association is a newly organized body, composed of some of the best young men of that city, including some who are prominent in professional and business circles. They are fitting up a gymnasium, which is to be as complete as any in the State.

IT has been decided that the next meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Rowing Association is to be held at Saratoga.

ROLLER-SKATING has received new impetus, and rinks are opened in all parts of the country.

THE New England Polo Association is actively promoting a number of tournaments.

THE Union Amateur Athletic Club, of Boston, is showing greater activity than ever before.

IN London fencing is recommended as a means of recreation and exercise for ladies of sedentary habits. We suggest it to American men of like habits.

THE Johns Hopkins foot-ball team won an easy victory over the St. John's College team on the 8th December, at Baltimore.

AN Amateur Athletic Association, of Canada, has been recently organized.

Riding and Driving.

THE Four-in-Hand Club, of London, Eng., has 40 members, and the Road Club has 100.

THE N. Y. Coaching Club, of 35 members, The Country Club, at Pelham, The Meadow Brook Hunt, and a proposed coaching club in Chicago, promise a considerable snap and dust in the coaching line this year.

MR. JOHN SHEPARD has given his "Mill Boy" and "Blondine" a companion in "Harry Rolf," a six-year old stallion of great promise.

Skating and Ice-Yachting.

SKATING has hardly reached the dignity or importance of its companion athletic recreations in this country. In Holland, however, it is the national sport. The following extract from an interesting letter written from Amsterdam to the *Spirit of the Times*, gives a good idea of the extent to which our Dutch comrades, in invigorating, out-door life, carry this healthful and enjoyable exercise: —

"It was only towards the beginning of our century that the art of skating was adapted to public enjoyment. The first race was a very remarkable one, consisting only of female competitors; it took place on Feb. 1 or 2, 1805, in Leuwarden. One hundred and thirty women and young girls arrived from different parts of the country to try their skill at skating. The match was not quite decided on the first day, and they resolved to postpone the end of the contest till the following morning. Most of the women living about the country went home in the evening, and some of them had more than seven hours' walk, which did not prevent them being in time on the ice the next day. A girl of twenty, Fryntje Picters, of Poppingawier, won the first prize, a golden ornament worth 125 francs, and Janke Wybes, of Dammande, sixteen years old, the second. At the race of 1808, in Sneek, the well-known Kornelis Kubaard won the first prize, running at a rate of four minutes forty-three seconds for the course. He habitually ended the track with long stalks. Since then time races take place every year in all parts of the country, considering the weather and the ice be favorable. Skating clubs were erected in the main town of each province about the middle of this century. Amongst them the Leuwarden Club signalizes itself. Composed of six hundred members, it celebrates the grandest festivities, and gives remarkable prizes, which bring the renowned Frisian skaters of both sexes on the excellent track in the Naordergracht. All the inhabitants of the neighboring country participate in this national festival. Old and young expect the arrival of the ice god anxiously. The columns of the Leuwarden newspapers are filled up with announcements of races throughout the country. Then follow days of anxiety; thermometer and barometer are confronted on various parts of the day; the ice is piled as to its thickness and toughness; workmen are employed night and day to prepare the track, and to keep it in order; bakers, pastry-cooks, retailers, and wine-sellers gather enormous stocks to satisfy the hungry and thirsty stomachs of citizens and country people. The best professional skaters arrive from all parts of the province; their names are published on printed lists. Early in the morning of the important day the weather is once more consulted, and the track visited. Business of every kind is suspended; schools are shut up, workmen take a holiday, servants ask for an hour's leave, and little ones beg their mother to let them go out; not an old woman stays in the house. The town and its inhabitants are in festive array; flags and pennants blow from towers, houses and ships. A laughing multitude moves about the streets, fills up the wine-shops and the confectioners, and prepares itself to face the fatigues of the day. Every one takes the direction of the ice track."

THE exhilarating sport of ice-yachting increases in importance and proportions every year. The most elaborate preparations have been made for it this season at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, which place is really the centre and home of this fashion. Improvements in rig and model are made every year, which increase a speed that is even now terrific. One of the most interesting contributions to the Fisheries Exhibition, just closed in London, was the beautiful model of the yacht "Jack Frost," of Poughkeepsie. The model was perfect in every detail, even to the club pennant and the champion pennant of America, which the yacht holds. The wood-work was of the most beautifully tinted woods, all the metal of solid silver, and the sails of silk. It is to be hoped that it will be exhibited in Tiffany's window sometime during the winter, and so give the public a true idea of an ice-yacht, — the popular notion being that of a piano-box on three or even four skates, with the box filled with a half a dozen or more men and women dressed like Esquimaux, with a dozen or more men, in a like attire, hanging from different parts of the rigging. One glance at that airy, fairy model would do away with all this illusion, for which the illustrated newspapers and their artists are responsible.

A VALENTINE FOR 1884.

AMENITIES.

RIDING on the sidewalk is often indulged in by bicyclers when they pass the city limits. Two of them were thus riding, in one of our rural districts, by a wall the top of which was nearly even with their cranks, when they saw a wondering farmer drop his hoe and exclaim, "Wal, I snum! I never saw fellers walk a rod to a step before."

BETWEEN his sixth year and his teens Fitz-Gibbons was a terror. Rushing into the dining-room one day, he hastily abstracted two oranges from the sideboard, and was about beating a retreat when his grandmother cried, "Hi! there; one, boy; one, boy!" "Yes, marm," said this terrible infant; "one boy, but two oranges," and bolted.

IDYLLIC.

ONLY a man, with paddle long,
Wielded with muscles hard and strong,
In an open canoe, his flags displayed,
Trying to handle a single blade.

Only a girl on the steamboat pier,
Watching him as he floats near,
Smiling a smile of sweet content
Seeing him on his task intent.

Only a look, which on her he cast
As the stroke of his paddle swept him past;
But that stroke was too strong, and the water laves
The canoe, bottom up, on the dancing waves.

Only a man all dripping wet
Slowly leaving canoe upset;
Only a girl with merry eye,
Laughing at him as he goes by.

. . . . . .

An hotel porch in the evening,
The moon rising high and clear,
Two chairs placed close in a corner,
Low murmurs reaching the ear.

Dark eyes looking down fondly,
To others blue and bright,
A charming face with blushes crowned,
Just seen in the waning light.

Then soft and tender whispers,
Soft kisses snatched in haste,
A manly arm now wandering
Around a slender waist.

. . . . . .

The sound of a gong in the hall-way,—
A sound both loud and deep,
A slow and sad awakening,—
Confound it! — I've been asleep.

White Cap,
A.C.A.

RATHER THAN ROTA.

RATHER take Spring out the year,
Or from Spring her flowers,
Have no grassy green appear
All my Summer hours;
Than take Rota and its praise,
Rolling Rota, from my days!

From the toper take his horn,
Whether sweet or bitter,
Let no "blossom" red adorn
Him a bottle-quitter;
Not take Rota and its art,
Rolling Rota from my heart.

Pierce the homeward carrier-dove
With an arrow speeding,
And arrest her flight of love
Hawk or storm unheeding:
Rota let fly whereso bent —
Only in midwinter pent!

Juvenis.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

Points to be Remembered.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is Two Dollars a year, in advance, postage prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. Subscribers in any other country embraced in the Postal Union will receive the magazine for $2.50 a year, postage prepaid.

REMITTANCES may be made by mail with perfect safety, if in the form of Bank Drafts on Boston or New York, or Postal Money Orders. Bills or Postal Notes may be sent with equal safety in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. In directing the change of an address, be particular to give the *present* address as well as the new one. Otherwise it is impossible for us to comply with your desire.

BACK NUMBERS of either OUTING OR THE WHEELMAN will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. Booksellers, postmasters, and bicycle agents will receive subscriptions at regular rates. The trade is supplied by the American News Company, New York, our sole agents for the United States and Canada.

THE ADVERTISING RATES OF OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will be forwarded on application, together with sample copies of the magazine, and testimonials from those who have used its pages to their own profit and satisfaction. The special character of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN makes it of great value to all who seek for the patronage of the best people. Orders for advertising forwarded by mail will receive careful attention, and proofs will be submitted if desired. Special care will be given to the printing of good cuts.

Our New Home.

The new and pleasant offices of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN are at the Evans House, 175 Tremont street, to which all correspondence should be addressed, and where we shall always be glad to welcome friends of the magazine who can find time for a call.

New Premium List.

WE hope to have our new Premium List ready for distribution on or before St. Valentine's day. It will embrace many new features, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, result in setting a good many people, interested in various phases of out-door life, at work for new subscribers to what we hope to make the leading illustrated out-door magazine of the world. The new list will be forwarded to any address, as soon as ready, on postal-card request.

To Yachtsmen.

AN early issue of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will contain a leading article of special and peculiar interest to all yachtsmen and their friends. Its author is favorably known in yachting circles, and the numerous illustrations will be picturesque and striking. Our magazine will be of interest and value to yachtsmen in every issue, and the publisher will be glad to correspond with the secretary of each club in the country with reference to an introduction of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN to its members. We are ready to give good pay for all work done in increasing our circulation.

Other Attractions.

SPACE forbids extended mention, but we cannot forbear brief allusion to the following illustrated articles, soon to appear: —

An elaborate and picturesque paper on Tennis, by Arlo Bates. Illustrated by Sylvester and other well-known artists.

Salmon-Fishing in Canadian Waters, fully illustrated by Henry Sandham.

The Great Canada Bicycle Tour, by President Bates.

The Catskills, by Mrs. Abbie Crocker Percy, illustrated by B. B. G. Stone.

Canoeing in Alaska, illustrated by Hassam.

The Pleasure Resorts.

THE ownership of a summer hotel now and then proves to be a good investment. Mr. Asa T. Barron bought the Crawford House, at the foot of Mount Washington, ten years ago, for $40,000, and has just refused an offer of $175,000 for the property.

THE "Marine Jumbo," as the Rockaway Beach Hotel is pleasantly called, is likely to be open next season. Drexel, Morgan, & Co. own the vast hotel.

THE Florida season is just beginning, and the indications are favorable for a fairly prosperous season, though it is doubtful if the brilliant anticipations of the hotel-keepers will be quite realized.

THE Park View Hotel, at Orange Park, on the St. John's river, Florida, is under the charge of George M. Tilton, this season.

HON. SAMUEL J. TILDEN will pass the winter on his yacht, the "Yosemite," which will cruise among the West Indies during the next few months.

THE people of Ischia, undismayed by the terrible earthquake experience of last summer, are beginning the rehabilitation of Casamicciola as a pleasure resort. Signor Manzi, proprietor of the largest and most complete of the ruined

bathing establishments, is projecting a still larger one, to be built of wood, after a Swiss model, supposed to be well fitted to withstand future earthquakes.

MR. HENRY CLAIR, of the Grand Union and Windsor, at Saratoga, is prominently mentioned in connection with the new American hotel to be erected in Paris.

A "FOREST encampment" is a novel entertainment promised in New York. It is a sort of bazaar, the booths in the form of tents pitched in an apartment, made, by the art of the florist and scene painter, a forest warm with the tints of midsummer and fragrant with the scent of growing flowers. The illusion will be further carried out by lights so shaded as to simulate the rays of the August sun.

CERTAIN property-holders in the proposed reservation at Niagara Falls, are trying to defeat the intentions of the State commissioners by deferring action with reference to the appraisement of lands, until the statute covering the matter expires by limitation, when they will endeavor to speculate in the lands at the State's expense. The commissioners have determined to leave these parties out in the cold, it is gratifying to know.

A PARTY of gentlemen who are regular visitors to the Adirondacks have recently organized a club, which will have head-quarters at Lake Luzerne, where a handsome and commodious club-house, in Queen Ann style, is to be erected. The *Albany Argus* in alluding to it mentions, as a novel feature, the extension of the club privileges to ladies during the day, which, it is believed, will eliminate many of the objections advanced against clubs at summer resorts. The officers intend to give a series of theatrical, musical, and other entertainments, and will hold a tennis tournament. The club wil undoubtedly add largely to the attractions of summer life at Lake Luzerne.

THE electric light has been introduced into the Carleton House, Jacksonville.

THE Hotel Raymond is being erected at Los Angeles, Cal., by Mr Walter Raymond, of Boston. When complete it will cost over $200,000, and will be supplied with all modern improvements The hotel is situated in the midst of a beautiful park, and a narrow gauge railroad connects it with the city.

The Field of Travel.

NEW Year's day witnessed the opening of the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railway throughout its entire 425 miles from New York to Buffalo. The road is very thoroughly equipped, and is certain to do an extensive passenger traffic, especially in the season of pleasure-travel. A Boston outlet for the West Shore has been arranged over the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel, and Western Railway, which is daily growing in efficiency and business.

A RECENT estimate places the railway building in the United States during the past twelve months at 6,600 miles, costing $165,900,000, and bringing up the total number of miles of railway in the country to about 120,000. Montana leads in the railway builing of the year, having laid 413 miles. No new roads were built in New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Nevada, and Wyoming.

MR. ARTHUR SEWALL, of Bath, Me., was on December 12 elected president of the Eastern Railway

ON the 27th December a party of one hundred and thirty-seven persons left Boston for a winter sojourn on the Pacific coast, under the charge of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb. A special train of six Pullman cars conveyed the party across the continent. Two months will be spent at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey, and the remainder of the time in shorter sojourns at other points of interest.

THE new cantilever bridge of the Michigan Central railroad, at Niagara Falls, was formally opened on December 15. It is a real triumph of engineering skill.

The Winter Carnival.

THE winter carnival at Montreal, which was so successfully inaugurated last year, will open on February 4, and promises to surpass in attractions its brilliant predecessor. Leading attractions of each day are as follows: —

Monday, Feb. 4 — Hockey tournament; inauguration of ice palace; special illumination of tobogganing grounds.

Tuesday. — Curling bonspiel; contractors' drive; snow-shoe races; fancy dress carnival.

Wednesday. — Skating concert; sleighing parade; lacrosse on skates; torchlight procession of snow-shoe clubs; attack and defence of ice palace.

Thursday. — Trotting races; snow-shoe steeplechase; fancy dress carnival.

Friday. — Skating concert; races and games on out-door rink; grand ball; illumination of tobogganing grounds.

Saturday. — Annual games on lacrosse grounds; pyrotechnic display at ice palace; illumination of toboggan hills.