

ONE HUNDRED MILE ROAD RACE IN ENGLAND.

Full details have come to hand of the 100-miles cycling race, won at Biggleswade, on Saturday, Sept. 24, in 6h. 46m. 47s., by one Hale, of the Gainsboro' Club. The race was a trial, not on a track, but on ordinary country roads, in Bedford county. The course was measured by milestones, going over one macadamized road and returning over another. Forty-seven began the race, but only thirteen finished. The winner used a safety machine. He did his first fifty miles in 3h. 14m. 45s., and his second fifty miles in 3h. 32m. 2s., 20 minutes ahead of the second. The third and fourth, each on a safety, were four minutes behind the second. They did the first fifty miles in a dead heat, and the fourth was only a half second behind the third at the finish. Hale's rate of speed was nearly fifteen miles per hour. Whatever may be the comparison on a track between the safety and the tandems, it would seem that the lofty machines are rivalled in speed by the more handy safeties, when on the road. The record was not beaten on this occasion, nor did any men of especial celebrity compete. It, however, may be assumed that really good riders can now travel something like one hundred miles along a good road in seven hours, a rate about equal to that of the average continental railway train. To rival this rate of speed for the same distance, a man driving would require eight relays of fast trotting horses.

ADVENTURES OF A CYCLER.

TALE OF A JUMPED BOARD-BILL AND A SLEUTH-HOUND AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

On Monday, Sept. 12th, a dashing-looking young gentleman with a safety bicycle arrived in the city, says the *Hamilton Times*, and put up at the Royal Hotel. He registered as H. Belden, St. Louis, Mo. In appearance Mr. Belden is a distinct blonde. His hair, rich and warm in color like a summer sunset, curls prettily about his massive alabaster brow. His dainty moustache is much the same in hue. Mr. Belden slipped quietly away from the Royal on Tuesday and went to the St. Nicholas, where he registered as H. Belden, Terre Haute. It was not until last evening that his disappearance from the Royal was noticed. Harry McIntyre, the night clerk, who is a young gentleman of an inquisitive turn of mind, inquired what had become of the occupant of room 47. Nobody being able to answer the conundrum, he went out to discover for himself. He went to the St. Nicholas and learned that Mr. Belden had been stopping there, and likewise learned that he had been trying to dispose of his bicycle to Mr. Hogan, of the St. Nicholas. Accompanied by detective Doyle, Mr. McIntyre went to the St. Charles, and learned from Mr. Hogan that he had allowed Belden \$8.50 cash and \$3.50 in drinks on the bicycle. Then the professional and amateur detective went to Wynn's saloon, on King street east, where they found Belden holding up the bar. When he saw them he made a sudden exit, but not soon enough to prevent himself from being nabbed. He was taken before the

police magistrate, to whom he protested that he intended to pay his hotel bills, and that his impetuousness was not chronic, but only temporary. The affair was settled by Belden agreeing to hand over his bicycle to Messrs. Hood, of the Royal, as security for his board bill, and the Hoods to pay Mr. Hogan the \$11.70 which he advanced to Belden. The cycle is a good one, worth over \$100, and the Royal people are not anxious, now, for its recent owner to settle his bill. Poor Belden's troubles were not ended with the loss of his silent steed. He was arrested and locked up on a charge of vagrancy, his only visible means of support having disappeared with his wheel. It was ascertained that Belden was recently in St. Catharines, and was known there as Henry Shaw.

A WONDERFUL BICYCLE.

A special cable to the *Post-Dispatch* of St. Louis, dated London, September 10, says: "A number of gentlemen interested in the adaptation of cycles to military purposes, assembled at Hanwell on Thursday afternoon to witness some trials and experiments with a bicycle which has been constructed by Wilkins & Co., of Holborn Viaduct. The bicycle, which in its general outward appearance resembles the machine of the familiar safety type, was put through a series of most extraordinary tests, with results which greatly astonished and amused the on-lookers. Starting from the centre of the town, a man rode the machine over half a mile or so of road to the bank of the River Brent, where, dismounting, he proceeded to blow into a couple of small bags attached to the handles. The inflation occupied about a minute, and then the rider, having thrown his bicycle into the water, dived after it, swam across and landed on the other side. He then rode over three or four miles of very rough and varied country, including ploughed fields and swamp meadows, and having recrossed the river, regained Hanwell by some very rough lanes, lifting his machine over closed gates. Altogether, he covered a distance of about five miles, and his time was little more than 41 minutes. Subsequently, a few well-known cyclists who were among the visitors tried the machine, and rode over the most uneven ground, up and down short and sharp hills and over bricks and other obstructions in a manner that greatly surprised the military men and others who were present."

AN AMERICAN VIEW.

Kenneth Brown, in the *Wheelmen's Record*, writing of a trip through Ontario, says: "On the market-place at Brantford was a band of the Salvation Army. They alternately kneeled and prayed in a loud voice, and got up and sang, accompanied by a band. The band consisted of a big drum, but the prayers and the band made up in quantity what they lacked in quality. Indeed, when the band became excited it sounded like the crack of doom, but most of the spectators regarded this amateur crack of doom as the cracking of a joke. The Sunday on which we rode in Canada was a hot one, and heat produces thirst; glad, indeed, were we when Ham-

ilton hove in sight, and at the first saloon we dismounted. The door was locked, and when I shook it there came from within a sound of shuffling of feet, a door slammed, and then all was quiet. At the next one we succeeded no better, and we were in despair till we saw a soda fountain in a drug store. We entered, but were told that the soda fountain did not run on Sunday. Sadly we mounted and rode till we came to a pump. Will pumped and I pumped, but we soon found that this did not run on Sunday either. At last we got some milk at a hotel, so I think that it is an assured fact that cows do give milk on Sunday, probably through some oversight of the government."

IT WAS ALIVE.

A little item appeared in print a few days ago about a Boston coachman who drove home with a paper-bag of crackers, and left his passengers at the grocery. It was recalled by an incident witnessed last week on Massachusetts street. A bicyclist was wheeling along leisurely toward Richmond avenue, keeping well to the right of the street. In the opposite direction was coming a carriage—on the box a figure in a tall hat, bright buttons and other insignia of a coachman. On it came like a thing of life, looking neither to the right nor left. In the left hand was a long, straight whip, projecting horizontally beyond the side of the carriage several feet. The carriage was to the left of the centre of the street, yet not a move was made toward turning out for the wheelman, who was riding close to the curb. Passers-by became interested to see the outcome, wondering whether the man on the wheel would scoot across the street, jump the curbstone or ride straight ahead and get the projecting whip across the face. Just as he met the whip up went his hand like a flash, and—zip! it had lost its whip. The wheelman carried it five or six rods, and then dropped it and continued his leisure pace. The coachman painfully dismounted, and his face actually had an expression on it as he went back for his whip.—*Buffalo News*.

The Wanderers have received the trophy won by them in the recent fifty mile team road race with the Torontos.

BY CHANCE.

They met by chance: a wayward fate
Till then had kept them wide apart.
He had no thought of love or hate;
She hardly knew she had a heart.

They met by chance: the sinking sun
Cast lengthening shadows on the ground.
The long June day was nearly done—
The twilight dim was gathering 'round.

They met by chance: a fateful chance,
That brought them nearer—nearer still;
Each gave the other a startled glance—
Each felt a momentary thrill.

They met by chance: a swift, sharp pain
Unnerves them when they think of that!
They trust they'll never meet again—
The cyclist and the brindle cat!

—*Somerville Journal*.