

## WHEELMAN'S CHORUS.

When the city man has finished his employment,  
 His employment;  
 When anxiety and all its cares are o'er,  
 Cares are o'er;  
 He devotes his mind to wheeling as enjoyment,  
 As enjoyment;  
 And voteth all his business is a bore,  
 Is a bore.

His feelings he'll with difficulty smother,  
 —Culty smother;  
 When after all his daily toil is done,  
 Toil is done,  
 Taking one consideration with another,  
 With another,  
 The wheelman's lot is a happy one,  
 Happy one.

When the enterprising wheelist's not a wheeling,  
 Not a wheeling;  
 When the wheelman isn't occupied on wheels,  
 —Pied on wheels;  
 He loves to saunter in the evening early,  
 Evening early,  
 And listen to the distant village peals,  
 Village peals.

When the tourist's not engaged in his vocation,  
 His vocation,  
 He loves to go a touring in the sun,  
 In the sun;  
 Taking all things into consideration,  
 —Sideration,  
 The Wheelman's lot it is a happy one,  
 Happy one.

—ALF GIBSON.

## A LONG TRIP.—OVER 4,000 MILES ACROSS COUNTRY ON A BICYCLE.

Mr. G. B. Thayer, of Hartford, Conn., arrived in Baltimore Oct. 22, after a trip of 4,224 miles on a bicycle. He gives these details of his trip: "I left my home in Vernon, Conn., on the 13th of last April. From Hartford I went up the Hudson to Albany, then to Buffalo and Cleveland, and down to Columbus. Leaving Columbus, I rode to Indianapolis, Chicago, across the Mississippi to Rock Island, Omaha, Denver, and along the Union Pacific tracks to Salt Lake City, from which place I took a train to Sacramento and wheeled into the Yosemite Valley. After a stay of five weeks in California, I took the steamer to Portland and then to Yellowstone Park, where I remained eight days, and back again to Salt Lake City, over the Denver and Rio Grande Road. I went to Denver, and then rode south to Kansas City and St. Louis, where I took a train for Louisville and Frankfort. I used my machine from Frankfort to Cincinnati and Marietta, through West Virginia to Cumberland and Harper's Ferry, where I concluded to take a train for Baltimore, being in a hurry to get home. I have covered over 9,700 miles going and coming, of which 4,224 miles were made with my bicycle. I kept my baggage in an old army knapsack, which was fastened to my back. My bicycle gave me no trouble to speak of. It is a 46-inch machine, and is as good to-day as ever. Three times I fell—once in Salt Lake City, where

I ran my face several inches into the sand. It did not hurt me. I suffered considerably from thirst while crossing the lava beds on my way to Shoshone Falls, a distance of twenty-seven miles. Water could be gotten nowhere, and without it a temperance bicyclist is badly off, indeed, as the dust creates a thirst. There was but little rainy weather in the west. The most interesting part of my trip occurred while in the Yellowstone region. Those geysers out there are the biggest thing I ever saw. I spent eight days exploring and watching the spouts. While in the Yosemite Valley I rode through one of the famous sequoia trees. It had been burnt down to within forty feet of the ground a couple of years before, which completely rotted the trunk. I rode through the tree for a distance of 200 feet. It was dark inside, and I had to feel my way. The bottom of the trunk was soft, but did not interfere much with my riding. Many of the trees are thirty feet in diameter, 300 feet high, and are supposed to be over 4,000 years old. The greatest distance made in a day was seventy-six miles; I seldom made less than sixty. Of course, much depends on the roads. I did the best travelling on the National pike in Ohio. In crossing the plains I followed the old emigrant trail, which was in fairly good condition."

Mr. Thayer's entire trip cost him only \$275. He wore a corduroy bicycle suit. To save time, he returned to Connecticut by rail.

Here is a ridiculous episode at the recent ladies' cycling tour to Cape Ann: The fair Athenian—we will call her Mrs. C.—was riding on the front seat of a tandem tricycle, the rear seat being occupied by her husband, when, without a moment's warning, she suddenly felt herself being drawn downward upon the saddle until she could hardly move. At her startled cry the machine was brought to a standstill, when it was discovered that her dress had been caught in the gearing of the machine, the dress-guard having been left off at the repair shop through an oversight. Two breadths of the skirt were so effectually wound backward and forward into the machine that budge an inch the lady couldn't, while the combined efforts of the gentlemen of the party were as unavailing in extricating even a fragment of the blue flannel. "Cut the dress," said one; but the lady said "No" very decidedly, for to appear in public with but three-quarters of a dress skirt would never do in the world. Then the tricycle was attacked, and the ground was soon strewn with bolts, nuts, washers, wrenches and other tools, parted chains and nameless tricycle "sundries," but still the lady was pinioned. Nearly half an hour had been spent in fruitless effort, the cold northwest wind was freshening to a Mayflower breeze, and everybody becoming chilled, when one of the party was despatched to a neighboring house to borrow a dress skirt. Could madame crawl out of her predicament? She would try. So the borrowed skirt was donned, *sans ceremonie*, right there in the king's highway, the party meanwhile turning their backs to gaze off over the rumpled bosom of old ocean; the other skirt was loosened, and "hub," with herculean efforts, though not without several trials, lifted the tricyclenne clear of the wreck, and she stood once more on terra firma. Fifteen minutes more were required to

extricate the skirt and put the machine together again, when a temporary dress-guard was metamorphosed from an old piece of oil-cloth, madame changed her skirt again at the farm-house, and after just fifty minutes' delay the party mounted once more and resumed their journey toward Newburyport. —Record.

## HOW THE PROFESSIONALS LIVE.

It is a matter of great wonder, says the Springfield *Union*, how the professionals support themselves, especially those who are not prize-winners. The majority of them have other irons in the fire, and tournament earnings are only considered as perquisites by many of them. Howell, Wood and Woodside get a regular salary from the manufacturers whose machines they ride. James is a gentleman and rides for pleasure. He is said to have quite a private income. Prince and Eck have scooped a pile in six-day races the past year, and by exhibitions at cattle shows and other similar schemes. Neilson has had a "backer" whose confidence in Neilson's powers have caused him to contribute the wherewithal. Frazier is employed by the Star folks, and Crocker has been in the employ of the Pope Company as Burnham's trainer. He will also be retained to capture tricycle records. Morgan has an interest in a theatrical agency at Chicago, and Fred Merrill is a dealer in bicycles and general sporting goods at Portland, Oregon. If these riders depended wholly on the tournaments, some of them would soon give up racing beyond a question.

## A FEW RECORDS.

"The Historian" of the *Record* has been turning his attention to wheelmen, and thus he discourseth:

They had just been introduced. She was a pretty country girl, and he a wheelman who was very vain of his personal appearance when clad in cycling costume.

He: I assure you there is scarcely a man who does not find the wheel suit most becoming.

She (doubtfully): Indeed!

He: As for myself, everybody insists that I look one hundred per cent. better in bicycle costume than in an ordinary business suit.

She (innocently): Dear me! How awfully you must look in an ordinary business suit?

This also from the country, and he, too, a wheelman. He had called at a farm-house for a glass of water, but the pretty farmer's daughter had offered him a glass of milk instead.

"Won't you have another glass?" she asked, as he drained the tumbler with a sigh, and appeared to be taking in emptiness with both eyes.

"You are very good," he replied, "but I am afraid I shall rob you."

"Oh, no!" with emphasis. "We have so much more than the family can use that we're feeding it to the calves all the time!"

Why does a hub lamp remind one of the trial of a murderer? Because, when on being "examined" it is found "wicked" enough, it is "shut up," and afterwards "hung."

When is bi. riding like a conundrum? When it is given up.