

One Mile Professional—10 entries; seven starters: 1, J. L. Prince; 2, R. James; 3, R. Howell. Time, 2.39.

Five Mile Record—14 entries; ten starters: 1, H. W. Gaskell; 2, L. Hamilton; 3, Geo. Webber. Time, 14.51 3-5.

Two Mile Tandem—3 entries: 1, Miller and Brown; 2, Stahl Bros.; 3, Joslyn and Chase. Time, 6.55.

As Hendee and Sellers met for the first time in the two-mile race, the interest of the spectators was centered there. The American's easy defeat by the Britisher had a dampening effect upon the crowd, however, and it was not until Prince defeated Howell that the feeling of gloom passed off. This was perhaps one of the most exciting races ever witnessed. Howell had got President Ducker to announce from the judges' stand that it was the intention of the world's professional champion to attempt to break the amateur record of Sellers of 2.39. He failed by one second, and in that second Prince and James had respectively passed the tape ahead of him. The result was hailed with almost frantic delight by the spectators; the band played "Yankee Doodle," and for ten minutes the noise and uproar was dreadful. The five mile record race was a beauty. Gaskell rode in magnificent form, and was an easy victor, for by it he carries off two handsome prizes, as, in addition to winning the race, he broke the record.

Thursday.—To-day the crowd has been much larger than on either of the former days. It was known that to-day Hendee was to make his supreme effort to prove whether he was the equal of Sellers or not. The following is a summary of the day's sports:

Three Mile Professional Record—9 entries; six starters: 1, R. Howell; 2, W. M. Woodside; 3, R. James. Time, 8.55 1-5. Record broken.

Half Mile Dash, 1.40 Class—Thirteen starters: 1, W. Wait; 2, H. G. Bidwell; 3, D. E. Hunter. One Mile Ride-and-Run—Two starters: 1, C. B. Ripley; 2, T. R. Finley. Time, 4.39.

Five Mile 16.40 Class—12 entries: 1, C. H. Parsons; 2, L. A. Miller; 3, L. Weston. Time, 15.46 2-5.

Five Mile Professional—Five starters: 1, R. Howell; 2, R. James; 3, W. Woodside. Time, 15.42 3-5.

One Mile Tandem—Two starters: 1, Stahl Bros.; 2, Joslyn and Chase. Time, 3.13 2-5.

Ten Mile Record—Five starters: 1, L. Hamilton; 2, H. Gaskell; 3, J. Brooks. Time, 31.54. Record not broken.

One Mile Tricycle—Three starters: 1, R. Chambers; 2, G. H. Illston; 3, L. H. Johnson. Time, 3.13.

One Mile Open—Ten starters: 1, S. Sellers; 2, G. Hendee; 3, J. Brooks. Time, 2.45 2-5.

The last was the race of the day. As the men came to the scratch, all eyes were upon Hendee and Sellers. With a field that contained such names as Chambers, Gaskell, Dolph, Illston, Frazier, Brooks, all were forgotten for the moment save those two. It was patent to any one that Hendee was painfully nervous, while Sellers sat on his machine as unconcerned as if he were only going to race for a ten-cent cigar instead of the world's championship. From start to finish, the race was a beautiful one; but to the initiated it was plain that Sellers had it in hand from the outset, and when he passed over the score a winner, with hands down, even Hendee's best friends were forced to admit that he was no match for the boy from over the ocean.

But if I am to get off this letter to you to-night, I must close; so, leaving the balance of the Springfield meet and the New Haven meet, to which I go next week, for another letter, I will say good-night.

Yours, etc.,

P. E. D'ALPIN.

A rather extraordinary accident happened to a Brum wheelist the other day. He chanced to brush against a stout old lady, who up with her *humber-ella*, and before he had time to *apologise*, she *delta* blow at his *nut*, which knocked him off and sprained his *tourists*.—*Wheeling*.

A CANDIDATE ON WHEELS.

AN ACCOMPLISHMENT OF MISS BELVA LOCKWOOD AS A TRICYCLE RIDER.

It is but natural that the country should wish to know more of the latest Presidential candidate—Belva Lockwood, the nominee of the Woman's Rights party. The candidate's life, written by an impartial hand as the only means for completely supplying this demand, will doubtless appear at an early day. Here in Washington no book of any kind is needed. She is to be seen almost any day threading the streets mounted on a tricycle, head erect, and feet working with an energy that is indicative of the secret of her success in life. She was the first of her sex to mount the tricycle and demonstrate the right of woman to ride whatever will best suit her purpose. As a lawyer, she rides wherever her business calls, and she also rides for the pleasure it affords, as others do in their carriages. And how she does ride! No laggard's pace is hers. Wherever she goes she is the observed of all observers. She is not a devotee of fashion in any respect. She sets her own fashions. With head in air, and face earnestly, not to say fiercely, pointing in the direction her industrious feet are propelling her, she whirls along, every turn of the crank flip-flapping her skirt with unceasing regularity. She stops at nothing, and turns aside only to pass slow-goers or pick a stretch of clear track whereon to display a pace which might make Maud S. envious.

Of late a demand has sprung up for pictures of the Woman's Rights candidate. In preparing to supply this demand, the artist has been at a loss how to take her. Blaine is generally represented as speaking in the House or Senate, Cleveland as standing on the rostrum, Logan as cavorting on his war-horse—each in a position designed to show the man at his best. Reflecting on these things, the artist was not long in coming to the conclusion that the proper thing was to represent Belva mounted on a tricycle, a familiar sight in Pennsylvania avenue, where, as anyone will say, she, too, appears at her best. The pictures, it is understood, will be ready at an early day. She might have been taken pleading at the bar; laying down the law as any man would, and often better than many men do; giving tit for tat, after the custom of the profession; taking graceful flights of oratory, as orators sometimes do, responsive to a suggestion from the bench; citing precedents and cases, principles and practice from a well-stored repository of learning covered by that well-known bonnet, or appealing to the jury for justice for her client. But after due consideration, the tricycle idea was adopted as not only the most novel, but the most truly characteristic.

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BELVA DECLINES.

Miss Belva Lockwood has written the following letter:

Washington, Sept. 24, 1884.

Messrs. C. M. Beltz, President, and Charles M. Clarke, Secretary, *et al.*:

I am in receipt of your invitation to be present at the races of the Keystone Bicycle Club, 27th Sept., 1884, and sincerely regret my inability to be in attendance, but the pressure of my professional engagements and the greater pressure of my presidential campaign so much absorb my time and thought that I find it impossible to comply.

I have ridden a *bicycle* for three years almost daily, for business and pleasure, and believe that bicycles and tricycles are healthful, graceful, pleasant, labor-saving, time-saving, and one of the advanced features of the day.

The saddle-horse will soon be known no more, except for climbing mountains and fording streams.

Wishing you, gentlemen of the Keystone Bicycle Club, much success and great pleasure,

I remain, yours on wheels,

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

619 F Street, N.W.

Can it be that the lady doesn't know the difference between a bicycle and tricycle? That thing you have been riding is a tricycle, Belva.—*Bicycling World*.

NOTE FROM KARL KRON.

EDITOR OF CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

The whole number of one-dollar pledges now enrolled for "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" is 1863, leaving 1137 to be secured to complete the required 3000 advance subscribers. I have now definitely decided to put the price of the book at \$1.50, except for those who authorize me to print their names in it at the original rate. There have been 426 accessions to my list since I wrote to you, two months ago to-day; and 154 of these have come since I last reported, August 19. The number of hotels which have agreed to take the book is 56.

The specimen copies of the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette* for August, which the editor sent to 618 hotels with whose names I supplied him, failed, by some mistake at the mailing office, to have my "letter to hotel-keepers" specially marked; and I have not received a single response to it. This merely confirmed the belief, expressed in my last letter to you, that hotel-men rarely examine anything of the sort that comes to them through the mail. My only hope of waking them up to the merits of my plan of introducing the names of their houses to 25,000 bicyclers will be in persuading local subscribers to personally hand their copies of my circular, reprinted from the *Gazette*. The October issue of that paper, by the way, will contain my revised prospectus, which was crowded out of the current number.

I hope to go up to the Springfield Tournament on my wheel, which I have not once mounted, or even looked upon, since the 5th of June. The long summer struggle with my subscription-list has about tired me out; and I trust a five days' tour up the Hudson and across the Berkshire Hills to Springfield may refresh me a little. I intend to start to-morrow morning, having postponed my departure for twenty-four hours on account of the excessive heat.

Let me ask you to announce that the North American Lloyds' Steamship Co. have agreed to carry bicycles, as passengers' baggage, from Baltimore to Bremen, and the Allan Line also from Baltimore to Halifax. The agents of both lines at the first-named city have formally authorized me to say this. Cannot some Canadian wheelman persuade the agents in Montreal of the Allan Line to announce the same rule for their boats running to Liverpool? I wish the proper officer of the C.W.A. would take pains to get all the lake and river steamer lines of Canada enrolled on the "free list" before I write the "transportation chapter" of my book.

KARL KRON.

Washington Square, N.Y.,
Sept. 10, 1884.

THE POETRY OF IT.

C. R. D. IN "A SHADOW LOVE."

To you non-cycling readers, these words recall no sunny memories of trips a-wheel. Do you know how many volumes of poetry and prose are contained in the thought? Do you know what is meant by the society of this modern Atlanta, this graceful, fleet-footed, splendid companion, ever ready for a romp out into the purer air and brighter sunshine of the world of nature? There is sentiment in a sunrise, but brick walls and a smoke-laden atmosphere are so unpoetical. Spring into the saddle, seize the bridle of this magic steed which flies while you are mounting, take a *long* breath and look around you. *Presto*, change! The brick walls have vanished into thin air; lovely landscapes sweep away in every direction; the road winds in and out, and up and down, beside green meadows, and skirting dark old forests, or falling into quiet vales, with new surprises at every turn. And then the struggle to reach the hill-top, the victory, and the glorious sunrise bursting into the splendor of a new day, like a heavenly inspiration.

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"Shrimp" Sewell and Mlle. Louisa Armaindo, who have been doing double fancy riding, have had a misunderstanding, and dissolved partnership.