

Wheel Tracks.

There are about 3,500 wheels in use in Philadelphia.

Westbrook is giving exhibitions in fancy riding in Nebraska.

Stockton, Cal., has eleven wheelmen; San Felipe has six riders.

Wilmot and Pavilla, the double fancy riders, have dissolved partnership.

The Springfield Bicycle Club are going to build a club-house of their own.

Prof John Wilson, the champion trick and fancy bicycle rider, was in Cornwall lately.

Prince and Woodside are going to race at New Orleans during the World's Exposition.

It is said that the Sydney (Australia) Bicycle Club took in \$4,500 gate money at a recent race meet.

The Louisville Bicycle Club is trying to arrange a team race, fifty miles, with the Chicago Bicycle Club.

The Baltimore Cycle Club and the Maryland Club of Baltimore entertained all their friends on Christmas day.

Morgan, Eck, and Louise Armaindo are to have a six days' race, eight hours a day, at Memphis, Tenn., at an early date.

Anderson, the long-distance equestrian, proposes to arrange a race at Madison Square Garden, to ride horses against the best professional bicyclists.

The Bay City wheelmen, San Francisco, propose to hold a bicycle meet of their own, and the racers will ride for their friends' amusement and their own glory.

The names of Messrs. H. S. Tibbs and A. T. Lane appear among the table of records as holding the American sociable road records—50 miles made in August, 1883.

Why need we not fear the Yankee?—Because 'ee will always come after the end (Hend-ee).—(A contributor to *Whedling*.) The writer of the above truthfully styles this as a "puzzle."

A portrait of Louis Rubenstein, amateur fancy skater of Canada, and one of the Canadian Wheelman Co., appears in the New York *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic Journal* of Dec. 20th.

On the occasion of the marriage of one of the Ariel Touring Club, Mr. James Hodgins, some few weeks since, he was presented by his clubmates with a very handsome water pitcher.

Lord Bury, the president of the National Cyclists' Union, is contributing an article on wheeling in the January issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is looked forward to with great interest.

An Englishman recently stated that cyclists never experience the pleasures of cycling until they have ridden a sociable with one of the fairer sex. No doubt opinions differ on that point, though.

Col. Newton, American biologist, while riding a tricycle at London recently, came into violent collision with a cab, and was thrown to the

ground, striking on his head. He died two hours afterward.

A. H. Robinson, better known as "Doodle," has quitted England; in fact, he has sailed for America, not, however, to return "that medal," but goes farther south, much; his destination is the Panama Canal.

A negro witness in Macon, Ga., testifying in a bicycle case, gave this as the result of his observations: "If you ride slow, you turn over yourself; if you ride fast, you turn over somebody else." That nigger knows something.

J. W. Lambert, of Union City, Ind., rides the largest wheel in the country—64-inch American Club. Indiana also claims the champion heavy-weight. His name is John Holland, he rides a 56-inch wheel, and raises the beam at 240 pounds.

The Citizens' Club of New York has a membership of eighty-six. Among its ranks are five lawyers, three journalists, three dealers in bicycles and tricycles, two physicians, one Catholic priest, one dentist, three leather merchants, and three soldiers.

The bicycle dude is dying out. The animated hairpins who part their hair in the middle and squint through a single eye-glass are now termed "Sooners," because they would sooner be what they are not than what they are—idiots.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

The glory of Louisville as a cycling centre has been rapidly fading away. Not many years ago it had a grand reputation in the wheel world, and was among the first of the cities to lay down an exclusive bicycle track. Jenkins, Franke, Schimpeler, Moran and Armstrong were names well known to wheelmen.

Messrs. Rudge & Co. recently presented those famous dwarfs, General and Mrs. Mite, better known, perhaps, as the Midgets, with a miniature of the "Coventry Convertible." The driving wheels are 20 inches only, and the weight but 24 lbs. The machine is a most perfect model and a marvel of ingenuity.

T. W. Eck is making arrangements to take five other bicyclists with him to New Orleans for a six weeks' engagement at the World's Fair, where a six-lap board track is to be built for them. The party will include Mlle. Louise Armaindo, Messrs. Eck, Prince, Higham, Woodside and Morgan, and they will give a long series of bicycle and tricycle races, with exhibitions of fast riding, each day.

A final decree was entered by Judge Blodgett on the 15th December in the equity suit of the Pope Mfg. Co. vs. J. M. Fairfield. The Court found that the defendant had violated a license granted by the company, and ordered the payment of damages and costs and a perpetual injunction restraining him from violating in future any of the agreements in his license.

Gaskell, who visited the Springfield meet, has won prizes valued at \$4,500. His 18 American prizes aggregated \$1,500. Speaking of this gentleman, calls to mind a very sad occurrence. He was entered in a race at Leeds, and Mr. Gaskell, sen., decided, unknown to his son, to see the sport. The poor old gentleman was troubled with heart disease, and during the race

became so excited that he dropped dead at the moment his son rushed first past the post.

The manufacturers of a new class of bicycle at home have taken the liberty of naming it after our lordly marsupial, the Kangaroo. All I can say is, that unless this new machine can clear a "three-railer," or rip up annoying dogs with as much ease as its noble namesake, I shall stick to the present orthodox cycles. If such inventions continue to bere the public, then I may be tempted to bring out the "Emu," and if it does not possess the staying and speeding powers of this wiry bird, then I shan't press the public to purchase. My word, bright times are in store for us, for then, and not till then, will cycling be perfected.—*Australian Cycling News*.

What a golden opportunity the manufacturers of patent medicines have lost in not catching the cycling trade, which ought to prove enormous, especially among beginners, by not advertising in the cycling press. Some of those interesting little anecdotes, such as, "Did he die?" or "He lingered," or about some noted flier taking their patent medicine when training for a race, in which, when it had taken place, he was all broken up by a header, and only recovered by steady use of the "Own and only greatest patent medicine on earth." They may be heard from yet.

A story is going the rounds that Armaindo and Morgan rode against horses in a small town in Missouri. The "only Eck," who was with them, arranged a scheme to fill the general purse. Arriving in town, the machines were conveyed quickly to a hotel and locked up from the gaze of curious sight-seers. To the hotel proprietor, a fat, good-natured, but very curious fellow, they "only" vouchsafed the information, as a great secret, that the machines were geared, so that one revolution of the pedal caused two of the wheels, and by that means the horses would easily be defeated. Ten minutes later, the proprietor, boiling over with importance, imparted the valuable information to a friend, who told another friend, and so on, in the old-fashioned way, until every one in town knew all about it. Great anxiety to back the bicycles was shown on the track next day, and "Eck" scooped in what little was to be had, while Morgan and Louise were getting left the length of a street.

Phil Hammel, one of the fliers of the Chicago Bicycle Club, has made himself a professional by making a pace for Woodside during his fifty-mile race on Dec. 8th, at Chicago. Immediately after the information reached Boston that Woodside had been accompanied by Hammel, Mr. Abbot Bassett wrote to Mr. J. O. Blake to warn other amateurs against competing with him. On inquiry, however, it was discovered that Hammel did not ride with the intention of making the pace, but merely for exercise, and that the greater part of the time he rode behind Woodside. Furthermore, this was not a public exhibition where gate money was charged. Mr. Blake has written Mr. Bassett explaining the matter fully, and has requested him to telegraph his opinion at once. Meantime Hammel remains under a cloud. At the head of a list of signatures certifying that the facts stated above were correct, and prepared by J. O. Blake, appears the name of N. H. Van Sicklen, another flier who divides honors with Hammel.