

"getting along quite well, thank you," and had even been riding a little. They gave him assurances of their distinguished consideration, expressed the hope that he would hurry up and get well, lest he might drop too far behind in his record and spoil the fun, and then departed, poking each other in the ribs with ill-concealed and shameful satisfaction at the helplessness of the fallen hero. As they passed out they glanced at the cyclometer. Great Scott! it had jumped up to 1593! They looked again, unable to believe the evidence of their eyes. There was no mistake about it, though. The depraved cyclometer of the unfortunate victim of slow fever had gone up 520 miles in four days! The men, who had been riding like mad, gasped for breath; the magnanimous chaps, who had not been riding at all, tore their hair. Then the whole crowd went out into the green fields and passed resolutions, the tenor of which deponent desireth, in the interest of good morals, not to divulge.—*Bicycling World.*

We confess to being obtuse in not seeing the unfairness in the following incident taken from the *Cyclist*: "In the safety bicycle race at the Shields Sports a condition of the race was that machines weighing less than forty pounds were ineligible. In spite of this, Tom English insisted on riding his racer safety, which weighs little more than thirty pounds actual weight, his mode of making it scale forty pounds being to strap a bag of lead behind the saddle. Of course, this unfair proceeding was objected to, and the case has been referred to the N. C. U. authorities for settlement. When their reply arrives, it will doubtless be of great interest to "pot-hunters." From our standpoint we can only see that the metal and rubber in a machine must weigh so and so. English's machine weighed just ten pounds less than the rule allowed. Now, what possible difference can it make whether the ten pounds be placed on the saddle or distributed evenly over the entire surface of the machine? The result is exactly the same so far as the extra dead weight of the bicycle is concerned. The additional friction and resistance would be precisely the same whether the weight was in one spot or flung round "promiscuous like." We, also, shall look with interest for the decision of the N. C. U. in the case.—*Bicycling World.*

The following, taken from the *Spectator*, is so thoroughly in accord with our own ideas that we reproduce it *verbatim*, with the hope that the men who look on round shoulders and crooked elbows as grace personified, may learn to do better: "I wish wheelmen could all be brought to see themselves as others see them, when riding. The habit of constantly leaning forward, when in the saddle, is a most ungainly and ungraceful one, and can hardly fail to be productive of a confirmed stoop in the shoulders. Suppose it does take part of the weight off the back wheel, and make riding somewhat easier? The advantages which result from an erect and graceful position, and consequent increased expansion of the chest, will much more than compensate for the additional labor, if any is actually required. This matter was forcibly brought to my notice a few days since by witnessing the advent of a baker's dozen of cyclists into Garfield Park, Chicago. They came up the boulevard from the south, in

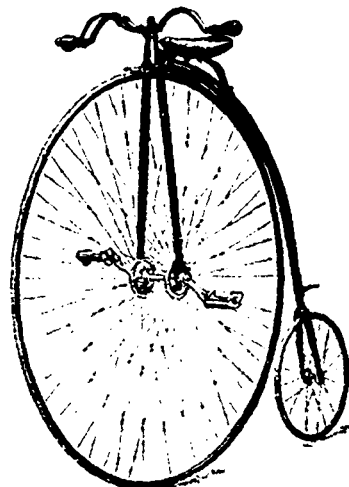
single file, and the last mother's son of them seemed determined to see how far forward he could lean without taking a header, although there was no scorching going on at that time. If St. Louis wheelmen could add to the accomplishments they now boast, the additional grace of an erect and pleasing position in the saddle, they would be—well, pretty near irresistible."

J. A. Lewis, secretary-treasurer of the Missouri Division, had a delightful experience at Interlaken, Switzerland, and thus pleasantly tells of it to the reporter of the *St. Louis Post-Despatch*. When he reached the place there was no wheel ridden there, but he heard that a local mechanic had made one. He went on a hunt for him, and found that he had sent to England for a rim and bearings, and then made the rest himself. Lewis wanted to hire the wheel. The fellow was afraid. Ab saw by its movement under his hand that it was a daisy, so he was the more determined to get it, for the roads around Interlaken are beautiful. He asked to be allowed to try it. The owner consented, and wanted to hold the wheel for the mount, he said, for the street was rough. But Ab suddenly shot into the saddle with the pedal mount, whereupon the owner shouted to him he could have it, and made signs showing he believed the American to be Dan Canary in disguise. So Ab got it, and felt like a king. The next morning the party were to drive sixteen miles to the top of the mountain. Lewis said he would ride with them on the wheel. The native driver laughed at the idea of keeping up with the horses. But the wheelman fell in behind and kept up till within a few miles from the top, when the dozen miles of climbing had told on the rider's legs and he was about "dead." So were the horses, and everybody was walking. But they beat Ab to the top by a few minutes. Although surprised at the cyclist's endurance, yet the driver ridiculed Ab's proposition to give him half an hour's start and beat him back to the hotel, which lay thousands of feet below in the valley. The driver cracked his whip and started. Lewis let him get forty minutes ahead, and then throwing his legs over the bars began the longest coast of his life. The road was cut out of the solid rock and kept scrupulously clean, laborers being at work on it every little distance. So he swept around curve after curve, the home-brake working to a charm. It was about sunset, and the laborers were returning to their homes. As the wheelman shot by them like a flash, they only had time to cry, "The scout! the scout!" believing him to be from the army, by whom the bicycle is extensively used. But the scout never stopped, and flew on and on until four miles from the hotel, when he put his feet back on the pedals, and beat the driver in by ten minutes. The only thing about the ride he regrets is that he forgot to time himself.

Wife.—"Well, Ned, what do you think Charlie wants now? He asked me to-day if I wouldn't help him tease you to buy him a bicycle." *Indulgent Father* (who once had ambitions himself).—"Bicycle? Nonsense! The boy can't have it. Tell him to go up in the attic and fall down two flights of stairs. It will be just about the same thing, and will save me \$100."—*Somerville Jour.*

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