

A turn in the road brought him within a hundred yards of Gardner's Crossing and face to face with Richard Larche, who was riding leisurely along. For a few moments the twain stopped and chatted and then Dick turned his machine around and rode back with his cousin. He had been expecting this all day. Ever since he had heard that Jim had gone to Snakeville he had made up his mind that he would meet him as he came back and kill him. There had been no hesitation about it. He had made all his plans deliberately and well to escape detection. He never counted on the aftermath. He saw only this. He loved Lilly. Jim was the only obstacle to his winning her. Jim must be removed. That was all. No thought of Lilly's blighted life, if she loved Jim truly; no thought of the sorrow to the family; no thought of the poor mother whose heart would break under the terrible affliction. None of these. Only the one awful, horrible thought that Jim must die. There was no feeling of revenge about it; no feeling of jealousy. The matter stood simply that Jim was an obstacle in his path and that the obstacle must be removed. He saw no way to do it except by murder and he had made up his mind that if murder had to be done he would do it. He needed nothing to keep his resolution up. He had definitely made up his mind and it was as unalterable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians. He had planned it all beforehand and he knew just when and where he would strike. So when he met Jim the Judas smile on his lips was mingled with a look of fixed determination. They rode along together and Dick took the knife from his breast and held it in his hand ready to strike. Jim was on the outside and Dick quite close to him a little behind. Gardner's Crossing was reached. Dick raised the knife and drove it through the air into his cousin's back. It sank with a dull thud. He pulled it out quickly and repeated the blow. Without a cry, with nothing but a half-moaned "Lilly," the victim fell to the earth—dead. A moment before living, breathing; full of life and hope, and vigor. Now, nothing but an inanimate lump of clay. Truly, "In the midst of life we are in death."

Now that it was too late he began to reflect on the consequences of his crime. He had dismounted from his bicycle and stood there beside the body with the knife, dripping with his cousin's life blood, in his hand and for the first time since he had contemplated the possibility of murder, he counted the cost and began to feel sorry for what he had done. There was a certain admixture of joy with this feeling, that could hardly be called remorse, caused by the fact that he saw nothing now to prevent his marriage with Lilly. "Girls," he argued, "forget their old loves in no time. I never saw a woman yet that was constant. Now that Jim is out of the way it will all be plain sailing for me." He tried to comfort himself with specious arguments of this sort, and to a certain extent he succeeded. The awful horror of his true position had not come to him yet. But it would come soon. He placed the knife carefully in his bosom, remounted and rode away. He was terribly nervous now. Great drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead and rolled slowly down his face. The reaction was coming. The iron will that had supported him so long was beginning to shake at last and he felt himself filled with a nervous dread and horror that he could not overcome. He could not sleep that night. His cousin's dead body was ever before his eyes; his cousin's dying moan was ringing in his ears. He began to realize the awful deed he had done and to speculate on the chances of discovery. But the days wore on and as no clue was found, he began to feel more secure. His great crime was ever before him; sleeping or waking his thoughts were filled with that but he thought he could bear it as long as he was undiscovered. He would wait three months, he told himself, and then recommence his attentions to Lily and

in time marry her. Now this was a very nice programme but in laying it out he forgot to make provision for the important consideration of Lilly herself and what she would have to say about it. It happened that Lilly had been very much in love with Jim and his death had almost killed her too. In her grief she had solemnly vowed never to marry and to remain constant to his memory and she was a young lady who had the remarkable faculty, in a woman, of sticking to her intentions. So when Dick commenced to come around again, she told him gently but firmly that she proposed remaining faithful to Jim and that no power on earth would induce her to change her decision. "I like you very much," she said to him "but I shall never marry either you or any person else—never. My mind is made up and I shall not change it. It is utterly useless for you to try and persuade me." She had said this in a quiet manner that carried its own weight and put him in despair. He had committed a deliberate murder for the sake of winning this girl and now he found out that his crime had been for naught. He never thought of trying any underhand means to obtain her. He might have abducted her but such an idea never entered his mind. He knew she meant what she said so he left her. And not only her but Sometown. Way out west, in a Californian mining town, he was last heard of in July, 1882. The papers contained an Associated Press despatch at that date, which told that he had been killed in a gambling hell.

Sometown is a thriving city now. The flash of the polished bicycle spokes can be seen almost any afternoon and swains with their sweethearts wander beside the river and the old, old story is told time and time again since Jim Larche died, but there are a great many there who will never forget the tragedy of that Christmas tide and wonder who it was that had black, murderous thoughts in his heart that day instead of good-will towards all mankind. Lilly Moor is still alive. She is Lilly Moor still and she always will be, for she can never be faithless to the memory of the handsome, kindly youth, who died on Christ's day at the hands of an assassin.

QUIZ.

WILMOT'S FANCY RIDING.

Another exemplification of the possibilities of the bicycle in the direction of fancy riding was presented at the Olympian Skating Club rooms in the Mechanic Association building, Boston; recently. Mr. W. D. Wilmot, the "snow man," having stopped conquering winter, has been getting himself into fancy condition, and on this occasion treated the public to many new tricks as well as new versions of some old ones, and did all exceedingly well, and won almost continuous applause from the spectators and a handsome \$25 gold medal from the Club. Commencing with one pedal riding, Wilmot quickly changed his position and assumed all manner of difficult positions on his machine, - vaulting, coasting at full speed while hanging by his toes from the handle bar, riding on pedal and step with folded arms, leaping into the saddle with both feet at once, and then coasting while kneeling on the bar with arms folded, catching two bags from the floor and regaining the saddle again, kneeling on the bar and holding the bags at arm's length, and many more equally difficult and good. The side-saddle

riding, with hands off, was very good, especially when cutting a circle with the body on the outside, leaning in,—a very difficult and dangerous feat, requiring fine balancing.

In standstills, Wilmot had an excellent line, including sitting and lying on the pedals and balancing with the body standing on the pedals, spokes and tires in fully a dozen different ways, standing astraddle of the head of the machine, standing on front of machine, facing toward the little wheel, and again with his back to it, walking down the spokes and picking up his handkerchief and regaining his seat,—in fact, walking all around and over the machine without once touching the floor. The excellent thing in all these standstills was, that after once standing still, Wilmot did not step on to the floor, nor did the machine leave its position until he had gone through a list of some twenty or twenty-five difficult tricks. In riding on one wheel Wilmot rode very fast; and this, we think, was a slight fault, as, according to our idea of the act, speed will keep the rider from toppling over front, while in going at a slow pace the rider exercises considerable more skill in keeping his centre of gravity. Another new line that the exhibitor brought out was riding on the steps of two machines, bringing them to a standstill, and then standing in the saddles with arms folded; and then, to cap this, riding on one machine, leading two others, one in each hand, stacking all three, and standing erect on the saddle of the centre machine.—*World*.

A dealer in or agent for kerosene stoves has been exhibiting its utility and cheapness by riding on a "sociable" tricycle with one about the streets of Paris, stopping from time to time to experiment in the presence of a quickly assembling crowd, after which he distributes his advertising circulars, and then moves on to another locality.

Lewis T. Frye has issued a challenge to John S. Prince to race him ten miles for the professional championship of America, and a purse \$600, and expresses a desire to have the event occur the twentieth of the month at the Institute Fair Building, Boston. Frye has left a deposit with his challenge, and Prince will not be slow to cover it and respond.

Fred. Westbrook, of Brantford, goes to England in the Spring to try his racing powers with the English flyers. He tells us that he has already entered in fifteen races. Wish you success, old man.

One of the features of next month's BICYCLE will be a handsomely illustrated account of a trip made by the "Big Four," of Toronto. It was originally intended for this issue, but want of space compels us to hold it over.