

Wm. Forbes, of Morrisonville, Ill., is a wheelman of more than local celebrity. He is a somnambulist as well. A few nights ago he arose in his sleep, put on his hat and his night-clothes, bedridden his bicycle, and struck out at a prize-winning rate through the streets of the slumbering village. He was headed off by the night watchman, who was not afraid of ghosts on wheels. With difficulty he was awakened from his dream as the champion wheelman of the world.

About twenty members of the League of American Wheelmen, who started from Buffalo on the 6th Sept. for Harper's Ferry, on their annual tour, arrived at Ithaca Sept. 10. In descending a steep hill, two of the party, Messrs. Warner and Dakin, took headers. Warner received a ghastly cut under the chin, and was severely jarred. Dakin was thrown violently to the ground, striking on the right side of his forehead, producing concussion of the brain and possibly fracture of the skull.

J. F. Kusel, of Springfield, Ill., sends us a photograph and diagram of a new speed gear, by the use of which he claims to have ridden a 38-inch Ideal on a fair track, one mile in 2.50, and sixteen miles in an hour. The invention is made up entirely of cog-wheels, the larger one, to which the crank is attached, operating two small ones, they, in turn, acting upon a centre wheel attached to the axle. Mr. Kusel promises to exhibit his invention in Chicago shortly.—*Sporting Journal*.

A new scratch man on the bicycle has appeared in England in the person of F. I. Osmond, of the Norwood Safety C.C., known to the racing world as "Hillier's Novice." Mr. Hillier having coached and trained him carefully ere he made his debut at the Brixton meet, where he swept all before him. He is a powerful youngster, and did 2.38 2-5 at the Crystal Palace recently. As he seems to improve with each race, we may hear ere long of his name being associated with record-breaking.

The *Cycle* says: "Professor C. H. McLeod, of the McGill University, Montreal, P.Q., has invented an electrical timing apparatus, which has been tried and found practicable and accurate." And then follows an exact description of the apparatus, which the Ramblers' Bicycle Club used successfully at their races in this city almost a year ago. Messrs. Fred Ramel and Will Dean, students at the Washington University, are the gentlemen who invented this system of timing.—*St. Louis Spectator*.

It was generally supposed that the rebuff received by Stevens on the Afghan border would discourage him in his attempt to wheel around the globe. But that this supposition was incorrect is proven by a letter which reached *Outing* from Kurrachee, the first Indian port, from whence Stevens will start to complete his trip by way of Delhi, Agra, Lucknow and other important cities, to Calcutta. Stevens' letter was dated July 26, and he states that he is in splendid health, and has a straight road of 1,350 miles before him.

The St. George's Engineering Co.'s stand at the Birmingham Industries is far and away the most attractive of the whole stands in the exhibition. Mr. Palmer (the manager) says his new patent in connection with this wheel was applied for as far back as November last year. This entirely removes what some people might possibly consider as an objection, namely, the bending of the spoke at the hub; and should any mischievous youngster operate on the spokes with a file at any time, the insertion of a new one is the most simple of all simple matters.—*Wheeling* (Eng.).

In the first week in October the citizens of St. Hyacinthe, Que., propose holding a bicycling tournament on a small scale. There will be one, three and five mile handicap races, fancy riding and Chinese lantern parade. The track is an excellent clay one lap, perfectly level, and quite as good as an asphalt No. 1 track. The three mile Canadian record has been broken on it, although not officially. Several good men from Quebec city are expected to compete against Montreal's best. With good weather the Canadian one mile ought to get knocked down.

The *London Free Press* says: Messrs. Payne, Edy and Park have returned from an enjoyable trip, via Goderich, Kincardine and Port Elgin, and along the Georgian Bay from Owen Sound and Meaford to Collingwood. They describe the scenery along the route as delightful, and the road between Meaford and Collingwood cannot be surpassed. Every lover of the wheel should endeavor to make this tour, particularly at this season, as no route in Canada can afford better roads or more varied and grand scenery. An average of fifty miles a day was made, the party allowing themselves ample time to take in all the points of interest on the way.

The Belfast correspondent of the *Irish Athletic and Cycling Journal* says: "Rather a comical incident occurred here the other day. A bright youth dropped into Messrs. D. Rudge & Co.'s depot, and whilst there was having a go on the Home trainer; he asked for a 'Cyclometer,' which was supplied to him. Having carefully adjusted it, he put it in his pocket. After having 'scored' about half an hour, he was considerably astonished to find the 'Cyclometer' unmoved. Notwithstanding the fact that the working of the apparatus was fully explained to him, he left the place with his faith in this invention considerably shaken."

The *Toronto Mail* says: Fred. Foster, of the Toronto Wanderers, is covering himself with glory on the leading cycle paths of the United States. At the Berkshire County Wheelmen's meet at Pittsfield, he rode against such cracks as Crist and Kavanaugh in the two mile open, and although unable to pass Kavanaugh on the third lap, spurred on the home stretch and won easily in 6m 12s. In the five mile open, the Toronto flyer was again pitted against Kavanaugh and Crist, with Langdown and Brown added. It is described as an interesting race. Foster shooting ahead on the last lap, and although closely pushed by Langdown won the race. Time, 16m. 41 1-5s. Foster won every race he entered.

The fall meeting of the executive board of the League of American Wheelmen was held in Buffalo, N.Y., Sept. 3. Secretary Aaron's report showed that the total membership of the League is 9,676, a gain of fifty per cent. in one year. The committee to count the recent mail vote reported on the vote to abolish all reference to racing in the League by-laws—yeas, 15; nays, 85; on the vote to sustain Henry F. Ducker's appeal against the decision of President Beck with in removing him from the office of chief consul of Massachusetts—yeas, 9; nays, 87. The invitation of the Missouri Division to the League to hold its seventh annual meet, May, 1887, at St. Louis, was unanimously accepted.

At Hampden Park, Springfield, August 28, F. F. Ives made a mile on his bicycle, without hands, in 2m. 44 4-5s., thus lowering the record 14s. Kluge, in an attempt to lower the Star bicycle mile record of 2m. 41s., got a poor start, and finished in 2m. 49 1-5s. The event of the day was W. A. Rhodes' five-mile run to lower, with the aid of pacemakers, the record of 13m. 57 2-5s. His time for two, three, four and five miles was as follows: 5m. 19s., 8m. 1 1-5s., 10m. 48 4-5s., and 13m. 30s., and beats all professional and amateur records for those distances. W. M. Woodside, the Irish champion, next rode five miles to lower the previous professional record of 14m. 23 2-5s., which he did in 13m. 50 2-5s.

An unpleasant incident occurred at the Hastings cycle races last Monday week. It appears that Arthur Reynolds, the Brighton Excelsior wheel-shifter—who, by the by, has been showing wonderful form lately—whilst competing in his heat for the three miles open handicap, looked certain of winning, having mowed all his men down, and thinking he had it all his own way, sat up—a foolish habit of his—when Travers, whom he had just passed, came along and beat him on the post. This appears to have upset the arrangements of the betting fraternity, who gathered round and mobbed Reynolds, who ultimately had to be rescued.

On Monday evening, August 30, Mr. W. G. Hurst gave an exhibition of trick riding at the Lillie Bridge Hall, West Brompton. The hall was fairly well filled by an enthusiastic audience, who, by their applause and appreciation of the more difficult feats, showed plainly enough that the rage for trick-riding is in no danger of diminishing. Mr. Hurst gave a very clever performance, his business of riding up and down steps on one or two wheels, and of mounting the one wheel with forks behind him, on the top step, and riding down being specially well received. The floor was slippery and greasy, but Mr. Hurst showed such a perfect command over the machine that all the tricks were performed without a mishap. In the event of Mr. H. appearing in London, we recommend wheelmen to see him, as his act contains several new features.—*Wheeling*.

PETE'S EXPERIENCES ABROAD.

Yes, boys, I've been Abroad, and a big country it is. Bade heart-rending farewell to my fifty-two'er; reached New York; boarded *Germanic*; spanned the 3,000 miles of everlasting wet in eight days; jumped ashore at Queenstown, and into jaunty-car; horse ran away; so did the j.-c.; Pete's personal effects strewn along roadside like flowers that bloom in spring, tra-la-lal! Walked with downcast head and turned-out toes to station; picked up piece of the runaway horse on my way as souvenir. Did Ireland in four days; bathed in Killarney; fished in the Blackwater; bought black-painted pine canes at black-thorn prices; climbed Knock-mell-down mountain; visited a few hundred castles; heard all about the ancient O'Briens and O'Fagans, the O'Connells and the O'Donnells; read "Charles O'Malley," and set sail for England.

Whish!—scoot!—bang!—zipp!—h-u-m-hum! fizz!—and Pete is landed at London per express train. Travelled first-class (style in third-class carriage). London chuck full of bikers and trikers; go like mad through crowded streets; turn sharp corners; graze horse's front legs; squeeze between 'busses; frighten unwary peds. Get there all the same, however. Great is the London biker!

Pete went to meet in London of the Wheeleries Club; 2,000 people; good track; strong wind; fair racing; met the big cycling men—Nairn, London editor of *Cyclist*, stout, well fed, good-looking Briton; we disappeared in judges' tent; emerged with moist lips and warm hearts; 'twas near bottom of barrel, and consequently strong. England and Canada shook hands over the yawning abyss. Drank again to cement friendship; bottom of barrel reached; late visitors came dry—and went dry. Next met Harry Etherington, boss of *Wheeling*, known everywhere as "Jolly good fellow." Ran against Billy Hurst, arrayed in plug hat, checked trousers and broad smile; reports fancy-riding business dead; Canary and Kauffman little to do; Billy disgusted; going to come home; says he can ride a mile on one wheel in four minutes. At Coventry met Henry Sturme, editor of *Cyclist*, arm in sling; arm broken in racing; another fine fellow; enquired after CANADIAN WHEELMAN; says he hasn't seen a copy for six months; misses it. Pray repair damage, friend editor. Went through bicycle factories; trade good; tricycles in England more in demand than bicycles. Had hundred-mile tandem tricycle ride from Coventry to Bristol. Will tell you about it some other time. Farewell, *pro tem*.

PETE.

WANTED TO HEAR IT AGAIN.

He sat on a bicycle straight as an icicle, and she on a tricycle rode by his side. He talked like a jolly fop, and naught could his jolly fop, with all kinds of lollipop enlivening the ride. At last incidentally, more instinctive than mentally, he grew sentimentally saccharine sweet; And he told with intensity of love's strong propensity, its force and intensity, fervor and heat. Just then o'er some hammocks he sprawled out kerflummux, and she thought what a lummev to tumble just then! But he climbed to his station, while she said with elation, "Renew your narration; say it over again!"

—*St. Louis Spectator*.