

for the first time he became conscious that there was a pain in his head and that it was all bandaged up. "I—I fancy so—I really don't know though," he said, "have I been sick?"

She laughed, a liquid, musical laugh that reminded one of running water; it was cool, refreshing. "I hardly know whether you were sick or not, but you had a nasty fall. Papa and I found you lying in the middle of the road senseless, and we brought you home. Your bicycle is out in the yard. It is not broken, but some of the wires are a little twisted."

"The bicycle! Ah, yes, I remember. I was going to Grimsby. How long have I been here?"

"Oh, not long. Only since this morning. We thought at first your skull was broken, but my brother says not. Your head was so swollen that it was impossible for papa and I to tell, but Johnnie knows all about these things, and he says you will be all right in a day or two. You must be very quiet though." She drew a chair over and sat down beside him. "You must have been paying a good deal of attention to your road to fall as you did," she continued in a manner intended to be half-sarcastic.

He smiled. "To tell the truth I don't think I was. I thought the road was clear and was sitting on my machine indulging in a day-dream, when I suddenly took a header. I remember falling against something hard, but where or what it was I cannot say."

"Why, it was just at that little bridge near the water-works. Your bicycle got caught in a rut by the side of it. Do you know it was just an accident that we escaped driving over your machine." (Good gracious! What a state it would have been in if we had.) This last with a merry laugh.

Mullins laughed too. "I'm very glad you did not," said he, "because if you had, it's altogether probable that you would have gone over me as well. I have no desire to become a gory corpse just yet. Just fancy being mangled by a wagon!"

"Oh! it wouldn't have hurt you much, and then you wouldn't have known anything about it."

"Yes, that's one consolation," in a rather grateful tone. "It's not a very pleasant thing to think of though."

"No, not the pleasantest in the world—but will you excuse me? I have to go and get tea ready."

When she had left the room Mullins settled down on the lounge and tried to go to sleep. But he couldn't. The girl's bright face was before his eyes, her low voice and her silvery laugh were ringing in his ears. "What in all the world is the matter with me," he thought, "I never felt this way about any girl before. Bah! Cursed hypocrites!" But try as he would he could not drive her image from his mind. At last he gave it up and lay there thinking about her. Far down in the west the sun was sinking slowly. A bull-frog came out of a marshy spot and sent a few warning notes

out on the evening air. The cows were "coomin' home," and their gentle lowing came to his ear and had a singularly soothing effect upon him. "I wonder what her name is," he said to himself, "Is it Katie, or Annie, or Mary?" Then a snore. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he had gone to sleep thinking of a girl. Half an hour afterwards the door opened and the bright face of the farmer's daughter looked in to the room. A smile played around the corners of her mouth as she saw his somnolent condition. She walked lightly across the floor and gazed at him for a moment, then turned away with a half-smothered sigh and went down stairs.

Mullins got rapidly better. In a week he was as well as ever—except in one particular, he couldn't banish the face of pretty Nellie Carson from his memory. He had tried, and tried hard, to do so but it was no use. He knew now what his perceptions failed to reveal to him the first day he saw her—that he was deeply in love with her. "I'm a fool," he said to himself when he made the discovery, "a fool, a regular idiot." Then he lit his pipe and had a reflective smoke. "No use," he said at the end of half an hour, "I love her." That was the end of it. All his resolutions, all his years of continued abuse of woman-kind vanished into thin air. He blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth and watched it curl upward. "So go all my resolutions," he said in a half-comical, half-regretful tone. Then he sighed and went into the house. In the morning he had made up his mind what to do. "I swore I'd never marry—and I won't," savagely, "I'll go away this very day," and he did. For a year he stayed away. He went to New York and all over the States, but no matter where he went or what he did, he could not rid himself of thoughts of her. At the end of a year he came back to Hamilton. That was six months ago. The other day I clipped the notice of his marriage to her out of an evening paper, and gave a philosophical laugh as I thought of the old saying that resolutions were always made to be broken.

W. C. NICHOL.

RACES.

On the Cards.

20 September, Springfield, Mass., 5-mile, 2-mile, best two in three; 1 mile, 3 prizes, best two in three; 1/4-mile dash, slow race, 100 yards, 1 mile, without hands; 1/2-mile for boys under 15 years of age, 3 prizes to each race.

22 September, St. Thomas, Ont., Exhibition grounds, 2 o'clock p. m., St. Thomas Bicycle Club. Open to all amateurs. \$125 in prizes. Mile race, best two in three; 2-mile race for those who never won a race; 5-mile race; hurdle race, club drill, not less than eight members, 15 minutes; fancy riding. Entries free, to J. S. Brierly, secretary.

26, 27, 28 September, Haverhill, Mass., bicycle races in connection with the Essex County fair. W. H. Moody, Lock Box 272.

7 October, Montreal, Bicycle races in connection with fall games of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. Championships of Canada. One mile and 5-mile races. Chairman sports committee, box 1, 138, Montreal.

Worcester, Mass., 5th September, the bicycle races in connection with the New England Fair. Races called at 3 o'clock, and comprised a 2-mile, a 1-mile, and a 1/2-mile race, each in heats, best two in three. Below we give time and names of winners in each heat:

TWO MILE.

1st heat. F. Moore, Birmingham, Eng., 6m. 51s.; W. Hendee, Springfield, Mass., 6m. 53s.; W. A. Norton, Natick, 7m. 4s.

2nd Heat. F. Moore, 7m. 20 1/2s.; W. Hendee, 7m. 21s.; W. A. Norton, 7m. 21s.

ONE MILE.

1st Heat. F. Moore, 3m. 21s.; A. D. Claffin, Newton, 3m. 21 1/2s.; W. R. Pitman, New York, 3m. 25 1/4s.

2nd Heat. F. Moore, 3m. 21 1/2s.; A. D. Claffin, 3m. 21 1/4s.; W. R. Pitman, 3m. 29s.

HALF MILE.

1st Heat. F. Moore, 1m. 35 1/4s.; J. M. Wattles, jr., Canton, 1m. 39 1/4s.; W. R. Pitman, 1m. 40 1/4s.

2nd Heat. F. Moore, 1m. 31s.; J. M. Wattles, 1m. 35 1/2s.; W. R. Pitman, 1m. 38s.

Buffalo, N. Y., September 6th.—The second annual tournament of the Buffalo Bicycle Club at the Driving Park. The following is a list of races and riders as they passed under the wire. One mile dash, Club members only: 1st, F. Heagre; 2nd, F. W. Parsons; 3rd, J. B. Newman; 4th, Chas. F. Hotchkiss; 5th, R. W. Rummell; 6th, J. R. Williams.

Three mile straightaway for the championship of the club, and a gold medal valued at \$100, to be contested for at each annual tournament, and to become the property of a member only after being won three times. Mr. Milley held the medal last year. Won by C. K. Alley, time 9m. 5 1/2s.

One mile in heats, best two in three. First Heat—1st, V. C. Place, Greenville, Pa., 3m. 1s.; 2nd, — Barnum, Rochester; 3rd, F. Westbrook, Brantford, Ont.; 4th, C. P. Forbush, Buffalo. Second Heat—V. C. Place, 2nd, F. Westbrook, 3rd, — Barnum, 4th, C. P. Forbush.

Slow Race 100 Yards—the Starters were as follows: J. B. Newman, Buffalo, W. J. Curtis, Rochester, J. R. Williams, Buffalo, Perry Doolittle, Aylmer, Ont., R. H. James, Buffalo, R. A. Punnett, Rochester, — Perkins, Rochester. By the time 50 Yards had been covered only Curtis and Perkins were left to fight the battle which was nip and tuck, and Perkins tuck it only by a foot, time 5m. 42s.

Two mile dash—Open to all Amateurs, 1st V. C. Place, Greenville, Pa. time, 6m. 15s. 2nd C. H. Smith, Rochester; 3rd D. N. Milley, Buffalo, 4th Perry Doolittle, Aylmer, Ont.

Toronto, September 11th.—Annual Tournament of the Toronto Bicycle Club at the Exhibition Grounds. The first race was not started till nearly 6 o'clock, and the ring was illuminated by the Electric Light.

Heat Race—five heats, best 2 in 3; prizes, \$20, \$10, \$5. F. Westbrook, Brantford, 1; W. Johnston, St. Catharines, 3; J. Moody, Jun., Hamilton, 0; P. Doolittle, Aylmer, 2 out.

The heats in this race were sandwiched between the other events. In both heats Westbrook came in a winner, and in the second heat Doolittle, who seemed to have second place within his reach, unfortunately fell and sprained his wrist, thus allowing Johnston to slip into his shoes. Between Johnston and Moody it was a pretty close rub.

Handicap race, three miles, prizes, value \$10 and \$5. F. C. Holden, Montreal, 1; F. Doolittle, Aylmer, 2; J. K. Johnson, St. Catharines, 3; J. W. Smith, Toronto, 0.

Doolittle was at the scratch, and conceded nominally one minute to Johnston and half minute each to Holden and Smith.

Slow race, quarter mile: prizes, value \$10 and \$5. J. Moody, Hamilton, 1; F. Westbrook, Brantford, 2; F. C. Holden, Montreal, 3; J. K. Johnson, St. Catharines, 0; P. Doolittle, Aylmer, 0.

Two-mile race, for the Amateur Championship of Canada; gold medal, presented by Ald. James B. Bonstead; to be won three times in succession before becoming the property of the winner. F. Westbrook, Brantford, 1, B. Hoch, Toronto, 2.

New York, September 2nd.—Fifty mile Bicycle race on the grounds of the Manhattan Athletic Club, with the following result: V. C. Place, Greenville Pa., fifty miles, 3h. 27m. 11 1/2s.; B. G. Sanford, Ixion Bicycle Club, fifty miles, 3h. 25m. 45s.; L. Hamilton, N. Y. Bicycle Club, fifty miles, 3h. 29m. 23 1/2s.; W. J. Smith, New York, and A. R. Ives, Brooklyn, withdrew at 30 miles.