

RACES AND RECORDS.

During the past month the flyers on both sides of the Atlantic have been busy with the records, and "the times that are no more" are many. English wheelmen continue to displace former world records on all styles of machines. At the Cheylesmore Cycling Club sports at Coventry, August 21, A. P. Engleheart lowered the three-mile bicycle record to 5m. 16s. At Long Eaton, August 25, George Gatehouse made fresh records on a tricycle, as follows: Quarter mile, 40s.; half mile, 1m. 19s.; mile, 2m. 41 2-5s. Same day and place, Percy Furnivall rode a bicycle a quarter mile in 37s., half mile in 1m. 15 4-5s., and a mile in 2m. 30s. Sidney Lee also rode fifty miles on a tricycle in 3h. 9m. 15s. On the 21st ult., E. B. Turner and Sid. Lee, both of the Ripley Road Club, rode fifty miles on the North road between Hitchin and the 66th milestone (beyond Buckden) and back to Biggleswade in 3h. 9m. 55 1-5s., thus beating the previous record made by E. C. Liles and A. J. Wilson by 7m. 2 4-5s. The machine ridden was a racing tandem, and was geared to 63m. On the same date, G. P. Mills, of the Anfield B.C., who left Land's End on the 16th on a tricycle, though he was impeded by wind, rain and bad roads, reached Wick at 8.20 A.M., and proceeded at once to John o'Groats, where he arrived at 10 o'clock, having occupied only five days ten hours in riding 861 miles, including all stoppages. In July Mills performed the journey in nine hours less on his bicycle.

Referring to Furnivall's 2.30 ride, *Bicycling News* says: "Synner made pace for the first lap, after which Gatehouse led for another lap, Furnivall doing the last 300 yards without a pace-maker, but rode so well as to cross the line in 2m. 30s. dead, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that if some one could have pulled him out more at the finish, he would have achieved a still greater performance."

All Fletcher, of England, has made a new bicycle record for the road—fifty miles in 3h. 9m. 56 4-5s. He also scored 265 1/2 miles in 24 hours. The flying quarter-mile bicycle record of 35 1-5s. is held by Furnivall, whilst G. Gatehouse holds the flying quarter-mile record for tricycle, 36 3-5s.

The result of the British amateur bicycle and tricycle championships of 1886 are as follows: One mile bicycle, P. Furnivall, Berretta C.C., 2m. 46s. Five mile bicycle, P. Furnivall, Berretta C.C., 14m. 44 1-5s. Twenty-five mile bicycle, J. E. Fenlon, Gainsboro' C.C., 1h. 19m. 29 2-5s. Fifty mile bicycle, J. E. Fenlon, Gainsboro' C.C., 2h. 47m. 21 1-5s. One mile tricycle, P. Furnivall, Berretta C.C., 3m. 5 2-5s. Five mile tricycle, F. W. Allard, Cheylesmore C.C., 20m. 42 2-5s. Twenty-five mile tricycle, R. J. McCreedy, Dublin U.C.C., 1h. 55m. 40 4-5s.

At the Coventry Cricket Grounds, on Friday, August 27, A. P. Engleheart essayed the task of riding 20 miles in the hour on his safety. The evening was close and heavy, with scarcely any wind, and the track was in fair condition. The last five miles were ridden completely in the dark, and a lantern was necessary to record the time. Engleheart finished up remarkably fresh, covering his last mile in 2m. 48s., his total time for the 20 miles being 59m. 27s. After his splendid show, it is thought he could easily cover 21 miles in the hour, and on the ordinary bicycle could beat that distance.

The tournament of the Connecticut Bicycle Club was held at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, on Sept. 8th and 9th. The races were witnessed by an aggregate of 10,000 people for the two days. All the events had large entries, and the races were exceedingly well run and exciting. The feature of the tourney was the breaking of the mile professional bicycle record by Fred. Wood, of Leicester, England, who compassed the distance in the fastest time ever made in a contest—2 33—beating Hendee's 2.34. The summary of the two days' events follow:

Ten mile promateur lap race—Lowe, of Lynn, Mass.; Rhodes, of Dorchester, Mass.; Kluge, of Jersey City, and Stone, of St. Louis, started.

Mile promateur tricycle race—L. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., 1st, in 3.09 1/2; Ives, of Meriden, 2nd.

Three mile professional race—Prince and Neilson, of Boston; Frazier, of Smithville, N.J.; Morgan, of Springfield; Woodside, champion of Ireland, and James and Wood, the English riders, started. Won by Wood in 5.59 1/2; Woodside, 2nd; Neilson, 3rd.

Mile promateur race—Won by Hendee in 2m. 38 1/4 s.; W. A. Rhodes, 2nd; C. P. Adams, 3rd.

Mile promateur, 2.40 class—Won by F. F. Ives, of Meriden, in 2.54 1/4; Horace Crocker, 2nd.

Five mile professional lap race—The starters were: Wood of England; Neilson, of Boston; Frazier, of Smithville, N.J.; Morgan, of Springfield, and Woodside, champion of Ireland. Woodside finished the first mile in 2.51 1/2; Wood the second mile in 5.49 1/4; Morgan the third mile in 9.07 1/4; Woodside the fourth mile in 12.27, and also the last mile in 15.59, with Neilson 2nd and Morgan 3rd.

Mile professional handicap—In this race Merrill, of Portland, Ore., was handicapped 125 yds.; Morgan, of Springfield, 110 yds.; Frazier, of Smithville, N.J., 60 yds.; Neilson, of Boston, and James, of England, 25 yds., and Woodside, 15 yds. Wood, of England, was scratch man. Wood and Neilson made a grand spurt at the third quarter, and Wood made his phenomenal contest mile in 2m. 33s., with Neilson 2nd in 2m. 33 1/4 s. Woodside was 3rd and Morgan 4th.

Mile promateur open—Won by Rowe in 2.40; Ives 2nd.

Three mile promateur tricycle race—Burnham, of Newton, Mass., 1st, in 9.30 1/2; Ives 2nd by 10 feet.

Five mile promateur, open—Won by Hendee in 16 07 1/2 by 26 feet.

Five mile amateur, State championship race—H. S. Hart, New Britain, 1st, in 17.08.

Two mile amateur, tandem tricycle—Crist and Brown, of Washington, D.C., 1st, in 5.58 1/4.

Mile amateur race—Won by A. B. Rich, New York, in 2.46 1/2; Gaskill, of Boston, 2nd.

Consolation race—Langdown, of New Zealand.

The three mile amateur, open, was started by Meyers Gaskell, Crist, DeBlois, Foster, Langdown, Rich, Brown and Heath. Foster and Rich were about equally the favorites of the knowing ones. The race was won in 9.15 by Foster, with Rich a very close second in 9.15 1/4, and DeBlois a close third. The final mile made by Foster and Rich in less than 2.45 was rather too much for most of the contestants.

FROM LAKE ERIE TO LAKE ONTARIO.

Under the above heading, "A. P. B., No. 8758," in the *L.A.W. Bulletin*, gives an account of a tandem ride as follows:

Husband and I are tricycle enthusiasts, and we improved our first holiday this year by a trip on our Coventry Rotary Tandem. Our starting-point was old Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo. As the river road was poor, we ran nine miles back into the country to Stevensville. Our first landmark was a tavern six miles from the river. The sign announced that it was the "Anti-Scott House." By the time we reached that point we decided that in taking a pedestrian tour it was very convenient to strap one's luggage to a tricycle and so trundle it along. Beyond that point the road improved, and our spirits rose accordingly. At Stevensville our machine received quite an ovation, and as a group of interested citizens gathered about it we felt that we were an attraction second only to a Wizard Oil peddler. Every one on the way treated us most affably. We stopped frequently to beg a glass of water, and at every place they hastened to draw it, frequently with the old-fashioned bucket and chain, from wells deliciously cool and deep. While we refreshed ourselves 'he donor invariably asked, "Do you both ride that?" "Does the lady work?" "How fast does it go?" "Is it hard work?" etc. And we willingly delineated the merits of the curiosity on the slightest provocation. We lunched in true picnic style under the trees just outside a little village called New Germany, two miles beyond Stevensville. This township contains but one English family; it was settled by Germans fifty years ago. The second

generation preserves its nationality, and German is spoken in their schools and churches. From New Germany to Chippewa I had the best ride of the trip, not dismounting for the entire seven miles. The road was only fair, but I think it would have been excellent after more recent rains.

There seemed to be no definite measure of distance in the Dominion. Imagine the discouragement of ye valiant wheelmen!—thermometer 96° in the shade—we inquired the distance to the next point of interest, and were told "two miles." We pedaled on for a mile, and again inquired, and then were told "three miles"! This was an exercise in negative values highly interesting to the student of algebra, but disheartening to a melting wheelman.

As our first night came on, we neared the village of Chippewa, though it was such a will-o'-the-wisp that it seemed to be constantly moving on. With the roar of the Falls in our ears, we inquired of a passing man concerning a hotel. He said that there was a good one at the entrance to the village; but he added, in an impressive tone, "If you want a first-class house, go a mile further on to Mr. Blank's." Expecting to be dazzled by the "first-classness" of Mr. Blank's, we proceeded; arrived there, we found the elegance of the place concentrated into lace curtains and pillow-shams, leaving the straw beds without springs, but covered with a padding of elusive feathers. We endured the night and descended to the breakfast table in an interrogative frame of mind, but the soiled table-cloth and miserable food dispelled the last gleam of admiration for those ruffled pillow-shams.

Again we mounted, and soon were in sight of the Niagara Rapids. Riding in the way we did along the bank, we had the finest possible view of the river, and studied the Falls at our leisure. From the Horse-shoe Falls to the Whirlpool Rapids we enjoyed the sidewalk, and as we flew along I hummed a parody of the popular refrain:

"She pedaled away, as all aver,
With her own Lord High Tricycle."

In the afternoon it was so warm that we dismounted at a tidy farm-house, bought some bread and milk, and rested for an hour under the trees. H. slept while I was entertained by a hen who stepmothered three ducklets. The little yellow things, with their ungainly bills, looked like caricatures of chickens.

Our next move was to Brock's Monument, on Queenston Heights, six miles from Suspension Bridge. The sweet-faced woman at the lodge asked us to leave our *instrument* there, as we had a long, hot climb before us. On the way up to the mountain H. asked me not to peep at the view till it burst upon us at the top of the hill.

As our second night came on we neared the old city of Niagara, once the capital of Upper Canada, and now the most picturesque, sleepy village imaginable. The approach to the town is through a beautiful grove, so prized by picnickers that they call it "Paradise Grove." We made straight for our haven of rest, "Doyle's Hotel." There our good host gave us a most appetizing supper—such chops! such berries! How clean and comfortable everything was after our long, hot ride! "Jimmy Doyle," as he is affectionately called by the whole town, is a typical English innkeeper—never tired, always busy, ever obliging; he was a veritable sunbeam in the path of two weary travellers.

Opposite the hotel a shady lane led down to the old gray church; the roadway wide, but grass-grown, as if the tread of the villagers was lighter and more reverential as they approached the church. The church, quaint and attractive, standing in the midst of the old church-yard, was used for barracks in the war of 1812, and the flat tombstone is shown where the soldiers chopped their meat. We spent a morning reclining on the new-mown hay in the burying-ground, where age seems to have softened the sadness and left only the sacredness and peace of death, and many of the heroes of 1812 are soothed in their long sleep by the quiet noises of the bee and cricket.