

words came floating from the flying spokes "kill her, kill her!" And the thought gradually shaped itself in my mind. Why should I not? What right had she to come between me and my love? Why not get rid of her and give all my time to my wonderful beauty? And all the time the wheel kept singing softly "kill her, kill her!" "Yes," I said at length. "I will kill her!" How the blood throbbled in my veins when I spoke the words. The shadows were falling down and the birds were hushing their songs and hieing away to their rest. Here and there through the woods scattered songsters were sending out dying bursts of melody, a whip-poor-will high in the branches of a tall hickory tree was chirping its dreary call, and the insects' monotonous song was dying away with the daylight, and all the sounds seemed to me to chord with the perpetual chorus from my wheel "kill her! kill her!" My head felt as if it were about to burst. I dismounted and laid down on a mossy bank leaning my bicycle against a stump near by. Lying there in all the grand solemnity of a midsummer evening in the woods, my thoughts took a different turn. I remembered all the gentle goodness of my wife in years gone by and of how deeply, how devotedly I had once loved her. And I had struck her! Struck my Mary! Struck the mother of my child! My God! what a villain I was! I saw my conduct now in all its cold-blooded brutality and wondered what demon had possessed me to make me so vile. Then I glanced over and my eyes rested on the bicycle. In the gloaming the nickled parts were shining with an unearthly lustre. The whole appearance of the machine thrilled yet disgusted me; for was it not the cause of my cruelty to my wife? "Enough of this," I cried, "I'll be a man again! No longer will I neglect my poor wife!" I remounted my bicycle and started to ride home. But now the wheel commanded instead of insinuating, "kill her," it still said, but now its voice was clear and decisive, "Kill her, kill her! You must, you shall!" And all the way home it kept repeating these words until I knew that it was my master, and that I must obey it. I got home at last and threw myself down on the lounge in my smoking room, there I matured my devilish plan. I waited until the night was far advanced, then I arose, pulled off my boots and went out into the hall. Along the great broad passage I walked cautiously with my blood turning to ice in my veins, and my heart beating like a trip-hammer in my bosom. The clock struck one as I reached my wife's door. I opened it gently and stepped inside. Through the latticed window the moonbeams fell like a network of silver on the floor, and on the pure, sweet face of my sleeping wife. Beside her lay our child, its head resting on its mother's breast. Some good angel moved me then for I turned away resolutely and made for the door. In another moment she would have been safe and I would not have been to-day a murderer, but in her dreams she was thinking of me, and as I was on the threshold she started to cry in a heart-broken tone, "George, George, what has come over you?" My blood rose to fever heat at this. With an oath I turned and walked over to her bedside. I took a long silver pin I had and deftly and quickly plunged it in through her heart. She gave one gasp and all was over. I was a murderer! Oh heavens! how awful that word sounds! I drew the pin out; one single spot of blood followed it and lay on her beautiful breast, a brilliant evidence of my horrible crime. I wiped it away and no trace was left of my night's work. Heart disease, the doctors called it. Bah! How I laughed at the fools who were so wise in their self conceit, and whose years of study failed to aid them to fathom the deed that I had done. What a grave, sad face I wore at the funeral, and when it was all over how I laughed and chuckled in my solitude to think that I had committed my crime so well, and my bicycle now sang a psalm of joy whenever I rode it. But even its soft song of praise could

not make me forget my sin. In the night I would dream of her face as I saw it last, and ever before my eyes was her pure white bosom with the drop of her heart's blood on it. There was one relief for me. I drowned my remorse in drink; and from drinking to gambling. In six months I was a ruined man. My child, my little Eleanor died of starvation, died in all the agony of that awful death while I stood powerless to relieve her sufferings. Did I tell you how I came home one night and broke and hammered the perfect parts of my machine to unrecognizable fragments, till I knew that never again would its accursed influence help to damn my life? But it was too late then; my guilty course was run; the brand of Cain was on my brow and I was a wanderer. Since then I have gone from town to town living on kind people's charity. To-day I came here. I saw the name of your paper on the door and came in to tell you the story of my wrecked life and the infernal bicycle that caused it."

His voice sank away into an almost inaudible whisper as he spoke the last words, and he bowed his head and wept like a child. I sat there in silence thinking over what he had just told me, when there was a knock at my door. I opened it, two strangers stood outside. One of them glanced over my shoulder. "There's our man sure enough, Jem," he said to his companion. "Who is he?" I asked. "His name is Jantzen," was the reply. "He escaped from the Lunatic Asylum three days ago and we've been tracking him ever since. We heard he had come in here and came to see."

"So he's a lunatic?"

"Lunatic! Well I should think so. He's about as crazy as they make 'em!"

"And how long has he been in your asylum?"

"For the last thirty years, ever since he was of age. He was a poor devil of a law student, and over-study turned his brain."

W. C. NICHOL.

## RACES.

ST. THOMAS, Sept. 22.—About 55 wheelmen, from all parts of Western Ontario, assembled at St. Thomas on the 22nd of September to take part in the first annual meet of the St. Thomas Club. Twelve men came from London, thirteen from Aylmer, four from Brantford, four from Simcoe and two from Hamilton; the remaining score was composed of the home club. The weather presented a very ominous appearance in the morning and the attendant bicyclers were afraid that it would be too inclement to allow the races to come off, but in the afternoon the sun shone out blithely and drove away the storm-clouds. The track was a sandy one and the sunbeams soon dried it up, though not sufficiently to allow fast time to be made. It is altogether probable that had it not been for the threatening appearance of the weather in the morning many more cyclists would have attended the meet, but as it was a sufficient number were present to insure a good day. The St. Thomas club had lunch prepared in its rooms for visiting wheelmen and after partaking of it they proceeded up Talbot street to the C. S. R., and thence via Elgin street to the exhibition grounds. The procession presented a beautiful sight as it wound its glittering way, with the bright sunbeams flashing on the polished machines and on the many-colored suits of the riders, and many expressions of admiration were heard from the spectators. One old countryman said to his wife as he stood open-mouthed watching "the dazzling array," "by gosh! M'rier, it beats a circus!" while another said he'd "get one of them 'ar machines fur William Henry if it cost a hull five dollars!" In the evening a supper was partaken of in the Delmonico restaurant, when the following excellent menu was presented:

Stewed Oysters.	SOUPS.	Oysters Stewed.
	FISH.	
Stewed Oysters.	ENTRIES.	
Stewed Oysters.	Stewed Oysters.	Oysters Stewed.
Oysters Stewed.	ROAST.	Stewed Oysters.
Stewed Oysters.	VEGETABLES.	Oysters Stewed.
Oysters Stewed.	RELISHES.	Stewed Oysters.
Stewed Oysters.	PASTRY.	Oysters Stewed.
Oyed Stewsters.	DESERT.	Oysters Stewed.
	Stewed Oysters	Stewed Ewsters.
	and	
	Oysters Stewed.	

This elegant Bill of Fare, unparalleled in the history of St. Thomas dinners, was done justice to by the cyclists. The bicyclers' health was drunk in glorious old foam topped schooners of lager whose amber tint shone in the gas light as bright and sparkling as the love-light from a pretty girl's eye, and the old stand-by song—"For he's a jolly good fellow," was changed to "For it's a jolly good paper," and sung, with three times three and a tiger, till the walls shook and the roof trembled as if about to fall. But it all came to an end at last, as do all good things, and the cyclists went over to the Lisgar House and went to bed. "Good night," said one sleepy voice; "good night," said another, and soon the long halls echoed and re-echoed with their prolonged snores.

The races started sharp at 3 o'clock, the first on the programme being a five-mile race in heats, best two in three. Prize, gold medal. Entries—F. Westbrook, Brantford; J. Durdle, Aylmer; A. Pelkie, Woodstock; J. Moodie, Jr., Hamilton. Westbrook took the lead from the start in both heats, passing under the wire an easy winner. Moodie and Durdle fought hard for second place in the first heat, the former winning by a short spurt. Had Durdle been possessed of a little more breeze he could no doubt have held his own to the last.

F. Westbrook..... 1 1

J. Moodie, Jr..... 2 2

J. Durdle..... 3 0

A. Pelkie..... 4 0

Two miles, open only to those who never won a prize. The following faced the starter, all confident of taking a place: B. M. J. Campbell, E. Heal, H. Aikins, Aylmer; R. Burns, J. B. Moore, London; E. Karns, Aylmer, H. A. Carter, Simcoe. Moore took the lead from the start passing under the wire some distance ahead of the other competitors, Carter held second place until the third lap, with Campbell and Aikins close on his heels. He was hugging the outside, when Campbell made a spurt to pass him in front of the judge's stand, taking his course outside of Carter, which was almost an impossibility, Campbell's driver struck Carter's follower, throwing both out the race. Aikins then fell into second place but was not able to keep it and Karns passed him on the last half-lap. J. B. Moore, 1; E. Karns, 2; H. Aikins, 3; R. Burns, 5; E. Heals, 5; B. M. Campbell, 6; H. A. Carter, 6.

Five Miles. Prizes, 1st, Gold Medal; 2nd, a "Mullum in Parvo" bag, presented by W. Payne, London; 3rd, King of the Road Hub Lamp, presented by Jas. Ferris & Co., Hamilton.

Entries—F. Westbrook, Brantford; C. H. Hepinstall, St. Thomas; J. Moodie, Jr., Hamilton; J. Durdle, Aylmer.

Durdle led the race for the first mile, but it was evident that Westbrook was only playing with him. Hepinstall stuck close to Westbrook until the last lap, when he took pains in his side and left the track, but seeing Moodie pass Durdle with the intention of taking second place, he again mounted, leaving Moodie and Durdle away in the rear. F. Westbrook, 1; C. H. Hepinstall, 2; J. Moodie, Jr., 3; J. Durdle, 4.

Hurdle Race, Half Mile, six hurdles—This was the most amusing race of the day, though it was rather hard on the machines.

Entries, C. H. Hepinstall, J. Moodie, Jr., R. Burns, O. Simpson. All got away safely over the first two hurdles but at the third, Hepinstall, who until now led the race, fell, and Moodie and Burns collided, breaking up the latter's machine badly. This left Simpson and Durdle to fight the battle alone. Simpson won the race.

Fancy Riding, two entered—R. Burns, London; C. H. Hepinstall, St. Thomas. Burns accomplished some very difficult tricks but not with that ease and grace that characterized Hepinstall's work.

C. H. Hepinstall, 1st, Gold Medal; R. Burns, 2nd; Silver Medal.

The Aylmer Bicycle Club was the only one that entered for the club drill. They went through their movements gracefully, showing the care and attention exercised by their captain, Mr. Perry Doolittle, in training them. This closed the day's sports, and the jolly wheelmen wheeled their wheels from the wheel-track.

SERAPH.

SMITHVILLE, Oct. 10.—There were ten wheelmen at Smithville, Ont., to take part in the Bicycle races held under the auspices of the Township Fair. The track, (which was by courtesy called a half mile one, but which was really 3/4 yards short of the desired length, which accounts for the uncommonly fast time made as given in the records below), was in fair condition. The sports opened with an open mile race in heats, best two in three for which K. J. Johnston, St. Catharines; J. Moodie, Jr., Hamilton; and Fred. Westbrook, Brantford; entered. Johnston led for the first quarter, with Westbrook a few lengths behind; at the half-mile Westbrook had reversed the position and held it throughout the remaining part of the race, passing under the wire in 2m. 33 s.; Johnston, 2 min. 38 s.; Moodie 2 m. 59 s.

The next on the programme was a local mile race, open only to those residing in the Township. J. A. Camp, Smithville, and W. Wolverton, Grimsby; were the only representatives. Camp had the race in his own hands from the start, passing the wire in 3 min. 26 sec.; Wolverton, 3 min. 40 sec.

The second heat of the open mile race was then called. The three men got off well together, Johnston, however, soon took the lead, with Westbrook second—and as a matter of course, Moodie third. At the half mile Johnston was still leading, fighting hard for first place, with Westbrook about five yards behind but Moodie was so far behind that he forgot he was in a race at all and left the track at the three quarter. Westbrook had overhauled Johnston and passed him after a hard struggle: time, Westbrook, 2 m. 40 s.; Johnston, 2 m. 39 1/2 s.

Wolverton declined to run in the second heat of the local race, but was persuaded after a little coaxing to do so. Camp, (who, by the way, being only four