

# CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY  
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.



HEARTY CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO YOU ALL.  
Ayuntamiento de Madrid





## SANTA CLAUS ON WHEELS.

P'R'APS you'll hardly believe that on Christmas Eve  
I retired to rest at eleven;  
For I'd solemnly sworn to arise the next morn  
At exactly a quarter past seven;  
But first at the head of my virtuous bed  
I suspended a bicycle stocking  
As big as a house, for Santa Claus,—  
Should he happen to come without knocking.

In the dead of the night, when the moon  
shone bright,

And the waits round the corner were singing,  
The sound of a bell on my tympanum fell,  
Which somebody seemed to be ringing;  
So I peeped through the blind, with inquisitive mind,  
Aroused from my innocent slumber,—  
And I thought I should faint, when an elderly Saint  
Rode up to my gate on a Humber!

On his bended back a bundle (or sack)  
He carried with singular vigour;  
Though 'twas equal in size (in my mystified eyes)  
To a fisherman's lie—or p'r'aps bigger.  
With silent tread through the garden he sped,  
And the door seemed to ope without knocking,  
And, as still as a mouse, old Santa Claus  
Stole in to replenish my stocking.

First, as fine a machine as I'd ever seen  
He dropped, with a genial snigger;

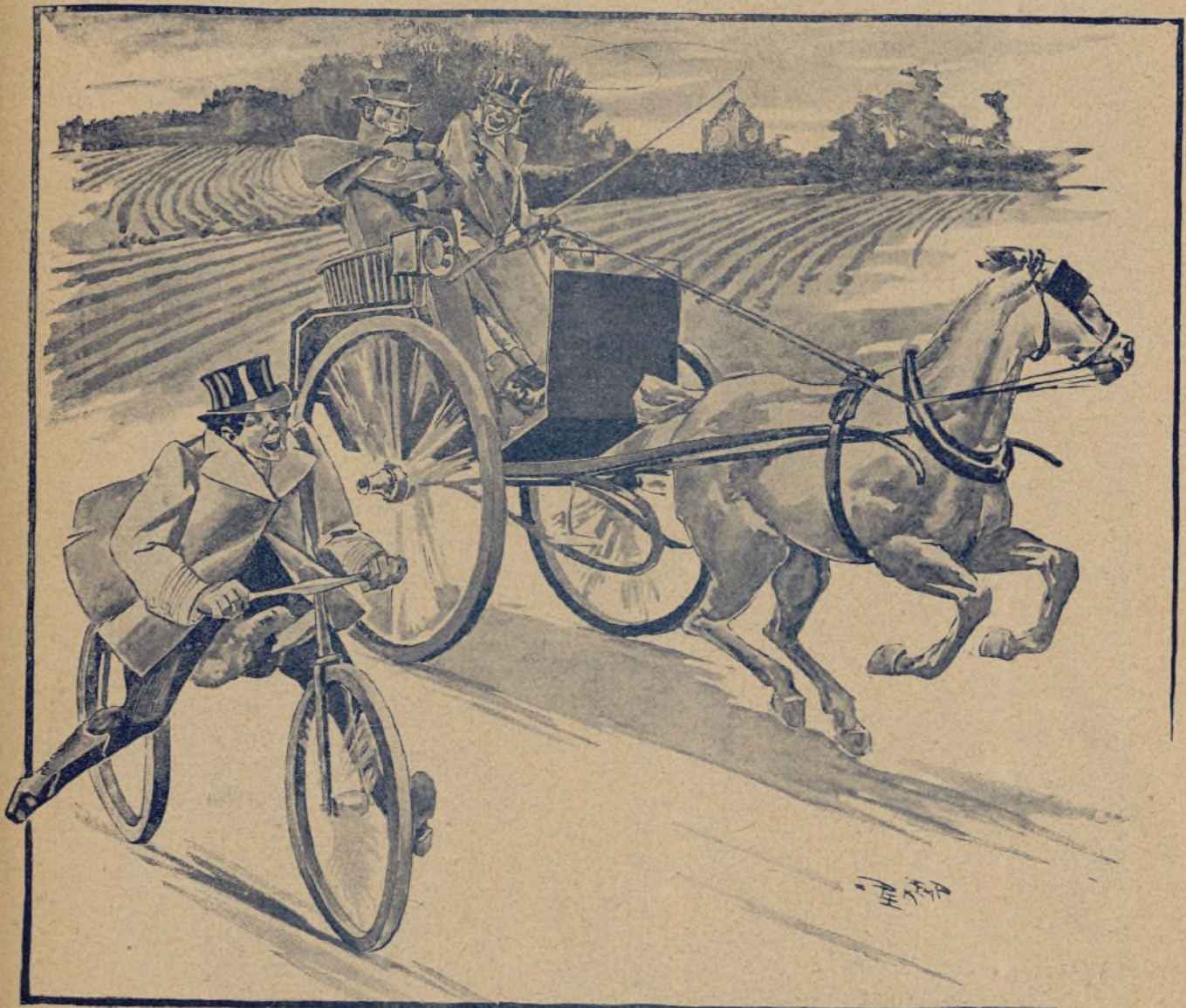
Next, a magical brace, that increases your pace

If it's fixed to the frame of your jigger;  
A beautiful bell, and a lamp, as well;  
A pump, and some more apparatus;  
With a licence, too, from the N.C.U.,  
To give me an amateur status.

Some stylish hose, and a new suit of clothes,  
He drew from his bundle at random,—  
And a sweet little maid, all nicely arrayed,  
To embellish the front of my tandem.

But when Emily Ann, with my hot-water can,  
Came and rapped with her usual vigour,  
My stocking, alas! through my fingers  
could pass,—  
And there weren't any signs of that jigger!

WM C. BIRT-WHITWELL





## AFTER MANY YEARS.

"HULLOA!"

A voice out of the darkness. I stumble on in the direction whence it comes, wheeling along my bicycle as best I can over the rough, uneven roads, and through the thick, black, falling rain. Presently something looms up before me. I cannot make out its form so well as I feel instinctively it is a human being. "I have lost my way, and have been overtaken by the darkness. Is there any shelter near?" I ask. "I am bound for W—, but I am riding a bicycle, and it is impossible for me to proceed farther such a night as this."

"Ah! you must have left the main road and wandered into this moorland track. You are ten miles from W— as the crow flies. However, my house is close behind us; you are welcome to its shelter, though you will find the accommodation poor."

The man's accent is not that of a peasant or countryman. There is a certain refinement and culture about it. And something, too, in its inflexions not altogether unfamiliar. I gladly accept the offer, for during the last hour or two I have been battling against rain, bad roads, and the uncomfortable conviction that I was far out of my right course, while the black curtain of night had fallen around me, increasing the dangers of my progress.

"This way!—"

I start and shudder. It is only the man's hand laid on mine to guide me through a gateway, but it is so cold—colder than the falling rain—and comes so swiftly out of the darkness to grasp me with a hard, iron-like grasp that a quick fear shoots through me, as if some grim Fate had suddenly clutched me. It is a momentary feeling that passes away with an inward laugh at my own foolishness. He pushes open the door, and strikes a match. I lift my bicycle

over the doorstep, and find myself in a large hall. A candle, newly lit, is spluttering in an antique brass candlestick, and reveals the desolate aspect of the place—the scanty furniture is old and rickety, the woodwork worm-eaten, the uncovered floor, here and there, is broken, and cobwebs festoon the low ceiling. I turn now to thank my host, and see what manner of man he is. Tall, dark, handsome,—my eyes are rivetted on his face, and his on mine. It seems an age, but in reality it is only a few seconds that our mutual scrutiny lasts. Then my host turns away, and begs me to follow him into an inner room. So are we to meet as strangers—

we who had been brought up as lads together? Or, am I mistaken? but no, that is impossible—have I not seen that peculiar scar upon the left eyebrow? After all these years, I feel sure that thus unexpectedly I have met the man who, rightfully or wrongfully, I had blamed for sending me out a wanderer from my uncle's home—the only home I had ever known—condemning me, under unjust suspicions to twenty years of hard, uphill, friendless work, in a distant colony. How vividly, and in a second, the past comes back. How clearly I recall the morning when, with unavailing wrath and bitterness, I had stood before the furious old man and his accusations. I touch his money? I rifle his desk? I, the orphan son of one of the bravest soldiers who ever wore uniform—who loved honour dearer than life, would I disgrace his memory so? A thousand times no! and

I turn my back for ever upon my uncle. But there is another face before my mind's gaze—a dark, handsome, cruel face,—the face of the other nephew. He professes to pity me; he tries to soothe our uncle's anger; but, somehow, I distrust his protestations, and reject his overtures. Ah, I was a slim young lad of twenty then; now I am a man of forty, who has lived to conquer circumstances. Last month I arrived in England, a rich but lonely man, to find old friends gone, old places changed,—no links to bind me to my boyhood; but to find, also, that Time works strangely, that my uncle's property is lying waiting for me, and that I have been advertised for, as the heir. Of Markham I can hear nothing. My inquiries result in nothing, save in learning that my uncle had discovered him in falsehood and in theft, and had disowned and disinherited him, making his will in my favour. And now, to think that chance has thrown me across this man, in this bleak and lonely spot, and that I am obliged to claim his hospitality! It is a curious position. I half wish I had trained it to W—. But, since a boy I have been an ardent cyclist—my bicycle

proving a good friend to me during my Colonial life,—and so, although it is late in Autumn, I had thought I could do the journey more pleasantly by cycle. Meantime, while my thoughts are making this rapid survey of the past, and almost, with their imperious on-rush, obliterating the present, my host—as I must call him—had roused a slumbering fire into activity, and motioned me forward, that I might dry my wet garments. Then, going to a cupboard, he brings out a couple of glasses, a bottle containing some kind of liquor, a stale-looking loaf, and cheese, and invites me to partake, at the same time apologising for the poor



"MY HOST BEGS ME TO FOLLOW HIM."



quality of the repast. His manner is grave and pre-occupied. I cannot help studying the compressed mouth and strong-marked lines, — tracing out a resemblance to the boyish features. Evidently, he wishes for no recognition. He is playing the part of courteous stranger to perfection. But why? Does he really not know me? Perhaps I am more changed than he — but I reflect, he was always good at dissimulation. We sit one on either side the fire, sipping the wine he has poured out. We exchange a few common-place remarks, then each lapses into silence. I wonder what Markham is cogitating as he sits gazing at the glowing embers. The rain has ceased, but the wind has risen, and is moaning in fitful and long-drawn gusts round the old house, shaking the window-frames, and roaring down the wide chimney in a weird fashion. How long do we sit thus? I do not know, but my long ride, and exposure to wind and rain have fatigued me, and I begin to yield to the drowsiness that is creeping over me. Suddenly far-off voices strike upon my ear coming with a muffled yet distinct effect. There is exostulation—it seems in a feminine key, and sobs and fierce muttered curses, then a louder voice that seems to be commanding. While through and above all the wind howls, and sighs, until voices and wind are mingled together in indistinguishable confusion. Am I dreaming? I rub my eyes, and think I have been. Markham is still on the other side of the room gazing at the fire. Is it the influence of my dream? that somehow an uneasy dread takes possession of me, and I imagine there is a curious glitter in the man's eyes, as rising he asks me would I like to retire, and if so, shall he show me my room? I attempt to stand up, but the room for a moment seems to reel around me, and I feel faint and dizzy. I would like to go to the window and see if the night is improved, I would like to say that I will try to continue my journey, but somehow I lack strength to make the effort or the proposition. Therefore, in a listless way, I follow Markham, who, taking up the candle, leads me across the hall — where I notice my bicycle still is — and turns to the right down a long corridor. A chill air meets us, and I shiver as we pass between the crumbling, oak-pannelled walls. Our shadows fall in grotesque lengths on the large stone flags, and the speck of candle light, amid the dull, damp surroundings, seems to me like some uncanny will-o'-the-wisp, which may be luring me to destruction, but which draws me with a magnetic power I cannot break. We have gained my bedroom, a vast chamber, with faded hangings and a shuttered window. Here, too, there is the prevailing sense of decay, and age, and damp. I must shake off the benumbed feeling that oppresses me. I confront Markham.

"This seems a very old house."

"It is," in a curt tone.

"Have you lived here long?"

"Excuse me, that is no concern of yours."

I go a little nearer to him.

"Markham, do you not remember me? Surely you know me?"



"Remember you!" he hisses, then his tone changes. "Oh! yes, my fine, high-spirited cousin, I think I remember you well. It seems your luck is good, that the old man has left you everything. Well," in a sneering tone, "you can afford to be generous. Listen, my fine cousin, we can make things square now. Some kind fate has thrown you into my hands, and I'll not let you go till you settle accounts with me!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean simply that I am in need of money, and I mean to have it! Sign me back again my uncle's property, or give me its equivalent. I tell you it's most unjust that you should have it, and that I am left in poverty. I tell you it should have been mine! What right have you to come sneaking back, when——"

"And if I refuse?"

"Refuse!" He pauses, and then the words seem to leap from his lips in a white heat of passion — "*Refuse! and you never leave this house alive!*"

There is no mistaking this for an idle threat; I know the man too well of old, even if looks and tone had not stamped it with truth. Shall I try and parley with him? Impossible! Shall I promise? No; never! Some sound breaks the breathless silence, echoing down the great empty corridors. Is there anyone else in this fateful house, besides ourselves? Has he any accomplices? Perhaps it is only a distant door rattled by the wind. I look round the room; I am unarmed, and at his mercy. Then I make

one step towards the door, an idea of instant flight in my mind; but Markham, probably guessing my thought, with a swift spring throws himself upon me. I am the taller, heavier man of the two; but he is lithe, supple, muscular. For a few moments we struggle desperately. I am trying to shake him off, while he, with one sinewy arm round my body, is pushing me backwards. The candle flares up with a premonitory glare, showing me in its lurid flash the set teeth and blazing eyes of the white face so near my own. Then it dies out, and we are plunged in gloom. At the same moment, I have a queer sensation that the ground is moving beneath my feet. Shall I ever forget the concentrated horror of that brief space of time? My antagonist's grasp is being loosed,—he is about to fling me off; but I cling to him with the tenacity of a wild animal. The floor has opened beneath our feet, and, locked in a terrible

embrace, we fall through unutterable darkness, down, down, down; but ere, with a sickening thud, we reach the bottom, and ere I lose consciousness, there is a clear click overhead, and I know the displaced spring has snapped back again,—that the trap-door has closed,—that we are entombed!

My senses come back slowly. At first I wonder if I have had an ugly nightmare. But I am lying upon a soft mass of something—ah! I remember, it is Markham. He has fallen under me, and probably saved me, for, as I struggle to my feet, beyond a bruised sense all over, and aching limbs, I feel I am not much injured. But what about my fellow-prisoner—the author of all this mischief, and who most righteously has shared the fate he had designed for me? Is he dead? A cold perspiration breaks over me. I feel about in the region of his heart, and take up the limp



hand. There is a slight beating in the wrist, and I breathe a deep sigh of relief. Horrible as the situation is, it would intensify its horror if Death were present. The darkness is such that might be felt. I search my pockets, but can find no matches. Then I grope my way round the walls, they are damp and slimy, as is also the earth underfoot, and emit no hollow sound though I knock and kick lustily, hoping to find some way of egress. Would sound penetrate from this vault-like place? It is possible that some living being is in the house, and so, with a sort of forlorn hope, I raise my voice and scream and call with all my strength. Only the wailing echo answers me. I begin a pilgrimage again round and round the dripping walls. All my efforts are unavailing—I can find no outlet—and at last I desist, and sink exhausted on the ground. For a moment my brain is in a whirl, then I crawl away as far as I can from Markham—somehow I have a strange repugnance to touching him—and try to face the inevitable with as much courage and stoicism as I can muster—we are literally buried alive.

A blessed drowsiness steals over me. Was the wine drugged which I had drunk, and were its effects—temporarily arrested by the subsequent excitement of our struggle—now re-asserting themselves? If so, I welcome them, or anything that will steep my senses in forgetfulness, and blot out the agony of present thought. I think my reason is saved by the unconsciousness or sleep that seizes me, and holds me for several hours. I awake with cleared faculties, but also, alas! with a clearer comprehension of the awfulness of the change which a few short hours—though they seem like an eternity—have wrought in my life. Hark! what is that? An unmistakable sound. I strain my ears to catch it above the audible beating of my heart. It is a rasping, peculiar sound. I strain my eyes to pierce the darkness. Is it a hallucination born of the night's terrible experiences? A speck of light, that sways in trembling hands, a smothered exclamation, a white face emerging from the gloom. I spring forward to grapple with this phantom-like apparition. But there is an arresting hand upon my arm, a hurried whisper: "I am a friend; I can help you to escape. Come!" and behind the dark robed figure I discern that a narrow aperture lies open. Deliverance! That is the one thought in my surging brain.

Deliverance! such as one experiences who has looked Death in the face, and fought him, inch by inch, for life! But Markham? Villain that he is, I cannot leave him here. "Stay!" I whisper back, and point to the still motionless figure. The woman—yes, my good angel is in woman's guise—draws near, and holds her lamp to his face. "Ah!"—the long-drawn sigh expresses a world of amazement, horror, and comprehension. Without a word, between us we raise the prostrate man; again I feel if the spark of life is smouldering; then, motioning her to precede me with the light, I half drag, half carry, Markham through a low, long-winding, damp-smelling passage. It widens, at length, into a flagged chamber, and here a flight of steps leads upwards. I rest against them with my burden, while the woman, gaining the top, throws open a narrow door. O glorious sight! the pale rays of dawn flicker down upon us. O glorious dawn! after the long, long night of darkness. The lamp looks dull and dim now, in the early morning light. She sets it down, and helps me. Slowly and painfully we carry the inanimate man upwards till we gain the outer air, and there lay him upon a stretch of dewy green. Then, breathless, I turn to look in the woman's face, to ask a hundred questions, to give utterance to my gratitude. A white face, thrown into startling contrast by the sable dress and jet-black hair; a calm, passionless face, as if the soul behind had schooled itself, by a long discipline, to conceal all emotions; a grief-stamped face, with lines of care about mouth and eyes. Yet these cannot efface the delicacy of the clear-cut features or the original nobility and purity of their expression. It is the face of a woman whose wondrous beauty has been swept by ruthless sorrow, and which, like the wind-swept ruins of some grand old castle appeals to us always with a touching

pathos. A torrent of words rush to my lips, but find no articulate outlet. The little, laughing-eyed, merry girl, the companion in many a childish game, she, whose soft tears had moistened my cheek, who had refused to believe me "a naughty boy, who stole money," when I bade her a long farewell, here she stands before me transformed into a sad-faced, miserable woman. What a riddle is life? Does she guess my thoughts? Would she silence explanations? Kneeling on the turf she bends over Markham and says quietly, "I fear my husband is badly hurt. Are you able to ride for assistance?"

I mount my bicycle and ride through the grey morning to the town of W—. Here I find a respectable doctor and confide to him something of the remarkable facts. He insists first of all in examining the nature and extent of my own injuries—for now that the strong excitement that so far has sustained me is beginning to subside, I feel weak and ill—and then we drive back together in his comfortable carriage to the lonely moorland house. Markham is still alive, and breathes on heavily for an hour or so after the doctor's arrival, but no efforts can restore consciousness, and we watch beside his bed till the heart's action stops and he has passed for ever the boundary line that separates the known from the unknown. The doctor, a discreet and kindly man, makes all necessary arrangements for inquest and funeral, but the details of the terrible circumstances are kept as quiet as possible. As for myself, the inevitable reaction comes, and, after I have stood by Markham's open grave, I lie for weeks in the doctor's house, hovering between life and death, re-enacting, in my delirium, the scenes through which I had passed. But at length the crisis is over, and I struggle back, under his unremitting care, to convalescence. One night I am resting in the doctor's dining-room, and stretched before a blazing fire on a sofa. I am, contrary, I confess, to doctor's orders, going over the tragic events I relate, and then my thoughts roam to the future. To get out of England, as soon as I can, is what I want. I shall sell out my uncle's property and give the amount to charity. I do not need the money, and I could not bear to see the old place again; its associations are too bitter. There is a sound, behind me of an opening door, and the doctor's cheery voice, saying:—

"Here he is; he is so much improved I think I may leave him to answer inquiries for himself!" Then the door is shut again, and in the firelight I see a sweet, pale face—whose image had once haunted my boyish dreams—It is full, now, of a questioning anxiety; then I rise to clasp a small, soft hand in mine, and, as I bend over it, a glad hope darts through me, illuminating all my future, and I wish that she would give it me!

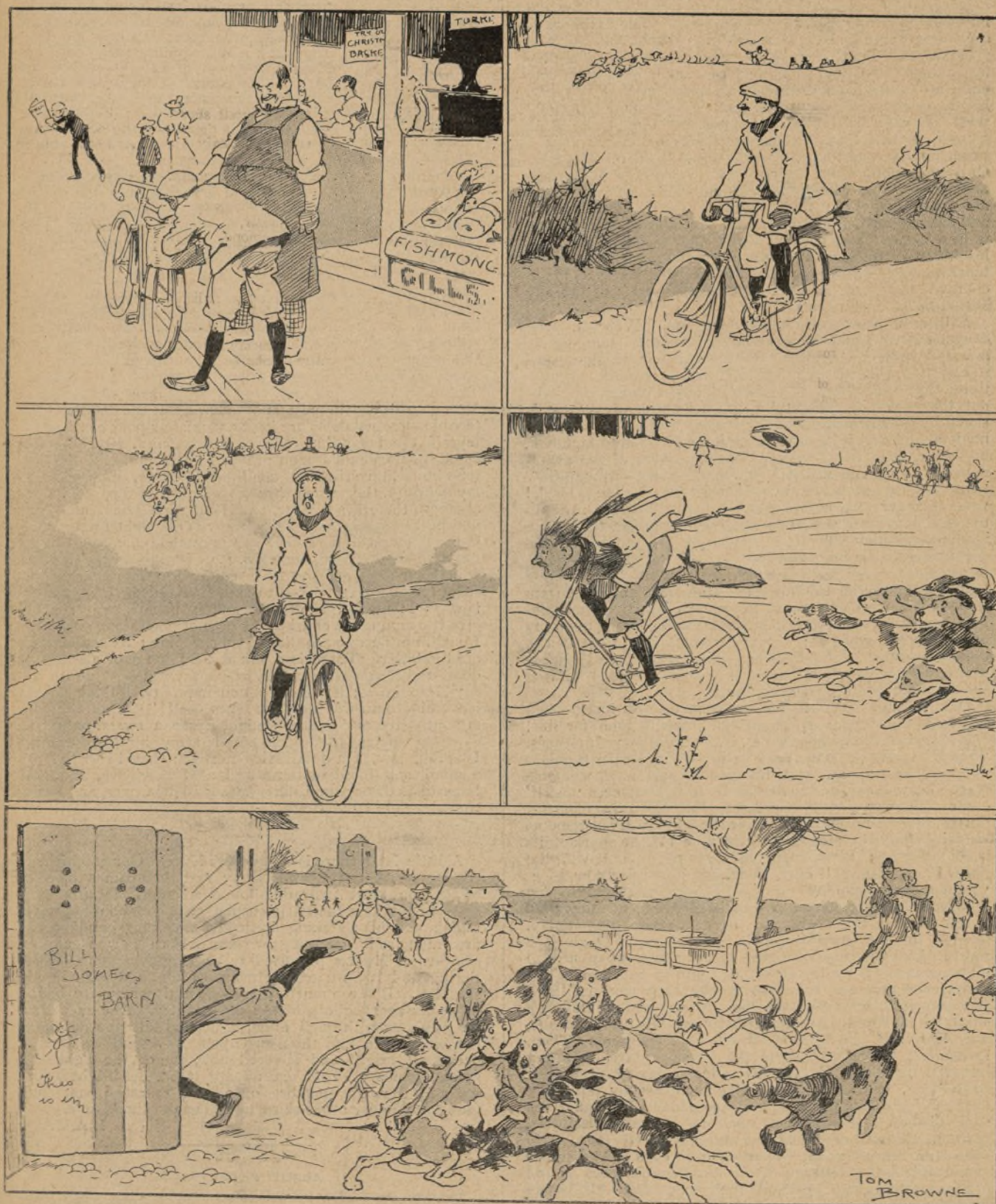
A little later there is a quiet wedding. Our good friend, the Doctor, gives the bride away, and then comes to see us off, on the great Australian-bound steamer. I think he is sorry to part; for there is a suspicious haste about his leaving-taking, and his watching figure and fluttering handkerchief are among the last things we can discern as we steam out seawards. He has promised to come and pay us a visit in Spring, and says we must return with him, and settle in Old England. But too much of tragedy and sorrow are bound up in our recollections of the old country. And as I draw my wife's arm through mine, and gaze into the depths of her clear eyes, and then out upon the broad expanse of ocean, all bright and silvered now, under the light of a splendid sunset, I trust that all our future lies bright before us, and that the memory of all the regretful past shall fade away under other skies, and in each other's love.

L.A.M.P.

#### ABOUT PATENTS.

If any of our readers have an idea for an invention, and wish to secure their rights for it, they may obtain full particulars for securing patents and advice, free of charge, by applying to the Patent Editor of *CYCLING*.









## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

To all readers of *CYCLING*

We wish you all a merry Christmas.

In the Tyneside district, official club visits are becoming a feature at festive gatherings.

The Bristol police are a fine body of men, and further, have a cycling club so strong.

The King's Lynn Wheelers have only just been formed, but already have a club-room, and over 100 members.

There is a cry from Devonshire for steam rollers. Dorsetshire might join in the chorus; for months its roads are very much off.

The local members of the C.T.C. will hold a big feed in Newcastle during January, and the affair is likely to be one of the most successful during the Winter season.

The Granville ball which takes place to-night (Saturday) at the Bromley Vestry Hall, Bow Road, promises to outshine all previous events held by the club. Tickets, double 5s., single, 3s., and for which early application should be made to the hon. sec., 19, Tredegar Square, Bow, E.

## A sensational race.

THE 100 kilometres race, which took place Sunday week, at the Paris Winter track, was particularly exciting. It was thought to be a gift for Michael, although there were ten starters, including Lartigue, Lumsden, and T. Linton. Michael fell soon after the start, when in front, and going at a terrific pace; his quadruplet swerved and came down, bringing over himself, another triplet team following him, and two other riders, Lartigue and Guignard. It was an awful smash, and for a short time it was feared that some of the ten riders were injured; but, luckily, there was nothing serious, although Michael and Lartigue were so badly shaken that they had to give up. Afterwards, the issue lay between Lumsden and T. Linton, and, after a fine struggle, the old Scottish rider won. He showed very good form, doing the 100 kilometres (62½ miles) in 2h. 18m. 21s., only 2 minutes outside world's record.

## AN EXCITING CHASE, OR FOX-HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

1. Muggs, who lives in the country, rode up to town on Christmas Eve to order the Christmas things. Whilst there he bought some fish and fastened it in a bag behind his machine.
2. When nearly half-way home he caught sight of the hounds in full cry. "Ha!" said he, "I'll just skip along round the bend there and get a good view of them."
3. "Why, dashed if I don't think they're coming after me."
4. A race for life or death.
5. Run to earth. Those noble hounds had caught the scent of Muggs's fish, and hung on.

Notice.—A pneumatic machine for sale, slightly damaged. Apply to A. Mugg, Sloppington-in-the-Mud., Blankshire.

## The Salon du Cycle.

THE Salon du Cycle was opened with great *eclat*, on Thursday of last week when over 25,000 persons visited it, on Friday and Saturday about 20,000 each, and to-day, despite terrific rain, the attendance is expected to reach 50,000. Our correspondent says: "It would be out of the question to attempt a detailed report, or even cursory review, at this early hour. Every stall is in perfect order, and the signs—particularly the snappy, or rather "chic" posters—are taking in the extreme, admirably laid out, excellently managed and attractive beyond all other Shows. We are not surprised at the striking success which has been already achieved. The stalls are broader than the cramped dimensions rendered necessary at the Stanley and machines are therefore displayed to greater advantage. At a rough estimate there must be about 1,700 or 1,800 machines, against less than 1,600 at the National, and 1,050 at the Stanley—but I will try to get

something near the true figures in future reports. A striking feature is the number of tandems and triplets, but more particularly of quads, quintuplets, and an elongated serpent to hold six riders, by Adolphe Groussort. Triplets and quads are quite common, and the general finish and detail show that French makers have reached a high order of merit; but we were also glad to see the home trade so splendidly represented, nearly all the chief firms have displays worthy of Old England. The New Rapid, New Howe, Bayliss & Thomas, Coventry Machinists' Co., Humber, J. K. Starley, Starley Brothers, Osmond, Rudge-Whitworth, and others. A full report will appear next week.

## Possibly.

THE fact that 11 laps were counted to the mile, instead of 13, as it should have been, may have had something to do with the good times credited to the female bicycle riders at Sheffield.



Ayuntamiento de Madrid



**A coming festivity.**

THE Essex Records Association will give a Bohemian concert in January, when the Dewar Cup, and over thirty medals and certificates will be presented to the prize winners of last season.

**Where he laboured.**

It has been decided that the subscription now being collected amongst the E. C. U. shall be devoted to providing a portrait, in oils, of J. H. Hammon, to be hung in the club-room at Wood Green.

**Left out.**

WE regret that owing to the early time at which we are bound to go to press with this issue, we are compelled to leave out our special representative's article on the French Show. For the same reason, we are unable to publish in this issue a report of last Saturday's Council Meeting at Hull. Both will be fully dealt with in our next issue.

**Stuck to his shlp.**

SAYS a Leeds writer:—Admiral Field has been saying plain things to certain electors of Eastbourne, who deserted him at the last election, imperilling his return. They were mostly cabmen, it seems, and their quarrel with the Admiral was that he rode a bicycle. He admitted the fact. He did ride a bicycle, and, what was more, he would not give it up for all the cab votes in the world. He had, he said, a liver, and it needed shaking up. But to ride in cabs would only land him in the cemetery; and as he did not propose to pay a single fare on that journey, they might vote as they pleased! Beyond a doubt, the bicycle treatment would seem to be good. There is the vigour of sturdy health in that defence.

**Assault on a traction engine.**

WHEN a bicyclist runs into a traction engine it is usually the engine that proceeds calmly on its way, while the cyclist endeavours to collect as much as he can of his machine. But the other day, near Christchurch, New Zealand, this order of things was reversed. A cyclist ran full tilt into a traction engine, and must have caught it just about the funny bone, for while the bicycle and rider went on unhurt the poor unfortunate engine had to be docked for repairs.

D4

**A rough riding record.**

ROAD records in South Africa are being shaken up. Mr. Bletzky rode from Port Elizabeth to Cape Town, 506 miles, unpaced, in 5 days 5 hours, beating previous record by 11 hours. He rode Dunlop tyres.

**At the French Show.**

THE number of machines exhibited at the Salon du Cycle, is 1,668 in all. There are 1,429 safety bicycles, 9 quadruplets, 1 quintuplet, and 1 sextuplet, besides a good number of tricycles and tandems.

out of joint. When one's foot is disjointed it is just as painful as a fractured arm, and you may be sure that the sufferer is glad enough to rush to a chiropodist. If women would only learn to ride in broad-toed, thick-soled shoes a trifle too large for them, and would bring down their weight on the centre of the foot, wheeling would strengthen their feet and ankles instead of getting them out of gear, I believe that after a while this sport will bring about a revolution in women's shoes."

**Michael's fall.**

J. MICHAEL'S fall last Sunday in Paris is the first one he has yet experienced in his many races. The little Welsh rider was badly shaken, and unable to ride for three days, although he has several engagements to fulfil shortly.

**A pleasant surprise.**

It will, no doubt, come as a very great surprise to many wheelmen who, next year, may pay a visit to that typical and picturesque Cheshire village, Tarporley, to find that the abominable cobble pavement of the main street is a thing of the past. Within the last few weeks it has been replaced, by the Cheshire County Council, with good tar macadam. This one drawback having been eradicated, Tarporley and the famous Swan Hotel, should in future enjoy greater popularity from riders than in past years. "The Swan," as a hunting house, is quite historic in the annals of the Cheshire Hunt, and, even in the early days of the now defunct high bicycle, was known to hard riders from Manchester and district as the best house in Cheshire,—a reputation it still holds.

**A CONTRAST.—I**

A CHRISTMAS MORNING MEETING AT HOME.

**Chiropodistically Helpful.**

A CHIROPODIST who numbers among his patients many of the wealthiest and most fashionable people is credited with declaring that he is glad of the spread of the cycling craze. When asked why this was so? he answered: "In the first place the majority of women ride in shoes entirely too tight and too narrow for them, and this causes great irritation. Then they pedal with the ball of the foot instead of with the centre, and their toes are thrown

**Requires explanation.**

THE law enacts that all machines driven by other than animal power shall not proceed at a greater pace on the Queen's Highway than 4 miles per hour, and that a red flag shall be trotted out in front as a signal of danger. Such is the sum and substance of the Locomotives' Act, which, while thus restricting horseless cars, motor cycles, &c., yet permits full running powers to be granted to South London cable cars. Wherefore this distinction?



### The Catford Dance."

SOME 200 members and friends of the famous "National—not Local" organisation, were present at Cannon Street Hotel, on Tuesday last, the occasion being, the first of the club's Cinderella's this season. F. E. Annison was once again a lively and efficient M.C., and many noted riders on road and path demonstrated that they are as well able to "trip it gaily" in a ball-room, as spin a speed cycle on the track.

J.S.S. 06709

### A road race in December.

A ROAD RACE in December, in this country, has an odd ring about it; but two theatrical gentlemen actually did race recently from London to Portsmouth, both mounted on bamboo bicycles. The stake was fairly large, and there was a good deal of money on the affair, we believe.

### Bicycle Cleaners.

THERE is a lot of money to be made now-a-days in even such an unpromising field as bicycle cleaning, if the connection is only properly worked up. We know of one household alone, where five or six machines are cleaned every week at 6d. a time, and punctures repaired for 1s., by a local repairer. It saves a world of trouble and dirty work to the machine owners.

### Troubles of Col. Wabbles.

SOMEBODY is asking whether it would not be possible for an Army Order to be issued, to the effect that it was not compulsory to salute officers, whether in uniform or not, whilst they, the officers, were riding bicycles? The reason for all this is suggestively given, on behalf of the officers, by the remark that, "Whilst riding at a decent pace, it is not always easy, or even possible, to return the salute."

### A well-known house.

MR. C. T. OLIVER, the new proprietor of the Castle Hotel, Woodford, has effected some excellent improvements in his property. A new floor for dancing has been laid in the concert hall, and a very cosy retiring room and many other accessories to a well-arranged dancing-room have been built. Mr. Oliver, whose sons, by-the-way, are all cyclists, is to be congratulated.

### Bicycle prescriptions.

In the "British Medical Journal," there recently appeared a curious announcement to the effect that an M.D., was willing to make out bicycle prescriptions for those who wanted them. He would advise the gear, weight, description of machine, &c., according to the patient's requirements. CYCLING has been doing practically the same thing for years, in its much used and valued "Asked and Answered" columns.

### Altering a track.

VARIOUS improvements, or to be more truth'ul, attempts thereat, are under weigh at High Beech. The corner entering the finishing straight is being banked, but the banking is far too "sudden." The improvement of the banking near the grand-stand is being carried out in a better manner. Mr. Gumprecht, our Essex noter thinks, will do well to extend the first-mentioned banking in both directions.

### Good advice.

A WRITER in the Christmas number of the "Helensburgh C.C. Gazette," an excellent little production, by the way, gives this good bit of advice to his fellow-cyclists: "cultivate a graceful method of coming down." It is worth taking seriously, for a man who can cropper well, generally escapes serious hurt, however complicated the smash-up may look; whilst, on the other hand, we all know those awkward and unlucky individuals who, however simple the accident, never get out of it without a sprain or a broken bone.

### Will complete England.

It is now some two years since the first volume of that gigantic undertaking, the C.T.C. Road Book, was issued, and it is pleasing to learn that the second and third volumes, which will complete England, are expected to be issued concurrently, about next Easter. The work, which is now in the able hands of R. T. Lang, of Newcastle, is being rapidly pushed forward, and will, no doubt, be as efficiently done as was his record of N.C.U. work last year, but which, through delay after it left his hands, lost the greater part of its value, as a result of official apathy at Basinghall Street.

### An unfortunate error.

WE regret that an error crept into the advertisement of the Automatic Cycle Saddle Co., in our last two issues. The price of these excellent saddles being stated as 2s. 6d. instead of 12s. 6d. The Company say it will take a clerk a week to explain the error to the infuriated crowd of cyclers who have ordered saddles at 2s. 6d. We repeat that we greatly regret the mistake.



### A CONTRAST.—II.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING MEETING IN AUSTRALIA.

### Art Catalogues.

THERE is a most noticeable improvement all round in the makers' catalogues for 1896, and amongst the best stands prominently forward the artistic catalogue, most interestingly illustrated, of Thomson & James, 39, Chalk Farm Road, N.W., the makers of the famous Mohawks. A good thing is always cheap, when it can be got for the asking, and our readers should post-a for this.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



# CYCLING

OFFICES.

LONDON:—Rosebery Avenue, E.C.  
BIRMINGHAM:—Victoria Chambers,  
Martineau Street.

Telegrams—"Pressimus, London."  
Telephone No. 6992 (London).

LONDON, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

CONDUCTED BY  
**EDMUND DANGERFIELD**

AND WALTER GROVES,  
ASSISTED BY G. H. SMITH.

Advertisement Manager:  
ERNEST PERMAN.

Proprietors:  
TEMPLE PRESS LIMITED.

Sole Director:  
EDMUND DANGERFIELD.

## FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:

UNITED STATES	...	...	The Bearings.
FRANCE	...	...	Le Veloce-Sport.
HOLLAND	...	...	De Kampioen.
DENMARK	...	...	Cyclen.
BELGIUM	...	...	La Rev. Vel. Belg.



AGAIN the oft-repeated theme, that never grows old or wearisome, claims our pleasant passing thoughts; and *CYCLING*, with picture and story, acknowledges its allegiance to the kindly sway of King Christmas. Christmas, that magic season, that touches with its resistless wand the hearts of the greatest curmudgeons that growl their lonely way through the rest of the year; and opens at any rate just a little way, the purses of the most grasping skin-flints that ever spurned real want from their doors. And who so susceptible of all the kindly influences of this season, as cyclists; they, who by the very nature of their favourite pastime, with its health, freedom, brightness, and sociability, taste something of Christmas all the year round. We take it that there are few things more conducive to the growth and promotion of unselfish kindly feelings to one's fellows, of all degrees, than the healthful indulgences in honest outdoor sports, and we are still more sure, that amongst all sports and pastimes, none are more certain in securing these desirable results, than our own glorious one of cycling. And are not these unselfish kindly feelings to one's fellows the very key-note to the grand anthem of Christmas; kindly feelings that lead by easy roads to kindly actions, where the warm welcome and

friendly hand of heart-felt gratitude awaits the traveller.

All this being so, we do not claim too much for cyclists when we say that they are able to get in tune for Christmas, easier and more truly, than many less fortunately situated.

Being in tune, whether on the wheel, or in the social gathering, may every reader, supporter, contributor, and all the widely distributed host of our friends and well-wishers, enjoy to the full every joyous happy chord of A Merry Christmas, and hear their echoes ringing all through a Bright New Year, is the sincere wish of *CYCLING*.

How the fire splutters and crackles, and roars up the chimney! Keep it going, you good folks, this Christmas night; throw on another log—that old cobwebbed one in the corner, labelled "Amateur Question." See, it was mere rotten touch-wood at heart, and is soon licked-up, and the greedy fire is already asking for more. Throw on that ugly log next, "Foul Riding"—that, too, has no solidity; but, after writhing, as if it would shrink into itself from the searching light of the fire, is destroyed like paper in the flame, and only leaves a dirty ash to mark where it once lay. Again the waning glow makes mute appeal for more. Throw on that heavy log which, by its green branches, would seem to be still growing—"Trade Jealousy." It fumes and hisses as its virulent juices pour out from its very heart; but, in time, the encircling warmth of the fire, the exhaustion of its offending elements, leaves it calmly silent, to light the room, and please the circle round it, with its genial glow.

It is so warm now, that for a space it is only necessary to throw on little logs, just to keep the fire alive, and the next to go are "Unkind Paragraphs," "Record Scandals," "Club Dissensions," and the rest of the swept-up rubbish of the departing year. Then comes a grand

log, sound to the core—the "Pleasures of Cycling." Steadily it burns in a cheerful blaze, and if one side should grow a little dull, a slight movement with the tongs will always discover another place where it is burning as freshly and gaily as ever—it lasts all the evening, bright to the end.

## Hunt Falls to get Records.

DESPITE the lateness of the season, Hunt was down in Bordeaux last week with several pacemakers, anxious to go for the hour and 50 miles' records. But the weather was all against him, and, after two unsuccessful attempts, Hunt wisely decided to let things rest this season. He has now returned to Paris. Henri Leste, a local rider, took advantage of the pacemaking, and beat two World's record on short distances doing  $\frac{1}{2}$  kilometre in 21 secs., and  $\frac{1}{4}$  kilometre in 32 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs., with a flying start. Previous bests were Banker's and Barden's respectively.

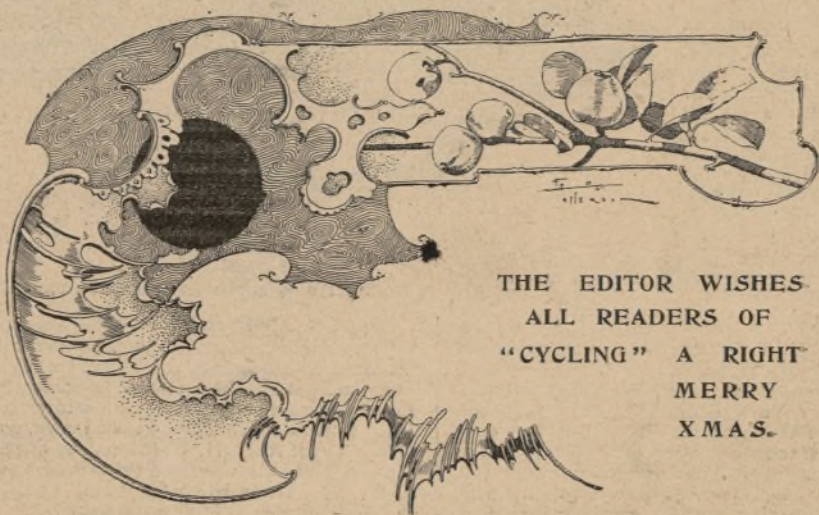


## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Now our riding days are over,  
Dead the leaves that were so green,  
Rests the mount that now we cover  
Copiously with vaseline;  
Frost and cold, the Winter bringing,  
Settle down o'er field and fen;  
Listen! there are church-bells ringing,  
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Sounds of song, and ringing laughter.  
Echo through the lighted hall,  
Deck'd to window-sash and rafter  
For the "smoker" or the ball;  
All is o'er, the time for wheeling,  
Ah! the days were lighter then!  
Listen! Christmas bells are pealing,  
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

HUBERT S. RYAN.



THE EDITOR WISHES  
ALL READERS OF  
"CYCLING" A RIGHT  
MERRY  
XMAS.



## A WOMAN AND A WHEEL.

BY SYBIL BERNSTEIN.

THE general manager and the assayer at the Langlaaget United are engaged in a conversation, which rises, at times, almost to the point of an argument.

"The question seems hardly worth discussing," declares the assayer, at last; "your course ought to be as plain as a pikestaff. You want a battery manager; and here you have a young fellow, who's been under you for the past two years, as senior amalgamator; honest and hard-working. You think—seriously—of passing him over, and taking on a stranger to the mine—a man who's never worked here: merely because he's a friend of yours. Chalmers, that's one of the things that's simply dragging down the industry; and I never thought you'd become party to it—never!"

The manager stirs somewhat uneasily; then rises and walks across the room.

"That's nonsense!" he says, shortly, "you've got on a wrong idea altogether, Forrest. I consider Parker the better man; I have a sort of idea that Dawson is not all you think. Why do you like him so? Is it not because he is a fellow wheelman—a cyclist?"

"How absurd!" returns Forrest, reddening, "so is Parker, man! I'm in the fellow's favour merely for the reasons I've given you. If you could advance such satisfactory ones for your prejudice, and your preference for Parker, I'd be satisfied!"

"You would?" drawls the manager, who has a slow, disinterested way of speaking that sometimes gives a stranger the impression that his words have no import; "well, you know, that's good of you, Forrest! I'd like to satisfy you. But in this particular case, you see, my own satisfaction is the thing chiefly concerned. As I'm satisfied with Parker, I don't see that it matters——"

He stops, and looks at the assayer in a way that finishes the sentence far more effectually than words could.

"Oh, well!" says Forrest, rising too; and he says no more, but backs out of the room—somewhat precipitately.

Later in the afternoon Parker, the subject of discussion, comes out to the mine to see his friend the manager.

He is mounted on a well-finished racing machine, which he leaves at the entrance to the men's quarters, before beginning his conversation with the manager.

"Come and be introduced to our amalgamator," the latter says;

"it's a toss-up whether he or you will be battery manager on this property, before the month's up."

They go together.

"Parker, our amalgamator, Dawson," the manager says, and then retires and leaves the two men together with their surprise; for, that they are surprised would be evident to the most casual observer.

"Dawson!" the manager's friend exclaims; while the amalgamator stares at him in something very like blank amazement.

"So you're back already?" the new-comer, who is evidently the least surprised of the two, resumes.

"Back? how—oh, yes, I know. I got back—long ago."

Dawson gets through this speech somehow, in little convulsive jerks, that would lead one to suppose that his equilibrium had been rather seriously disturbed.

"Well, I didn't expect you," Parker goes on; "in fact, I'd as soon have expected to see old Mephisto himself, as you. I fancied you were far away, across the briny. And how's racing at home, and things generally? Since you are here, you may as well give me a few particulars."

Dawson has turned very red by when his companion has finished speaking.

"Certainly," he says, fidgeting; "but out of business hours, Claud—out of business hours. I'm to go on shift in a short while; and, fact is, I'm supposed to be resting."

"Oh, you are, eh?"

Parker says, in a bit of a drawl; "well, you don't look it, you know. How'd'ye like this mine?"

"Very well; very well! By the way, Claud, we must have some spins together—you and I. Can you spare to-morrow?"

"I think so. But, Dawson, haven't you anyone more interesting to take your spins with? It's not jealousy on my part; but——"

He is interrupted by the opening of a door. Forrest, the assayer, puts his head in and says:—

"Dawson, a lady to see you. Shall I show her in?" He does not wait for an answer, but at once withdraws, and Parker and the amalgamator once more find themselves face-to-face.

"Dawson," the former says, in a half-warning, half expostulating tone, "are you carrying on those games again? You promised——"

Another interruption. This time the door opens completely, and the smiling Forrest ushers in a lady: a tall, well-made woman in a blue serge cycling suit, which is just un-rational enough to allow her, at a pinch, to look womanly; but still decidedly up-to-date, in cut and appearance.

She advances towards—



"CLAUD!" SHE EXCLAIMED FALLING BACK A STEP.



Dawson, who stands motionless, with a welcoming smile on her handsome face. Then she sees Parker, and the smile gives way to a look of pallid amazement.

"Claud!" she exclaims, falling back a step.

"Yes, I'm Claud," he returns, with an affectation—plainly an affectation—of careless apathy. "I'm very pleased to see you and Dawson again; I am, really."

She eyes him fixedly.

"You're not!" she says, decidedly. "Don't fib about it. You got us to promise to clear, and now, that you see us here again, you're vexed. It's only natural." She stops, and looks at him again.

"Well, you're right," he admits. "I *am* vexed; and, more than that, I'm not going to keep my own counsel any longer. I'll tell Chalmers: Dawson's in my way now; it's very different to that other time, when I had nothing to consider but my feelings for you."

She turns very pale; ghastly pale in contrast with the navy serge of her cycling dress. She advances towards him, and speaks in a softly-cooing tone that has an irresistible charm about it.

"You are utterly changed," she says, "you would never have spoken like that before. You are not the Claud of long ago at all."

"Am I not?" he asks, with a little laugh that is not nearly as bitter as it would have been, were it not for that soft, cooing tone. "Well, whose is the fault? This has gone on long enough: don't try to coerce me," he puts out his hands as if he would push her away; "Chalmers shall know the truth about this amalgam-stealing at once."

Her face becomes imploring. All the womanliness she is capable of—and it is considerable, and of an alluring nature—is exerted as she goes up to him and murmurs, brokenly,

"Oh, Claud, don't do it! we shall be ruined!"

"I know it," he says, shortly, turning his face away from the glance of her pleading dark orbs, "I'm not a saint!"

Now her face changes; her demeanour loses some of its pleading womanliness, as she says,

"I can see you are in earnest. But let me, at least, get safely away. Remember, all I did was done out of love for Dawson."

He winces, and then turns red; but he says nothing. She tries to remedy her mistake.

"After all," she goes on, softly, "you are a man, and I am a woman. Have some mercy."

He turns away.

"I can't gainsay that," he mutters, gruffly; "but lose no time—I'm in a hurry."

She gives him a rapid glance of thanks, and then goes up to Dawson.

"I'm afraid it's all up, my boy," she says, with a gentle playfulness that seems positively brutal to Claud, "he's hard as nails, Jack. But, dear, get the stuff out; have it on you; let Claude's revenge be a complete one."

For a moment the amalgamator appears staggered; but a glance from her eyes seems to compel him: he turns to his desk, and takes from it, mechanically, a small parcel, which he transfers to his coat-pocket.

They all move towards the door.

Outside, Parker drops behind, out of consideration for these two, who will, he thinks, have something to say to each other, which he ought not to hear.

He watches them as they stand together, the woman with one white hand resting on the handlebar of her machine, near which they have stopped.

After all, he feels sorry for this man whom he knew before either of them had met the woman who has ruined the life of one, and hardened that of the other: Dawson's has been the ruined life, and now she is leaving him in his extremity.

Parker feels a certain thrill of remorse . . . A mist seems to rise before him, shutting out both the people who occupy his thoughts . . .

He rouses himself with an effort.

Where are they? They were here a moment ago, whispering their farewells.

Now—

He looks along the line of dusty road. Two cycles are fast disappearing, their riders stooping so in their efforts at speed, that he has hard work to tell which is the man and which is the woman.

Parker is literally "struck all of a heap."

"The deuce!" he ejaculates, at last, "if that woman hasn't got the better of me after all! and my own machine, too!"

But his machine is returned to him next morning, at the hands of a Kaffir who also slips into his hands a polite little note from the woman who so neatly snatched his "revenge" from him yesterday.

Parker is to be battery-manager from the beginning of next month: but his satisfaction at that fact is strongly tempered by the feeling of mortification that always rises when he thinks how completely and utterly he was sold by a woman and a machine.



TWO CYCLES ARE FAST DISAPPEARING.

### "CYCLING'S" CHRISTMAS WISHES.

HARK! hark! hark! the logs of Yule are burning—

Redly they shimmer on the holly on the wall—

"Cycling" greets the glad some feast returning;

Sending a kindly wish to readers one and all.

Hark! hark! hark! the Minster bells are pealing—

Rising and falling on the breezes of the night—

May they bring, to every lover of wheeling,

Gladness and joy, and put his troubles all to flight.

Hark! hark! hark! the Waits their carols are chanting—

Softly the sweet old strains come floating o'er the snow—

In your homes may nothing good be wanting—

Good luck attend our readers everywhere they go!

WM. C. BIRT-WHITWELL.

### AN ESSEX GATHERING.

Few Essex gatherings, if any, have proved more enjoyable than the E.C.U. conversazione at Seyd's Hotel, on Monday last. With a varied programme consisting as it did of four distinct forms of amusement, a display of the competition photographs, a concert, distribution of prizes and dancing, there was room for confusion and a chance of the want of time causing a curtailment of some of the items, but the whole affair went off with ne'er a hitch. Mr. Tulk, who was responsible for the arrangements, is to be congratulated upon the achievement of a conspicuous success.



## THE NORTHERNER'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

**D**ID I ever meet with anything supernatural or uncanny in any of my lonely rides amongst the secluded hills and valleys of the North Countree? I don't think that I ever did, but although I am about as hard-headed as the average of my race, I must say that I once had an experience that for the time made me think that the days of genii and giants had not altogether gone—and that in broad daylight too. You see it was this way. Up in canny auld Cumberlan' we are great card players, and about Christmas time we often play from milking time at night to milking time next morning. In the dales we seldom mention a definite hour; we have breakfast, bait, dinner, tea, supper, and milking times. Well, we had a very open Christmas that year, and the ground being full of water on the slightest symptom of frost, the valleys filled up with a dense white fog—none of your nasty yellow London particulars, but a clean white but rather damp affair which whitens our hair, eyebrows and beards till we look like so many Father Christmases. I had been playing "whist" with a cousin of mine who still farms a few inland acres and great commons as his fathers had done before him for many centuries, and was returning over a mountain pass some 700 feet high in the early morning, so as to put in a day's work at the office as usual. The valley was full of this white mist, and when I started I could hardly see the ground under me. My front driver, however,

SEEMED TO KNOW THE ROAD ITSELF, and as I gradually got higher, the mist thinned, and then suddenly, in a few yards, I passed out of it altogether, and found myself in the bright early sunshine. All below was still a sea of white foam dashing against the sides of the stern fells, which stood out like so many abrupt islands. The top of the pass, where I now was, was almost level for about a mile, and by reason of the boggy ground, ran a few feet above the lowest point of the dip. In this lower stretch there still hung a screen of white mist connecting the two seas, which filled up the wider valleys. As I looked on this with curiosity, watching its rapidly-altering shapes, I suddenly became aware of a great circle of light on the foggy screen, and within the circle was a gigantic figure riding a bicycle. I had not been in bed for some twenty-six hours, and perhaps my nerves were not what they should have been, and I admit that I was more thoroughly frightened than I had been since my childhood. My breath seemed to leave my chest entirely, and my eyes were glued on the strange figure which pedalled leisurely along in its yellow blaze of light.

My next thought was to quit that at once, and I put down my head and scorched for all I was worth, along that open bit of moorland. I tried all I could to keep my eyes ahead, but they were

IRRESISTIBLY DRAWN TO THE GHOSTLY FIGURE,

which had now also quickened its pace, and, like myself, was descending the valley. The grade steepened; the pace grew hot; I lost my pedals, and though the descent was a dangerous one, I put on no brake, and even then was obliged to glance on my giant companion. Lo, he was doing the same, his legs seemed to drag to an interminable length on the mist, and he seemed to have his head turned mockingly towards me; and then suddenly I shot into the mist again, and was alone. Never was fog welcome before, I should say, for now I had no uncanny wheeler determined to freeze on to me. It required the little nerve I had left to take me safely down that hill; and when I got to the bottom I indulged in a hearty laugh at my own stupidity.

For, here I had come across what for years I had endeavoured to see on the

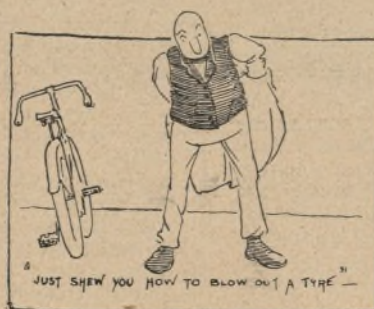
mountains, and, the first time I met with it, I bolted from it like a schoolgirl! For, what I had seen was, of course, only

THE "SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN,"

common enough in the Alps, but only recorded twice in the annals of our fells.

The sun low in the horizon, a misty screen, and the observer exactly between the two former components, and these are all the necessary parts. You, no doubt, have all seen the picture in Whymper's "Scrambles in the Alps," representing him and his two guides (immediately after the famous fatal accident to Lord Douglas), standing gazing in astonishment at a gigantic halo, encircling three figures, which they were some time in recognizing as their own, the guides being certain that it was a visitation of the comrade they had just lost.

That is the worst thing I have met with in my numerous mountain rides, and I should very much like to meet it again, and I can assure you that I wouldn't scorch away from it, as I did that Christmas morning. R.



HOW A TYRE SHOULD BE INFLATED!



## NOBS FOR A NIGHT.

## A TALE OF A CHRISTMAS TOUR, FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE why and wherefore of a nickname is frequently hard to discover, but no such difficulty ever presented itself to anybody who had more than a passing acquaintance with my old touring chum, "The Kidder," as far as his particular case was concerned. To act deceptions for the sake of a joke is a perfect passion with him, and in this, his command of voice and countenance, his distinguished air, not to mention his exhaustless cheek, are all valuable aids in the carrying out of his little schemes. I shall never forget the cool audacity with which he successfully humbugged a whole household last Christmas, nor the way he dragged me into the innocent, but impudent fraud; I have hardly yet sufficiently got over my feelings of shame for my part in the matter, to recall the incidents, and put them on paper. However, here is for the story; and may I, by suppressing names of people and places, avert just revenge from the people we both fooled. Kidder and self were on our usual Christmas tour, an institution with us dating back to the misty ages of the solid ordinary, but on this eventful Christmas Day we were on a tandem safety, of the most approved up-to-date pattern, and, of course, pneumatic shod. Everything had gone well with us, and in spite of

## THE HEAVY ROADS,

and occasional attempts on the part of the tandem to lay down and die, we were having a real good time. The Winter sunset was showing its last flares through a bordering wood, and night seemed to be already within sight, Eastward, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves that we were not so very many miles from the town we proposed to put up at, and should soon be there, when a sudden turn in the road landed us, to our horror, right in the midst of a flock of sheep. There was a yell from us, a bang, a wild scamper, and all was over. When we had assured each other that neither were much hurt, we surveyed the situation. On the ground lay the tandem, looking very helpless but contented, up the hill were the sheep, standing still, and staring at us with what looked very much like expressions of amused satisfaction, and a few yards down the hill was

## A YOUTHFUL RUSTIC,

speechless and motionless with surprise and fear. An examination of the tandem proved that the worst visible damage was a nasty twist in the front forks, but the machine was rideable. Then did the Kidder put on his most majestic air, which his mired costume could not altogether spoil; stick his eye glass in his eye, and, marching up to the gentle shepherd with the measured stride of a chief executioner, gave the trembling yokel a bit of his mind, and his private opinion of him as a driver of sheep. "It beant my fault," feebly defiantly replied the boy, "master wern't gie me a dorg; I'm allus a' arstin' um fur a dorg, 'ow can um be druv wee-out a dorg?" "Who is your master?" asked the Kidder, with the air of a judge requesting to know why sentence of death should not be passed. "Master —" replied the dogless one. "Then," said the Kidder, decisively, "you go at once to him, and tell him that, through his not allowing you a dog, his sheep have nearly killed the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York." "Yere doan't saay thart," said the now paralysed youth, in a voice almost breathless with reverential awe. "Yes I do." "Lord luv us!" was the now tearful reply, as the victim of the Kidder bolted off, and, by the whacks of his stick on the unfortunate sheep, testified to his opinion of their lack of respect to royalty. "That sheep-boy swallowed my yarn like a lamb," was the self satisfied comment of the Kidder, as we lit up and remounted. It was soon quite dark; the tandem, never particularly steady, behaved as if intoxicated, thanks to the bent forks, and the road seemed to be all up hill, and to grow heavier and heavier.

## NOT A SOUL WAS OUT.

We passed neat little inns, with bright red blinds, and glimpses of holly round their old Dutch clocks, and, as the wind swung open the doors, sounds of rustic revelry would escape, and be lost in the vast, black silence of the night. We passed some fine old mansion, standing back from the road, every window in it a blaze of cheerful light, and heard the dinner-bell ring, and could see the old butler putting the last touches to a long and crowded table, with true professional pride. Cottages, too, were passed, sometimes in groups in some little hamlet, sometimes solitary by the roadside; but all of them bright with cheerful wood fires and lamps: and where they did not boast a blind, or desired others to share their pleasures by, at least, a glimpse of them through the window, we could see

## HAPPY LITTLE FAMILY CIRCLES,

and bright little eyes, fired with the imminent delights of the priceless trifles of the Christmas tree. Meanwhile, we plugged on, each secretly thinking that all the world were enjoying themselves this Christmas Night, except the tandem's crew, and even the Kidder grew solemn and taciturn. Who first suggested it, I do not quite remember; but, anyway, we resolved fixedly to cry a halt for the night at the first decent-looking inn, and not carry out our arranged programme. To our mutual delight, we soon after reached a neat little village, with an inn, or hotel, which, as well as we could see in the darkness, was just the sort of place we wanted. Kidder went in to explore and make terms, whilst I amused myself by examining the forks and crown of the tandem, which were causing me some anxiety. He was an unconscionably long time, and I was just going after him to see what was the particular brew he had struck, when he came out looking very mysterious. "It's a jolly fine place," he said, "with lots to eat, but you will have to back me up well in a bit of kid, I've started, or there will be none of that grub for you, let alone beds." "Now, what have you been up to, this time?" I asked, with some irritation. "Well, I had to do it, old man; they said they were full up with their own friends, could not possibly take any cyclists in; and it looked as if we really should have to worry that wreck along farther, when I thought of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York wheeze, and—" "You don't mean to say you have told *them* we are the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York?" I asked with severity. "Of course not," replied Kidder,

## IN A TONE OF INJURED INNOCENCE,

as if the invention of such fables was the last thing he would ever be guilty of, "All I said was, that I was Lord C—, and you were the Hon. Mr. D—, my particular friend; that we had met with an accident, that you were much shaken, and that we should esteem it a favour, &c., &c." The effect on the landlord, his wife, and his daughter, was, according to Kidder, magical when they heard these aristocratic names, and the old boy practically handed his house over to his supposed fashionable visitors. If I had been disposed to protest at the deception, I had not an opportunity to do so, for at that moment a stable boy came running and breathless for the tandem, and we removed our light kit and walked in. Kidder, for once, had spoken truly, it was a jolly fine place. The architectural design might be broadly described as a large collection of cosy corners; the entrance hall was cosy, with cosy seats of old carved wood, and this led at once, to a cosy sitting-room, a cosy smoking-room, the kitchen, the cellar, a cosy little bar, with a little bar-parlour behind, which looked,—with the jolly old landlord at its doorway, and his equally jolly old landlady, and very comely daughter for a background,—as if it was a concentrated essence of cosiness from all the other sources combined.

As soon as our host saw us he came forward and insisted on

## HIS "LORDSHIP" AND THE "HONOURABLE,"

as he persisted in curiously calling me, taking a glass of cherry brandy of his own make, to keep the cold out; and





"HANCED IT IN TURN TO EVERY MEMBER OF THE PARTY."

his good lady, as soon as she saw the state our clothes were in from our fall, hurried away to obtain a change from her good man's wardrobe; whilst the comely daughter sympathetically inquired if the Honourable gentleman was much hurt, and should they send the boy on a horse for the doctor. Both his Lordship and myself vehemently reassured her, and, for more reasons than those given, implored her not to think of dragging the medical man from the bosom of his family. In due course we were conducted to our rooms, two bedrooms, evidently the best out of a long row of them, where we found bright fires burning, hot water, and a change of clothes. Arrayed in the black coat, fancy waistcoat, and lavender trousers of the landlord, who must have been twice the distance round the body of either of us, his Lordship looked decidedly

#### MORE ECCENTRIC THAN ARISTOCRATIC;

whilst my Honourable self, in corduroy shooting breeches and waistcoat, a red hunting coat, and a pair of carpet slippers, every article miles too large, might have been brilliantly effective, but found it difficult to feel that dignity that the occasion demanded. The good people of the house had begun to prepare a special dinner for us in one of the cosy rooms already mentioned, but, catching a glimpse of the preparations in a big room upstairs for a dinner, and hearing that the landlord, his family, and friends, were just on the point of sitting down there, we begged to be allowed to join, and were readily permitted, the old boy being delighted at our condescension. It was a fine old room, long and spacious, with rich old timbers across the ceiling, old furniture and paintings all round, and a massive old table, that did not groan at all the good things placed upon it, but was as firm and decorous as a fine old table, that had worthily supported many and many a Christmas feast, and afforded a retreat for many and many a too-zealous Christmas feaster, might have been expected to be.

The room was made

BRIGHT WITH HOLLY,

thick with berries, and with fancy paper ornaments; in the middle, from one of the beams, a huge bough of mistletoe hung, and the whole bright, cheerful scene was lit up by a plentiful supply of the best light in the world to dine by,—good wax candles. Here, then, we found ourselves, with one of those appetites such as a hard day's Winter cycling alone can give, a table before us full of good and substantial fare, with the beaming old landlord at the head, almost lost to sight behind a mammoth sirloin, and surrounded by his relations and friends, to the number of some twenty. I am afraid that, at first, the awe inspired by our presence rather acted as a damper on the party, and to be served first—even before the ladies, in spite of our protestations—was a little embarrassing, even to that hardened sinner, the Kidder. But as time went on, and the beer went round, the women ceased to keep their eyes on the table-cloth, and the men to converse in whispers, and by the time the turkey arrived on the scene we were all quite natural; and when the pudding followed, in a flare of blue flame, and the old landlord pretended to be afraid to cut it, the children laughed and cheered, the men said, "I drinks to yer, me lord," or "Honourable mister," as the case might be, and the ladies said to each other—

"HOW NOBLE THEY LOOK!"

and speculated as to whether we were married; and I heard the landlady give it as her firm conviction, in a stage whisper to her daughter, that we were not. With the cheese the landlord rose; his male guests all banged the table their hardest with their heavy fists, and roared "order," he smiling a smile all the while, that was the incarnation of good nature and good living. Silence having been obtained, the old boy made a fine manly little speech, and told his guests how



that he had always kept up the custom of having his family and friends around him on Christmas Day, as his father had done before him in this same room; and he and his old woman meant to do it, "please God!" as long as they "could chew their bit of beef, and drink their good old ale," and that "each were truly welcome—every one." He concluded by alluding to the honour done to them by the company of "his Lordship and his Honourable," and asked the company to drink their "jolly good 'ealths, and many on 'em," which was done with enthusiasm. By this time both his Lordship and his Honourable had obliged so many gentlemen, so many times, by drinking with them, that what they said in reply neither could ever recall; nor is it at all certain that anybody understood it, which may account for

THE THUNDERS OF APPLAUSE THAT GREETED THEIR REMARKS

The dinner and the speeches over, both the servants of the household and the guests set to work with a will, and in a very short time the big table was pushed to one end of the room, where it made a splendid platform for the village band, consisting of two fiddles and an out-of-breath cornet, who had been preparing for the fray for some time at the bar below; and other people from the village coming in, the fine old room was soon full of dancers, enjoying themselves with all that genuine and thorough abandon, that only your rustic pleasure-seeker, when thoroughly wound-up, can command. Of course, his Lordship and the Honourable secured all the prettiest partners without an effort, to the ill-concealed chagrin of some of the young yeomen, and we both might have been dancing with the pick of the beauty of the village of X—, until morning, but for an unfortunate incident. I had observed that the old landlord, after seeing the dancing fairly started, had disappeared, and had been missing some time, and I was beginning to wonder what had become of him, and whether he had discovered what frands we were, and had gone for the local constable, when he entered, his face beaming, if possible, still more than before, and waving in his hand a big ladle. Behind him was the coachman, bearing with anxious care,

A HUGE BOWL OF STEAMING PUNCH

which he placed on the big table with all the solemnity of a sacred rite. Glasses were soon forthcoming, and it was worth going a long way to see the pride and delight with which the old landlord poured out the precious liquor from his ladle, and handed it in turn to every member of the

party, with a look that plainly said, "I have mixed this myself, and I know no one in the wide world could beat it." In good truth it was glorious stuff; I had another glass, his Lordship had another, and, with such good examples before them, all the company followed suit, and a refill for the bowl, ready in the kitchen, had thus early to be brought in. After this his Lordship had another "Just half-a-glass, please; thank you; it's grand!" and another, and several others; at least so I imagine, for I was too busy dancing with the comely daughter to notice the Kidder very much. My attention, however, was very much drawn to him later on, by a considerable commotion in one corner of the room, whither we all hurried. Here, to my disgust, I found his Lordship,

LOOKING VERY IDIOTIC ABOUT THE EYES,

his hair dishevelled, his roomy black coat nearly covering the back of his head, and with his arm round the capacious waist of the landlady, imploring "his dear duchess" to accompany him to the mistletoe, for him to implant a chaste salute ("chaste shoot," he called it), on her marble brow. The lady was protesting she could not think of such a thing at her time of life, with more affectation than earnestness, it seemed to me; but it was plain that Kidder was thoroughly in earnest, and what was more, really believed himself to be a lord, and his new-found love a duchess. Plainly, the only thing to be done was to get him to bed, and by the aid of several willing sturdy arms this was done; but not without some difficulty, for his lordship struggled desperately, and continually demanded to know, in a voice broken with hiccups,

WHY FOND HEARTS SHOULD BE SEVERED?

and threatened to bring the matter before the House of Lords. Once in bed he was soon asleep and quiet enough, but the incident tended to break up the party, earlier than it otherwise would probably have ended. Next morning Kidder was early in my room, anxiously inquiring, if he had given the show away over night; he brightened up considerably when he learnt that he had not. We had a light breakfast, and parted with our jolly host and his family, the best of friends on both sides; and having managed to bend the tandem forks fairly straight, we had a very enjoyable ride on the Boxing Day, until the evening, when it rained miserably; then we put up at another comfortable inn, but did not repeat the experiment of being nobbs for a night.

### THE ROAD-MENDER'S STORY.

(After G. R. SIMS.)

"HORRIBLE things, sir, ain't they?

They're one of my pet dislikes—

These yere new fangled safeties,

As the ladies call them bikes.

And no good'll come, says 'Arry,

Tryin' to ace young men;

Though I holds as 'ow the meanest things

'As their uses, now and then.

"It ain't give to us all to be

The heroes of the land,

But, as I says, there's work for all

A-lying close at hand;

And these yere lady bicyclists

'Ave theirs, to some extent:

For sometimes Providence will use

The humblest instrument.

"It ain't quite, p'raps, a year ago,

A gal come down this road,

A-bicycling like all possessed,

Says 'Arry, 'Well, I'm blowed!

Here's Sanger's Circus broken loose!

My eye! we do look proud!

Says I, 'Hallo, Miss! Don't you know

That racing ain't allowed?"

But on, without a word or look

She just dashed straight ahead,

And as we turned to see her go

We saw a flash of red,

And then two blazing, yellow lights!—

And 'Arry's eyes met mine:

'The Scotch express is coming—and

There's someone on the line!'

My sight ain't what it used to be,

But when I looked again

I just made out a little child

Close to the coming train!

And then the gal springs off her bike,

And up the bank she flies;—

I couldn't see, sir, after that—

The smoke was in my eyes.

Down went our picks, and off we ran,

We didn't dare to speak,

Though each knew what the other thought—

That boy's outlandish trick

Might, p'raps, have cost them both their lives;

And then we see his head

Dodgin' about amongst the gorse—

No, sir! The gal was dead.

Courageous? So the Coroner

Was good enough to say;

But he's a gent as always puts

Such things a pleasant way.

Foolhardiness, I call it;

But women ain't got brains,

And these young gals they will be gals,

And trains—well, trains is trains."



## THE TRICK-RIDER'S TOP TRICK.

By RAYMOND RAIFE.

It was a very simple idea, you know, and it came to him in the simple way that ideas will come.

Certainly he had been racking his poor brains to find out some way of making more money than was barely sufficient to pay his board and lodging; but, for all that, it was a queer thing how he hit upon the notion. If it hadn't come though he would probably have remained always a second-rate trick rider, and never been mayor of Jakesfield.

It was one hot Summer's night when, having finished his crust of bread and cheese, Hiram Houle was sitting in the dark at the open window of his little fifth-floor attic, smoking a corn cob pipe and staring at the great roof of the Hippodrome, which divided only by a narrow court, was so close that the gutter round its edge served as a receptacle for the spent matches that Hiram had flung away.

It had been a galling day for Hiram, for, at the performance that very evening, the disgusted little trick-rider had recognised, in the "Professor Bailes," who did the high dive from the roof, and drew as many pounds a week as Hiram claimed shillings, an old brother of the wheel of years gone by.

"Confound it all!" exclaimed Hiram, viciously kicking a three-legged chair that was propped against the wall; "why can't I hit upon something novel?" And then he gave a start, the idea had struck him.

Not a wink of sleep did he attempt to obtain that night, and early next morning, for the first time in his life, Hiram went to see a lawyer.

"Look here!" said he to the expounder of legal paradoxes, "I want to ask you a simple question, and to obtain a simple answer. If a man says he'll do a certain thing, and he does it, but it don't turn out to be what people expected, can they have the law of him?"

"The terms in which your proposition is couched are too vague," said the lawyer, "tell me the nature, and—"

But Hiram shook his head and the dust of the lawyer's office from off his well-patched boots.

"I'll risk it," said he.

Then, full of confidence, and swelling with sudden importance, he sought the manager of the Hippodrome, and inquired what they would pay him for the performance of an act that would surprise all who saw it, more even than the aerial dive of "Professor Bailes."

"And what kind of performance would it be?" inquired the manager, with some surprise.

"Ah, that I cannot tell you," answered Hiram. "I only want to know what you will pay me if I keep my word."

But he never heard what reply was made, for he had gone out and banged the door behind him before the manager could stop laughing.

Then Hiram did a bold thing. He pawned or sold everything he possessed (including his two trick machines), and borrowed money of every living soul who would lend the smallest trifle to him. And he hired the Hippodrome, out and out, for a certain evening, and having concocted a wonderful poster, he had the same printed in red letters on yellow paper, and plastered it over the whole town.

### "THE CENTRAL HIPPODROME.

"ON THURSDAY, THE 24TH INST,

Professor Hiram K. Houle will perform a feat never before attempted by living man,—an act so novel, and of such daring surprise, that not a single member of the audience will have guessed of what it will consist. In proof of this, a gold watch and chain will be presented to anyone who shall successfully predict the nature of this unparalleled feat.

"Note.—Cutespectators may, perhaps, glean a wrinkle by noticing what is being built on the Hippodrome roof; but none will pierce the actual secret."

So ran Hiram's poster, which, launched broadcast upon the town, caused an immediate and immense sensation; and, all day long, large crowds of idlers stood in the roadway outside the Hippodrome, gazing open-mouthed at the little wooden hut that was being erected on its lofty roof.

The appearance of this aerial hut, too, occasioned the lodging of scores of guesses as to the nature of

the feat, with the manager, which flood of prophetic efforts was, however, speedily stemmed when Hiram issued a further manifesto, in which he negatived the idea that his Great Act would merely consist of a dive through the roof.

Well, the important evening arrived at last, and although it was in the middle of a period of scorching heat there was not room for another single human being in the whole vast building.

In the middle of the house a ring had been left, as for a circus, in which stood a tiny car, ornamented with flags, and connected with the ceiling, high above the people's heads, by a stout rope passing through a pulley; close beside which an aperture could be seen in the roof.

Densely thronged as was the place, not a sound was heard as Hiram, attired in evening dress, relieved by a broad, scarlet handkerchief round his waist, stepped into the ring.

In a calm, clear voice, "Ladies and Gentlemen!" he announced, "I am now about to keep my promise, and perform a feat, novel, daring, and absolutely unique, and which



HE CONSULTED A SOLICITOR.



will come as a surprise to every one of you!"

Into the ring bounded two assistants, bang! went the band, and, gracefully waving his hand to the audience, revolving slowly round and round as he ascended, Hiram was hoisted to the roof.

"Watch this opening!" came his voice, from far above, as he disappeared through the aperture.

Watch it they did, eyes staring, mouths open, with aching necks. A minute went by, then two, three, four, and nothing happened. Silent and still the whole great crowd gaped steadily at the small black square above, till suddenly a man at the back of the hall, keener than the rest, roared:—

"Don't you see! That's the surprise! He's bolted."

It was, too; for when one of the porters got out through a trap-door on to the roof, there was the little wooden hut, with no one in it, and a long, strong plank bridged across the space that intervened between the Hippodrome roof and the window-sill of the little room where Hiram lodged, in which apartment was found the dress coat, which Hiram had exchanged for an ordinary jacket, before leaving.

There was a bit of a shiudy in the hall, you may bet; but as Hiram had taken the proceeds with him, there was no money to be returned.

Years after, when he was by chance discovered running a big store down at Jakesfield, one or two tried to have a go at him; but the law held that he'd only performed what he'd promised; and when the good people of that little town learned that he was the hero of the "Hippodrome Surprise Trick," he went up fifty per cent. in their estimation, and is likely to be re-elected mayor as long as he consents to stand.

#### HOTELS CAN CLOSE.

VERILY this is a pneumatic age! The latest is a pneumatic tent without poles. It is supported by air tubes, which give it all the rigidity desired, and on account of its light weight (three pounds) and extreme portability is recommended to the touring cyclist and other wild fowl. The parties in question can now practise Bohemianism with a vengeance!



#### SAW EVERYTHING WORTH SEEING

JACK.—"See anything new at the Show, Ethel?"

ETHEL.—"I should think so. I made notes of three new hats, a winter walking costume and a beaver trimmed short basque."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## THE LEGEND OF THE SPECTRAL RIDER.

*NOW list ye all while I relate  
Of how a cyclist met his fate,  
How, on a stormy night he spill'd,  
With his aim in life all unfill'd;  
And the fairest maid that e'er drew breath,  
Went forth to keep her tryst with Death!*

### I.

The night was black, the howling wind,  
Through all the leafless branches twin'd,  
And with its eerie wailing drowned  
The swish of rain on the sodden ground,  
With down-bent head and flickering light  
A cyclist sped thro' the awful night;  
'Twas Christmas Eve, and the rider strove,  
To win to the house of his lady-love,  
Where many a maid and gallant gay  
Are met to welcome Christmas Day.  
He looked not to the right or left,  
But sped along like one bereft,  
Past rows of tall wind-shaken trees,  
—Tho' naught of them he heeds or sees,  
—Past sleeping house and village dark,  
Where waken'd dogs arise and bark;  
One only thought to reach the hall  
Where waits his love, his life, his all!

But thro' the night of storm and fear,  
The Shade of Death is ever near,  
And prone to aid, the Hand of Fate,  
Waits silent by the Crossing Gate.  
A fearful crash!—A heavy thud!  
—A lifeless form in the clinging mud,  
That lies so still in the deep'ning gloom—  
And the soul goes out to meet its doom!

### II

There is joy and feasting at Westwood Hall,  
And dance and music is over all;  
The guests have come from far and wide  
To welcome the hour of Christmastide;  
And neither the rain nor the shrieking sky  
Can stifle the sound of their revelry!  
But one is there who sits apart  
And tries to still her throbbing heart;  
She rises and goes to the Western Gate  
In search of her lover, so sorely late,  
Till tired of watching, she turns her face  
Towards the old-time trysting-place.  
The rain has ceased its furious pour,  
And the moon shines out thro' the clouds  
once more.

"Oh, will he never come?" she said  
"He vowed to reach me, alive or dead!"  
"O come, and if you may, come soon!"  
—A cloud grows over the face of the moon,  
And hark!—a step on the gravel sounds,  
—Her heart within her leaps and bounds;  
Till an answer comes in a well-known  
strain,  
And the old old story is told again.

### III.

"But why is your hand so cold?" said she,  
"And why are your lips so pale to see?"  
—" 'Tis nothing, dearest; the morning  
light  
"But shakes itself in the grip o' the night,  
"And tints my face with a pallid hue;  
—"And is it for this that I came to you?  
"Come fly with me now, no need, to wait,  
"My tandem rests at the Western Gate;  
"Your father is harsh, and he treats you ill,  
"And your vacant place will not seek to fill,  
"Hasten for night is overlate!"  
—He leads her down to the Western Gate;  
"We have far to go—we have hard to ride  
"Ere yet I can call you my wedded bride!"

A crashing peal of thunder sound,  
That seems to shake the earth around!  
Then shines the sky with lurid light;

—Each guest looks out in sore afright.  
The lightning shows, to every eye,  
A tandem black against the sky,  
Propelled by two at fearsome rate  
Towards the Level-Crossing Gate!

### IV.

Now praise to those whom God has taught  
To pen the wonders that He wrought,  
In flow of language, free and light!  
—The horrors of that stormy night  
Upon the eve of Christmas Day  
My feeble pen can ne'er portray;

Its mission runs in lighter groove  
To scenes of laughter and of love!  
The body of the cyclist lay  
Beside the Level-Crossing way;  
But of the maid, no sign or word  
From that time forth was ever heard.

*Yet some believe on that awful night,  
And aver unto this day—  
The dead man came in the morning-light  
And carried his Bride away.*

HUBERT S. RY



THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

No dear reader! Not at all! Pray don't be shocked. This is not a "New Woman," but Bliffums of the Scorchers' C.C., who has dressed up for a Cycle Parade, and is having a final smoke on the steps of the Club House before starting.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid





G. WILLIAMS (London).—It is a question. We should say he is still an amateur.

"SPEEDFAST" (London).—1. Yes. 2. The gear-case is preferable in our opinion. 3. Yes.

J. CECIL PAGET (London).—We have done as desired, and you will now receive the paper every week.

"CONSTANT READER" (5, Merchant's Quay).—Don't waste time and money on it. That is our plain advice.

L. FRANCIS (Pontardawe).—It is a conundrum that a solicitor might work out; we regret to say we cannot answer.

"FREDDY" (Boxmoor).—We believe they make an excellent machine, and we quite approve of your specification.

J. RHODES (London).—We do not think very much of the idea, and would not advise you to waste time and money on it.

H. RIGBY (London).—We should say so providing of course that the faults were discovered before the 12 months had elapsed.

F. H. KNIGHT (London).—London & Provincial Cycle Insurance Corporation Ltd., New Bridge Chambers, St. Stephen's, Bristol.

R. SCOTT (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We regret that we have no reference to the matter in question, and cannot give you the desired information.

"TANDEM" (Liverpool).—In our opinion the mishap was a most unusual one, and we do not think you need be nervous of anything of the kind happening to your machine.

R. S. MUNN (Port Elizabeth).—Thanks very much for sending photographs which appeared last week. We are always pleased to receive such interesting items as you send.

W. MOTHMANN (Osnabruck).—Their address is Draycott, Derbyshire. They have been mostly applied to Humbers. We do not think there is much business done with machines in the countries named.

"WHEEL" (Roebank).—You have given an admirable quartette to select from. The Premier is undoubtedly an excellent machine, and if you have a fancy for it, by all means invest; you can hardly do better. Personally we still prefer a 30-in. steering wheel.

L. H. CHEESMAN (Winchmore Hill).—1. About 30 lbs. 2. Have an improved Presto. 3. Include it in your specification; the makers may be able to supply, though we do not see the need for it ourselves. 4. 60 and 66. 5. Yes; 30-in. 6. It struck us as being a capital idea. 7. We certainly would not advise you to do it.

R. GUTSMANN (London).—"The cost of sending a bicycle from London to Berlin is according to weight. Presuming that the machine in question would come out at about 45 lbs., including packing, the charge would be 12/6, and the duty 10 per cent. of its value. I would recommend that it should be sent by G.E.R.—F. G. GENLOWD, Secretary's Office, G.E.R."

"RIDER" (Colchester).—Dunlops are much to be preferred to the others you have been recommended. The agent knows something.

D. LEGARD (Cambridge).—We do think it is a good thing, though, of course, we speak without any practical experience, but only after a careful inspection of the machine at the Show.

F. J. PITT (25 Bolsover Street) is a Winter rider and wishes to join a good cycling club in the South of London, that holds Saturday afternoon runs during the Winter months. Will hon. secs. please communicate with our correspondent direct.

ANGUS BELL (London) will be glad if any reader can give him an idea of the state of the roads from Ilford to Southend. For the advantage of other cyclists he says that the road from Hendon to Elstree is good, thence to St. Alban's much loose stone. St. Alban's to Barnet new laid in places.

A. H. B. (London).—1. We have never heard of the firm named, and therefore cannot recommend their machines. 2. Of the machines named we recommend the Sunbeam. 3. Yes, a thoroughly reliable machine. 4. The latter is a much better machine. 5. No, not if you are a fairly light weight yourself. 6. We can recommend both the articles named.

T. WEINSTOCK (London) inquired for a route from London to Cardiff. R. J. Barratt kindly sends the following route:—"Hyde Park Corner to Hounslow (9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Colnbrook (17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Slough (20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Maidenhead (26), Reading (39), Newbury (56), Marlboro (74 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Calne (87), Bath (106), Bristol (119 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) (leaving by White Lady's Road, and crossing Clifton Downs), Westbury (123 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Pilning Station (128 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), train through Severn Tunnel to Severn Tunnel Junction (134), Unicorn (141 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Newport (147 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), and Runney Bridge (153) to Cardiff (160 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). The road is very good as far as Bath, then rather lumpy to Pilning, very fair to Newport, and fair to Cardiff, and taken on the whole, not hilly. Very good hotel accommodation all the way. I believe there are trains through the Severn Tunnel about every two hours."

"THREE YEARS" (Bristol).—There are many occasions when convenience to ourselves has to have prior consideration to the convenience of others, and the case you mention is a case in point. We, of course, regret having disappointed you, but later on we may feel inclined to issue the "Types of Cyclists" separately for framing. You can have "Cycling's Art of Album" forwarded post free, for 8d. We are not supplying it through newsagents. We thank you for your very good opinion of "CYCLING," and feel we must print your remarks. Our correspondent says:—"Before I wind up, let me express to you my thanks for such an enjoyable paper as 'CYCLING'; I consider it far and away ahead of any other paper of its class, and, what is more to the point, with such a quantity of good reading matter and illustrations, does not require to be given away to keep its circulation up, like some cycling papers I might mention."

BOMBAY CYCLE AGENCY (Bombay).—It gives us pleasure to have the opportunity of replying to your queries. 1. We place the machines in the following order, though the first five or six are so near equal that it is impossible to say one is better than the other. B. A. L. M. C. I. G. K. E. M. J. F. H. 2. We do not know any makers who would turn you out really reliable machines at the price named. There are people in England who would undertake to do it, but we should certainly not advise you to have anything to do with the material they would turn out at such a figure. 3. John Marston, Wolverhampton.

P. B. SNASHALL (Hon. Sec. City Cycling at the Cape. C.C. Cape Town) in the course of a highly interesting letter remarks "Cape Town has been very much behind-hand in matters cyclical,

but there is every indication of a change in this respect. During the last few months the number of cyclists having increased considerably, and it really looks as if the long-delayed and much-talked of track will be finished within six months. Our club is the only club in the Cape district, and is very popular, comprising at present nearly 100 members, which include some ardent tourists, and some very good 'speed merchants,' the latter including Messrs. L. S. Meintjes, and C. E. Brink. Up till the last few weeks Cape cyclists have been looked upon by our Johannesburg and Port Elizabeth friends as being very inferior from a speed point of view, but recent events have led them to somewhat change their opinion. There is no doubt we have some very good men here, and when the track is finished we shall be able to hold our own with any South Africans in the matter of cycle racing. Imaland, who won the race on Saturday, is undoubtedly the fastest rider in the club, but it is the general opinion that the best rider in Cape Town is a young South African College student, Jack Rose. In a recent five mile open scratch race this rider fairly romped away from C. E. Brink, the Johannesburg crack, in the final sprint; and in some College sports held a few weeks before he won the three cycle races, giving the other College boys up to one mile start in the five miles handicap, and easily beating our best club members in a two miles scratch. We expect great things of this young man when our track is finished, although it is somewhat doubtful whether his parents will allow him to race.

The favourite machines here are 'Raleighs,' these being the only machines well represented here up till quite recently, but Rudge-Whitworth opened their head office for South Africa here two weeks ago, with Mr. L. S. Meintjes as manager, and these machines will, no doubt, take on well here now. The other makes at present represented are Singers, Rovers, Mohawks, Columbias, and Ramblers, the two latter by an American Advance Co. Humber & Co. have no agents at present, but I understand Messrs. Menzies & Moore, the present agents of the Raleigh, are going to represent Humbers as well. Riders here will have the best make only, although, with the high duty, the price for cash, is between £45 and £50. Local riders keep themselves well posted with the cycling events and doings in England and the Continent, most of the best wheeling journals being well supported by the humble copper. It is astonishing that such a splendid paper as yours can be sold for a penny in a place where other commodities are almost double the price of things in England, but such is the case. I hope to be able to send some snap-shots of the finish of some road races held here three weeks ago, by next mail. Perhaps they may be of some use to you. 'Cycling' is about the most popular cycling paper here, and we should, of course, be pleased to see some notice taken of local events in its pages."

THE EDITOR WISHES ALL  
CORRESPONDENTS A RIGHT  
MERRY CHRISTMASTIDE.

NOTICE.—We are always happy to reply to all queries addressed to us on matters connected with the sport, pastime, or trade. It must be distinctly understood, however, that owing to the large number of inquiries which reach us, we cannot always reply at once, but we always endeavour to answer queries as soon as possible.

Correspondents can send any inquiries to us for insertion in this column with a view to ascertaining information from any of our readers whose experiences render them capable of giving it. Under no circumstances whatever can we reply through the post to inquiries of any description.

Under no circumstances can we reply to anonymous correspondents. Name and address should accompany every inquiry as a guarantee of good faith.



DON'T MISS

**GAMAGE, at the Stanley Show!**

**GALLERY STAND NO. 170.**

~~~~~  
**GAMAGE WILL EVER LEAD!!**  
~~~~~

**Cycling Suits,  
Ladies' Cycling Costumes,  
The New Vest and Sweater Combination,  
Cycling Shoes (Ladies' and Men's),  
Cycling Stockings and Hosiery,  
Cycling Caps, Ventilated,  
Waterproof Ponchos (Ladies' and Men's).**

~~~~~  
**. CYCLING ACCESSORIES .**

**The New Trilby Lamp,  
The New Trilby Bell,  
The New Trilby Cyclometer.**  
*Lamps, Bells, Wrenches, Saddles, &c. &c.*

~~~~~  
**SPECIAL SHOW OF  
ALL THE LATEST MAKES IN SADDLES, FADS, AND MONSTROSITIES.**  
~~~~~

**GAMAGE, HOLBORN, for Cycling Outfits!**  
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## RECORDS OF THE YEAR.

(Compiled up to November 14th, 1895 by James Blair, Official Handicapper, N.C.U.)

## WORLD'S PATH RECORDS.—SAFETY BICYCLE.

| RECORD.            | TIME OR DISTANCE.   | HOLDER.             | PLACE.            | DATE.         | RECORD. | TIME OR DISTANCE.     | HOLDER.           | PLACE.         | DATE.          |
|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------|---------------|---------|-----------------------|-------------------|----------------|----------------|
| Miles.             | M. S.               |                     |                   |               | Miles.  | H. M. S.              |                   |                |                |
| f.s. $\frac{1}{4}$ | 24 $\frac{1}{2}$    | J. S. Johnson C.    | Louisville U.S.A. | 21 Oct., 1895 | 25      | 51 27 $\frac{1}{2}$   | J. W. Stocks B.   | Catford        | 14 Oct., 1895  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 28                  | Ditto C.            | Ditto             | 21 Nov., 1894 | 50      | 1 48 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ | J. Platt-Betts B. | Ditto          | 10 Sept., 1895 |
| $\frac{3}{4}$      | 55 $\frac{1}{2}$    | Ditto C.            | Ditto             | 21 Nov., 1894 | 100     | 3 52 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  | M. Lesna D.       | Buffalo, Paris | 11 Aug., 1895  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 24 $\frac{1}{2}$    | T. Gibbon Brooks B. | Catford           | 15 Oct., 1895 | 1 hr.   | 29m. 45y.             | J. W. Stocks B.   | Catford        | 14 Oct., 1895  |
| f.s. $\frac{1}{4}$ | 44 $\frac{1}{2}$    | J. S. Johnson C.    | Louisville        | 21 Oct., 1895 | 6 hrs.  | 150m. 884y.           | C. Huret D.       | Bordeaux       | 7-8 Sep., 1895 |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 52 $\frac{1}{2}$    | Ditto C.            | Ditto             | 21 Nov., 1894 | 12 hrs. | 283m. 488y.           | Ditto D.          | Ditto          | Ditto          |
| 5                  | 9 49                | C. F. Barden D.     | Bordeaux          | 11 May, 1895  | 24 hrs. | 529m. 895y.           | Ditto D.          | Ditto          | Ditto          |
| 10                 | 20 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ | J. W. Stocks B.     | Catford           | 14 Oct., 1895 |         |                       |                   |                |                |

A.—Amateur.

B.—Unlicensed.

C.—Class B.

D.—Professional.

## ENGLISH PATH RECORDS.—SAFETY BICYCLE.

## LICENSED AMATEUR. (Under N.C.U. Rules)

## UNLICENSED AMATEUR. (Not recognised by N.C.U.)

|                    |                      |                   |            |                |                    |                       |                    |         |                |
|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------|------------|----------------|--------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|---------|----------------|
| f.s. $\frac{1}{4}$ | 26 $\frac{1}{2}$     | E. E. Parlyby ... | Catford    | 28 Aug., 1895  | f.s. $\frac{1}{4}$ | 26 $\frac{1}{2}$      | F. W. Chinn ...    | Catford | 13 Sep., 1895  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 29 $\frac{1}{2}$     | Ditto ...         | Ditto      | 17 Aug., 1895  | $\frac{1}{2}$      | 30 $\frac{1}{2}$      | T. Gibbon Brooks   | Ditto   | 15 Oct., 1895  |
| $\frac{3}{4}$      | 58 $\frac{1}{2}$     | R. A. Marples ... | Ditto      | 18 Sep., 1895  | $\frac{1}{2}$      | 30 $\frac{1}{2}$      | Ditto              | Ditto   | Ditto          |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 26 $\frac{1}{2}$     | Ditto ...         | Ditto      | Ditto          | $\frac{1}{2}$      | 57 $\frac{1}{2}$      | F. W. Chinn ...    | Ditto   | 28 Oct., 1895  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 56 $\frac{1}{2}$     | Ditto ...         | Ditto      | Ditto          | $\frac{1}{2}$      | 24 $\frac{1}{2}$      | T. Gibbon Brooks   | Ditto   | 15 Oct., 1895  |
| 5                  | 10 26 $\frac{1}{2}$  | R. Palmer ...     | Ditto      | 31 Aug., 1895  | $\frac{1}{2}$      | 53 $\frac{1}{2}$      | Ditto              | Ditto   | Ditto          |
| 10                 | 21 8 $\frac{1}{2}$   | Ditto ...         | Ditto      | Ditto          | 5                  | 9 51 $\frac{1}{2}$    | J. W. Stocks ...   | Ditto   | 14 Oct., 1895  |
| 25                 | 55 9 $\frac{1}{2}$   | C. G. Wridgway... | Herne Hill | 7 Sep., 1895   | 10                 | 20 10 $\frac{1}{2}$   | Ditto              | Ditto   | Ditto          |
| 50                 | 1 53 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Ditto ...         | Ditto      | Ditto          | 25                 | 51 27 $\frac{1}{2}$   | Ditto              | Ditto   | Ditto          |
| 100                | 3 55 47              | F. D. Frost ...   | Catford    | 17 Aug., 1895  | 50                 | 1 48 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ | J. Platt-Betts ... | Ditto   | 10 Sep., 1895  |
| 1 hr.              | 27m. 23oy.           | C. G. Wridgway... | Herne Hill | 31 Aug., 1895  | 100                | 3 54 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ | A. E. Walters ...  | Ditto   | 7 Sep., 1895   |
| 6 hrs.             | 139m. 95oy.          | G. Hunt ...       | Ditto      | 21 Sep., 1895  | 1 hr.              | 29m. 45y.             | J. W. Stocks ...   | Ditto   | 14 Oct., 1895  |
| 12 hrs.            | 261m. 125oy.         | Ditto ...         | Ditto      | Ditto          | 6 hrs.             | 145m. 1456y.          | Ditto              | Ditto   | 24 Aug., 1895  |
| 24 hrs.            | 460m. 1296y.         | F. W. Shorland... | Ditto      | 27-28 July '94 | 12 hrs.            | 261m. 1094y.          | A. E. Walters ...  | Putney  | 21-22 June '95 |
|                    |                      |                   |            |                | 24 hrs.            | 474m. 1568y.          | C. C. Fontaine     | Ditto   | 21-22 June '95 |

N.B.—All Records made by Unlicensed Amateurs, timed by Union Official Timekeepers, excepting Chinn's  $\frac{1}{4}$ , which has since been equalled by T. G. Brooks.

## SAFETY BICYCLE.

## TRICYCLE.

## PROFESSIONAL.—(Under N.C.U. Rules.)

## LICENSED AMATEUR.—(Under N.C.U. Rules.)

|                    |                       |                  |            |               |                    |                       |                   |            |                |
|--------------------|-----------------------|------------------|------------|---------------|--------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|------------|----------------|
| f.s. $\frac{1}{4}$ | 26 $\frac{1}{2}$      | C. F. Barden ... | Catford    | 26 June, 1895 | f.s. $\frac{1}{4}$ | 31 $\frac{1}{2}$      | L. Stroud ...     | Herne Hill | 23 Sep., 1893  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 30 $\frac{1}{2}$      | A. A. Zimmerman  | Herne Hill | 11 Aug., 1894 | $\frac{1}{2}$      | 33 $\frac{1}{2}$      | Ditto             | Ditto      | 22 Sep., 1893  |
| $\frac{3}{4}$      | 57 $\frac{1}{2}$      | A. W. Harris ... | Catford    | 27 Sep., 1895 | $\frac{1}{2}$      | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$       | E. L. Winbolt ... | Wood Green | 12 Oct., 1895  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 26 $\frac{1}{2}$      | Ditto ...        | Ditto      | Ditto         | $\frac{1}{2}$      | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$      | Ditto             | Ditto      | Ditto          |
| f.s. $\frac{1}{4}$ | 30 $\frac{1}{2}$      | C. F. Barden ... | Ditto      | 26 June, 1895 | $\frac{1}{2}$      | 17 $\frac{1}{2}$      | Ditto             | Ditto      | Ditto          |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 58 $\frac{1}{2}$      | A. W. Harris ... | Ditto      | 27 Sep., 1895 | 5                  | 12 59 $\frac{1}{2}$   | F. T. Bowen ...   | Herne Hill | 7 Nov., 1893   |
| 5                  | 10 15 $\frac{1}{2}$   | C. F. Barden ... | Ditto      | 27 June, 1895 | 10                 | 25 19 $\frac{1}{2}$   | A. F. Ilsley ...  | Wood Green | 8 June, 1895   |
| 10                 | 20 45 $\frac{1}{2}$   | Ditto ...        | Ditto      | Ditto         | 25                 | 1 7 46 $\frac{1}{2}$  | F. T. Bowen ...   | Herne Hill | 31 Oct., 1893  |
| 25                 | 55 59 $\frac{1}{2}$   | J. Michael ...   | Ditto      | 13 July, 1895 | 50                 | 2 47 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ | E. Steel ...      | Putney     | 20 Sep., 1894  |
| 50                 | 1 55 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Ditto ...        | Ditto      | Ditto         | 100                | 4 58 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Ditto             | Ditto      | Ditto          |
| 100                | 4 1 30 $\frac{1}{2}$  | Ditto ...        | Ditto      | Ditto         | 1 hr.              | 22m. 64oy.            | F. T. Bowen ...   | Herne Hill | 31 Oct., 1893  |
| 1 hr.              | 26m. 124oy.           | Ditto ...        | Ditto      | Ditto         | 6 hrs.             | 116m. 158oy.          | E. Steel ...      | Putney     | 20 Sep., 1894  |
| 6 hrs.             | 144m. 59oy.           | Ditto ...        | Ditto      | Ditto         | 12 hrs.            | 223m. 1085y.          | Ditto             | Ditto      | Ditto          |
| 12 hrs.            | None                  | ...              | ...        | ...           | 24 hrs.            | 410m. 1110y.          | F. T. Bidlake     | Herne Hill | 21-2 July, '93 |
| 24 hrs.            | None                  | ...              | ...        | ...           |                    |                       |                   |            |                |

\* Not considered by the N.C.U.

No "Professional" or "Unlicensed" Records worth compiling.

## TANDEM SAFETY.

## LICENSED AMATEUR.—(Under N.C.U. Rules.)

|                    |                     |                                 |            |               |         |                       |                                |            |               |
|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------------------|------------|---------------|---------|-----------------------|--------------------------------|------------|---------------|
| f.s. $\frac{1}{4}$ | 26 $\frac{1}{2}$    | J. Aram & A. W. Harris ...      | Herne Hill | 21 Sep., 1895 | 25      | 55 46 $\frac{1}{2}$   | J. B. Cooke & W. S. Yeoman ... | Herne Hill | 6 July, 1895  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 31 $\frac{1}{2}$    | F. W. Weatherly & W. Rosser ... | Catford    | 10 July, 1895 | 50      | 1 52 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Ditto                          | Ditto      | Ditto         |
| $\frac{3}{4}$      | 58 $\frac{1}{2}$    | Ditto                           | Ditto      | Ditto         | 100     | 3 47 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Ditto                          | Ditto      | Ditto         |
| $\frac{1}{2}$      | 27 $\frac{1}{2}$    | Ditto                           | Ditto      | Ditto         | 1 hr.   | 27m. 20y.             | Ditto                          | Ditto      | Ditto         |
| 1                  | 1 58                | Ditto                           | Ditto      | Ditto         | 6 hrs.  | 146m. 160y.           | J. F. Rudham & C. Chapple ...  | Ditto      | 28 Sep., 1895 |
| 5                  | 10 48               | Ditto                           | Ditto      | 6 July, 1895  | 12 hrs. | 262m. 1100y.          | J. P. K. Clark & F. R. Goodwin | Wood Green | 14 Sep., 1895 |
| 10                 | 21 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Ditto                           | Ditto      | Ditto         | 24 hrs. | None                  | ...                            | ...        | ...           |

No "Professional" or "Unlicensed" Records worth compiling, excepting A. J. Watson and J. Platt-Betts f.s.  $\frac{1}{4}$ , in 26 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs., at Catford, May 18th, 1895; and W. J. Jones and J. E. Ridout 10 miles, in 21 mins. 25 secs., at Wood Green, June 8th, 1895.

\* F.S. denotes flying start.



**TRIPLET SAFETY.**  
**LICENSED AMATEUR.—(Under N.C.U. Rules.)**

| RECORD.             | TIME OR DISTANCE.  | HOLDERS.                                     | PLACE.     | DATE.         | RECORD. | TIME OR DISTANCE.     | HOLDERS.                                    | PLACE.     | DATE.        |
|---------------------|--------------------|----------------------------------------------|------------|---------------|---------|-----------------------|---------------------------------------------|------------|--------------|
| Miles.              | H. M. S.           |                                              |            |               | Miles.  | H. M. S.              |                                             |            |              |
| f.-s. $\frac{1}{4}$ | 26                 | P. Wheelock, G. A. Hodges, & C. T. Hodges... | Catford    | 18 Sep., 1895 | 5       | 11 35 $\frac{3}{4}$   | H. H. Clarke, P. Litchfield, & F. J. Little | Herne Hill | 6 July, 1895 |
| $\frac{1}{4}$       | 33 $\frac{3}{4}$   | P. Wheelock, J. B. Cooke, & W. S. Yeoman     | Herne Hill | 19 Oct., 1895 | 10      | 22 58 $\frac{1}{2}$   | Ditto                                       | Ditto      | Ditto        |
| $\frac{1}{2}$       | 1 0 $\frac{3}{4}$  | Ditto                                        | Ditto      | Ditto         | 25      | 57 23 $\frac{1}{2}$   | Ditto                                       | Ditto      | Ditto        |
| $\frac{1}{2}$       | 1 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Ditto                                        | Ditto      | Ditto         | 50      | 2 1 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  | Ditto                                       | Ditto      | Ditto        |
| f.-s. 1             | 1 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ | P. Wheelock, G. A. Hodges, & C. T. Hodges... | Catford    | 18 Sep., 1895 | 100     | 4 14 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ | Ditto                                       | Ditto      | Ditto        |
|                     |                    | P. Wheelock, J. B. Cooke, & W. S. Yeoman     | Herne Hill | 19 Oct., 1895 | 1 hr.   | 26m. 402y.            | Ditto                                       | Ditto      | Ditto        |
|                     |                    |                                              |            |               | 6 hrs.  | None                  | ...                                         | ...        | ...          |
|                     |                    |                                              |            |               | 12 hrs. | None                  | ...                                         | ...        | ...          |
|                     |                    |                                              |            |               | 24 hrs. | None                  | ...                                         | ...        | ...          |

No "Professional" or "Unlicensed" records.

**QUADRUPLET SAFETY.**  
**LICENSED AMATEUR.—(Under N.C.U. Rules.)**

|                     |                    |                                |         |               |    |                     |                                |         |               |
|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------------------|---------|---------------|----|---------------------|--------------------------------|---------|---------------|
| f.-s. $\frac{1}{4}$ | 26 $\frac{3}{4}$   | Poole, Fernhead, Stone, & Dark | Catford | 28 Aug., 1895 | 1  | 2 0 $\frac{3}{4}$   | Poole, Fernhead, Stone, & Dark | Catford | 28 Aug., 1895 |
| $\frac{1}{4}$       | 35 $\frac{1}{2}$   | Ditto                          | Ditto   | Ditto         | 5  | 10 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  | Ditto                          | Ditto   | Ditto         |
| $\frac{1}{2}$       | 1 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  | Ditto                          | Ditto   | Ditto         | 10 | 20 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Ditto                          | Ditto   | Ditto         |
| $\frac{1}{2}$       | 1 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Ditto                          | Ditto   | Ditto         |    |                     |                                |         |               |

No Records over 10 miles, nor any "Professional" or "Unlicensed" Records.

**ENGLISH ROAD RECORDS.—(Recognised by the R.R.A.)**

**SAFETY.**

**TRICYCLE.**

| RECORD.                      | TIME OR DISTANCE. | HOLDERS.       | DATE.           | RECORD.                      | TIME OR DISTANCE.       | HOLDERS.      | DATE.          |
|------------------------------|-------------------|----------------|-----------------|------------------------------|-------------------------|---------------|----------------|
| Miles.                       | H. M. S.          |                |                 | Miles.                       | H. M. S.                |               |                |
| 50                           | 1 55 50           | A. E. Walters  | 15 Oct., 1895   | 50                           | 2 22 55                 | F. T. Bidlake | 10 July, 1894  |
| 100                          | 4 21 45           | Ditto          | Ditto           | 100                          | 5 15 57                 | Ditto         | 13 June, 1895  |
| 12 hrs.                      | 217 miles         | M. A. Holbein  | 4-5 July, '95   | 12 hrs.                      | 194 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles | Ditto         | 15 Sep., 1894  |
| 24 hrs.                      | 397 miles         | Ditto          | Ditto           | 24 hrs.                      | 356 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles | Ditto         | " " "          |
| London — Brighton and Back   | 5 34 58           | A. A. Chase    | 26 Sep., 1895   | London — Brighton and Back   | 6 18 28                 | J. Parsley    | 17 Oct., 1895  |
| London — Bath and Back       | 12 31 4           | W. J. Neason   | 11 May, 1895    | London — Bath and Back       | 16 1 35                 | F. Martin     | 23 Aug., 1895  |
| London and York              | 11 29 15          | C. C. Fontaine | 18 Oct., 1895   | London and York              | 13 19 0                 | F. T. Bidlake | 29 Sep., 1892  |
| London and Liverpool         | 12 29 --          | E. J. Steel    | 9 May, 1895     | London and Liverpool         | 14 57 0                 | S. H. Keeling | 13 June, 1894  |
| London & Edinburgh           | 27 38 0           | W. J. Neason   | 17-18 July, '95 | London & Edinburgh           | None                    | ...           | ...            |
| Liverp'l & Edinburgh         | 15 3 0            | H. B. Saunders | 20 Sep., 1894   | Liverp'l & Edinburgh         | None                    | ...           | ...            |
| Land's End to John o'Groat's | 3d. 5h. 49m       | G. P. Mills    | 18-21 June, '94 | Land's End to John o'Groat's | 3d. 16h. 47m.           | G. P. Mills   | 5-8 June, 1893 |

**TANDEM SAFETY.**

**TANDEM TRICYCLE.**

|                              |                         |                               |                 |                              |                         |                                 |               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------|------------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------|
| 50                           | 1 55 50                 | J. Walton & P. Wheelock       | 15 Oct., 1895   | 50                           | 2 16 50                 | S. D. Begbie & T. G. King, jun. | 1 Oct., 1894  |
| 100                          | 4 46 18                 | M. A. Holbein & J. W. Stocks  | 29 May, 1895    | 100                          | 5 30 31                 | S. F. Edge & J. E. L. Bates     | 18 Oct., 1890 |
| 12 hrs.                      | 221 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles | Ditto                         | Ditto           | 12 hrs.                      | 180 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles | M. A. Holbein & F. T. Bidlake   | 21 June, 1893 |
| 24 hrs.                      | 397 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles | M. A. Holbein & J. A. Bennett | 4 Sep., 1895    | 24 hrs.                      | 333 miles               | Ditto                           | Ditto         |
| London — Brighton and Back   | None                    | ...                           | ...             | London — Brighton and Back   | None                    | ...                             | ...           |
| London — Bath and Back       | None                    | ...                           | ...             | London — Bath and Back       | None                    | ...                             | ...           |
| London and York              | 12 33 0                 | G. P. Mills & T. A. Edge      | 24 July, 1895   | London and York              | 13 19 0                 | M. A. Holbein & F. W. Sherland  | 29 Sep., 1892 |
| London and Liverpool         | None                    | ...                           | ...             | London and Liverpool         | None                    | ...                             | ...           |
| London & Edinburgh           | 27 33 0                 | E. Oxborrow & H. H. Sansom    | 20-21 Sep., '94 | London & Edinburgh           | None                    | ...                             | ...           |
| Liverp'l & Edinburgh         | None                    | ...                           | ...             | Liverp'l & Edinburgh         | None                    | ...                             | ...           |
| Land's End to John o'Groat's | 3d. 4h. 46m.            | G. P. Mills & T. A. Edge      | 8-11 July, 1895 | Land's End to John o'Groat's | None                    | ...                             | ...           |



# GAMAGE LEADS! VALUE FOR MONEY!

BE SURE AND SEE THE

## 'GAMAGE' Cycles

AT THE

# Stanley Show, Stand No. 49

## THE "GAMSPEDE." Up-to-date.

Beeston Tyres £9 9s.

Dunlop £9 17s. 6d.

With Leather Gear Case £10 10s.

## THE "ILIXUM." Better than ever.

Dunlop Tyres £12 12s.

Equal to machines listed at £22.

## THE "SPECIAL GAMAGE"

HIGHEST FINISH AND QUALITY.

Equal to the best, and surpassed by none £16 16s.

## SPECIAL SHOW OF LADIES' SAFETIES.

|                      |                |              |
|----------------------|----------------|--------------|
| The "GAMSPEDE"       | (Dunlop Tyres) | £10 17s. 6d. |
| The "GAMAGE"         | " "            | £12 17s. 6d. |
| The "SPECIAL GAMAGE" | (Dunlop Tyres) | £16 16s. 0d. |

## THE "GAMAGE MIDGET"

FOR BOY'S AND GIRL'S UP TO TEN YEARS.

Right-up-to-Date. Weight only 18 lbs. Dunlop Tyres £8 8s.

Remember, The Number is 49.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid