

CYCLING.

GERMAN cyclists have an effectual way of getting rid of troublesome dogs. Bicycle bombs are now manufactured in the Fatherland—small but extremely noisy explosives, which exercise a magical effect upon the cur of aggressive propensities. A dog made in Germany thinks twice now before attempting to molest people on wheels.

The *Lady Cyclist* has the following:—"I came home from a long, muddy ride the other day with my shoes soaked, owing to a defective mud guard. The leather was completely sodden with moisture, so I filled the shoes with oats and let them dry gradually. The oats kept the shoes in shape. When quite dry they were well rubbed with cod liver oil (this is nicer than taking it yourself) to restore the suppleness, and the rubbing was repeated several times; the smell of the oil soon wears off. Of course this treatment prevents the shoes taking a polish, so finally they should be rubbed over with a slice from a raw potato. Cyclists are so often out in the mud and wet that a method of restoring the softness of shoes is necessary. Mine are now as comfortable as ever."

A correspondent to a Home paper says:—"Many readers will have doubtless read or heard of the Japanese rickshaw, a light covered vehicle in which a man takes the place of the horse. I do not suggest the introduction of the rickshaws into our European streets, but do suggest that the modern and fast-becoming universal cycle be utilised for the public benefit as a means of passenger conveyance. In this way. Let a machine be constructed—either bi- or tri- or quadri-cycle, according as the adaptor should judge fitting for the exigencies of the case—with a seat available for one passenger, preferably, I should say, at the side of the driver or pedaller, the passenger of course sitting passive as in any other hired vehicle. Let a number of these "cyclos" be stanced at certain stations throughout the city under the care of strong, steady reliable men, and fixed rates charged according to distance, length of time, etc., the same as for cabs. A rate midway between cab and tramway car fares would, I think, suit the public, and pay well the enterprising organiser or organisers of such a scheme, which seems to me both practical and feasible. I would indeed venture to predict that in the course of a year or two the "cyclo," with its lady or gentleman passenger, will be as familiar a feature of our streets as the cab, hansom, bus, and tram are now. For inclement weather, adjustable hoods could be fixed over the seat, and so make it available for winter use. The "cyclo," having an immense advantage in celerity over cab and tram, would commend itself to busy men in catching trains, keeping business appointments, and in a hundred other ways which will readily occur to the minds of readers."

Our cyclist readers have heard of the sudden death of Mr H. S. Roper while making a successful road trial of a steam bicycle which he had invented. His death occurred on the new Charles River bicycle track, in Boston, while the inventor, proudly seated upon his machine, was speeding along the track at about a two minute clip. For a quarter of a century, says the *Boston Post*, Mr Roper had contrived and planned to equip a vehicle with

locomotive power. On the dawn of his success the fruits of the victory were snatched from his grasp before he had hardly tasted them. The new bicycle, which he had equipped with a steam engine, was proving itself a fiercer and did a mile in the remarkable time of two minutes and one-fifth of a second, when its rider suddenly toppled off and fell upon his face. Bystanders ran to pick him up, but before he could be reached he was dead.

Fully twenty-five years ago he had taken an old-fashioned velocipede and attempted to run it by steam. After a few changes the apparatus was made to work, and for thirteen years Mr Roper used it. From time to time he would make alterations to reach perfection. A change here, a piston rod shortened, or a new kind of boiler kept the inventor's mind constantly on the alert, and since 1869 it was his pet hobby. About a dozen years ago he discarded the old machine for a tricycle and began fitting up a new and improved motor apparatus. This was also a success, and it was not an unusual sight to see him scudding down Dorchester Avenue at a rattling pace. The 'trike' was rather heavy and Mr Roper hailed the advent of the light two-wheeler as a machine with which satisfactory results might be obtained. He began experimenting on a high frame safety furnished by an enterprising firm who saw the immense possibilities which would be opened up by the perfection of Mr Roper's idea.

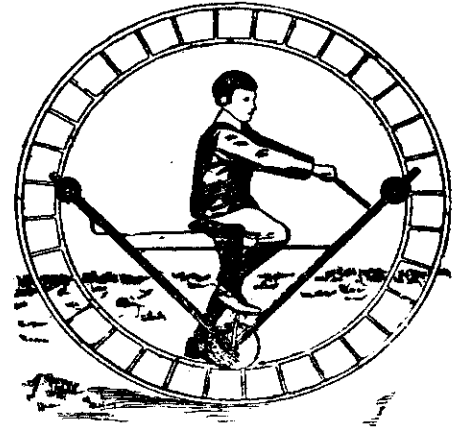
Special plans were made for the engine, which was powerful, yet light and very compact. It could stand an average pressure of 150 pounds of steam, but had been tested up to 185 pounds, and could generate an energy of eight horse power. The machine had only been completed a week when the dreadful ending came, in the very dawn of success the inventor's heart gave out and he was gone.

The first test was made on Dorchester Avenue, Dorchester, and a trial was to have been given to test the speed around the new Charles River bicycle track. The enthusiastic inventor arrived promptly on time and had shown his back to all of the amateurs. Nat Butler, one of the crack riders of Boston, was out for exercise and paced a mile with the machine. He soon found he could not keep up with it, and even then the machine was not pushed to its best gait. Mr Roper came up the stretch in a two minute clip and passing the wire kept on.

In less than a minute he was dead. The machine was noticed to wobble shortly after he passed the tape and those standing by observed a sudden pallor spread over his face. For a man of seventy two years he had been until that day in very good health. Mr Roper was born in Franconstown, N. H. Although he was raised on a farm, his mechanical genius soon drove him to the city. He worked hard in machine shops all day, and at night studied the theory of mechanics. He turned his attention to sewing machines and fine guns. His invention was that upon which the celebrated Elias Howe machine was patented. He also invented the first knitting machine and hot air furnaces and ranges.

Although the English have been far behind the Americans in inventions appertaining to wheeling, the contrivance recently patented in Great Britain and called the epicycle may result in some modifications in the construction of the wheel of the future. The epicycle is an immense wheel spoked to an inner rim,

within which is fitted a V-shaped contrivance whose ends and inverted apex are rigged with wheels, the lower and larger one of which is fitted with pedal attachments. With a pushing start and the added incentive of the



AN EPICYCLE.

friction furnished by the operator, the sanguine inventor claims its advantages are great speed and ease of locomotion.

A cyclist at Goulburn, New South Wales, Mr Peter McLaren, met with a serious accident. He was descending a steep incline at a great pace, and ran into a barrier placed across the road in front of a culvert. He was thrown seven feet into the air, falling on his face. His nose was reduced to a pulp, flesh was scooped off his face, and he is badly disfigured for life.

Lord and Lady Carrington have been fined at Wycombe for riding their bicycles without lights.

The news that the Countess of Warwick had knocked down her husband in the street caused quite a sensation in Warwick the other day, but it appears that it was only a matter of stern necessity. According to the accounts published, the Countess was riding her bicycle down a narrow lane, and was suddenly confronted by a cart. The only available outlet was blocked by the figure of the Earl, but the Countess, without a moment's hesitation, decided to sacrifice him, and forthwith bowled him over, although, with great presence of mind, she kept her seat. Of course, the Earl was not hurt.

A PRISON AS A HEALTH RESORT.

It is the one aim and object of some people to find the most healthy spot to live in. The latest health resort the Hospital has heard extolled is Pentonville Prison, where during the past year, among 11,495 prisoners, there has only been one death. Whether the argument is most in favour of limited diet and plenty of work, or of the healthfulness of the locality, or all three combined, says the *Medical Record*, it is not possible to state definitely.



Long years ago, a maiden fair,
Would riding go in a sedan chair.



In bloomers now she's dressed, and like
The wind she flies astride a bike,

THEN AND NOW.