TITLED ANARCHISTS.

LISHMEN AS WELL AS RUSSIANS ENROLLED AS ENEMIES OF SOCIETY.

Although Anarchy and Socialism both aim at the equality of mankind and at the destruction of everything in the shape of rank, titular distinctions and of the gradations of society, yet strangely enough a large number of noblemen, including princes, dukes, marquises, counts, English earls and barons, are to be found in the foremost ranks of these enemies of order and of the social system as now constituted in the civilized countries of the world. What their motives may have been in thus allying themselves with the bitterest foes of their caste it is difficult to explain. In some instances it is merely vanity and the desire to attract public attention and to play a rôle; in others the anxiety to command the influence of what promises to develop into one of the powers of the land. Then again, there are nobles whose Socialistic and Anarchist opinions are the result of personal conviction and of the contemplation of the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, and who devote their riches as well as their lives to the furtherance of the cause. Finally, there are those who have either been embittered by some injustice, or else who have been driven by crime or poverty to desert to the enemy and to seek refuge in the camp of the forces of disorder.

It is to this latter class that the Russian Prince Victor Nackachidze belongs, who was compromised to such an extent in a Nihilist conspiracy in 1887—Nihilism and Anarchy are practically identical as may be inferred from their respective names—that he was condemned to death. This sentence was, however, commuted to hard labor in the mines of Siberia, whence he managed to effect his escape, thanks to the assistance of his fiancée, who had followed him thither. He sought refuge in Paris, where, in July, 1890, he was condemned to a year's imprisonment for having been concerned with a number of other Russian refugees in the manufacture of explosive bombs at Vincennes. After having completed his term of imprisonment he was expelled from France. He made his way to London, Switzerland and to Nice, where he was again arrested and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary for having violated the decree of exile pronounced against him. Subsequently, we hear of his being expelled in turn from Belgium, from Spain and from Italy, and finally, in the last stages of consumption, he has been once more captured on French soil, and condemned to three months' detention by the Assize Court at Perpignan. In his various wanderings he has been accompanied throughout by his wife, a Baroness von Roedel by birth, who has studied medicine and obtained a diploma as a physician, and, who like her husband, enjoys the distinction of having been condemned to death by the Russian courts as one of the principal perpetrators of the Skopotka outrage. The Prince, who is scarcely likely to survive his present term of incarceration, bears one of the most illustrious names in Russian history, and is nearly related to the imperial house of Romanoff. Both his father-in-law, Baron Roedel, who was with him at the time of his arrest, and the Prince himself were formerly very rich, but, having squandered their fortune, sought refuge in the ranks of Anarchy. I may add that Princess Nackachidze, who has announced her intention of presenting a petition for her husband's liberation to President Casimir-Perier, is a remarkably attractive and clever woman. She dresses most elegantly, is petite, short-haired and has most captivating manners. She is passionately attached to her husband.

Of a different calibre is the Sicilian Prince Bassina, who will be one of the first of the political convicts to be deported to that pestilential *island on the* Red Sea coast which the Italian *Government* has just fitted up as a penal settle*ment for* offenders found guilty of crimes of an Anarchist and Socialist character. Like the Russian Prince Nackachidze, he is of most illustrious descent, and married to a charming and beautiful woman, but differs from His Muscovite Highness in that he is endowed with considerable wealth. He openly joined the Anarchist party some five or six years ago and, as he is a millionaire, was warmly welcomed by them, especially as he permitted his superb palace at Palermo to become in a great measure their headquarters in that city. Charged with being one of the ringleaders of the insurrectionary movement that convulsed Sicily last spring, he was arrested, tried by court-martial and condemned to penal servitude for a term of ten years.

Prince Peter Krapotkine, the Russian Anarchist, is so well-known by his writings that he needs but passing reference here. He has a head of billiard-ball glossiness, except just at the base where, seen at a distance, his hair appears like a brown fur trimming to the bald cranium. His beard, also dark brown, is long and bushy. His eyes are generally hidden behind spectacles and the nostrils of his characteristically wide Kalmuk nose are as tremulous as those of a thoroughbred horse. He has suffered long terms of imprisonment in France, Italy, Germany and especially Siberia, as did also his elder brother, Prince Alexander. The latter was famous as an astronomer and a biologist and contributed no end of valuable data to the Imperial Geographical Society, yet was exiled for the expression of his Anarchical opinions to Tomsk, where he blew his brains out a few years ago when on the point of being transferred to Saghalin.

Bakunin, who may be described as the father of international Anarchism, especially of the Russian form of it known by the name of Nihilism, was a nobleman of illustrious lineage and possessed of the title of baron. One of his nearest relatives occupied the post of aide-de-camp general of the late Czar, another until recently that of Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, while a third is a Minister Plenipotentiary in the diplomatic service of Russia. Yet it was this Baron Bakunin, born to wealth, and reared at court under imperial auspices as a page of the Czar, who proclaimed that "our first work must be destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists," who demanded the rupture of "all those chains which are styled civilization, property, marriage and morality," and who denounced God as the greatest of all existing lies.

While Baron Bakunin demanded the "annihilation of everything as it now exists," the present Duke of Galliera and those other noblemen who are of the Socialist persuasion content themselves with demanding the concentration by peaceful methods if possible, otherwise by violence, of all property and capital in the hands of the Commune or of the State, it being, of course, necessary to abolish all the now prevalent organization of rank and possession in order to bring this Utopia about. The Duke of Galliera, like his friend the Marquis Henri de Rochefort-Lussaye, refuses to make use of his title, and insists on being addressed merely as Monsieur Ferrari. He has declined to use a cent of the vast fortune bequeathed to him by his father, the millionaire railroad contractor of Italy, and is keeping it in trust for his native city of Genoa, to which it will go at his death, the major portion thereof being assigned to the charitable institutions of the place. Although possessed of millions, he makes a point of earning his own living by teaching mathematics at Paris. His mother, the late Duchess Galliera, aware of her son's peculiar opinions, bequeathed a portion of the property of which she had the disposal to the city of Paris, another moiety, together with her jewels, to the widowed Empress Frederick of Germany, and her superb mansion and grounds in the Faubourg St. Germain, in the French capital, to the Austrian Emperor, who now has his Embassy quartered there.

There is even a Socialist Peer in the British House of Lords in the person of the Earl of Lovelace, the grandson of the celebrated English poet, Lord Byron. Both he and his elder brother, the late Lord Wentworth, have given practical proof of the sincerity of their opinions. Lord Wentworth, now dead, suddenly disappeared from London society, and was found three years later dead at Deptford, where he had lived all that time working as a carpenter among the most humble surroundings and in relative poverty, with no one of his neighbors possessing the slightest idea as to his identity or great wealth. His younger brother, the present Earl of Lovelace, considered it to be his duty for several years to work for his living as a "navvy," or day laborer, and could be seen wielding his pick and wheeling his barrow along with the other burly laboring men during the construction of the London and Southwestern Railroad. He possesses a certain interest to people on this side of the Atlantic by reason of his engagement to the American novelist Miss Lulu Fletcher, the author of "Kismet" and other popular works. The match was broken off within a couple of days of the date appointed for the wedding, and in one of her subsequent books the fair author and playwright, under the guise of fiction, is asserted to have taken revenge in print for the faithlessness of her noble lover.

These are only a few of the large number of titled personages who are proud to have their names figuring in the foremost rank of those foes of society who go by the name of Socialists and Anarchists.

EX-ATTACHE.

CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

THEIR EXCESSIVE POLITENESS SEEMS RIDICULOUS.

HOW A "LITTLE DOG" IS RECEIVED INTO ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, SHANGHAI—A CHINESE STUDENT'S IDEA OF HIS COUNTRY.

When last in this country the Rev. F. L. H. Pott, who is head master of St. John's College, Shanghai, gave to a Tribune reporter an interesting account of the way in which he receives a pupil. It gives one a good idea of Chinese etiquette. Mr. Potts said:

"You want to know how I receive a boy into the college? Well, the fathers of the boys at St. John's are usually politicians, merchants or scholars. They are all Chinese gentlemen. Of course, I have to adapt myself to the etiquette of the Chinese, and so when a father arrives with his boy I escort them to my Chinese reception-room, where the father and I each shake our own hands most heartily and bow profoundly. I then say to him:

"'What is your honorable name?'

He replies: 'My mean, insignificant name is Wong.'

"Then I say: 'Please be seated,' and point to a seat at the back of the room at the left hand of the table—the seat of greatest honor. He immediately takes the right hand seat, nearest the door—the post of least honor. I urge him to go up higher. He declares that he is unworthy. Then I catch hold of him to force him to go higher, and he takes hold of me to prevent it. We have quite a vigorous struggle, lasting some time. Finally, he accepts a compromise, and takes a seat half-way up the side of the room. I sit down on the seat next lower.

"Before beginning our conversation, I send for tea and the water-pipe, and when they arrive I say: 'Please use tea.'

"When he has taken some tea and a puff from the pipe we talk. He asks innumerable polite questions about myself. A Chinese gentleman never comes to business for a quarter or half an hour. Time never troubles an Oriental. He begins by asking:

"'What is your honorable name?'

"I of course reply that my mean, insignificant name is Pott. The next question from him is:

"'What is your honorable kingdom?' and I am obliged, much as I dislike it, to say:

"'The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America.'

"'How many little stems have you sprouted?' he says. That is the way he asks how old I am. 'I have vainly spent thirty years,' I reply.

"Asking after my father, he says: 'Is the honorable and great man of the household living?' It is shocking, I know, but I have to answer: 'The old man is well.'

"Then comes: 'How many little, precious ones have you?' I reply gravely, 'I have two little dogs.' (The little dogs are my children.) The last question is:

"'How many children have you in this illustrious institution?' My answer is: 'I have 100 little brothers.'

AT LAST HE COMES TO BUSINESS.

"Then he comes to business, and says:

"'Venerable master, I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge.' The little fellow, who has been standing in a corner of the room, at this comes forward, kneels down before me, puts his hands on the ground, knocks his head on the floor and worships me. I raise him up and send him off to school, and arrangements are made about his dormitory, course of study, etc.

"The gentleman rises to take his leave. 'I have tormented you exceedingly to-day,' he remarks. 'Oh, no,' I answer, 'I have dishonored you.' As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, 'I am gone, I am gone,' and I reply, 'Go slowly, go slowly.' As I follow him to the gate in the garden he says, 'Please restrain your golden footsteps.' When we arrive at the gate we again shake our own hands, bow very reverently to one another, and he is gone.

"Their politeness is sometimes carried to an extreme which seems amusing to us. I have seen five or six men haggle for five minutes over who should first enter a door at which they had chanced to meet. They all urge each other to go in first. And this ceremonious politeness is not confined to the upper classes. If two wheelbarrow-men meet in a narrow path and one has to go to one side to let the other pass, the one who kept the road will say: 'I have sinned against you,' and the other will reply, 'Don't mention it.' But, while they are exceedingly polite among themselves, they are very rude, as a rule, to a foreigner."

The reporter asked him if he would say something more about the Chinese. He then said:

"The qualities the Chinese value most of all are diligence, economy, patience and obedience. This will illustrate their economy. A missionary once met an old woman walking on a road. She was so feeble that he asked her why she was not in the house. She replied that she knew she was going to die, and was going home to die there, so there would be less expense for her coffin and burial. A lasting monument to their diligence is the Great Wall.

"Obedience and honor to parents, however, is the cardinal principle. A story is told of a boy whose mother was too poor to have a mosquito netting, so the good boy sat on the bed and bared the upper part of his body so the mosquitoes could feast on him first. Another story is that a poor boy who wanted to catch some fish for his mother stripped himself and lay on the frozen river until the warmth of his body thawed the ice, and the fish jumped out. These are some of the stories Chinese parents tell their children to teach them what an excellent thing it is to honor and obey their parents.

"I know for a fact that it is no unusual thing for boys to cut out pieces of their flesh for medicine for their parents. 'For medicine,' do you say? Yes, for the Chinese have the most ridiculous ideas about medicine. They have no surgery. They use snake skins and other charms. One way they treat a disease is to give nine pills to a person nine years old, forty pills to one forty years old, and so on.

"Their great fault is learning hardly anything that is practical. They only study ethical books, and are as ignorant as children of the sciences. Their explanation of an earthquake is that the back of the crocodile who passes his time holding up the globe begins to itch, and so when the crocodile wriggles the earth begins to shake. The ignorant people think that an eclipse is caused by a huge monster, who comes into the sky and inconsiderately gobbles up the sun or moon, as the case away. They are afraid of thunder, but not of the crackers, and bang their tom-toms to scare him away. They are afraid of thunder, but not of the lightning, and have no ideas, of course, about the cause of them. They believe that the rainbow is composed of poisonous gases. Boys are taught that if they point their finger at a rainbow they will have a felon on it."

A STUDENT'S IDEA OF HIS COUNTRY.

Mr. Pott showed a copy of "The St. John's Echo," published in English by the students of the college. It was a neat-looking sheet, and many of the articles showed a good deal of thought. A student named Zaw-foh Kung signs his name to an article on "The Political Advantages to a Nation which Come from Christianity." Part of it is worth quoting. He says:

"Nothing exhibits more influence upon human society than religion, the birth of which dates as far back as the creation of the first man and woman, and has connected itself with the movements of the human race down to the present generation. Nor is there anything existing that can surpass religion in deciding the fate or the outcome of a Nation, as it is the only indispensable means of bringing men up to a higher state of civilization.

"Our beloved country, China, has been crushed with the weight of 4,000 years of falsehood and superstition and buried under millenniums of ignorance and depravity. 'China,' as I read in the papers, 'as compared with Christian countries, is 1,000 years behind in the race of national progress.' And the author of this piece, with more emphasis, further adds, 'What is worse than that, she means to stay so, if it be possible.'

"What has prevented her rapid growth? Or in other words, what causes her to have lost in the race? Her conservative religions have deprived the people of the desire toward perfect civilization, her fanaticism has bound her feet like strong fetters, so it is utterly impossible for her to take rapid strides. If China were to cast off these bondages and adopt Christian principles her condition would undoubtedly be improved, not merely in her spiritual condition, but in political as well. Though the former is greater in importance than the latter, yet I desire to say a few words about the latter.

"In the first place, justice of the superiors and loyalty of the inferiors. Justice, I am ashamed to say, is almost unknown in most of the yamens, or courts, and very few rulers show justice to their people for the mere sake of doing right. Justice can be obtained by bribery, therefore the poor always suffer punishment, while the rich enjoy immunity from no better reason than because they are rich. In consequence, the people are not faithful to their superiors, and every possible plan is devised to cheat them in order to conceal their own faults or crimes; therefore the oath, so relied on in other countries, finds no place in Chinese courts.

"In the second place, truthfulness will be adopted as a means of mutual communication among the people. In reading the papers the other day I noticed a piece discussing the Chinese question. I saw it written there, saying: 'The Chinese are a race of liars.' He is partly right in saying so, though not absolutely, for there are many honest men in China. He condemned us too harshly. But anyhow, it is true, indeed, that in the state of society which exists at present, honesty will be laughed at, and an honest man is reckoned no better than a fool."

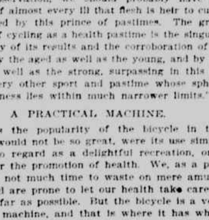
RIDING ON A WHEEL.

A SPORT OF EVER-GROWING POPULARITY.

THE "SAFETY" BOOMED WHEELING—WOMEN ON BICYCLES—WORK FOR GOOD ROADS—RECORDS.

That there are in the United States at the present time 1,000,000 bicycle-riders is affirmed a conservative estimate. In New-York and its immediate neighborhood are said to be at least 100,000. But it is practically impossible to figure closely on their numbers. Even if one could know how many bicycles have been sold in this country, that would afford only an inadequate basis for calculation, since there are many tens of thousands of persons in all the large cities who ride, yet do not own machines. They go to schools where bicycle-riding is taught and learn to ride, with a view to eventual purchase of a "safety," no doubt, if they like the exercise and when they can afford to buy and when they find a wheel to exactly suit them, but may go on for months, or even years, hiring their wheels by the day or hour, before becoming owners. Sooner or later they all are pretty certain to reach that point, however, for it is rare that one who has conquered the little preliminary difficulty of learning to ride and has experienced the pleasure of this mode of locomotion ever voluntarily abandons it, or is satisfied without independent control of the means for its enjoyment. Women, no less than men, take kindly to it, the only obstacle to their general adoption of the wheel being a doubt in their minds as to what concessions to comfort and safety their regard for conventionality in costume will permit. Indeed, if one were to judge from the turnout of riders in Central or Prospect parks, or on the thoroughfares favored by bicycles, on pleasant afternoons, it would seem as if there were at least one-third as many women as men on wheels and displaying quite as much skill. And it would probably be casually observed that either few women but pretty ones learn to ride the bicycle, or the accomplishment is one which develops good looks. Neither age, sex nor social condition put limitations on the pleasure of bicycling. Youth and graybeards compete, riding for health, for business, or simply for pleasure, and all join in extolling the exercise, affirming its practical benefits and even growing enthusiastic in laudation of the sense of exhilaration and freedom imparted by the swift and easy motion. Of course, when bicycle-riding was yet a new thing, it was much denounced—just as gaslight was said to be wicked and the steam engine a device of the devil when they too were novelties—by the ignorant, particularly by the scientific and pious sections of that great class. Pseudo-medicos not only declared the velocipede—the bicycle of those days—would aggravate all known diseases, but conceived a choice lot of new ones likely to be engendered by it. And there were parsons who preached against the machine as if it had been invented specially for use on the down grade of the "broad road that leadeth unto destruction." Indeed, some of them keep up to a certain degree even yet their antagonism, as shown recently by an Aberdeen minister who curdled the blood of his congregation by his remarks upon a man who, as he said, "rode his bicycle on Sunday, broke a blood-vessel on Monday, went to hell on Wednesday and was burned on Saturday." But, on the other hand, many more sensible clergymen now ride bicycles and advocate their use, and very recently the Pope went so far in his approval of the bicycle—in response to a sort of excited correspondence class in Berlin—as to authorize priests to go on bicycles when called upon to administer extreme unction or on other services demanding haste, and incidentally mentioned that as far back as 1845 a good priest set the example of that style of locomotion. As for health, a London physician, Dr. J. A. Austin, who has been closely investigating the subject, finds that "if we had a few thousand cases under observation, we should probably have instances of almost every ill that flesh is heir to cured or relieved by this prince of pastimes. The great feature of cycling as a health pastime is the singular uniformity of its results and the corroboration of its virtues by the aged as well as the young, and by the weak as well as the strong, surpassing in this respect every other sport and pastime whose sphere of usefulness lies within much narrower limits."


PEDESTRIAN CURRICLE, 1818.
(From an old engraving.)


BICYCLE OF 1876.

A PRACTICAL MACHINE.

Perhaps the popularity of the bicycle in this country would not be so great, were its use simply subject to regard as a delightful recreation, or a means for the promotion of health. We, as a people, have not much time to waste on mere amusement, and are prone to let our health take care of itself as far as possible. But the bicycle is a very practical machine, and that is where it has what, in the vernacular of the day may be called its "strong pull" on American favor. Our New-York streets are, as a rule, so abominably bad that we cannot utilize the machine in business to any such extent as is common in some other cities—Buffalo and Washington for instance, where the asphalted pavements offer most favorable conditions. But in those fortunate places a great part of all outdoor life moves on wheels. Tradesmen solicit orders and deliver goods on bicycles; doctors go on bicycles to visit patients and advise them, as soon as able, to get out on their bicycles; messenger boys do errands with astonishing velocity, for they ride bicycles; policemen and mail carriers ride bicycles; insurance agents travel about on bicycles, and their intended victims flee from them on bicycles; women of fashion make their calls while bicycling; courtships are conducted on bicycles; in short, everybody rides a bicycle. On the occasion of the last Alabama State election, the Birmingham Cycle Club, by means of thirty able wheelmen, gathered the returns from the most remote parts of the county before the city votes had been counted. To do this they had travelled 1,049 miles over bad roads, mountainous and sandy. Some of the precincts were thirty miles from Birmingham, and it was almost impossible to persuade the natives that the riders had come out from the city that day and expected to return the same night. But all the returns were in by midnight, and the country people had received an object lesson they will never forget. The recent transmission in six days, by relays of bicycle riders, of a message from General Greely at Washington to General McCook at Denver was a startling demonstration of the practical utility of the wheel in army service. It would have taken troops 100 days to march that distance. During the last two years the use of bicycles in all the armies of Europe has enormously increased, and the various ways in which they are employed successfully open up an immense vista of possibilities that our Government cannot afford to ignore.

The world has been very long in arriving at its present appreciation of the immense importance of going upon wheels, for its knowledge of that means of locomotion is exceedingly old. Even the prophet Ezekiel—and every one will admit he must have lived a very long time ago—had some idea of it, for he left upon record these passages: "And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them; and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up. . . . for the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels." Ezekiel i, 19-20. "And for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, Oh! Wheel." Ezekiel x, 13.

Of course, it may be said he had some other sort of wheels than primitive bicycles in his mind's eye, but this is no time for arguing polemics—he clearly wrote "wheels."

EARLY TYPES OF WHEELS.

Crude bicycles, under various names, such as "manumotor," "celerifere," "draisine" and "pedestrian curricle," were from time to time thrust upon public notice in England and France as far back as 1769 and on down at short intervals; but it was not until 1865 that the first two-wheeled vehicle, propelled by crank and pedals, made its appearance. That was Lallemont's machine—a heavy, clumsy thing, the first introduced here. Three years later the "velocipede"—one very big wheel in front, with a small one behind—achieved a good deal of popularity. The Hanlon Brothers gave exhibitions of riding it all over this country, and in their wake trailed a malodorous atmosphere of arnica, witch-hazel, vinegar and brown paper, from the contused parts of young persons striving to emulate their feats. Only persons who suspected themselves of having lived too long could have seriously essayed the velocipede of those days, and any one who lived to become proficient in riding it was justified in deeming himself a favored child of fortune. Ten years later (in 1878) the total sales of bicycles in America, in the twelve months, were only ninety-two. But the number of riders increased so rapidly that in 1880 there were already 100 bicycle clubs in the United States, with a total membership of 2,000. A year later the Hall machine, a true "safety," was put on the English market, but it was not until 1887 that the first "ladies' safety" was offered in America by the Capital Cycle Company. From that time on, Yankee ingenuity has turned itself loose on the bicycle, and the "improvements," upon most of which patents were issued, on every portion of the machine have been almost numberless, new ones coming out every day, it seemed, until the once imposing army of car-coupler inventors were dwarfed into insignificance by the hosts of gray-tissue wasters aiming at perfection of the bicycle. The ends in view by all were, in brief, attainment of the maximum of strength and minimum of weight, the maximum of power and minimum of friction, with great regard, of course—as all American contrivances are expected to demonstrate—for artistic grace in form and elegance in finish. So sharp has been the competition among the seventy-five bicycle manufacturers in the United States that one must be an expert to detect even small points of difference between the bicycles turned out by a number of them, and a nice discrimination in quality is not a factor in determining preference for the machine of any one make above the others of its nominally approximate classes. It is positively affirmed by experts, men who ought to know and undoubtedly do, that there are machines sold on the market for $90, and even for $75, which are, in every respect, fully equal to others for which the price demanded is $125, or even $150. Tandem bicycles, for two riders, are made by a dozen firms and cost $200. As for certain foreign bicycles priced at $175 and $185, such figures are simply absurd. No bicycle is worth that amount, unless it has decorations of gold and gems to make up the fancy value. Bicycle manufacturers are chary of giving information as to the real factory value of their products, but it is affirmed by a skilled and well-informed machinist, that the actual cost of making a high-grade machine, exclusive of the tires, is about $27. Allow $15 for the pneumatic tires and you have $42 as the actual factory cost of a bicycle retailed at $125, and if $45 is allowed, the estimate is liberal. Of course, 30 per cent commission to agents, or even more where new machines are seeking buyers; costly advertising, maintenance of expensive salesrooms and schools for riding, salaries of professional riders for exhibition purposes, etc., all go to swell the price, but the buyer who knows the basis of all—the factory cost—may be pardoned for fancying that he and the manufacturer ought to "get together" on rather better terms. Whether their prices are too high or not, our American wheels are undoubtedly the best made, combining lightness, strength and elegance better than those of Europe.


THE MODERN "SAFETY."


INTERCHANGEABLE GEAR BICYCLE.

AMERICANS BEAT THE WORLD.

A few years ago the English makers practically controlled this market. Now, only two British manufacturers continue efforts to find buyers here, and their success is very limited. But this year, although there are as many bicycle makers in England as here, our manufacturers are sending over there considerable numbers of machines, and their foreign trade is steadily growing. Japan, too, until her attention was diverted by the unpleasantness with China, was taking very kindly to the American bicycle, the conspicuous advantages of which over the national jinricksha were very thoroughly appreciated. We have factories enough now to supply the world. It is quite possible that some of the small and new concerns may not turn out at present more than a thousand machines each per annum. On less, they could hardly continue to exist, in view of their disadvantages. But they are few. Many more sell from 4,000 to 6,000 each. Then come the large makers, such as the Victor and Rambler producers, whose sales even in last year, which was a bad one, are said to have amounted to somewhere between 10,000 and 12,000 each; the manufacturers of the Columbia, who are credited with selling 16,000 or 18,000, and the big Western Wheel Works turning out the Crescent, whose sales amounted to 37,000 in 1893, and who can, under pressure, build 375 bicycles a day. Theirs is the largest bicycle factory in the world. It is probably well within bounds to say that 200,000 American bicycles were made and sold last year. That means the sale of so many new ones, and does not include any attempted computation of the enormous business done in second-hand bicycles.

A very large proportion of wheelmen, possibly nearly all who feel themselves able to do so, are ready at any moment to sell an old wheel much below its value, and buy in its stead a new one, in which they fancy existent some special advantages, perhaps very small ones. Then the old ones, generally bought by those who run bicycling schools, are fixed up, almost as good as new, and resold at a profit but still cheaply, either to learners who prudently purpose becoming proficient before investing in expensive wheels, or to persons of limited means. The supposed advantages in new machines prompting such exchanges are in most cases rather imagined than real, for there has not been any very great improvement, except in the specialty of tires, within considerable time past. One recently patented but not yet put upon the market will no doubt, when introduced, be the means of making many second-hand wheels cheap, unless, as is said, it may be attached to any first-class bicycle now in use, and is so sold, instead of being made the basis of an entirely new machine.

It is the invention of an exceptionally ingenious mechanic, named Bernard Granville, and is a new device for transmitting power from the pedals through a rod instead of a chain-gear, and, by means of a series of pinions on the rod engaging with a cogged disk on the rear wheel, transforming power to speed, or speed to power, at the will of the rider and while in motion. A "worm" at the handle-bar causes the backward or forward moving of a spline so as to lock either one of the five pinions at will, applying the power near the periphery or the centre of the disk, as desired, and so governing the speed of the machine, without any change in the rate of motion of the pedals. Thus the rear wheel may be made to turn once with one revolution of the pedals, giving increased power for ascending a steep grade; or three times to a revolution, enormously increasing the speed; or all the pinions may be unlocked and the pedals remain motionless while the machine is swiftly coursing down a hill; and there are intermediate gradations of speed, all under the easy control of the rider's thumb and finger.

H. E. Raymond, chairman of the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen, is of the opinion

that under the rule this new machine could not be excluded from competition on the track, even though it made winning a foregone conclusion for its rider. That would not be the case, however, with another new invention—also built, but not yet brought out—which is to be propelled by the rider's arms as well as his legs.

"There is a new tire invented every day now," says a prominent bicyclist, and really he does not exaggerate very far. It would be more correct to speak of these inventions as improvements and variations upon the pneumatic tire invented by J. B. Dunlop, of Dublin, Ireland, since the principle of that is the basis for all. But the ingenuity displayed in modifications of it, in linings, interior tubes, sheathing, materials, form and modes of attachment to the rim, are surprising, and each admits of argument in its favor. Next to the tires, the rims upon which they are placed offer the widest diversity of material and form. Steel is of course generally used, but there are also rims of wood, aluminum, copper and other substances, each of which has its earnest advocates and all are probably about equally good if equally well made.

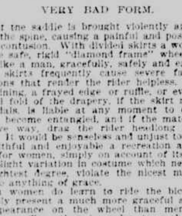
LEARNING TO RIDE.

No question is oftener asked than "How long does it take to learn the bicycle?" and none less admits of a definite answer. One person may, after a single lesson, find himself capable of going alone and have few, if any, tumbles; while another may require ten or a dozen lessons before gaining sufficient confidence and control of the wheel to ride without coaching. But any uncrippled person who has learned to walk should be able to manage a bicycle in a dozen lessons. Two recent pupils in the school at Fifty-second-st. and Seventh-ave. were respectively seventy-four years of age and 280 pounds weight. Both learned so quickly that within a fortnight each was out riding in the Central Park, unattended. Women are generally rather slower than men in learning; not because they are any less agile, courageous or quick of comprehension, but simply by reason of their ill-adapted clothing. With skirts a woman must ride a loop machine—i. e., one the upper longitudinal stay of which bends down below her dress. It is a weaker form of construction, less rigid and controllable than the "diamond frame" and involves, in mounting it, no little difficulty and even danger to the novice. She must put her foot upon the pedal and leap up in front of the saddle, bringing it under her, while the machine is in motion. In so doing it sometimes happens that the point of the saddle is brought violently against the end of the spine, causing a painful and possibly dangerous contusion. With divided skirts a woman may ride the safe, rigid "diamond frame" wheel, mounting it like a man, gracefully, safely and easily. Ordinary skirts frequently cause severe falls under conditions that render the rider helpless. A ripped bit of lining, a frayed edge or ruffle, or even an accidental fold of the drapery, if the skirt reaches to the pedals, is liable at any moment to catch, instantly become entangled, and if the material does not give way, drag the rider headlong from her saddle. It would be senseless and unjust to proscribe so healthful and enjoyable a recreation as bicycle-riding for women, simply on account of its demanding a slight variation in costume which need not, in the slightest degree, violate the nicest modesty or sacrifice anything of grace.


VERY BAD FORM.

When women do learn to ride the bicycle they generally present a much more graceful and sensible appearance on the wheel than men. Racing wheelmen affirm that in order to make on the track the best speed of which they are capable it is necessary for them to bend down so low as to hump their backs and seem to threaten their chins with their knees. In that ugly and apparently painful posture they claim to have greater pushing power on the pedals, less sense of weight on the saddle and reduced windage. That may be all very well for the track, but the common imitation of the ungainly style by wheelmen on the road is absurd. They have their handle-bars set so low as to compel them to stoop, and, thinking they look like racers, seem to fancy it incumbent upon them to live up to their style by going at a headlong pace not compatible with real enjoyment of the wheel and full of danger to themselves and others.

When the handle-bars of roadsters are generally raised and men sit straighter it will come as a natural consequence that recklessly fast riding will be in great measure done away with. Happily, in conformity to the natural law that punishes fools by means of their folly, the bicyclist who uses the highway as a racetrack is pretty certain eventually to smash himself, but, unhappily, is apt to smash somebody else in so doing. Hence, the law is good that reasonably limits the speed of wheels on public streets and roads. But that is no excuse for such brutal malignity, under cloak of enforcement of the law, as is reported by the authorities of the town of Cranford, N. J., a couple of months ago. The Atalanta Club of Wheelmen, planning a 100-mile handicap road race, had laid out its route through Cranford, but the night before it came off learned that in the place named effective means had been taken to spoil their sport. Not only was a strong force of special constables provided to arrest the wheelmen, but a ditch had been dug across the highway as a trap to stop them handily where the constables were waiting. That the device would probably break some arms and legs, and possibly necks, enhanced its charm to its inventors. But disappointment and gloom settled down on Cranford, for the wheelmen went around by Rahway in safety.


THE CORRECT ATTITUDE.

While too high a rate of speed on streets and roads is to be condemned, the public should not feel itself absolved from due caution in evading accidents, but should look out, and not plunge into the way of an approaching bicycle any more than before a horse and wagon. The wheelman will avoid a collision if he can, for he knows its serious risks, but his ability to do so should not be put to too severe a test.

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

The League of American Wheelmen is a National organization of bicycle-riders, formed at Newport on May 31, 1880, and now has a little over 25,000 members. Last year it had 39,000, but hard times, presumably, interefered with renewals of membership. Although comprising only a small percentage of the riders in the country, it exercises a controlling influence among them and has been of great service in several ways. Its principal work, in which everybody should have a strong sympathetic interest, has been its crusade for good roads. Acting through the local influence of the members of its divisions—which are State organizations—it has already procured noteworthy improvement of the highways in many parts of the country and has made popular an agitation in that direction. Last year the New-York division printed and circulated in the rural districts 20,000 pamphlets instructing farmers how to make and maintain good roads and awakening them to a consciousness of their direct interest in the matter. This fall a general pressure will be brought upon legislatures all over the country by influence of the league for procurement of road improvements. The magazine "Good Roads," started and controlled by the League, has been an efficient aid in its work, and is reported successful as a publishing enterprise. There was formerly a considerable animosity shown toward wheelmen by farmers, who not infrequently did malicious things for their injury, but the good roads campaign has mollified that feeling through making the farmers see that the wheelmen were efficient helpers in a common interest. Not a little restraint has been put upon even the most ignorant and spiteful of the bucolic class, also, by discovery that the League could be relied upon to wield sufficient influence for the exemplary punishment of the "road hog"—as wheelmen term drivers who try to run them down. The statutory enactment declaring bicycles legitimate vehicles, possessed of rights that other vehicles were bound to respect, was procured by the League and has been of inestimable value to wheelmen.

Not the least of the benefits conferred by the League upon the great body of bicycle riders has been the preservation of this form of sport in this country from the contaminating and degrading associations of professional gamblers. Immense as is the popular interest in bicycle racing, the bookmakers have not yet been able to utilize it. This is due to the fact that all races in the United States are rigidly controlled by the Racing Board of the League, who draw their lines so sharply as to exclude professional racers entirely and prevent all track gambling upon events.

Another general benefit, for which credit should be given to the League, is its procurement of special concessions to wheelmen by railroad corporations all over the country. Nearly all railroads in the United States now carry bicycles free. The Long Island, New-England and New-York, New-Haven and Hartford are exceptions. From New-York to Port Chester on the last named road, the wheelmen's fare is 15 cents, but the transportation of his thirty-four-pound roadster will cost him 25 cents. The New-York Central, on the other hand, is exceptionally liberal. For wheelmen going to the recent "meet" at Denver, this road supplied a special train of palace cars, meals and beds for thirteen days, with use of the cars as a hotel while in Denver, "everything of the best," as the excursionists report, and all for only $55 per head.

Each division issues road books and maps for the use of members, covering the territory of its own State and so much of adjacent States as may seem desirable. Those put out by the New-York and Massachusetts divisions are exceptionally good in the elaborate information they supply concern

ing many carefully chosen routes and the circumstantiality of detail with which are set forth all the conditions of the main highways within the mapped territory, by means of variously formed colored lines. The New-York book offers choice of 100 routes, some of them touching New-Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Vermont. A new one is now in course of preparation, which will set forth a number of enjoyable routes for trips of from three to twelve days' duration. For the wheelmen of New-York and its vicinity who are not members of the League—four times as many as the total membership of that organization—excellent local maps of Long Island, Staten Island, Kings and Queens counties and Northern New-Jersey are issued by R. D. Servoss, of No. 21 Centre-st. In some respects many will find these preferable. They offer no selected routes, but include many roads, often the most enjoyable for the bicycling tourist, that are not noted in the League maps, which cover so large a territory that they are necessarily confined to principal highways. Mr. Servoss is now preparing for issue a book map of Westchester County, which with those issued will cover a wide radius about New-York.

Naturally an interest of such magnitude as bicycling could not exist in this country without its special literature. The first wheelmen's paper published in the United States was "The American Bicycling Journal," started in Boston in 1877, which subsequently became "The Bicycling World." New-York has now "The Wheel" and "The American Wheelman," large and well-conducted journals, of which the former is the older, having started in 1880. The League of American Wheelmen publishes a "bulletin" weekly which is of official character, but also includes much matter of general interest. Then there are "The Cyclist," of Hartford; "Bearings" and "Rover," of Chicago; "Cycling Life," of Philadelphia; "Cycling," of Baltimore; "Buffalo Jottings," of Buffalo; "Cycling West," of Denver, and a score more of minor rank, the best knowledge of which is confined to their publishers and advertisers. So far as bicycling news of general importance is concerned, the daily newspapers now generally cover that field about as thoroughly as they do any other line of sport, and it is safe to say that the columns devoted thereto interest many more persons each week than they did the week before, so widely and rapidly is the bicycle growing in favor. Should the Cash Prize League—which led a brief and agitated existence last summer—be revived in time for next season, as is threatened, to get up races among professionals for the incidental benefit of the bookmakers, its doings will probably only become matters of history through the daily press, as the league is firm in its determination to maintain the respectability of the sport, and its influence will doubtless have great weight with the class journals.

The enterprise of the insurers of things has not permitted to go unimproved so promising a field as the bicycling interest offers. There are already three insurance companies which guarantee, for payment of a small sum annually, either recovery of a stolen bicycle or its replacement by a new one.

H. E. Raymond, chairman of the Racing Board, L. A. W., supplies the following complete and accurate list of American records up to date.

RECORDS.

AGAINST TIME—FLYING.

Miles.	Time.	Name and place.	Date.
¼	00:24 2-5	J. S. Johnson, Independence	Oct. 31, '93
1-3	00:34 3-5	J. S. Johnson, Independence	Nov. 10, '93
½	00:54 3-5	J. P. Bliss, Springfield	Aug. 22, '94
2-3	01:15 4-5	H. C. Tyler, Waltham	Aug. 4, '94
¾	01:24 1-5	H. C. Tyler, Waltham	July 28, '94
1	01:53 4-5	H. C. Tyler, Waltham	Aug. 4, '94
2	04:15 3-5	H. C. Tyler, Springfield	Oct. 11, '93

STANDING.

Miles.	Time.	Name and place.	Date.
¼	00:28	J. S. Johnson, Independence	Oct. 31, '93
1-3	00:39 3-5	J. S. Johnson, Independence	Oct. 24, '93
½	00:58 1-5	J. P. Bliss, Springfield	Aug. 22, '94
2-3	01:19 1-5	H. C. Tyler, Waltham	Aug. 2, '94
¾	01:29	H. C. Tyler, Waltham	Aug. 2, '94
1	01:57 3-5	H. C. Tyler, Waltham	Aug. 2, '94
2	04:15	A. D. Kennedy, Denver	Aug. 18, '94
3	06:43	W. W. Windle, Springfield	Oct. 17, '93
4	08:57 3-5	L. S. Meintjes, Springfield	Sept. 11, '93
5	11:06 1-5	L. S. Meintjes, Springfield	Sept. 11, '93

COMPETITION.

Miles.	Time.	Name and place.	Date.
¼	00:29¾	G. F. Royce, Paterson	July 4, '94
½	01:00	E. C. Bald, Denver	Aug. 17, 94
¾	01:41 1-5	G. F. Tyler, Springfield	Sept. 13, '93
1	02:10 3-5	F. J. Titus, Denver	Aug. 16, '94
2	04:21 3-5	Otto Ziegler, Denver	Aug. 17, '94
3	07:15¾	J. S. Johnson, Minneapolis	Aug. 18, '93
4	10:12 1-5	C. T. Kinseley, Chicago	July 11, '93
5	12:15	B. B. Bird, Denver	Aug. 17, '94

UNPACED—CLASS A.

Miles.	Time.	Name and place.	Date.
¼	00:29 2-5	J. Van Benschoten, P'hkeepsie	Aug. 15, '94
½	01:03 2-5	F. J. Jenney, Oneonta	Aug. 8, '94
1	02:16 4-5	L. A. Callahan, Denver	Aug. 15, '94
2	04:07 2-5	N. Butler, Waltham	July 28, '94

CLASS B.

Miles.	Time.	Name and place.	Date.
¼	00:26 3-5	H. C. Tyler, Springfield	Aug. 24, '94
½	00:58 4-5	H. C. Tyler, Springfield	Aug. 24, '94
1	02:10 1-5	H. H. Maddox, Denver	Aug. 17, '94

It is proper to say that when the Racing Board is again convened to pass upon new records claimed nearly all these figures will have to be very considerably reduced, as some wonderful riding has been done this summer, if seemingly reliable reports are to be believed. Old records have been smashed again and again, lower and lower.

The league has not favored "ladies' races," and none have occurred, except at Louisville and one or two other places in a merely semi-public and "unsanctioned" way. Consequently, there are no records of competitive strife among women exclusively. And there are no records of the "funny races" gotten up to enliven proceedings at a "meet," such as the quarter-mile dash through water waist deep, at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, and the obstacle race at Halifax, in which the contestants had to don a paper hat, ride 100 yards, get themselves and their wheels through loops of rope, ride another 100 yards, open and drink a bottle of beer, ride on further and take up an egg in a spoon, carrying the egg in the spoon to the finish, and also bringing in the paper hat—both events occurring this season. Trick riding is not supposed to admit of records, and yet it is not clear under what other head could be classified Lee Richardson's feat at Denver, this season, of riding backward one-third of a mile and making a record of 2.35 in so doing. But the tricks are often surprising, sometimes amusing, and demonstrate such control of the wobbly machine as may well seem almost miraculous to a novice; such, for instance, as riding on one pedal and suddenly, with a flying leap over the saddle, landing on the other pedal and riding on; standing on the hands on the saddle; standing on the rim of the wheel laid flat on the ground and managing to get into the saddle and ride off without touching a foot to the earth; riding down a ladder on one wheel only, perched on its hub; taking out all the spokes of a wheel and rolling away, coiled up in the rim, and so on ad infinitum.

The wheelmen of Brooklyn who compose the Good Roads Association have at length induced the Park Commissioners of that city to make a gravel cycle path from Prospect Park to Coney Island, a distance of five and a half miles. It is to be fourteen feet wide, and the wheelmen have agreed to bear $3,500 of its cost, for which thy are now receiving subscriptions. The work is to be completed this season. Bicycle riders of New-York deem themselves unjustly discriminated against by the authorities. Twenty times as many persons in this city ride on wheels as there are who own fast horses, yet the city expends a million dollars on a "speedway" for the drivers' sport, and not only will set apart no suitable way for bicycles, but does not even keep in fairly decent condition some of the most important highways, and neglects such provision for the safety and comfort of wheelmen as they have a right to expect. Eighth-ave., from Fourteenth-st. to Fifty-ninth-st., is asphalted, and should be easily kept in order, but it is in an abominable plight, and wheelmen, for whom it is one of the most desirable ways of reaching the Park, risk their necks in riding upon it as it is now. Central Park and the Riverside Drive should be lighted, as the evening is the most enjoyable time for bicycling in summer, and this is by no means a recreation that may be safely practised in the dark. But it is infinitely easier to find things that should be done on behalf of cyclists and are not than to discover any evidences of consideration for their pleasure, or even their rights.

IT WAS A PLOT TO MURDER THE PRINCESS

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ACCIDENT TO THE GRAND-DUCHESS XENIA OF RUSSIA ON HER WEDDING NIGHT.

There is great excitement in Imperial circles at St. Petersburg, according to trustworthy information, because of the accident to the Grand-Duke Michaelovitch and the Grand-Duchess Xenia, the daughter of the Czar, on the evening of their marriage a few weeks ago. The telegraphic dispatches which were sent from Russia at the time declared that on the way from Peterhof Palace, where the wedding was celebrated, to the Castle of Prosha, where the honeymoon was to be passed, the coachman's eyes had been blinded by the bright calcium lights, the carriage had been overturned and the occupants severely bruised.

But this report, it now appears, was highly colored by order of the Imperial censor, who wields such autocratic power over the press and telegraph offices in Russia. The truth appears to be that the accident was the result of a Nihilistic conspiracy to murder the young pair

On the way to the castle the newly wedded couple had to cross a bridge spanning a dangerous cut. The bridge had been tampered with by the conspirators, so that when the Imperial carriage rushed over it, the timbers gave way and the carriage and occupants fell to the bottom. The coachman was so badly wounded that he died before he could be removed to a hospital. The Grand-Duchess was badly bruised about the head and body and had her right arm broken. It is also feared that she was injured internally. Her young husband had also severe cuts about the head.

The excitement, of course, was intense in the city when the truth became known, despite the efforts to suppress it and to spread the news that it was an accident.

Many reasons are assigned as the motive for the outrageous attempt to kill the favorite daughter of His Majesty. It had been expected, some say, that the Czar, in honor of the wedding, would pardon a number of political prisoners. When it became known that these hopes were not to be realized the Nihilists determined to revenge themselves in a way which would hit the ruler hardest—the death of his daughter. They almost accomplished their purpose. The Czar and other members of the family fear that the wretches, maddened by the partial failure of their plans, may try some other way of seeking revenge. The police, for this reason, have orders to be unusually vigilant.

KNEW MORE OF MINES THAN OF WEDDINGS.

From The London Globe.

Coolgardie, the new gold field district, in Western Australia, though situated in the midst of an almost waterless desert, is rapidly becoming civilized. It has got a newspaper, the first issue of which lies before us. In it we note an account of "Coolgardie's first wedding." The man who does the description for "The Miner"—that is the name of the paper—is evidently new to the business. He knows much about mines, but not much about weddings, and still less about a lady's attire. The bride, we are told, wore a "rich creamy quartz-colored silk, with orange blossom outcrops." One lady was dressed "in a reddish substance, with ironstone-colored leaders running round the main body." Another was "from peg to peg arrayed in a slate-colored material, relieved at the throat by a white quartzite-sort of band." And so on throughout half a column.