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CYCLE-SEEN GLORY.

BEAUTIES OF THE PROPOSED CYCLE PATH TO THE SISTER CITY

BY WAY OF SUMMIT AVENUE,

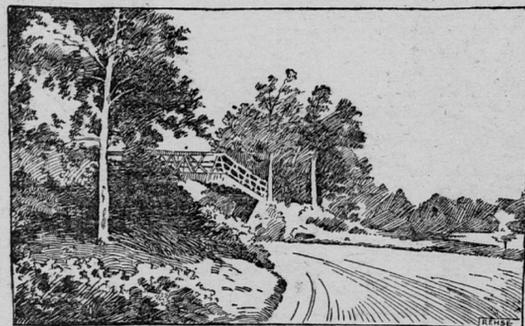
AND A LITTLE GOSSIP ABOUT THE PROPOSED ROUTE TO WHITE BEAR.

RUNS MADE BY LOCAL RIDERS

Without the Cycle Paths, Which Ambitious and Hard Cyclists May Find Interesting.

Other cities have constructed cycle paths earlier in the history of the present popularity than St. Paul, but few, if any have such routes which are more enjoyable or picturesque than will be that which the wheelmen of St. Paul are to build to a junction with a similar path constructed by the cyclists of Minneapolis. All the way it runs through a beautiful country, and for the most part over roads of long standing, where the foundation is already firm enough for the ideal cycle path.

residences, the buttressed walls of the old castles at one turn giving way to the lighter, but none the less pleasing modern architecture near by. Here and there, at the crossings of the intersecting streets, or through the green yards between, are glimpses of the broad river valley, with its panoramic



AT THE FOOTBRIDGE, COMO.

spectacle of field and farm and factory, of wood, of water and of wealth, of plain and precipice

As the rider goes, however, the metropolitan aspect becomes less and less apparent, the houses become farther and farther apart, while over to the left can be seen, through the trees that skirt the brow of the hill, the bluffs of the Mississippi's west bank,

the dome of the main pavilion at the state fair grounds, and far in the distance the brick cluster which marks the state agricultural college and experimental farm. Further around to the northwest the steel gray walls of the big Union elevator, in Minneapolis, glisten like silver in the bright sun, while straight ahead, over the fringe of trees which marks the valley of the Mississippi, is reared the black bulk of the latest addition to the Flour City's array of grain warehouses, the Peavey elevator, in South Minneapolis. Under a dingy, smoked bridge, whose sides were once red, a toiling engine tugs at a train on the heavy grade that rises from the river valley, a striking contrast to the noiseless and apparently easy motion of the cycle on the level road above. In the fields between these evidences of culture and of business enterprise, horses graze, and calves rest in the shade of the overhanging trees.

Suddenly, as the trees in front become more and more clearly cut, the road takes a sudden turn, not to the right or to the left, but down. It is the brink of the Mississippi gorge, and in a moment more the wheel is brought to a stop by the railing at the end of Summit avenue. Here is where the real work of building the cycle path is to be done, for to that point it is hoped to make an arrangement by which it may be built in the middle of the Summit avenue boulevard, a delightful strip of beaten earth and cinders, between borders of rich velvety green. But from this point it is desired to run the path along the bluff to the Marshall avenue or Lake street bridge, nearly half a mile up stream. If this is done, the road must be cleared through the grove of birches that shades the slope of the Father of Waters. At this season of the year the location is most picturesque. Deep in the valley the muddy waters of the swollen river wind their sinuous course, while the steel spans of the arched viaduct cross the wide channels in two long leaps. The east bank drops almost vertically into the water, save in the glen where a once generous stream poured itself over the rocks

into the river. Now the shrunken rivulet splutters and splashes over the ledge. "Shadow" falls truly, but a shadow of former beauty remaining, save that which is imparted by the overhanging strata of the rock formation. Into a pile of stones underneath the water splashes and disappears, for the stony bed of the old stream is dry below the falls, as dry as it is but a short distance above. The water issues from one hole in the ground to disappear but a few minutes later in another, but in its passage it lends additional and unique interest to the territory traversed by the cycle path.

Shadow falls is but one of the many charming little cascades that once tumbled and chattered in the rocky dell along the Mississippi bluffs from St. Anthony falls to the river at St. Paul. But with the advent of civilization, and the consumption of surface and other water supplies by settlement, and the drainage of their water sheds by sewers, in some cases, all have diminished in size, while some have vanished entirely. Bridal Veil, at the Franklin avenue bridge, and Shadow falls are the best extant remains of these ex-cascades, of course excepting Minnehaha, and even that has dwindled from much of its former glory.

On the west bank, the river's line is marked by a low levee, far enough from the city's bustle so that it bears the grassy green of nature, instead of the

with the bluish, hazy atmosphere that always hangs over the Minnesota bottoms, as seen from a distance, the glistening surface of Lake Calhoun appears directly in front, and then follows the ride around the broad boulevard that fringes with the hedge of green the gracefully curving lines of this beautiful sheet of water. Lake-wood cemetery, with its thousands resting peacefully, overlooking this splendid lake, is passed, and then up through a grove to Harriet, whose circling boulevard has been for years a favorite speeding place for cyclists of all classes and conditions.

What better route need be asked? It is to be regretted that the citizens of the sister city are so backward about coming forward, but even without that, Lake street, as it is, is a very admirable road at ordinary seasons, and for those who have the ambition for a twenty-five-mile run, the trip to Harriet and back, as it will be, can find few superiors.

As for the Interurban cycle path, its route, after reaching Minneapolis, is as yet but vaguely defined, although the general opinion is that it will follow Minnehaha and Twenty-sixth avenues to Lake street after leaving the pavement on Cedar avenue. This route would make it easily accessible for cyclists coming from up town, as well as those living in the vicinity of or south of Franklin avenue.

ent quite a popular summer route is out Lafayette avenue, Edgerton street and the White Bear road to the irregular shores of the lake that is the chief gem in St. Paul's lacustrine crown.

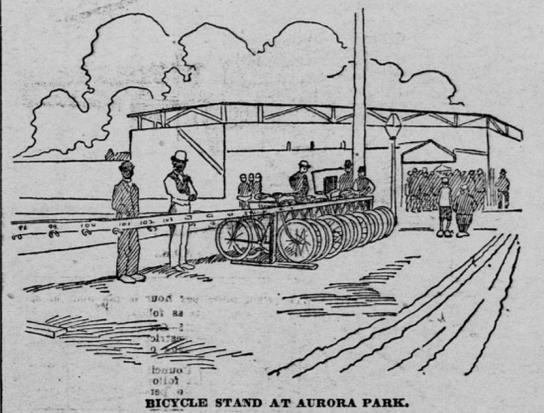
Practically the same length as the Minneapolis city run, 22 miles for the round trip, it makes just a comfortable jaunt for the athletic rider who has passed the stage of the novice without losing the enthusiasm.

The plan for a path to White Bear involves more difficulties than the Interurban, for, while all St. Paul's share in the latter will be built within the limits of the city, a portion of the White Bear path will be without those limits and subject to the jurisdiction of the county commissioners. These tangles, however, are believed to be only technical, as it is expected that

the county authorities will co-operate with the cycle path association, in so far as may be within their power.

But with or without the cycle path, the riders of St. Paul have a number of nice trips within reach of them, varying in length according to their abilities and endurance.

One of the most frequented for novices is that to Como park. The best road--and the roads here given are as described by Tom Bird, one of the most persistent riders in the two cities, with the possible exception of August A. Hansen--out St. Peter street to University avenue, University to Dale street, Dale to Como avenue, and thence to the park; return by Snelling avenue to Summit, and into the city, or reverse the order. The distance from the court house and return is twelve miles, approximately.



BICYCLE STAND AT AURORA PARK.

squalid huts and hovels of the similar levees above it and below it. This deep green strip along the brown water stretches away to the south to the "romontory where stands the soldiers' home, with its slated roof rising above the foliage.

When this path is completed, it will form one of the prettiest cycle paths known anywhere. If Minneapolis does the right thing and comes to meet it, new charms will be added, too, for while the ride west on Lake street on the Minneapolis bank becomes more of a prairie nature as soon as one has left the river, yet it has pleasures in store at the end to compensate for the comparative monotony of its early stages. For after three or four miles over these rolling prairies, on the right the black city with its smoky nucleus and on the left the more or less open country, stretching away to the south,

Up to the present the Minneapolis contingent has done little or nothing in the line of substantial work for the cycle path. This has not, however, deterred, and should not deter, the local cyclists from going ahead with their portion of the work. It is only a matter of time when the value of the cycle path must force itself on the attention, even of Minneapolis, and until that time comes St. Paul will at least have had the use of its own improvements.

Another path--and it may be remarked parenthetically that purists in Boston and elsewhere object to the term cycle path on the ground that paths, etymologically, are foot walks, so that to sustain the common term cycling must be defined by "Doctor" Burke's description of "sitting down when I walk"--is that planned to be constructed to White Bear. At present



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