PIERCE STILL LEADS THE TORTURED CYCLE CENTAURS.

Mrs. Magnus Gross at Her Tea Table.

Mrs. Schineer Keeps Score for Her Husband.

The Waller Family Cooking for Papa.

Miller's Sweetheart Encourages Him from One of the Boxes.

Expert Edwards to Ride a Century.

Long Distance Rider Will Write His Experiences for the Journal.

Pierce is the man of iron at the big six-day bicycle race in Madison Square Garden. There seems to be no tiring him. High speed as a factor in the race has already ceased to count for much. Except when goaded to spurting for a lap or two by the efforts of another rider, or a fear of falling asleep, the men have settled down to ride it out at a steady clip. The weariest ones wabble some, but the others circle the track like figures of a merry-go-round.

Miller, though second in the scoring, is nearly always first on the track. At his rear wheel clings Waller, with Pierce, the record breaker, in the same relative position to him.

But Pierce is crafty. As the three sail around, each paying no attention to the others, Pierce edges up on the inclined track toward the outside. When things are deadest and stillest he finds himself at an elevation, but almost directly even with Miller and Waller. A kick at the pedals, and then his wheel shoots down the steep track just ahead of his nearest rivals. They fight him for the place, of course, but usually he holds what he gets, and by never missing a chance he steals further and further ahead until presently he is around to his old position at Waller's rear wheel, waiting like a fish hawk for a chance to make another dive.

Still Breaking Records.

Pierce has beaten all second-day records by from ten to twenty miles, and Miller and Waller, from hunting him, have also done more than men ever did before on wheels. They are holding out marvellously well, but the pace is telling on all of them. Everybody that watches the race stares at the faces of the riders, picking out the signs of the strain.

"They will begin to be crazy to-morrow. That fellow isn't far from it now."

A well-dressed man wearing eyeglasses, apparently a prosperous, well-fed, comfortable physician, said this aloud at the rail at the six-day bicycle race last night. The tortured wretch who just then wheeled by threw a look of mingled indignation, denial and anger at the man who made the comment.

The doctor man looked back honestly amused at the suffering grimace his remark had brought forth.

They had only been going forty-eight hours at midnight last night, just one-third on the long way they have to go to win a prize, but there were men among the twenty odd contestants to whom every round was a circle of agony.

Health Officials on the Qui Vive.

The Health Board had doctors there yesterday with the declared intention of taking from the track any rider unfit to continue the strain, but they ordered nobody from the track. As long as a man's nerve is strong enough to keep him moving, and out of the way of the other riders, no matter at what expense of suffering, he is counted fit to race.

The unconscious cruelty of the men who stand at the rail and speculate audibly on the length of time before the riders' minds go back on them, is a measure of the brutality that is in most people. There was a fair sized crowd at Madison Square Garden yesterday; the crowd will be denser as the exhaustion of the riders becomes more marked.

If it were possible to advertise that on such and such an hour of a particular day Pierce or Miller or Waller would go mad and fall from his wheel, a raving, hopeless maniac, the great Garden could not contain the crowd that would try to be there to see it.

The six-day bicycle race is ghastly—as ghastly as a gala day in the Coliseum in old Rome—and as fascinating.

Rest Means Loss.

Every moment of rest for the participants must be purchased at the expense of the remorseless score that stares down upon them.

Pierce, the leader all day yesterday, does not stop, though his effort has been a frightful one, lest Miller or Waller overtake him and in the end crowd him away from the $1,500 prize.

Pierce was still the hero yesterday. He was usually ten miles ahead of his nearest competitor, and showed no signs of being wearier than any one of the others. His smart red riding costume even made him seem jaunty beside his more soberly clad rivals. Even Miller, in his American flag suit, did not seem more competent at any stage of the day.

The story went around that Pierce was striving to win that $1,500 for the sake of a sick wife, and this may not be a press agent story. The injection of the feminine element into the contest helps the interest wonderfully. Miller's sweetheart in her box and Waller's wife in her husband's booth attract as much attention as their men.

Two More Drop Out.

Two more have given up the race. Stephane, the Frenchman, and Rafferty are no longer among the riders on the track. Nobody thought about them after they disappeared, yet they were themselves out as part of the spectacle.

There is a handsome little chap—or rather he was a handsome chap—John Lawson, of Minneapolis, whose progress around the track seems absolutely mechanical. He does not seem to care who passes him, but plods on and on and on. He is sixth or seventh in the race, and dogged persistence may pull him up further.

The fact that he was such a strong, fine young fellow makes his present condition the more piteous. His eyes have sunk back in his head, there are deep lines from his nose to the corners of his mouth, his face is gray. The very monotony of his pace adds to the distress of the picture. He looks neither to the right nor left, but passes on his unceasing round, a living embodiment of the struggle between weariness and grit; and there are others worse than he is.

Already most of the riders have their handle-bars padded, and some have rigged chest rests on which to lean. Some have built on to their wheels two or three sets of handle-bars at varying angles, until their machines seem to be bearing antlers like a bull moose.

As usual they had a number of swift, furious riders on the track yesterday to flash around and rouse the weary ones to envy by their freshness and speed.

Good Exhibition Races.

"Bobbie" Walthone was one of them, and W. F. Warrenburg was another. The six-day men generally took after Warrenberg. Schineer held up with him for a lap, and Waller also kept with him for a short distance.

Owen Kimball, the two-mile champion, also roused the six-day men to greater efforts. Of the leaders, Waller was about the only one who tried to chase the great men. The others had more sense than to expend their precious strength by sprinting at this stage of the game.

Eddie Bald was also on the track, and Jimmy Michael rode an exhibition mile in 2:12, paced by a tandem.

A cable came for Miller from his father in Hildeprandoshauses, Germany. It read: "Must win for the name of Miller."

Naturally everybody said that Miller had trained for long-distance racing by riding around the name of his birthplace, which is a pretty fair sample of a bicycle race joke.

There were a number of falls on the track yesterday. When men get tired they tumble, and the others ride into them, and the slightest touch is enough to cause a spill on the tilted track. Schineer enjoyed the first fall of the day—at least he got up grinning. Waller, who was just behind, narrowly escaped this trouble, but five minutes later spilled himself at the other end of the track.

Waller Forced to Rest

Waller's fierce spurting has at last had its effect. About 9 o'clock his eyes began to fail him, and four or five times his sight became so poor that he fell from his machine. Seeing that he could not continue without danger he was taken off and forced to rest for two hours.

When Waller returned to the mill last night after resting his eyes he mounted a chainless bicycle, on which he declares he will complete the race. Waller is the only man in the conflict not mounted on a wheel of the regulation chain pattern.

Nothing has so pleased Miller since the race started as his 10 o'clock score. The ex-motorman has a penchant for number seven, which he thinks is a charmer for him at least. It was a condition of his entry that he be given that number, which he wore last year when he finished in first position. His mileage at 10 o'clock was exactly 777 miles, a combination, in his opinion, that was invincible. As soon as he saw the coincidence he grinned broadly and indulged in a mile of sprinting to celebrate his good fortune.

At midnight Stephane, the Frenchman, who retired from the contest in the tenth hour sick and weary, announced that he was again going to ride. He was off the track for thirty-eight hours. He had 199 miles and 8 laps to his credit when he ceased to pedal. Having had a long rest he says he can creep up in among the leaders before Saturday and share in the prize money. Stephane is confident that he will remain on his wheel for seventy-two hours without any rest.

The particular feature of the bicycle race at Madison Square Garden to-day will be the appearance of Teddy Edwards, the great century rider, on the track. He will do a hundred miles with Pierce, Miller and Waller and the rest, and write about it and them in tomorrow's Journal.

Business Troubles.

JOSEPH L. FOLLETT has filed a petition in bankruptcy, with liabilities $30,069, and actual assets, $6886. Mr. Follett has shares in various companies in which he was interested, but they have no money value now, or the money value is unknown. Among them are 1,271 shares Universal Motor Co., pledged to Richard Grant for $16,256, and 50 shares unpledged; 5,087 shares Follett Sewing Machine Co., 2,280 shares Harris-Follett Co. and 385 shares Rotary Sewing Machine Co., pledged to Harry B. Follett, for $3,788. Mr. Follett is a mechanical engineer, who was interested in sewing machine inventions.

CHARLES KALMAN, of No. 58 Grand street, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, with liabilities $22,426, represented by twelve judgments, and no assets. Blumenstiel & Hirsch, his attorneys, said that he was formerly a wholesale dealer in silks and velvets at No. 536 Broadway, and made an assignment on October 12, 1886, with liabilities $46,000, and actual assets, $17,000.

MATTHEW M'NAMARA, of No. 741 Second avenue, formerly a butcher at that address, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, with liabilities, $2,850, and no assets.

DAVID H. POLLACK.—Schedules of David H. Pollack, dealer in picture frames, artists' materials and stationery, at No. 529 Sixth avenue, show liabilities $12,421, nominal assets $5,315, actual assets, $3,193.

CHARLES JOHNSON.—Judge Bischoff, of the Supreme Court, has appointed Edward Van Orden receiver in supplementary proceedings for Charles Johnson, who has been in the bonded warehouse business for twenty years, at Nos. 6 to 10 Bridge street, on the application of the executors of the estate of Charles H. Kimberly, who obtained a judgment against him on November 7 for $4,808. Mr. Johnson rents the buildings, but owns the plant, which is chattel mortgaged for $3,000.

LINCOLN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Judge Russell, of the Supreme Court, has appointed Andrew Freedman permanent receiver of the Lincoln Fire Insurance Company, formerly of No. 45 Cedar street, fixing his bond at $300,000. Mr. Freedman was appointed temporary receiver on April 4 last, in proceeding for the dissolution of the corporation.

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Miller Confident of Winning Yet.

Stephane Drops Out and Then Re-enters Game for Prize Money.

CUT RATE WAR IN TELEPHONES.

New Company with a New Automatic Machine to Enter the City.

A new telephone company with a new telephone is to enter this city, and a telephone rate war is promised. The new company has obtained a charter at Albany under the name of the United States Automatic Telephone Company, with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The inventor of the new telephone is Elias E. Ries, of No. 4 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street. He says connections are made automatically with it, and no one can "cut in" while the wire is in use. There is no buzzing in the receiver, and the 'phone can be made for half the cost of the ordinary instrument, so that rates can be decreased, and he declares that no compromise or consolidation with the present telephone companies will be considered.

Teddy Edwards, the greatest outdoor long-distance rider in the world, will write of the six-day bicycle race in to-morrow's Journal, after doing a century on the track with the contestants.

DR. WURTH'S OPINION

OF THE NEW DISCOVERY IN MEDICINE.

A Remarkably Successful Remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach Troubles.

Dr. Wurth in commenting on recent discoveries in medicine, said: There is none which is certain to be so valuable and far reaching in benefit as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, the new stomach remedy; I say far reaching, because people little realize how important a sound stomach and vigorous digestion is to every man, woman and child.

Indigestion is the starting point of consumption, heart disease, Bright's disease, diabetes, nervous prostration, liver troubles; why is this so? Simply because every nerve, muscle and tissue in our bodies is created and nourished from the food we eat. If that food is, by reason of a weak stomach, compelled to lie for hours, a sour, fermenting mass of half digested food, it poisons the blood and nervous system, creates gas which distends the stomach and bowels, causing pressure on the heart, lungs and other organs, and seriously impeding their action.

He says further, the point to direct attention is not the nerves, nor heart, nor lungs, nor kidneys, but the stomach, the first cause of all the mischief.

The remedy to use for indigestion and weak stomachs is not some cathartic, but a remedy which will digest the food, increase the flow of gastric juice, absorb the gasses, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will accomplish exactly this result in any case of stomach trouble, because these tablets are composed of the digestive acids, aseptic pepsin, Golden Seal and bismuth, pleasant to taste and not being a patent medicine, can be used by any one with perfect safety. I believe Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure any form of indigestion and stomach trouble except cancer of stomach.

Full size packages of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists at 50 cents or by mail from F. A. Stuart & Co., Marshall, Mich. A book on stomach diseases, together with thousands of testimonials, will be sent by addressing above or call on your druggist for them.

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Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, PHILADA., PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

The Women in the Case.

(From Sketches and Photographs Made by Journal Artists.)

Members of the fair sex who are urging on husbands and a husband-to-be in the big six-day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden.

EXPERT EDWARDS TO RIDE A CENTURY IN THE BIG RACE FOR THE JOURNAL.

By Teddy Edwards.

As Teddy Hale, one of the jolliest Irishmen I have ever known, skipped around the ten-lap track at the Garden yesterday, he shouted to me: "Here's your chance to ride a century." The idea was not altogether new to me, but after thinking a moment, I decided to join him for a century to-day, providing the management would consent to the arrangement. So at 2 o'clock to-day I start for my 253d century ride this year in company with men who have ridden all of ten continuous centuries with but a few moments' rest.

Although I am not accustomed to small tracks, I shall ride the century. My friends must not look for anything at all wonderful in speed, as I am entirely without training and am out of condition. But I ride for information and shall tell of my experiences in the columns of the Journal. During my ride I shall study the men in the contest, their manner of work, their condition and their manner of partaking of food while on their long journey. My food will be based upon the formulas which other riders follow. I shall have a little of each kind of food stuff used, shall take it from the hands of my trainers while riding, shall drink from those tin bottles as do the men in the actual race.

Of course no attempt will be made to make the ride without dismounting. I never did that in any of my other century rides, and am not disposed to think that even with the year's experience I could stay in the saddle throughout a hundred mile ride. Different trainers caring for the men on the track will massage me when I dismount at stages in the ride, and perhaps something of interest may be gathered in this way.

My personal acquaintance with the men in the contest will give me an opportunity perhaps to speak briefly with them regarding their conditions and prospects from their own standpoint, and this should be of interest at this stage of the great contest.

The big race looks very much like Burns Pierce. He has a lead which is dangerous for the men back of him. Ten miles allows a man the opportunity to rest now and then, and eighteen minutes' rest placed Pierce in grand shape this morning. Pierce feels strong, and in going downstairs he is light on his feet. On dismounting from his wheel he does not appear to be at all stiff. In regard to his condition Joe Lane, who is helping "Papa" Elkes to care for him, says: "He is in better shape right now than was Charlie Miller at the same stage of last year's race." Lane was with West in the care of Miller last year and should know.

Frank Waller seemingly works easier all the time. As Mrs. Waller said he would do, "He has ridden himself into good nature." Charlie Miller is working hard, although he rides easily and has much up his sleeve. To a friend who stood at the track side as Miller dismounted the champion said: "I am working hard to catch up. I am not worried and will grind them down in time. Don't think I am not riding hard. I am content to keep up a good gait and hold my position. The boys are riding like fiends though, and it is going to be a hard race."

Three Different Ways of Prolonging the Agony.

Business Notices.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Positively cures coughs, colds in the chest or lungs and incipient consumption! Always reliable. It is splendid for children. Tastes good. Doses are small. 25c.

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Overcoats, of several incomplete lots, but including all sizes, are now offered at

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MEN'S DISEASES.

All secret and private ailments of men cured in a few days; skin troubles, blood poisoning, nervous debility and general weakness restored. Go to the **Hallett New York Medical Institute** and consult the great blood and nerve specialist, 216 East 16th st., near 3d ave.; no charge unless cured; hours, 9 to 9. Sundays included.

DON'T DOCTOR, MARRY or despair until you have read MEDICAL COMMON SENSE, the greatest popular medical and marriage guide; about all that men and women need to know; fully illustrated; not a "free book;" $1 worth for 20 cents. Astor House News Stand and 67 W. 125th st. Mail orders to HILL PUB. CO., 129 E. 28th st., N. Y.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR children teething; softens the gums; reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

YES, it is true!—You can get a pair of $3.50 shoes (ladies or gentlemen's) for 10 cts. For particulars address, with stamp, HOLBROOK & McNAMARA, Bridgeport, Conn.

One day last August, while suffering terribly from indigestion, heartburn and nervous headache, I rushed into a drug store and asked the clerk to recommend some remedy. Among those that he mentioned was Ripans Tabules, and I concluded to try them, and from that day on I am like a new man. Ripans Tabules have worked wonders with me. I have introduced them to my relatives and friends and made them presents of the five-cent cartons. My wife thinks they are really grand. They have cured her of many a tough headache. I would not be without the Tabules at any cost.

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package and accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N-S, 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co. No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

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