

white sheep, and at rare intervals a shepherd's hut or a clump of bushes. Our path is plain enough for the present, and we have no inkling of the difficulties yet to be overcome, for it is a solitary road leading straight to the "capital" of the Marshes, New Romney. At New Romney we are in the world of long years back, without a nineteenth-century sight or sound to break the spirit of the dream. When the sea deserted Old Romney, some miles further inland, New Romney became a place of some importance, until in turn it was left high and dry, when it obtained considerable notoriety as a central receiving port for goods which had never paid the king's duties. But duties are low, and smugglers are phantoms of the past, consequently New Romney is silent and deserted; the grass grows in its streets, and the chimneys of its fine old houses give forth no smoke; there are shops, but no customers; huge, rambling old inns, with suites of empty rooms, and ranges of stabling and out-houses abandoned to fowls and lumber. Our host of the "New Inn" tells us of the old days as we munch our bread and cheese, and glad enough he seems to be to get listeners. "There weren't hardly a night," he says, "but a cargo 'd be run in under lee of Dungeness; they'd keep the goods here for the night, and have 'em off inland through Tenterden, Cranbrook, and Goudhurst before daylight the next morning. But that sort o' thing's all knocked on the head; and we've nothing now to keep us going but the August sheep fair." As is the case in so many obscure villages of Kent and Sussex, at New Romney there is a fine old church, big enough for a cathedral town, and we linger about it for some time whilst we transfer its embattled tower and its curious old Norman doorway to our sketch-books. Then we start for Lydd, which lies almost due south.

There is animation at Lydd, for the bishop has been holding a confirmation, and we just catch a sight of his reverend gaiters ascending the steps of his carriage, and as the Lydd folk appear to be in their festal attire, we stand aloof, a little ashamed of our knickerbockers and our travel-stained suits. But the animation dies away with the disappearance of the bishop's carriage-wheels round the corner, and we are soon convinced that Lydd is quite as dead as Dymchurch

or New Romney. There is no ostensible means of gaining a living in Lydd, so we presume that the entire population, men, women, and children, are connected directly or indirectly with the flocks of sheep around the town; and such would seem to be the case from the facts that such scraps of conversation as we can make out are about sheep, that the women are invariably engaged in spinning, and that the larger proportion of shops are saddlers' or butchers' establishments. Lydd enjoyed even a worse reputation than Romney for smuggling, and before sheep-farming became the predominant industry, no one, from the parson downwards, was free from the imputation of being connected with the contraband trade. The roominess of Lydd church tower suggests uses other than what were intended at the epoch of its consecration, and as from its great height an uninterrupted view of sea and land can be obtained, doubtless its bells rang out other signals than those of grief and joy. One is struck, too, by the number of idle, weather-beaten old men—first cousins to the boatmen of Hastings and Brighton—who look keenly from beneath their shaggy eyebrows, as much as to say, "We know a thing or two. Just lift your excise duties a bit, and see if we can't burst into activity." And those cellars beneath the shame-faced old inns, if they could speak, could tell tales of barrels of "right Nantes," Flanders tobacco, and bales of Belgian lace which had never paid duty; depend upon it they could.

Lydd stands alone in this vast marsh-land, and although Romney gives the name, and is called the "capital," it is upon Lydd that the farmers and the inhabitants of the tiny communities scattered around depend for food and articles of domestic use. Very quaint little places are these communities, dignified by the name of "villages," because most of them possess a church and a public-house. The biggest of them, Newchurch, contains but three hundred inhabitants, whilst Eastbridge, Snargate, Brenzett, Burmarsh, St. Mary's, and Old Romney scarcely number eight hundred between them; but some of them, notably Brookland, Old Romney, and Snargate, contain churches astonishingly large in proportion to the places, and not unworthy of a visit.

THE TRICYCLE: A MEANS OF OBTAINING HEALTH AND ENJOYMENT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



PAPER like the present needs neither preface nor apology. As a means of locomotion, or pedal progression, as one might call it, whether for business purposes or in pursuit of pleasure, the tricycle is becoming every day more common. Not only can young and old easily learn to ride this machine, but both sexes, and that too with equal grace and safety. Indeed the votaries of the three-wheeler do not hesitate to predict that the time is not

very far distant when the tricycle will run the bicycle off the road.

Although very partial to the former, I cannot believe that it will supersede the latter until we have the additional power of either steam or electricity. That this will eventually be the case, no one doubts who gives the matter a thought. The old turnpike-roads will then be kept in better repair, they will be watered, trimmed, and tidied, and the ponderous steam-roller will be constantly seen at work on them. The old-

fashioned country hostelries will in these coming days flourish once again, and once again "make up beds," which they seldom require to do now. But, on the other hand, I opine and hope that the extra cycle traffic on the roads will not effect the sale of intoxicants to any very appreciable extent, for—and here is the first thing I mark in favour of our silent roadsters—cyclists are as a rule, which admits of very few exceptions, extremely temperate. To men who are breathing the pure air, and enjoying ever-varying and beautiful scenery, the temptation to indulge in vinous stimulants is but little likely to present itself.

Now, what one really wants is a machine that will have no injurious effect upon the health. Such a tricycle as this will not weigh too much, to begin with—most machines are uselessly heavy—it must be an easy-going machine, simply constructed, not likely to get out of order, and possess some extra power for assistance up the hills.

To this last point I wish to draw the especial attention of would-be tricyclists. Why, I should like to know, cannot a machine be so constructed that riding up-hill shall be no whit more fatiguing than walking up that same acclivity and trundling your tricycle in front of you?

Now, on the pleasures of tricycle-riding I do not mean to dilate except in so far as they relate to the health, and I do not think I am wrong in saying that the enjoyment of innocent pleasure in moderation means the acquisition of health and the bracing up of both mind and body. To thousands on thousands of our dwellers in cities and towns the possession of a good tricycle is an incalculable boon. Walking lacks excitement unless one has the time to go in for long spells of it; games cannot always be played, and even when they can be constantly indulged in they are not invariably advantageous to the health. The air of a racquet-court or bowling-alley is never pure, while a tennis-lawn or cricket-field is seldom far removed from the smoke of the town; boating or riding is often impracticable; but mount your tricycle, it seems to glide away with you of its own accord, lethargy is at once banished from your brain, care from your mind, and *ennui* from the heart. It is but a very short time ere you are out of the dull town with all its prosy worries and petty annoyances, out of the town and surrounded by the green, quiet country, with nature and things natural on every side of you. Probably the day is fine and the roads in order, but what matters even a shower or two? you have a light macintosh and you have even an umbrella, both can be used on a tricycle; and as to the road, there are good bits and bad, and you will not grumble at either. Life itself is all ups and downs. There are a hundred and one little incidents to be met with on the way, which will tend to divert and amuse one. Probably, lured on by the beauty of the weather and the scenery, the rider goes much further than he first intended, and the appearance of a snug, old-fashioned hostelry suggests dinner. It may be but a frugal meal, but a good appetite makes it a really enjoyable one, and thereafter, feeling like a giant refreshed, the cyclist mounts

for the return journey. Mayhap night overtakes him. What of that? he has bell, and lamps, and fairly good eyes, and when he gets home at last he has to see neither to grooming nor feeding; the iron horse needs but a stall to stand in while its master enjoys his well-earned rest and sleep.

The bicycle is the machine for long speedy journeys, the tricycle for lounging on; you may go as slowly as you please or as fast as need be on the tricycle; if tired of looking around you, you may pull out a book and read; and you can rest when you wish without coming off, or stop and sketch or write. No one possessing a tricycle would think of going to the seaside, or anywhere on his summer holiday, without taking his favourite along with him, and thus enhancing his enjoyment a dozen-fold.

To an accomplished rider on horseback his special exercise must be more enjoyable to him than tricycling could be; this stands to reason; but, on the other hand, tricycling is much more pleasurable than driving, and it is much better exercise as far as health is concerned.

To a person wishing to learn the tricycle I would say, be most careful in your selection of a machine, try and try again before you buy, for what may suit one man will not suit another. Having procured a tricycle to your satisfaction, you must set yourself to learn to ride it; and as a medical man and a cyclist myself, I will now give you one or two hints on this.

It must not be imagined that you can be an accomplished rider in a few days. To ride a tricycle well and safely does not certainly require so long experience as playing the violin, but it needs a little nevertheless. Besides, from the very day you first mount, if you keep up riding daily, the body begins to acquire a special training. The muscles of the legs get harder and the joints more supple, and at the same time you gradually get into the knack of riding without fatigue.

If you would not, then, affect your health detrimentally, go cautiously to work and do very small journeys at first, and increase the distance daily by slow degrees, as you feel fit. Sit gracefully and upright in the saddle or chair, do not sway the body about, but let the feet and legs do the work.

The power should come directly to the pedals from the front part of the foot, not from heel or instep. Be most particular how you paddle or pedal at first, for I have known of accidents happening from people having missed footing and fallen forwards.

Never ride far from home to begin with, but when you do so, choose a fine day with good roads. Avoid riding up any hill that "winds" you, or sets the heart beating too fast. This is most important. Whenever you feel tired, stop to rest. After a time both lung and leg power get increased, and the exertion that at first tired either, becomes only pleasurable. Before starting on a journey see that every nut is in its place, that every joint and bearing is well lubricated, and that the whole machine is clean and nice, with the lamp or lamps in position, and the bell in good working order.

If going on a journey, take some refreshment in

your bag or basket—biscuit, eating-chocolate, and cold tea with plenty of milk are the best; and as at the terminus of your ride, where probably you mean to dine, you may find your merino under-clothing damp or wet from perspiration, have a change in your bag, so that you may avoid catching cold.

The tricycle is a very safe machine, and with ordinary caution an accident need never happen. One should never ride too closely behind a dog-cart or carriage; he should always keep to his own side, being carefully obedient to the rules of the road; he should never race round a corner, nor turn a corner at too acute an angle, and although it is very pleasant to fly down hill, it should not be forgotten that it is often dangerous.

Special care and caution are required when speeding through towns, for there are special dangers there—crowded thoroughfares, trams and tramways, and last, though not least, awkward gratings in the streets.

Never spare your bell, keep a hand on the break when needful, and light lamps before dusk.

Neither extreme youth nor advancing age would seem to be any bar against the enjoyment of tricycle-riding. In America children positively ride before they can well walk, and in our own country it is by no means unusual to find men between sixty and seventy, who can do from thirty to fifty miles a day easily enough on the tricycle. They ride best and with the greatest safety to the health who race not. Seven or eight miles an hour for a young man, or from five to six for one past life's prime, is speed enough.

Tricycles are made to suit any height or strength, and even people who have not the use of the legs can have machines specially made for them.

As to sex, I have only to say that as a means to the enjoyment and acquirement of health, the tricycle is becoming every day more fashionable among ladies. And I am very glad to know that it is so.

For the tricycle, gentlemen ought to dress lightly though warmly. Flannels should be worn, and light, strong, flexible shoes, with soft merino socks. The neck must not be muffled up, and the hat or cap ought to be soft and light, and at the same time not easily blown off. There are dress-guards specially fitted

to tricycles for ladies' use, and I am told there are habits adapted for riding; at all events, everything worn should be of a close-fitting nature, with as little loose floating trimmings as possible.

And now, in conclusion, I stand face to face with the questions: (1) What particular classes of persons are likely to derive benefit from tricycle-riding? and (2) who are those that should avoid such exercise?

The name of the first is legion, and includes every one who is strong and supple enough to ride the machine, and who does not possess other and ample means of obtaining healthful and enjoyable exercise in pure air. To shop and office people, to hard-working men of business, but more particularly to brain-workers, the possession of good tricycles would, if judiciously used, indeed prove a blessing.

Tricycle-riding, if not carried to excess and weariness, relieves brain fatigue and incipient congestion of the liver; it causes the kidneys to act more freely and lightens the whole system; it banishes *ennui* and lowness of spirits, strengthens the whole muscular system, induces a free action of the skin, braces the nerves, and insures a healthful sleep. More I surely need not say.

As an answer to the second question—Who should not attempt tricycle-riding?—I may reply: The very aged and very feeble, and the extra-nervous, those who have a tendency towards apoplexy, or whose lungs or hearts are not strong enough to bear strain. This is a general answer; it is of course impossible to individualise. But I know many men to whom the tricycle seems to have actually brought back health and strength, who from being scarcely able to walk from rheumatic stiffness, or obesity, have become really good riders, and whose very minds have been improved by the pleasant exercise; happiness and contentment with life having taken the place of lethargy and indifference, or utter lowness of spirits.

Just one last word of advice, and like every hint I have given, it is the result of my own experience. You will often come in from a ride contentedly tired and hungry. Do not think of sitting down to table until you have changed your under-clothing, and, after a delightful wash and rub down, quietly and leisurely dressed again.

WILD-FLOWERS FOR HOME DECORATION.

IN these autumn months when all the world makes holiday, while many English people betake themselves to Swiss mountains, and German forests, and old French towns, there is a large number—chiefly composed of those whose families are large in proportion to their purses, or who lack enterprise or strength for foreign travel—who settle down for their autumn holiday in country or sea-side lodgings, or, in the pleasanter Scotch fashion, move the whole family, servants and all, to

some farmhouse among the hills, or some old sea-captain's cottage nestling in the breast of a cliff overlooking the ocean, which has been temporarily deserted in their favour by the usual inhabitants.

At such a time the younger members of the family, who are out from morning till night, wet or dry, on the hills or by the shore, care nothing for the interior of the house in which they are supposed to dwell, but which they only use for the purposes of sleeping and eating, and indeed not always for the latter. Their