

bathed in the fresh morning dew. Then when you dance the very earth seems to bend and tremble at the light touch of your feet."

The count paused, expecting his gentle companion to make a suitable reply. But to his astonishment she remained leaning over the rails of the balcony gazing on the crowd beneath, and the carriages which kept on arriving, as if she had not heard his words.

Suddenly she turned, and fixing her large, soft eyes on him, replied, "Monsieur le Comte, I possess no spell, but since you ask I will confide to you the secret of the flowers. The fresh morning dew, monsieur, in which they seem to you to be bathed, is the tears that envy, misery and despair have wept over them. And if, as it seems to you, the earth trembles when I dance, it is because it trembles beneath the hate of millions."

She spoke with her accustomed calm, though perhaps rather more earnestly than usual. Then with a kindly smile she disappeared into the ball-room.

The poor count, amazed at her words, looked again on the mass of people standing beneath. He had often looked on them before, and as often jested about them. But to-night it occurred to him for the first time that perhaps they were not the most desirable surroundings that could be imagined for a palace. Most uncomfortable thoughts filled his mind during a whole dance. Then he forgot all about it.

But not so Elsie Montgomery. Thoughts had been awakened that evening which could not easily be dismissed; the voice of conscience once heard could not soon be silenced. Ever above the sound of music and dancing that despairing cry sounded in her ears: "Look on us! we belong to you, and what have you done to help us, and save us from our misery?" It accompanied her home, it haunted her through the long night. And what excuse had she to offer. Others might plead ignorance, but this excuse could never be hers. She knew, and at one time had shared their

sufferings, and if those who did not know were guilty, then how much the greater was her guilt.

That night was spent by her in weeping and prayer, and by the morning her resolution was formed. Her life was required; it should be given, and given cheerfully, as a thank-offering for the great mercies she had received. Her gay and selfish life should be from henceforth abandoned, and time, health and money devoted to doing good. And Elsie kept her resolution; she sought again the scenes of her childhood, thinking rightly that here her first efforts should be made. Through her many a poor girl was saved from a life of misery and sin, and many a poor home was brighter and better for her visits. Her husband willingly assisted her in her work, and the poor learned to love and respect the names of Lord and Lady Montgomery, and to bless the day when Elsie rose to wealth and fortune.

F. E. HYNAM.



OUR GIRLS A-WHEEL.

By N. G. BACON, Hon. Sec. of "Mowbray House Cycling Association."

I.—THE VARIOUS MAKES OF BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

THE pastime of cycling is one of the most fascinating, health-giving, and educating for our girls. As our memory recalls vividly the antiquated, heavy three-wheeler, and compares it with the dainty, beautiful, and light two-wheeler of to-day's fashion, we are filled with respect and wonder concerning the grand old pioneers, who so bravely fought the way towards cyclodromy. The pastime in those days was very unpopular, and it required of its enthusiasts not only pluck, determination, enterprise and spirit, but great strength. To manipulate from forty to fifty pounds of clumsy metal along indifferent roads was not the most enviable task, to say nothing of the hills to be negotiated, and the force necessary to push the machine in front up steep inclines. Ball-bearings, it is true, even in those days, achieved much in the way of easy running tricycles, but we are so educated this present season, that we would treat with utter scorn the mere mention of such a terrible strain to be imposed upon our fair riders.

The sturdy adherents of the wheel twelve or fifteen years ago, however, not only had to combat with overweighted steeds, but were necessitated to fortify themselves with strength of mind and force of character, as well as power of limb. The pastime was most un-

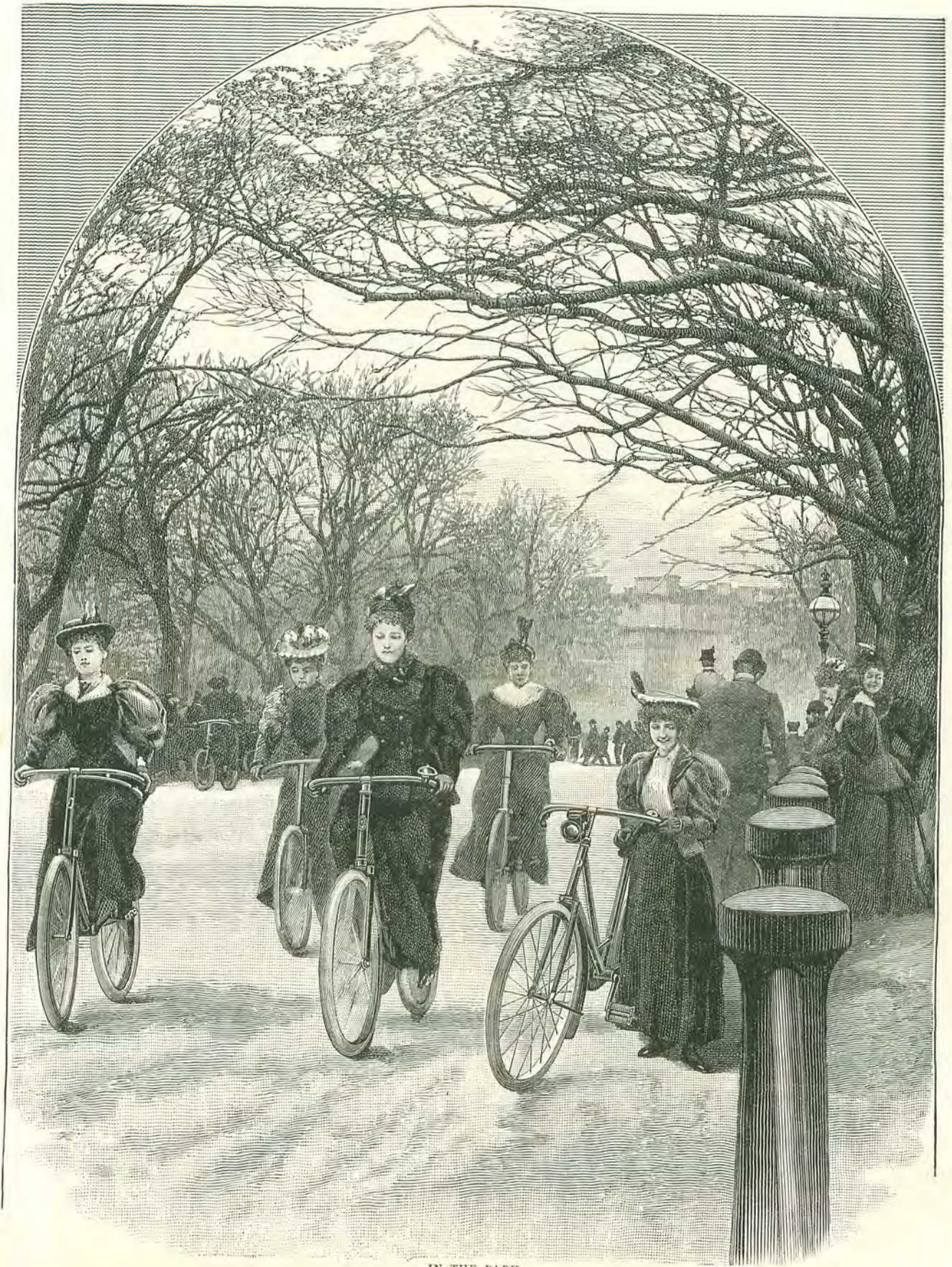
popular, and many anecdotes have been rehearsed at the expense of those gallant ladies who have helped to make our pleasure so easy to-day. Weary and exhausted, they often encountered the outpourings of the slums of some of our largest towns, who formed a long and medley procession up some stubborn hill which it was impossible for any lady to negotiate, mounted as she was on such a cumbersome iron horse.

But we bid these "corks of ancient time" a gentle and tender farewell, as we complacently admire the beautiful creations of metal of our happy season. To balance oneself on two wheels, and to glide along like a graceful swan is worthy the admiration and lithomeness of our English damsels, who are so quickly becoming fascinated with the various charms and exploits of the pastime.

This dainty mechanism of steel—to what a new world it invites us! By its aid, distances may be covered which would have amazed the heroes of the Homeric world, and such powers of speed are given to our girls as would have crowned Achilles with shame and dismay. Cycling is a pursuit so adapted to our tastes that England may be looked upon as its home. Our little island, so beautiful, so rural, and yet so awe-inspiring and grand in parts, awaits the speedy wheeler as she mounts her steed, to rejoice in her national possessions.

Ere, however, we revel in the delights of the pastime, to secure a wheel best suited to our individual requirements is our first duty. To a novice, all machines may appear to so resemble each other as to render any special description unnecessary; but an expert is enabled by one swift glance to perceive and criticise the general build of each particular style of mount. The manufacturing world of cyclodromy has devoted, not only years to the production of the cycle, but has utilised the genius of the designer, and the highly trained mechanical skill of the workman. Adjustment of the wheel, and all its details, apart from the most complicated question as to the material it should consist of, has exhausted and sometimes baffled the most gifted brains of the nineteenth century. When we girls become so enamoured with our wheels as to allow our enthusiasm to run riot, as it were, it behoves us to feel grateful to those who have contributed so much to our enjoyment and to our profit. The English-speaking maiden has profited by the universal adoption of the wheel in more ways than one. To-day, thousands are not only riding cycles, but are profitably engaged in their manufacture.

A most numerous choice of dainty steeds are exhibited for our inspection; of light and heavy weights; of tricycles, of bicycles, of bantams, and an assortment of tandems of two and three wheels, to say nothing of the sociable tandem, the sight of which almost



IN THE PARK.

persuades us to take the choicest of our friends for a spin, arm in arm. As the procession of all the various styles of cycles passes before our imagination, let us dwell for a moment upon the advantages and disadvantages of each and every one. Just look for a moment at this specimen of the most modern tricycle, with its balance gear, which renders it so much more satisfactory a mount than its forerunner, the clumsy and heavy velocipede, with its lever action. The only pattern of the popular tricycle of to-day is that of the direct-steerer, by which it is meant that the steering is accomplished by the direct action of the handle-bar. By the utilisation of the pneumatic tire, this tricycle is of a much lighter build than its predecessor; it is, indeed, possible to obtain a three-wheeler so light as to be a most formidable competitor to its more delicate sister-wheel, the bicycle. One of the advantages of the tricycle is that it will stand alone, like a horse does, and has, in fact, provided our friend *Punch* with what he considered rather a clever joke at the expense of the bicycle, which, unhappily for the comfort of itself and its rider, has a curious habit of falling down directly it lacks the support of some friendly kerb-stone, or other convenient prop.

The tricycle also is very handy for shopping expeditions, as it will carry many parcels with greater ease than the two-wheeler. Its disadvantages, however, are inherent and ineradicable. To store it, a good-sized stable is required, also its width renders it awkward, if not impossible, for getting through an ordinary gateway. Previous to the purchase of this style of mount, we should very carefully measure its proportions, to see to it that our accommodation is convenient and sufficient. For a tricycle, it is judicious to study the conditions of our riding. If all is plain sailing, i.e., the rider has a most refreshing wind at her back to blow her along, and the road is of such good surface as to resemble a beautifully polished drawing-room table, the tricycle is by no means a mount to be despised, but to ride a tricycle against a stiff head-wind, on a rough or indifferent road, up a hill or down a stiff decline, it requires a great outlay of strength, patience, and philosophy. Unfortunately, for the popularity of the three-wheeler, girls who ride are not necessarily endowed with a philosophic turn of mind, nor are they gifted with elephantine strength. A cycle which has three wheels must necessarily require three tracks on which to run, and for each wheel a fresh track has to be made as the tricycle bowls along. Of course, if we are riding on the highly-polished drawing-room table, we are in sublime ignorance of any question of tracks, but on the royal road of cycling, which is the public highway, our position is not so enviable.

Another point for our consideration is that it is impossible to dismount from the tricycle whilst it is moving. The rider is boxed in, as it were, between the two larger wheels and the framework, and this helpless position renders the ascending and descending of hills somewhat dangerous. The steering of the tricycle is, even to an expert, somewhat a difficult performance, for it is quite possible, by injudicious steering, to completely turn the machine upside down, and place the rider in a very uncomfortable and unpleasant situation. I well remember years ago lending my pet tricycle to a friend for a spin within my sight, little dreaming of the result. The road was slightly down hill, and unnerved by the passing of a cart, instead of putting the brake on in order to dismount, she turned the steering-wheel too suddenly. The next moment I perceived a cloud of dust and a dark object under the machine, which had, without any preliminary ceremony, turned a somersault on the top of my friend! Happily, she was

practically unhurt, but my pet mount was smashed!

The remaining advantage of the three-wheeler still to be discussed is the absence of side-slip, or skidding in the mud. On a bicycle, if either of the wheels slide or skid in the mud or on the tram-line, the rider is generally compelled to dismount in a very hasty and inelegant fashion, but it is impossible for this to happen whilst mounted on a tricycle. The wheels may skid or slide, but such action would not cause the machine to go under, or fall down. It is also stated by some that to learn to manipulate the tricycle is an easier task than to balance and ride a bicycle. This may be true, but the charm of the safety lies chiefly in the art of balancing it.

Ah, here comes the bantam! We must more quickly decide upon the merits of this mount, as, like the bicycle, it cannot stand still whilst we criticise its peculiarities, and unless we extend to it a friendly hand, it must be allowed to ride slowly by. The bantamette has two wheels, but, instead of the rider sitting between the two wheels—as on a safety bicycle—she sits on the front wheel, and propels the machine by pedaling this wheel round and round, without the assistance of any chain—the mode of propulsion of all tricycles and safety bicycles. There is one lady, I believe, who prefers the bantam to any other style of mount, but my wheel affections are centred upon the safety bicycle.

Why, here are two of our friends, accompanied by their brothers, mounted on tandems! The first pair, as you see, are riding on two wheels only, and this tandem we must permit to continue its journey without waiting our inspection, and request the tricycle-tandem riders to rest whilst we discuss the merits of the bicycle. The tandem-bicycle is not a general favourite with girls, as, in consequence of side-slip, it is less safe than any other style of mount, but it has no rival for speed. Provided the riders are well matched, and work harmoniously together, very enjoyable and quick trips can be ridden. But there is no doubt that the tricycle-tandem, which now awaits our criticism, is, for all practical purposes, an admirable family wheel. I have often ridden, accompanied by a tandem-tricycle, as many as seventy miles per day, the riders of which have easily accomplished the journey alongside of my bicycle. Riding down hills, the tandem-tricycle has the advantage of its more speedy rival, the tandem-bicycle, provided the former is of light build, and has good brake-power, for it is most exhilarating to coast hills with this style of machine.

Behold the favourite! What a graceful and dainty mount! It is no wonder we are so fascinated with its charms! We will ask this lady to dismount to allow us to more closely inspect and admire her cycle. This wheel has well earned its popularity by its freedom from danger, as, in cases of emergency or accident, the chances are very much in favour of the rider alighting on her feet uninjured. Even when the machine is in rapid motion, it is possible for an expert to dismount, and, by the application of the brake upon the front wheel, the rider is enabled to instantaneously stop the machine whilst in the act of dismounting. By the aid of this mount, even the most delicate girl can ride with the greatest ease from thirty to fifty miles per day. The charm of the bicycle lies in the balance on five points; to wit, the saddle, the two pedals for the feet, and the two handles for the hands. The most delicate girl can often pedal this dainty style of wheel fast and well, and with ease can ride up hills, for skill and experience, combined with a good ankle action, are more than a match for mere muscle. The safety bicycle is now constructed with dropped frames. There are several designs, but I think it has been proved that the double-

tubed straight frame is to be preferred to the single loop frame. The curved frame gives more room for mounting and dismounting, but the straight tubes are the strongest. The advantages of the safety-bicycle over the tricycle are increased grace of appearance, and superior lightness and ease of driving, especially on bad roads. On a bicycle, it is possible to ride in a cart-rut. Whilst touring from York to Newcastle, for four miles I was obliged to ride in the narrow confines of a rut made by a brick-cart for over twenty miles, and glad enough was I to get it. Had I been mounted on a tricycle I should have been compelled to walk the whole distance, for the road was practically unridable. See, our object of pleasant criticism is mounted and is away! Before we have time to finish our sentence it is out of sight, but the agreeable method of locomotion will be ever present in our mind. Sooner or later we will be as enthusiastic in our wheel wanderings as the rider of this dainty wheel.

In our exultation over the safety, we had forgotten we had arranged for the sociable tandem to join our procession of riders. This machine also has two wheels, and the riders are positioned at each side of the front wheel; it requires skilful steering, as its balance is very nicely adjusted. This machine will be more popular with our adult rather than with our girl friends, as it is more natural that we should desire to "paddle our own canoe."

Just a word in conclusion as to prices and weights. A safety bicycle should not cost more than from £14 to £23; its weight should not be more than from twenty-five to twenty-eight pounds, and not less than twenty pounds. A good make of tricycle could be purchased from £20 to £30; its weight should not exceed twenty-eight pounds. As to tandem machines, we will leave them to our elders, as it will only be a privilege for us to accompany them on their rides. But, suppose the novice definitely decides which particular style of mount she prefers; whether a tricycle, a bicycle, or a bantam, the next question is, what is the best make of any one of these mounts? So far as the tricycle or the bantamette are concerned, there is only one style of the latter, and two or more of the former, and therefore we will leave that momentous decision to our girl-rider. As to the safety-bicycle, there are from twenty to fifty good makers to choose from, all of whom place on the market the most dainty and choicest of mounts. Any of these wheels will suit the requirements of the girl of average build, but if our fair maiden be a giantess, she will do well to choose the highest cycle, i.e., the machine which has the highest frame, the biggest wheels, and the longest reach. Many manufacturers keep in stock two, and sometimes three sizes of the cycle, so that even a very short girl may find a wheel on which she will appear as gracefully mounted as her taller sister. In choosing, it is wiser to secure the verdict of an expert, who can vouch for the chosen wheel having the latest improvements. The main features of a good cycle are lightness, pneumatic tires, narrow tread, corded dress-guard, reliable brake, small—and, if possible—felt pedals, best ball-bearing fittings, comfortable saddle, handle-bars and saddle-pin adjustable to the height and stretch of the rider, gear-case, mud-guards, strong and graceful frame, etc. All the reliable machines offered for sale have these points, with many others not mentioned here, and therefore the novice's supreme duty, in choosing her cycle, is to pay visits to, say, six good cycle depôts, and, by testing some as to height and build, decide which is specially suited to her individual requirements. I wish her well of her choice, and trust that the pastime of cycling may offer as many fascinations and wheel-charms as it has presented to me.

millar. They worked by turns in the garden, as time and opportunity allowed; but there was great need of some more skilful person to direct, and to improve the state and appearance of the house. This person, to Lady Llewellyn's astonishment, presented himself one day in David the Harper.

Gwenlleean and Herbert were twisting an obstinate branch of clematis round one of the pillars of the verandah, when they were startled by the sounds of a harp. Another moment, and a dog bounded up the path, and jumped upon Gwenlleean with a loud bark of delight.

"Mamma," screamed the child, "mamma, here is Fleet."

And Fleet it was, poor Sir Howel's faithful hound, whose demonstrations of affection, when Lady Llewellyn appeared, were overwhelming.

"And there is David!" again shouted the child, as she rushed down the garden, and threw her arms about the neck of the harper, who was approaching.

The astonishment of Lady Llewellyn can be conceived. David had left his home to follow their fortunes, and with all the energy of strong attachment, told them that he was come to live near them, and that no persuasions could induce him to change his purpose. His plans were made. He intended to become a wandering harper, and to return at intervals, to such an abode as he might be able to procure in his old mistress's neighbourhood. What could Lady Llewellyn say? She could only press the hand of the harper, and with tears in her eyes, thank him for his love and fidelity.

When the surprise of the meeting had in some degree subsided, and David had been introduced to Mr. Lloyd and Herbert, the latter said that he knew of a house that would suit him exactly.

"That small cottage by the mill, grandfather, which our friend Tommy offered you for a stable, but which you thought too good; I am sure he would be highly honoured by its being tenanted

by any one connected with Mrs. Llewellyn, and would gladly take an occasional tune on the harp in payment."

Mr. Lloyd thought the plan excellent, and when David was refreshed from his journey, they all, Fleet included, sallied forth to the mill already mentioned.

In the course of a few weeks, David was comfortably settled in the miller's cottage, from whence he soon began to make excursions to the different towns in the principality, returning to spend his unoccupied time at Craigyvellyn, to improve his mistress's house and garden, and to teach his dear Gwenlleean the harp they both loved so well.

Lady Llewellyn remained comparatively happy: that is to say, she was perfectly resigned, and, if not gay, contented. She had leant upon no unstable support, and had been sustained through much trial. One sorrow, however, yet pressed heavily upon her; she had wholly lost sight of her second child and her aunt, Lady Somerville. During the first twelve months of her widowhood she had received, occasionally, a few brief lines from her sister-in-law, containing a cold account of her own health and of that of her "adopted child," as she called her little niece. These notes, few as they were, gradually became fewer, and at last altogether ceased. Lady Llewellyn had written constantly to Lady Somerville, but in her formal answers, the words—"Clare is well, and sends her love," was all that spoke to the feelings of the mother. After having written three successive letters, and received no reply to either, she addressed a few lines of inquiry to Louise, Lady Somerville's French maid, and was answered by an official document from the general post-office, enclosing her own letter, and stating that Lady Somerville and family were on the Continent, and that her place in Dorsetshire was sold.

Lady Llewellyn was unacquainted with Lady Somerville's English friends, therefore, as a last resource, wrote to the postmaster of the town nearest to

her late residence. He informed her that she had left the neighbourhood some months, and, it was reported, intended residing abroad; that her place was sold, and her present address unknown to its purchasers, as she meant to travel on the Continent for some time, previously to fixing herself in any particular spot, and could not, therefore, leave any decided direction.

In this wretched uncertainty Lady Llewellyn was compelled to remain, from year to year, for not even the most remote intelligence of Lady Somerville or Clare ever reached her. She spoke as little as possible upon the subject to any one; but Gwenlleean's tenacious memory would not allow it to sleep. She treasured up every trifling recollection of her sister, and dwelt upon the little friend and playmate of her infancy with thoughts of unchanging affection. Her innocent prayers night and morning were breathed for the absent one, and rarely did a day pass in which some new pleasure did not cause a wish for her return—and Gwenlleean's pleasures were for ever renewing.

The cottage had become "a fair profusion" of roses, honeysuckles, and sweet-smelling plants of every description. David's strong and active hand had remedied every obstacle. The verandah and trellis-work were mended, and the creepers trained over them—the garden was dug and tended with constant care, and the interior of the house was repaired, painted and papered, until it looked neatness itself. Herbert and Gwenlleean had improved the grotto in the rocks, and brought thither the treasures amassed in their daily rambles; shells, pebbles, seaweed, and the many rare gifts of the generous deep. Here Gwenlleean and her mother often sat in summer, and looked out upon the broad expanse of ocean that lay before them. The worthy miller supplied her with all kinds of pets, and was ever trying to show his respect for the mother by his little attentions to the daughter.

(To be continued.)

OUR GIRLS A-WHEEL.

By N. G. BACON, Hon. Sec. of "Mowbray House Cycling Association."

II.—THE RIGHT WAY TO LEARN AND HOW TO CYCLE PROPERLY.

WE have seen that the wheel fascinations have lured our staunch friends from what in the past were considered to be the paths of decorum, and as in the most cunning manner they have led us likewise astray, it becomes us wisely to discuss our entry into the cycling world. It goes without saying that, having caught the fever so hopelessly, our one desire is to go ahead in a terrible rush and learn to manipulate wobbly wheels in as graceful or as foolish a fashion as our comrades. I presume there is just time for a friendly word of caution, for there is a somewhat curious parallel between the old adage, "To marry in haste and repent at leisure," and the art of pedalling. To learn to cycle in a hurry, many pitfalls await the intrepid maiden. Nor is it wise to allow that miserable bogey, Fear, which all and sundry at some period of their lives hug to their bosom, to spoil our wheel

exploits. We should be cautious, not fearful. I have often heard the remark: "Oh, I shall never, never learn to balance myself!"

And did we know how to balance ourselves when we were pretty babies tumbling here, there and everywhere, in all sorts of absurd corners and amusing attitudes on the nursery floor? "Ah, I never thought of that!" Why a child does not easily and instantaneously learn to walk upright is because its baby eyes are continually looking at its feet, and its infant mind realises that it cannot stand alone or maintain an upright posture. A lack of faith you say, for it is so easy to criticise the shortcomings of others.

A lack of faith, but, as well, a very strong and determined disposition to study the wobbleness of our front wheel rather than to educate our mind to compel the body to work automatically in obedience to its unexpressed commands. In reality, the novice has more faith in the wobbling powers of the wheel than in her own powers of control. So, when

we come to the root of the matter, it is in reality a case of too much, or a misplacement of, faith. To learn to control the varied powers of the safety-bicycle, for we are discussing the most popular style of mount just now, all the faith the novice has can be brought into active requisition, but, to control the front wheel, not to watch it.

You may spend hours, nay, weeks, and even years, in watching the uncertain powers of your restive steed, and so long as you continue to gaze upon, you will never learn to manipulate, it.

Have you ever watched a child teach itself to walk? Mamma stands or sits close by; baby is gaily disporting itself on the hearth-rug, when, unexpectedly, the fond mamma looks at her offspring, and, awakened by a sense of faith and power in its limbs and inspired by the short distance it will have to travel, baby rushes headlong into the arms outstretched to receive it. At last it has faith in its powers of locomotion, and no longer worries

its baby mind as to whether or not it can stand erect.

Our babyhood has long since passed, and yet, so far as the pastime of cycling is concerned, we are to-day just as helpless. The great secret of learning to cycle quickly and well is, always to look ahead and keep your eyes fixed on the goal you wish to reach, *i.e.*, in a straight line before you. Let your front wheel wobble. It is perfectly harmless, and, unless it did wobble, to ride would be an impossible achievement. You might as well demand that a horse's head, or your own head in fact, should not turn, but be immovably fixed. Just reflect how difficult it would be to walk with a sphinx's head attached to your unhappy body; to turn corners, or walk in any but a monotonous straight line would be to perform a miracle. Nay, let us rather rejoice in the restlessness of our front wheel, and take special delight in having faith in our ability to govern it unconsciously and gracefully.

Well, having discussed the merits of the steering apparatus of our latest love, and settled definitely, once and for all, that it is our intention to govern it and not allow it to govern us, what are the points for our interest and instruction? Let us imagine that we are going to have our first lesson. We have placed at our disposal the use of a learner's machine—for it is unwise to learn to cycle on a new wheel—and a skilled and strong operator to initiate us in the art. We presume that we are attired in a manner worthy of the cycle, *i.e.*, we have cloth knickerbockers, under a short skirt or basque, a pair of sensible, low-heeled shoes, and we have taken care to see to it that our clothing is loose, comfortable and neat.

Pedalling, yes, neat ankle-action is one of the chief points of graceful and expert riding. If we could only see ourselves as others see us, and, by the aid of a looking-glass alongside the road, perceive our awkward and excessive movement of the knees, we would at once learn to drive from the thighs with a clawing rather than a thrusting action. Don't sit like a stupid duck on the saddle, and require the pedals to push up and down your limbs; raise the leg naturally when on the upward curve. Remember that you have a most beautifully-formed ankle, which separates the human foot from the clumsy appendages of the waddling tribes. Be worthy of this ankle, and see to it that it enables you to ride well. Unhappily, few of our girls realise the beautiful formation of the ankle, and it is but at rare intervals we enjoy the sight of an elastic step, by which it is possible to bring into play all the muscles of the body whilst walking.

Some folks imagine that they have only to, as it were, throw themselves on the cycle, somehow or other balance it by a series of jerks of the unfortunate front wheel, and push the pedals up and down, and they are fully fledged cyclists! Our attitude toward such wheelers should be that of magnanimity and generosity. We feel in our most inmost heart of hearts that they are cycling monstrosities. Now, if horses were to try to ride on cycles manufactured only for the formation of the upright human frame, we know they would favour a most grotesque appearance, and we would feel very sorry for them, but why should not we girls utilise our ankles in the most beautiful manner possible?

How to learn to pedal gracefully—ah, there's the rub! One method is to mount a tricycle supported on a stand, so that pedalling is possible whilst the machine is practically motionless; *i.e.*, the pedals and wheels go round, but the machine is stationary. But the best way is to learn on a safety-bicycle mounted on a stand. This, I think, can be purchased for the modest sum of ros. 6d., and it is very useful as a support whilst the cycle is being cleaned, or the tire requires attention. It is possible for everyone to acquire a tolerable

ankle action by careful practice; and such an acquisition will increase the riding powers four-fold, and enable the cyclist to ride hills and to maintain a better pace with the minimum amount of energy and strength. The rotary action is, in fact, a *sine qua non* to every rider. Ten minutes' practice in ankle action daily will do more to make a practised and beautiful rider than a careless spin of two hours *per diem* for years.

Having learnt the art of pedalling, and having determined to possess ourselves with faith in our powers of balance, we mount our wheel for our first lesson.

To ride a bicycle, it is obvious, is more difficult than to ride a tricycle. There are points however in common between the two styles of machines, and, therefore, the general instructions which I give are equally applicable to either. The pedalling is the same, so is the holding of the handle-bars, the attitude when riding, etc. It must be acknowledged, at least, that many of our fair riders could ride with more symmetry of action and grace of motion. To mount a cycle, and propel it along the highway is not the entire art of the pastime. The charm of balancing oneself on two wheels, to be appreciated to the full, requires not only nicety of adjustment of the machine, but the ability to glide like a swan, unconscious of any steering effort or ungainly jerk of the front wheel. To achieve this sweet method of balance, it is necessary for the rider to be lithesome in the motions of the body; not to be guilty of swaying the figure, but to acquire the habit of sitting erect, and yet able unconsciously to direct the course of the front wheel by the automatic communication of the mind to the body.

Much discussion has ensued as to whether it is wiser to learn to cycle in covered riding-practice ground or in the open air. By some it is stated that it is highly injurious to learn to manipulate wobbly wheels in a roofed building. By others it has been enthusiastically demonstrated that, in contrast with the open air, the closed-in atmosphere enables the rider to refrain from excessive breathing, and, therefore, it is in reality less injurious, also that the pupils, by careful avoidance of collision with the walls, become initiated in the art of avoiding the traffic which they will inevitably meet on the road. The argument against indoor riding-schools contributes the following reasons in favour of the open air: (1). The atmosphere becomes charged with a fine dust, which is very injurious to the lungs and chest; (2) the novice, unaccustomed to protractive active motion, unconsciously begets the bad habit of breathing through the open mouth rather than through the nostrils, and (3) the continual fascination of coming in contact with the walls of the building causes either nervous disorders or slight giddiness in the head, etc.

When doctors differ, who can decide? The cycling aspirant will be wiser if she consults her own physique and constitution. If having a lesson in a covered building causes unpleasant symptoms, the damsel should prefer the open-air riding-school, of which there are plenty. So far as breathing is concerned, all danger can be obviated by the simple precaution of learning how to breathe through the nostrils before being instructed in the more difficult achievements of the wheel. Not only novices, but experts of the wheel, have discovered it to be of great benefit to educate the valves of the hearts, and to regain their lost breath after climbing a stiff ascent, by closing the mouth quite tight, putting the shoulders well back, the chest forward, and breathing steadily and long through the nostrils. To practise taking these deep, prolonged and regular breaths, for five minutes daily, before an open window, or in the garden, will do more for the novice who wishes to soon become an expert, than all

the hasty and careless riding performances of a lifetime. To breathe well, is not only to ride well, but to live well. Don't get pumped out! Directly you feel your heart go pit-a-pat, just as a mouse's heart would on hearing the near approach of the murderous cat, dismount and practise breathing.

Another important point is, immediately that bogey fear fills you with dismay, or encompasses you with despairing thoughts or timorous motives, either dismiss it, or dismount, rest for a few minutes, and then start afresh. This unnerve is merely an overstrain of certain muscles or nerves, which immediately, by the trembling sensation, rush to the brain-centres in a panic. Do not force yourself by endeavouring to conquer this tendency, to prefer the companionship of a bogey, but deal with it as you would with a frightened child. Reassure yourself by an invigorating diversion of thought. You are exhausted, or a part of you is, and, therefore, it is desirable that you should bring into play another set of nerves and muscles.

We presume that you have now learnt to ride—and alone. In a most sanguine mood you are pedalling happily along when, lo, and behold, there's a big stone just in front! Your imagination swells the stone, until it grows as big as a mountain. Now, your own sense must tell you that mountains cannot be placed in the narrow space of a roadway, and, therefore, the obstacle which has fascinated your marvellous imagination, and upset the equilibrium of your good sense, can only be a very small stone after all, and your wisest method is to note its presence, and gently but firmly keep your gaze fixed on the part of the road on which you wish to travel. There, that stone is conquered and you are master of the situation. Having achieved that victory, you need have no fear of vehicles which will be constantly passing you on both sides of the road.

In your learning stage never use your brake, for it will injure your front tire. It is much better to learn to back-pedal, *i.e.*, stand on the ascending pedal and stop the revolution of the back wheel, which is propelled by the action of the pedals. Whilst riding, you notice you press down the descending pedal; therefore, to back-pedal is to reverse the pedal action from forwards to backwards. You have considered the point, that one pedal is in the act of descending whilst the other ascends, and to propel the machine you turn these pedals round in a smooth manner, whereas, to stop the machine, you simply reverse the action of your feet.

To learn to mount your safety, you should allow your right pedal to be just descending from its highest point; then place your right foot on the pedal, and by your weight on this pedal give the machine an impetus and go ahead. You will find that you have gained your seat on the saddle by the time the left pedal has come round under your left foot. To dismount, slacken speed, and when the left pedal is nearly at the lowest point, bring the right foot smartly back between the steering-post and saddle and step off.

Our position a-wheel. Sit easy, not too high nor too low. The pedal should be within easy reach by the hollow of the foot when at the lowest point; the handles should be so raised as to prevent stooping, but not so high as to destroy all power for hill-climbing. While a stooping posture is to be deplored, so is the so-called strictly hygiene, for it is ungraceful to look formal or affected.

Not a syllable have I said as to learning to ride the bantamette or the tricycle. Is it necessary? If you know how to ride a safety bicycle, with another lesson you will as easily manipulate a bantamette, and as to the tricycle your only difficulty will be in the steering, and that you will learn in an hour.

(To be continued.)

OUR GIRLS A-WHEEL.

By N. G. BACON, Hon. Sec. of "Mowbray House Cycling Association."

III.—THE ADVANTAGES AND PLEASURES OF THE PASTIME.



ADVANTAGES and pleasures! We might converse upon them by the hour together and not exhaust the subject. An old lady, whom I had the pleasure of meeting whilst resting for a few moments at the house of one of my wheelwomen friends, considerably amused me by remarking, after expostulating with me for my rank enthusiasm—"But, there, you cyclists have always something to talk about in your world of wheels; whether it be the formation of your

tires, the brilliancy of your lamps; some exciting adventure or a thrilling escape, and you all get so deep in it one cannot get a word in edgeways!" "You've just hit the mark," I replied; "we have no time to quarrel, or to talk endlessly about bonnets or other finery. One of the chief advantages of our cycling is, that it takes us out of ourselves; gives us something to think and talk about."

The never-ending round of trivialities, even of our school-life, to say nothing of those precious years during which we are entering the precincts of womanhood, are seldom sufficient in themselves to develop our highest nature. Outside the home sphere, there is the afternoon walk, not a romp, or a career through the fields, or the woods, where we can commune with nature, for these are more often than not miles and miles away, but a mild detour through the streets, in the parks, or in the public highways. Now, every girl no matter of what age she is, has the rudiments of a very fine disposition. She possesses that primitive but exalted sentiment of idealism, which renders her an enthusiast, which gives warmth to language, energy to action, and fires with rapture and exultation, and creates poetic imagination, fancy or inspiration.

At this point, the cycle comes in, and introduces to her the world which has hitherto rested at her feet, unseen, unrecognised and unappreciated. Her afternoon walk is nothing to a spin on her wheel. Why, by the aid of her cycle any girl of moderate powers can, with perfect ease, explore all the beauties of her neighbourhood in a few months, and these previous opportunities may eventually lead to a complete evolution of character undreamt of. Cycling not only can be introduced as a pleasant and harmless recuperative exercise, but as a means of awakening and developing all that is good, noble and refined in our girls.

Too long have our lives been narrowed and restricted by the limits of civilisation. The dormant capacities latent in our womanhood have seldom had a chance of being awakened. The cycle allows us, in a perfectly womanly—for I like that word better than "ladylike," for it betokens something grander, nobler—manner "to let ourselves go." How many of us really know the powers of our nature? But the cycle appeals to our active propensities by affording us a means of whizzing through the air, satisfying our physical nature by rapid locomotion; it awakens our mental nature by compelling us

ever to be on the alert for danger ahead, and soothes, delights, and enlivens our appetite for the beauties of nature.

To enjoy ourselves to the full, we need not have special literary, artistic, philanthropic or athletic powers, but we need only be the average girl, for there must be something latent in our nature which cycling will revivify. To be free is to live, in the fullest sense of the word, and until a girl realises what freedom is, it is not possible for her to be womanly. "To paddle her own canoe," and to do it wisely and well, requires the concentration of her best powers. Why should not these powers be awakened, and brought into play? Our first hill, with what pleasure it is we negotiate it! Let it be either up or down, it matters not; there is a peculiar delight experienced when we reach our goal, and our mind recalls that splendid poem of "The Blacksmith," as we murmur "Something accomplished, something done." Our masterful nature has asserted itself, and we are conquerors! Is it not wiser to strengthen this inclination we have, undeveloped though it may be, to control, conquer and have dominion over something, rather than allow it to run to waste, or to be an inconvenient nuisance to ourselves and to others? A masterful spirit may be utilised by a glorious spin on the cycle, by which we are able to show our dominion over hills and dales, the elements and space.

Let us also consider the advantages of the cycle in the educational world, as well as for the building up of character in the most pleasurable manner possible. Take only two subjects, history and geography, supposed to be so useful to our girls. No matter where you reside, the history of your nation lies at your feet, and by so many revolutions of your wheel it is possible for you to abundantly feed your mind with the data of national glories and follies. Get a good map of a fifty mile radius of the district in which you reside, study it carefully, and mark out ten, fifteen, or twenty mile routes, according to the number of miles you can ride comfortably in an afternoon or evening, and in a month or so you will take such a deep interest in the vicinities in which you spend so much time and thought, that what seems to be a new country will gradually expand itself, for your delight and intellectual amusement. How many sweet spots of Nature's best painting await you within a mile or so, of which you have been lamentably ignorant simply because your cycling days had not commenced.

By the aid of your wheel, you can supplement your historical and geographical knowledge, and be inspired to take a more searching interest in the doings of your countrymen, of the present, of the past, and of the future. We all live close to historic centres, and near to the most interesting geographical strata, to say nothing of the botanical specimens, of which there is such a splendid choice a few miles from our very door. Domestic and political economy, too, are branches of learning which can be studied by trips to our far and near neighbours, who are day by day adding items of knowledge for us to study. By making excursions past the very doors of the palaces, the castles, the houses, little and big, and the workshops and factories, in which our fellow-countrymen live and work, we unconsciously learn the modes and customs of our national life, and, indirectly, the domestic and political history of our country.

But, above all, we are introduced to the grand and inspiring world of Nature; drink

in her beauties and revel in the myriad joys she so generously showers upon us. Within a few miles of every house there is some spot of beauty which, sooner or later, will be the delight of our soul and the joy of our life. After a rapid whirl on our wheel, a little tired and dusty, perhaps heated and restless, we alight, forsaking our mount for the nonce, and flinging ourselves down on the grass, we yield to the sublime thoughts which ever overtake those who are receptive. A love of Nature has the power to rid our brains of all cobwebs, whether they come from the school-room, the nursery, the drawing-room, the dining-room, or the domestic cares of the kitchen; all can be swept away if Nature-worship is innocently pursued. How calm and peaceful it is! By communing with Nature, alone in her glory, we chase away all trivial and mean thoughts, all meagre and unsatisfying desires and aspirations; nature, with all her sublimity and beauty, fills us so completely as to leave not a vestige of sorrow or littleness of thought. We are not worried by trains, or what bus or tram we shall have to catch to arrive home in time for tea. Our steed is ready when we are; it is absolutely at our disposal to go whither we will, or to remain patiently waiting until it is our pleasure to start. By coming on our cycle to study and revel in the glories and beauties of nature, we are the better prepared for her lessons and gifts.

Let us also not despise the physical advantages and pleasures of our wheel. How does it affect our health? Provided the cycle is used as a health-preserver, and not as a health-destroyer, the nerves are quietened, the energies are awakened and quickened, the muscles rested, the circulation is stimulated, and the feeling of physical satisfaction which pervades the system insures calm and invigorating sleep. Within moderation, i.e., when the powers are never over-exerted, but properly exercised, cycling strengthens and invigorates the system. Directly it is followed by loss of appetite, restlessness, and sleeplessness, the limits of healthy cycling have been exceeded, and an immediate rest is imperative. Provided also, that we preserve that equilibrium of balance that renders cycling so enjoyable, i.e., our five points are properly adjusted, and we sit at our ease, we shall receive nothing but lasting benefit from the pleasures of our wheel, but directly our saddle is either too high or too low, our handle-bars too close or too far away, and our pedals beyond a comfortable reach, we may receive injury, and, possibly lasting damage to our immature forms. It is also inadvisable to get over-heated whilst riding, for this is very injurious, and may cause ill-health.

A new world awaits us. It is for us to use or abuse it. If we are worthy of our privileges and freedom, we shall revel in endless delights, but, by either a reckless waste of our energies, or by a timid reluctance to avail ourselves of them, we may only live to regret the day we joined the happy throng of wheelwomen.

In order to thoroughly appreciate the innumerable pleasures and advantages of the wheel, we should get in form, i.e., let us not be content only to be what is commonly termed butterfly riders. Half-an-hour spent daily in cycling will be far more enjoyable than three or four hours weekly, just when the weather suits our fancy. In cycling the elements have to be mastered; the oppressive heat borne, strong winds conquered. Spasmodic cycling irritates rather than strengthens

the constitution. If daily exercise cannot be enjoyed, it is better to determine to cycle, say, twenty miles per week, despite the fickleness of our climate. In this manner new experiences caused by climatic changes will prove themselves to be most charming. One day a stiff head-wind will seek to arrest our progress, but "to stoop is to conquer." Whilst cycling over the Scottish moors, for fifteen miles I had the most formidable head-wind against me, which at first completely baffled all my efforts to drive through it, but the combativeness of my nature came to the rescue, and stooping, until my nose almost touched my handle-bar, I steadily and slowly pursued my way. True, it was up-hill, and it took me over four hours of heavy plodding ere I reached my destination. Fifteen miles in four hours! Not quite four miles per hour, despite the fact that I never left my saddle, and did not stop for one moment's meditation; why, I could have walked it quicker!

In my opinion it is the ever-changing conditions of cycling which render the pastime so enjoyable. To misquote Cowper, I would say—

"Variety's the very spice of cycling,
That gives it all its flavour."

There is variety in the atmospheric fickleness, in the undulating roads through which we have to travel, in the folk we meet *en route*, in our thoughts and moods which for ever

govern and misgovern us, and in the reception awaiting our return.

Of monotony there is none. It is impossible to repeat a ride. Many and many a time have I tested this point, and have been compelled to confess myself beaten. Summer riding is all very well, but, for my own part, I revel in the joys of the winter jaunt. To the slumberer, of course, there is the bogey lion in the streets awaiting to devour her, but not for me, thanks, let the winds blow in blustering squalls, the air be bitter and raw, what do I care? Give me my cycle, my fur coat, my hat and my gloves, what pleasures there await me! Cuddle over the fire, if you like, but I prefer ruddy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and jubilant spirits, for I am healthy, vigorous, and happy! Ah, the greatest pleasure and advantage of cycling, I think it must be acknowledged, is the acquisition of developed physical powers, firm muscles, bright eyes, clear skin, and a mind which is healthy and susceptible.

By the aid of your wheel, you can choose for yourself—"To be, or not to be?"

"Mother Nature in her beauty woos us
thither,
Ere the summer tints begin to fade and
wither;
With congenial comrades vying,
Pedals rhythmically plying,
O'er smooth highways, byways, flying,

How we compass swift the ground,
Phantom-like and without sound;
Sylvan glades and shades, and woodland
glories, seeking,
Till with purple bars, the sunset sky is
streaking.

In the springtide, summer, autumn—e'en
in winter,
Ancient hamlets gladly greet each cycling
sprinter,
Healthy minds and tempers bringing,
Merry moods around them flinging,
Ere they're off again, and winging,
Fast their flight to other scenes,
Where old towers in fair demesnes,
And cathedral spires to the heavens
glowing,
Noble works of man, 'mid Nature's spells
are showing.

With the rhythm of the air-shod cycle
thrilling
Our ardent souls and joyous spirits filling,
From the city's fretful flurry,
From its toil, its moil, and worry,
And from its incessant hurry,
From its darkness and its night,
To the sweetness and the light
Born of Mother Nature—we are ever
fleeing
As to founts of our existence and our
being."

TASTY DISHES.

Fricassée Rabbit.—Cut the rabbit into neat joints and wash well in salt and water; drain, then roll the pieces lightly in seasoned flour, and fry them in beef-dripping until a nice brown all over. Lay them in a stewpan, and cover them with clear stock made from bones and trimmings. Add an onion, a piece of celery, a carrot, and some strips of smoked bacon, a pinch of pepper, or a few peppercorns. Cover closely, and let the stew simmer for an hour; then remove the rabbit on to a hot dish, and cover at once. Strain the gravy, thicken it with browned flour, put in a tablespoonful of tomato sauce and one of walnut ketchup, add more seasoning if required, then boil up and pour over the rabbit.

A Game Pasty.—The crust for this should be fairly rich, and requires to be mixed with an egg. To a pound of flour put ten ounces of Brittany butter, and make a stiff paste with a beaten egg and sufficient ice-water. Roll out twice, the second time divide the pastry, then roll out again the exact size and shape of a shallow baking-dish, keeping a small portion of paste from which to stamp ornamental leaves, etc.

The filling for the pasty should have been previously prepared by stewing for a long time any pieces or trimmings of venison, game, rabbits, hares, or whatever may be available. When thoroughly tender, remove all bones and skin, also all superfluous fat, and cut the meat into pieces as nearly equal in size as possible. Lay the meat on the lower crust. Season the gravy highly, colour it with browned flour, a pinch of mushroom-powder or a spoonful of ketchup, and pour over the meat as much as the depth of the dish will allow it to contain. It will be better to have dissolved a little gelatine in the gravy, in order that it may be a jelly when cold. Cover the pasty with the upper crust, wetting the edges that they may adhere, then ornament according to fancy. Let it bake in a moderate oven for upwards of an hour, shielding it if inclined to burn. When nearly done, brush it over with beaten egg to give a fine glaze.

Game Cutlets (imitation).—Fry in a little dripping a quarter of a pound of lean bacon or ham, then half a pound of calf's liver, cut into thick slices. When the latter is done, drain, and put both together in a chopping-bowl and mince them until very fine indeed, adding to them any scraps of meat or poultry you may happen to have. Add half the quantity of stale breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of dried and sifted mixed herbs, a teaspoonful of salt, half a one of black pepper, a pinch of mushroom-powder, and mix the whole with a teaspoonful of good brown gravy. Shape the mixture into small cutlets, coat them with beaten egg, and cover with fine brown raspings, fry them on both sides in a little boiling fat; let them be crisp, but not too dry. Drain them, place a tiny piece of macaroni at the end of each to imitate a bone, and serve them hot with thick gravy if liked, or with a well-dressed salad.

Ham Savoury.—Cut a slice of stale bread half an inch thick, trim off the crust, and make rounds or triangles of the crumb. Fry these on both sides in a little butter, when lightly browned drain them. Spread each one with a very thin layer of mango chutney. Cut some raw ham into very thin slices, fry these quickly that they may curl up, and place one curled piece on each crouton. Serve hot. These are a delicious dinner savoury.

Cheese Savouries.—Line some small tins with short pastry; make a light mixture with two beaten eggs, an ounce of grated Parmesan or two ounces of Cheddar cheese, an ounce of stale bread-crumbs, half an ounce of butter, and a pinch of cayenne with half a teaspoonful of salt. Put a spoonful into each case, bake them in a very quick oven for ten or fifteen minutes, then serve hot on a d'oyley.

Apple Syllabub.—Pare and core, and cook with a very little water, six sharp apples. Cook them quickly that they may make a white froth. Set this aside to become cold, then whip the whites of two eggs, and when these are firm whisk the apples with sufficient

white sugar to well sweeten them, and afterwards lightly whisk in the whites of egg. Place a little bright-coloured jelly at the bottom of some wine-tumblers, fill them up with the syllabub, and serve with sweet biscuits.

Cottage Pudding.—Beat together two eggs and two ounces of castor sugar, add to them two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped suet, three ounces of flour, one ounce of rice-flour, and rub a teaspoonful of baking-powder into the last; mix with a little milk if needed, but the batter should be rather stiff. Pour into a well-greased mould, and cover with a buttered paper. Steam the pudding for an hour and a half. Turn it out when required for table, and pour around it a sauce made by dissolving half a pound of jam, with as much water, boiling it for a minute or two, then pouring through a strainer.

Orange Salad.—Choose thin-skinned, rather sour oranges, slice them evenly through, removing the pips. Lay the slices in a shallow dish, sprinkle with castor sugar, and let the salad "lie" for an hour before it is required for the table. Serve this with

Roast Wild Duck.—A simple stuffing of potatoes boiled and mashed is the best for this. Baste the duck freely while it is cooking, as this is a bird with drier flesh than the tame species. Cover with buttered paper while it is cooking, and give a rather longer time than for the ordinary kind.

There is more flesh upon all game-birds than is usually imagined, so that they are profitable to the housekeeper, although somewhat high in price.

A Roast Guinea Fowl is an excellent dish, a nice salad accompanying it well, with gravy and brown crumbs.

Browned Bread-crumbs, the usual garnish for all game, are made by grating some stale white bread on to a tin, placing bits of butter amongst them, and putting the tin in a very quick oven. Stir the crumbs frequently, that they may brown all alike.

L. H. YATES.



OUR GIRLS A-WHEEL.

By N. G. BACON, Hon. Sec. of "Mowbray House Cycling Association."

IV.—GIRLS' CYCLING CLUBS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

"UNITY is strength!" With such a motto for our foundation-stone, it is wise to discuss the advantages to be gained by Our Girls A-wheel with co-operation and organisation. It is an undisputed fact that the womanhood of the nineteenth century enjoys a more unrestricted and independent life than our foremothers. Cycling is practically the only pastime by which it is possible to make public the appreciation of athleticism. Tennis may be played in the private garden; swimming may be enjoyed in the bath, gymnastics in the obscure gymnasium, cricket in the empty field, and with an occasional row on the river, may exhaust the opportunities for physical recreation. There is a lack however of earnestness in all such achievements. So long as the science of physical development is forwarded in unfrequented corners, in a spirit of listlessness, it is supposed by many to be blameless.

But, by the aid of the wheel, a new era has commenced, and the womanhood of the twentieth century may be the eye-witness of a great revolution. To build up the physical nature according to the opportunities afforded, and to study the science of living, may be considered in a few years to be the highest duty of our girls. To-day, when we allow to pass, without comment, hundreds of delicate wheelwomen, mounted on their dainty steeds, through the rural lanes, and even the most crowded thoroughfares of our cities, we reflect with astonishment what progress has been witnessed even by our own eyes. This freedom and safety along the roads of civilisation speaks volumes. It means more than self-government. To successfully steer a cycle up hill and down dale, alone and unaided, requires a certain degree of nerve, muscular and mind strength not to be despised; but before such an exhibition could have taken place, years and years of pioneer work had to be performed.

In the year 1878, the Cyclists' Touring Club was originally founded to combat the dogged and unreasonable opposition to the new method of locomotion, and to protect the interest of its persistent adherents on the road. The pioneer wheelers, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for making our paths straight and safe, were received with ill-concealed antipathy, which culminated at times in undoubted brutality. Altogether, the rider's lot in those days was not a happy one; for there was also the difficulty to obtain reliable information of the nature of the route ahead. Let us just glance at the true position of affairs at that period, and study the objects of the Bicycle Touring Club—for such was the name of the organisation in 1878—which have

steadily assisted to raise the pastime to the high level at which we find it to-day.

To encourage and facilitate touring in all parts of the world.

To protect its members against unprovoked assaults.

To provide riding or touring companions.

To secure and appoint at fixed and reduced rates hotel headquarters in all parts of the country.

To enlist the co-operation of a leading wheelman, who should act as consul in every town, and who should render to his fellow-members local information of every description.

To inculcate and encourage an *esprit de corps* among the followers of the wheel, similar to freemasonry of every description.

Not only so, but the "Cyclists' Touring Club" has, assisted by the National Cyclists' Union, erected warning notices at the tops of dangerous hills. The subscription to this club is merely nominal, being 5s. per annum, with 1s. entrance fee, and for this modest sum its members receive a sixty-four page gazette, post-free, as well as the other advantages enumerated above. It is not a social club, nor are there any outdoor excursions organised amongst its members, except by one or two local branches, where a few energetic wheel experts succeed in enlarging its scope. In my touring article, I shall have the pleasure to refer to this most active organisation again, and at greater length. All particulars can be obtained from the secretary, Mr. E. R. Shipton, 47 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

The late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson did yeoman service to the cycling world, and helped to form the "Society of Cyclists," which sprang into existence in the autumn of 1885, with a view to blending instruction with rational amusement, as well as good fellowship with healthy pastime. Among its features is the holding of congresses in provincial towns and centres of historic interest. Meetings are held in Conduit Street during the winter, at which papers are read and discussed; new inventions and remarkable journeys shown, described and explained. History and folk-lore, natural science and human industry, art and archaeology, each in its turn has furnished the objective point of the summer visits made by the fellows of the society. The subscription is, for ladies, 5s.; for gentlemen, 10s. 6d. Its secretary is Mr. Frederick Farrow, 7, New Court Lincoln's Inn, E.C.

In 1889, the Road and Path Cycling Association was founded, and reconstructed in 1895, with the following objects and features: 1st, To promote the sport of cycling amongst amateurs; 2nd, The protection and assistance of members in their rights as cyclists to use the public roads; 3rd, The acquirement of

advantageous terms of cycles and cycling accessories, and 4th, Associated tours with economy and comfort. The Rt. Hon. Lord Norreys has been appointed president. The touring is the most successful department of this association, and for those who prefer pre-arranged tourist parties conducted by an expert, it is not to be despised.

In the cycling realm it is but natural that our girls should discover that they are capable of enjoying both individual and collective life. Club life teaches the wheelwoman to be self-dependent, no matter what the obstacle, and that there is a prosperous niche for every human soul on God's earth if only folks would make up their minds to hunt till they find it. It teaches first social opportunity, then friendship and the advantages of unity. It may be that our grandmothers commenced attending convivial gatherings by sipping afternoon tea, and tasting the delights of an afternoon ecstasically spent in conversing on fashion, perhaps frivolity, which leads the way to books and philosophy, and, by the advent of the wheel, to the delights of the glorious world outside the garden-gate. So soon as our girls taste the refreshment of union, learn to like its sweets and appreciate a new understanding of the higher life that comes from freedom of action, and provides a healthy use of unconsidered moments, they will combine together to put the finishing touches to the pioneer work so ably performed by their sturdier fathers and brothers. The roads have been made both safe and rideable. It is now time for them to be utilised for the most innocent, most healthful and most fascinating enjoyment.

Buoyancy of spirits begets spirited action. It is listlessness that renders life so uninteresting, and a weak action of the heart creates languor and morbidity. Physical weakness and inferiority makes a soul cowardly, emotional, artful, untruthful, irresponsible, untrustworthy, capricious and fretful; but a physical vigour shall bequeath to coming generations a heritage of acquired health and character. Cycling may enlarge the circle of feminine graces until it includes courage, self-reliance, self-control, truth of being, spiritual freedom, and graces which will ennoble. The cycle may become a stepping-stone towards physical reformation, wherein lies the attainment of true womanhood.

But what has all this to do with clubs? That is the point I am now coming to. Without the cycle you cannot have the club. In the year 1892, to compete with the rapid growth and power of feminine cycling, the Lady Cyclists' Association was founded by Miss Davidson to encourage and keep up the tone of cycling, to bring its members into touch with one another, to foster the wearing

of the reform costume, and to find riding companions, etc. During the season rides are organised, and in the winter a social gathering is arranged. Its secretary is Miss Grace Murrell, of 35, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., from whom all particulars can be obtained. The Countess of Malmesbury is the president.

A few months later another association sprang into being which has even greater promise than the L. C. A. A little group of about a dozen girls one bright summer evening in the twilight met in an editorial sanctum facing the winding River Thames, from the windows of which could be seen two of the famous metropolitan bridges and the architectural splendour of the Houses of Parliament. If we had placed the friendly ear of curiosity close to the doors of that room, we would have immediately discovered that they had gathered together to discuss the acquisition of cycles.

"Hands up who can afford to purchase a wheel." One hand alone appeared stretched towards the ceiling.

"How many wish to cycle?" An enthusiastic waving of hands quickly followed this query.

The outcome of all this enthusiasm was the formation of the "Mowbray House Cycling Association," which is to-day the largest and most powerful cycling institution for our girls in England. It has a most successful system of co-operative cycles, by which it is possible for a member, on payment of a quarterly subscription of from £1 5s. to £2 (according to the price of the cycle) to hire on the three years' purchase system a safety bicycle, with the option, at the end of each year, of (1) to return the cycle to the Association, (2) to continue to hire at a reduced rate, (3) to purchase at net cash price. In addition to this, there are monthly and fortnightly meetings for business and social purposes, rides for the summer and winter seasons, a system of private introduction through the mediumship of the secretary for the purpose of companionship for rides, etc., and the acquisition of country headquarters in various parts where members and associates are boarded and lodged at reduced rates. By the kindness of Mr. W. T. Stead, the use of a doubly-roofed tent in Wimbledon Park, during the summer months.

The M. H. C. A., of which Lady Henry Somerset is president, and Mrs. Massingberd, the Viscountess Harberton, Madam Sarah Grand, Miss Willard, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Mrs. Arthur Brooke, and Mrs. W. T. Stead are vice-presidents, is worked on the principles

of self-government. Any officer can assist in the government by paying the annual subscription, and by this means obtain a vote as an associate; otherwise, the officers are mere figure-heads. At its monthly business meetings, a majority of votes alone can govern the decision as to rules, regulations and future organisation. Sub-committees are occasionally formed for the transaction of mere points of detail with which it is difficult to deal at the larger monthly gatherings. The social element is supported by a "Chat over the Teacups" an hour previous to the discussion of business. The subscription is 3s. 6d. per annum; the entrance fee 1s., which covers the payment of a sixteen-paged monthly journal, *At the Sign of the Butterfly*, sent post-free to the members and associates. Every year a "Wheelwoman's Handbook" is published, to save unnecessary correspondence in replying to the questions of novices upon the various stages of the art of cycling.

In the past seasons the rides have been most successful, as many as from thirty-five to forty-five sitting down to tea, and it has been the experience of the association that these club rides have proved to be very useful (1) in inspiring the spirit of comradeship amongst the riders, and (2) increasing the riding powers of even the most delicate. Organised trips with congenial companions are the most pleasurable forms of cycling. Meeting at the trysting-place in ones and twos, the members glide up, and, with hearty and sincere handshake, the members greet each other, after which, with a merry jest and laugh, they ride along together, animated by the congenial flow of bright spirits and happy flow of chatter. The address of the M. H. C. A. is Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.

Let us for a moment reflect what an amount of character-building of the finest description is silently going on during these club rides. The moment the rider mounts the bicycle a complete change in both mental and muscular exercise is experienced. The sensitive steed exacts the attention of both the mind and the body. To the necessity of maintaining equilibrium and propulsion every muscle responds; to avoid obstacles or rough places on the road, the eye quickens mechanically, and is ever on the alert. Trouble is sure to quickly follow an error of judgment, for the bicycle is not versed in any law of self-preservation. Quick judgment, rapid thought, and prompt action, are both involuntarily and intuitively imposed upon the wheelwoman in a hundred little ways. The brain, no less than the eyes and muscles of the body, comes into sympathetic action with the movements of the sensitive vehicle beneath the rider, who thus is unconsciously drawn away from herself, and the

innumerable cares of her liliputian world, with the cobwebs of the brain, are swept away in the tide of quickened, oxygenated blood that courses through the veins in response to the new spirit of breath and action, whilst she is at the same time being inspired by the most glorious sense of comradeship, which is the slender tie worthy of joining all sorts and conditions of our girls together.

There are also many other clubs for ladies and gentlemen in London, among which I may mention the Trafalgar Bicycle Club and the Wheel Club, both of which cater for the society folk, not to mention the numerous local cycling clubs, which are to be found in every district. There is no doubt that advantages are to be gained from club membership, as the unattached rider is not the most enviable mortal to be found on this terrestrial ball. Even with a cycling chum it is possible to lose many interests which await the cyclist, for she may be more profitably employed when we most desire to go a-wheeling; she may prefer the companionship of others, or desire a quicker or a slower pace than that which pleases us, but with many companions it is easier to share our joys and cares.

I may here conclude by giving a list of the clubs open to our girls. The list is far from complete, but it may assist in the selection of a club:—

Ladies' S.W. Bicycle Club.—Hon. Sec., Mrs. Freke, 378, Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, S.W. Subscription 2s. 6d.

Coventry Lady Cyclists.—Hon. Sec., Miss E. H. Hart, Cox Street, Coventry.

Beaumont C.C.—Hon. Sec., Mr. Walter Marshall, 4, Roding Villas, Leyton, Essex.

North London C.C.—Hon. Sec., Mr. W. S. Harvey, 13, Stoke Newington Common, N.

The Liverpool Ladies' Prima C.C.—Hon. Sec., Miss Jessie Nathan.

Brighton and District Ladies' C.C.—Hon. Sec., Mrs. G. B. Dumbleton, 27, St. George's Road, Brighton.

The Castle C.C. Ladies' Bootle C.C.

Cricklewood C.C.—Hon. Sec., Mr. E. T. Burton, 3, Rockhall Terrace, Cricklewood, N.W.

Rational Dress C.A.—President Mrs. Leigh Hunt-Wallace; Hon. Sec., Miss Tracy, 4, Albany Terrace, London, N.W.

Leeds and District Ladies' C.A.—Headquarters, "Powolyns," Bond Street, Leeds. Hon. Sec., Miss Kate Heywood, Post Office, Hunslet.

Kennington Ladies' C.C.—Mrs. French, 50, Albert Street, Penton Place, S.

Manchester Ladies' C.C. Ladies' Bohemian C.C.

Ladies' Humber C.C.—Captain, Mrs. H. Tatlow.

Kensington College C.C.—Hon. Sec., Miss Charlotte Munford, 295, Ladbroke Grove, W.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"It was undoubtedly Gwenlleian who sang at the Eisteddfod disguised as a peasant," said Herbert to his grandfather one morning at breakfast. "Had I not at once recognised her and her voice, I must have known her by the words of the song she sung, as I wrote them."

"Poor dear child," said Mr. Lloyd. "I have long suspected that they were in difficulties; but they know my means are small, and therefore never mention their circumstances to me. It must, indeed, have been a hard struggle with every feeling of her refined nature to

induce her to sing and play in public. What can be done for them?"

"I will tell you, my dear sir, a plan that has occurred to me," replied Herbert. "You know that I am now a rich man. My fellowship is between three and four hundred a year, and I shall not want, at present, at least, a farthing of it. Will you consent to receive the money for me, and to apply it, in every possible way, for the benefit of Lady Llewellyn and her daughters?"

"My dear boy, that offer is worthy of you," said Mr. Lloyd with a smile. "A portion of your money I would gladly

so apply, and may find many ways of doing so with delicacy; but the rest I must lay by for yourself."

"My salary as tutor will still be continued to me," argued Herbert, "and I have no desire to accumulate money."

"You are young, Herbert, and may soon want capital to begin life."

"Then he who gives the interest will return me the capital when required," said Herbert. "But you are jesting, my dear grandfather, and going against your principles. At least, whilst I am abroad, you must use all my income, for yourself, for the Llewellyns, and for

subject without Gwenlleean's knowledge. She was on the eve of doing so, when Mr. Grant's proposal reminded her that her interference might be a cause of dispute between the two young men, and might even occasion disagreeable results, if disclosed, in the family of Lord Hastings; since Herbert must, of necessity, discover the channel through which she had received the intelligence. She therefore decided upon letting the matter rest until his return, when she hoped to clear it up, without telling him that his rival was her authority.

Whilst terrible adventures with dire results were happening in Italy to Herbert and his friends, Gwenlleean and her mother were still struggling on through their difficulties. They scarcely knew how they lived. They believed that the rapid and wonderful sale of Gwenlleean's drawings was their only means of support, and so, really, it was. David found ready and constant purchasers for as many as she could do; but then Mr. Lloyd occasionally bought one, unknown to Gwenlleean, for which he paid treble its value. Lady Llewellyn had received no remittances, and the well-hoarded

prize of the Eisteddfod was nearly exhausted.

In addition to their pecuniary sorrows, there was another, much more difficult, either to surmount or bear. Lizzie, the joy and comfort of both, fell sick, and none of the remedies they could give seemed of service. The little girl became from a bright, lively creature, a pale thin child, and the change, though gradual, was most distressing to the mother and sister. She complained of no decided pain, still she wasted away; and her patient, meek ways, so different from her former light-heartedness, seemed to indicate some malady unknown to those about her. Gwenlleean nursed and tended her unceasingly, and tried to assure her mother that Lizzie's illness, or rather weakness, merely proceeded from rapid growth; but at heart she thought otherwise.

Amidst these accumulated home trials, Gwenlleean thought comparatively little of Herbert and the Lady Louisa. Even the intelligence of her arrival in Italy, though it caused an additional sigh, scarcely remained upon her mind: nay, even the coldness of a portion of Herbert's last letter drew but a passing

tear. So strangely do imaginary evils sink into nothing beneath the pressure of real ones. She felt the long silence that succeeded his letter more than anything else. It was written just before he and his friends started for an exploring tour, and many a weary week passed on without bringing any intelligence from him, either to his grandfather, her mother or herself. They all felt annoyed, attributing the cause of his silence to carelessness or forgetfulness; for they were assured that if anything were the matter, they should hear from some member of the Hastings family.

Mr. Grant's visits to the cottage had ceased, and Gwenlleean felt keenly the obligation they were still under to him; for they found it impossible either to pay up the arrears of rent, or that which became due afresh. The money was never asked for, and Lady Llewellyn expressed to Gwenlleean her appreciation of Mr. Grant's gentlemanlike conduct in not allowing pique or ill-feeling to get the better of his kindness. Gwenlleean only prayed to be enabled to pay him, and never to see him again.

(To be continued.)

OUR GIRLS A-WHEEL.

By N. G. BACON, Hon. Sec. of "Mowbray House Cycling Association."

V.—THE TOURIST.



OF all the pleasant memories I love to cherish, my first tour occupies the first position. Touring, in fact, is the backbone of cycling. So far as London is concerned, the Mecca of cycloedom is undoubtedly the famous seaside town of Brighton. "London-by-the-Sea," as it is commonly called, is the goal of every ambitious novice of the wheel, for directly she has done "Brighton and back," no matter how many long and weary hours have been spent in the achievement, she has emerged from her former state of cyclo-chrysalis into that of a full-fledged cyclist. London to Brighton and back is just 104 miles, a good day's work awaiting the intrepid wheeler. It is quite possible to get through comfortably in, say, twelve hours, and therefore the ambitious cyclist will start between 6 A.M. and 7 A.M., reach the Brighton Aquarium before 12, have a refreshing swim in the sea, a substantial lunch, a stroll on the sands, a fairly hearty tea, and a start homeward at 5 P.M., which will

enable the weary wreck, who has spent so many hours in winning her spurs, to retire and enjoy her well-earned repose before midnight. The journey to Brighton is more or less uphill, so that the return ride is an easier performance.

On my first tour I did everything with care. I did the performance in a very leisurely, and perhaps somewhat philosophic manner. I was possessed with

a curious, cunning cautiousness, of which I am not always guilty. At the very mention of a tour, I for the first time discovered, right in the centre of the matter-of-fact doll's-house in which at that time I was dwelling, there lived a typical representative of Dame Grundy. Now, I had hitherto had an excellent opinion of this old lady, and to this day I must confess the same weakness. In fact, I am determined always to have the highest respect for her. She is one of the most charming old ladies you could meet in a day's march, and with a little coaxing will allow you to do, a moment later, just those things she has, in a purely spasmodic burst of enthusiasm at the thought of your fearless ambition, denounced as most impossible for a lady to do with dignity. "Be dignified"—that is the key to the heart of Dame Grundy. If you really can ride from London to Brighton and back in a day in a dignified fashion, by all means accomplish your ambitious task, and this charming old lady will declare that the performance is a most creditable one, both to your riding powers, and to the excellence of your wheel.

But tear along the Queen's highways, become overheated, untidy, and wearied, and arrive at your destination a miserable specimen of wretched humanity, and she will—and most wisely—denounce you as unwomanly and undignified.

My method of coaxing my friends to disperse all opposition to the solitary tour I intended to enjoy was a very simple one. To this day I can remember the uproarious laughter, the satirical and mirthful chaff, and the innumerable imaginary caricatures which were hurled at my unhappy head. For mental digestion, experience has taught me it is wiser when a laugh is very much against you to join merrily in the mirth. Directly I proceeded to tackle the luggage question, my friends took the position of Job's comforters, and threw, metaphorically speaking, cold water upon my contrivances to solve the puzzling problem of packing all my touring requisites in a single hold-all. Driven to desperation by the mere thought of defeat, and of becoming worthy of the whole host of wild epithets thrown at random, I worked hard and long until I was repaid by seeing my luggage safely packed and securely fastened on to my handle-bars ready for departure. At heart I felt sick and depressed, for the heavy list of unheeded tragedies which were prophesied to befall me had calmed my mirthful spirits.

In a sad but perverse mood I agreed to everything so long as I was allowed to depart in peace. Three hours before sunset, I was informed, it was wiser to retire to my hotel, rather than face the merest possibility of a moment's ride after twilight. Hence, with patience exhausted, and my head overburdened with a never-ending list of possible sins of omission and commission, feeling sad and dispirited as if I were going to join a gloomy funeral parade rather than depart for an enjoyable holiday, I started on my journey at noon, and this late departure necessitated a break in my first trip to Brighton.

But those pioneer days are over. Nowadays nothing is thought of our girls a-touring to their heart's delight, provided they are members of the C.T.C., and take the necessary precautions for their safety and pleasure. The fascination of the wheel grows upon the true cyclist, and compels her to tour. It is said that there were over 22,000 people touring on their cycles last season, and to join the C.T.C. is indirectly to encourage and facilitate touring in all parts of the world, to assist in providing riding or touring companions, to arrange with hotels reduced rates to cyclists, to appoint a consul in each town who shall give his fellow-members the advantage of his local knowledge, to appoint "official repairers" competent to remedy defects in and breakages of machines, and to compile and issue to members maps and road-books specially adapted to the needs of cyclists, and generally to encourage an *esprit de corps* in the brotherhood and sisterhood of the wheel, and promote the interests of cyclists the wide world over—for to accomplish all this are the chief objects of the C.T.C., and by joining you are indirectly helping others to reap benefit as well as yourself.

Taking into consideration the fact that the comfort and necessities of the tourist have been steadily kept before the mind of the progenitors and organisers of the C.T.C., the usefulness of such a corporate body cannot be denied. To whatever part of Great Britain the fair cyclist travels, the path has been prepared for her so that in safety and comfort she may go. In the *Handbook* she will find in the alphabetical list of villages, towns, and cities, the names of two or more of the best hotels, the proprietors of which have given their assurance of attention to the comfort and convenience of cyclists. By reference to her *Handbook* also, in case of accident, trouble, or annoyance *en route*, or perplexity as to which is the best road on which to travel, she will find the name and address of the nearest consul, to whom she may write for assistance.

When our girls go a-touring, seeing that the roads are comparatively free from danger or trouble, the only cause for anxiety may with some parents arise as to hotels. There is a certain timidity latent in the mind on entering an unknown hotel. I must plead guilty to this myself on my first tour, and it was this timidity on the part of myself and my friends that caused me so many misgivings. I, however, got over the difficulty in this way. I happen to have the pleasure of knowing the Hon. Miss Kinnaird, of the Y.W.C.A., and I asked my friends if they would be satisfied if I put up at the houses and homes of the Y.W.C.A. To this proposal they agreed most heartily, and I obtained from the Hon. Miss Kinnaird a letter of introduction which admitted me to the Y.W.C.A. in any part of the country. Staying at these houses was a source of much pleasure to me. To have the run of the dining and drawing-rooms, and to have the companionship and society of my own sex for purposes of conversation and a happy exchange of ideas, were highly superior to staying at a lonely, and sometimes gloomy, hotel. But I must explain here that I have received great kindness from the proprietors of hotels, and almost always had placed upon my table many little delicacies unknown to the ordinary tourist, and outside the regular dietary offered to travellers.

To speak of one instance only, when I arrived at Newcastle-on-Tyne at 9.30 P.M., tired, and oppressed by the never-ending stream of Saturday night traffic, and the network of innumerable tram-lines—for there is nothing more exhausting to the tourist, after revelling in the joys of rural nature for a hundred miles on a hot summer's day than to be suddenly thrown in the midst of a crowded, strange city. To make matters worse, there was a kind of a *fête* on, and I wandered for

thirty minutes in a vain search of a temperance hotel. At last, thoroughly wearied and spiritless, I suddenly remembered my Y.W.C.A. letter of introduction, and immediately asked a friendly constable for the address of the house. It was within five minutes' ride, and to the day of my death I shall never forget the kindness of Miss —, who received me with open arms, had prepared for me a most refreshing warm bath and a hot supper; but most of all I enjoyed the friendly welcome and the various reception-rooms. Speaking also as to expenditure, my stay at Newcastle only cost me, if I remember rightly, the modest sum of 5s., inclusive of my bath, supper, beds for Saturday and Sunday nights, with board all Sunday, and Monday morning's breakfast; whereas, on the following Sunday, after having travelled through Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc., at Carlisle just my bed, supper, and breakfast cost more than that at an ordinary hotel, with very few creature comforts, and only commercial men as my companions. It cannot be denied that a great future awaits the Y.W.C.A., and the owners of farms and private houses for lady tourists, who are furnished with references and letters of introduction. I may mention here that it is the desire of the Mowbray House Cycling Association in the future to act as a medium of communication between householders and boarders in this connection.

These country rambles a-wheel, how invigorating and instructive they are! After having decided to tour, and having joined the ranks of the C.T.C.-ites, the next thing is to plan out the tour, and select the route to be followed by the aid of various route-books, maps, and guides. The question of mileage has to be faced. If the rider is physically strong and of healthy constitution, with fair powers of endurance, it is possible to cover from 40 to 70, or even 80 miles per day, but for the first few days it is wiser to "potter along." Never force or over-exert yourself. Previous to any long tour, a little training of the riding powers will repay any trouble, for the mere task of sitting in the saddle for several hours per day is painful to a rider who has not taken the precaution of undergoing previous practice and seasoning for the work contemplated. The tourist who is determined to enjoy her holiday will wisely ride, say, ten or twelve miles per day for the fortnight prior to the day of departure.

Experience has taught me that it is much wiser to strap all the luggage required for a comfortable night at the hotel on to the handle-bar. Even supposing you have determined to reach a certain spot before nightfall, it is impossible to be certain in your movements. A careless spill, a sharp shower, the meeting of a friend, or an unrideable surface, may upset your plan; and, believe me, the rider who has sent the luggage on, casts envious glances at the comfortable slippers, the warm night apparel, and the other toilet necessities, carried so conveniently, and always ready to hand by her fellow traveller, who never seems at a loss for anything, even for an interesting book. I remember once spending four of the dullest hours of my life at a miserable inn, where I could find neither book nor person to interest me, and this unhappy episode made me declare, "Never more, quoth the raven, never more!" In my travelling hold-all you will invariably discover an interesting book, or something by which I find it possible to pass many happy hours, companionless.

The luggage should consist of a thorough change of flannel underwear, an easy pair of slipper-shoes, with which it is possible to walk out-of-doors in dry weather, and not too heavy for indoor wear, the ordinary toilet necessities, a good map and guide-book, stationery, and other impedimenta. Through the parcels post it is very easy to send and receive exchange

linen, which can be posted at the various centres, at which a prolonged stay is arranged. I consider it a luxury at some periods to forsake cycling altogether, and stabling your wheel with the ostler, forget that you happen to be a cyclist. To accomplish this it is necessary to send through the post, or parcels delivery, a semi-evening dress, and other paraphernalia. I well remember passing a coach, whilst flying a very steep hill at the Lakes. Entering one of the grand hotels, I met the commiserate glances with a quiet smile, and at *table d'hôte* felt quite at my ease in my resplendent gown. It may or it may not be vanity, but my departure from the hotel was a semi-public function, as it was the pleasure of the visitors to "see me off." Dame Grundy and her numerous followers cannot pardon as the accompaniment of pure enjoyment an untidy or inappropriate appearance. A suitable cycling garment will be more readily agreed to if the wearer still retains some of the milder conventionalities of feminine life.

Before starting, the machine should be carefully overhauled by an expert, and in case of accidents the tool-bag should contain adjustable spanner, an oil-can filled with the best oil, a repairing outfit for the tyre, a piece of copper wire, a yard or two of string, a piece of wash-leather, etc. The lamp and bell should also be attended to.

In conclusion, just a word as to routes. After Brighton has been done, for some the next achievement is Hastings. Portsmouth, Bournemouth, and the Isle of Wight are spots peculiarly fascinating to the tourist. The Portsmouth road, indeed, is simply divine! Very hilly, it is true, but the rugged scenery well repays any trouble that is taken to get to it. Then there is the Great North Road, of which volumes and volumes have been written. No one is counted a cyclist until the North Road has been ridden. The surface is splendid, and it leads to the great industrial towns of the North of England. Then there is sweet and charming Wales, one of the most popular touring resorts, to say nothing of the lake district, to which all are supposed to go. Scotland is also fast becoming attractive to the tourist, although it costs just upon £3 from London to Edinburgh and back, either by train or by boat, the latter to be preferred. The midnight express lands you in Edinburgh in a very few hours, and many rural delights await the tourist within fifty miles of the Scottish metropolis. Sometimes Ireland is the chosen spot, the land of decreasing population, abandoned cottages, neglected and often unused mansions, the thought of which may create melancholy feelings, but there is many a wealthy individual who would part with much of his money to be as free from care as the inconsistent Irish folk. The Irish roads have often been severely condemned, but there is not a finer stretch of coast road in England than that from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway. In fact, it is said that the much-vaunted Great North Road of England does not excel the Connemara roads, and the gravel roads of Donegal afford capital riding. The interior of Ireland is admittedly dull, but the tourist's ground lies along the coast, plus the Killarney lakes.

But, after all, it is the potterer who knows the sweet rural lanes and the charming retired spots so dear to the city toiler. I remember riding only fifty miles one day, and spending the pleasant hours wheeling in and out of secluded beauty. Nothing can surpass the exquisite pleasure of wandering free as the air over hill and dale, with nothing to do but to drink in Nature's beauties. When one reflects upon the simple, grand, inspiring and sweet beauties to be found within easy reach of the wheelwoman on this tiny isle of ours, the love of Old England is awakened in our heart, and we rejoice and are glad.