

men by the ordinary run of English cyclers (although I am pleased to testify to a great many exceptions to this class), he was highly indignant, insisting that the every-day English cyclist was the most companionable, hospitable, pains-taking fellow to be found in wheeldom. We admired his self-satisfied persistency, and looked forward to a pleasant evening in Coventry under his guidance. This expectation was heightened when he asked what hotel we proposed stopping at. We told him, and just after getting to the outskirts of the town, with more expressions of disdain at the opinion we had given in a moment of rashness, and again assuring us of our error of judgment, gave us the direction to our hotel and left us. We could not but make the comparison in our minds of how differently an American or Canadian cyclist would have used a Continental tourist on this side of the water. We were soon safely ensconced in the comfortable Queen's Hotel, which, after the wearisome ride of the day, seemed a veritable haven of refuge.

We had the historian of the party repeat the legend of Lady Godiva with which almost every one is familiar, and then on our way to the Rudge factory, viewed the effigy of Peeping Tom, that early martyr to the cause of curiosity. We were told that some of the wall surrounding the city in the time of Richard II. was still standing, but as our time was limited, we chose the portion of Coventry that particularly interested us, and went at once to the region of the cycle manufacturing. Armed with a letter of introduction to the manager of the Rudge works, we made our first visit there. Our approach to the office was barred by a military looking individual in full regulation uniform, who very cordially deigned to address us without the medium of a subordinate, and asked our business. It was the matter of a moment's hesitation with us, whether our continental passport would not be required as well as our introductory letter, to gain admittance to the manager's presence. The functionary left us standing in the court, and, after a long time of waiting, returned and bade us follow. Giving the pass word to enable us to get through numerous passages with the legend "no admittance" on as many doors, we were ushered into a hall-way, and after more waiting, were gladdened with the sight of one of the counting-house staff. He treated us with as much civility as he could muster to his assistance, and sent us through the works in the charge of one of the under boys, who appeared to know less about the various mechanical contrivances than we did.

Having received such a frigid reception from the reputed foremost manufacturers, we had but little inclination to further investigate the cycle industry. McBride desired to see the Singer people respecting some alteration to his wheel so we accompanied him. This company has not, as some are inclined to imagine, any connection with the American sewing machine company of the same name. Their present works are comparatively new, and they are constantly adding additional buildings, as the requirements of their business demand—their system being to keep the various departments in different buildings, when such is feasible. Our reception here was quite a contrast to our last call. A great deal of trouble was taken by the gentleman who received us, and every detail of construction employed in the bicycle was illustrated and patiently explained to us. We left the Singer Co.'s office impressed with a very different idea of British business hospitality and amiability than the conviction we carried with us to the same establishment. I merely mention these two experiences to give the reader some idea of the firm having all the business it can handle, and consequently so independent, that it evidences a manner of independence too pronounced, compared with which is the corporation of, possibly, equal wealth and out-put, but having that grace of manner as one of its constituents, which marks the individual who is always ready to extend a courtesy, even if no immediate results of advantage are perceptible.

(To be continued.)

A Startler.

"Seventy-three miles an hour!" That's what a Worcester (Mass.) inventor claims is the speed which riders can attain on one of his cycles. Is it safe to laugh at this man? Let us see. Twenty miles an hour was deemed impossible only a few years ago; 2m 20s. for the mile was scoffed at, as being beyond the range of possibilities a few months ago, and yet these performances are now known to be very much within the bounds of reason to-day. Yet in spite of these facts I imagine it will be perfectly safe to risk a very loud chuckle at the claim of seventy-three miles an hour on any manumotive machine. The description of the machine, to my unmechanical mind, is vague, and all I can seem to grasp is that it is one big wheel with two rims and the rider sits suspended from the inner rim.—*Outing for August.*