

A Summer's Cycling Reminiscence.

THE STORY OF A THREE MONTHS' BICYCLING
TOUR THROUGH EUROPE, AND AN ACCOUNT
OF SOME OF THE IMPRESSIONS
RECEIVED.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.—XVI.

With sixty-two miles additional to place to our credit on the log-book, we found ourselves at the close of the following day enconced in the principal hotel of St. Germain, tired out, but delighted with the day's ride. Our way had led us through a beautiful stretch of undulating country, providing just enough hill-climbing to vary the monotony of the level. We were nearing Paris, and naturally enough rather in a hurry to get there, so did not spend any time of consequence in Saint Germain. We did prolong our stay somewhat, on account of the landlord of the hotel endeavoring to profit by our apparent inexperience, charging us just double the tariff rates, notwithstanding our appetites were in their normal condition. McLean had to go to the chief of police and air our grievances before the hotel bill was cut in two. With the gratification of knowing that we had saved another mortal from wrongdoing, we bade the somewhat irate innkeeper *au revoir*, and, pushing our wheels before us, commenced the ascent of the gigantic hill lying between Saint Germain and Versailles: which effort occupied our undivided attention for one hour and a half. We arrived in Versailles shortly after, just in time to escape a very severe storm, which, within the space of half an hour, turned the highways into miniature rivers, and had the effect of making us feel satisfied that we were under cover. By the time we had finished our *dejeuner* the sky was again almost cloudless, and we sallied forth to the old palace once occupied by Louis XIV. The magnificent pictures contained in this palace are alone worth crossing the Atlantic to see. We had a most intelligent guide, an old Englishman, who took us through the various galleries and pointed out the paintings of special import. We felt the contiguity of Paris, and, restless to get a wheel once more, we again made the mistake of leaving many of the beauties of Versailles to be seen later on. Ten miles of riding through towns of small consequence and we have the Eiffel Tower, it seems to us, close at hand. We are now at the gate of the city, and, after a few questions by the *gend'arme*, are privileged to enter the gay capital, although this

particular part of Paris did not impress us as being either very gay or beautiful. We do not begin to appreciate the magnificence of Paris until we approach the Place de la Concorde, not far distant from which rises the majestic and imposing Eiffel creation. Without much difficulty we found our elegant and handsomely appointed apartments in the Latin Quarter, and before nightfall we all felt as much at home as four persons could who were wrestling with a dialect which they were yet hardly on speaking terms with.

Nearly ten days flew away before we could make up our minds to leave Paris. How pleasantly those days in the French capital were passed! One month of life in Paris would hardly give sufficient opportunity to thoroughly see the Louvre. A few days' visit to this enormous Art gallery gives the traveller but a faint conception of the treasures contained therein. We employed many of our mornings here. The afternoons would sometimes be devoted to riding over the splendid boulevards or in the Bois de Boulogne, possibly in the palace and garden of the Luxembourg. The opera, of course, held out great inducements to McLean and Peard, and at each of the three performances given during the week these worthies were always to be found. The party was again dissolved in Paris: McBride carrying out his original idea of visiting the Rhine, Langley taking a mysterious jaunt through the wilds of Germany, McLean and Peard returning to England. We took the train for Dieppe the evening of the last day of July, and were again fortunate in having a pleasant trip across the Channel. While on the steamer we got into conversation with one of the progressive representatives of the United States, who had taken one whole day to see London, and donated a portion of twenty-four hours to the inspection of Paris. When we expressed our sympathy for him in having to return to America so soon without being able to see anything well, he quickly replied that he expected to be in England about two months, but considered he had seen everything worth seeing both in London and Paris in the short space of time given to each!

(To be continued.)

The Wheelman (Dublin) thinks "some of the tire inventors must be lineal descendants of Ananias." We would rise to explain that the present is a season of inflation as regards tires, and probably also as regards liars.