

across the Hudson to the pine-clad mountains sharply outlined against the glory of the setting sun. A feeling of drowsiness gradually came over me, and the beauty of the view faded from sight as my own nature claimed her rest. During the night there came up the most severe thunderstorm—so said the oldest inhabitant—that has visited the place in forty years. Charles woke me up to hear how hard it rained, and I dreamed till morning that I was riding in mud up to my knees.

Seven o'clock saw us pedalling towards Fishkill village on the shore road. Only one who knows by experience can appreciate an early morning ride. The road was sometimes but a stone's throw from the river whose ripples lapped the shore, and again it was cut around the face of a cliff, from which vantage point we looked across the glassy surface of Newburg bay, and thought of the change since he who gave his name to the Rhine of America had anchored the "Half Moon" in those quiet waters, a September morning in 1609. We gazed at old Storm King, and wondered whether it too had changed since the virgin forests about its base had given place to the cities and villages of the Empire State.

If one wishes to indulge in quiet meditation, I can strongly recommend the wheel, for it is never restless or baulky (except upon a long hill), and will stand for any length of time. The thunder shower of the previous night had been a local one, and we soon rode out of its range. My chum might have insisted upon stopping at Poughkeepsie, had Vassar been in session; but as it was not, we pedalled on by the Salt Point road through a beautiful rolling country; and Charles, who is a favorite with the ladies, was most fortunate in his choice of stopping places for milk. He invariably hit upon a farm house where there was a rosy-cheeked lass at the dairy or in the kitchen. The farms and houses seemed thrifty and well kept, and the milk—we did sample a few glasses—was of superior quality. There was a little excitement now and then, caused by the necessity of teaching members of the canine species that it does not pay to meddle with a wheelman's lower extremities—and dogs, like some people, can only learn by experience. We stopped at Stamfordville that day for dinner; and, if you will excuse me, I should like to say that should I live till my head has lost its last hair, I shall never forget the cherry pie we had. It was the kind of pie that a man tells his wife his mother used to make.

That afternoon we met a funeral, and frightened the horses of the hearse, thereby bringing down upon ourselves the wrath of the whole village. We stopped for the night at South Egremont, Mass., a most charming little village. The sidewalks of white marble, from the neighboring quarries, bordered by

spreading elms, and the white houses surrounded by terraced lawns gave a most restful and picturesque effect, while the broad, inviting piazzas of the Mt. Everett House were indicative of the kindly hospitality furnished within.

This is the story of one day's run, and each day brings its quota of fine scenery, its exciting and ludicrous incidents, such as a little accident which happened to a friend of mine who was touring in the Delaware Water Gap. He was coasting down a grade and ran into a cow, was thrown upon the cow's back, and thus mounted rode on down the hill. Give your imagination a little play, and you will laugh.

At the risk of wearying you, I shall venture to tell you about one of the red letter days of our tour.

The June roses had faded since we had stopped at South Egremont; and the grain and fruit of September were ripe as, early one morning, we left Boston for Amherst. We wheeled out Beacon street, past the beautifully situated Chestnut hill reservoirs, on through Boston's unsurpassed suburbs, Newton Centre, and Highlands, Wellesley, Natick, etc. The roads were perfect, the sun shining, and just enough breeze to temper its heat. The country, after leaving Worcester, gets more rugged; and about three o'clock the sky clouded and the wind rose—fortunately at our backs. As a result, our wheels hummed under us; and the hills grew less steep. At four o'clock we had covered seventy-seven miles, and had twenty-five to travel, when like a tornado the storm was upon us. In less time than it takes to tell it, we were drenched to the skin, and rode fully twenty minutes before we came to a house. Here a consultation was held, and Charles thought that we had better stop at that farm house; but I called him a tenderfoot; and, as he declared that he wasn't, we pushed on. Bitterly did he rue that decision at the end of the next hour. The rain increased, and the conversation, which had been—"You always were pig-headed—to drag me on in this rain," and "Oh, well, you can't get any wetter than you are," etc.—entirely ceased. The roads became pools, about two inches deep in the horse track, and perhaps twice that in the wheel ruts. There, as we drove our wheels skidding, now into the ditch at the road side, now almost in collision in the middle, the rain not only poured down upon our backs, but the front wheel's threw a shower of sand and spray in our faces. Our plight became desperate, and as we tore down the hills in a vain endeavor to make time, the water and sand flew about us as if we were splashing in the surf at Manhattan. Twice, our chains became so clogged that we were forced to stop to partially clean them, then on, on, through the gathering gloom. At half past six, darkness obscured the road; and, though I had clinched my teeth and swore that we