

taken from the Marine Reporter's books, and are not far from being exact.] As you proceed, the current of the river increases and great care must be exercised to steer clear of the craft of all descriptions passing up the river. After touching at Windsor it is not long before the steamer is moored in her dock at Detroit.

Detroit! What a change from Windsor or Chatham! One block from where the boat stops and you are in the midst of the busy city. What a treat to touch the asphalt again, after the rough clay roads and worse block-paved streets of Chatham! Why, your wheel feels like a thing of life, gliding along so easily. Passing a block or so you reach Woodward Avenue, the main artery of the city, which stretches for nearly twelve miles before you pass the last city limit. Jefferson Avenue is the other great artery, running one block from, and parallel to, the swift and beautiful Detroit river. Although you may ride around your own city without noticing anything of a very striking nature, you can't do it in a strange city, especially such a one as Detroit. The wheel is just the thing for taking in all the sights of a city, especially in this instance. Smooth, clean, wide streets, and with nothing to do but steer clear of passing vehicles you can gaze on both sides of the street at once by simply looking straight ahead; it knocks the spots off driving or street-cars, besides being a quicker mode of travel. Having heard so much of the beautiful Bell Isle park you naturally turn in that direction first. From the corner of Woodward Avenue you have a clear stretch of asphalt up Jefferson Avenue, 4 miles at least, before reaching the great bridge leading into the park, and which connects the island with the city. This bridge is nearly a quarter of a mile long, has thirteen large spans, and is a very fine structure in every respect. What a view bursts upon you as you enter the beautiful and bewitching little island! On either side are the pale blue waters of the Detroit river, while before you the flower beds, roads, and walks are in the best of trim. Nature here has indeed been lavish with her gifts. You seldom see such a forest of trees on one island as is here seen, and of such full size. In the course of your rambles, or more properly your "wheelings," you come all at once to a large enclosed place, covering some ten acres, right in the heart of the park, which is thickly populated with elfish looking deer and fawns, feeding and gamboling as if no such thing as a human being were within a hundred miles of them. Presently you see a rustic building with a sign which in the distance you cannot read, but as you draw

nearer you are informed that all kinds of "ice-cold drinks" and dairy refreshments can be had. It being a warm day, and the exercise of wheeling not being by any means a safeguard against thirst, you alight, smacking your lips, for a cool drink. You approach, and after trying several doors finally stumble upon the right entrance. A shock-headed damsel appears, and you give your order for a glass of "lemon aid." "Haven't got it," is the laconic answer. Well, soda water. What flavor? Raspberry. Just run out of that flavor. Finally you have a "Hobson's choice" of vanilla. You wait patiently for two—three—four—five minutes, then the aforesaid damsel appears with a glass, full of what looks like snow. You lift the glass to your parched lips, and keep tilting it until finally you get one good mouthful of liquid; you give another pull and get your mouth full of froth. Putting the glass down with a dissatisfied and unquenched thirst, you meekly hand over a quarter and are handed back three nickels. Thanks! the next time you buy iced drinks you mentally resolve to go to the nearest water fountain and take it free gratis. Fortunately you no sooner leave the rustic refreshment booth than you run across a large tank with cups attached, with pure ice-cold water in it. You take a long, deep draught, and feel that after all there are worse places than a soda-water fountain. Time is advancing and you must take the nearest way out of the maze of drives and roads to the bridge, which by dint of good luck you manage to strike, thus giving you ample time to go leisurely down Jefferson Avenue.

What a truly progressive people the Americans are! Why, even their busses are run on the bicycle plan, or rather they are literally tricycles, and seem to run easier and quieter than the noisy street cars, especially so on the asphalt. Then, too, their water-works. The citizens at great expense have moved these some seven miles further up the river than where the old site was, thus insuring a plentiful supply of pure water and no "sewage flavoring" for all time to come. Their watercarts, too, for the asphalt in particular—none of your stuffed-up holes, but two spouts extending to the rear of the wagon, the water from which falls gently on two centrifugal discs or iron trays which, on account of their rapid revolving motion, throw off a thin spray that just sprinkles the road and that's all, covering no less a width than thirty feet. As you ride over the wet pavement your wheels collect no mud whatever. You arrive just in time to catch your boat, after two hours of very enjoyable riding.

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