

CYCLING

A Mirror of Wheeling Events—Devoted to the Interest of Cyclists in General.

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Only a Couple of Girls.

That is to say, there were no boys. But there were a pair of tricycles, and a world of sunshine, and birds too, although the hill-sides burned in gold and crimson, and October was only half gone. George and Tom, with Kitty and the others, had run away, and even Mr. —let us call him Highflyer, for he rode the tallest kind of a bicycle—was out of sight at last, and we breathed more freely. Given, a man and a wheel with another man and another wheel, and the result is, invariably, a *race*. O ye scorchers! is there nothing in nature but a macadamized road? Never mind. The boys are out of sight now, and the day is before us. And there is a long hill before us, too! But who cares for hills when one hasn't to climb them at break-neck speed?

I wonder if George or Tom paused at the top of this incline to study the effect of color in the woodlands skirting the road.

How sweet and peaceful, yet plaintive, the murmurings of nature's voices in the pure autumn air! The trees rustle their dying leaves, which whisper farewells to each other. The pines seem to sigh over departed days, and here and there, in the grass, an occasional belated insect,—some poor little Cigale,—pipes its note as cheerily as in the sweet summer-time, knowing only that, for the present, the sun shines, and the cold November days have not yet come. Oh, the sounds of nature in autumn, plaintive and tender, yet, to the soul filled with the magnificence of the surrounding landscape, ever joyous and full of rare delight. How deftly nature uses her pigments! There is the soft green of spring again,—a green just ready to fade into light yellow ere the leaves take on their more brilliant, final coloring; there is a whole palette of yellows from lightest cadmium to dirty ochre; and reds and browns in so many different shades that one almost wonders if nature isn't openly violating some law of harmony. Yet nature is always harmonious, and with all the intensity of coloration, never glaring, because everything is kept in the same key. The air is full of sunshine, and the sky and the ocean are of the clearest blue; while the hill-sides

burn in all the splendor of the rainbow; and now the sun is obscured by cloud; the key changes, the sea is cold and sullen, the light and brilliancy have gone out of the hill-sides, leaving them dull and far less beautiful; still everything is in perfect harmony.

The rumble of wheels breaks in upon our contemplation of nature, and in a few moments a carriage, in which are three ladies, comes around a turn in the roadway, and pauses opposite the tricycles.

How friendly they are, and with what eager interest do they scan the wheels while talking pleasantly of a score of things which appeal to a lover of nature!

"Your company have gone on ahead?"

"Yes; but we are in no hurry."

"I do not wonder that you loiter, when the country is so beautiful, and your horses never grow restive while you admire the landscape; it seems the ideal of traveling for pleasure. I wish that I, too, could wander at sweet will upon a tricycle."

"Why don't you get one?"

"Oh, some one always has to set the fashion, you know. I suppose I may get one some day."

What a grand thing it would be for the race were health to suddenly become "fashionable!" Then we would all bid farewell to modern improvements, with the attendant evils of furnace heat, bad drainage, etc., and live more out of doors with nature, and ride tricycles.

After a few pleasant remarks the carriage rolls on, and then we mount and away. "There is no loss without some small gain," says the adage; and "there are few *up*-hills but that are followed by a *down*-hill on the other side," says the tricyclist. Here goes!—feet securely braced against the rest, one hand on the brake and the other grasping firmly the steering-handle,—pell-mell, down the long grade, hair flying in the wind, pulses thrilling, and every fibre sensitive to the deliciousness of the experience.

Has the lady reader ever coasted a long, smooth hill on a tricycle?

And now we strike the open again; the road is hard and level, the pedals fly faster and faster, and we skim past the quiet farm-houses, the interested inmates rushing to