

twenty-four hours a new law had come in force, obliging us to pay as much again on each machine.

The situation was strained. Peg and I looked at each other expressively, then slowly counted out our money. At this moment, a tall American, a fellow passenger of ours appeared on the scene looking rather wild about the eyes, (he had a bicycle). "I wouldn't give the Bowery for the whole of Italy; I want to get out and they won't let me—I want to ship that blamed wheel right back to New York and they won't let me—of all the confounded"—My eye-brows jumped—he stopped, turned on his heel, and we saw him no more.

Upon receipt of the money, with much ceremony and many officials, a lead tag was tied to the bar of each bicycle with a piece of coarse string. We were then warned that if this valuable piece of metal escaped the clutches of the small boys and other means of destruction, and was intact when we crossed the border, and we could produce papers proving that we had paid the money, the whole would be returned, otherwise it would be forfeited. We were deeply impressed and left the customs sadder but wiser women.

Our hearts grew lighter as we settled for a spring into the saddle, but a detaining hand was laid upon us and we were further informed that the wheels must be sent to the City Hall to be kept for a day, and then on proving that we were foreigners travelling through, we would be given permission to use them for a certain time without paying the tax. This seemed the last straw, and if the American had been there then, we would have allowed him to use what language he pleased—and felt better.

Our first ride along the Santa Lucia by the sea front to the Riviera Chiaja and on towards Posilipo, was like strong wine after the wearisome nagging we had experienced. The sea lay shimmering beside us, only separated by a sea-

wall and a narrow strip of beach. Idle fishermen, with the Neapolitan costume of picturesque dirt covering them, lay face downwards on the narrow sands, or with still more palpable idleness slowly pulled at the long ropes attached to the fishing nets out at sea.

Fishing boats lolloped softly on the swell, breaking up the flooding light with faint shadows; far to the left the labouring mountain, just now sleeping its treacherous sleep, lay undulating and soft in the sunlight, only a white crown of mist suggesting the slumbering strength. Around its base, stretching away from Naples without a break, clustered foolish, trusting villages seeming so white and clean by reason of their distance. Beyond, Castellammare, Mount Angelo and Torrento followed the curving line of the beautiful bay, and farther still, faint yet distinct, rose the graceful shores of Capri. Close about us gathered the densely populated city rising up from the sea in the amphitheatre form so often described. It was a lovely dreamy picture to gaze upon, drawing about a restless weary spirit a longing to be very still.

To our no little astonishment, a very short ride was sufficient to show us we were objects of remarkable curiosity to all grades of people; at first it was amusing, but at times became almost embarrassing. "La bella Signorina," "Bravo Signorina," followed us everywhere. On the first occasion of this pleasing approval on the part of a discriminating populace, I called Peg's attention to the fact that they had called me "La bella Signorina."

"Excuse me," retorted she tartly, "they referred to me."

We argued the question with great vivacity as we wheeled along energetically, coming to no conclusion however, and our observations on life that day amounted to—nothing. I fear Peg is conceited.

La bella Napoli! Beautiful with a beauty that grows with the days and