

A country road has its delights. A country road and a bicycle have more. A country road, a bicycle and a fine October evening have many, many delights. So thought my friend and I as we turned down the road which led from the city of M—— to the beach ten miles distant.

The quiet calm in nature had its effect upon us. We were silent. Nor did we break this silence until within sight of our destination. I was the first to speak. "Wiley," says I, "what are you thinking about?" "I have just been thinking," he replied, "that after all there are some quiet corners in life."

I was disturbed in the midst of these speculations by my friend—he had ever a versatile atten-

We mounted our bikes for a smart run to the city. Urged on by the keen edge of our appetite we were soon in sight of that dusky, smoke-encircled place, known as the city of M<sub>7</sub> — —.

" Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen  
To follow hat on when the eye dictates  
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken  
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,  
Who to the awestruck world unlocked Elysium's  
gates.

G. H.