

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p><b>W</b>HAT a fearful change the Clerk of the Weather has made, and for Bank Holiday too! Cycling seemed more out of season last Monday than it does in the depth of winter.</p> <p>Last Saturday night I betook myself to the Town Hall at midnight to join Cap'n Young and another Excelsior-ite in a run round.</p> <p>The weather had been very threatening during the day, but had cleared away nicely. The sky was clear and starlit, the air delightfully invigorating, and the roads, with the exception of the first five miles, were in beautiful order.</p> <p>Worthing was sleeping peacefully as we rode out. Horsham, which we passed through about two a.m., was likewise engaged; the first sign of life we saw being a body of cycling Volunteers on their way down to Brighton.</p> <p>Dorking was passed soon after three, Leatherhead about half an hour later. From here to Kingston we were treated to some lovely sunrise effects; in fact, we nearly turned poetic over the scene, which, viewed from the saddle of a bicycle, across ever-changing country is one of Nature's finest panoramas.</p> <p>Arrived at Kingston, we put on our pipes, not being able to obtain breakfast at the early hour of half-past four, and took a stroll up the Thames side, and round the town.</p> <p>Breakfast over, we "did" Hampton Court, and</p>	<p>Breakfast over, we "did" Hampton Court, and set off for Guildford, joining the stream of cyclists that always flows along the famous Ripley-road, and before long we were scorching others, and being ourselves scorched with the best of them.</p> <p>Leaving Guildford at midday, we had good riding to within about ten miles from Horsham, when it rained and blew—oh! such rain and wind!</p> <p>Over the last thirty miles I think it wise to draw a veil. The sensations can only be described as a combination of ploughing and being out on the sea in a heavy storm.</p> <p>Suffice it to say we arrived home very wet, very muddy, and nearly blown to pieces, but still happy. We are, however, of opinion that until railways are more accessible and trains run a little better, there is a fortune waiting for the inventor of a rain and mud-proof cycling costume.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C. are determined to spare no expense with their Race Meeting next Wednesday, and have now engaged the one-time famous racing man, A. Pellant, who is now one of the most clever and entertaining trick riders in England. Beside his trick riding he gives a most extraordinarily funny show, in which he appears as an aged vagabond riding an antique tricycle.</p> <p>It is a show that has taken on immensely at race meetings in various places, and should be well worth seeing.</p> <p>Let us hope the Club will be favoured with fine</p>	<p>Let us hope the Club will be favoured with fine weather, as the programme they have arranged is a very costly one; and if the elements are propitious the meeting will be ahead of anything in the South of England this year.</p> <p>The "daily centurion," Hale, was minutely examined by Dr. E. B. Turner upon the completion of his ride of about 32,000 miles.</p> <p>A lengthened report published by the clever cycling doctor goes to prove that Hale has not suffered any physical harm whatever as the result of his career as a racing cyclist, a career which has lasted seven years, during which time he has in all probability ridden further than any man breathing, as he has always been a specialist in long-distance work.</p> <p>Dr. Turner goes into detail very largely, but to summarise it I will say he finds him in perfect order as regards bone, muscle, lungs, nerves, and brain, and his heart is slightly enlarged, but was working in perfect order; and so long as Teddy kept in good health and went through a fair amount of exercise he would not be one jot the worse for it.</p> <p>Dr. Turner concludes by advising everyone to cycle consistently and judiciously for their health's sake.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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