

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>"Let others tell of storms and showers; I tell of sunny morning hours."</p> <p>By this couplet a recently-erected sundial at South Holmwood allots itself a very pleasant duty. It was telling of a very enjoyable sunny morning hour one day last week, as the Irrepressible and I passed it on our way to Dorking and Leatherhead.</p> <p>Certainly the sun-dial's observation seems to cast a slur upon the useful weather-glass, and a well-conducted, rain-predicting barometer might be pardoned for replying:</p> <p>"Let dials cast their shadows black; I tell you when to wear a 'mac.'"</p> <p>However, on the day in question no mackintoshes were necessary, and we voted it one of the best we have had during one of the best seasons for some years.</p> <p>From Leatherhead we prospected, taking a Surrey lane which led us through Leigh, where an artist was transferring one of the numerous pretty "bits" on to his canvas.</p> <p>Leigh abounded in "bits," and a resolution to transport a camera thereto was put and carried unanimously, the date to be fixed when the days lengthen.</p> <p>Soon Crawley appeared, and the smooth roads tempted half of our party to enliven the pace.</p> <p>I was the other half, and had to "leather in" as we reached Horsham and came down through Ashington at a fair pace, winding up with a total of eighty-four very pleasant miles through clear, bracing air, such as we don't often get.</p> <p>I suppose 'tis Dame Nature's October brew, and the dame is choice over it!</p> <p>Medhurst is recovering from his accident at Crawley a few weeks back, when he had to have his knee in splints whilst new flesh grew.</p> <p>He was well enough last week to start off at</p>	<p>He was well enough last week to start off at four o'clock one cold, dark morning with Farnden, a mile-devouring friend of his, for a "little jaunt."</p> <p>Through Chichester, Havant, and Fareham the scenery is familiar to them. This was as well, for 'twas too dark to admire the view.</p> <p>At Botley, Farnden—who had merely ridden fifty miles with Medhurst to give him a send-off! returned, breakfasting at Fareham on the way back.</p> <p>Medhurst wanted no second breakfast, and dined in the saddle, his menu being simply a quarter of a pint of tea!</p> <p>Two o'clock found him at Bristol, having ridden one hundred and thirty miles in the ten hours.</p> <p>Two days later he made the return journey, a chilly east wind and some mud being in operation, and making the miles longer, as it were.</p> <p>He must be nearly well again!</p> <p>A few days later he had a shot at the Excelsior Club's hundred miles medal ride, his aim being to ride the distance in six hours and a quarter, and so win the special gold medal.</p> <p>Medhurst already holds the ordinary gold medal for six hours and a half; but unfortunately, though his stamina proved equal to a greater task, his speed had suffered from the long time he has been unable to ride.</p> <p>So after riding ninety-odd miles of the course Medhurst found he must miss the coveted "special" by six or seven minutes, and thereupon abandoned the attempt. He was quite fresh, but unable to extract the necessary speed.</p> <p>Doubtless the narrow margin by which he missed will tempt him to go again ere the end of the month.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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