

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.
A Weekly Survey.
DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

Try This Route!

FOR awhile the Clerk of the Weather has, so to speak, put cold water upon the idea of real cycling exercise; and the restraining influence of cold water in large quantities is considerable! It so damps my ardour that over a week has elapsed since I rode a mile, though doubtless there are brave hearts plugging cheerily along the country lanes.

One of my most recent rides was a favourite jaunt of mine; whilst we are waiting for finer weather I will tell you of it, good reader. You may not have ridden the route, and I'm sure you'll like it.

Through Angmering to Arundel; a wander first to the Black Rabbit, and then back through the town and along the towing path down the river. The latter just to see Arundel piled house upon house, its Cathedral and its Castle crowning a mountain of thickly packed dwellings, all reflected in the peaceful, lazy Arun.

Then on through the Park. I have never been able to decide at what time of the year Arundel Park looks best. I voted for autumn on this occasion, when I dismounted at the lodge near Bury Hill.

The trees were in colour; the numerous deer were not more afraid of me than I was of them—not so much, possibly!—and the views of far-stretching, rolling seas of autumn foliage, 'midst which the silver Arun wriggled and twisted, were good reward for the toilsome ascent through Arundel Park.

Then I continued down Houghton Hill, taking the lane through Bury to Fittleworth. Near the Railway Station is a bye-road; I followed it, through Coates and Barton.

It proved a pleasant change from the high

road 'twixt Fittleworth and Petworth. In places tall black pines crowd both sides of the road and lend an air of silence; anon the road dips down, and Burton Park, with its large sheet of water, greets the eye.

A Contemplative Pipe.

Soon I emerged near Petworth Station, and passed a picturesque old water mill as I made for the town, in order to take the road through Tillington and Cowdray Park to Midhurst.

Rain came on; I sought a friendly tree, and with pipe aglow idly contemplated Cowdray's ruined Castle until the weather cleared. Then on through Midhurst and southward to Chichester, wet roads and cheerless sky only serving to make me appreciate the more a hearty welcome and a first rate tea at Bevan's—so well known to Excelesiorites.

Homewards by lamplight: a dark night and no company made the twenty miles seem forty, though the journey was by no means tedious. For though the night-riding cyclist needs keen ears to detect the presence of the invisible pedestrian—always in the middle of the road!—and though in the darkness he dodges many an obstacle which exists only in his imagination, yet is there a keen joy in riding alone at night which only those who have tasted it will believe.

And, as I brought to in Worthing, plentifully supplied both with mud and happy recollections as the result of my sixty miles spin, I resolved it should continue to rank with me as the best all-day jaunt in West Sussex for the wheeler who seeks an interest in his rides.

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