

THE WHEELING WORLD.

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A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

King Sol's Cosmetics.

SUCH a Bank Holiday! Roads alive with sun-roasted wheelers, their burnt and bronzed countenances attesting the ardour of King Sol's attentions. A most impartial lover, he! Whilst improving the complexion of Miss Seventeen, he does not forget to colour up the face of Grandpa Seventy.

Perhaps Miss Seventeen, like the rose and the peach, receives treatment of a more artistic style. The effect on Grandpa is very similar to that which King Sol has been producing on the cornfields recently - something 'twixt brown and yellow.

And there is much ripened corn, too, now. Many a field of golden grain, nodding and waving in the gentle breeze, greets the wheeler's eye. The reaper is hard at work, and the countryside is being rapidly dotted over with yellow sheaves.

Almost as busy as the reaper is the Puncture Demon! A murrain upon his black evil face! He had me ere I had traversed three miles to other day.

And in less than another three I espied a lady in similar trouble. Walking, too, for no repairing outfit had the lady. So to the rescue went my companion and I, discovering as we completed our task, that we were all three well known to each other.

How those darkened sun-glasses do disguise a lady!

The Moral to the Tale.

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Mr. Wheelman, let me warn you: never pass a lady in distress. You may be recognised though you dream it not. And it were not pleasant to be convicted of such a discourtesy, even in this ungallant age when chivalry is dead.

Gadzooks! By my halidom! Have at thee for a sorry varlet! An' there be no fire-breathing dragons, we will break our lances with the foul Puncture Demon, and rescue the beauteous damosels.

By the sword of Coeur de Lion, let 'em all come!

Meantime, good reader, if you would spend a lazy day, missing the dust and enjoying the sunshine, forgetting punctures and admiring pretty country, let me tell you of a recent jaunt I took with a friend.

The Commodore first ascertained that the tide was on the flow in the morning. Wise Commodore! So we cycled to Arundel, finding, 'twixt Angmering and our destination, enough flinty fragments to double the output of pneumatic tyres for this month.

At Arundel we stabled our steeds, chartered a boat, and embarked, after the Commodore had victualled the craft from the handiest pastrycook's.

Then we encouraged the tide to push us up the river. Past Arundel Castle, looking proudly down on us. Past meadows of grazing cattle. Past overhanging trees whose lower branches danced on the surface of the water - doubtless admiring their own clear reflections!

Four miles of pleasant wriggling along the tortuous Arun, and we were at South Stoke. We moored 'neath a friendly tree, refreshed ourselves, burnt much tobacco, and voted it as good fun as two thousand a year!

Not till we had tried the latter! Still, should any millionaire desire to have a comparison instituted by us, quarterly remittances through the Editor can be arranged.

After we had landed and loafed along the

bank two or three hours, the Commodore observed the tide had turned. So, with the ebb, we made back to Arundel, exploring the northern of the two "loop lines" in the river on our way. Burpham, it will be remembered, is on the southern, the two combining with the main river to form a sort of letter B.

We found the northern loop difficult of navigation, but pretty. The fringes of reeds on either side go far towards choking the passage, and in parts the Commodore paddled with a single oar, lack of space preventing our rowing.

Something to Remember.

Riding home from Arundel we chose the Littlehampton road as far as Lyminster, turning there and coming home by Rustington and Roundstone.

It is worth mentioning that this road, always good, is now far and away better than the cut up route through Angmering.

From Land's End to John o' Groats, eight hundred and thirty-seven miles and a half, in two days, nineteen hours, and fifty minutes!

Such is the latest record by Harry Green, one of the most marvellous riders that has been. Well may we wonder if the ride will ever be beaten, and indeed finality cannot be far away.

Green now enjoys the distinction of holding records at fifty and one hundred miles, and at twelve and twenty-four hours, as well as this end to end record. This in itself is unique.

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