

tain "tight little island" on the other side of the Atlantic, often reminds me of the perplexity our forefathers were in when Byrom wrote:

"God bless the King! I mean our faith's defender.

God bless,—there is no harm in blessing,—the pretender!

But who pretender is, and who is King? God bless us all, that's quite another thing!"

Our troubles don't lie in that direction; still the legion of banners and signs that proclaim an "Imperial" this, and a "Royal" that, and a "Regal" something else in this Republic of ours, would make a Napoleonic eagle fairly shiver with delight; are we not inconsistent?

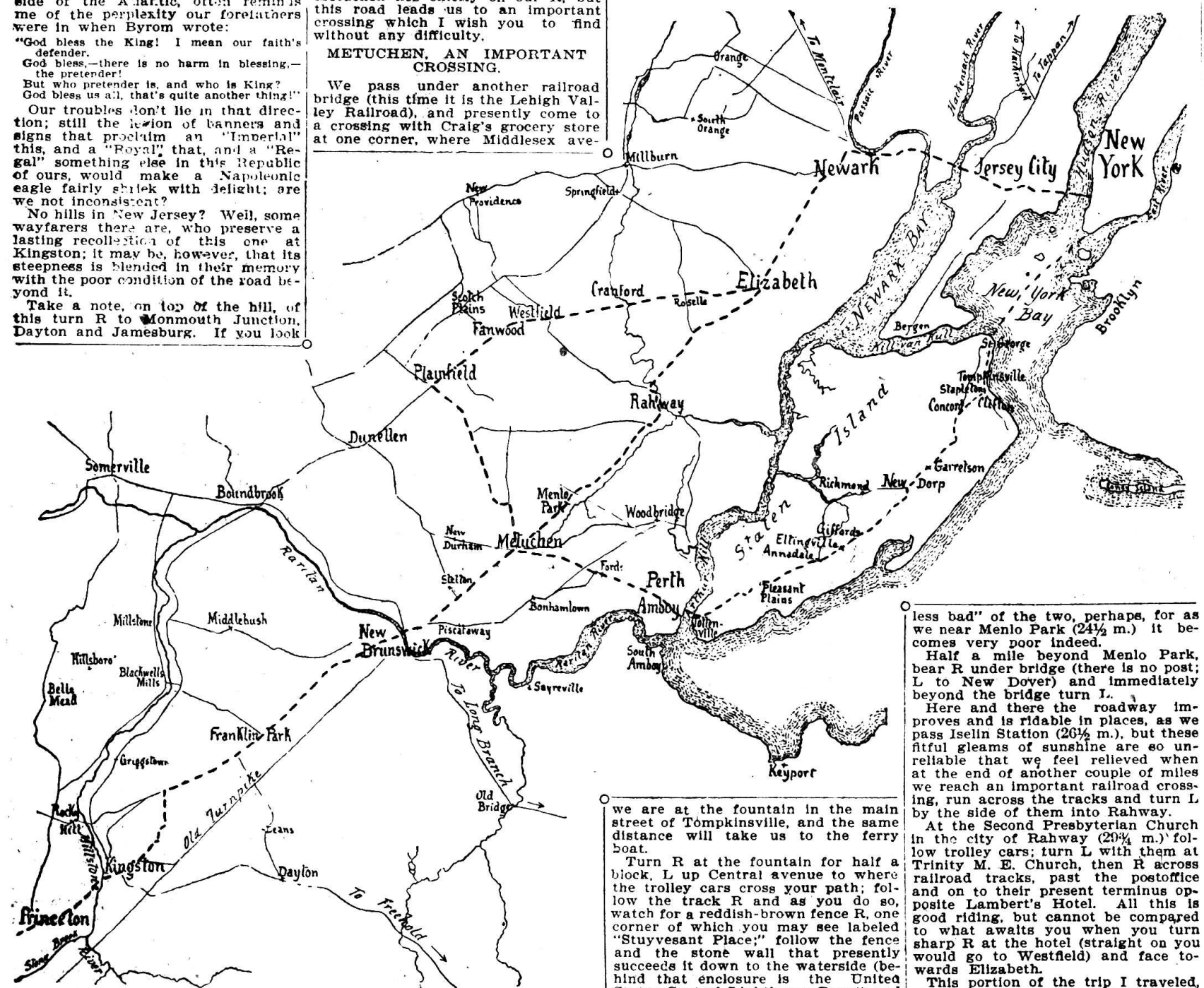
No hills in New Jersey? Well, some wayfarers there are, who preserve a lasting recollection of this one at Kingston; it may be, however, that its steepness is blended in their memory with the poor condition of the road beyond it.

Take a note, on top of the hill, of this turn R to Monmouth Junction, Dayton and Jamesburg. If you look

over it and down on the other side, Metuchen lies chiefly on our R, but this road leads us to an important crossing which I wish you to find without any difficulty.

METUCHEN, AN IMPORTANT CROSSING.

We pass under another railroad bridge (this time it is the Lehigh Valley Railroad), and presently come to a crossing with Craig's grocery store at one corner, where Middlesex ave-



PRINCETON TO NEW YORK BY THREE DIFFERENT ROADS, ALL TRAVELED OVER BY THE WRITER WITHIN A FEW WEEKS.

(The stroke lines indicate the roads described.)

we are at the fountain in the main street of Tompkinsville, and the same distance will take us to the ferry boat.

Turn R at the fountain for half a block, L up Central avenue to where the trolley cars cross your path; follow the track R and as you do so, watch for a reddish-brown fence R, one corner of which you may see labeled "Stuyvesant Place;" follow the fence and the stone wall that presently succeeds it down to the waterside (behind that enclosure is the United States Central Lighthouse Depot) and there you are at St. George Railroad Station where you take the ferry boat to the Battery, New York (fare 10c.). The 88 miles (to use round figures)

less bad" of the two, perhaps, for as we near Menlo Park (24½ m.) it becomes very poor indeed.

Half a mile beyond Menlo Park, bear R under bridge (there is no post; L to New Dover) and immediately beyond the bridge turn L.

Here and there the roadway improves and is rideable in places, as we pass Iselin Station (26¼ m.), but these fitful gleams of sunshine are so unreliable that we feel relieved when at the end of another couple of miles we reach an important railroad crossing, run across the tracks and turn L by the side of them into Rahway.

At the Second Presbyterian Church in the city of Rahway (29¼ m.) follow trolley cars; turn L with them at Trinity M. E. Church, then R across railroad tracks, past the postoffice and on to their present terminus opposite Lambert's Hotel. All this is good riding, but cannot be compared to what awaits you when you turn sharp R at the hotel (straight on you would go to Westfield) and face towards Elizabeth.

This portion of the trip I traveled, six weeks ago, and even at that early date the road literally swarmed with cyclists; and no wonder.

At the Wheatsheaf Hotel (33¼ m.) a signboard still proclaims that this was