

TRIPS A WHEEL

Where to go and
How to get there



Our Cycle Route No. 30

(1897-98 SERIES.)

PHILADELPHIA TO HARRISBURG.
EN ROUTE TO PITTSBURG.

A Continuation of Either Trip 18 or
Trip 28.

The traveler a wheel from this city to Harrisburg has a choice of two pikes, the Reading and the Lancaster, and, in addition, a possible combination of the two by means of a link between Downingtown and Lebanon. Until a couple of weeks ago I was unfamiliar with the present condition of the Harrisburg-Lancaster pike; now that I have gone over it (though not entirely a wheel, as will be seen later on), I shall henceforth keep to my old favorite, the Reading route.

portunity to make a slight detour and avoid its ruggedness, if we choose to do so.

WESTWARD THROUGH BERKS.

A neat new suburb, Wyomissing, is springing up on our left, a mile beyond the toll gate; and three miles beyond it, on Caccoosing Creek, is the village of Sinking Spring.

The "sinking" spring for which the place was first noted and the water of which used to rise and sink again in the same basin, is here near the tollgate as we enter the village.

About the centre of the village we observe a turn R to Bernville and one L to Black Horse.

A few minutes bring us to Wernersville (68 m.). What think you of the South Mountain range yonder on our left? That large establishment that we see from the pike at the foot of that mountain L, a short distance out of Wernersville, is the Pennsylvania State Insane Asylum (for chronic cases); those others, farther up on the heights, are summer resorts and sanitariums.

And that furnace farther on gave its name to this next little place, Robesonia (71 m.).

We now strike in the direction of the Tulpehocken—the name is fami-

at Indian names; this is one that our smoothest poet could use, surely. By the way, it was this Quittapahilla, along with the Tulpehocken (which we followed for some miles) and the Swatara (which we are coming to present-ly) that supplied the water for the Union Canal, which intersects this county from east to west.

I dread referring to the possibility of accidents in connection with our trips; still, in case any mishap should befall you, it's a good thing to know that there are several fully-equipped bicycle concerns in this city.

Cornwall, with its mines, lies five miles on our left; and, south of it, is the famous Conestoga wagon road of former days, of which more, anon.

INTO DAUPHIN COUNTY.

Through Sunny Side we run to Annville (82 miles), the old "Millerstown" of last century; for, you must know, although it has only as many hundred inhabitants as Lebanon has thousands, there is little difference between them in point of age. And across the Quittapahilla and up a sharp rise; these have not been numerous on our path of late; the road is good anyway.

And here is Palmyra (86½ miles);

central thoroughfare of our State capital (113 miles).

(A) THE DOWNINGTOWN-EPHRA-TA ROUTE.

I distinctly stated above that I had not gone over the preceding route this season; the following I have not traveled for two years, but it is most unlikely to have undergone any change in the meantime.

The road from this city to Downingtown was described in Trip No. 20. Of the road from Downingtown to Lebanon I wrote as follows in October, '96:

"BRANDYWINE MANOR."

At the Baptist church just outside Downingtown, we take the Harrisburg and Downingtown Pike to our right; at the toll-gate about a mile farther, we follow the right fork (no sign-post anywhere), and when we reach the Brandywine Baptist Meeting House pause a moment to gaze at the surrounding view. Four miles of ups and downs bring us through Guthrieville to Brandywine Manor.

The curious may be interested to hear that Brandywine Manor has not, and never had, any existence save in name. The old Presbyterian Church right here, belonging to the Manor of Springfield, was naturally known as the Manor Church, but it being located at the "Forks of Brandywine," the popular voice soon called it the "Brandywine Manor Church," and in the course of time the latter title became curtailed to the present meaningless name "Brandywine Manor."

WAYNE'S BIRTHPLACE.

A deeply indented country this is; the road is stony and cut into ruts, the side paths are scarce and bad. Things are a little better at Rockville; and Honey Brook is but a short distance away. What a pity to have changed "Waynesburg" for "Honey Brook!" "Mad" Anthony Wayne's home was in this township, and his

in patches; and what a picturesque landscape from this elevation! The grade, too, seems easier as we near Reidenbach's Postoffice and Hinkletown. That creek we cross through a covered bridge is the Conestoga, which flows by Lancaster. And a pleasant ride takes us to Ephrata, the historic old place which we must revisit some day.

LINCOLN AND CLAY.

And now for a down-grade run to Lincoln (so named after our martyr-President), and thence to Weidmanville Postoffice and Clay. Some of our Pennsylvania maps at present in the market are so thoroughly up to date that, should you look for Clay, you would still find it designated as Durlach. Durlach was the name of its German founder, but it has long been changed to Clay in honor of Henry Clay. And an old settlement it is. The owner of the cigar factory over the way (Lancaster is a great tobacco county) informs us that the local inn stood where it is now when there were but three houses in Lancaster city.

THE CONESTOGA WAGON ROAD.

Half a mile beyond the hotel, keep straight up the hill; and two and a half miles farther, at Brickerville, avoid turning left towards Lititz or right towards Sheffertown. This used to be the famous Conestoga Wagon Road. The advent of the steam engine put an end to enormous traffic along here, and the general appearance of the road would suggest that no effort has been made since then to keep it in repair. We regret it the more as we are approaching Cornwall Mountain. At the foot of it, two miles from Brickerville Hotel, bear to the right (no signpost); and for the same reason, beware you bear to the left at the first fork beyond the next creek—Hammer Creek.

And now for a long, unbroken climb up the mountain and a more pleasant run down the other side into Lebanon county, past Overlook (a wooden shed

and at the end of Cumberland street we turn left.

From this point westward the itinerary to Harrisburg is the same, of course, as that outlined in the preceding (Reading-Harrisburg) route.

A. E.

A PATENT UNIVERSALLY INFRINGED

The Common Every-day Mounting Step of a Bicycle Was Patented Seven Years Ago.

No doubt manufacturers of bicycles everywhere will be very much surprised to learn of the claim that they have, for the past few years, been infringing on a patent which covers a bicycle attachment in universal use, says the New York Evening Telegram. This is nothing more nor less than the common, every day mounting step attached to the axle of the rear wheel.

Some years ago an employee of a Massachusetts firm invented a new style of bicycle upon which a number of claims were allowed, these patents being assigned to the firm which employed him. Some time afterward the firm dissolved and one partner became a member of an Ohio firm which occupies a leading position in the cycle manufacturing industry to-day. Time passed on and the old patent papers were filed away, to be forgotten until recently, when a communication from the East was received by the attorney holding the papers, asking the terms on some of them. An investigation followed and the surprising fact was disclosed that one of the claims of the old patents exactly covered the ordinary bicycle step which is in everyday use.

This patent numbered 428,402, filed on June 19, 1889, and granted April 22, 1890, contains as its fifth clause the following:—"In a bicycle compris-

