



Our Cycle Route No. 31

(1897-98 Series.)

HARRISBURG TO LEWISTON, EN ROUTE TO PITTSBURG.

(A Continuation of Trips Nos. 30 and 28.)

Harrisburg was known originally as Harris' Ferry, and the best fording place across the Susquehanna it was reported to be. Then, for a time, it was called Louisburg, in honor of King Louis of France, by the same settlers who christened the county "Dauphin" in respect for his son.

Old John Harris' story is a well-known one. He was a Yorkshire man in needy circumstances who came to this country shortly after William Penn. The first employment he obtained was in clearing the woods and grubbing the streets in Philadelphia; then he started to trade with the Indians, penetrated by degrees as far as this river, and the log cabin he built for himself here in 1705 proved the nucleus of a city containing at present some forty thousand inhabitants.

Don't pass by his tomb, here on L among the trees on the river bank, without a glance.

There are hotels galore for you in Harrisburg, of course, if you propose to make a stay; if, on the contrary, you are simply passing through and the inner man calls for his due, without delay turn R from Front street into Chestnut just for two blocks. On South Second street you can get a substantial meal at a moderate price at any hour, after which you return here to the river side.

ALONG THE SUSQUEHANNA.

We proceed along Front street, past Market street, with the old-fashioned covered bridge spanning the river in front of it; (and it will be as well if we begin reckoning a new mileage from this spot); past Walnut street, with its more modern bridge, and State street, on the summit of which nothing is to be seen at the present date but the wreck of the old Capitol. Most of these street names are suggestive of our own city. We, too, have

through by the Delaware up in Monroe county.

Don't you want to ask such of your friends as rush off to Europe every summer to spend their vacation and their money, if they saw many such sights as these abroad? I fear many of them would not be in a position to answer the question, anyway, for in order to be able to compare any two things a man must be acquainted with both of them; see? And there are relatively so few American tourists who know America!

This fine bridge over the river belongs to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; yonder town in the centre of that pretty picture on the other bank is Marysville. The mountain beyond it is Cove Mountain, and the triangular depression between the latter and Peter's Mountain has long been known as The Cove.

A VOTE OF THANKS!

At Hecks, or Hecktown (7 m.), we cross the canal and turn sharp L.

This narrow way, flanked by the railroad embankment on one side and the canal on the other, used to be the despair of travelers a-wheel through this section. Our thanks are due to our cycling brethren in Harrisburg for the comforts we now enjoy all the way into Dauphin. They evidently are of opinion that the only way to do a thing is to do it; and so, without waiting for State or municipal aid, or any possible assistance they might have received some day from the L. A. W., they got up among themselves a road improvement club, each member of which subscribes a small sum per month towards that object; they obtained donations from their fellow-citizens and neighbors; and here you have the result of their efforts. Three cheers for the wheelmen of Harrisburg!

DAUPHIN BOROUGH.

Those lonely stone piles across the river need not excite your curiosity. They are part of a bridge that was taken down some fourteen years ago.

Beware of that fork opposite the Hotel Reliance in Dauphin (8½ m.), and be sure you keep L, the branch R up the hill would take you to Halifax.

"From Hell, Hull and Halifax, O Lord, deliver us."

Is said to have been the daily prayer of a certain class of foot travelers through England at one time. The thing doesn't fit here; our Pennsylvania Halifax is all right, and old Fort Halifax, erected up there 140 years ago, never had anything to do with the harboring of tramps; going there would take you out of the way, that's all.

A couple of miles out, our road wends away from the river, by way of making a short cut across the nose of Peter's Mountain; it's a steep kind of short cut; but the road (clay, of course) is not bad.

westward that our acquaintance with them will really start.

We turn sharp L into the bridge and at the other end of it (½ mile distant) we pay five cents for the use of it. Right there, at the toll-house on Duncan's Island, we have a choice of two roads to take us to Millertown. TO MILLERTOWN VIA BUFFALO.

I have been over both, and for two years past have patronized the southerly one exclusively, the roadbed being so much better than that of the other; still if you prefer a little sandy road and sidepath riding, a la New Jersey style, to hill-climbing, and are willing to add a couple of miles to your total mileage in order to have a somewhat more level ride, bear R after discharging your nickel, and do your best for two miles through the alluvial sand of this island.

Then cross the canal, turn R, and a welcome path brings you to New Bucks, a poor place to stop at (in spite of its pretentious name) if you be tired or hungry, although I managed to get a good night's rest in that little hamlet once upon a time.

I must say I had no lady companion on that occasion, and I need not add that, so far as possible, tourists a-wheel should so plan their daily travel as to make sure to be in a town by nightfall. Hotels in small villages are often mentioned as landmarks in these trips of mine for no other purpose than to let the reader know that they are there, in case of such an emergency as above suggested.

At the entrance into New Buffalo take care you turn sharp L over a little bridge and ½ mile farther, going up a stiff hill, bear L.

You may not find many people about, to set you right if you neglect these instructions; the whole of this township (Watts township), had but few more inhabitants than Reed at the last census, and its neighbor, Howe, had even humbler pretensions; and yet all these settlements are of a respectable age; New Buffalo was laid out by Jacob Baughman in 1800, and Liverpool, higher up the river, is but seven years its junior.

Our road now varies from good to fair. Two and a half miles from New Buffalo, turn R, then L, then R again along a private road which is an improvement on the public one, down breakneck descents and up steep climbs until we strike the Juniata.

Here the roadbed is excellent and the scenery charming. Nine miles from the before-mentioned Buffalo our road leaves the river and is not so good as it turns R uphill round a farm, but after one short mile we see the last of this mountain and are joined again by a sign with the inscription "Harrisburg, 28 m." by the Newport road to be described presently.

Let me repeat, in conclusion, that I have not been on this Buffalo route for two years.

TO MILLERTOWN VIA NEWPORT. The improvements we found along

tion so late in the season. The roads through these woods were covered with a thick carpet of well packed leaves, and riding over it was indeed a pleasure.

This time the foliage still basked over our heads in the sunshine of the balmy October imaginable, and we gladly forgave the softness of the leaves beneath our wheels in exchange for the myriad-colored kaleidoscope with which they dazzled us on the trees as we went along.

When our cyclometers register 23 m. we have to turn R again, and somehow after another mile's meandering if we don't take another sharp turn R, we'll be bound for that ubiquitous Bloomfield once more. How is this for contouring one ridge, zig-zagging along the flank of another and riding (or walking) straight up the side of a third? Excellent practice for future stages of our trip.

And now for a long down grade all the way to Little Buffalo Creek and L into Newport (26½ m.).

Market street is the second you come to; turn R into it and straight out past a couple of hotels R and L across the Juniata.

A busy little spot is Newport, with its 1500 inhabitants, and a jealous rival of Bloomfield, the county seat.

Half a mile from the river we take L fork marked "Millertown, 5½ m." (R to Liverpool), and exactly one mile farther we meet the new Buffalo road, with the sign "Harrisburg 28 m." to which a reference was made above. This distance must be understood to be reckoned from the city limit, not from our starting point, corner of Market and Front streets.

A truly magnificent landscape awaits us from the summit of our next climb, half a mile farther; then we go down to the river again, cautiously, if you please, for our riding since we fell into this Buffalo road has lost much of its comfort and safety.

IN SIGHT OF TUSCARORA.

When we reach those mills by the side of Cocolamus Creek, turn L over it, and in a few moments we strike Millertown (33 m.).

Those mills, by the way, had nothing to do with the name "Millers' town"; this little place was laid out by a certain David Miller in 1780; it now has some 600 inhabitants; its tannery is about its only industry. What think you of its location?

The smaller ridge on our left is the Raccoon; this turn L at the X near Ward's Hotel would bring you down the Raccoon Valley to Ickesburg; the turn R to Liverpool.

The giant R and L ahead of us is the Tuscarora Mountain. We skirt up and down its flood-cloven side and bid good-bye to Perry county, our first acquaintance west of the Susquehanna.

GOOD-BYE, PERRY COUNTY.

Oliver Perry, as everybody knows, was the hero of Lake Erie, whose concise report of a victory pencilled to General Harrison on the back of an old letter is part of our history: "We have met the enemy and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop."

And J. G. Percival's lines were once almost equally familiar:

"Who can tell what deeds were done
Who Britain's crown in wonder wave
Sunk 'neath Columbia's dashing son
And met in Erie's flood its grave?
Who tell the triumphs of that day
When smiling at the cannon's roar,
Our hero, 'mid the bloody fray,
Conquered on Erie's echoing shore?"

TO MIFFLIN.

Keep straight on at the first fork you meet in Juniata county, near a

Pictures Wo

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