

TRIPS A WHEEL

Where to go and
How to get there

In this gorge, turns out one thousand axes per day, and here is Reedsville, formerly Brown's Mills (6 m.).

A LOVELY VALLEY.

At the end of the village we bear L, going up a steep hill (R to Alloy), and turning southwest, we enter the beautiful Kishacoquillas Valley, the whole length of which we are going to travel, between Jack's Mountain on one side and Standing Stone Mountain on the other. We pass by Kishacoquillas post-office (12 m.), and the good stone road takes us up and down into Belleville, a little place not undeserving of its pretty name, especially if viewed from the summit of the hill beyond it, and containing, we are told, ninety-five houses, a hotel, a drug store, a general store, etc.

The road surface is not so good through White Hall or Menno (18 m.), although it is being stoned right there. It is not much better at present date, to Allentown (22 m.), where the Valley House, a tiny temperance hotel, offers you its hospitality. A couple of miles farther things grow from bad to worse, through Roxboro and through Alty Dale hamlet (27 m.); then, as if to help us to climb up the mountain, the roadway becomes good again, and we rush down, down the other side of it, never lose control of your wheels on such inclines as this until we come to a T crossing 31 m. from start.

A BIT OF HENDERSON TOWNSHIP.

This is Mill Creek, at the mouth of the stream that gave it its name: the L turn, marked "Lewistown 32 m." is the end of the McVeytown road that I al-

ligned to Pittsburgh. What ever Anglo-Americans may say about American roads, American horses must have been splendid anyway!

At the end of Smithfield, keep R; the turn L would take you to McConnells-town. By the way, the turnpike from McConnells-town to Waynesburg, in Franklin county, and its continuation southward, used to be the great highway between this section and Maryland.

The extensive group of buildings L is the Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory, where youths are sent upon their first conviction for a criminal offense by the courts of the State. That uninviting perpendicular road in front of us is to take us over Warrior's Ridge.

RIDGE AFTER RIDGE.

The traditions of Warrior's Ridge go back to the times of the red man, as you will readily guess; but Porter township, in which this portion of it lies, honors the memory of one of our own warriors, General Andrew Porter, of the Revolution, and talking of him reminds me that his son, Governor D. R. Porter, (to whom I alluded above) although proudly claimed by Huntingdon as one of her citizens, was born near Norris-town, honor to whom honor is due.

What a grand view of Huntingdon and its cluster of ridges we now have from this elevation. I took what I considered a "beauty" snapshot of it, this last trip, and brought home a "beauty" film as dark as Erebus and as unwashable as the proverbial Moor.

N. B.—Don't expose your kodak to the noonday sun.

Our climb to the summit of Warrior's

return it again to the surface. One of the most remarkable swallows occurred right here; and a rude arch of stone which had been erected over it caused the place to be designated "Arch Spring."

"Sinking Valley" postoffice, a short distance ahead toward Davidsboro, tells the same story.

Take a note of your mileage at Arch Spring Church; sign posts are conspicuous by their absence hereabouts; and telegraph or telephone posts have a happy knack of making a beeline out of sight across all our signposts whenever they can.

About a mile beyond this church bear L, 14 miles farther bear S (the telegraph poles are in sight, though not actually along the road itself); follow their direction; and another 1½ miles from this spot again turn L at St. John's Lutheran Church.

Two lonely postoffices, Culp (58 m.) and Bushman (64 m.), are almost the only signs of active civilization we meet until from the latter place a fair road, with four miles of a continuous descent, brings us to the foot of the western branch of Brush Mountain.

Altoona is within sight; another couple of miles and we are in the centre of the town (70 m.).

TO ALTOONA VIA BIRMINGHAM AND TYRONE.

This year, at the spot alluded to above 5½ m. from Lewistown, I turn R in the direction of the two wires that separate here from the larger bunch which go on toward Arch Spring.

The road is poor and rocky to Union Furnace railroad station (33 m.) over the bridge and L, along the foot of the mountain and through all those quarries on to Birmingham (56½ m.); but from this point it is a pleasure to wheel to Ironville (it is built on an iron foundation; what else could you call it?) and on through the gap by Bald Eagle Ridge into Tyrone (59 m.).

TYRONE.

Thoughts here come to one's mind of the Irish chieftain of olden days, Eoghan (Owen), the son of "Niall of the Nine Hostages," of him who ruled over the district subsequently known as Tyrone, Eoghan, Tir-Owen, and ultimately Tyrone. Who would have told him that

HINTS TO NIGHT RIDERS

Should you see one approaching bicycle lamp on its right side, you know it is carried by a seasoned cyclist—you may ride on in peace.

Lights disposed like this almost invariably mean a male rider with a convoy of females. His idea is to push you in the gutter so as to give the ladies room to wobble. Ride straight at him.

An arrangement of lights like this merely indicates a club of experience, while—

Lights disposed like this indicate a party of "bikists." They are all over the road. It is, then, advisable to get through the hedge, or to go up in a balloon, or anyhow get off the road, if only for the Coroner's sake.

—Cycling.

time ought to take advantage of the opportunities thus offered, for constant riding in the crisp, fresh air and over the dry, hard roads will put one in excellent condition for real winter work. All-the-year-around wheeling is the thing, for in the winter, even more than in the milder seasons, the human organism requires fairly regular hard physical exercise in the open air. Neither frost nor rough roads should have any terrors for the healthy and hearty cyclist of either sex. "The appetite grows by what it feeds upon," in, as out of, wheeling, and one who takes up

Exports Increase 100 Per Cent.

The value of the cycle exports to all countries during the first seven months of the present year is 100 per cent greater, than it was during the same period of 1896, amounting as it does to \$5,922,111.

For the month of July, the last reported upon at this date, the increase is not so marked, however. The figure are as follows:

	July, 1896.	July, 1897.
Great Britain	\$204,397	\$118,22
France	15,545	18,55



OUR CYCLE ROUTE NO. 32

1897-98 Series.
Lewistown to Altoona on Route to Pittsburgh.
(A continuation of Trips Nos. 31, 30 and 28.)

"Nowhere in the wide, wide world may such magnificent scenery be gazed upon as encompasses the valley wherein the National Guard of Pennsylvania will encamp during the month of July," said a writer in The Inquirer of May 31, 1896, "towering high towards the heavens, forest-clothed hills of stupendous magnitude, jeweled with great black boulders, mark the boundary, on either side of the course of the beautiful blue Juniata as it winds its way, in serpentine curves, for miles upon miles through this surpassingly superb country. And in its very centre nestles Lewistown, the Mecca for this summer of our State's soldiers." The map of our Trip No. 31, and the present one give the reader a bird's-