



OUR CYCLE ROUTE NO. 34

1897-98 Series.

JOHNSTOWN TO PITTSBURG

The last stage of a trip from Philadelphia to the Iron City by the present writer last month. See Trips Nos. 33, 32, 31, 30 and 28.

Johnstown was known as Conemaugh until 1834; previously it had been "Conemaugh Old Town" and "John's Town"—the town of Joseph John, Johns or Yantz, a native of Switzerland, who came here about 1791 and whose log cabin stood near what is now the intersection of Stonycreek and Levergood streets, and before the white settler's advent, the site was occupied by Kickapaw's Indian "town."

However slovenly the red man may seem, and undoubtedly is, with regard to the inside of his hut, he is to be credited with considerable artistic taste in the selection of its surroundings. See the magnificent valley he had chosen for his home here!

A feeling of sadness must needs mingle with our admiration for this spot, for it will be long ere the memory of that 31st of May, 1889, can pass away, when the town was almost wiped out of existence, and thousands of its inhabitants perished in the flood.

In the shadow of so appalling a disaster the present architectural aspect of Johnstown, its commercial activity and its population (which increased from 8870 in 1880 to 38,728 last year) speak volumes for American vitality and American pluck; make as long a stay as your time permits in this brave city; it supplies an object lesson which fills an American with pride as well as with heartfelt sympathy.

A CHOICE OF ROUTES

Two itineraries, soon branching off into three, present themselves to the wagon road traveler westward from

forget for some time) and Chestnut Ridge; north by the Conemaugh, and south by the Yough—a valley, the silent witness of many a heartrending scene in our early history; for it was a favorite with the Indian on his predatory war trips as well as the battlefield of conflicting powers among the whites.

A hundred years ago this place was known as Rameystown, a mere cluster of log houses around the old Fort Ligonier that you have read about. It is now a borough with some 800 inhabitants.

You may have heard of the Paris Ligonier of the Irish peerage, the first of whom (Earl John) was a noted field marshal in the British army at the time of Marlborough's campaigns. The name is French, and so was he; but England was never very particular about the birthplace of her auxiliaries in war—was she?

THE LAST OF THE GIANT MOUNTAINS.

A mile and a half out of Ligonier bear L, and another mile and a half further we go down to McCance, or Long Bridge, a stone-quarrying village in a deep wooded chasm on the Loyal Hanna Creek, to which we are indebted for showing us this convenient gap.

Low sunk between the Alleghenian Hills. For many a league the sullen waters slide. And the deep murmur of the growled tide. With pleasing awe the wondering voyager fills.

Thence, amid gorgeous scenery again, we climb up and up and higher still—the roadway varying from good to poor—over Chestnut Ridge. This is another long range extending from Maryland into Indiana county north of us.

YOUNGSTOWN, LATROBE.

And now we make our way down into Youngstown (32 m.), at the foot of the ridge, and we leave behind us the last mountain, though not the last hill, as will be seen presently, on our road to Pittsburgh.

At the beginning of the present century Youngstown consisted of five or six huts, half of them used as inns; in 1832 the number of dwellings had increased to forty and that of the taverns to two; it now boasts some 300 inhabitants.

Two miles from Youngstown notice that X: To Latrobe R. 2 m.; to Pleasant Unity L, but pass on.

The guide books to Washington, D. C., may possibly have told you that Architect Benjamin H. Latrobe (who died twenty-six years ago) designed the first House of Representatives there, or a large part of it. Did you

village is the place where Braddock encamped two days before his too ignominious defeat; and right there, West Turtle Creek (our next destination), at the present borough of Braddock, is where he sneered at the tactics of Washington's Provincial troops and insisted on fighting Indians in a virgin forest according to the rules of European warfare on an open battlefield.

This tremendous hill, going down to Turtle Creek Station (62 m.), and the equally stiff climb that awaits us on the other side of the village, give us a faint idea of what this vicinity must have been in its primitive condition.

From this eminence do not fail to give a look at the surrounding country.

Half a mile from the creek, take care to bear R up the hill, and now a series of more or less pleasant ups and downs takes us to Wilkesburg (68 m.).

Here a sudden change in the condition of the roadbed makes us realize the fact that this is almost a suburb of Pittsburgh.

Three miles of luxurious riding separates us from East Liberty and, there, it is 5 miles to the centre of the Iron City, say 76m. from Johnstown by this itinerary.

(2) THROUGH LAUREL HILL ALONG THE CONEMAUGH.

Had anything been wanting to influence the choice of our route out of Johnstown, this year, the opening of a brand new pike between that city and Nineveh a day or two before our coming was sure to win the casting vote. Clearing Laurel Hill on a gravel pike! What next?

Should you determine to follow our example, come down Main street as far as the Capital Hotel; there turn sharp R and for 1 1/4 m. from this corner (let us make it our starting point) keep company with the trolley car along the smooth brick pavement, and don't cross the Conemaugh on R.

At the end of the said pavement turn sharp L over R. R. tracks into Fairfield avenue, up the avenue to yonder bridge, R into the second street beyond it (Strayer street), and three-quarters of a mile of poor riding (which may be a thing of the past when you come this way) takes us to the beginning of the much-talked-of new pike.

This new claimant to public favor, making a bee line around the flank of one of the limbs of Laurel Hill is indeed an ideal driveway; the northern portion of the mountain on the other side of the gap, the precipitous ravine

Blairsville, notice on R en passant, the bicycle repair shop of I. D. Waterman; go straight through to the river, but turn sharp R before crossing it.

4 m. out of town, going downhill, keep L (R to Evansville) 1/2 m. farther, don't go into Livermore; turn sharp R round a farm and then L.

How about the road? So good, generally, that, for the first time in a long while, we indulge in considerable coasting.

You should lose your way into Tunnelton on L, Clarksburg on R, or at any other of the numerous turns and crossings, follow the telegraph posts up and down, and up, up, up you get into Saltzberg (45 1/2 m.).

THE END IN SIGHT.

Turn L at Church, past R R station, over bridge, R along river and up a long, steep hill, part of which you must needs walk.

At this fork, where the branch R goes to Avonmore, we turn L and away we go, keeping up the hilly tenor of our way along fair roads.

At Oakland Crossroads, where I gave a run down to Murrysville for the purpose aforesaid, keep straight on westward to Sardis (61 m.).

This section is thinly inhabited and Sardis is but a hamlet. Should you be on the lookout for a store, there is one, here on L, a few yards from the crossroad.

This L turn is an excellent road to Murrysville (5 m. distant); R to Logan's Ferry; straight on to Pittsburg (18 m. off).

With few exceptions, we find the riding R, or positively G, as we pedal, along through Centre; past the Strikers' Camp 2 miles beyond it; down into Armstrong's a couple of miles farther; and down (a long down) to Sandy Creek.

From this, a stone road now in course of construction will shortly supply a pleasant winding up of this route right into East Liberty, even, though part of it will necessitate some walking owing to its steepness.

PITTSBURG.

When Colonel Bouquet made his historic return of the number of houses, etc., at Fort Pitt, on April 14, 1761, the inhabitants, including the officers, soldiers and their families, numbered exactly 332. Within the next fifty years a population of 5000 gathered around the place; by 1850 it had increased to 12,542; in 1860 to 21,713; in 1883 to 110,241; in 1890 to 156,380; and at the time of the 1890 census it numbered no less than 238,617.

To the gigantic activity of Pittsburgh this is no place to do justice. Let me just record here, as an illustration of the spirit to which its development is due, an anecdote once told by Clay before Congress.

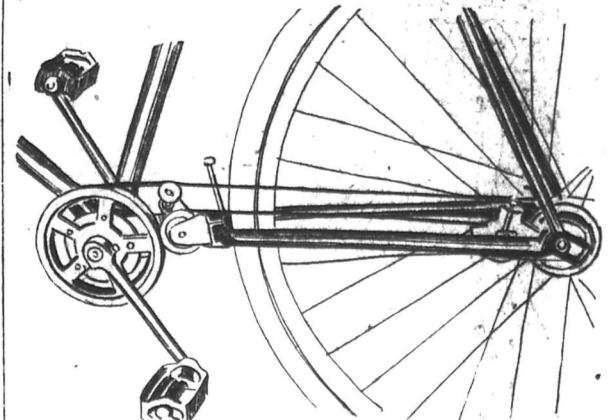
To illustrate the commercial habits and enterprise of the American people, he said, he would relate the story of a vessel built and cleared out at Pittsburgh for Lezhorn, in Italy. When she arrived at her place of destination the master presented his papers to the custom house officer, who instantly declined to believe him, declared that his papers were forged; that there was no such port as Pittsburgh in the world, and that his vessel must be confiscated. The trembling captain laid before the officer the map of the

day's work? Thousands have had just such experiences, and as many have decided to jump on their wheels and take a spin through the adjacent park or over suburban roads. Mental worry vanishes as if by magic. A bath and a rubdown sends the blood circulating through the body, and one starts in for another day's battle with the world, rejuvenated, content, healthy and happy. Probably a brick walk or indulgence in almost any sort of outdoor recreation would have done almost as well, but the bicycle is there, and it offers an incentive to get out into the open air and appeals to one where some other sort of sport or recreation would not—New York Tribune.

ENTERS THE CABLE BICYCLE

Now It's a Cable Instead of a Chain.

It looks as if there would be as many varieties of chainless wheels by the time that the '98 cycling season has opened as there are colors and birds' eggs, says the New York World.



CYCLE WITH A CABLE INSTEAD OF A CHAIN

Scarcely a day passes but some new device to do away with chains on bicycles is patented or placed upon the market.

There are many men of mechanical minds who do not like the bevel-gear wheel. One of Thomas A. Edison's right-hand men has invented a wheel that is a chainless one and has no bevel gears. It has attracted the attention of Mr. Edison, and he is quoted as endorsing the working plan of the new machine.

In brief, the plan is to substitute for a chain a series of six steel cables made of piano wire. Each wire is one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter and of seven strands, each strand having seven wires, .088 of an inch in diameter. The whole cable is twisted and runs in grooves cut in the driving or driven pulleys or sprockets.

The lower section of the cable is carried up over an idle pulley placed close to the face of the driving sprocket, and

ed a number of interesting features. Among the talents of the evening were Messrs. J. O. Connell, Walker brothers, William Jones, Frank Bowers, Frank Bookins and the Manhattan Mandolin Club and the Keystone Quartet. The committee in charge had ample provision made for the accommodation of their guests, who were accorded every privilege of the club, and evidently appreciated the same.

The club will take the 8 o'clock train at the Reading Terminal, this afternoon for Pottstown, from whence they will go wheel to Reading. They will return to-morrow aweek.

THE JUNGLE MAENNERCHOR Wheelmen's joint-run with the Turner Cyclers has been postponed to Sunday, November 29.

COMPULSORY SIDEWALK RIDING.—Chief Consul Boyle is the man who could answer this query.

Frankford, Nov. 19, 1897. Dear Cycling Editor, I read in your paper yesterday about that Reading newspaper editor being arrested for riding on the sidewalk while Perikomen a-

nue was all torn up, and it reminded me of a thing I have been thinking of asking for a long while. Is there not a law that makes it necessary for a municipality to have the roadway in travelable condition or to supply a temporary driveway when they repair it before they can enforce any of their by-laws regarding the same?

My mind is not very clear on the subject; maybe it's only common sense and not law; any way, any light you might throw on the subject would, no doubt, be welcome to many travelers, as well as to yours truly. ONE OF THEM.

THE SECESSION FROM THE L. A. W. of the Pacific Coast Wheelmen is emphasized by the circular they have just sent out, formulating their plans as follows:

"We recommend that each State and Territory form an association for itself, the plan of organization in each case to be such as is best suited to local con-

