

their pedalling in the presence of danger on the road surface, and ninety-nine out of one hundred come to grief.

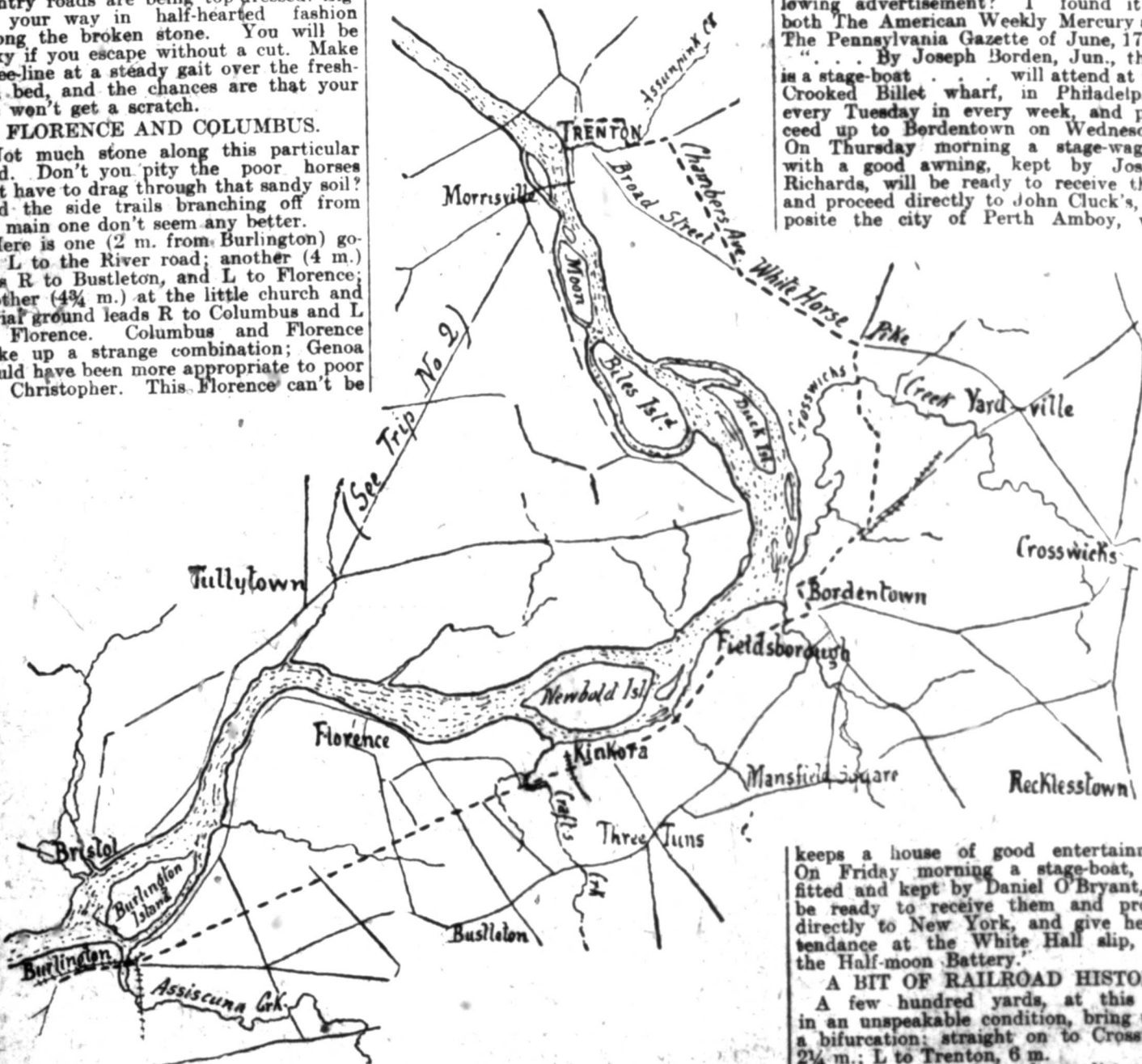
N. B. 2—At this season a number of our country roads are being top-dressed. Zig-zag your way in half-hearted fashion among the broken stone. You will be lucky if you escape without a cut. Make a bee-line at a steady gait over the fresh-laid bed, and the chances are that your tire won't get a scratch.

FLORENCE AND COLUMBUS.

Not much stone along this particular road. Don't you pity the poor horses that have to drag through that sandy soil? And the side trails branching off from the main one don't seem any better.

Here is one (2 m. from Burlington) going L to the River road; another (4 m.) goes R to Bustleton, and L to Florence; another (4 1/4 m.) at the little church and burial ground leads R to Columbus and L to Florence. Columbus and Florence make up a strange combination; Genoa would have been more appropriate to poor old Christopher. This Florence can't be

Fieldsborough or White Horse.



TRENTON, N. J.

A bird's eye view of such of its thoroughfares as are of special interest to readers of these trips.

Talk of travelling and of our modern drawbacks in connection therewith; how do the latter strike you as compared with the methods alluded to in the following advertisement? I found it in both The American Weekly Mercury and The Pennsylvania Gazette of June, 1752:

By Joseph Borden, Jun., there is a stage-boat will attend at the Crooked Billet wharf, in Philadelphia, every Tuesday in every week, and proceed up to Bordertown on Wednesday. On Thursday morning a stage-wagon with a good awning, kept by Joseph Richards, will be ready to receive them and proceed directly to John Cluck's, opposite the city of Perth Amboy, who

keeps a house of good entertainment. On Friday morning a stage-boat, well fitted and kept by Daniel O'Bryant, will be ready to receive them and proceed directly to New York, and give her attendance at the White Hall slip, near the Half-moon Battery.

A BIT OF RAILROAD HISTORY.

A few hundred yards, at this date in an unspeakable condition, bring us to a bifurcation: straight on to Crosswicks 2 1/4 m.; L to Trenton, 6 m.

Do you observe, a short distance R on the railroad embankment, a large rectangular block of granite, evidently a memorial stone of some kind? Run up and see what it is about.