TRIPS (Twible)
Where to go and How to get there

When our forefathers wanted to strike the top of Chestnut Hill they followed their way up from Front street to the old Rialto Sun Tavern (now disappeared), and thence all along the Germantown road, and this was also their custom, if they wanted to make the Spring House circle.

The condition of the primitive Germantown road may be gathered from the fact that it once took Isaac Norris, of Fair Hill (you know where Fairhill Cemetery is located), a whole day to heat a foundry from his place at the said Fair Hill to Philadelphia.

We are considering better off nowadays. Although Germantown avenue (as we now call it) is not a billboard avenue either as to grade or as to smoothness, it is, to say the least, cyclable, and if we don't care to rough it, we are at liberty to avoid most or all of its length on our present errand.

TO FLOUTOWN VIA CHESTNUT HILL.

We run on North Broad street and turn L into Cayuga street (as outlined in our Main Outlets of Philadelphia).

Cayuga, so you know, is the name of one of the old Indian tribes. The famous warrior Logan—one Penn's Irish secretary, of course, but the chief of that name—was Cayuga. If ever you remember Fort Hill in Cayuga county, you'll think of him; that's where he was born, although he spent most of his life in Pennsylvania.

At the end of Cayuga street, cross Ger- mantown avenue into Roberts avenue and on to Wayne street, into which you turn R.

The wretched stretch of clay that has so long disgraced this street for the length of a block or two will presently appear; meanwhile, don't use the path; an accident which befell an aged couple here, the other day, has brought down upon us the temporary fate of the loam-powers that be.

This emerges from under the railroad bridge anyway, on to the brick pavement, and a half mile of it enables us to fly up the long incline of Wayne street.

LOVELY GERMANTOWN.

Do not tarry too long admiring, right and left of us, the truly beautiful specimens of Germantown's residence architecture or the interesting relics of the "German Town" of other days; wall shall meet this and Mount Airy; and, in a hurry, we must make out some way to Chestnut Hill.

For the present, watch for Tulpehocken street on your right; find it where the brick pavement ceases (and where you must start); ride up for the distance of one block, and, opposite the second Presbyterian Church, where "Lemon Green street, another smooth road bordered on each side with remnants of ancient willows, will lead you to the Findlay's Green.

Now beware of this steep descent going down the Tulpehocken street into Findlay's Green, just opposite the station; turn R on to the unpaved Main Street.

Let us hear immediately away from it; now the broad new avenue labeled Pulman road is not this the very same of our Philadelphia dictum—elegance and comfort?

A sign turning to the left would take you into McCullough street, which by way of Willow street, Seminole avenue and Highland avenues we could strike the top of Chestnut Hill—a lovely scene, and some very steep lakes, take the left route, if you want to investigate it for yourself; you will find that some walking is to be done, up that way, that may be the reason we are not more enthusiastic in our recommendation of the road in its present condition.

See how merely we spin away through what was the Carpenters estate, in a few moments we pass L what remains of the farmhouses of former days, and strike the Germantown Main Street, 5 miles from start. Let us now see how the Baltimore blocks feel.

MOUNT AIRY.

One mile from the old-time Mer- maid Tavern—beg pardon, "Mermad" Tavern—was Keats' nana, and Keats named it the prototype of his old country.

A taste of poetic, dead and gone.

What literary have you known?

Choler than the Mermaid Tavern?

Comes across a man with a club and a club. You haven't seen men in clubs since we were in clubs.

You look in a state of great excitement.

Here's a boy with his hat turned back.

We have heard that on a day when nobody knew whether it was going to rain or not, a boy came down the street, saying, "I've got a letter from a sailor who says he's coming home."

The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

If you were those aged willows seemingly wondering what they can be doing in such surroundings—stone quarries, electric trolley cars and what not? They are the only survivors of a number of their species which once embellished the front of the tavern.

Yonder log-house, Whitlockly roofed with red-painted sheet-iron, could tell you about the days when it was built by the Whittaker brothers and used as a tannery.

It could tell you, among other things, that the big battle of Gettysburg was fought in 1863, when Lord Howes marched out along the road very near the site of the proclamation of the intention of driving "my" Washington over the Blue Mountains and my Lord's ignominious return in the darkness of the night after his leaving town. Had not a cord of wood been made up and then thrown down again?

THE CHESTNUT HILL.

Starting from the Mermad Hotel, we face an upgrade practically one mile as the Chestnut Hill Hill of the old.

New York has recently supplied two additions to the cycling community; one is no less a phenomenon than Chauncey M. Depew; the other is one of whom the New York Base Ball Club has for years looked upon as a most enthusiastic rooter and whose description was the least expected of substantial qualities.

Still his presence at the Polo Grounds now this year, becoming less and less regular, led to the discovery that a new love had taken possession of the little humorist; that he had a wheel made to order, and that he already rode it like magic.

While it is improbable (and to be hoped that Marshall P. Wilder will ever develop into a more), he is said to have ridden along the Boulevard at a rate of speed which brings him to destination in a remarkably short span of time. After seeing Wilder on the other the other day, one of the riders in fancy dress said that Marshall P. Wilder reminded him of many of the fellow's jokes, that each was of the model. Rivals will say unhappily, this sometimes.

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