

A ROMAUNT OF YE BICYCLE.

With Apologies to Maister Chaucer.

A MAYDE ther was that riden did ful wel
And semely, upon her bicycle;
Ful daintie was her cloke and selken gowne,
And al did matchen wel her eyhen browne.
And as sche rid from out ye litel towne,
Sche met a knight ful faire in grene arraye,
The whiche I schal aboute a litel say,

He riden hadde moche biyonde the see,
He riden eke upon a centurie;
And ones, so it ben said, with corage hye
He loken did a lyoun in the eyhe,
I say it as men telle, I ne was nigh
Yet this I ken: he passed by the mayde
As sche her coolen did within the shade.

He stoppen did to speke: her eyhen felle;
His corage fallen eke, and sad to telle,
He nought coude speken that was freish and newe;
But seid how fields ben so faire to view,
And more so leik matere, the which doth shew
Love did what lyoun we coule don, I trow;
And thus we hem al tweyne schal leeven so.

MATTHEW PARK.

TO THE TOP OF PALI AWHEEL.

CYCLING IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY T. PHILIP TERRY.

OF all the citizens of the United States who have cause to view with favor the beneficent effects of the efforts of Uncle Sam to bring peace and good order into the Pacific, none will be readier to accord him higher praise than the wheelman who has the good fortune to revel in the magnificence and magic of the Sandwich Isles, where, and not so long ago either, the presence of a wheelman would have been the occasion of a festival in which he would not unlikely have formed the dish of honor.



"A BEWILDERING PUZZLE OF STRAW-THATCHED HUTS." (p. 586.)