
It is no longer impossible for the busy man to spend his brief holiday in America. The Cunard steamers carry passengers from land to land in seven days, cutting the Atlantic waves at a constant speed about equal to the average rate of a railway train between Dundee and Broughty Ferry. A fortnight's sojourn in the States will enable one to get a passing glimpse of the chief Eastern cities like New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, or, if a traveller were bent upon covering the greatest distance in the shortest time, he could cross the whole continent to San Francisco and return to New York within the fortnight, only in the latter case he must be prepared to make a railway carriage his home for the entire period. He could boast to his friends on his return that within the month he had travelled 12000 miles - a distance about equal to half round the globe - but assuredly he would carry back only the vaguest impression of the great country which he had crossed.

It was my fortune to spend three months in the States during last Autumn. My fellow traveller and I were on our way to visit one of the cattle ranches of the far West. Our route was fixed to some extent by business requirements, but we managed to see some of the most distinctive natural scenery of America, a number of the leading cities, and something of the diversified national life. Within an hour I can only hope to give you a few brief notes.

The country has one or two simple but important natural divisions. The Atlantic seaboard, varying in width from 50 to 100 miles, is cut off from the rest of the continent by several chains of mountains running North and South, of which the Alleghanies are the most important. For a long period in the history of the country these mountains formed a barrier to the colonist, and American life was confined to the seaboard plane where stand today

most of the great and all of the older cities - New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

First impressions of New York are not particularly engaging. The dilapidated cab which carries you from the quay to your hotel almost breaks your bones on the journey and unless you have had the foresight to make a bargain and a hard bargain, too, about the fare you will be fleeced most unmercifully. The Jehus of New York are nearly all Irish and they redress their country's wrongs on the absentee Englishmen who fall guilelessly into their clutches.

The street paving of New York is unfortunately to be duplicated in almost every other city in the Union, and for utter badness it can hardly be matched anywhere. But you soon learn that the streets have been built chiefly for the convenience of tramway cars and railway trains. Improving on the Baconian precept that it is better to ride than to walk, the American says life is not worth living without tramcars, and hence his rule: Let the street perish but bring along the tram car. But the overhead railroad illustrates best what men will sacrifice for what are called the conveniences of civilization. At an altitude equal to the first story windows of the neighboring houses an overhead railway had been erected on iron pillars placed in the centre of certain streets. It is a ludicrous erection and how living is possible at all along the route of travel is a marvel. There is constant noise night and day from passing trains and every passenger can inspect the interior of the rooms facing the street unless the blinds are carefully drawn. Perhaps the surroundings beget a specialized type to whom the rumble and scream of the railway train becomes an indispensable adjunct to comfortable living.

The business streets of New York are mostly narrow except a few leading thoroughfares, but uptown in the fashionable and residential quarters they are wide and more fitted for a carriage getting along without damage to the springs. The houses are mostly high, some of them excessively high. I saw one of 13 stories, and 8 to 10 stories are not uncommon. Both brick and stone are

used and the general appearance is not unlike some of our great seaport cities. You are reminded, however, that you are not in England by the Venetian blinds which open outwards like shutters, giving shade while admitting air in the almost tropic heat which settles upon the city during the summer months, and the great squares planted with trees in the heart of the city and the trees which line the sidewalks of some of the streets, recall Continental rather than English impressions.

The homes of wealthy New York men are within the city. No doubt many fine residences are found in small suburban villages and along the Hudson, but whole fortunes have been laid out upon squares, solid substantial dwellings which line the side streets. An English merchant would have built his residence on the outskirts of the city or entirely in the country, but Fifth Avenue, where the wealthiest New Yorkers live, shows neither trees nor gardens to break the even line of the house or to suggest rural tastes. The millionaire, it is true, has his summer residence but it is at Saratoga Springs or Long Branch or some other fashionable watering place where the winter gaiety of the city can be continued throughout the summer. American city men, like their ladies, are gregarious; they hate the country unless the social life of the town can be turned into it. The population of New York is considerably over a million and Brooklyn, which is reached by a great suspension bridge recently finished, has half a million. As a class, New Yorkers are pushing, go-ahead and speculative. They are not pure American by any means. Besides large numbers of English and Irish, the Germans, Dutch and other European nationalities are found in all walks of life. Business is pushed keenly and hazards are undertaken at which Englishmen stand aghast. Money flows like a tide now this way now that, filling the coffers of some and ruining others with startling rapidity. It is not surprising to find alongside of this devotion to dollar-gathering a gaiety equal to that of Paris, and a support of churches - I do not say religion - unsurpassed anywhere in the world. There are at least a dozen theatres

of the first order, besides a host of minor houses of amusement. Churches are numerous, some of them of fine designs, and they are supported with the same liberality accorded to places of amusement. Seats are sold by auction and the highest bidder has a natural pride in feeling that he has licked the others in the cause of religion. No doubt the personal influence of the preacher counts for something in the size of the collections. Practical in his teaching the American preacher is particularly skillful in extracting dollars. We had once the misfortune to occupy the front seat in a Washington church where they gathered two collections at one diet. We gave in a liberal spirit to the first and were somewhat taken aback after a hymn had been sung to see the preacher get down from his pulpit to a platform within two feet of us and announce that he now wanted a solid collection for some cause or other. The collection began with us, and, what made it particularly trying, was that in the hearing of the congregation the clergyman told the collectors not to be in a hurry if a man had not his contribution ready, to wait beside him till he got well down into his breeches pocket, and suiting the action to the word he showed how far down into his pockets his hands could go, only I noticed that he kept them there.

Philadelphia, the Quaker city, is second only to New York in point of population. In manufactures and production generally it surpasses New York and every other city in the Union. It is a city with a history and as you wander through its narrow streets, laid out in straight parallel lines with rows of houses regularly built of red brick and windows faced with an edging of white marble, something of the stiff and formal manners of other days comes back to you. It has a fine situation at the junction of the Schuylkill and the Delaware and lies on a plane of great fertility. For 100 miles west of Philadelphia right up to the Alleghenies is a country which reminds one of the richest agricultural districts of England, farms of moderate size with fine substantial houses, the land carefully tilled and a well-to-do air about all the towns and villages which we passed. In this district are preserved some of those

strictest of religious sects for which Philadelphia was noted in past times, men who refused to take oath, bear arms, take office or go to law with others. The centre of attraction in Philadelphia is Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed on the Fourth of July, 1776. Congress met here until 1798 and the Congressional Chamber is preserved in its original condition. Old historical records are found here, portraits of the Independence leaders, medals and autograph letters and in the vestibule stands the old Liberty Bell with its noble inscription "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof". Dr. Franklin's witty retort to Hancock at the signing of the Declaration will be recalled. Hancock headed the members who came up to sign and, pen in hand, addressed them "We must be unanimous, gentlemen; there must be no pulling different ways. We must all hang together". To which Franklin answered "Yes, we must all hang together or else we shall all hang separately."

The Philadelphian is a solid man, proud of his city and of his ancestry. He accumulates wealth more slowly than the New Yorker but its permanence is secure when acquired. He has some contempt for the flashy ostentation of his rival perhaps not minimised with a little jealousy that the world should give so much attention to a success which he places far below his own.

There are several libraries and institutes in Philadelphia and the Academy of Fine Arts was the best public collection of pictures which we saw in the States. Here, too, is well illustrated the emulation between American cities in the matter of municipal or city buildings. Millions of dollars have already been expended on the huge and ornate pile of buildings now approaching completion. It is said that the towers were designed to get nearer heaven than any other erection in the country but the yielding of the foundations compelled a rearranging of the plans to more modest proportions. In every city of any size the municipal buildings are in their magnitude and architectural adornment a striking evidence of the ambition and public spirit of the citizens but it is pitiable to hear on every

hand that not one of these monuments have been erected without costing by jobbery enormous sums in excess of their values. Even here in the moral city of the Union the dirty fingers of the jobber have played fast and loose with the public purse.

Four hours ride on the express train carries you from Philadelphia to Washington, the seat of Government. The great National Buildings I have not time to describe even if a literary description could convey any useful impression. The Capitol, the Treasury, the office of the Army and Navy, the White House, the Post Office, the Smithsonian Institute, and a number of others are striking creations of the architect, built for the most part of white marble. In the bright, pure atmosphere of Washington, where no tall chimney is permitted to be built, and no manufactory established to pollute the air with smoke and vapour, the buildings stand out in bold, sharp outlines suggestive in the distance of the palaces and courts of Royalty, rather than the prosaic chambers of republican officials. The streets and avenues are the finest in the Union. Pennsylvania Avenue is a mile long and straight as an arrow running between the Capitol, where Congress and the Senate sit, and the White House, where the President resides. It is 160 feet wide and good eyesight is needed to recognize ones friends on the other side. The city is purely residential and the number of fine private dwellings very large. The public drives extend for many miles, its educational privileges are the best and every year is adding to the number of retired merchants and others who select it for permanent residence. One must not omit the Washington Column to which the finishing touches were being given at our visit. Built of white marble in the shape of Cleopatra's needle it stands 555 feet high with a base 55 feet square and wall 15 feet thick. To climb it would be a task and so the Government has provided an elevator in the centre by means of which you are whisked rapidly to the summit. Americans are proud of it. It is the biggest thing in columns which the world has seen and therefore again America has licked creation.

We attended the President's reception along with perhaps 150 others. At the door of a handsome reception room in the White House the President stands and the company file past each shaking hands with him. We were among the last and a polite attendant who knew us to be strangers, asked our names and gave us the honour of a formal introduction, the President expressing his pleasure at meeting two Scotsmen. Dressing is not observed at these receptions but it was remarkable that only one tweed suit was seen in the room and the wearer was an Englishman. Ladies, who form the largest part of the company, to not neglect their toilets. An amusing incident occurred in our company. A tall negress in white apron and bare head, evidently the nurse in some family, came in with a pretty little girl perhaps 3 years old. After shaking hands she lifted the child into the President's arms saying "Honey, kiss the President", which was successfully performed, but the papers commenting on the incident next day said it was a well known fact that the President disliked kissing anybody, young or old. It is needless to say he is a bachelor.

Crossing the Alleghany mountains a traveller descends rapidly into the great central plain of America extending west to the next mountain barrier 1000 to 1200 miles. This plain is bountifully watered in its eastern central and northern parts by the great rivers Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, and a number of others. Geologists say that at the close of the glacial period a shallow sea covered the whole central portion of America and upon its floor was laid down the fine muds and loams which form today this great tract of rich agricultural soil.

We entered the plain at its northeastern margin sailing up the loveliest of American rivers - the Hudson - which runs between the Catskill and White mountains, forming the northern extension of the Alleghanies. Our destination was Saratoga Springs, the center of American wealth and fashion in the season. The mineral springs abundant in the neighborhood are the excuse for this resort which presents ⁱⁿ itself few attractive features except those

which wealth has created in fine dwellings and gardens. Here we are introduced to what is a prominent feature throughout the States - the abundance of wooden or board houses. Whole towns are built of wood and in the West and Central regions these board houses are far more numerous than those of stone and brick. In their plainest forms they look cold and slim to eyes used to substantial buildings but in private residences, often of great size, they lend themselves easily to beautiful designs and rich colorings and we were assured that for warmth in winter and coolness in summer they are preferred to brick and stone. I have never seen such variety in form and colour as peep out from amid trees and gardens in and around Saratoga. We were taught both here and in widely separated parts of the Union the lesson that beautiful houses and gardens were not meant to be hidden behind high walls and hedges. The little strip of garden in front of the finest residences in Saratoga leads down from the house to the public footpath without hedge or rail or fence of any kind. One could step on to the grass lawn or among the flower plots from the pavement without hindrance but no one trespasses and not even the urchins pilfer the flowers which could be reached so easily. In this I think there is a moral and example for ourselves. But Saratoga's great feature is its mammoth hotels. The one in which we stayed had 1000 rooms. Another had 1200 or 1300 and others were on scales nearly as large. Ours occupied three sides of a square, the fourth side being fenced, probably with a view to completing the square at a future time. The interior of the square is pleasure ground for the guests, planted with large trees, carpeted with fine turf on which tennis and other games are played, and having a bandstand in the centre. A piazza runs all round the building which on a summer evening is gay with brilliant costumes and lively with the constant prattle of ladies voices. Gentlemen are in the minority decidedly, but if you turn in to the Hotel Bar you will find not a few flirting with iced drinks, sherry collars or whisky straight. There was no dancing on the two evenings we were there and it struck us that the girls had to find a

good deal of their amusement with their own sex. I believe much of the amusement has to be found in dressing or, perhaps more properly, in other people's dressing. I can vouch that one male novice found some amusement as a silent critic of the company.

Our route from Saratoga lay past Niagara on past Chicago. The day and night we spent at the Falls are ever memorable but no description so often tried can convey a mental picture of that wonderful sight and therefore I shall not attempt it. In common I believe with many others, my first impression was one of disappointment. Crossing the Niagara River from the American to the Canadian side half a mile below the Falls, the whole of the latter comes suddenly before you. The distance, your own altitude and previous conceptions all conspire to make first impressions disenchanting, but when you get close to the Falls above and below the resistless mass of moving water, its lovely translucent green as it curves over the precipice, the variety of its breaking forms as it thunders down in creamy foam and misty vapour, all these produce an impression of something which is indescribable. The Rapids in which the unfortunate Captain Webb was buffeted and crushed to death are a mile or two beneath the Falls. The great mass of water is confined by rocky sides to a narrow bed of unknown depth supposed to be several hundreds of feet and as it tears along it is lashed and whirled into great broiling heaps which rise in the centre of the river some 15 feet above the level of the water at the margin. Webb thought he could fight these points by keeping on the top of them but they beat the strength out of him and then sucked him under.

We wished to spend another day at Niagara but an engagement called us West and South. When we stepped on board the car at Niagara we had nearly a thousand miles before us and over 40 hours of continuous railway travelling. It was our first experience day and night uninterrupted travelling, an experience which we got accustomed to before we saw the Eastern coast again. It may not be amiss, therefore, if I say something about railway travelling in America. In theory there is only one class, in practice there are

and sometimes three on trains going long distances. The ordinary car is longer than our home carriage and without any division into compartments. You enter and leave the car by a platform at each end and a passage runs down the centre. The seats are sometimes chafts and they are placed at right angles to the central passage so that two passengers can sit on either side, left and right of the passage in each row. Anyone can move up and down the passage or change his position to another car while the train is going at full speed. You can also take a position on the platform between the cars if you want fresh air or separation from your fellow passengers. My favorite seat in crossing the great plains or passing through mountain scenery was the platform of the last car, from which you got an uninterrupted view on all sides. The Pullman car is a class higher than the ordinary and the Emigrant car on the Western trains a class lower. The Pullman is the most luxurious means of railway travelling invented, a drawingroom by day in which you engage a special seat for any length of journey, and your bedroom by night. The woodwork of the car is ^{finished with} beautifully/inlaid panels and upholstered in a comfortable and tasteful fashion. There is a lavatory at each end supplied with a fountain of drinking water, a smoking room, and usually a small private room in which four beds can be made up, which is convenient for a family or party wishing to keep together. Two attendants are on each Pullman; a white man, the conductor, whose chief duty seems to be to make himself agreeable to any lady passengers, and a darky who acts as porter, makes down the beds, brushes your shoes and clothes, and generally keeps things tidy and, most important of all, receives the tips. The conductor is a swell; to offer him a dollar would be an insult leading to I know not what consequences on the lonely prairies. Although I had many tips to distribute in America I made it a rule never to insult the Conductor. But the smartest man on the train is the newsboy. Like the Cowboy he is more man than boy and you will be very obstinate and resolute if in a long journey he does not beguile a dollar or two out of your pocket. He travels great distances on

the western trains, sometimes days together, so that if you are a through passenger he gets to know something of your tastes by careful observation. He appears at the door with an armful of papers or magazines, drops one or two on the seat beside you, or perhaps on your knee, and passes through treating every passenger in this bountiful fashion. In a little while he returns gathering up what are not wanted and collecting the prices from all who have been tempted into reading. He shortly returns with an armful of books, novels, and more serious literature, guide books and photographs. A mixture is set before each passenger. I have had as many as six volumes piled up on the seat beside me and again the boy withdraws and waits results. Next time he appears with a supply of fruits, grapes, apples, pears, oranges, raisins, nuts. He will try them all on you appealing to a different taste when literature fails. Still another surprise may be in store in the shape of knickknacks, fancy boxes set with minerals found in the mountains, or other novelties likely to interest you. Long before the journeys end the boy knows who will buy and what will suit the buyer and he does his best to prevent any ungratified desire going empty away. For long journeys the American mode of train-traveling is unquestionably superior to ours but it has drawbacks and I am not sure but our carriages for short journeys are equally convenient. In the charge of a passenger's luggage the American railways companies are far ahead of those at home. On my way to Liverpool when leaving, one of my portmanteaus got separated in Carlisle from the other luggage, a fact which I vainly tried to bring home to an over-confident and bumptious guard. At every station where we stopped I got out and had a peep into one or other of the several luggage vans on our train. At Wigan, where the train divided, I found my missing bag in the Manchester van just before that half of the train left us. Had I not discovered it my trip would have had some inconveniences with most of my linen left on this side. In America this blunder would be impossible. When you reach the railway station, or depot as it is called, your baggage is taken in charge, a brass check attached to

a leather thong is bound on each package and a duplicate check given to you. These checks have the same numbers and at your destination the company is bound to deliver the packages with the corresponding numbers. Baggage masters travel on the train and all luggage is entered on way bills so that mistakes are seldom made. Another convenience is the delivery of luggage though you usually pay a high figure for it. At the last station before entering any important city a man steps on board the train carrying a bundle of brass checks. If you want to avoid the trouble of getting a cab and hunting up your traps, exchange your checks for others he will give you and the baggage will be delivered at any hotel you name within a reasonable time after your arrival. If you are new to the system he will tell you unblushingly that it will be found in your bedroom on arrival, but as a rule these men do not scruple at a good square lie.

Going West our stay in Chicago was limited to half an hour for changing carriages but coming back we spent some six days in it and I may here say something of this wonderful city. Look at its situation: in the middle of the most fertile part of the central plain it forms the natural centre for all agricultural products. Lying on Lake Michigan it has behind it the uninterrupted navigation of the inland lakes, while the railway companies from East, West, North and South have quarrelled and bargained for the privilege of serving it. Situated 1000 miles west of New York Chicago forms the great exchange between the East and West. Her rise and progress are the wonder even of Americans who are used to rapid successes. Forty years ago a small Indian trading post occupied the site of the city, fifteen years ago that wooden city which had grown up was a heap of burning ruins, today Chicago is the best built city in the States and claims a population exceeding half a million. Its business portion reminded us of Glasgow more than any other city perhaps with its solid warehouses and commercial aspect. In the suburban and residential quarters are many fine houses and one is struck with the large proportion of superior houses. The parks and gardens are numerous and the enterprise shown in the introduction of the

water supply and in the removal of sewage is a remarkable evidence of energy and originality.

Grain and livestock are the two leading industries. We visited one of the huge grain elevators, a wooden building 150 feet high used for storage. Ten carloads can be emptied in half that number of minutes and the grain is carried up to the higher stories by means of an endless chain of buckets somewhat like those used in our mud dredgers. It is stored here in large bins until required for shipment when a number of moveable spouts are connected with the bin and the grain descends direct into the barges. An ordinary barge can be filled with 60,000 bushels in 2½ hours. A lamentable accident occurred in the elevator which we visited. One of the men had gone to sleep on the top of a loaded bin unaware that the grain was designed for shipment. He was drawn into the vortex before he could save himself and was discharged dead at the mouth of the spout.

We were more interested in cattle than grain and we spent a whole day in the livestock yards. You may form an idea of the magnitude of the business done in livestock when I tell you that 2,000,000 cattle and 7,000,000 hogs were delivered in Chicago last year for slaughter. All livestock is sold by weight and hundreds of cattle are weighed at one time on gigantic steel yards. Everyone who goes to Chicago is bound to visit the packing houses where pigs and cattle are slaughtered, dressed and packed on a system which could have been devised only by Americans. Here is how piggy is turned into pork: A covered inclined roadway leads from the stockyards pens up into the first story of Armour and Company's packing house. At one end of the building we find a number of small pens full of squeaking pigs and in the innermost of these pens stands a man whose sole duty consists in catching one of the hind legs of each pig and attaching it to it a clip which is connected to a short chain. The chain is connected with a lever attached to a steam engine and by it piggy is whisked into the air, the chain being crossed an inclined rail which runs nearly all round the building. Piggy has hardly uttered his scream of astonishment when the inclined rail carries him over

into another pen covered with filth and blood where stands the executioner alone. Pigsticking in this man's hands is a fine art altho he is a repulsive looking ruffian in his bloody dress. He carries a slender, very fine knife and as piggy descends towards him head downward he seizes one of the fore legs, gives a delicate turn with his right wrist and then piggy swings on, his last squeal over. A little further on piggy joins some of his brethren who preceded him at a trap doorway. When a dozen have accumulated the clips are canted, the door opens and they all plump into a boiling bath. Here their great black backs roll about for a few minutes, when one after another they are dragged out and passed deliberately into the shaving machine. Four revolving drums armed with razors or scrapers are built so as to form four sides of a square. Piggy goes in at one end very hairy and comes out at the other very naked. He is then seized by a number of men who, with knives, remove any hair not completely taken off by the machine. He is elevated again to the rail and passes on to the disembowelers, whose operations we shall pass. Hashed clean and empty he then travels a long way to another part of the building where another man with an axe splits him in two halves while hanging. The halves are carried to the icehouse whence, after a period of rest, they are brought to be divided by axe and knife into the various forms in which pork and bacon are met with in the dealers.

The whole process is a marvel of clever handling, is as humane as pig-sticking ever can be and, from an economical standpoint, almost perfection. Nothing is wasted they say except the squeals, and on my suggesting to our guide that some ingenious Yankee might utilize that some day for musical purposes, he guessed the thing could be done.

Our road from Chicago lay south through the fertile prairie states of Illinois and Missouri to Kansas City; thence south through the Indian Territory into the State of Texas. We had come from Niagara 1600 to 1700 miles with one break in Kansas City, and the journey had occupied four days and two nights. We were now in the country where 20 miles an hour was the rate of travel and with our

remembrances of certain railroad beds we deemed it a great deal too fast. A man can sleep in a rolling ship but a railway train which swings and jolts and pitches all in one motion would keep the drowsy god himself awake.

I wish I had time to say something of the State of Texas in which we found ourselves, a single State with an area considerably greater than that of either France or Germany, and to which in expressive American - Great Britain would form a sizeable kitchen garden. The western portion of the great central plain which we have crossed is much drier than the central and eastern with a scanty rainfall and a lighter sandy soil. North and south upon this dry section and further west up into Rockies lie the great cattle ranches which within the past five years have become so suddenly interesting to Scotchmen, especially to investing Scotchmen.

For several days we had been broiling in the little town of Fort Worth with the thermometer standing between 95 and 100 in the shade and the mosquitos draining the sweetest blood centres in our faces and necks. It was a relief to get free at last for a trip over the wide stretching plains in the company of those famous Texan cowboys whose deeds are the schoolboy romance now that the poor redman has been laid on the shelf. At somewhere over 200 miles west of Fort Worth we bade goodbye to civilization for three weeks, cut off from railroads, letters, newspapers, and Sundays. It was a refreshing experience full of novelty and tempered with just enough fatigue and roughing to make the evening smoke and yarn around the campfire a luxury. The country is rolling prairie des-
titute of trees except a dwarf known as "mesquite" which is found/ⁱⁿ detached plants over a great area, scrub oak at rare intervals and a few cottonwoods, china and hickory found in the bottom or along water courses. The district which we visited is more broken than ordinary owing to its forming the region in which the head waters or feeders of several rivers take their rise. Each of these has cut in V shaped cleft or gorge deep in the soft soil and these small canons often necessitate long detours to get from one side to the other. But the most striking natural feature is what we called the

Breaks of the plains. For several hundreds of miles west of this district the plains extend nearly flat as a table at an elevation 200 to 300 feet above the country lying to the East. The dividing line between the two districts is a wall with precipitous sides in only a few places of which can you find paths leading from below to the top. It was in the country lying beneath and East of this wall that we spent most of our time making, however, one long excursion over the table land above.

We had come to see cowboy life and we lived pretty much cowboy fashion. The Cowboy I need hardly tell you is a man and his age usually from 20 to perhaps 30, with the bosses or chief men, running up to perhaps 40 years. Over a territory larger than Forfarshire we found about 100 boys whose work consisted in handling about 100,000 head of cattle scattered over that area. The main work is branding the calves and separating the fat cattle which are meant for the market. From 10 to 15 men work as a branding outfit, each man having from 6 to 10 horses with him. With the earliest streak of dawn the boys are in the saddle and scatter for miles round a given point. They form then a great circle and their duty is to drive every animal within the circle to the point previously fixed. Every canon, ravine or gorge has to be searched to drive out cattle hiding away in their recesses, for in cunning and dodgery no animal beats an old Texas cow. It is a splendid sight to see the great circle concentrate - hundreds and thousands of cattle in the early morning coming over the ridges from all directions with the cowboys galloping and shouting along the lines behind them. When gathered together in one large bunch they are held easily by one or two boys riding slowly round them. A fire is kindled in the neighborhood and the branding irons with the peculiar shape of the owners kept hot. Now comes the tough work. Half a dozen boys on fresh horses are told off to cut out the calves. Riding into the herd they each single out a calf, gradually get it out to the edge by riding now this way, now that, while the sharp-witted fellow, knowing by instinct what it all means, does his best to escape.

Once to the edge the calf bolts and the rider after him, the horse knowing exactly what to do while the boy swings his lasso. The loop falls over the head or legs of the calf and the boy makes a couple of turns with the end of the rope round the saddle, the horse stops suddenly, heeling his body over a little to one side to withstand the impending shock. It comes and the poor calf is prostrate on the ground half choked in the quick pull up from a break-neck gallop. He is dragged to the fire, protesting vigorously all the way, and a few seconds application of the hot irons brands him indelibly with the mark of his owner. The mother cow usually comes bellowing after her offspring but she seldom charges the offenders. The cutting out of the heavy, fat cattle is a tougher job than cutting out calves. Courage and skill are needed in rider and horse and an onlooker is amazed at the wonderful intelligence shown by the horse in frustrating the steer's endeavors to get back to the main herd. Sometimes he bolts for the open prairie and then it is a long road to turn him. I remember one stout two-year-old who carried his pursuer a couple of miles from the herd and repeatedly charged him when overtaken. Eventually he was led back by two boys, one on each side with their lassos round his head, and a third boy shouting behind to make him go.

The cowboy's life is spent in the saddle. He will ride down half a dozen of horses in one hard day's work. He sleeps on the ground with his blanket round him and his saddle for a pillow. He has often to drive cattle long distances, 1200 miles or more, to market, and patience, skill and self-denial are frequently called into play. His herd may be restless and he must sometimes keep in the saddle all night to prevent their breaking loose. If they do stampede, which occurs now and again in the darkness, he must ride like grim death straight ahead and for miles together till he can head off the leaders and gradually quiet them down.

In our journeys across the prairies it was always a pleasant experience to come across the branding outfits. The juiciest steaks and tenderest morsels of beef were always to be had in their camps. Our fare when we got away from them was the fattest of fat bacon

at which I inwardly revolted, and black coffee, exceedingly black. The water at times was a chocolate color before mixing it with the coffee and we found it desirable to pass a rule always to mix it with something. We fared better, however, in other parts of the range where an abundance of wild turkey, prairie chicken, quail, and wild duck made a feast for a prince.

There are few wild animals in these prairies, an occasional herd of antelope, a few deer, now and again the silence of your camp broken by the unearthly howling of the cowardly coyotes or prairie wolves who sometimes creep quietly within a hundred yards of us and then let Pandemonium loose without a note of warning. Wild cats are met with occasionally in the deeper canons, and the vilest of all vile things - the skunk - is encountered not infrequently. We were ~~xx~~ lucky in not meeting with a skunk although we did not escape his aroma. The stink of this animal will cause strong men to sicken, and if you have the misfortune to get but a touch of his vile secretion you must straightway forsake your fellows or at least they will forsake you until, having burned your clothes and done penance in solitude, purity returns to you again. Snakes are not so numerous as they were. I did not see over 10 or 12 altogether, of which 6 or 7 were rattlesnakes. The biggest of these, about 2½ inches in diameter and 3 feet long, I managed to kill and his rattle was cut off and preserved as a trophy.

The wide, lovely prairie is the last place where Dundee men would expect to stumble on other Dundee men but our experience here was not the first or last reminder of how very small the world is after all. Two leading citizens of Dundee had been traveling by stage for days together, we had been spending nearly three weeks on the prairies. Both met by pure accident at the frontier little town of Harrold which connected us again ^{by} with the iron rail with civilization. What made our astonishment more profound was to discover one of these worthy gentlemen, a man renowned for his peaceful proclivities, armed like a veritable Texan Ranger with loaded revolver and belt stuffed full of cartridges. Our hilarity was loud and long

and I daresay the wondering citizens of Harrold who saw the meeting formed quite erroneous opinions regarding the source of so much mirth. The traveller who has crossed the central plain of America finds its western edge defended by a mountain chain running North and South - the far-famed Rocky Mountains - while some 400 or 500 miles west of the Rockies occurs a parallel chain, the no less renowned Sierra Nevadas. These two mountain chains with the great desert between them, make up what is called the backbone of the Continent.

The Sierras are a well defined range of great altitude rising boldly out from the fertile plain of California with its western face so steep and high and bare that it seems to form a perfect barrier against intrusion. The Rockies, on the other hand, are rather a tangle of mountains than a continuous chain. The main direction is North and South but everywhere subchains branch off in different directions and huge solitary peaks are a prominent feature. The great desert between the Rockies and the Sierras is a dry bed of a former inland sea now a barren and desolate waste through which wander one or two melancholy-looking streams fed by the snows of the Sierra. It is a dreary ride through this sterile region and a fine sand penetrates the cars coated with the saline particles which impregnate the soil. Right at the base of the Rockies on the eastern side lies Denver City, queen of the prairies. Situated on the plain she forms the natural portal into the wonders of the Colorado mountains. To the East far as the eye can see is a dead level of prairie, but turning westward the whole magnificence of the Rockies falls upon the view, - chain and peak and crag in an endless panorama, and all bathed in an atmosphere of delicious purity. I shall not soon forget our last view from the plains as the cars carried us eastward on our homeward journey. A dark, purplish veil covered the mountains in the dim early morning but as we slowly left the city the veil seemed to shiver and oscillate in the rays of the rising sun. Suddenly a white peak reflected the light in the far background, then another and another in quick succession, - a hundred heads near and far had returned the golden greeting. Meanwhile the veil in the

foreground became thinner and more translucent and agitated with a wavy motion until, reduced to a gauze of the finest texture, it abruptly disappeared leaving the mountains in their naked grandeur.

Traveling in the dry belt of the States one is constantly being deceived regarding distances and heights, the remarkable purity of the air seeming to bring objects nearer to eyes accustomed to a moisture-laden atmosphere. In Denver they tell a story illustrative of this: Two Englishmen started for a walk to the foothills some 15 miles away before breakfast believing them to be two or three miles off. After several miles had been got over and the hills apparently as far off as ever, they came to one of the irrigating ditches some 3 or 4 feet wide. One of them began immediately to throw off his clother, and on his companion asking what he intended doing, he said "I am going to swim this river." "What", said the other, "this ditch that you can hop over"? "Yes, how the deuce do I know it isn't a quarter of a mile. Haven't we been fooled enough already? You can jump and get drowned; I mean to swim."

Who has not heard of the Canons of Colorado, those great gorges cut by running water thousands of feet deep through solid rock. More strikingly even than Niagara they illustrate the power contained in a moving stream, and as you gaze upwards at the walls on each side some faint idea breaks upon you of the immeasurable periods involved in what is called geological time. Right through some of these gorges and over the high passes of the Rockies a narrow gauge railway has been built by the enterprising American with English money, unfortunately, connecting Denver on the eastern with Salt Lake City on the western side of the mountains, the journey taking about 36 hours continuous traveling.

When you have passed the foothills and are fairly within the range you seem at times as if penetrating into the bowels of the earth. The bottom of the gorge contains hardly any room for your narrow road and the brawling stream, while the walls of solid rock stand over you in some cases 3000 feet. Looking ahead your road at times appears to close up in a dead wall, but a sharp turn

carries you round an angle but only to have the same experience repeated. Provision is made by the Railway Company for viewing the finest of these canons, the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, by attaching to the train an open observation car, into which all passengers can go. Traveling at the moderate rate of speed common on western roads you can enjoy without inconvenience and examine with care the striking rock formations and curious weather carving of the great masses reared above you. Marshall Pass, 10,800 feet above sea level is the highest point crossed by the road, two and a half times higher than Ben Nevis and within 4000 feet of Mont Blanc, and this is done in the luxury of a Pullman car. Your two principal engines labour up the steep slope, winding across and across the face of the mountain so that looking down you can see far beneath you three or four crossings of the track which you have come over. You pass through some 20 snowsheds and enter one upon the summit. The air at this altitude is very rare and some people get sick or have a buzzing sound in the ears. Snow was lying about in the middle of October but in no great quantities and was keen and breath catching. You descend the other side by the force of gravity along. One of the engines is detached and the other shut off steam except just enough to keep the brakes on. It is not a pleasant sensation as you look down the side of the Pass on the sharp turns of the railroad to be doubled by your car under the influence of a force held in check by a steam brake. Some day the brake will not answer and the train will carry its freight by a short cut on their last journey.

Salt Lake City would require a lecture all to itself. We spent just 24 hours in it but with the aid of a Cockney coachman who has lived here now 14 years we managed to see the city fairly well, to know the houses of the Bishopwives and to listen to some quite funny, if not quite proper, stories. The modern Zion is an inviting place of residence situated on a gentle slope at one end of the valley of the Jordan which is some 20 miles long and girdled with splendid hills. The streets of the city are of great width with a row of trees along each side and a stream of mountain water

to keep the roots moist. The houses are for the most part built each on its own piece of ground and surrounded by trees and gardens. Except those of the Chief Mormons and a few others they are of no great size and the older adobe and wood- built houses are not attractive. But the abundant foliage in the city, the wide open avenues, the bright dry atmosphere and the air of moderate comfort about the place produce a not unattractive picture. The population is of course mostly composed of Mormons, though Gentiles have increased largely within the past few years. They hate each other very thoroughly and the opposing newspapers fight the battle. Polygamy as an element in the Mormon faith seems to be dying. Only the Bishops and a few other wealthy men afford the luxury of a plurality of wives. As might be supposed the luxury has its drawbacks; a domestic peace is maintained by the Bishop's villa being divided into sections, each section with its own front door. Where the accommodation has been found insufficient or inconvenient planting separate houses widely apart has been resorted to. One of the best houses in the city is occupied by the late Brigham Young's favorite wife. She was his last and the youngest. Surprise is expressed that no enterprising Gentile has entered into his possessions. We saw Brigham's eldest surviving widow, a plain, heavy, rather poorly dressed old lady who was moving about in her section of the old cottage harem. We also saw one of the Bishop's reported to be the happy husband of 11 wives. He was a venerable looking sinner with his grey beard and blue goggles and looked a very weakly subject to manage eleven.

The great sights of the city are of course the Tabernacle and the Temple, the former an oval shaped, squat building with a domelike roof resting on 40 to 50 piers and seated for 10,000 to 12,000 people. The length of the oval is 250 feet and the acoustics are so wonderful that you can hear a pin drop on the floor from the opposite end of the building. The Tabernacle is a huge square pile of granite which has been in course of erection for many years and upon which over 300,000,000 have already been expended.

The future of the Mormons is uncertain. The Government have taken active measures against polygamy and four or five of the too-much-married men are lying in jail their only offense being their practical support of the system. More recently a bill has been submitted to Congress to permit the Government to seize the church property, the management of which is entirely in the Bishops hands. Nothing is known at present about the disposal of the large revenues of the church but the managers get very rich and presumably it is the church which pays for the superfluous wives. On the same terms I am not sure but polygamy would be popular in other countries. Salt Lake lies 15 miles away from the city. Special trains carry passengers there to spend the day and to bathe in the lake. We did not bathe but we heard the usual wonderful stories of the water's bouyancy. Artemus Ward's historical incident is still the best. An enterprising farmer drove in some 50 head of fat steers and when he drew them out they were found to be converted into prime pickled beef.

The railway from Salt Lake City runs across the desert and thence over the Sierras into California. We returned ^{by} this road but going West we traveled from Texas through Mexico old and new, through the territory of Arizona, and so entered California on its southern side, then up the fertile valley of the State lying between the Sierras on the right and a low ridge of mountains on the coast.