

nor anybody's backwater. It is most exhilarating to be ahead. I always enjoy crossing the Atlantic in a fast steamer. It is extremely irritating to my finely strung sensibilities to see anything getting ahead of me. The Teutonic left every craft behind her. We would sometimes sight a steamer considerably in advance of us, but a few hours would suffice to change our relative positions. We arrived in Liverpool just a week from the time we left New York, and when you remember that this necessitated a speed of over 21 miles an hour, both night and day, you will have some comprehension of the rapidity with which we sped through the surging waters.

Solid, unromantic Liverpool had little attraction for us. We spent a night at the Grand Hotel, where we had first rate accommodation, at about the same rate it would cost us here. We spent a few hours at a resort near by, called "The Brighton of Liverpool," visited a few friends, and took an express train early the following morning for Wales.

My native land never seemed to me more beautiful. There is no spot beneath the sun, of equal area, that can compare with it. Multitudes go to the continent, and elsewhere, and return with the testimony that for miniature scenes of natural loveliness, Wales is unsurpassed. It will not, of course, compare with Switzerland, or with our own magnificent Rockies, in bold and grand effects, but for narrow mountain gorges, for romantic glens, for small valleys nestling at the foot of wild and rugged steeps, for beautiful streams breaking here and there into cascades and waterfalls, and occasionally flowing through magnificent meadows, Wales will certainly compare favorably with any land, however well and favorably known.

Our present visit, however, was only intended as a breathing spell, for it was our purpose after having been to London and Paris, and seeing some portions of the European continent, to give up the last week or so to the delights of friendship and affection, amid the enchanting scenes and the endeared associations of our motherland.

After a week's rest at the Mineral Springs, which are situated in the romantic bosom of the Welsh mountains, we proceeded to London, passing through Shrewsbury, Stafford, Northampton, Rugby, and other centres of interest on our way. Rural