

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "CHICAGO MAIL."

VICTORIA, British Columbia, Aug. 3.—Having resolved to make a race with the sun around the world, it became a matter of some moment what route we should pursue. We recognized the fact that old Sol moved on a smooth and beaten track. For countless eras he has moved majestically along the same road. No ups and downs. No stations where he has to stop to take on food or water; comets feed his fiery chargers; their tails, whisking around millions of miles, fan their foaming flanks. Worn out worlds drop into their mangers to feed them without the necessity of a halt. Asteroids and bursting meteors furnish their driver with whip-cracks to encourage them to maintain their speed. Their own fiery nostrils light them along their boundless path. Countless millions of ages ago the mighty Eternal awoke them from their beginningless sleep when his fiat, "Let there be light," reverberated throughout chaotic space, and rolling through its dark chasms and caves, echoed from its frowning crags, caught and returned from limitless heights, was obeyed, and "Light was." Their next rest will be when comes a crash of worlds, and the same Eternal shall shout in wrathful thunder, "It is ended."

Ours was an unequal task. We knew we would be handicapped, not only from day to day, but from hour to hour; we would have mountains to climb, valleys to span, oceans to cross, and storms and tempests to turn us from our track. We would have to pick our course through countless obstacles by day and to feel our way among countless dangers by night. Knowing our rival would have to travel a thousand miles an hour within the tropics we determined to go far to the north, where contracted degrees would reduce our mileage to nearly half the tropical distance.

We therefore left Chicago for far northern Manitoba. We ran through wooded Wisconsin, rested a few minutes at ambitious St. Paul; Were handsomely entertained and driven around by its democratic mayor, dashed through the grain fields of Northern Minnesota, entered the dominions of her much-jubilee'd majesty, and started on our race at high-boomed Winnipeg, in the 50th degree north latitude.

By the way, the "boom" at the capital of Manitoba was not, as many have thought, a bursting "bomb." It is a well laid out and handsome city of 23,000 souls. The boom gave it a good start, and, like our great fire, made many a rich speculator bite financial dust, but left improvements, which, but for the speculative fever, would not have been commenced for years to come. The city has many fine buildings of private owners, and a beautiful city hall, three elegant fire-engine houses, several well-paved streets, and a mill which turns out 900 barrels of flour daily. The people resemble in dress and movements the thriving, bustling population of our North-western States much more than they do the self-satisfied and slow-looking Canuck of Ontario and eastern Canada. At night they were walking about with pleasure-seeking energy, rather than the list-

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