

FIVE MONTHS' FINE WEATHER

IN

CANADA, WESTERN, U.S. AND MEXICO.

ON Saturday morning, 11th August, 1888, after a wonderfully quick passage, we found ourselves so close to New York, that we were almost certain to land in the evening, and, with the exception of a solitary croaker, who had prophesied misfortunes of all kinds ever since we left Queenstown, all the passengers packed their trunks, put on their best clothes, and prepared joyfully for land. However, the croaker was right this time. As we were sitting on deck after lunch, suddenly there was a horrible noise, and we were covered with soot and steam. The spindle to the high-pressure cylinder valve had broken inside the crossheads!

One's first idea was naturally that the poor fellows in the engine-room must be terribly scalded and knocked about, but happily no one was injured. That fear relieved; we could feel the bitter disappointment of the delay. Not only must we spend another dreary night in the stuffy cabins, but no doubt we should lose the race we were running with the new much vaunted *City of New York*, and anyhow, we had lost the glory of making the fastest passage on record.