

BOYS AND GIRLS

Three Wonderful Bridges.

A RAILWAY RIDE FROM EDINBURGH TO BALMORAL.

(M. E. Leiscester Addis in 'Frank Leslie's Monthly'.)

Nowhere else in the world is there for the tourist, especially for men who are interested in railway construction or in applied mechanics, such a wonderful railway ride as from Edinburgh to Aberdeen by the east coast route.

We hardly ever lose sight of the German Ocean, and, whether in smiling peace or

could easily throw orange and banana peel into it.

At Kinghorn we passed under the rock giving name to the place, and most memorable in Scottish annals. Here Alexander III., one of the strongest, bravest and best of the early kings, met his death in 1286.

Like us he had left Edinburgh, but crossed the Firth by open boat. Darkness set in and his attendants begged of him not to press on, as the rough road wound dangerously along these precipitous cliffs overhanging the sea. But a king's will was law then. His horse slipped and fell with his rider over the cliff, and the sorrowing followers found their king's body dashed to pieces on

other until Kirkcaldy, 'the lang toun,' was reached. A most appropriate name for this centre of linoleum and floor-cloth manufacture, for it is all length and no breadth.

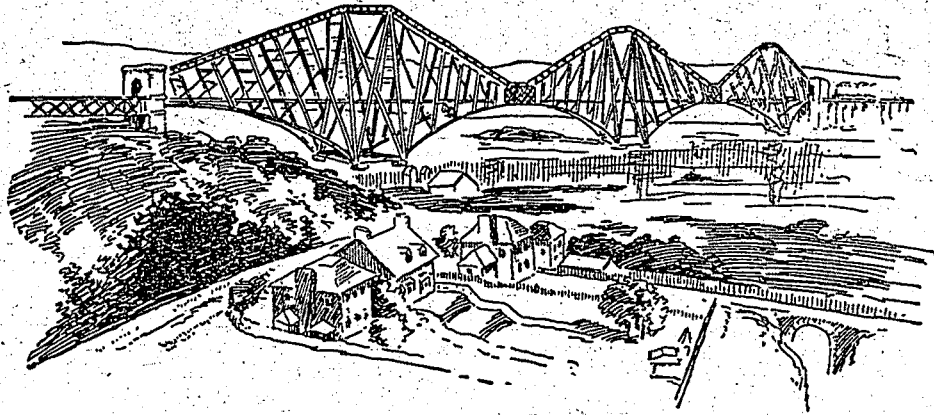
From this point we turned inland through the heart of fertile Fife, called the 'Kingdom' in early days, whilst the poet-king, James I., used to speak of Scotland as 'a gray garment with a golden fringe'—the fringe being Fife.

On we sped, and soon we saw the sea again; and the far-famed golf-links of fair St. Andrews—the Oxford of Scotland—with her University, her Towers and ruined cathedral and castle. Soon the estuary of the 'lordly' Tay came in view, and as we crossed it and looked down upon the line of broken piers, relics of the former bridge, we recalled the terrific wind-storm on the last Sunday of the year 1879, when the train from Edinburgh went down in the middle of the bridge and left no one to tell the tale.

Whether the train pulled the bridge down, or whether its central girders were rocking, ere the train came, remains a mystery. Theories there were in plenty, but none is left to prove them. The death list was comparatively low, only seventy-two in all; but most pathetic was the story of the sad fate of several of the victims. Sailors from foreign lands hurrying home to keep the New Year with their parents and families, and, saddest of all, a prodigal son.

This young man, after running away from home, became very successful in one of our Western States, and, as a happy surprise for his widowed mother in Dundee, resolved to visit her and share his fortune. Having lost the morning train, he told his story to the hotel-keeper where he waited, else the poor mother would never have heard of her boy's good-will.

The scenery on either shore of the Firth



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

stormy mood, its glittering green waters are beautiful. Its wild, rocky coast and numerous lighthouses could tell many a sad tale of those who go down to the sea in ships.

Unlike those of the Atlantic on the west coast, its waves rise and fall in perfect rhythmic beat, and their white foam breaks and falls in showers of spray over the jagged, cruel rocks.

As our tourist tickets enabled us to stop where we pleased en route, we decided to leave Edinburgh by a local train early one clear morning in September last. By this we could enjoy the view of the Forth Valley, and at Kirkcaldy, on the Fife side, we joined the express train.

The sun shone brightly over the rich corn-fields of the famed Lothian farms, and soon we reached Dalmeny Park station. Nestling amid the trees, and commanding a magnificent view both of sea and land, lay Dalmeny, the magnificent residence of Lord Rosebery, one of the most popular and best known of British peers.

As we passed slowly across the wonderful Forth Bridge, 354 feet above the waves, its enormous massiveness impressed us strongly. Truly its foundations are in the mighty deep; and, when stormy, the force of the waves breaking on its piers may well make the stoutest heart quail, remembering the awful fate of the first Tay Bridge. But on this morning all was peace, and as we hurried from side to side of our carriage, our eyes were feasted with the variety of the view.

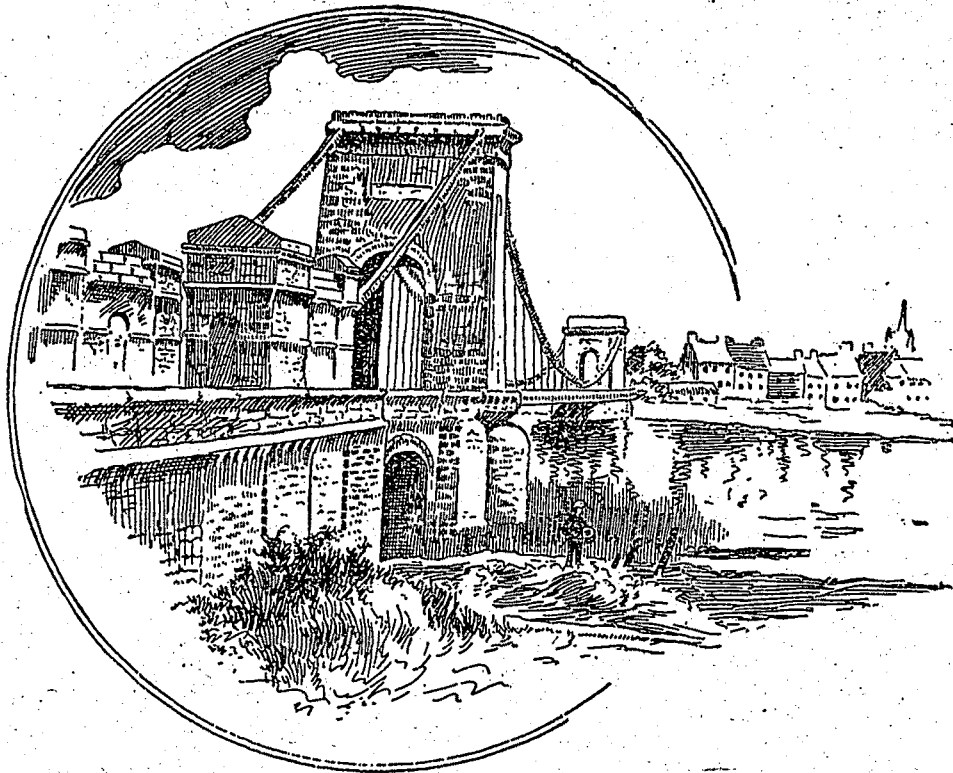
Looking up toward Stirling, with the Grampian Mountains towering like a mighty rampart behind, the ever-narrowing shores of the Firth were dotted with ancient castles and stately halls, in richly wooded parks, the scene of many a doughty deed in bygone days.

The spires and tall chimneys of Edinburgh and Leith lay on our right; whilst seaward we spied against the horizon the famed Bass Rock, home of the solan goose, and the sugar loaf peak of North Berwick.

Soon we were speeding round the rocky shores of Fife, so close to the water that we

the rocks below. The oldest fragment of Scottish song which has come down to us is a simple and touching lamentation over his death.

This one false step of a horse on the rocky shore of Fife changed the course of a nation's history, and the story of Scotland's struggle for independence against a grasping English king was the result. But like



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, MONTROSE.

stars out of the gloom rose the heroes Wallace and Bruce.

Six hundred years later the triumph of man's power over steam on sea and land had rapidly borne us to view this monument on the cliffs to a weary and way-worn traveller. Not even his kingly power and will could command our benefits.

We passed from one fishing village to an-

of Tay is magnificent, and we were tempted to stay to see a sunset, compared by many an artist to the finest sunsets of Italy and Greece. The moist haze that hangs so often over the hills and valleys of Scotland lends itself as a superb medium to the lights and shades of sunset. Purples, blues, reds and golds, of every tint and hue, were the colors of this veil between us and the sun. In the