

A TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS.

MY first lesson in geography did not embrace Niagara Falls, but my curiosity got ahead of the regular lesson, and I found myself gazing at a picture of the terrific slop-over, learning all there was in the book relating to it, and going at recitation time to the foot of the class for not knowing what had been assigned me.

From that day until I began to show polish on the top of my head, did I long to see Niagara. I bought several pictures of it; went to every gallery where a painting of it was to be seen; read tourists' descriptions of it, and in various ways crammed myself full of dry Niagara.

But at length I determined to see the original, and stop fooling with my imagination, and so taking the cars I started for a gentle saunter of four hundred miles, from the seaboard to the border of the Empire State.

There is nothing like being drawn in a drawing-room car, especially when you feel that you are drawing nearer to your destination at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Seating myself I proceeded to get into a position for comfort and observation. I found that the revolving chair fitted me exactly; couldn't have been better had the upholsterer taken my measure.

During the few moments before starting I had a good chance