

the chatter of passengers, the click of car wheels, and the general rush of everything marks our exit from Gotham.

Ding-dong, rattle-te-bang—and away we glide out into the country, and in a few moments the beautiful, glorious Hudson river comes in view. Fairer scenes are nowhere to be found than unfold themselves on this rock-walled river. People go to Europe for the same reason that they wear finger rings, not because it is necessary, but because it is fashionable to do so; and yet they see nothing brighter, more romantic or beautiful than they can find along the Hudson.

At Yonkers there were several exits from our car and several entries, and three or four who were dissatisfied with their seats in some other car came in to see if they could better themselves. In some instances they did, perhaps, and in others they even lost the ones they did have and had to stand up until the next stopping place and the next stirring up.

As for me, this changing brought me face to face with an English cockney who had come over to "do" the leading features of America.

It has been given out, and generally believed, that the genuine Yankee asks more questions than anybody else; but it is a mistake. This chap could double discount the ticking of a clock and give it points.

"Hi say, my friend," he asked, wheeling around and tapping me on the shoulder, "Hi say, his this a part of the New York Bay?" pointing to the river.

"Oh, yes, all connected," I replied.

"You don't tell me so! How far does hit reach up this way?" he asked pointing ahead.

"Well, two hundred miles or such a matter."

"Mercy on me! Then hit's something like a river?"

"Oh yes, it is sometimes called a river," said I.