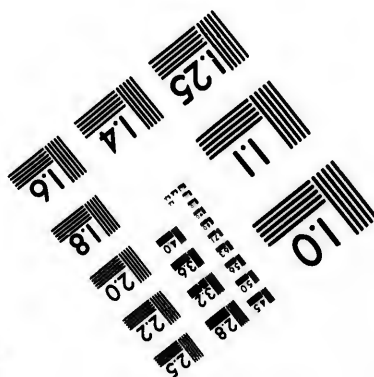
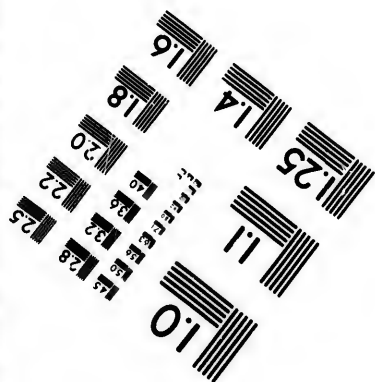
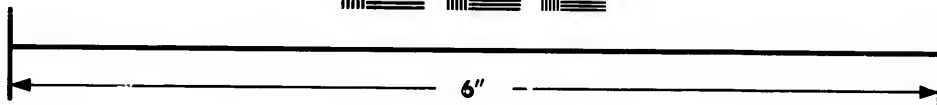
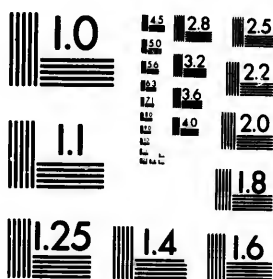


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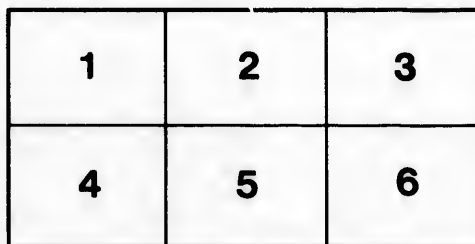
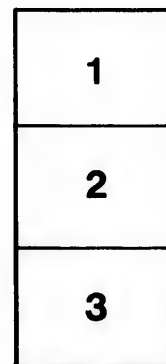
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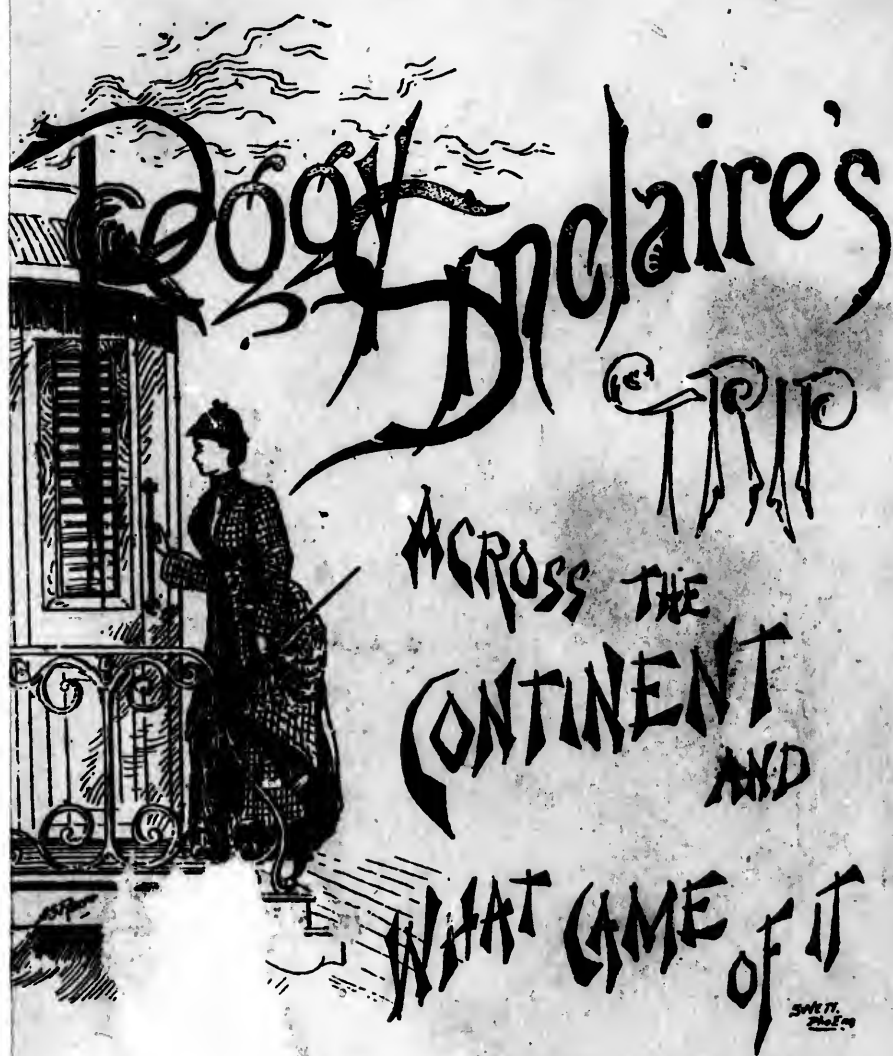
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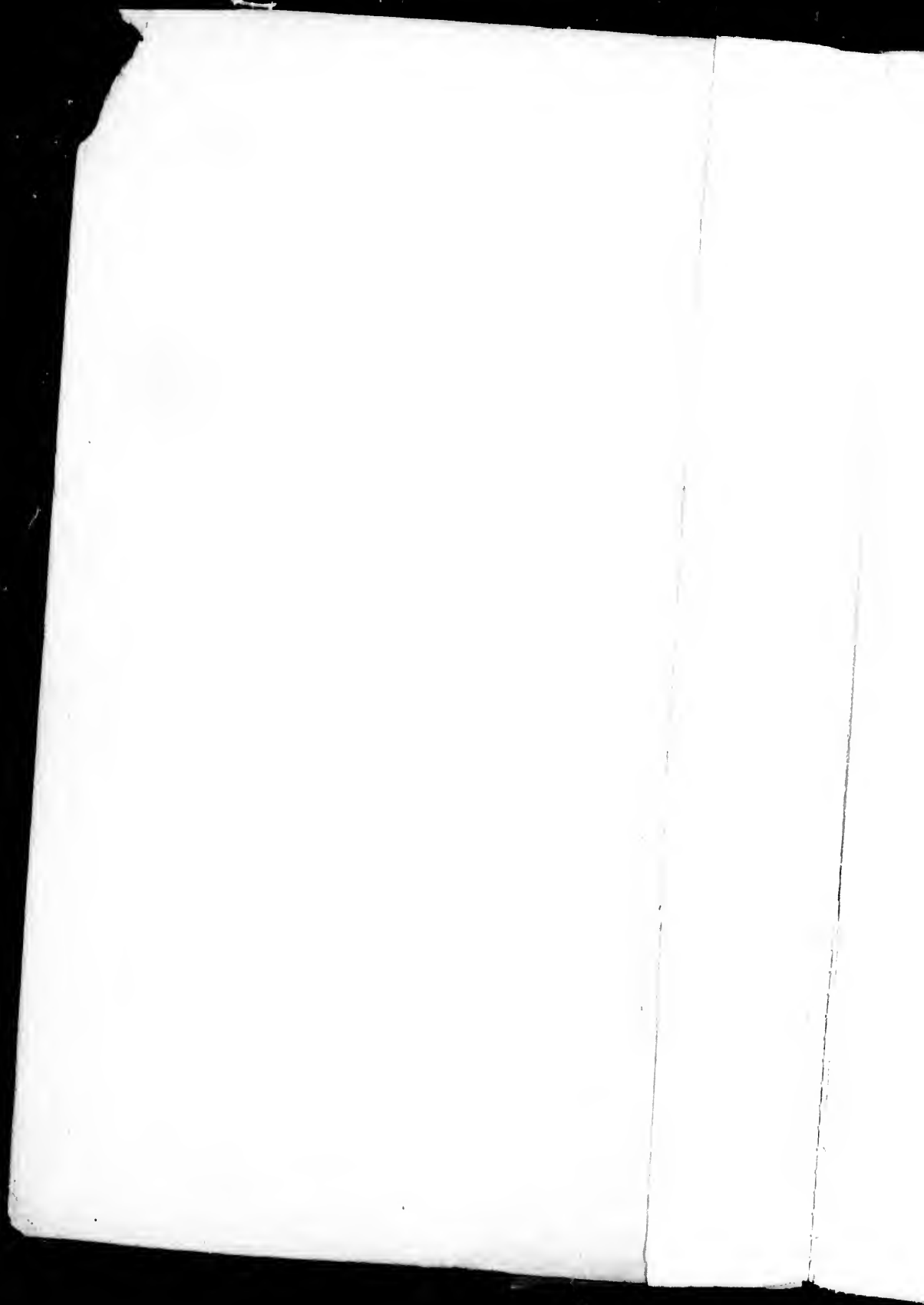
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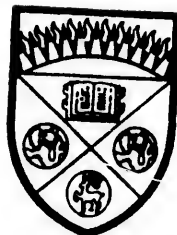


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AND

WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY

V. M. F. S.

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PEGGY SINCLAIRE'S TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT.



CHAPTER I.

MONTREAL, September
7, 18—, 8.40 P. M. I
have really started at
last for the Pacific Coast,
via the Canadian Paci-
fic Railway. Our party
consists of five ladies and

one solitary gentleman. Mr. and Mrs. Summers, Mrs. Willis Montgomery and her daughter Ruth, Margery Daw and your humble servant Peggy Sinclair. Mr. Summers is a bright, jolly fellow, always ready for a good time, with sparkling black eyes and a most bewitching mouth, a little inclined, as some people might say, to flirting, that is, if he had any one to flirt with, and we should not blame him, you know, if he only flirted a little, for Mrs. Summers is one of those demure little souls that takes things rather quietly, never seems to be in a hurry, and moves along as if

time waited for her. Mrs. Montgomery, a dear old lady, with the softest of blue eyes and the sweetest of dispositions, ready to help each and every one of us, as the case may be. We often laugh, for wherever you see her you always see her little prayer book and rosary in her hand; no matter what is going on, her prayers must be said first. We tell her that she does the praying for all the rest of the party, and I really think she did, for we were so taken up with the glorious scenery that we seemed to forget everything except our meals, and then even we almost begrudged the time taken for them. We have named her Mother Cecilia. Her daughter Ruth is a beauty in every sense of the word. Her eyes are like the wild gazelle, perfect features, beautiful black hair and an olive and pink complexion, which in these days is rarely seen; just nineteen, fresh from a fashionable academy, she starts out in the world, bright and happy, with a dotting mother and plenty of this world's goods. And Margery, dear kind Margery, how has the world treated you? A kind face, but as you look into her sweet, sad eyes, they seem to speak of many trials and troubles known only to herself. Peggy cannot speak of herself, but will leave the reader to judge.

We retired quite early, and awake this morning very much refreshed, except Margery Daw; she begins to

feel the effects of the journey already. Dining car "Osborne" is attached at Deux Rivieres. Mr. Summers escorts us in, and we sit down to a most delicious breakfast, chat about what we are going to do, the sights we are to see, etc., for those who have taken a long journey know full well that there are always little things coming up before one's eyes either to make them feel sad or merry. We pass Ottawa in the night, every one of us in the arms of Morpheus, and, as I am the only one in our little group who has visited the Capital, it falls to my lot to try and console them by describing the public buildings, the magnificent library, which I am told is one of the finest on this Continent, and Rideau Hall. The drive to Rideau Hall is very interesting, but the greatest of pleasures is when you drive inside the grounds. Then you find everything to attract the eye; the grand old Hall, sheltered by noble oak trees, toboggan slides, skating rinks, lawns, lovers' lanes and thousands of beauties too numerous to mention. Of course, every one knows that Rideau Hall is the residence of the Governor-General; it is a grand old building and very comfortable. Like all other old buildings it has been enlarged upon from time to time. The rooms are large and airy, and as you pass through them you can see on nearly every

door paintings by the Princess Louise; one, as I remember, had a painting on it of an apple branch, loaded with apples. We follow the Ottawa River for miles and miles, and never tire looking at the beautiful scenery, as the puffing engine carries us along. Our first stop is at North Bay, a pretty little town on Lake Nipissing. We have fully fifteen minutes, and in that time have a charming walk up one of the principal streets, pass two hotels and some fine stores; we want to stop and make some purchases, but, as our time is limited, have to forego that pleasure. The cry is going along, "All aboard?" and such hurrying and pushing you never did see. We are comfortably seated once more and our journey resumed, and, I am happy to say, Margery Daw is feeling quite herself again. Poor Margery! I am glad, for she is so bright! As we pass Sturgeon Falls we are told that the sturgeon taken from the lake weighs forty-five pounds. We are just nearing Sudbury. It is astonishing what a change can take place in a few short years. The people are very thrifty and enterprising. Pretty little cottages have taken the place of rude log cabins, and for miles and miles one can see the hand of the thrifty farmer. A short distance from Sudbury, and reached by two short branch lines of railway, are the most extensive

copper and nickel deposits in the world. We have heard so much about the mines, that we all want to visit them, but shall be obliged to give up that pleasure and hope to see them some time in the near future. Our stop here has been quite short, but not too short to prevent my speaking to my friend the Consulting Engineer, Mr. George Atwood. He pointed out the offices of the Mining Company, told us a great deal about the mines, and what a beautiful trip we were taking. We knew that he could tell us much about it, as he had made the trip so many times. Just have time to send loving messages home, when the big engine whistle blows and we hurry on board.

We are obliged to pass through the emigrants' car. Poor souls! My heart aches for them, for I know that they are going out to a new country to make new homes for themselves. One I notice particularly; he has rather refined features, beautiful brown eyes with the saddest expression in them, an air of gentility about him that makes me think that he belonged to a far different class from that about him. Who knows what his history may be! I feel like sending up a prayer for them all, and I really do pray that God will prosper them, and that they will never regret leaving their native lands. Poor, poor emi-

grants! your paths are far from being strewn with roses.

Approaching Onaping, a good view of the falls of the Vermillion River is to be had. Of course, we all make a rush to see them; they last only for a moment, and are then hidden from view.

We have just partaken of a delicious dinner, and, as is often the case, feel pretty happy. How I wish all my friends could be with me and see this glorious sunset! It is more than beautiful as we look at its various hues in this strange and wild country. Would that I were an artist! It fills my soul with love to the good Father who has bestowed such blessings upon us. Perhaps you would like to know how we are spending this evening? Well, the curtains are drawn, as it is too dark to see the scenery. Mother Montgomery, or Mother Cecilia, which sounds more natural, is having a quiet little sleep all by herself; little Ruth is writing to her "best man" on the briny deep. Of course, all girls have a best man—that is, if they are pretty and attractive. Mr. and Mrs. Summers, with Mr. Briggs, an old friend of Mr. Summers, who is going out to Seattle to live, and dear Margery are having a game of whist, while I, poor Peggy, am thinking of home and the dear ones left behind. Are they thinking of me too, and the

many miles that lie between us? of the dangerous trestles hundreds of feet high? We all intend to retire early, so as to be up at the dawn of day to see the beauties of Lake Superior,—so good-night, my dears.

With the first peep of dawn Margery calls me: "Come, dear sister, and let us look at this wonderful scenery together." As our berths are just opposite each other, I gather my wrapper around me, put my *cowl* over my head, every one that has seen it calls it such, and with one spring am in her berth. The sight that meets my eyes fills me with awe. For sixty miles the road is carried through and around the sides of huge mountains, with deep rock cuttings and dark tunnels. As we approach them a strange feeling creeps over us, for the aperture looks so small that it seems almost impossible for a large train to pass through without coming into contact with the sides. But the old engine—dear old thing! rushing through, leaving its trail of smoke behind, brings us out into the open air once more safe and sound.

Lake Superior is well named, for it is *superior* in every sense of the word. Such a noble sheet of water, along with fine rivers and lakes emptying into it, and the beautiful and grand scenery makes the whole sublime. Some of the heaviest work on the entire

line of the railway is between Rossport and Gravel River. The train has stopped at Rossport; we are all standing in the rear of our car, taking in the beauties. For miles and miles the road is perfectly straight—not a curve to be seen. The water is very placid, and you can see the stones shining in it. They are laid together so regularly one feels that human hands had placed them there. As we move along, a range of mountains begins to soar high up into the heavens. I call them the “Presidential” range, as they remind me of the White Mountains.

We reach Nepigon, a great place for trout fishing. They have a pretty hotel and some fine cottages. I am told a great many Americans come here for the fishing. If one can combine beauty with fishing, they certainly can get it here. Such a picturesque place, beautiful wild flowers, lofty trees and the lovely blue water as it rushes over pebbles and rocks, leaping here and there, like a frolicsome child, makes one wish to stop off for an indefinite time and roam along its banks, catching the little speckled trout, but alas! that cannot be, for, as we are with a little party, we can only *wish* and leave our regrets behind. We are comfortably seated in a private car with all the luxuries that one can desire, viewing all this magnificence as we steam along.

Thunder Bay, as I look at it, with its calm waters, pretty little sailing boats and nature's beauties everywhere, suggests the thought—if its waters could speak, how many sad tales it might tell. It was in these waters that the Canadian steamer "Algoma" was wrecked a few years ago, and nearly every soul on board lost. I remember it well, for at that time I was at Winnipeg. There came up a fearful storm of snow and sleet, the waves ran mountains high. Everything was done to save the steamer and those on board, but with no avail; she became unmanageable, was driven upon the rocks, and in a short time went to pieces. One poor man who had come all the way from Winnipeg to meet his wife, sat for days on the rocks in a half-dazed condition, looking for his poor wife's body, hoping against hope. Did he not know that it is said, "*The waters of Lake Superior never give up their dead.*"

Port Arthur has changed but little in the last few years. The stores are about the same, the hotels look as if closed for the season. What promised to be a flourishing city, with its grand harbor facilities, its fine docks and beautiful steamers, and the busy life around the hotels when the Canadian trains first began to go through, is now quiet and dull. I ask the reason for all this, and am told that, owing to some disagreement between the citizens and the

Canadian Pacific Railway, they had moved all their shops to Fort William and had made a terminus at that place. About one hundred years ago the Hudson's Bay Company was there. The fur house of the old Fort is now used as an engine house for the coal dock, and some of the largest elevators in the world are there. The beautiful Kaministiquia River is seen here. The town is beautifully laid out, with wide streets and a grand hotel built by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Winnipeg at last! and such a glorious day! We drive up to the Hotel Clarendon, register our names, call for two or three of their best carriages, and with a good guide start out to see the city. I called on a friend who had recently been married—she was beaming all over with happiness. Of course, I had to hear all about "dear Charlie," what a darling love of a husband he was, etc., etc. They have a little gem of a home, and one could safely say it is surely "love in a cottage." Mrs. H. being indisposed, we invited her sister, Mrs. K., to take a drive with us. She was very communicative, and we had indeed a pleasant morning. She told the driver just where to take us. We were surprised to find such a flourishing city, such grand broad streets. Main street and Portage avenue with their fine pavings would do credit to any city. The new Northern Hotel has

just been completed. They have a fine post-office, city hall, Hudson's Bay Company store and numerous other buildings; also, electric cars, which seemed rather strange to me, for I did not think their car-system had developed so rapidly. Our drive out to Armstrong's Point was very delightful. We crossed the large bridge that spans the Assiniboine River, called at Mrs. K.'s sweet little cottage, had a chat with the babies, but were obliged to shorten our stay as our time was limited. Saw Mr. Hugh Sutherland's residence, called "Maryland Place." It called forth many exclamations, for we were not prepared to see such beauty in far-off Winnipeg; we also saw the Honorable A. W. Ross' grand residence on Roslyn street. Rumor has it that it has cost him seventy thousand dollars already, and yet it is not nearly finished. Some call it "Ross' Folly," but I, for one, cannot see why it should be called thus, for as you drive around you are constantly passing beautiful residences. The architecture is as fine as you will see in any city. The Parliament buildings, churches and drill sheds, also the hospital, are all fine buildings. Brick and stone are the principal materials used. After many handshakes, we bid our friend Mrs. K. good-bye, purchase some delicious fruit, wend our way to the station, board the train, and in a few minutes find ourselves steaming out of the depot.

CHAPTER II.



How different everything looks, for we are really on the prairie. Here and there we pass a small settlement and acres and acres of wheat fields.

What productive soil it must be! The sun is just bidding us good-night. Instead of leaving some of its bright hues, dark clouds begin to loom up. Far off in the distance we can see the bright lightning playing hide and seek with the darkness, then comes the distant roar of thunder. Poor Mother Cecilia and Margery are terribly frightened; we try to comfort them, but it is useless. We draw the curtains to shut out the lightning, but it only seems to mock at us, so vivid is

it. We hear the rain as it begins to patter on the windows. Patterson, the porter, is rushing around to close them, but it is upon us in all its fury. Such rain! it seems as if the very heavens have opened. The wind blows so hard that it makes the rain sound like hailstones. For a while I thought our time had come. Mother Cecilia says very faintly, "Oh! if I only had my blessed candle with me!" I presume it was wicked, but I really thought that we had all the light we needed; but, if it would have been a comfort to her. I should have been glad for her to have had it. Poor little Ruth is quietly saying her beads. Every chance I get I peep out of the window—it is grand! The prairies are lighted for miles and miles, and as I look, I fancy I see the great Pacific off in the distance. The prairies, at most times, look like that. I am completely fascinated, I cannot withhold my gaze. The storm has subsided, and we all begin to think of retiring. Our berths are made up, good-night has been said. In a few moments we are all snugly tucked in, and Mother Cecilia, tired out with the fatigue of the day, has fallen asleep; we are sure of that, for, at times, you can hear the faint puffing as of a toy engine. Could you believe it? Well, it is really so. Mother Cecilia snores in her sleep! Dear old soul, we joke her about it, but she says it is impos-

sible—it must have been the man opposite. We do not contradict her, so let it pass. Again the storm breaks forth with greater fury. Poor Margery, terrified beyond expression, comes to my berth; she touches my arm, I look up and find her in her *robe-de-chambre*, pale as death.

“Oh sister, sister, what shall I do?”

She always called me sister, for she says I have been so kind. I scarcely know what to do or say! Peal after peal comes the thunder, and with it the forked lightning. It creeps into every crevice, it is useless to try and hide from it. I put my arm around her, draw her closely to me and try to tell her that God will watch over us: but with the roar of the elements and the noise of our iron horse I cannot be heard. She buries her face in my pillow, and, as mute as death, stays with me until it is all over.

The morning breaks clear and cloudless, not a trace of last night's storm to be seen. I am lying in my berth with my curtains up, waiting to see the sun rise on the prairies. I see the lovely yellow tinge as it illuminates the horizon; not a tree or shrub to obstruct the view—all is still, and not a sound to be heard inside our sleeper. I wonder what the others are doing, are they watching like me? As I look, prairie dogs come out of their holes. Some are de-

mure little things, perched up on their hind legs; others go scampering away as if afraid of their lives. Here and there are the buffalo-trails with their deep wallows, reminders of days gone by. It seems sad when we stop and think that the last of them is lost to the prairies. We pass hundreds and hundreds of their carcasses, or what once had been carcasses, piled up by the railway track ready for avaricious man to carry away as a fertilizer for his lands. It makes me think of the human race. How many of them have become extinct! What is that I see? A lonely grave out on the wild prairie! How very strange, and what a place to select for it? Some kind hand has erected a little slab and put a railing around it, no doubt, to protect it from the red man's horse. How long it had been there no one knew. No wintry blast can disturb his slumbers; he is quietly sleeping, with his face towards the setting sun, waiting peacefully for the Father's call.

A telegram from home! How it gladdens my heart, for with all this strange panorama before mine eyes, I still have thoughts of home and the dear ones left behind. God bless them all, and may we be spared to see them again!

We have had our breakfast and Margery is sitting beside me. She seems depressed. I take her soft

hand in mine and begin to stroke it. A little quiver runs through her. I look up and see a tear trickling down her cheek.

"Margery, dear, what is the trouble? Do tell me."

"Well," she says, "it is a long, sad story, but this place seems just suited to pour out one's griefs."

She tells me of her father's death years ago, and how they were left penniless.

"While he lived, everything went on smoothly. Just four of us—father, mother, brother and I. We had a beautiful home on the banks of the Hudson; a paradise, as I used to say, with grand marble steps, broad verandahs and windows opening out on them; a fine old hall, fitted up with all the relics of a soldier's fancy, and interspersed here and there with implements of Indian chiefs; an old-fashioned fireplace with its polished brass andirons, a fender that you could see your face in, and everything scrupulously clean; grand parlors, a sweet little boudoir for mother, large and lofty sleeping rooms; guests' chambers, fitted up most exquisitely with the palest of blue. Life looked like one happy and continuous day before me. Death came and took my darling father away without a moment's warning. We were wild with grief; loving hands helped us to the last. Poor

mother, I can see her now, as she comes with bowed form to look for the last time on him who had loved her for so many years. She puts her lips to his, now icy-cold, takes his cold hands in hers as if trying to give them warmth, looks long and earnestly. Not a word or a sigh; she is there so long that brother goes to take her away. He speaks to her; her tongue seems to cleave to the roof of her mouth, there is a sad vacant stare—I see it. Oh! God, is she to be taken too? My brother carries her in his arms to her room. A dear kind friend is with her. Our dear old doctor comes with tears trickling down his cheeks, looks at her and shakes his head.

“‘It is a sort of lethargy. I shall do all I can, but she is in the hands of God. He will do what He sees best.’

“The funeral is over; we are all sitting around, or rather brother and I, for the will is to be read. It is a strange document. Father provides for us all, but wait—there is a clause:

“‘If at my death there are debts, I want them all called in and settled; after that, my wife has her third and my children, Henry and Margery Daw, have the balance, equally divided.’

“At that time I was so heart-broken that I paid little heed to what had been read. We placed every

thing in our lawyer's hands. In going over the papers he found two or three to which father had put his signature, becoming responsible for a large amount. It was learned that that morning, just before he died, he had heard of the bankruptcy of the parties whom he had accommodated, and that, finding himself penniless with no hopes of ever recovering his fortune, it so worked upon him that it brought on paralysis of the brain. We tried to break the news to dear mother. Poor, poor mother! She had never been the same since father was taken away. 'Well,' she says, 'what does it matter? I do not want to live, my heart is broken.' 'But, dear mother, you have Henry and me to live for. What should we do without you, gentle mother?' She gives a sigh, looks fondly in my face as if trying to read my thoughts, murmurs 'Henry!' and is gone. We were thrown upon the world. What a terrible meaning those few words convey! Our dear old home was sold. After everything was settled up, we found, Henry and I, that we had about five hundred dollars apiece left us. I got a good boarding place with a dear, kind motherly person, and tried to secure a small school for the winter. Where I was boarding they had a room in the basement; the lady told me, for a small sum, I could have it, and with some pieces of carpet,

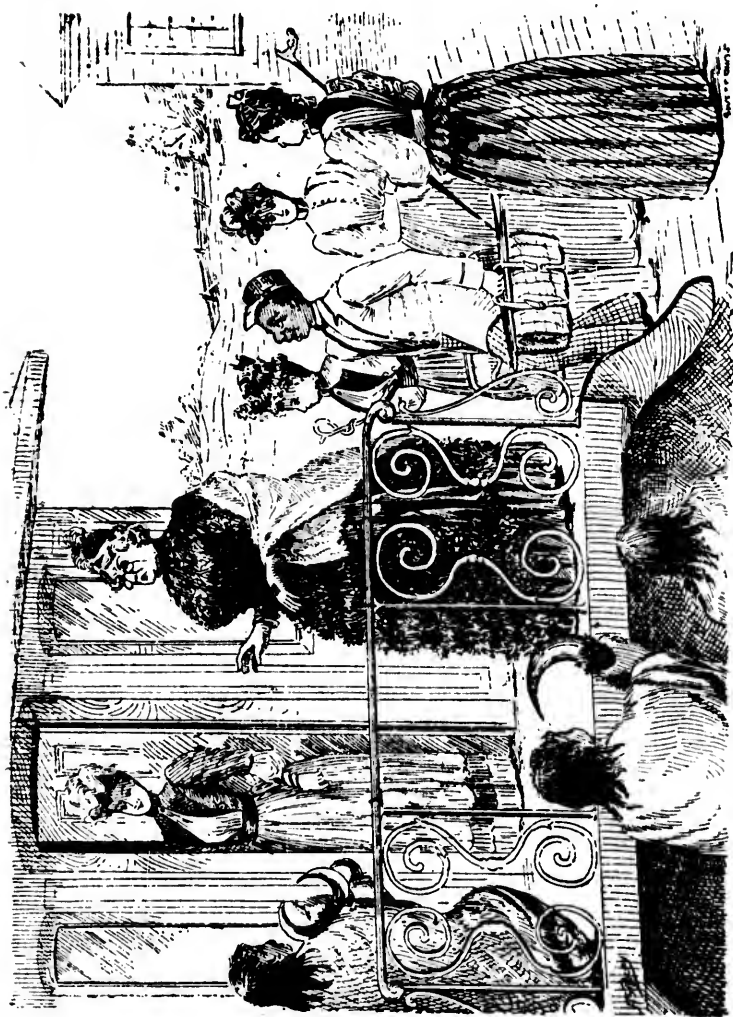
a little oak desk and a half-dozen of seats, I began one Monday morning to earn my living. 'School-marm' was applied to me at once, for, as I went to the door to ring the bell I heard some one say, in passing: 'Oh! there is Margery Daw, she is a school-marm now. I wonder how she will like that, after living in such a grand house, and her father a general in the regular army.' Who she was I do not know, as I had never seen her before. I tried to keep back the tears, and after a great effort succeeded. The children came in and I gave them their seats. One little darling came up to me, threw his arms around my neck and said: 'I lub 'oo, dos 'oo allus 'ook sad?' 'Oh, no dear, I'm not sad.' I mastered my feelings, for that one loving word brought all my troubles back."

"What a sad and sorrowful time it must have been for you, dear Margery!"

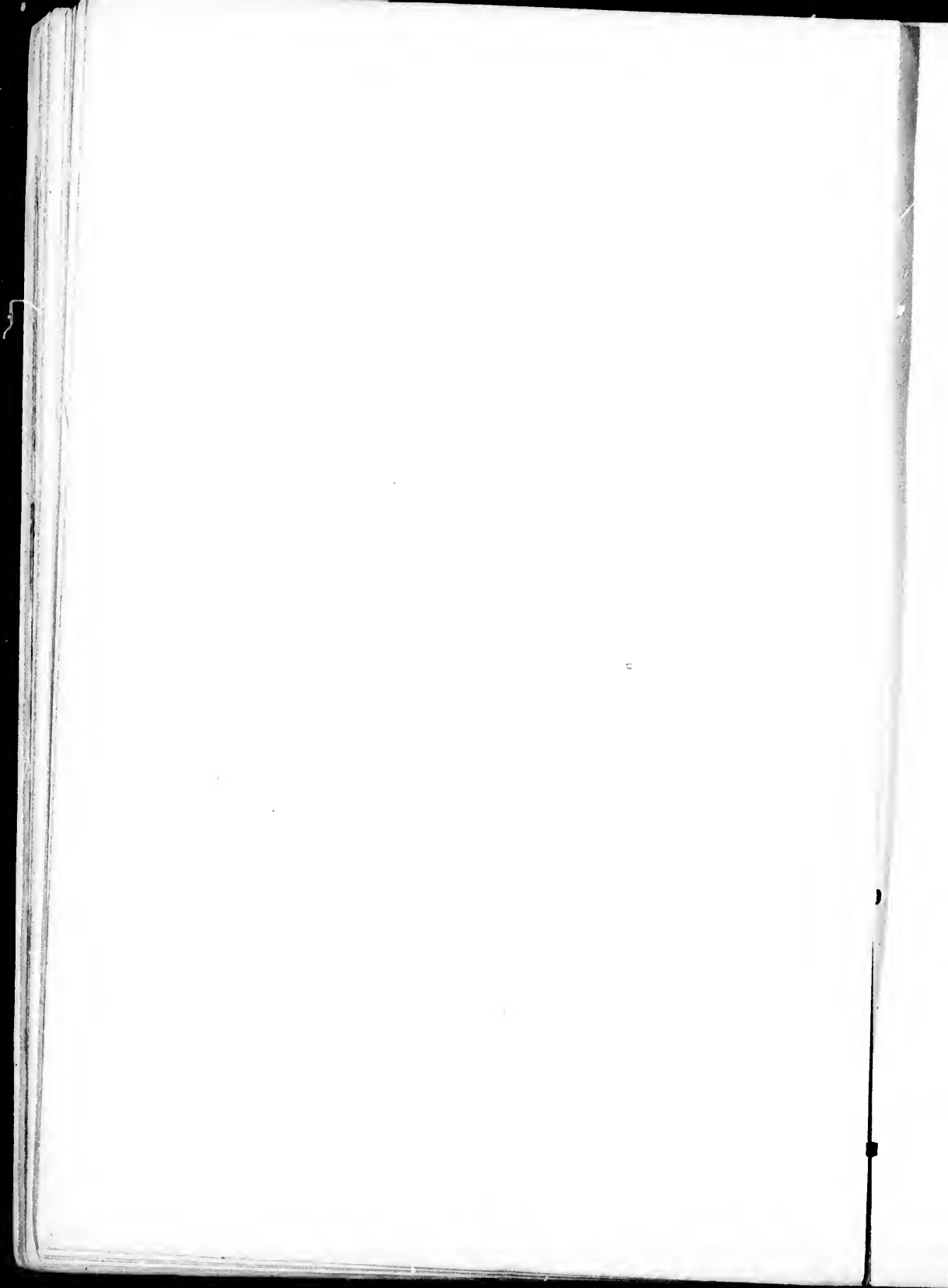
"It certainly was, but God was kind and helped me through all my troubles and trials."

Patterson comes up and says in ten minutes the train will be at the station of Swift Current, those wishing to go out on the platform to see the Indians had better put their wraps on as it is a little chilly. So we hurry, and just as the bell of the engineerings we are ready and looking for them. We find them in

groups, all ages and sizes, from the shrivelled old squaw to the tiny papoose; some with their old traditional blankets wrapped around them, with feathers in their hair, strings of beads hanging over their foreheads, around their wrists and ankles, and even braided in their hair. Two of the squaws were so old that they were nothing but wrinkles, bent almost double, and did not seem to know when you spoke to them, scarcely knew when a dime was put into their hand. One old Indian when he saw Mother Cecilia, said: "Heap o' white woman—good t' eat." A few years ago the sight of her might have tempted him. She takes a little crucifix from her purse and gives it to one of the feeblest of them. The old squaw makes the sign of the cross and presses it to her lips: it's enough for the dear old lady, it makes her very happy. We buy some buffalo horns and Indian war clubs; have just finished paying for them when we have to get on our car, as the train is beginning to move. The altitude here is two thousand four hundred feet, and the population three hundred. There are numerous cattle ranches here. It is also the site of the Canadian Agricultural Company's Farm. The farm is stocked with eighty horses, five hundred cattle and two thousand sheep. The well-appointed farm-buildings, including a large



"HEAP O' WHITE WOMAN—GOOD T' EAT."



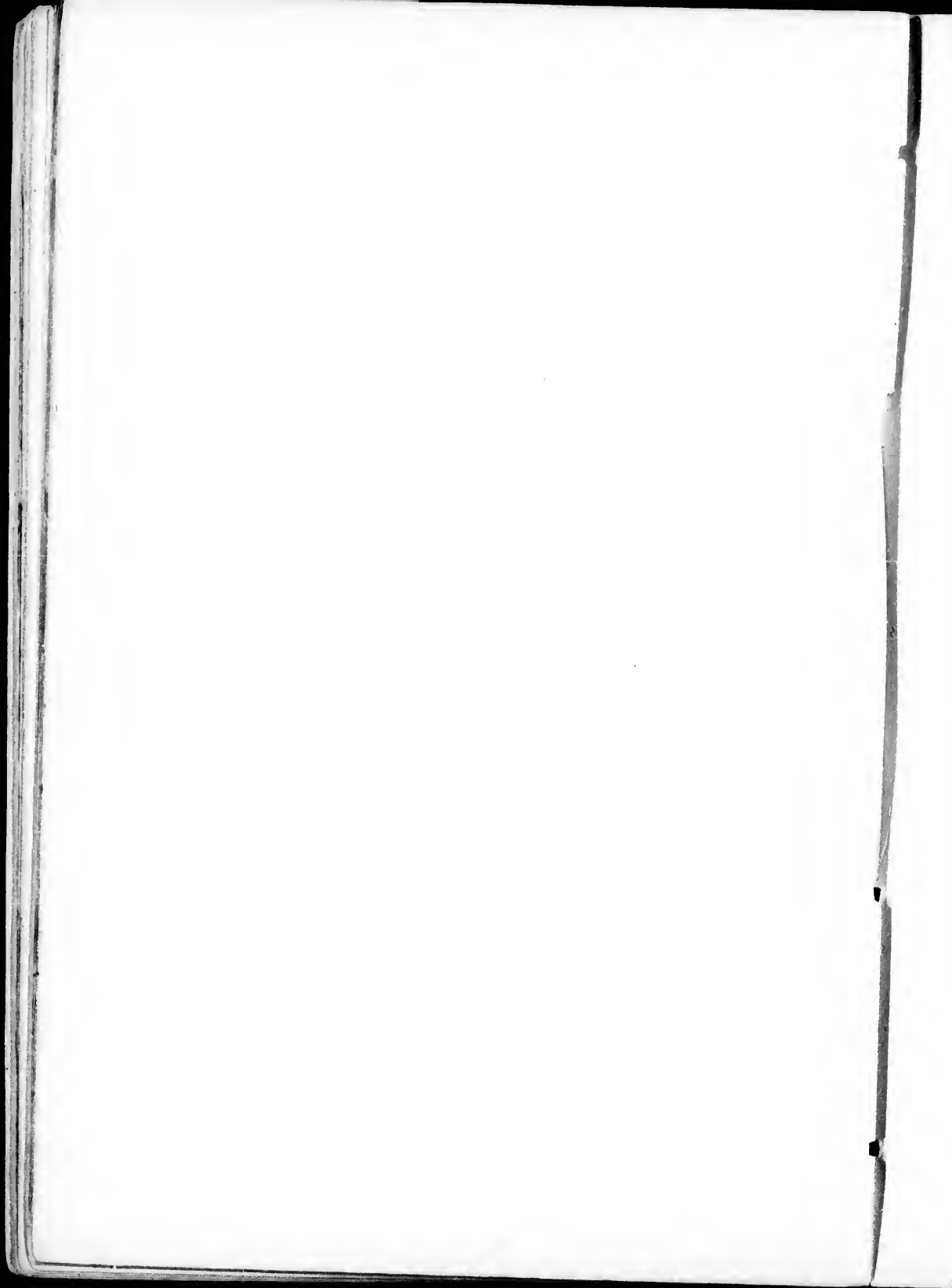
creamery, can be seen on the hills immediately south of this station. Close to them the Government has erected a meteorological observation station.

At Rush Lake the railway passes through the first of the large farms of Sir Lister John Kaye. These farms, ten in number, occur at intervals of thirty miles between this station and Calgary. Each of them contains an area of ten thousand acres. I am struck with their fine appearance; they look as if some gentleman had the laying out of them. They have good fences and good substantial buildings painted a pretty dark red. I take quite an interest in looking at them. There seems to be an abundance of wheat, and it is said that this year has worked wonders. I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Lister and Lady Kaye a few years ago. He seemed very happy about his farms, and, as Lady Kaye expressed it, "His whole soul was in his work." The lakes and streams all along are very fine. The waters are a beautiful bright green. Some of the alkali lakes look very pretty. Along their edges is a border of the clear white alkali with an outer one of purple. From here to Medicine Hat on the South Saskatchewan River the railway skirts the northern base of the Cypress Hills, which gradually rise toward the west until they reach an altitude of three thousand eight hundred feet.

Medicine Hat is quite a town, and an important station for the Mounted Police. You are sure to know them by their bright red uniform. There are several churches, a fine hospital and other buildings in the place. Mr. Niblock showed us through his fine garden. We saw the huge grizzly bear, also an Indian with his squaw on a little mustang. They were going as fast as the wind. It was a funny looking sight. There is quite a large settlement of them here; that accounts for so many mounted police being around. As usual, the squaws were all together, with their buffalo horns beside them, waiting for the white man to buy. One young squaw had a tiny papoose wrapped up in her shawl, holding it tightly to her breast as if afraid some one would take it away from her. Her cheeks and even her forehead were painted red, she had large loop-rings in her ears, and was dressed in the brightest of colors. I made a sign that I wanted to see her papoose; she clutched her shawl as if afraid for its life, hugging it still closer. I wanted to see how such a tiny thing would look, and thinking that a piece of silver might have the desired effect, held up a new bright silver quarter. She quickly withdrew the shawl and let me have a peep; others drew near, but she would not let them see it. It looked so innocent and cun-



A NORTH-WEST INDIAN.



ning that I at once thought—could the name “Indian” ever be applied to it? A gentleman wanted to take an old Indian’s photo; he had his “kodak” with him.

“One dollar, me will.”

Thinking it rather high for such an ugly specimen, he tried to take it without his consent. You should have seen him! Just as he was about to touch the button, the old Indian rushed up and put his hands over it. He tried again, but with no effect. “All aboard!” he hears, and is obliged to leave him. Just as he steps on the platform and looks around, the old Indian being thrown off his guard, he snaps the “kodak” and sure enough has his “beautiful” countenance. I saw a penny given to a little papoose; but the mother was so enraged, she threw it at the donor as if she wanted to kill her. As we move along we see a well of natural gas. It is used for pumping water to supply the railway.

From Langevin, on a pleasant day, the higher peaks of the Rocky Mountains can be seen one hundred and fifty miles away. Near Crowfoot is a large reservation of Blackfoot Indians. Beyond Gleichen (two thousand nine hundred feet), the Rockies come in full view. You can see their snowy peaks stretching far along the southern and western

horizon. A few miles farther on, the Bow River is crossed by an iron bridge and the Foot-hills are reached.

Calgary is charmingly situated, with the wonderful white peaks of the Rockies looming up and lending their charms to the flourishing town. It is the centre of trade for the ranching country and mining districts. They have a mounted police station and a Hudson's Bay Company post. All along fine ranches can be seen; large herds of horses, thousands of cattle and hundreds and hundreds of fleecy sheep browsing on the hill tops. Leaving Cochrane and crossing the Bow River we ascend a high terrace; a grand spectacle looms up. Mountain after mountain rises in quick succession; wide valleys and broken ravines, grand, beautiful and awful, dilate the heart, as the sun casts her lovely rays on this marvellous creation of God's wonderland, while the fleecy clouds as they glide along nestle in the sides of the noble mountains, as if trying to rest themselves. As we near the Kananaskis the mountains suddenly appear, and, for a while, seem to bar the way. Their bases are clothed with a beautiful green, and every description of foliage with its variegated tints make them all the more picturesque. A large iron bridge spans the Kananaskis River. The falls of the Bow

River, called Kananaskis, can be heard from the railway. The mountains now rise abruptly with their dark streaks and foaming fissures. The height is so great that, looking up, a feeling of dizziness comes over you. We have entered the gap of the Rocky Mountains. The Bow River leaps along down in the lonely valley. There it seems to rest, for the waters become placid, and the whole grand picture is reflected in them. Pigeon Mountain, Wind Mountain and the Three Sisters come marching along. The ranges ahead are so broken and terrible in their wild majesty, so in keeping with the wild man of the forest, that you fancy you see them in all their hideous war-paint, dragging the poor victims of their tomahawks to their lofty and dreary retreats.

At Canmore an observation car is put on, and from there on to Banff we feast our hearts with the glorious beauties of Cascade Range and Rocky Mountain Park. At the left is Rundle Mountain, with its overhanging peaks, behind which the Hot Springs of Banff are to be found. We leave the Bow and ascend the valley of the Cascade River, facing the wondrous Cascade Mountains. Our train, with its human freight, creeps up mile after mile, puffing harder and harder, over jutting precipices, terrible chasms, roaring falls, by little rude huts, high boulders (some

looking like the ferocious lion), and grows weaker and weaker as the wheels revolve. We are told that we have not seen half its beauties yet. Can it be possible that anything can be grander than this? It seems almost incredible. How sublime! As we stop at Banff station we meet Mr. McNicoll, General Passenger Agent of the road, and Mr. Kerr; they are off on a fine trip, going up the Columbia River to the Kootenay Valley, and from there to San Francisco. We are thinking of visiting San Francisco, but have not quite made up our minds for fear that Mother Cecilia will not be able to stand the journey. Ruth is anxious to go, and so is Margery; the latter says she has a mission to perform.

CHAPTER III.



BEAUTIFUL, beautiful Banff at last! made more glorious by the brightest of sunshine and the most invigorating air. We gather our traps together, which is no small affair, for in taking a trip across the Continent the warmest things we can find will not be too much, as we are liable to meet all kinds of weather, from the nineties down to zero. So here we are with summer, autumn, winter and spring wraps, shawl straps, band boxes, trunks, valises, novels, guide books and even two little flasks. Do not hold up your hands in holy horror, for a flask is a pretty good thing in this climate, especially as the water changes so many times, from brackish and sulphur even to the soda water from Mount Shasta. We drive up through the little village of Banff, pass the Sanitarium, and in a few seconds our horses go prancing up to the grand hotel, a beau-

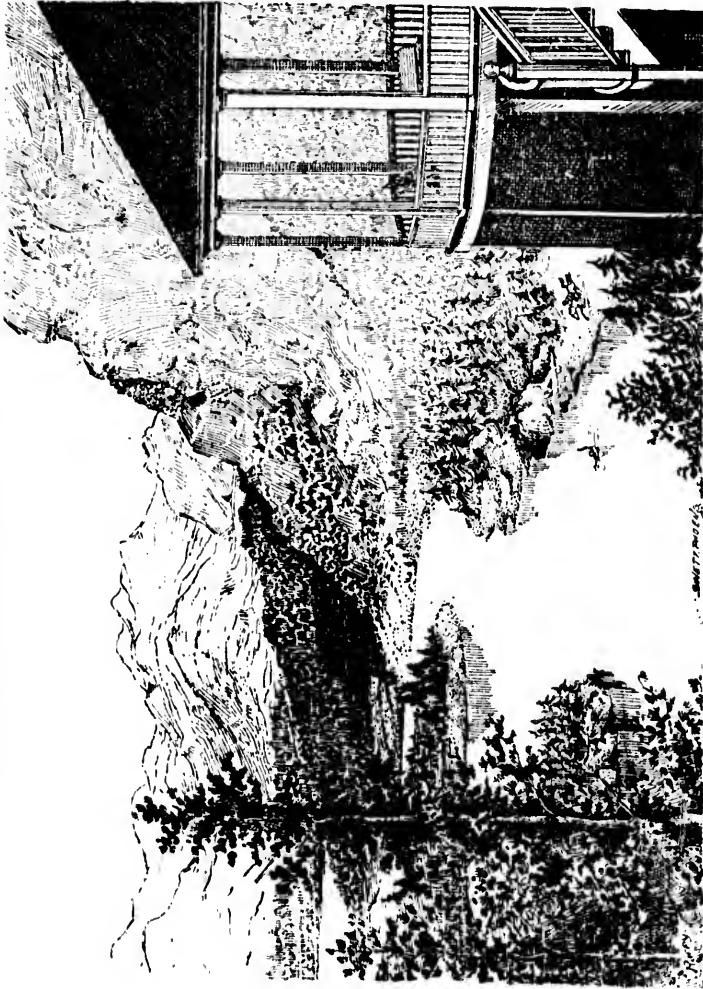
tiful structure with wide piazzas and built so as to overlook the Bow River. Our hands are tingling with the morning frost ; we are glad to rush inside, and the first thing that meets our eyes is a large log fire, a regular old-fashioned fireplace with andirons, each one representing an owl. We register ; the clerk calls "front." I look around to see what it means, and behold, a half-dozen boys are facing us ; each one is given a key and told to show us to our rooms. My room faces the Bow River. I had heard about those rooms before, and was awfully glad that I was to have one. I hurriedly removed my wraps, went to the window, threw open the blinds. How can I describe what I saw in that one long look, for I was completely spellbound ? I could see the beautiful Bow River with its grand Falls, as it went madly rushing along ; then the quiet Spray River, flowing into it as if trying in its lovely simplicity to still its troubled waters ; then the noble mountains, thousands and thousands of feet high,—the largest I call King Solomon, for as I look up at their dizzy heights, I fancy I can see a beautiful temple cut into the solid rock. There, too, stands Old Razor Back, as some call it, from whose top not long ago a huge boulder fell and buried itself in the green moss below ; there it lies, holding its head quite erect for poor Old Razor

Back to look down and frown upon. The Tunnel Mountain has a beautiful driveway cut into its side. As you drive up to the top, you look down, and part of the way is like winding stairs. Driving up we see a beautiful rainbow resting on the opposite mountain. It seems to me that the coloring is even more beautiful than we see in the east; then directly opposite comes a range of smaller mountains, with the "Hoodos" standing out like so many monuments put there for their dead. They are a formation of sand which comes rolling down year after year, adding little by little to their height, until now they soar high up into the air and seem to say—"Come and visit our dear ones' graves." Then there is the loop drive, picturesque and sublime, through the enchanting woods; then along the glorious rivers, following their waters for miles and miles, first calm and peaceful as they glide along, then rushing madly, as if trying to keep pace with our horses. What a romantic place for lovers! We see the Sulphur Bath in the solid rock; it is a dome-roofed cave. When first discovered, those who wished to see it were obliged to have a rope tied around their waist and to be lowered down, as there was no other way of getting to it. The opening is at the top of the mountain. We drive up to the Upper Sulphur Baths. The

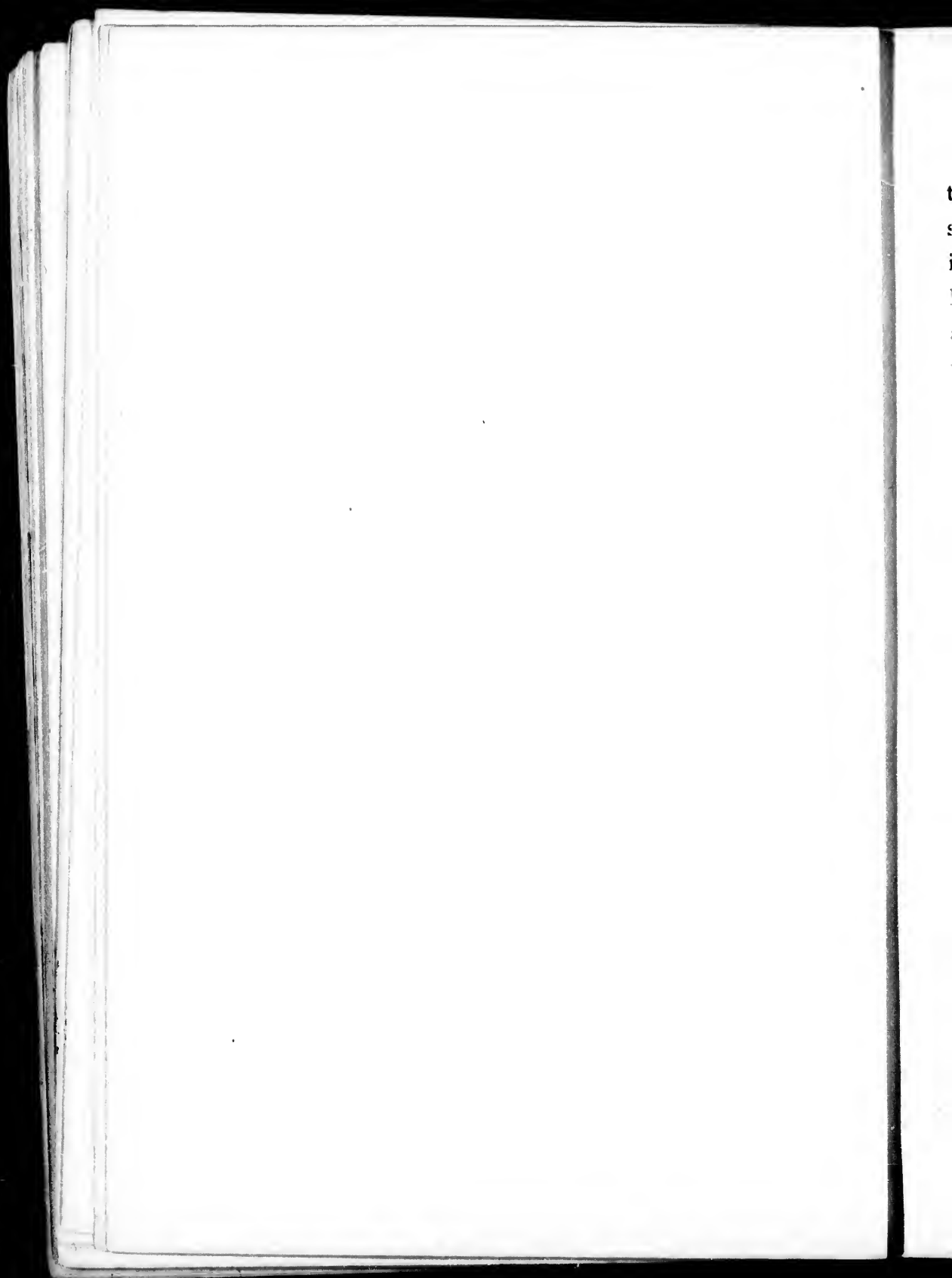
strong odor of the sulphur water as it rushes down the mountain side makes one of our party quite ill. I desired to know if it was true that the water was very hot. I kneel down and put my hand into it. I am very fond of hot baths, but this really is too much for me.

The days have passed so pleasantly that we are loth to leave. Our baggage is ready and strapped, and as we have a few moments to spare, we think of taking one more stroll and saying good-by to dear old Banff with its beautiful mountains and rivers. In going down the steps I hurt my ankle and am obliged to go to my room. It is a great disappointment, for I do so love to roam through the wooded paths and by the beautiful waters. Mother Cecilia and Margery are together. Ruth goes tripping along heedless of danger. I look from my window at her sweet, lithe form as she glides in and out of the grassy glades and underbrush, and I begin to feel how dearly I have learned to love her in so short a time. She adds new life to the beautiful picture that I see. I give one more longing look, for I want to impress the whole so vividly on my mind that it shall never be forgotten, when something attracts my attention. I hear a splash, I look from whence it came. Oh, merciful God! it is Ruth, it is Ruth! Before I have

TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT.



THE RESCUE.



time for anything, a man rushes up on horseback, springs from his saddle, gives one leap and has her in his arms. Frenzied with fear, I forget my poor lame ankle and run downstairs; I meet them just as they are coming up to the door. Her long beautiful hair hangs in ringlets down her back, her eyes are closed. I call her by name—"Ruth, dear, speak to me." Not a sound, not a muscle moves. Oh God! can it be that her sweet lips are closed forever? We lay her down gently. Everything is as still as death. "Rush for the doctor," some one says. In almost a second he is with us. He looks at the lovely inanimate form, takes something from his pocket, calls for water; it is soon given him, for everyone is ready and waiting anxiously to be of service, and Ruth has won the hearts of all in the short time we have been here. He puts it to her lips. We look with bated breath, longing to see if there is life. A low murmur escapes her. Hush! not a word! I see her eyelids move, and in another moment she opens her eyes and gives one searching look. "Stand back," the doctor says, "and give her air." While he is clearing the room, I creep up softly behind him and am at dear Ruth's side. She tries to speak; I put my finger to my lips as a warning, for I am in mortal terror that I shall share the fate of the

others. He soon returns, and seeing me gives me such a look as only doctors are capable of giving; I do not care so long as I am with Ruth and know that she can see me. The crisis is over, the doctor prepares to go.

"Now, Miss, I leave the patient in your hands; do not talk, keep her very quiet, and in about an hour I will call again."

Where is dear Mother Cecilia all this time? Well, Margery, knowing what has happened, tries to get her interested in something that she has just heard, for she is well aware of the dear old lady's health, and what the result would be if she heard the news. She has been suffering for years from heart failure brought on by her husband's sad death. The doctor has been here and gone. Ruth is sleeping quietly; in a day or two he tells me she will be all right. Our trip for the present, out to the Coast, must be postponed; but why hurry? have we not all the time we want to take it in? I have given orders that not a word should be said to Mother Cecilia when she comes in. All is quiet save the soft breathing of dear Ruth. I am gazing out of the window, and a different picture is before me: the whole of the Cascade Range and Sulphur Mountain, with its glorious covering of green, its lights and shadows,—then the

bare rocky peaks, looking as if they were at war with themselves, so plain are the battlements that you see on them. Then the beautiful snow-peaked ones stand out in all their glory, clothed in their rainbow colors as the sun's rays rest upon them. So absorbed am I that I do not hear the footsteps of Mother Cecilia and Margery coming up the steps. Mother Cecilia meets one of the bell-boys, and asks if Miss Sinclair and her daughter, Miss Montgomery, have come in yet.

"You know" (turning to Margery) "we shall only have time to get to the depot."

The boy says, "I do not know, Madam, but will go up to their rooms and see." (Did you ever know a hotel boy but could tell a lie whenever the occasion offered?) He taps quietly at my door, thrusts his head in and says, "They have come." And now for a second instalment of fibbing: "Go right down and tell Mrs. Montgomery that in going down the stairs I twisted my ankle, and that it will be impossible for me to leave to-night. I am very sorry to disappoint her, shall try after a while and see her, have just got my foot in a comfortable position; and that her daughter is reading to me so as to keep my thoughts off the pain. Can you say all that without betraying yourself? for if you do, here is a bright gold dollar."

He reaches for it, but no—"you will have to wait until I learn how you deliver the message. Tell Miss Daw (calling him back) that I want to see her as soon as she can leave Mrs. Montgomery. Now mind and do not tell her before Mrs. Montgomery."

In a little while Mother Cecilia excuses herself, and says that she must go and say her prayers. Margery sees her to her door and says "Au revoir," and hurries to my room.

"What does this all mean? I have been so worried and anxious to get to you that at times I feared betraying myself to the dear old soul."

I told her all, and as Ruth had just awakened and felt much better, we could afford to have a little laugh over it.

"Oh, Peggy, you are a great one. What should we do without you?"

"Well, there's one thing certain, you will not have much of my company this evening, for I am going to have dinner in my room and shall have to devise some means of keeping Ruth. You are pretty good in arranging things, Margery, suppose you try and get me out of this fix."

Sunday morning. We are strolling around the office in an aimless sort of way when the soft peals of an organ reach my ear. I walk in the direction from

whence it comes, and find that there is to be a church service. I take my seat with the rest of the little group, and look towards the altar. Yes, he is an American, for there is the dear old flag encircling the altar. God bless it! I love you as a mother loves her child, and why should not everyone love their flag. What is dearer than one's own country? The hymns are given out and we all join in the singing. I feel so happy, for I think of years gone by and the sweet comfort I took in going to church. The sermon was on the "Prodigal Son." He pictured the son's waywardness and the father's grief. The same thing is going on every day—wayward sons and broken-hearted parents. In coming out of church met Lady Macdonald and her daughter. We had a delightful chat. She seemed to understand my feelings, for we are both in love with the place. Just think, when she first took the trip she rode on the cowcatcher. I had not the nerve to do that, but I will tell you what I did do coming down from Mount Washington—I rode on the tender. A party had gotten in before me and secured the best seats, as I supposed; one was a clergyman. Just as we arrived at the most dangerous part of the road he became so frightened that the conductor had to drag him across the wood to where he was standing. His face was livid with fright. For

a second I felt, if any one moved, we would be launched into eternity, but we reached the base all right. I would not have missed this wonderful picture for anything, but once was all I wanted, it will last me a lifetime.

We leave the hotel and go down to our car—it is ten o'clock at night. Our sleeper, dear old "Thorncliff," has been put on a siding, and we think it will be best to sleep in her so as to be ready to start in the morning for Laggan. As I go to get into the 'bus I turn my head and meet Ruth's rescuer. Has she seen him? I look up—yes, she has, for her cheeks become scarlet, and her eyes seem dancing in her head. I say to myself—"Good-bye, old Jack on the briny deep, your chances are not much now." It seems almost incredible that one would become attached to a sleeping car, but we really have. It is fresh and new just from the shops, everything shining, comfortable beds, and one of the easiest cars I ever rode in. Patterson is very thoughtful and kind, and does everything in his power for our comfort. We know that this is our last night on board of her as she leaves us in the morning, and we stop over to take the trip to Lake Louise, so while we have a chance will bid you good-bye. Yes, good-bye, dear old "Thorncliff"; many, many happy hours have we spent with you; no thorns

have obstructed our paths, but the cliffs have been many, grand, beautiful and awe-inspiring, such as we shall never forget ; may your trip through life be full of pleasure, no railroad accidents to break you up for kindling wood, so—" Bon voyage."

We have reached Laggan and drop down into Peaceful Valley "to see mother," as Sol Smith Russell says, and it is a Peaceful Valley sheltered by beautiful mountains. We see the camps, six in all, with their snowy whiteness, by the banks of the lovely Bow River. Not a leaf or blade stirs, all is still save the little feathered songsters and the murmuring of the beautiful water as it runs along, coursing its way through broken brambles and rippling over the rocks. We find the manager and guides waiting for us ; they invite us inside the dining tent, and all hands start to get us some breakfast. How romantic it all seems ! I have always wanted a little of "camp life," and here it is under the most bewitching circumstances. We help make the coffee, lay the table—and such fun ! For a while we are really camping out. There are plenty of camp hands to do it all, but we want to see how it's done. Our breakfast is just delicious—such coffee you seldom get in a camp, or in fact anywhere except at a home table. We have just finished when we hear the tramping of horses ; they are ready for us and we

must be off. As we step out into the open air we espy the camp fires on the river bank, and before mounting take a peep at the other tents. Some of them are fitted up as bedrooms; a little strip of carpet in front of the cots (for they are cute little cots, made up so nicely with even a white spread on them), a little table with its pretty crockery, one or two chairs and everything denotes care and attention. "This tent has been occupied for the last week," our guide informs us, "and is yet, but the gentleman has been away for a few days at Banff on a hunting expedition. He has such a fine brown charger I wish you could see him. We are expecting him back almost any time now." Then he shows another tent that is fitted up for the Bishop of Hamilton, it is about the same as the other. Everything looks as if a woman's hand has been here. Dear Mother Cecilia felt that the day's trip would be too much for her, so she has taken our wraps and gone on to Field, where we expect to join her at night. Margery and Ruth go by waggon, the rest of us have ponies. There were only three that could be got, so we have drawn lots and we are the lucky ones. We decide to ride half way, then give the others a chance. Of course our escort has such a fiery beast that none of us dare ride him. The ponies are drawn up, we mount and are off

for the bridle path through the woods. Mr. and Mrs. Summers look very grand as they go along, he with his riding breeches and gay coat, and the Madame with a dainty little travelling dress and a cap to match. Peggy is attired in a light tailor-made suit with a little black reefer and slouched hat. A funny-looking sight, for I remind myself of a little dark toad-stool. My poney is called "Buck," but I call him "Porpoise," for he certainly resembles one. The guide hands me a little twig, I take it in my hand and say "get up," but no, he will not stir. The others are quite out of sight. What shall I do? I give him a little tap across his neck (for I did not like to hurt the poor fellow), but he will not move even a hoof. The guide gives him a push and lo! we are off, and really on a trot. For a while he walks beside me in case of danger, for our path is rather rugged. We enter the thick woods, and are among the beautiful mosses which make a carpet for the horses' hoofs. The lovely odor of the woods, moss and trailing vines makes me for a moment forget where I am, and soon I am lost in thought. I see the dear old home as it used to look in my childhood days; father, mother, sisters and brothers, all are here. I am a happy child once more, playing hide-and-seek among the hayricks. Oh, how happy! I have no care, no trouble, simply a child

once more. The picture vanishes, how different everything looks ! Dear father and mother have been laid to rest many years with two of my brothers ; the others are scattered far and wide. Shall we ever see each other again ? I brush the tears away, for am I not here to see the beautiful country and lakes ? Our old Buck goes trudging along, and soon we are with the rest of the party. We reach the little Swiss Chalet at the foot of the mountain, and suddenly the lovely Lake Louise is before our eyes, wonderfully grand as it nestles under the shady mountains. One is called Goat Mountain, from the number of white goats that are found on it ; the other is named for Superintendent Whyte. Nestling between them are the Glaciers of enormous thickness and area, with the sun's soft rays and fleecy clouds upon them, and the noise of the avalanches as they come tumbling down their glassy sides makes one feel that they are in another world. The waters of Lake Louise are crystal-like and very cold ; its depth is not known, as no sounding rod has ever been able to fathom it. It is pear-shaped, about two miles in length, its breadth one-half that ; the waters find an exit through Louise Stream, and empty into the Bow River four miles away. We row across and can almost touch the base of the Glacier, the roar of whose avalanches is so great



THE LOVELY LAKE LOUISE.

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that we very gladly turn our boat towards shore. This is a great place for the sportsman and angler. Blue grouse, spruce partridge, mountain goats and mountain sheep are found here: there is also the black cinnamon and silver-tipped bear. The lakes and streams all around abound in fish. Lake Louise is not the only lake. Through the spruce trees a bridle path is cut. Up the dizzy heights we climb, passing huge boulders and dark canons below, crushing the wood anemone—the sweet little blueberry of the Scottish Highlands—the fern, the Alpine eidelweiss (the bridal flower of the Swiss mountaineer), and the heather of bonny blue Scotland. Here we reach Lake Agnes, and farther on Mirror Lake. Near by is a clump of trees where Table Rock is to be found, affording an excellent spot for picnickers to dine on. The mountains and peaks reach far up above timber line. Lake Agnes is named after Lady Macdonald, the wife of the Premier of Canada. We are nearing the landing, and I ask our guide the names of the mountains opposite. "Some call them Cathedral Mountains," says he, but I think of Ben Hur and his chariot race. Why not name one "Chariot?" Just then the golden sun sheds her glorious light, and the wonderful and exquisite tints that are thrown upon it make the picture more real, and I fancy I see Ben Hur

lashing his fiery steeds as they fly madly along. We went into the Châlet to rest ourselves and look around—such a sweetly pretty place! The first thing that pleased me was the fine large fireplace, with its dry logs ready to light for the weary sportsman, the comfortable fur rugs, easy chairs, a large table with all the beautiful photos lying on it and specimens of various kinds—and then the view! Was it not charming? I wish I could paint it so vividly that all might see it, but alas! no pen can do it. Come, see for yourselves, and, dear readers, if you do, my wish is that your souls may be filled with the same unspeakable delight as mine. In going up to Lake Louise, as decided, we stop for Ruth and Margery to mount the ponies. Ruth mounts hers with perfect ease. Margery is to ride my “Porpoise”; we try to get him to stand alongside a fallen tree, but no, for just as soon as Margery touched him he would spring back and leave her standing the picture of despair. It was no use; Porpoise was like a mule, and I have him again all to myself, which does not make me feel very bad, as I had a little vein of selfishness just then, and congratulated myself on being small. We wend our way towards the camps, for we must be there by four o'clock to take the train for Field. The regular has gone on, and, as there is none other,

a caboose is attached to the freight train of thirteen cars. We are bidding our kind and genial manager and guides good-bye, and telling the manager that he must have a nice little wife to help in his work, when a gentleman rides up. I recognize him at once. He is none other than the one the guide told us about and the kind gentleman who saved dear Ruth's life. He dismounts and I go towards him, extending my hand. "Excuse me, kind sir, although a stranger, I must thank and bless you for what you did for our darling Ruth. I have her with me." Should she not thank him too? I know ere this that she was dying to. She gives him her hand and looking up says, "May God's blessing be upon you. You have saved my life. I shall never forget you in my prayers. You may think strange not seeing my mother or hearing from her, but my dear friend Miss Sinclaire thought best, owing to her health, not to let her know of my accident."

"We are just leaving for Field," I said. "I hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting you again," and wishing him good-bye start to go. He raises his hat and is gone.

"Oh, Peggy, did you ever see such a noble looking man? I know he 'is to the manner born,' and really I am almost in love with him."

"Tut, tut, did you not hear from Jack yesterday?"

"Well, yes, but do you know, Peggy, I am getting quite tired of him. I thought he was grand when I was with him, but oh, bosh! since my accident I feel very different."

CHAPTER IV.

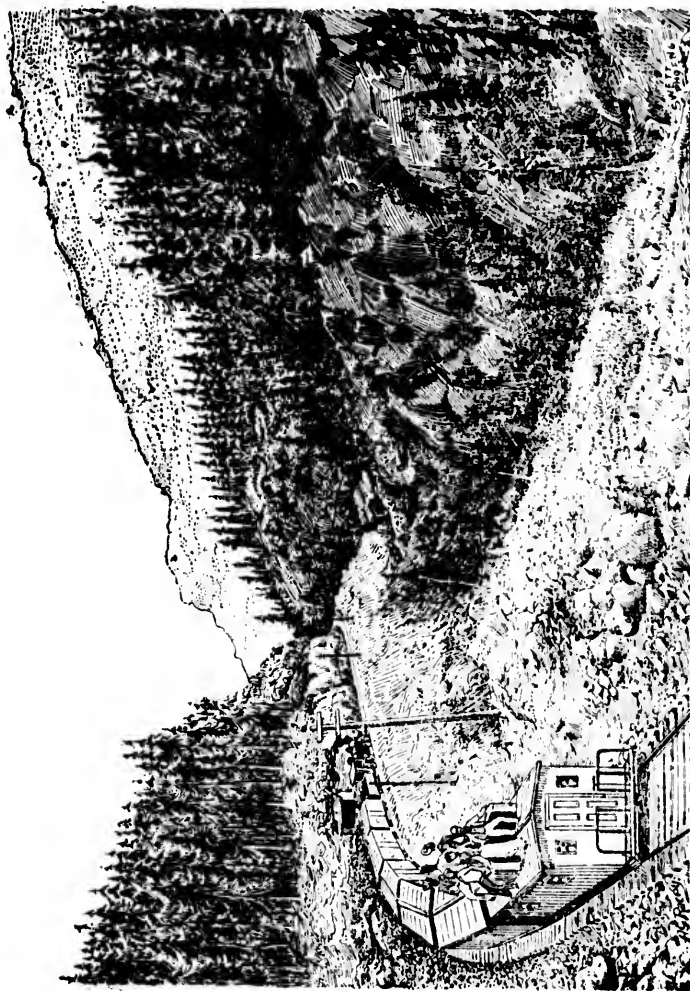


WE start for Field in our little caboose. It is quite novel to me as I have never been inside of one before. It is nicely fitted up with pictures and comfortable seats along the sides, tables, chairs and other necessities, and on the wall are differ-

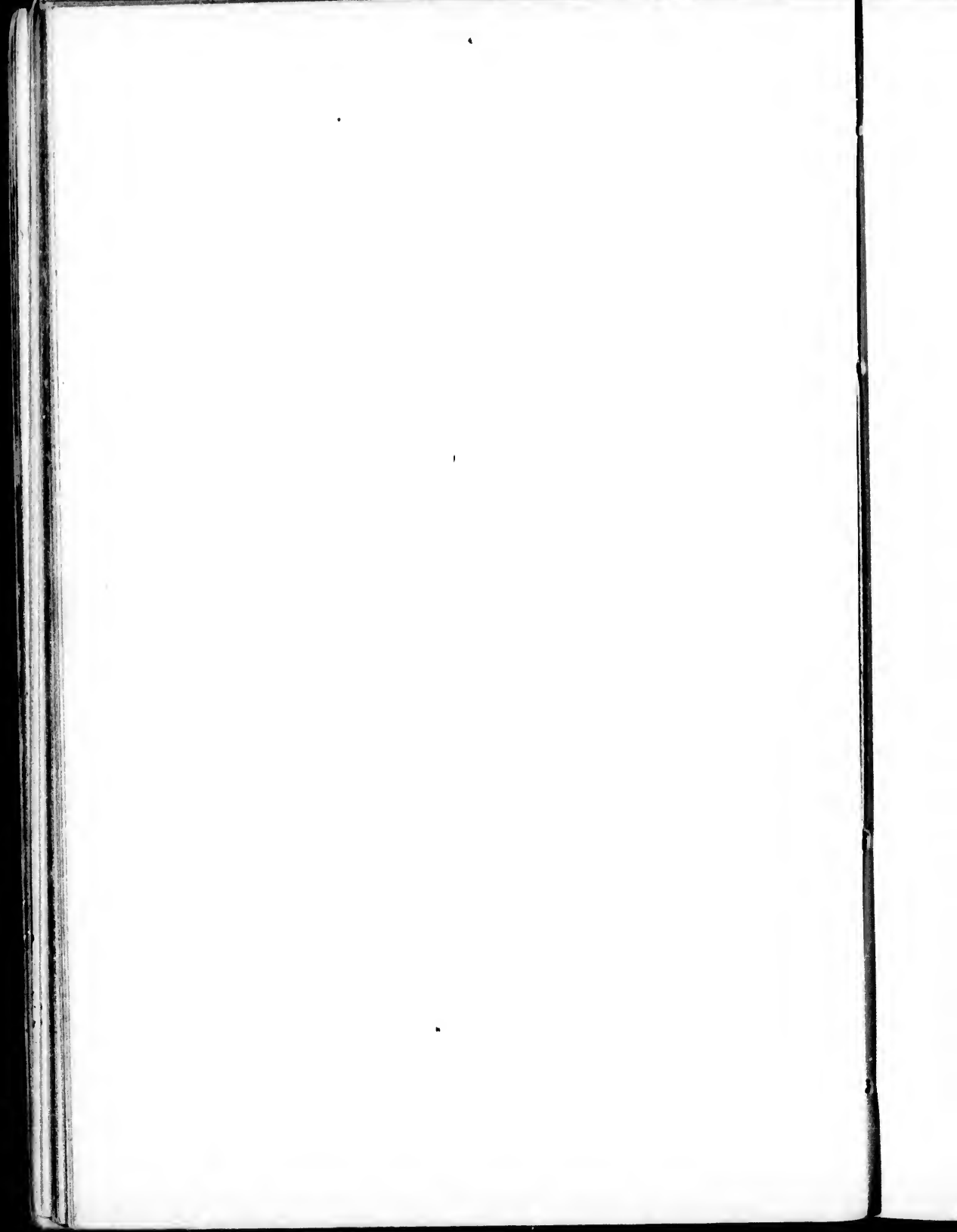
ent mottoes made of evergreen bidding us welcome. We go inside the little room, or, as some might say, doll-house, for it is not much larger, and try to climb up on the seats. Chairs are given us, and with the help of the conductor we are at last nicely seated and looking out of the windows. The sight is so awfully grand and wonderful, that, not content with looking out, we crawl out of them. Yes, it is really so—the train rushing along all the time. We hold on by the little

railing, and with the help of Mr. Summers and the brakeman, Mrs. Summers and I are outside and sitting on top of the caboose, little Ruth standing beside us with Mr. Summers trying to support us all—the cars wriggling and squirming, rushing along as if trying to throw us into the angry waters below. At Stephen, the station on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, the altitude is five thousand two hundred and ninety-six feet. The highest of these peaks is named after Sir George Stephen, Bart., formerly President of the road. A few years ago a terrible slide occurred on this mountain, carrying everything before it.

We pass the beautiful Lake Wapta at Hector, and are soon crossing Wapta or Kicking Horse River. It was given the name of Kicking Horse by some men who were travelling with pack-horses. One ugly beast literally kicked a man to death right by this deep gorge. How strange that it should have happened in this particular spot, for is it not awful enough in itself without having a tradition. Not a word is uttered. So enchanting is the wonderful sight before us that we look first up into the heavens, then down into the raging waters, and at the terrible and awful precipices hanging over them, for we are literally clinging to the side of the mountain, and



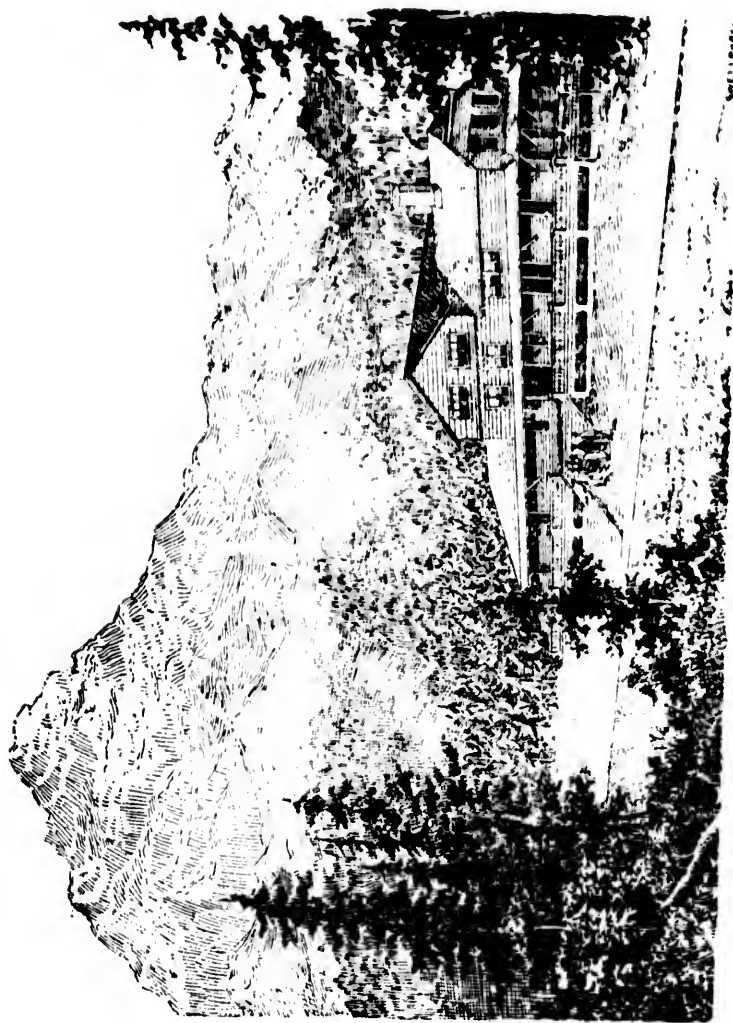
THROUGH KICKING HORSE PASS.



can look down a thousand feet. It is a strange and weird sight as we creep along with our thirteen cars in front of us, the big iron horse snorting and blowing, twisting and turning in all kinds of ways, almost tying and untying bow knots, so perfect are the loops. We rush into tunnels and then out, seeing high trestles, vertical cliffs, glaciers eight hundred feet thick, the Cathedral Mountains, the Otter Tail, Van Horne Range, Mount Deville, valleys, cañons, miniature falls and cascades, and here and there signs of the rude little huts that were once the homes of the navvies who helped build the road, section men popping up out of the thickets with tools in hand ready to examine the rails as we pass over them, with here and there a poor little dog the only thing to keep them company. New beauties are passing before us all the time. Can you wonder that when we reach Field we are so completely filled with the marvellous and awe-inspiring scenery, and are so overjoyed when we see dear Mother Cecilia, we can scarcely tell her about it. We are glad that it is dark when we arrive, for our hair has fallen down and is hanging disordered down our backs. I think if we were seen in this plight the natives would take us for aborigines that infest the mountains. The red man must have an eye for the beautiful, for wherever you see him there are noble

mountains, valleys and rills with babbling waters flowing along ; little camps or thatched huts perched high up on some promontory or nestling in some little sunny nook. Margery kept her seat at the window in the caboose as she feared to come with us. I think of it all now and shudder.

What a charming little hotel—a perfectly lovely place, just suited for one after taking such an enchanting trip. We find the manageress all attention, a pretty little office with a large self-feeder shining like a mirror, old-fashioned rocking-chairs and a place for a quiet little chat without being disturbed, with none of the conventional hotel life about it that makes ladies feel that they are not wanted. We hurry to our rooms (for riding through the Kicking Horse Pass sharpens our appetites), make ourselves look tidy by taking a good bath, arranging our hair, donning a fresh gown, and go down into the office. We look around, and the beautiful ferns attract our attention ; every window has a box filled with them, and they are fresh as if just brought in. A waiter, in his white apron, announces dinner ; the doors are thrown open. It is a perfect fairyland of flowers—some wild others cultivated ; the middle table is laid more for beauty than use. They can afford to do so for they have so many others. The beautiful greens blending



MT. STEPHEN HOUSE, FIELD.

with so many different colors, and the snowy cover, napkins and shining silver, etc., made us stop for a second before taking our seats and ask—who is the artist who does all this? Is he or she in the house? Yes, it is our kind manageress. She has a Scotch accent. I wonder at that, and learn that she is from Scotland, bonny blue Scotland. If she is a dreamer, how easily she can imagine she is in dear old Scotland! The tourist stops here for his fly fishing, the huntsman for his game, and has she not the beautiful mountains and lakes with their gentle murmurings and Mount Field looking her square in the face, and gazing down the valley at the Otter Tail, Van Horne Range, Mount Deville and King—are not some of these reminders of home? I should judge so, if what I am told of Scotland is true; but wait, to complete the picture you must have the bagpipes. How grand the notes would sound as they go echoing through the valleys and over the mountains and dales, losing their cadences in the avalanches of the glaciers. It is a lovely evening, the beautiful moon, as we gaze up into the starry heavens, looks down upon us and the sweet valley. Arm in arm, Margery and I walk back and forth on the wide piazza. We have seen so much to-day as we steamed along that our eyes are tired. We are little inclined to talk, and

as the night air begins to affect me, we go inside. The little group we left in the office have all dispersed. We look for them, and find them cozily seated in the parlor at a game of whist.

"Why, where have you been, Peggy? We wanted you to help make up another table."

"Well, my dear Ruth, we have been 'mooning'—looking at the man in the moon. I think he has grown larger since I saw him last. Perhaps Mount Field has had something to do with it, for I can assure you I have only drunk my 'cambric tea,' nothing stronger."

We excuse ourselves, and, as we separate for the night, I ask Margery to come into my room, for I have a pretty little strawberry vine with a blossom on it that I gathered at Laggan to-day; I have it in my guide book. I have two little rocking-chairs; I give her one and take the other.

"Do you know, Margery, I want you to tell me more about yourself; the first was so interesting it sounded like a story—you had just got where the little boy had kissed you."

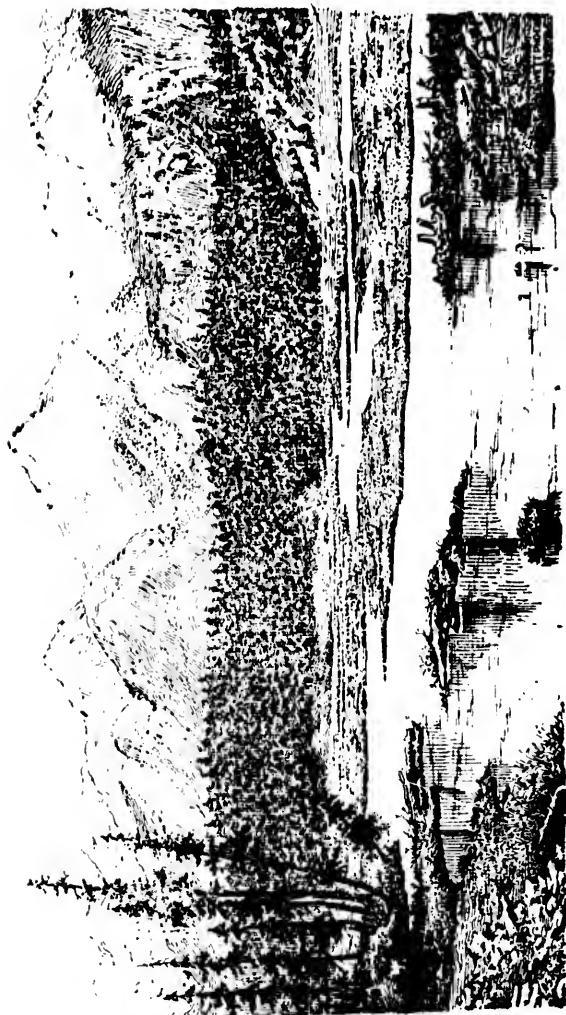
"Well, dear Peggy, that was a long day to me; it was such a new life I scarcely knew how to begin. It was the first time that any of the children had ever been to school, and they had not the least idea what

to do. When I said 'Children, you must get on your knees to pray,' one little boy looked up in my face and said 'I tant do 'at, I'll poil my new pants'; of course, that set the others laughing, and you can imagine the plight I was in. One o'clock came. I helped the little ones put on their wraps, formed them in a line and with a ruler in my hand marched ahead of them out on the sidewalk. They were wild with delight when they got the fresh air. They gathered around me and said, 'dood bye, we'll tum adain to-morrow.' After they had gone the room looked desolate. I gathered my things together and went upstairs; my room was on the top floor. The landlady had been in and arranged everything. I found some pretty wild flowers on my table and a note; I took it up—it was brother's writing—opened it and read: 'My darling sister,—Have just heard of a good situation in San Francisco. A party there has opened a mine in the Sacramento Valley, and is going to give good wages to young men who will come out there, and after thinking it all over have decided to go. Do not feel badly, sister, for if I go I shall work for you, and after a while you can come out and live with me. I have no ties left here, all is gone save you, darling.' Here was a fresh trouble; what was I to do, Peggy? A still small voice seemed to say, 'Be of good cheer,

trust in me.' The day arrived when he was to go. It had been raining hard and everything looked dreary, and with the moaning of the wind and the creaking of the blinds, I felt that my heart was almost broken. I heard the carriage as it stopped at the door. I did not go down to meet him, for I did not care to have prying eyes see us say good-bye. 'Courage, Margery,' something said, 'it is as hard for him to go as for you to part with him ; ' so I met him with a smile, rather a sad one I fear, for I could see his lips quiver. We talked long and earnestly, building castles and taking them to pieces. He dreaded to say good-bye and I to hear him. It was said at last, and he left me. Peggy, I watched from my window until not a trace of the carriage could be seen. I tried to be calm, but I felt so lonely, so utterly alone, no living soul to call my own, that I gave way to my grief and sobbed myself to sleep."

"Where were all your old friends, dear Margery? Did they not come to see you?"

"Yes, dear; but I was so wretched and lonely that the sight of them only made my loss harder to bear. Some were friends, true dear friends; others, what can I call them? heartless and proud, for while Margery Daw was the petted daughter of a rich man she was every thing that was sweet, lovely and attractive—



VAN HORNE RANGE.

they could not do enough for me. I thought them sincere then, but alas ! how easily I was deceived. As soon as I was left without father or mother, thrown upon the world, obliged to earn my own living by the sweat of my brow, I was forgotten. Human nature, oh, how frail ! Some of them have had to battle with the world the same as I, while the lives of others seemed all sunshine.

We leave Field this morning, expecting to remain over night at the Glacier Hotel. It is raining a very little, and we fear that we shall not be able to see the great glaciers, for just two miles beyond Field there are very lofty ones. The clouds have dispersed — how beautiful ! We rise from the flats of the Wapta or Kicking Horse and cross a high bridge over the Ottertail River. The view here is too sublime for one to attempt to describe. I cannot find words to do it. Margery tells me that a new book has just come out with seven thousand words in it. How I should like to see it ; perhaps I might find some that could express my feelings and picture the scenery more grandly. I have exhausted the words that I like best, and am at a loss what to do. We descend again to Wapta, whose narrow valleys divide the Ottertail and Van Horne ranges. As we look south-east we see the whole range of the Beaver-

foot Mountain, and at the right Mt. Hunter, which looks as if wedged between the Ottertail and Beaverfoot ranges. The river turns here and plunges into the Lower Kicking Horse cañon. The cañons rapidly deepening, the mountains rise perpendicularly thousands of feet, so near together that one could toss a ball from wall to wall. Down this dark chasm go our train and river together on to ledges cut out of the solid rock, plunging headlong in dark angles with towering cliffs which at times so obscure the sunlight that we feel darkness is fast approaching and are glad when Golden is reached. The beautiful broad river here visible is the Columbia, noted far and wide. We see the steamer that makes weekly trips to the lake. At the base of the Spillimichene Mountains gold and silver are found. The heads of navigation roads and trails can be seen over the Findlay Creek mining district and the Kootenay. It is well named, for the sun casts a golden hue over the whole place. The trip up the Columbia is very delightful, so Lady Macdonald tells me. It was her intention when I met her at Banff to take the trip. I am half crazy to go myself, but of course that will be out of the question, for already my expenses are running up very fast, and goodness knows if I go down to San Francisco and Monterey what they will be. I do not intend

to keep an account any longer, it is a great bother ; and another thing, it might stop me from taking other trips ; it will be time enough for that when I get home. Just before reaching here, Mr. Summers brings two gentlemen out to the rear of the car where we are sitting ; they have a letter of introduction from Mr. Shaughnessy, the manager of the road, to Mr. Summers. He has introduced them to the others and says : " Miss Sinclair, allow me to introduce Mr. Robert Wilkinson and Mr. Shaw of New York." I give them a very dignified bow. Mr. Wilkinson looks at me with his big blue eyes as much as to say—" What in the world is the matter ? " I feel quite sure I have met Mr. Shaw before, but for the life of me cannot remember where. He says—" I fear you have forgotten me, Miss Sinclair." I feel a little embarrassed, but think I had better " own up " than do as some others I have seen, and before five minutes expire they find out you do not.

" Don't you remember George Shaw, whom you met eight years ago when you were going South ? "

" Indeed I do," and then we have a real old-fashioned handshaking.

" That was a jolly time we had, Miss Sinclair ; how is your uncle now ? "

" Oh, he is very well, and just as full of fun as ever."

Mr. Summers has called Mr. Shaw to come out on the platform, and Mr. Wilkinson has taken his place and we are having quite a spirited conversation.

"Peggy, what in the world made you treat me so? one would have thought we were strangers. To tell the truth it really knocked me out."

"Well, Bob, I only did it for fun; my friend Miss Montgomery is awfully straight-laced, and I wanted to shock her a little by making her think I was flirting with you on short acquaintance, for I was quite sure it would not be long before we would be calling each other 'Bob' and 'Peggy.'"

"You are always thinking of some deviltry, Peggy."

"Well, if there is really nothing wicked about it where is the harm?"

"There is no harm, but——"

"Oh! fudge on your 'buts,' Bob, you are as prudish as an old maid in some things."

"Well, we won't discuss that subject any longer, for you will certainly have the last word in the end."

"That is so, Bob, I invariably do, and you can vouch for that, can't you, Bobby?"

"Yes, I can, with right down earnest. Well, Peggy, this is a delightful trip."

" Indeed it is, Bob, and I have been enjoying it so much that I would be willing to sit up every night until I reach Vancouver rather than lose one bit of the scenery. I never enjoyed a trip so much in my life. No wonder every one calls it awe-inspiring and beautiful beyond description. They laugh at my friend Margery and me, and say that we are perfectly carried away."

" Shaw and I have been having lots of fun, Peggy, in our car ; met an old gentleman with a young wife—May and December, as we called them—and such devotion ! the poor old man was at her beck and call sure enough ; she had her way in everything. She would tell him to do this thing and that, and have him first on one side of the car and then on the other, looking at all the fearful precipices, long trestles, roaring waterfalls, jagged rocks, projecting cliffs, snow sheds, tunnels and the Lord knows what all—until we really thought the poor old man would go crazy, as his lips would turn white and a ghastly expression come over him. We felt like giving her a good shake, and began to talk about the inconsistency of women, and what we should do if, when we got old, we took a young wife to ourselves. The conductor comes along and says, ' There's a daughter for you ! she ought to be thrown over this precipice

and be gobbled up in some of that roaring water, for if she keeps on she will be obliged to carry her poor old father home in a narrow box.' That was 'one, on us,' you know, Peggy."

We pass one of the oldest cabins in the mountains at Moberly ; it belonged to a Government engineering party under Mr. Walter Moberly, civil engineer, who there passed the winter of 1871-72. The train is some hours late, and we take a little stroll around Donald ; it is the headquarters of the mountain section of the Railway at the bend of the Columbia. We find it a lovely little town, and the beautiful Selkirk Mountains, with their glorious covering of green, the purple heather and the little bluebell, all combine to add new charms to the scenery. Leaving Donald, the Columbia River is crossed at the base of the Selkirks ; here the Rockies and Selkirks crowd together, forcing the river into a deep narrow gorge, the train clinging to the slopes above. Emerging from the gorge at Beavermouth the line soon turns to the left, and enters the Selkirks through the pass of the Beavermouth River. So narrow is this wonderful place, with the mountains crowding against each other, that a fallen tree serves as a bridge for the weary traveller to cross. It is here that the Beaver River plunges down to the level of

the Columbia. We now begin to rise at the rate of one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile, leaving the beautiful river a thousand feet below, and, as you look down into the dark shadows, it resembles pieces of crystal. Here and there are peaks of the Rocky Mountains cold and bare, rearing their heads so high that one can see the snow lying in their deep fissures, and can contrast them with the Selkirks, which are clothed with the large trees of Douglas fir, spruce and cedar. How great the contrast, and how strange! like some lives, bright and sunny, while others never seem sheltered from the trials and troubles of this world.

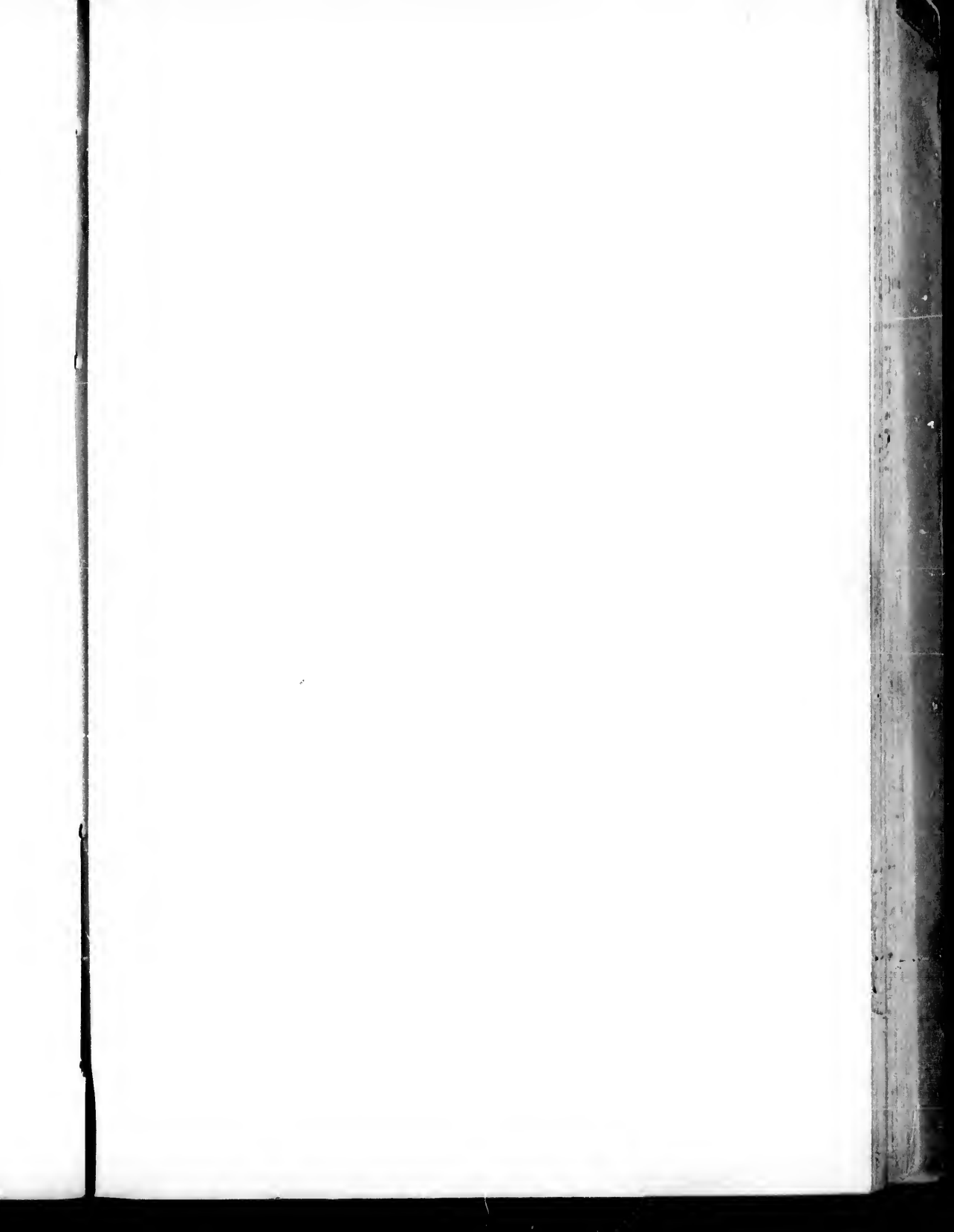
We cross a very high bridge near Cedar Creek where a foaming cascade rushes madly down. From here eight peaks can be seen—the last is Sir Donald. So wonderful and beautiful is the scenery that the engineers named it the “ Surprise.” At Bear Creek station the Hermit Mountain is to be seen ; this station is one thousand feet above the Beaver River. Up Bear Creek great difficulty was met in building the road. Torrents came in grand cascades down through narrow gorges cut deeply into the steep slopes along which the railway runs. The largest bridge crosses Stony Creek. The rippling waters flow along the bottom of this narrow channel two

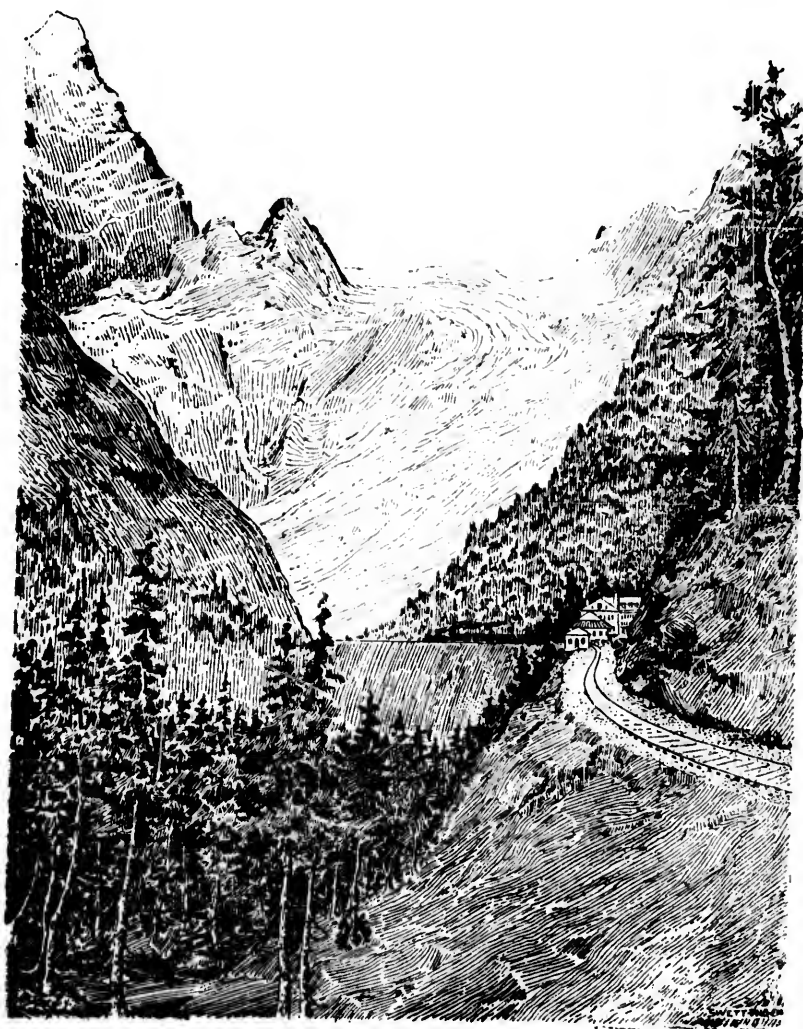
PEGGY SINCLAIRE'S

hundred and ninety-six feet below the rails. This is alleged to be the highest railroad bridge in the world. All the difficulties of the road which arise from snow lie between Bear Creek and the summit ; these have been overcome by the snow sheds, which are built of heavy squared-timber, dove-tailed and bolted together, backed with rock and fitted into the mountain sides in such a way as to bid defiance to the most terrific avalanches. Beyond Stony Creek bridge and Bear Creek a vast ravine occurs, caused by Mount Macdonald on the left and the Hermit on the right, forming a narrow gate to the Rogers' Pass at the summit. Mount Macdonald is six thousand six hundred feet above the railway ; its proud, solitary and lonely pinnacle pierces the wonderful clouds, and rears its head far up into the beautiful blue firmament ; its base is so near and bare, so indescribably terrible, that one is awed with its majestic grandeur. The rails cling to the base of Hermit Mountain, and as we near Rogers' Pass station, Macdonald and Hermit seem facing each other. It is said that these two mountains were once united, but owing to great convulsions they were rent asunder, leaving room only for the railway track. Rogers' Pass was named after Major A. B. Rogers, by whose indomitable energy it was discovered in 1883, previous to which

no human being had ever penetrated to the summit of this great central range. The Pass lies between two lines of huge snow-clad peaks. At the north, seven or eight thousand feet above the valley, half a dozen glaciers can be seen at once, so near, that the glorious crystal ice sheds marvellous colors, making the whole superbly grand and beautiful. Our train echoes through the dark passages, carrying its living freight higher and higher, softer and softer as the wheels revolve. So weird and awful everything looks, that you feel like taking longer breaths, hoping to help the poor engine along ; fainter and fainter it grows, until at last it reminds one of a human being as life ebbs slowly away. The peaks are seen here that connect Macdonald with Sir Donald. The beautiful sunny valley, with its rippling Beaver River, has been reserved by the Government for a national park. At the summit of the Selkirks, four thousand three hundred feet, is seen Mount Cheops at the right and the grand and noble Ross Peak at the west ; nestling under them is the deep Illicilliwaet Valley, and we call it the " Lone Sweet Valley " as we glide along. We gaze long and earnestly at the wonderful glaciers as they pass before our eyes among the numerous mountains. For miles and miles the railway can be seen as it slowly wends its way to the

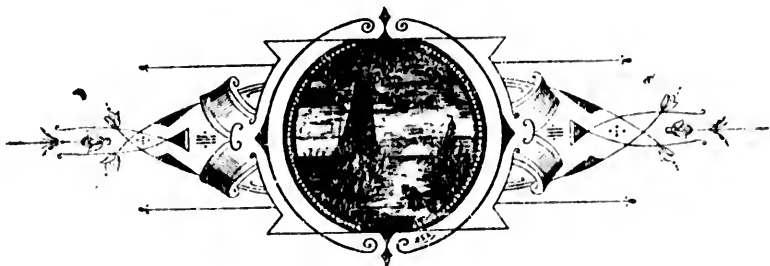
deep valleys through wonderful cuts, overhanging cliffs, glorious green shrubs and the sparkling rills, making one feel, as I look up to the tracks above, that they belong to other roads, as some are over tunnels as well as through, making four distinct tracks, one above the other. Now appears the grand glacier of the Selkirks. Just here is a large snow shed, but the railway people, thinking the scenery too grand to be lost sight of, have built a track outside for summer travel. Passing this shed and a curve in the road, we come face to face with this monster glacier with its green crystal ice—a picture for the gods—and it is said to be as large as all the Swiss glaciers combined. I think of our dear Longfellow. Surely this would be a subject to fill his soul.





GLACIER HOTEL.

CHAPTER V.



"LOOK quick, Margery, what place is this? Oh! it's none other than the sweet little hotel of the Glacier, and a perfect gem, with its beautiful green lawns, exquisite flowers and shooting fountains, which are fed by the waters of the gleaming Glacier."

Mrs. Montgomery begins to look weary; perhaps the high altitude has been too much for her, so we decide to remain over for a day or two. Our friends, Messrs. Wilkinson and Shaw, say that they have business to attend to and will stop off too.

"Business, Bob? I thought you were just travelling for pleasure."

"Well, Peggy, so I am, but cannot I combine business with pleasure?"

"I presume so, but really I should hate to feel

that I had business of any kind to think of, especially while taking this trip. Where have you been, or rather what is the name of the last place you did business in ?”

“ Really, Peggy, you women are all alike. I suppose if I do not tell you, you will tease me half to death, so here it is ;” producing a blank sheet of paper with a heading, “ Edison Electric Light Company, Chicago,” on it.

“ Oh, I see you are one of the knowing men that go around lighting the world. Now, Bob, suppose you propose lighting up this whole road from Montreal to Vancouver ? Wouldn't it be a grand thing ? I have been groaning over the thought of all the electricity that is being wasted in cities. How grand it would be out here, especially through Kicking Horse Pass and Fraser River : would it not be gay ? Fancy those terrible bare mountains, the glorious Selkirks, glaciers, cañons, foaming cascades, rushing waterfalls, rippling rills, little lone cabins, wigwams, wild Indians with their tomahawks brandishing in the air, their little canoes in the sandy nooks, the wild bears, lions, panthers, muskrats and mountain goats.”

“ Stop, Peggy, for the Lord's sake, or you will lose your breath ; perhaps, though, I will take your advice and see the President, Mr. Van Horne ; there

is one thing certain, they have all the water power-they want, even on the prairies."

"But, Bob, I should think those alkali lakes on the prairies would play the mischief with the wires. Only think what trouble they have in hotels! I have known the lights to go out just in the bewitching hours of the evening, when the girls and boys would be sitting on the window ledges, or in little quiet corners all by themselves. Think how badly they must feel, and especially when the lights flash up rather suddenly. Oh! I think it's awfully unsafe, don't you, Bob?"

He looks up with a grin and says, "simply awful."

Mother Cecilia has been married thirty-five years to-day, and we wish to celebrate her anniversary by giving a swell dinner at the Glacier Hotel. We have seen the Manager, and he informs us that everything can be ready by seven o'clock. Not knowing in time to procure presents, we go out and gather wild flowers, pretty autumn leaves and trailing vines to decorate the room. Mother Cecilia is up in her room thinking over what has passed in the years gone by since her dear husband was taken from her, for she is still devoted to his memory. We fancy we are looking fine with our fresh gowns and pretty corsage bouquets of wild flowers; we tap at her door and a soft voice says, "Come in."

"Still at your prayers, mother?" for we see the prayer book and beads.

"Yes, dears, and extra ones, for I am saying some for the dead."

Our friend Shaw offers Mother Cecilia his arm. Margery and Mr. Summers, Ruth and Bob, Mrs. Summers and I are together. We have a private room to dine in, and how sweetly pretty everything looks; flowers, flowers everywhere, the room is literally covered with them. Mother Cecilia looks around and asks what it means, then we tell her. Our dinner is beautifully served, all the game of the season with the blue grass beef (or Kamloop) that people talk so much about. The roast is brought in, and friend Shaw carves. Such a roast! I think if it had been put before the Queen she could not have helped exclaiming. The wines are of the very best vintage. Bob has really declined.

"I am afraid you are not feeling well, Bob."

"Never felt better in my life, Peggy."

"Then why not drink this toast with us?"

"With pleasure," and he raises his glass of water.

I look at him with astonishment. "Bob, what does this mean—an Englishman dining without his wine? I never heard of such a thing before."

"Well, dear Peggy, you probably have not heard

of everything yet, you know you are rather young."

Curiosity gets the better of me and I insist upon knowing.

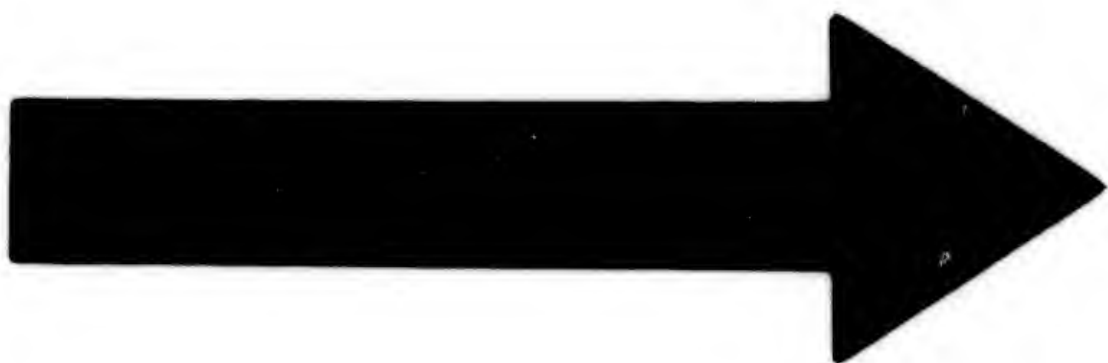
"Ten years ago, Peggy, I promised my mother that I would never touch any kind of spirits, and so far I have not. It has been very hard at times, for in my position I am constantly running against men that drink or take a glass, and they, out of politeness, ask me to join; then they want to know the reason why I decline, and I always tell them, for I think it is very absurd not to. Who would not be willing to do that much for a mother? they do so much for us that, try ever so hard, we can never repay them, God bless them."

We leave the gentlemen to enjoy their after-dinner cigar, and go out to see this beautiful place by moonlight. The stars are twinkling, one by one, in the glorious blue azure. Sir Donald is a mile and a half above the railway, rearing its bare and dreary peak among the stars, with three others, not quite so high, to keep it company. This mountain was named after Sir Donald Smith, one of the first promoters of the road. Rogers' Pass, and the snow-covered Grizzly (part of the Hermit range), and the Cheops Mountains with the Illicilliwaet River gliding softly along under the shady trees, and the great Glacier only a few

hundred feet from the hotel, make a glorious place for the huntsman and angler. Can we ever forget this beautiful moon shining serenely, and the glistening glacier? The gentlemen are coming. Ah! is this not a beautiful place? And what luck—for they are out on the verandah and can view the charming picture with us by the silvery light of the moon. The Manager tells us that a small party is expected in the morning. They are travelling with pack-horses and after game. I really hope we shall meet them. An annex has been added to accommodate the travel, and they are very fortunate, for the hotel is more than full. We have arranged to breakfast early, for we intend visiting the Glacier, and, if we have time, Rogers' Pass and the Loop.

It is a beautiful morning; we are all ready to start with our Alpine stocks in our hands, a good guide, and enough lunch to serve a dozen. We are so charmed with the scenery from Rogers' Pass that we stop here for hours looking at it. As you look at the great Glacier, one would think it impossible to climb to the summit, but we do not, for we find a very good path. Fancy—visiting a glacier and lunching there. It is easily done, for not far from the summit we come across a little plateau—a dream of a place. The guide has a fine lunch spread for us, and never was one en-

joyed more. The climbing has made us very hungry. We help put away the things for fear that something will be lost; the Manager has been so kind as to provide us with everything that we feel that care should be taken. We stroll along, climbing over rocks and even down into ravines, up again on some lofty peak, and here we stand looking hundreds and hundreds of miles away. The rivers look like silver thread, and the cañons—how dark and dreary! only a ray of sunshine here and there. We hate to leave the place, for where can we go and find such scenery? We cannot linger longer for fear of darkness overtaking us, so we get our little party together and begin to descend. We are talking fast about the beauties we have seen and how quickly the day has gone, and just begin to plan for another day's trip, when we arrive at the hotel. Mother Cecilia bids us welcome, and says quite a party has arrived since we left; we are anxious to see them, for where is a new face more welcome than at a mountain resort? The Manager has invited us to take part in an impromptu dance; we hurry through dinner, rush to our rooms and make quite an elaborate toilet. Ruth's dress is white, with a tiny bunch of red berries at her throat—sweet simplicity. How lovely she looks! never have I seen her look so awfully bewitching as she does to-night.



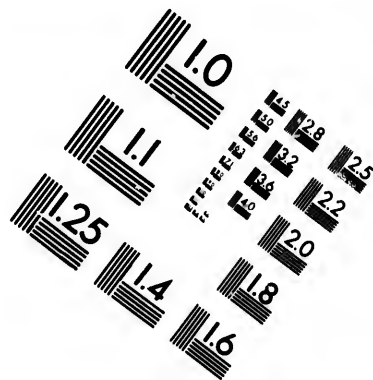
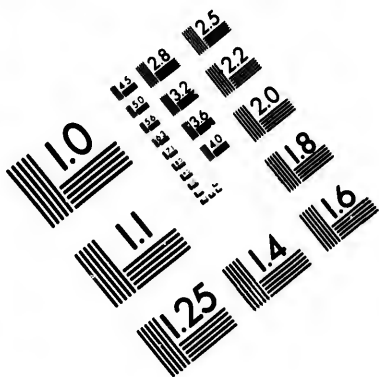
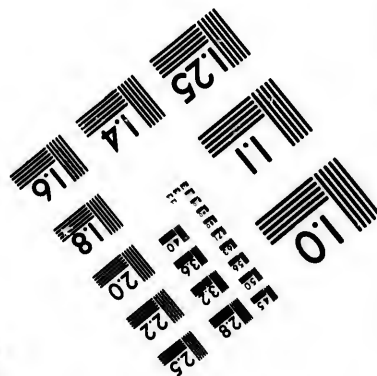
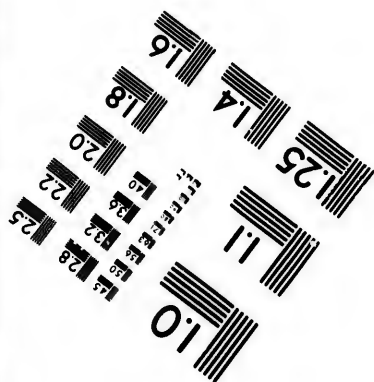
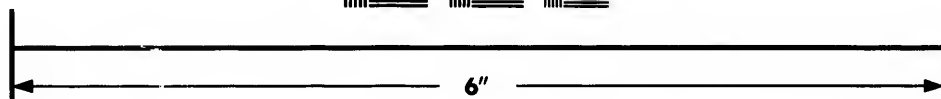
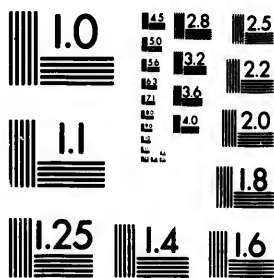


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Margery has on a black lace, Mrs. Summers a pretty gray, and Peggy a striped India silk. I think I look rather fine—at least Bob says I do, and he knows. Mother Cecilia says we must excuse her, she will not come down ; but we get around and tell her that would never do, for if she does not we shall remain in our rooms, for we really cannot enjoy ourselves without her dear presence. “Well, girls, that would be too bad—I presume I must go.” She does not keep us long waiting. “Oh! Mother Cecilia, you look too sweet for anything—the boys will all be in love with you.” She has on a beautiful black silk, and the daintiest white kerchief around her throat. We meet the young gentlemen at the foot of the stairs ; they escort us into the parlor. The guests are all here, and quite a goodly number. Mr. Shaw is talking with some of them ; I wonder who they are, for we cannot see their faces. Presently they turn, and I recognize a dear, kind friend, although we do not know his name ; they are talking very earnestly and coming towards us.

“Mrs. Montgomery, allow me to introduce an old-time friend—Mr. Arnold Van Burean. Miss Sinclair and Miss Montgomery, Mr. Van Burean.”

“I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Van Burean before ; I am most happy to see you here this evening. When did you arrive ?”

"On the last train, Miss Sinclair."

"Why, how fortunate! We are going to have a little quiet dance; I hope you will join us."

"I am very fond of dancing, and shall be most happy to do so."

The music starts up. Bob and Ruth are whirling around in a dizzy waltz.

"May I have the pleasure of this waltz with you, Miss Sinclair?" and with my heart all a-flutter I say, "Yes!"

How the girls look—they seem green with envy, and you can imagine how one would feel waltzing with one of the finest and noblest-looking men in the world. We have a little chat about Ruth, and how strange that he should have been at Banff just at that time.

"Dear Ruth, it makes me quite ill whenever I think of it. Mr. Van Burean, I do want you to know my friend Ruth; she is the loveliest and sweetest girl I ever knew—so different from many in her station in life; she never flirts, and you rarely see girls now-a-days that do not; they think it is 'nice,' as they put it. We have never told her mother what happened, but I presume we shall, for just as sure as we try to keep it longer from her some one will tell her, and you know that would be dreadful, for I fear she would lose confidence in us."

We have all enjoyed ourselves immensely, danced every dance ; Ruth has had two with her noble chevalier, and a little stroll out on the piazza. The air is so delightfully fresh and clear that we take a walk towards the Glacier. The little valley seems sound asleep, nothing to disturb it except the screeching of the night owl as he hurries along, and the murmur of the waters. But, hark ! what is that ? can it be an earthquake ? The gentlemen laugh at us and say it's only the roar and the trembling of the Glacier as the avalanches come rushing down.

"Come, girls, Mrs. Montgomery will be getting anxious about you. It really seems too bad to go inside, but, of course, we must."

We find Mrs. Montgomery, Ruth and her lover (for I have made up my mind that such will be the case) sitting together ; they are looking very serious. As soon as Mother Cecilia has a chance she says :

"Peggy, I know all. I do not blame you for the course you have taken ; but oh, how dreadful ! what should I have done if my darling child had been taken away from me ? Mr. Van Burean tells me, Peggy, that his home is in Savannah."

"Indeed, Mr. Van Burean ! Perhaps you know the plantation a few miles out of the city called the 'Hermitage ?' "

"Oh, yes! the younger branch of the family are friends of mine, Miss Sinclair."

"It is a grand old place!"

* When I was stopping in Savannah my friends took me there for a drive. How much I enjoyed it! It was a new thing for me, as I had never seen a regular plantation before. The drive up the avenue under the live oak trees and trailing moss, and the little cabins sheltered by them, was a great sight; then the overseer's house and the home for the sick, with its little piazza; the grand old mansion with its marble steps, wonderful oleanders, orange trees and the yellow jasmine, and all the beautiful flowers—and situated on the bank of the Savannah River, with its great cotton and rice fields, it seemed to me an ideal place. We met one of the brothers—quite an old gentleman—who invited us into the house and showed us around. The hall ran the whole length, and opened out on a high flight of marble steps. The view was more than grand, for the Savannah River was just before us. The large rooms were just the kind to hold receptions and dances in. Those days are all gone by. During the Civil War all that property was confiscated. No wonder it was called "a cruel war." Only think of the homes that were broken up, and how many fathers and brothers were

sacrificed. Some of the colored people were happier then and had far better homes than they have to-day. Their little cabins, built of brick, were left standing, and we saw the playground under the shady oaks, and the platform that was used for dancing. All of the family are dead except one, and he lives there now. Some years after the war the property was bought back from the Government. About a quarter of a mile from the mansion a little cemetery is to be found where the slaves were buried under the beautiful oak trees. The sun was shining on their queer little graves, heaped up two or three feet with all sorts of ornaments and the green ivy clustering around them. The darkies are a happy set. How often I have wished I had lived in those times and could have seen them as they gathered outside of their little cabins and played and sang their old melodies.

Mr. Summers tells us this morning that he is obliged to leave on the noon train for Vancouver; we are dreadfully disappointed, for Mr. Van Burean has arranged for us to go on a little fishing trip with him to-day.

"Oh! Mr. Summers, is there no way that you can postpone it? for we do so wish to go. Only think what a lovely time we could have, and the nice trout we could get. Now, do your best, won't you?"

"Well, Peggy, you know I always do that wherever the ladies are concerned."

I meet Ruth and tell her what I have just heard.

"Oh, dear Peggy, I call that too bad, for I had made up my mind to have such a pleasant day. Peggy, I want to confide in you—now do not breathe one word to Margery or any one else, promise me."

I give her my word that not one living soul shall ever know.

"Well, Peggy, I am in love, and you can guess with whom."

"Well, Ruth, I thought as much. How about Jack?"

"Oh, I never loved him; you know he was merely a friend, and whenever he went away I scarcely thought of him except as you would a kind friend. He called me 'sister,' and was always a good boy, and mother thought a great deal of him, but it's different now. I have a real tender spot in my heart for Mr. Van Burean, and am so happy whenever he is with me. I tried at first to think it was on account of his saving my life, but it is more than that; I am really in love, and I made up my mind the first time we were alone to tell you. Now, dear, try and help me, for I do want to be with him all I can. Don't you think he is very fine looking? What beautiful

gray eyes, so full of expression, and his mouth is certainly the most kissable one I ever saw. He is my ideal of a man, with grand broad shoulders, and six feet two. How kind he is to mother !”

“ Well, Ruth, as far as being kind to your mother, who could help it ? Child, that’s one of the first signs of love in a man. They always begin making love to the mammas, in order to make themselves ‘solid’ ; then they feel sure things will go on smoothly. I do not say that Mr. Van Burean is like that, but the majority are.”

“ He is going to Vancouver in a few days and may go down to San Francisco. Think of that, Peggy. Oh ! I do hope that we may meet him there. I asked mother last night what she thought of him, and she was very loud in his praises. Of course she would be, for you know he saved my life, and what mother would not ? I was awfully glad to hear her praise him ; I think I gave her an extra kiss on account of it when I bade her good-night.”

“ Oh ! I see Mr. Summers, Ruth ; I presume he is coming to let me know.”

“ I am very sorry, ladies, it is of no use ; we shall be obliged to leave in a few hours. No one regrets going more than I. I will see Mr. Van Burean and explain matters.”

There is nothing left for us to do now but hurry to our rooms and get our things packed. You never saw gloomier faces than ours. Mr. Van Burean sees us on the train, and with many good-byes, we tell him we hope he will arrive in Vancouver before we leave. Our old "iron clad" gives us a sudden shaking up—and we are off.

CHAPTER VI.



I AM really glad Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wilkinson are with us, for every one else seems to have the blues. Poor Margery has seen some miners and I suppose she is thinking of her brother, for she has not a word for any one.

“ Well, Peggy, what is the trouble ? Are they all feeling bad because they had to give up their trout party ? ”

“ Yes, Bob ! ”

"Well, you know I was in it, and what is the use of feeling bad? What can't be cured must be endured, eh, Peggy?"

"Yes, Bob, I think so, but then one can't help one's feelings. I want to tell you something, Bob but dare not."

"Why?"

"Oh! I had to promise before they told me not to say anything about it."

"But why did you want to tell me so much? You have excited my bump of curiosity, and there's no knowing what will happen if I do not hear it."

We are in the Observation car, and Bob is talking as fast as he can; presently he says: "Peggy, do you see that English gentleman and young lady sitting in the corner? Do you know that they are travelling around the world, going to accomplish it in seven weeks. We heard the young lady tell some people that she was engaged to be married; her *fiancé* did not want her to take the trip, but she promised to be back at the expiration of seven weeks and they are travelling night and day."

Our train follows the mountains and soon the Loop is reached, and after several turns and crossing a valley from Ross Peak Glacier, and running a short distance at the base of Ross Peak, then back

to the right a few miles, touching Cougar Mountain on the side of the Illicilliwaet, crossing again to the left and going down to the valley, we are parallel with our former course. On looking back we can see the railway tracks one above the other on the side of the mountains, and high above the long snow sheds, the summit range near Rogers' Pass, with Sir Donald towering above. The waters of the Illicilliwaet are bright pea-green; its rocky beds make it very turbulent. Some of the largest trees are found in the valley; many silver mines have been opened here. They look so strange far up on the mountain sides, with their queer little sheds. Caribou are found here in great numbers. We have ten minutes at Albert Cañon. A strong plaza has been built so that all can see this strange freak of nature. The river is three hundred feet below the rails. At this awful and terrible and yet grand place, it is almost completely shut in, and forms a square of about twenty feet. The jutting rocks and boulders are in every conceivable form, almost representing the wild animals of the forest. A little further on, the river can be seen gliding softly, then wild and billowy, as if tired of its dreary and lonely life. The mountains are very lofty, some are clothed with a beautiful green, others are covered with snow : what a contrast !

one can take in summer and winter at a glance. Mounts McKenzie and Tilley and the beautiful peak named Clachnacoodin are now seen, and as we approach the western base of the Selkirks, the valley narrows and becomes a gorge, and between terrible and rocky walls only ten yards apart the railway and river run. A fine steamer can be taken from Revelstoke, and a most enjoyable trip had by sailing down the Columbia River and Arrow Lakes to Robson, and for one hundred and sixty-five miles you are viewing delightful scenery. From Robson the Kootenay and Columbia River Railway runs up the valley of the Kootenay to the Kootenay Lakes; here another boat is to be found, and one wishing to visit the gold, silver and copper mines, and enjoy the beautiful scenery of lakes and mountains, can have it here. From Robson, a steamer runs to Little Dalles of the Columbia, where a train can be taken for Spokane Falls in Washington State. The McKenzie and Tilley peaks are still seen, and Mount Begbie with its sparkling glacier—one of the Gold or Columbia range. A bridge half a mile long spans the Columbia River, and the Gold range is entered by Eagle Pass. Nature seems to have designed this spot for a railway, for here the lofty and grand Selkirks are perpendicular, and the pass is scarcely a mile wide.

The highest point reached by this line is at Summit Lake, eight miles from, and only five hundred and twenty-five feet above, the Columbia. Victor, Three Valley and Griffin Lakes are seen in succession, each running the entire width of the valley, forcing the railway into the mountain sides, the giant trees making a dense forest in the valley. At Craigellachie, the last spike was driven in the Canadian Pacific Road, November 7th, 1885, the rails from the east and west meeting here. In going down the Eagle River the Great Shuswap Lake is reached. This is the sportsman's dream, for here all kinds of sports can be indulged in. It was named by an Indian tribe who lived on its banks, and they still have a reserve there. Mountains, valleys, pebbly beaches, and a draw-bridge, all lend their enchantments to the beautiful scene. From Notch Hill a magnificent view is to be had of the Okanagan Lake ; its shores wind in and out, and the beautiful mountains shelter it from the furious storms. The little valley is called the "Sunny Vale" of British Columbia ; a great many of its settlers are from the Pacific coast.

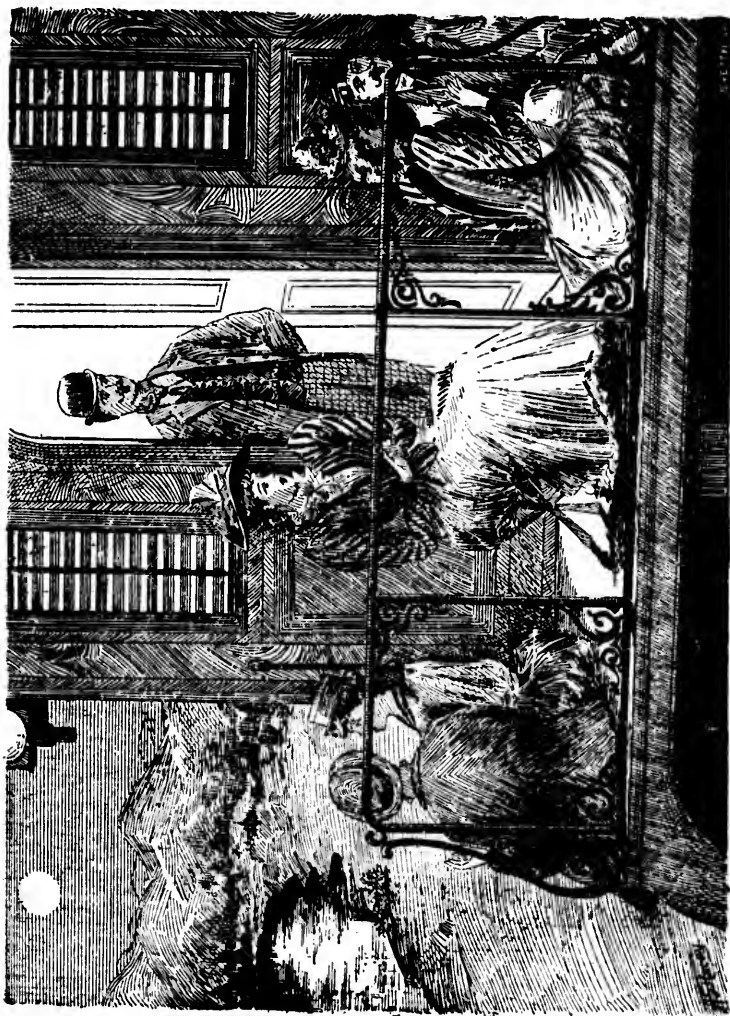
We have been holding quite a reception in our car to-day. Mrs. Summers has met some of her old friends, Miss Thistle, Miss Florence and Jack Florence (Miss Florence's brother). She happened to

meet them at Albert Cañon, and invited them into our car. Both of the young ladies are blondes, rather pretty and agreeable. Bob says they are desperate flirts. I have not seen anything as yet, but I presume it will all come round in time. We dine together. Fancy, inviting company to dine with you at such a time, when at every mouthful you take you want to look out of the window and enjoy the scenery with it. We do not linger long over dinner, nor do the gentlemen with their cigars, for we are half crazy to get out on the platform and see the scenery. It is a beautiful moonlight night. Miss Thistle and Jack Florence are sitting on the little steps on the east side of the platform, and Margery and Mr. Shaw on the other. Bob and I have camp stools. Mr. and Mrs. Summers, Mrs. Montgomery and darling Ruth are in the little smoking room, where we can see them. We are all singing and taking in the beautiful mountains, valleys, rivers and lakes, and the moon is looking down upon them, lighting up the way and casting a silvery sheen on the rippling waters. It is "Shine on, silvery moon, bid the traveller his way," in earnest. It is so enchanting, all I can say is, "simply lovely." Bob always laughs at me, and then I try to think of something else.

"Will 'beautiful,' or 'perfectly lovely,' suit you better?"

"Anything you say always sounds lovely to me, Peggy."

I think it is high time now for me to stop, for I know Bob is getting sentimental, and I do not like him half so well. We pass a little house nestling under a huge mountain, with a beautiful lake in front. Living in such a romantic place makes us think that they are very patriotic, and wishing to learn their nationality, we begin to sing "God Save the Queen." Of course we expect a response, but not a sound. Then we sing the "Marseillaise," the "Star-spangled Banner," and finally "Yankee Doodle," but with no effect, except from a little dog, and he yells to his heart's content. We cannot understand what it means, but conclude that they take us for North-west Indians that are ready for another outbreak. We are just passing some terrible cliffs and a roaring river, the train looks as if it were going headlong into it, when Bob, looking up, sees Miss Thistle and Jack Florence in a loving embrace; whereupon he takes up a guide book, and, personating a Methodist minister, calls out the lines—"Come, rest in my bosom, my own stricken dear," and says—"C.M. Let us sing." We try our best to smother our laughter, but the tittering is too much and we all give vent to our feelings.



MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

It has been a jolly evening. Our guests bid us good-night and good-bye, for they stop off in the morning to take a trip up the lakes. Since the thunderstorm and Margery's fright, nothing has occurred to disturb our slumbers until to-night. It is near midnight and every one is fast asleep. We hear a terrible shriek and a yell, the passengers push their curtains aside, and with pale faces ask what it all means. The porter rushes through and stops at the last berth. With a little red kerchief over her head and tied under her chin sits a neat little soul, saying—"Oh; what is it? Have they really come?" "What come?" half a dozen ladies say, for by this time all are out of their berths thinking that something awful has happened. Terrified with fright she comes to her senses and with the wildest look says, "What have I done? Oh! what have I done? For the love of heaven do not tell this, for if you do they will never cease teasing me; it's only a nightmare." We promise her, but sincerely hope she will never have another in a sleeping car.

The beautiful sunrise this morning is too grand to be lost. We hurry and dress and are out on the platform, and passing the Kamloop Lake, just as the brilliant rays touch the glorious water. The little town of Kamloop was started years ago by the Hud-

son's Bay Company. Two hundred miles northward, the north branch of the Thompson River comes down the mountain and empties into the main, called "Kamloop River," named by the Indians. The pretty little steamboats are seen flying their national flags, and the almond-eyed Chinaman busy at work around the large saw mills. The little Catholic church with its shining cross, and St. Paul's Mountain appear in the distance. Mother Cecilia, seeing the cross, crosses herself and counts her beads. High up on a rocky promontory, with scarred and ragged cliffs reaching hundreds of feet down into the river, is an Indian's hut. Not content with so much civilization, its owner has thrown his blanket on the little grassy plot, and, looking the picture of ease, is gazing as if feasting on the glorious picture before him. So near is he to a dreadful precipice that I fear every moment one move will send him over into the turbulent waters. As our iron horse leads us through so many mazes, I can look back to where he is ; there he lies, still looking as if at peace with the world and all mankind. An Indian's life must be a happy one, really no care, roaming at will through the beautiful forests, hunting for game, fishing in the streams, on the banks of lovely rivers, or galloping on their fiery mustangs over hills and dales to their little wigwams nestling in some pleasant nook.

The Thompson River flows into Kamloop Lake, and for twenty miles the railway runs along the south side. The banks are fringed with beautiful foliage, and mountain spurs project into it, then lost to the eye, as we go thundering through tunnels in close, succession. At Savona's Ferry we bid good-bye to the beautiful lake and enter the Thompson River Cañon. Here the mountains crowd together, making the scenery marvellously grand. From this point to Port Moody the Railway was built by the Dominion Government and transferred to the Company in 1886. Ashcroft is the great starting point for Cariboo, Barkerville and the settlements in Northern British Columbia. Ten yokes of oxen are often seen attached to a heavy waggon, and long strings of mules carrying merchandise. A short distance from Ashcroft is a terrible, gloomy and desolate gorge, with the hills pressing together, leaving only space for Thompson River. Suddenly we reach the Black Cañon, wild, terrible and fascinating in all its terror. As the whistle re-echoes through the gorge one thousand and seventy-five feet high, the train carries us through wonderful tunnels, over projecting spurs of rock, with the black and ferocious water roaring and plunging through its narrow bed and lashing the rocks with its foamy spray, over and under high boulders looking

like living animals, with scarcely a ray of God's sunlight to brighten the gloom. Up the valley of Spence's bridge to the Cariboo gold country the old waggon road is seen; we fancy we can see the pack-mules with their precious burdens slowly picking their way through the valleys, over the corduroy roads, along the banks of the river, then climbing up, crossing little bridges as they span cliff after cliff, high up on the mountain sides, then crawling cautiously downwards until lost to the sight in some dark and dangerous ravine. Our train moves along, carrying us over the awful ledges, through tiresome tunnels and lofty bridges spanning dark ravines. Looking down we see the beautiful river with its emerald green, calm and placid. It does not last long; for ever restless, it soon begins its mad career and forms miniature falls and wondrous rapids as it rushes along. We can see a little town on the opposite bank, where gold was first discovered in British Columbia in 1857. Here the mountains soon begin to crowd together, as if bidding defiance to human hands; we look and wonder where the road runs. Can there be a place for it? Yes, for we wind hundreds and hundreds of feet along their sides, crossing a great chasm by a tall viaduct, rushing through tunnels by the edge of terrible precipices, with the wild and roaring water

mingling its echoes with the noise of our heavy train. The clouds are seen resting on the mountains, and far up the snowy peaks with their pure and sublime covering, as if trying to chase away the gloom. This is the Thompson Cañon. We leave the place regretfully, for a strange fascination seems to go with it all. The Fraser River is the most prominent in this province; it runs between immense mountain cañons. Where the two rivers unite it begins to widen; the sides of the mountain are scarred and gloomy, with overhanging cliffs and dangerous boulders, looking as if ready to crush one as they come in quick succession. The Indians are here in all their glory and war paint; you see them in their little canoes, gliding softly along spearing for salmon. Far up on rocky cliffs are tents where they dry them. Why do they choose such dangerous places? for they look as if no human being could scale them. Some of their tiny tents or wigwams are sheltered by trees, while others are along the banks of the river. The little papooses wave their hands as we approach them. We see their barbarously decorated graveyards and the Chinamen washing for gold on the sandy bars. Six miles below Lytton the Fraser River is crossed by a high steel cantilever bridge. The water goes rushing and plunging over numerous cascades, our train

going through terrible dark passages and tunnels, winding and twisting on the mountain sides. The old Government road looks like a little trail as it runs in and out, over bridges spanning the cliffs, onward and onward, downward and downward, until it reaches the banks of the boiling river, then climbing and clinging to the ragged rocks one thousand feet above.

As we near North Bend, and see the beautifully kept lawns and lovely flowers, Mother Cecilia says she thinks we had better stop off and take the next train for Vancouver. We are ready to do her bidding. The train stops about twenty-five minutes. "Another little gem," we all exclaim as we enter the hotel; a cosy office and cheerful dining room greet us. We find our rooms pleasant and cheerful, and what more should we want except a good dinner, for riding in an observation car is sure to make one hungry. Our dinner is good, yes, simply delicious, and we certainly do justice to the viands. We joke Mother Cecilia a little, knowing her reasons for not going on to-night. She does not deny it, for she says that the scenery is too awful to look at. I felt quite sure she was frightened, for whenever I could take time to look at anything besides the wonderful picture before me I noticed her prayer book in her hand. She said she always closed her eyes when it

was too terrible for her to see. Dear old lady, I am glad I had no fear. Just think how much I should have missed ! We find letters waiting for us. Ruth has one, and I am half crazy to hear about it. We have read ours, Margery and I, and the good news from home makes us awfully happy. Ruth has excused herself to go and see her mother, and Margery invites me up into her room. Presently a little tap is heard on the door. "Come in, dear" (for I know it is Ruth). "Oh, Peggy, I have just been to your room, and not finding you there felt quite sure you would be with Margery. So here I am,"—and throwing her arms around my neck, tells me that her letter is from Mr. Van Burean and that he will be here in the morning.

"I do hope he will go on with us to Vancouver. Would it not be lovely, Peggy ?"

"Yes, my dear, it would for you. You know he has no eyes for any of us. Don't you say so, Margery ?"

"Of course I do."

"Oh, fie girls ! you are too ridiculous for anything ! I told mother I would not stay long, as she really feels very tired, so good-bye, dearies,"—and kissing us both, leaves us to ourselves.

"What a happy girl Ruth is, Peggy ; I sincerely hope she will always be so."

"I hope so, too. She seems too frail to battle with this world."

"Indeed she does, Peggy."

"Margery, you never told me about your brother after he arrived in San Francisco; as we are likely to be alone this evening, suppose you tell me?"

"Well, dear, his first letter was very cheerful; he said he had met the manager and found him very kind, and that he was to take them to the mines that day. He writes :—'It will be a new life for me, but I think with God's help and good health I shall succeed. This is a pretty place, and in time promises to be a great city; every one seems interested one way or the other in mining, and is sanguine of success. After crossing the Sacramento Valley and seeing the mines and the men busy at work, and the beautiful country, it made all the lonely feelings I had disappear, and I enter into my work with my whole heart and soul, feeling confident of success. Keep up a good heart, dear sister, we shall soon be together again and happy with each other. Do your best with the little ones, make their lives happy while with you, for our school days are bright spots in our lives. I shall write as often as I can, but you must know, dear, that a miner's life is a very busy one. God bless you.' In those days we used to wait for months

after a letter was written before we received it. Poor, poor boy! Peggy, that kind letter gave me hope. I began to feel like myself once more, to make my plans and build castles in the air. Some people think such things foolish, but how can you help yourself? the pictures will come before your eyes, and soon you have a fine house, kind friends and plenty of this world's goods at your feet? It is just as well, I presume, for if we allowed ourselves to look on the dark side, life would not be worth the living. Our lives are made up of sunshine and clouds, but yours, dear Peggy, seems cloudless."

"Margery, dear, dark clouds have crossed my path as well as others, but they seldom linger, for the silver lining soon reappears.

CHAPTER VII.



MR. VAN BUREAN has joined us, and we are hurrying on board to get seats in the observation car, for they tell us the scenery is intensely interesting and terrible. At Boston Bar, four miles below, the principal cañon of the Fraser commences :

it has been described as matchless, and truly we find it so. The roaring and deafening sound of the water as it cuts its way through the dark and awful chasms, high mountains with their scraggy walls, projecting cliffs and terrible boulders, the crystal cascades rushing down the mountain sides with the long tunnels cut through the ragged rocks two hundred feet above, and then the old Government road looms up again and crosses a gorge by a suspension bridge, and for miles follows the railway side by side as we twist through apertures of rock that look as if split asunder, or out on some jutting spur into the dreary tunnels, then turning into dark passages that almost shut out the light of day,—and at last we are out in the

beautiful bright sunshine and glorious blue heavens and reach Yale. Indian huts are seen on the opposite bank, and Chinamen washing for gold at the riverside. Their queer little Joss-house can be seen in the village, and in the distance Hope Peaks, where the silver ore in great abundance is exposed. Garnets are found at Ruby Lake, and Agassiz is the station for Harrison's Hot Sulphur Springs on Harrison Lake five miles north, overlooked by Mount Che-am. The hotel accommodations are very good, and invalids from the Pacific Coast visit them. Here the Harrison River is crossed by the Fraser, and the wonderful Mount Baker can be seen with its beautiful isolated cone rising thirteen thousand feet above the railway. From Mission, a branch line crosses the Fraser and runs to the International boundary line, where rail communication is made with the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad, for Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, Oregon. This line connects for all points on Puget Sound and for Portland and San Francisco. At the crossing of the Stave River the finest view of Mount Baker is had. The river here is smooth and peaceful, not a thing to obstruct its course; we look at it thus and think of the contrast and of ourselves, a few hours ago, as we rushed from side to side in our car, fearing to lose any of its

troubled waters or the grand and wonderful sights as we left them behind.

Quiet now reigns supreme, except when we pass a big tree or stump, and then we find we have a little breath left. The observation car is detached and we have seats in the sleeper. Westminster is an important town, with a population of five thousand, situated on the Fraser River. A great deal of shipping to China and Australia is done here. At Port Moody, once the terminus of the railway, at the head of Burrard Inlet, a beautiful view is to be obtained. As we follow its shore to Vancouver, the grand snow-tipped mountains, shrouded with a halo as the sun lights upon them, Indian camps, little villages, steamers, ships, yachting boats, and last but not least, the numerous little sailing crafts, dipping their tiny white sails into the beautiful waters, with the grand and noble trees peculiar to Vancouver, thirty and even forty feet high, and the ferns along the banks, interspersed with the young maples in their autumn dress, make the picture complete, and we feel sorry to hear the word "Vancouver." The whistle blows as we near the station. It has been all too short. Carriages are waiting to take our party to the Vancouver Hotel, owned and run by the Canadian Pacific road. It is a beautiful structure, and as we

ascend the numerous steps, we turn and look at the sublime landscape of mountains, valleys, sunny nooks and the entrancing bay. What a grand situation! The hotel is furnished with an eye to the beautiful as well as to comfort—especially luxurious easy-chairs, that make one feel at home as soon as you get into them.

Alone in my room! How strange it seems, for during the days since leaving home I have scarcely left my friends. The clouds have been gathering thicker and faster, and the hours drag wearily along. The first feeling of loneliness since leaving home has taken possession of me; what can it be? Is it because I am near my journey's end, or can it be that I have more time for thought, and my thoughts once more return to earthly things? I have been in the clouds so long that to return to a lower altitude seems to depress me. Most people, when they are feeling lonely, or, in other words, blue, say they have been in the clouds, but my clouds have a far different meaning. It is joy, bliss and a feeling of praising God for giving me the unspeakable pleasure of taking this glorious trip. How I wish I could tell you all of its wonderful grandeur! Many many times have I sent up a silent prayer that God would give me the power to describe it. "Peggy Sinclair, what are you

doing ?" I often soliloquized. Only scribbling, for I have made up my mind that it is useless for me to try and describe it. It requires an author greater than the world has yet produced. Every Canadian heart should beat with pride as they think of this wonderful road. It cannot be surpassed for its picturesque scenery, wonderful road-beds, substantial bridges and trestles, and the kind attention that is shewn every one. I happened to be in Ottawa when one of the most fierce and fiery debates was going on in reference to constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway. What terrible opposition those who were in favor of it had to contend with, but they were made of the right spirit, nothing daunted them ; they were determined to carry the road through, and they did, thanks to Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Stephen, Bart., Sir Donald Smith and others. The highest title that Queen Victoria can bestow upon them is not too great. Would that some of those who fought so bitterly against it could take a trip over it now. I feel quite sure they would change their minds. It has opened up a grand and beautiful country. The engineers and the poor workmen merit some praise. What must have been their hardships, as they travelled mile after mile laying out the track through terrible gorges, over dangerous cliffs and even hanging over the mountain

sides ! How many many times must they have lost heart, as they looked at the almost impenetrable barriers before them ; and the poor workmen far from their homes, toiling day after day, rain or shine, and at times bitterly cold, digging, picking and drilling for weeks and months through the mountains of solid rock ! Their little rude huts are still standing, reminders of days gone by.

The new Opera House has just been opened, and we are going to-night to see Sol Smith Russell in "Peaceful Valley." The rain is coming down in torrents, some say it is the line gale ; but we do not mind a little thing like that, especially after crossing Fraser River. I do not think anything can frighten us now—not that we were frightened, oh ! no, for we really felt like taking the next train and seeing it all over again. Fortunately for us, we are able to get a box. Every seat had been taken before we arrived ; the house is literally packed, not even standing room can be obtained. It is a very swell audience, and we enjoy the play immensely. What an original being Sol Smith Russell is ! We have a jolly laugh and feel better for it. Bob and Mr. Shaw leave us to-morrow. We are sorry to have them go, but Bob says : "Business before pleasure, Peggy, always."

All have breakfasted together, and the young gentlemen are gone. Ruth and Mr. Van Burean are

in the promenade, Mrs. Montgomery and Mr. and Mrs. Summers are together; Margery and I are looking out of the window at the pouring rain—really the drops seem half the size of a saucer. If you wish to see a big rainstorm just come to Vancouver, but I believe this one is an exception. We had made our plans to go for a drive in the park and see the city, but it certainly does not look like clearing to-day, and we are devising some means to pass the time away. Ruth is all right, but you know it is different with us—we are not in love. We have written our letters and are now going to have a game of whist—not one of those quiet ones where you have to put on a solemn face and not speak for fear of getting a black look, but a real jolly one, a go-as-you-please sort of game, talk and laugh as much as you like. I often think they are the best, for I always have luck. I never trouble myself about what cards are out, for if I did I am sure I should never win. Two games for us! now for the rubber! Ah! we have lost this time, and all feeling tired put our cards away and rest for a while.

“Why, Bob, you back again?”

“Yes, Peggy, a bad penny soon returns; got down to the boat, you know, and it was such beastly weather that we made up our minds not to go to

Victoria ; shall remain over night and start for San Francisco on the 9.30 in the morning."

"Well, this is fortunate. Do you know, Bob, we have been trying to think what we shall do this evening. It will be too wet to visit the stores, and, with so many, why not get up a sheet-and-pillow-case dance, a masquerade as they call it in the States. I presume they do not know what it means out in this new country. Suppose we start the fashion, Bob?"

"I am ready for anything, Peggy, and I know Shaw is. He just told me he saw some mightily pretty girls in the office when he came in ; they had just arrived on the 'Empress Japan.' There is a pretty blonde among them—you know that he is partial to them—and as luck would have it, he met a gentleman friend and his daughter who have been travelling with them, so he is all right—had an introduction. I will go and fetch him, and get him to invite them to join us in the dance ; it would be awfully jolly you know, Peggy."

We have had an interview with the manager and housekeeper, and they will let us have all the sheets and pillow-cases we want. It will take us some time to make our masks and get things ready, so we go to our rooms—Ruth, Margery and I, together. It would

be impossible for us to dress without help, so we have decided to help each other. Such a time as we had, for everything we did seemed to go wrong ; but we persevered, and after we were ready we really could not tell which was which, except when we spoke or laughed, and that was a dead give away for me, for I never can laugh unless I "giggle all over," as they used to say. I wonder if we looked as bad as the gentlemen ! We knew Mr. Van Burean at once for he is very tall. The music is excellent, piano, two violins and bass viol. Every thing is moved out of the promenade and we dance there. I proposed a Scotch Reel for the opening, as the Canadian Pacific people are mostly Scotch. It is not a bad idea, for, if it had not been for them, probably it would have been ages before the road could have been built. Just fancy any one except real Scotch people trying such a thing. We have a good prompter or we never could get through it. We laugh so that we can scarcely keep on our feet ; it is hard enough when you are dressed properly, but come to have sheets around you makes it perfectly ridiculous. We have quite a Scotch audience and they roar with laughter. About eleven o'clock we remove our masks. You should see some of the faces as they meet their partners. Ruth is with Mr. Van Burean. I believe

they had it all arranged so as to be with each other. Shaw is with "blondy," and Margery and I with Bob, who is able to look after both of us; the others are having a great time laughing and talking, making as much noise as a dozen magpies. The refreshment table looks very pretty, an abundance of flowers with delicious ices, cakes and claret-cup. We have danced so much that we really enjoy them. Nevertheless, one more dance before the musicians go, and this time it is "dancing in the barn." We have danced the "Virginia Reel" and everything else we can think of; it is fun enough to last for a year, and our stormy night at Vancouver will never be forgotten.

Mr. Summers has received a telegram, and he and Mrs. Summers are obliged to return home. Bob and Mr. Shaw have really gone this time; it seems too bad to have it happen so, but it can't be helped. Now that they are gone, and the day is so lovely, we think we had better start for Victoria, and when we return see more of Vancouver, as we want to take the park drive, for it is considered very fine, especially for a new place. We are always in a hurry when leaving a hotel. The poor hall boys are rushing around picking up valises, strapping shawls, rugs and no knowing what all; porters hurrying downstairs with our trunks, and just at the last moment we are

out on the steps. The 'bus has started, but the driver is obliged to turn back. One cranky woman inside begins to fuss about people always being late, but it does not affect us in the least so long as we get there in time. The whistle is blowing when we reach the wharf, and in a moment the plank is taken away. After a great deal of puffing, creaking and splashing we are off. The name of the boat is "Yosemite." The Captain is exceedingly kind, and points out everything that is interesting to us; his face looks as if it has weathered a great many storms, and he tells us that he has followed the sea for thirty-two years: just the right sort of a man, I think, to hold this position, for he is full of fun, hale and happy, and a name that can be well applied is—"An old-fashioned captain." We have seen the first steamer that ever crossed the Pacific Ocean, the "Beaver," christened by an English princess, now a total wreck on Siwash Rock. The sail from Vancouver to Victoria is perfectly delightful. Vancouver Island is three hundred miles long. On the west side the coast line is broken by numerous inlets of the sea between precipitous cliffs, and high and rugged mountains. There are some from six thousand to eight thousand feet on the highest ridges. We are quite delighted, for we can see a whale spouting and a beautiful rainbow resting

on the side of San Juan de Fucas ; the coloring is simply exquisite and the width nearly twice that we see in the east. It is a beautiful sight, and then the boat running in and out through so many charming inlets makes the trip perfectly lovely. It is after dark when we arrive at Victoria ; the whole city is lit up, which with the ships in the harbor mingling with the grand and picturesque landscape makes us feel all the more happy for having taken the trip. We are staying at the Driard Hotel, which is considered the best ; the landlord has given us very pleasant rooms ; the table is excellent and the fruit delicious. Every attention is shown us, and what a great difference it makes to one when in a strange place and among strangers. Mr. Van Burean has kindly offered to show us around the city. It is our intention to do some shopping first, but really it is too much to expect him to go with us ; nevertheless, he anticipates our wishes and says :

“Ladies, perhaps you would like to visit some of the shops.”

“We did think of it, but fear it will be rather a bore to you.”

“Not in the least, I assure you ; on the contrary, it will be a great pleasure.”

It had rained some during the night, consequently

the streets and sidewalks are very muddy ; we have prepared ourselves for it and start out. Some of the stores are very fine and well stocked. We are looking after some curiosities and souvenir spoons. Just came across an Indian curiosity shop ; I think the man will be heartily glad when we leave, for we have asked him the price of nearly everything. Some things are very reasonable. We have purchased quite a number of articles, among them several spoons. We visit the jewellers ; everything is to be found that money can buy, and we return to our hotel with quite a collection. Mother Cecilia having a severe cold does not dare to venture out.

This afternoon we have all been for a long drive. The city is delightfully situated on a small arm of the sea, and commands a superb view of the Straits of Georgia, the mountains of the mainland and the beautiful snow-capped Mount Baker. Previous to 1858 it was called Fort Victoria, and was a stockaded post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The discovery of gold on the mainland brought in such a rush of miners that a city was soon started. It is now a very wealthy and a very English city in every respect. The Provincial Capitol, with its tastefully laid out grounds, on the south side of James' Bay, the new Court House costing sixty thousand dollars, City

Hall, College, School buildings, Churches, Opera House and fine business blocks do credit to the city. Some of the private houses are remarkably attractive with their velvety lawns and magnificent flowers. The drive through and around Beacon Hill Park, with the sparkling waters and mountains forming a back ground, is quite enchanting. Wherever you drive you are sure to come upon some beautiful scenery—shady nooks with rustic bridges and the rippling water. We have enjoyed our drive out to Esquimault very much. The harbor is three miles long and two broad. The Canadian Government have built a dry dock; fortunately for us the Admiral's ship is here. The officers have invited us on board and shown us around; some of the crew are at their meals, and others drilling; every one seems to be busy at one thing or another. One little midddy has gone into the details of loading and unloading the large guns, their power, etc., but I do not think we are very much interested, at least we think we have not been, for it all seems Greek to us now that he has finished. In going down the stairs we meet an officer who has just received photos of his wife and daughter. He is looking at them with a happy smile, and no wonder; we get a glimpse of the daughter—she is really beautiful. We have a three

mile drive back to the city and enjoy it immensely, and have time before dinner for a quiet little rest.

On going into the dining room, we meet friends who are to visit the Chinese quarters this evening, and they have invited us to go with them. As the Chinamen are in the business part of the city we will not have far to go. Their china stores are very neat and clean, and some of their ware is beautiful. In one store we meet a little fellow who can speak English; he says that his uncle owns the store, and that he has been with him some time. We have seen the uncle, who is quite a large man and rather gray, but he cannot speak a word of English. While here the worst looking specimen of a Chinaman I ever saw comes in; he does not look as if he had one ounce of sense. Such a woe-begone creature! I thought at once that he might be one of the opium smokers, and sure enough he is, for he goes up to the old uncle, and, jabbering in his own language, takes a fifty-cent piece from his pocket and a little box and puts it on the counter. The old Chinaman fills it and gives him back the change—ten cents. It is a dark thick mixture, and the little fellow tells us it is opium, and now he shows us the pipes that they use in smoking it. We purchase some things and taste of their tea; they all have it brewing in their stores,

and the pot is kept inside a cosy. The aroma is good, and I presume they think it will be the means of selling their teas more readily. We pass some barber shops ; they are open, and we cannot help seeing the Chinamen as they are being shaved. Such a revolting sight and such queer looking razors ! They shave their faces with one kind, then take a smaller one and commence on their ears. It is just awful, enough to make one ill, and those horrid pig-tails—they are as careful of them as if they were studded with diamonds. Some of their meat stores look very well, especially the poultry, but the pork—oh my ! it had been preserved in molasses, and such vile looking stuff. I presume ere this you think we are right down idiots. Well, perhaps we are, for now we are going to the Chinese theatre. We pass a great many Chinamen on the street, and the most of them look so terrible that we feel almost afraid to venture up the dark narrow alley to get to the Theatre ; we look around to make sure that a policeman is here before going up. Our gentleman friend assures us that there is nothing to fear, so we keep on. We have to go up a little flight of steps to get to the ticket office ; we keep close to each other, and as near to the gentleman as possible. Presently a door is opened cautiously and we step inside ; a white

man is tending door. Our friend tells us that they will not trust their own people to take the money as they do not consider them honest. We walk across the hall, pass a fruit stall or whatever you may call it, and come to a pair of stairs; by this time we are thoroughly frightened and want to go back. Our friend laughs at us, and tells us not to be afraid, and we go on up another flight and come to the box we are to occupy. Such a curious looking box I never saw before; it certainly looks as if it would collapse. I reach over and look down to see how it is supported, and all I can see is a little beam or scantling, not more than four inches thick. I presume the other part must have something to keep it up, but really whenever one moves the whole thing begins to shake, and we are expecting every moment to go down on those Chinamen's heads. The house is packed—orchestra, dress circle and gallery. The gallery, called the "gods" in Montreal, is not here, so we miss that treat when the encores come off. There are hundreds of men and only eight women; these are in the gallery. There is row after row. Such looking creatures!

Really they all look alike—with their little pig eyes and piggy tails. Whenever anything happens on the stage that seems remarkably funny, the

women fall over on each other's shoulders and spread a handkerchief nearly a yard square over their faces and shake with laughter. It were too much to try and describe the stage. It is said that Chinese puzzles are hard to make out, and this stage is a puzzle to us; there does not seem to be any beginning or end, and the music—this is greater than any puzzle. The names of their musical instruments cannot be learned; the only thing I can think of in comparison is a number of old tin pans, yelling cats and howling dogs, all shut up together in a little room nine feet square. I presume you know the orchestra is on the stage, just back of the performers, and the gentlemen who play keep on smoking; no doubt it helps them keep time. Perhaps you think we enjoy it; well, we are frightened half to death, and at times a sickly smile crosses our visage, but that is only to keep our courage up for we are wondering all the time if we shall ever get out of the place alive. We stand it as long as we can, but at last we tell our gentleman friend if he is ready we should like to go home. We make a move as if to go and every one of those pig eyes is upon us. Courage! courage! we keep repeating to ourselves, and the vow we make in that short space of time is—never, never, shall we go inside a Chinese Theatre again if we live

to get out of here. The door is reached at last; a dirty Chinaman is dressing his feet, and the white man holding the rope in his hand gives a pull and the door opens. The odor outside is worse than within, that is if it is possible. We make our gentleman friend rush out of the alley as if we were running away from an enemy of war. I should advise every one who goes to Victoria to take in the Chinese Theatre by all means, for if they do not they will never feel satisfied; that is the way we thought we should feel if we did not go. We return to the hotel and get a good night's sleep, and our nerves quieted down. We have been to the Joss-house, seen the beautiful carvings and the idols they worship, even been to see them smoke the opium, their little bunks, the queer little rests for their heads, the lamp on which they prepare the opium, and their swell restaurant. I think the Foreign Missions would do well to send some one here to try and convert the Chinamen. They worship idols in a Christian land, and what greater heathens do they want than these?

There is a large number of Indians camping out not far from the city; they have just come from Seattle, where they have been hop-picking. It has been raining and the ground is all wet. The old

squaws have little fires outside, cooking their suppers: one poor old Indian is lying in his tent quite sick, they tell us. Three tiny papooses are out in the mud playing with some old broken dishes and their dolls; they have a number of pretty bright pieces and are enjoying themselves and looking as happy as happy can be.

To-morrow will be Sunday, and if I have any strength left shall certainly go to church. Mother Cecilia and Ruth of course will go, as they are Catholics. I hope Margery will feel like going; I have not said anything to her about it yet, for she feels so awfully tired now that if I ask her she may refuse. Mr. Van Burean may go with Ruth, but I know he is not a Catholic; I do hope he will, for it will please dear Ruth so much. The Sabbath morning breaks bright and clear and we are all ready for church. Mr. Van Burean is really going with Mrs. Montgomery and Ruth, and how happy the dear child is! I wonder if all girls look as she does when they are in love? I do not believe they do, for I have seen some when they were too sour for anything; perhaps they were the girls who always want a beau hugging and kissing them, and calling them my own dear true love, and saying "Oh! my dear, I cannot live without you, come to my arms," and all

that sort of trash, and three months after they have been married tell them they wish that they had never seen them, and wish themselves at the bottom of the sea. There is plenty of that sort of thing going on all the time, and my advice is—"Girls, beware of gushers, they do not last long ;" but my dear Ruth is not one of those, and I am sure Mr. Van Burean is not, for he has more sense. So if my friends expect any of that nonsensical business with them they will be disappointed. Margery and I are going to the Episcopal Church ; we are told that it is only a short distance from the hotel, and, thinking it not worth while to take a carriage, we walk. It may seem short to the people out here, but we do not find it so, especially Margery, who is feeling very tired, and says that her heart troubles her. I really begin to think that she has fallen in love with some one too, but she assures me that I am all wrong, it is owing to the mountain air. Of course I believe her, why shouldn't I? We arrive at the church at last, and the usher gives us a seat, it is a very pretty little church and a great many are here. When the service is half over Margery whispers to me: "Peggy, I cannot stand it any longer ; I shall be obliged to go out, for I really feel faint." It is just before the collection is taken up. I do not want to go for fear they may think I do not

care to throw in my mite, but there is no help for me, so we go quietly out. People who have trouble with their hearts are very unsafe to go anywhere with, whether it is real heart failure or love failure ; but, you know, I think Margery is affected with both. Just as we reach the hotel we meet the rest of our party. Mother Cecilia is too happy for anything. "Dear Peggy," she says, "I have just met one of the holy fathers whom I used to know a great many years ago : he knew me at once—and such a long talk as we have had ! Ruth was only a little child when he saw her, but he says that her face has not changed much."

We have had a good lunch and are up in our rooms, or rather in Mother Cecilia's, sitting around a bright coal fire. Margery says she is going out for a walk, but I shall remain where I am and have a little chat with Mother Cecilia and Ruth. We want to start on the early boat for Vancouver, but find there is none leaving until 2.30 Tuesday morning. We are enjoying a very pleasant evening, there is a good piano in the parlor and we are whiling away the time in singing.

About four o'clock this morning I was awakened by a terrible rumbling and my bed shaking. I was so stupefied at first that I thought I was on the train

and something dreadful had happened. I jumped out of my bed and called Mother Cecilia, who was in the next room.

"Did you heard that noise?"

"Yes, child, it is an earthquake."

We wanted to see and hear everything while in Victoria, and sure enough we get what we want and a little more, for we are perfectly willing to do without earthquakes. We have been rushing around all day, buying everything we could think of, from five o'clock tea sets, vases, bowls, swords, coins and even tea. Where to put them all is a question, but we have them packed at last, and leave the hotel at nine o'clock for the boat.

CHAPTER VIII.



OUR staterooms are on the upper deck ; we do not think them too bad and soon retire. I am so completely tired out that in a few moments I am fast asleep. Margery is with me and in the upper berth, for I am afraid of them in case I might fall out, and woe betide me if I do, for I am so small that I fear there wouldn't be anything left of me. This morning Margery says :

"Oh ! Peggy, such a time as I have had—so ill all night, and with the noise in the saloon it has been dreadful."

"As for the noise, dear Margery, it could not be helped. We knew the boat would be crowded before we came down. You know the proprietor of the hotel said that a great many were going to Vancouver to see Sarah Bernhardt, who plays to-night. If we were to remain over I should like to go and see her, for I do think she is the greatest actress of the day."

"Well, the way I feel this morning, Peggy, I do

not think I could go if it were to save my life, and you know one would try pretty hard if that was in danger."

"Oh! pshaw, you will soon get over that feeling after we land."

But there is no danger of our seeing her, for we have decided to leave for home on the afternoon train if we get there in time, and I have wired uncle to that effect. As soon as we arrive I am going to have my baggage checked and not be bothered with it. We can go up to the hotel, have breakfast, drive out to the park, get our lunch and then have plenty time to take the train for Montreal.

Our boat is right on time and we hurry up to the hotel, fully determined to leave for home. You know men say that a woman never knows her own mind two minutes; I really think some *never* do. As soon as our breakfast is over we go into the office to engage a carriage; we meet some friends and of course tell them we intend to leave this afternoon for home.

"What! come out so far and not go to San Francisco, Miss Sinclair?"

"Well, you know, we want to go very much, but, dear me, after taking such a delightful trip we ought to be satisfied."

"Well, if you take our advice you had better change your mind and go."

"There's uncle."

"Your uncle won't care. I will write and tell him I advised you to go."

"Oh, I know very well he will think it very foolish of me if I do not go. Well, I will look up the rest of the party and see what they have to say about it. I feel quite sure they will be delighted to go if I will."

I have sent another despatch—"Leaving for San Francisco, Peggy." I receive an answer from uncle—"Hope you will enjoy yourself. If you decide to go to Hong Kong please wire me. If you come across a pretty Chinese girl bring her home with you." I feel sure he does not mind my going, for he is a jolly old soul and lets me do about as I please. Nothing like getting on the right side of a doting uncle. We are taking our drive in the park—it is delightful. The trees and ferns are the largest I ever saw. Mother Cecilia laughs at Margery and me for going into ecstasies (as she calls it) over everything. It certainly will be a beautiful park in time, for the drive by the water is glorious. In passing Coal Harbor the driver stops for us to get out, as there is a pretty little rustic house on a high promontory, and the view from here is superb. The roads are excellent, and in little nooks the red man is to be seen fishing or lying in the sand sunning himself. We have driven all round the city, seen the fine buildings

and done a little shopping. It is certainly astonishing how fast this city has built up since the fire three or four years ago; nearly all the houses have been rebuilt and some are very pretty, especially the Land Commissioner's (Mr. Abbott's) and others. We have decided to go and see Sarah Bernhardt to-night in "La Tosca."

Such love-making I never saw before; I presume it comes natural. We are enjoying the play very much; every one has on best bib and tucker. We think we look very fine as we have Madame Connolly's gowns on. Of course, as luck would have it, in going through the promenade I run again my English friend of the morning.

"How charming you ^{*}are looking this evening, Miss Peggy! Such a smart little gown you have on, imported of course; can't get anything on this Continent like that—awfully fine, you know."

"Well, yes, it is awfully fine, you know, but for all that it was got in New York. You people think we can't get anything nice in this country because it is so young."

"Well, don't you think so too?"

"No, I cannot agree with you there—everything almost is manufactured on this Continent now. Perhaps some things may not be quite so fine and beau-

tiful, but that only takes time, and in a few years from now we shall be able to compete with any foreign country, no matter how exquisite the article."

"Oh, you are a little patriot."

"Indeed I am."

"So you are really off in the morning for San Francisco? Perhaps you may see us before you leave there; we are talking of going down."

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, 'really and truly.'"

"Why can't you go with us then?"

"Would be delighted, you know, Miss Peggy, but cannot; we are expecting a friend to join us in a few days."

"Oh, I'm awfully sor.y."

Poor Margery is so pleased that she is going—perhaps she expects to see her brother. I wonder what she meant when she called him "poor boy!" Can it be that he is dead? Strange that she did not tell me! The first chance I get I am going to ask her. Fortune favors me: in a very short time we are alone.

"Yes, dear, he has been dead a number of years; his last letter was just as cheerful as the first, always thinking of me and what we should do when I came out. For months and months I waited patiently, hoping each day to hear from him; no letter came; at last I

feared the worst. One morning the postman brought me a letter addressed in a strange hand. I knew before reading it that poor Henry was dead—dead in a San Francisco hotel and alone, no loving word or kind hand to smooth his cold, damp brow, or to hear his last words. Oh, dear Peggy, I felt that my cup was full and running over. What was I to do? Alone in the world without kith or kin, my last hopes shattered. What had I to live for then? I wanted to die, and called upon God to take me too. Fatherless, motherless, all, all gone!"

"Well, dear Margery, what did you do then?"

"I was taken ill, and for months lay at death's door. Kind friends hovered around me and never seemed weary doing for me. After weeks of convalescence I was able to drive out. The lovely June weather soon brought the color to my cheeks and gave me strength, and by autumn I was able to open my school again. I had nothing then but myself to think of. I tried to be cheerful, but my heart was too sore for that. You know, Peggy, time heals all wounds however severe."

"Indeed it does; were it not for hope the heart would break."

Going to San Francisco! I, Peggy Sinclair? Can scarcely believe my own eyes when I see the baggage

and receive my checks. We go as far as Whatcom, and there take the boat for Tacoma. We are enjoying the morning scenery very much. Arrive at Whatcom about noon, find rather a fine boat and a clever pilot who invites us into the pilot house. The sail is perfectly lovely, the mountains and islands help lend their enchantments. Mount Baker and Mount Tacoma, fourteen thousand feet above the water, and the lofty coast ranges with beautiful islands interspersed, make our trip up Puget Sound very enjoyable. Port Townsend on the peninsula between the sound and the ocean, near the base of the Olympic Mountains, is our first stopping place. The sun has sunk behind the hills and left its beautiful after-glow. The glorious evening star shines with all its splendor, making us think of home, looking the same as it does thousands of miles away. One by one come the others, until the beautiful blue heavens are glistening with her starry inhabitants. We can hear the paddles as they revolve, cutting the waters as we steam along and leave the foamy spray far behind. Seattle, situated on the side of a hill, with its thousands of lights glittering through the darkness, the cable cars as they speed along, the fine hotels and all the large buildings as we near the wharves, and also the grand ships as they lie at anchor, makes a most

pleasing picture. To hear one speak of Seattle, you almost think it is out of the world, and cannot amount to much, either it or Tacoma; but one changes that opinion after seeing them: they are both very flourishing and enterprising cities, and do great credit to Washington State.

We reach Tacoma at 11.30 p. m., and just in time to catch the Northern Pacific train. The scenery along this route is especially fine. The train is ferried across the noble Columbia River, and the run along its banks into Portland in view of Mount St. Helen and Mount Hood and other snowy heights, is particularly delightful. As we reach the city a low vapory mist is creeping over the beautiful grass, and autumn leaves can be seen as it floats away. We drive around Portland, under the beautiful shade trees, and pass superb and magnificent residences with their fine lawns, tropical plants and exquisite flowers; also take the glorious park drive on the mountain side, cross rustic bridges, pass lovely lakes, under grand high trees, over flowers and shrubs too numerous to mention, and get a view of the city and country for miles and miles. Some say that Montreal is the only city where you can look down from the mountain park and obtain a view of the whole city and surrounding country, but there they make a mistake; for a similar view can be had here, and in

it the wonderful Mount Hood and other interesting mountains. Hotel Portland is a dream of a place ; as you drive up to the door, tropical plants shade the way, and all kinds of rare and fragrant flowers are seen in the Grand Court. The public buildings and stores cannot be surpassed. The day is perfect, not a cloud to be seen. We feel that we are very fortunate, as it is the finest they have had during the season. One of the streets leading to the mountain park is almost perpendicular ; they have a cable-car that runs there. I want Margery to take the drive up, but no, nothing will induce her.

Our route from Portland to San Francisco is by the Southern Pacific or Shasta, as it is more commonly called. The Willamette River is followed nearly to its source ; the valleys are broad and beautiful. The principal stopping places are Salem, the Capital of Oregon, and Albany. In the west is the Wooded Coast Range, and in the east the Cascade Range rises far above the forest in a snow-capped sierra of volcanic peaks. The highest are Mounts Hood and Jefferson, the Three Sisters and Mounts Scott and Pitt. As you near the boundary of California, the country becomes wilder and more varied. The Callapoola and Rogue River Mountains have deep cañons and scraggy walls. As our train is passing

through one of the little villages it gives a sudden jar. Every one jumps from their seats pale as death ; the train is stopped, and passengers are running in every direction to learn the cause. "Only a tramp killed," some one says. Yes, only a tramp, but are they void of feeling ? They take him up carefully and carry him on a stretcher to the station, where we see him breathe his last, and are told that he belongs here ; he had been drinking hard, and had just made his boast of stopping the train. Before any of his comrades realized what he was doing, he was on the track and the terrible engine was upon him. The sad affair casts a gloom upon us all. I really thought for a while that Ruth was going to faint. Although I feel so bad, I cannot help being amused at Mr. Van Burean ; he is terribly exercised over her, and is devising every means to bring her around again. Men are queer things—I think I shall have to fall in love one of these days. It must be awfully nice to have a fine looking fellow anxious about you ; perhaps after I get tired of travelling I may. We have passed and repassed the steel gray Castle Rocks of solid granite, with their perpendicular walls rising four thousand feet above the valley—one of the most marvellous scenes in California mountain scenery. Many years ago an Indian woman, climbing a precipitous ledge in

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SHASTA SODA SPRINGS AND MOSSERAE FALLS.

search of wild berries, fell and was dashed to pieces many hundred feet below. Since that time the Indians have deserted this part of the country, fearing it is haunted.

We are straining our eyes to get the first glimpse of Mount Shasta. Suddenly it comes into view like white fleecy clouds, its beautiful glaciers reflecting through them fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-two feet above the sea. We gaze with astonishment at its indescribable beauty. Our train stops at the Shasta Soda Springs and Mossbrae Falls long enough for the passengers to view the wonderful glacier and taste the soda water that comes down the mountain side. Mossbrae Falls are well named, for the side of the mountain is covered with the most beautiful variety of moss. Our trip through the Sacramento Valley is all that one can desire—mountains and rivers, with their lovely waterfalls and wonderful cañons, and so much to remind us of our magnificent trip through the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains. We cross deep chasms, climbing and clinging on the mountain sides, looking down on the numerous tracks in the beautiful valleys, and at the grand and indescribable cañons with the noble trees rearing their heads far up in the bright heavens, and casting their lights and shadows on the wonderful scenery around.

We see traces of some of the old mines, now deserted. Other mines have sprung up since, and the whole landscape looks so bright and picturesque, with the beautiful Sacramento River gently flowing along, that we really almost catch the gold fever and want to stop and try our luck. It would not be such a bad idea after all; women, as a rule, do not get discouraged as easily as men. I certainly have changed my mind about gold mines. I had such a terrible idea of them, always pictured them in the most dangerous and terrible places; instead of that they are, or at least those we see are, in the most lovely and glorious places that God's sun ever shone upon. From the beautiful city of Sacramento we go to Oakland, and take the ferry to San Francisco. The morning is beautiful, and we enjoy our water trip very much after being in the cars so long.

"Margery, dear, can you realize—we are just landing in San Francisco?"

"Well, Peggy, to tell the truth, it all seems a dream to me."

"And so it does to me. I have been trying to realize where I am, but find it almost impossible. California has always sounded so far away, as if it would take months to get there, and then you expect to see some of the wild life you read about."

Driving up to the Palace Hotel reminds one of New York. So much has been said about this house that I fear it would be tiresome to my readers were I to describe it. Certainly it is magnificent. Our rooms are near each other and very grand. We have registered as usual, and I presume the evening papers will have our names in full. There is one advantage in that, for if one has friends in the city they are sure to find you out. As soon as breakfast is over we start out to see the wonderful city of gold, for I suppose if it had not been for that, such a place as San Francisco would never have been heard of. Our finances are running low, and fortunately for us we are told if we take the cable cars we shall be able to see the city better. At first we think it will make us look rather small, but, dear me, we soon realize that what they say is true, for nothing would tempt us to drive up some of these streets behind a horse; no, not even "Porpoise" that I rode up to Lake Louise. Such streets! All I can think of is our Montreal toboggan slides; I really am not exaggerating, for it is so. Fancy a high English dogcart climbing up these hills! They might go up, but the horse would be obliged to back down, unless he would be willing to have the cart put on his back, for there is no other way. The streets are beautifully kept, and the cable-

car system perfect. What a grand invention! It is certainly very pleasant riding in them, but at times we have to hold on for dear life, coming down the hills and turning short curves. Our first drive is out to the Cliff to see the Grand Pacific, and the seal rocks with the living monsters sunning themselves, and the Golden Gate. One could sit for hours viewing it all. The beautiful waves come rolling in one after another, leaping upon the rocky cliffs and driving the sportsman away. Hundreds and hundreds of bathers are seen on the sandy beach, some waiting for the waves to leap upon them, others running and playing on the lovely warm sand. Not a sign of land can be seen as we look over its broad and glistening waters. What a treat for lovers of the Grand Pacific to see. We feel that we have seen enough of the Cliff for one day, so return to our hotel, get our mail, and as I enter my room find a number of cards—"Mr. Wilkinson," "Mr. Shaw," and others. What! they here yet? Margery and Ruth tap at my door, and without waiting for an answer call out: "Peggy, did you find cards in your room? A boy has just left us, and says that Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Shaw are in the parlor and would like to see us. Are you ready to go down now?"

"Certainly, for I feel just like seeing a familiar face."

"Oh, how happy we are to see you, young ladies," says Bob; "we are just leaving to-night for home, wish we could remain over."

"We would be delighted, gentlemen, if you could."

"Feeling well, of course, Peggy? I should not ask that question, for you look like daisies."

"What kind, Bob, yellow or white?"

"Peggy, you are just as saucy as ever; I fear your uncle will have a hard time with you when he gets you home."

"Do you think so? Well, Bob, I am undecided when that will be; uncle sent me a telegram saying, 'If you decide going to Hong Kong, let me know.' I knew very well that he was making fun of me, but have half a mind to take him at his word."

While the others are talking, Bob and I have a little chat.

"Peggy, tell me how Miss Montgomery and Mr. Van Burean are getting along; I have as much curiosity as a woman about that. Saw Mr. Van Burean in the office. I think myself that he is 'dead gone.'"

"Well, Bob, you are not far wrong; if they are not engaged it will not be long before they are, and if I am not mistaken we shall have a wedding before many months. I never knew a drowning case where there wasn't a wedding staring you in the face, and

I am not sure but that we shall have one without the drowning business."

"Yourself, Peggy, I presume?"

"No, Bob, not myself, for I have not seen the man yet that I could love."

"Oh, Peggy, that's rather rough on me."

"Bosh, Bob, how silly you talk."

"Certainly it can't be the old lady."

"No, it's not."

"Well, it must be Margery."

"Perhaps so, but do not say a word to her for she'd never look at me again. Something she said last evening made me put that and that together. I have got my curiosity excited, and if I can find out I shall, for I think it would be lovely for one of the party to marry out here."

Mr. Shaw and Bob have invited us to lunch with them and we have accepted. It is certainly delicious, and equal to Delmonico's. "Do you know, Bob," says Mr. Shaw, "we must be getting our traps together; the carriage leaves in half an hour," so they shake hands and say good-bye. Bob has whispered in my ear: "Peggy, remember and keep me posted—these love affairs are exciting things."

What grand and massive buildings San Francisco has, and such fine stores where everything beautiful

can be found. The millinery windows are wonders—all kinds of trimmings and shapes, from the poke bonnet to no crown; they are all the rage here, and such looking things! how under the sun the San Francisco ladies wear them is a mystery. You never feel safe going out unless you have your bonnet fastened securely with pins or strings, for the high winds come up without a moment's warning, enough to blow one to pieces, and the dust—well, if you could see it once you would never wish to again. We soon solved the bonnet problem. Large veils are used. These they tie around their hats, secure them with pins, bring them down below their chin and fasten them to their dresses with pretty brooches. I rather like the idea, for a veil coming just below the cheek bone gives one a terribly ugly look. I really think we are tired enough to remain within this evening, and we do, but not by ourselves, for cards are sent up and we are entertaining friends, some of whom we never thought of seeing out here. The world is not so large after all, you meet friends wherever you go.

“Margery, who was that gentleman who called on you last eve? He seemed awfully pleased to see you; did I ever see him before?”

“No, Peggy, you did not.”

"Well, if I am not greatly mistaken, he used to be an old beau of yours. Now own up—it's no use for you to equivocate."

"Do not talk such nonsense, Peggy. What do you suppose I want with a beau, as you call them? He is an old friend, one whom I knew when I was quite young."

"Has he always lived out here?"

"No, curiosity, he has not. He went to Australia to seek his fortune, and has only been here a few days, saw my name on the register, and you know the rest. He knew about poor Henry's death, and I have been telling him how much I want to find his grave. He has kindly offered to help me, and to-morrow is coming to take me to the cemetery."

"Has it not been a great many years since he died, and are you not afraid the changes that have taken place since then will hinder you from finding it?"

"I do not know, dear, but we shall do our best."

The day was spent in searching, and when almost discouraged they found the grave grown over with weeds and the stone yellow with age, but the inscription was there, and dear Margery when she saw us could not speak for crying—they were tears of joy—for she has found what she came to California to seek—her brother's grave. Margery has been so

happy since ! I really think she had some fears, for so many changes are taking place in large cities nowadays that the people, if they want a cemetery to make a park of, or a fine site for a grand mansion, think nothing of buying them up and turning them into lots or anything to suit their fancy. It is very strange that Margery has no relatives, at least I don't remember her saying anything about them. I think she did say something about having no kith or kin, but really that seems almost impossible ; there must be some one living that she has never heard of ; if there is, I do hope she will find them.

CHAPTER IX.



"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Appleton."

"Why, Randolph, I am heartily glad to see you. Years have not changed your face, I would have known you among a thousand; come into my

study and let us have a good long chat. What have you been doing all these years? Have you been in San Francisco long?"

"Only a few days, sir; I am stopping at the 'Palace.' Met an old school friend whom I have not seen for years, or I should have been here before. What a grand place you have!"

"Yes, I think a great deal of it; some of my friends say it is foolish keeping up such an establishment now that I am alone, but I cannot bear the thought of parting with it, there are so many pleasant recollections connected with it. Well, my boy, how do you like Australia?"

"At first I found the change very hard, but was determined not to get discouraged, and fortunately now I really like it; it was a great streak of luck for me, for my business has prospered wonderfully. I have been thinking of late of retiring, as I have enough to take things easy the balance of my life."

"I presume you have a wife and two or three children, eh?"

"No, I never cared to marry, and now that I am so old I have become such a confirmed bachelor no one would have me."

"If you should get a good wife such as I had, you would think yourself foolish for remaining single so long."

"Perhaps so."

"I think, Randolph, there must have been a little girl you were rather sweet on, or what in the world could have possessed you to leave such a lovely home? Things went wrong, I expect; it's often the way."

"Yes, things did go wrong, or I never should have left—it was all caused by a terribly jealous disposition. Margery Daw was the young lady's name, and a sweeter or lovelier girl never lived."

"Margery Daw, why that was my dear wife's name! Where did this young lady live?"

"On the Hudson. Such a home as she had—everything that money could buy and plenty of it. I never quite knew until I met Miss Daw the other day what sad changes had taken place. Her father and mother both dead and her only brother. He came out here, poor fellow, like many others and lost his life; I also heard that she was dead."

"Did you hear her say she had relatives in California?"

"No, I do not think she knew much about her relatives."

"I remember now, my poor Margery telling me just before she died about a little niece of hers, a namesake, but I had forgotten there ever was such a person, for after her death I went abroad, and although I have this beautiful place, I am seldom home more than a few months at a time. I miss my wife so much when here that it is impossible for me to remain longer. By travelling and visiting all the interesting places they have over there, I forget in a measure my loss. I think I shall go over with you and see this Miss Daw; who knows but that she may be the same one that my dear wife spoke of?"

"Well, Mr. Appleton, I wish you would, for I feel very much interested."

"Peggy, Peggy, come here, I have something very

important to tell you. I have found an uncle, a dear kind old gentleman that I never knew I had."

"Why, Margery, how perfectly lovely! I am more than glad for you. Fancy having an uncle out here and never knowing about him."

"Well, Peggy, it was a great surprise I assure you; it was through Mr. Randolph that he heard of me. He insists upon my going home with him to-day, and as you intend visiting Monterey I think I will accept his hospitality."

We have taken the Southern Pacific Coast train for Monterey and I intend to keep with Mr. Montgomery all the time, for you know "two are company and three *de trop*." The scenery is very beautiful. We pass through the picturesque towns of San Mateo County, Menlo Park, Palo Alto and San Jose. They are all charming places, and a number of wealthy San Franciscoans have their summer residences here. At Palo Alto, the Hon. Leland Stamford has a beautiful residence; not far from it is the Leland Stamford, Jr., University, erected in memory of their only child, which is for the self-maintenance of young men and women and the higher branches of education. This property is valued at twenty million dollars: the ground has an area of eighty-three thousand acres. The railway runs between numerous parks of

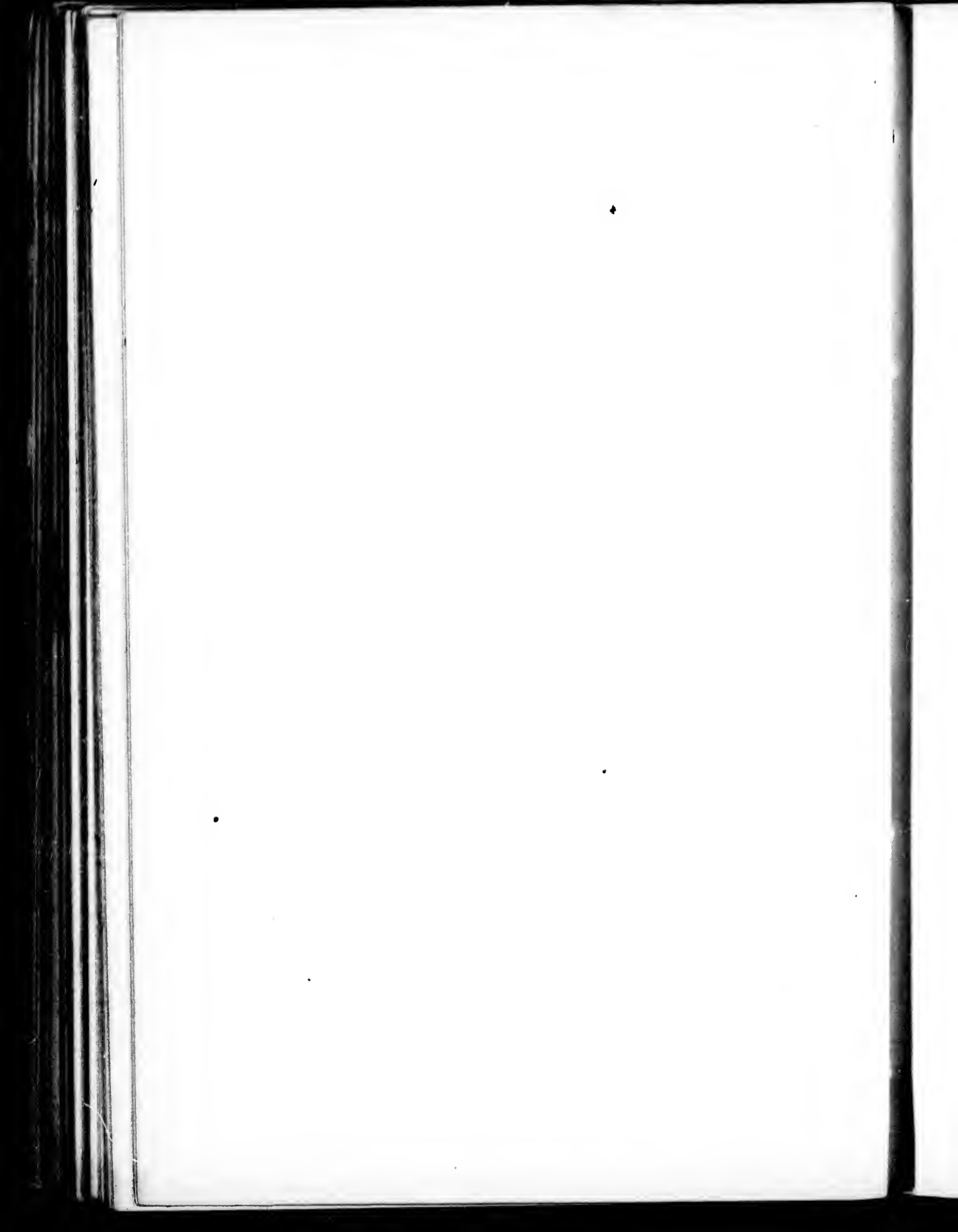
giant oaks, wonderful palms and gorgeous flowers. On the summit of Mount Hamilton is the Lick Observatory, and the bare and rocky Coast Range and Santa Cruz Mountains, with their thickly wooded slopes and dark ravines with giant sycamores, are seen. The Pajaro River runs through this gorge into the Pajaro and Salmes valley, where there are pretty little towns. The waters of the Salmes River are very dark and turbulent. Overlooking the sea are the Gabilan Mountains, and a little farther off a glimpse of Monterey Bay is to be had, and within a mile of the old historical town of Monterey the train stops at the station of Del Monte, a picture of Paradise. Monterey and the Del Monte Hotel express everything that is beautiful and grand; it is "A Garden of Eden" in California. The hotel is situated in a wonderful grove of ancient oak, pine and cypress trees. The marvellous ribbon beds, roses, pansies, callas, heliotrope, cacti, ivy, honey-suckle, nasturtiums, narcissus, tulips, crocusses, all grow most luxuriously; tropical plants of every description, and all the rare and beautiful flowering plants of countries south of the equator. A maze covering several acres, made of cypress hedges, is in the grounds. A bridal party happening to be here, and thinking it rather enticing, thought they would venture in. It

was easy enough, as they thought, but it soon began to rain, and for two hours they wandered around trying to find their way out. At last they succeeded after getting completely drenched. Married life is said to be made up of many mazes. Perhaps in after years the first may look to them as being trivial. Laguna del Rey (Lake of the King) is certainly beautiful, with its lovely fountain and fine little boats. The large pavilion has luxurious swimming baths. Surf bathing, too, is to be enjoyed in this enchanting place. We want to take a drive through the Park, which contains seven thousand acres, but the wind is blowing very hard and the clerk does not encourage us ; but fearing it may rain, and we shall lose it altogether, we decide to go. Our carriages and horses are of the best. A mile from Del Monte is the quaint town of Monterey. It is a strange old place, and was founded by the Spaniards one hundred and seventy-four years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Some of the old buildings are standing yet, with their tiled roofs looking so strange. The road goes through a forest of oak and pine, and glimpses of the beautiful bay and grand ocean are to be had. The waters of Carmel Bay are dark blue. We visit the ruins, or what might have been the ruins, of Carmel Mission, but owing to the efforts of Father

Casanova, the queer terra cotta tiles have been replaced by shingles, and the ghosts of a century have been driven away. The main tower and dome is standing erect as it did one hundred years ago; the carving in the stone of the main entrance has lost none of its beauty. In resuming our drive we pass Pescadero Beach, long and sandy; Chinese Cove and Pebble Beach, lying under a bluff of stone which the waves have worked into extraordinary shape. Pebble Beach is noted for the wonderful coloring of its pebbles. Between Pebble Beach and Cypress Point there is a streak of wild rocky coast; as far as the eye can see, the waves are coming in one after another, lashing the jutting rocks, wild black reefs and dark and weird looking caverns. Terrible gusts of wind come, and with it the sand like so many hailstones beating with fury against our faces, and for a time it is impossible to go on. To turn back will be as bad. Finally we turn our backs to the sea, and after a while the poor horses succeed in taking us to a place of shelter. All I can think of as I look at the cypress trees as they stand here, or rather sprawl in their cringing and horrible shapes, is a terrible case of rheumatic gout. I really pity them as I would a human being, for they certainly look as if in awful pain. What a singular and marvellous freak of nature!



MIDWAY POINT.



Cypress Rock looks bold and defiant as it projects far out into the sea, and a superb view of the water and wide horizon can be had from it. Farther on are beautiful sandy beaches and lone and solitary the Seal Rock, with thousands of seals clinging to its jagged sides. At Moss Beach we enter a lovely road; beautiful and lofty trees shade the way, and the little noisy jay, the cooing of the dove, the whistle of the quail, and fragrant flowers in their mossy beds, keep us company. We fly along, for our horses are good steppers, and soon we have a glimpse of Monterey Bay and Pacific Grove; pass El Carmelo and the pretty cottages with their gay beds of choice flowers. It is singular how the live oak clings to life, for we can see in a deep ravine where a magnificent oak was felled by the winds; years and years it has lain here and still it lives on. Little shoots have sprung up from the old trunk, and now there is quite a pretty forest. We have driven around the lake and through the bewitching avenues, and at last are at the Del Monte, feeling perfectly lovely after our eighteen mile drive. What comfort and ease one can have here! The warm sunshine, with the sweet breezes from the sea, is enough to make the most feeble well. We have spent our days in driving, bathing and walking on the beach, gathering the exquisite shells and pebbles and

rowing on the silvery lake, and after the delightful time we have had are loth to leave.

Ruth is really and truly engaged. I knew it would come sooner or later. If Mrs. Montgomery had known anything about the place, or had had the least suspicion of such a thing, I do not believe she would have come. Poor old lady, what will she do when she learns of it? She thinks it is only friendship. Well, I did not; for, just as soon as I reached here, I knew what would be the result. These lovers' lanes and rustic seats are not made for nothing. I have seen them stroll along the avenues under the grand oaks, with the beautiful ivy clinging and twining far up into the branches, and the exquisite flowers in all their beauty suggesting everything that is lovable, and I thought, surely if he does not propose, there's very little poetry in his soul. I have been careful to scan Ruth's face as they walked up the broad steps, but could not perceive any change until to-day, and really I never saw her look more bright and happy. I am quite sure she will tell me if I ask her. Why is it Margery and Ruth always confide in me? Margery, I know, will have a great deal to tell me when I see her, and surely I shall have lots of news for her. I know Ruth will want a pretty wedding, and I must have uncle get me a new gown.

If she asks me to be her bridesmaid I shall decline, for I have heard it said that they are sure to be old maids.

"Oh! I am so glad, dear Ruth—I have been dying to see you. Tell me what he said, for I know that Mr. Van Burean has proposed."

"How should you know, Peggy?"

"Well, my darling Ruth, I saw it in your eyes. Come, tell me how did he begin."

"I cannot answer your questions, Peggy."

"Oh, do, that's a good girl."

"Well, dear, what has been said is too sacred for me to repeat. It's a very serious thing for one to propose, and still more serious for one to accept; it's for life, dear, and one should weigh the matter well."

"Well, Ruth, I never thought it was such a serious thing, for when the boys used to propose to me I did not mind in the least saying 'No.'"

"Peggy, then you never were in love or you would have felt entirely different."

"Well, I suppose I never was. Ruth, do you really love Mr. Van Burean?"

"Yes, I do with all my heart."

We have had a long talk, and I have advised her not to say anything about this to her mother until she returns home.

"You know, dear, she rather dreads the trip back, and if she should learn of this now it might completely upset her and perhaps make her ill."

We must leave to-day for San Francisco. Have had a charming walk through the beautiful grounds, a little row on the lake, and tried to learn the names of some of the lovely flowers and wonderful tropical plants. What pride the gardener takes in these grounds! It is with great reluctance we say good-bye and board our train. Dear Margery and her uncle are at the hotel to meet us. What a fine old gentleman, straight as an arrow and hair as white as the driven snow.

"We have had such a delightful time; but, oh, Margery, you could never believe how much I missed you! Everything has been so delightfully grand that I wanted you all the more. Of course, Mother Cecilia was very kind; but you know how quiet she is, and as she used to laugh and tell us that we went into ecstasies over everything, I did not feel like pouring out my feelings to her. Ruth had Mr. Van Burean with her most of the time. I was awfully glad, and would not have disturbed their tête-à-têtes for the world. What did I tell you, Margery, a short time ago? It has come to pass. Ruth is really engaged. Aren't you glad? Who would have thought of such a thing

happening when we left home? That came by stopping off at Banff. I think more of the Bow River now than ever."

"Well, dear, there has been a succession of delightful surprises since we started on this lovely trip. Uncle wants to give me a reception, and he has come over this morning especially to invite you all."

"I am delighted for you, Margery, as well as for myself. Are there to be many guests?"

"Oh, no, it will be rather a quiet affair."

"Is Almeda a pretty place?"

"Yes, Peggy, a perfect flower garden—it is my beau-ideal of a city. I have a little shopping to do with uncle, Peggy, and as time is flying must tear myself away; you know when we get together we never think of time. Au revoir! dear. Oh, by the way, Peggy, uncle told me to tell you that he would send the coachman to meet you at the ferry, so, dear, you need not have any anxiety."

At last the evening arrives for Margery's reception. We drive up the avenue, and the grand old mansion with its high tower and small windows of ancient times, lighted up, illuminates the ground. What a beautiful place! No wonder Margery spoke in such glowing terms. The dear old uncle, Mr. Appleton, and Margery receive us as we enter the

long drawing room. How lovely she looks in her exquisite white silk, and what pride he takes in introducing her as his new-found niece. Ruth in her simple pale blue is the centre of attraction, and as we pass I hear some one say : " Who is that beautiful creature ? " I am perfectly delighted to hear it all. Mr. Van Burean is looking at her with rapture beaming in his lovely brown eyes. The waltz begins and we are whirling around. How enchanting it is with so much beauty. Indeed one must look particularly handsome to have any chance with the California girls. Their eyes are simply beautiful, with the loveliest long lashes I ever saw, and the gentlemen—for my part, I think them too lovely for anything. Really I did enjoy myself immensely. Mr. Appleton will not hear of us going to the hotel to-night. How very kind of him ! Well, the people out here are very hospitable, and it is not strange that they are spoken of in that way. The servant shows us to our rooms. How dainty the beds look with their snowy white covering and draperies of the palest hue, luxurious couches and chairs and vases of beautiful flowers on the tables, mantels and in every little nook.

I have had such a restful sleep and am up with the lark, looking out of my window and listening to

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"WHY, PEGGIE, AT YOUR OLD TRICKS?"

the little warblers as they hop from branch to branch. How I wish Margery's uncle would ask her to come and live with him, it is just the home she ought to have. He seems very fond of her ; strange she never knew of him before !

" Why, Peggy, up at your old tricks ? "

I look around and, sure enough, it's Margery gathering flowers, looking as happy as the little songsters as they sing their morning lay.

" Won't you come down here and join me ? "

I step out on the balcony and run down the steps, and, after a good morning greeting, offer to help her.

" I have gathered my flowers, Peggy, dear ; would you not like a little walk before breakfast ? "

" Indeed, I would ! What is more delightful than a walk, especially if you have beautiful grounds to take it in. "

We have talked and talked, and one would think we had not seen each other for years.

" Margery, I had a lovely dance with Mr. Randolph last evening ; I think he is a charming fellow. "

" Do you really think so, Peggy ? "

" Of course I do or I wouldn't have said it. Your uncle seems to think a great deal of him. "

" Yes, he does, for he has known him since he was little boy. "

We meet Mr. Appleton in the dining room, he gives us a happy greeting, and taking Margery by the hand says: "My dear, you cannot realize one half the pleasure you have given me in the short time you have been here; I fear I shall have to be selfish and keep you all the time. You must think it over, my dear." The butler brings in the breakfast steaming hot. The steak is delicious, and the coffee — well really we almost feel ashamed of ourselves, but we can be excused after travelling so long. It is a real happy home breakfast, and we have had such a merry time over it. Mr. Appleton invites us to take a drive with him this morning. The beautiful bays with the magnificent brougham is brought around. Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. Appleton and myself are together; Margery, Ruth and Mr. Van Burean have the grays and T-cart. We had such a delightful drive, and just raved over the grand residences, the glorious flowers and palms as we passed them. Mr. Appleton is now planning to come to San Francisco and take us out to the Golden Gate Park. How I wish my dear uncle could meet him? I know they would have just one of the best times in the world together. There's lots of fun to Mr. Appleton, I am quite sure, for he has a twinkle in his eye just like uncle, and a jollier person than he never lived.

"Day after to-morrow he said he should come. Did he not, Ruth?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think we had better arrange to visit the Cliff to-morrow and Nob Hill; you know we have a few calls to make there."

"Well, Peggy, I think we had better wait until we return to San Francisco, perhaps something may have come up while away to make us change our plans."

"Well, dear, I presume it will be. Aren't you real glad, Ruth, that Margery found her uncle? It's certainly fortunate for her, poor girl, so alone in the world. I really think after what he said this morning that he intends to do something for her. He must be very rich, you know. It would be too bad to have her so far away, no knowing when we ever would see her again. I should feel dreadfully on my own account, but I think she would be very foolish if she did not remain. I tried to get her to say something about Mr. Randolph this morning, but she was very reticent. It would be too funny if they were old lovers, and meeting out here should bring them together again. Stranger things than that have happened."

CHAPTER X.



BACK at the Palace Hotel again!

"Come, Ruth, around to my room and let us see what has been left there since we have been away. Oh, more cards, and only look at these flowers, they must have been put

here directly after we left for Almeda. I wonder who the donors are? Why, just look, it's none other than our friend Mr. Tilton; I really think it's awfully kind of him, and where did this come from? Bob, what a dear old boy he is to think of me; why he must be half-way home ere this? For pity's sake, how did he know I would be here so long? These fellows have the greatest ways of finding out one's whereabouts. Here's an invitation to an 'At Home' this afternoon, another for to-morrow, and one for

the Theatre, and Mr. Wilson writes asking if we would like to visit the Chinese quarters this evening. I cannot see, Ruth, but that they intend to keep us busy while here. Do you think Mr. Van Burean would like to go with us ? ”

“ Why, I am sure he would.”

“ Really, Ruth, I thought I saw all of the Chinamen I wanted to see while in Victoria, but I am just as eager to see them here. You know there were only three or four thousand there, and they have a population of forty thousand here. Only think of it! I should imagine that the San Franciscoans would fear of having an uprising among them ; they look like treacherous beings. We shall be obliged to give up our drive in order to attend the ‘ At Home.’ I will just send a note to Mr. Wilson that we will be pleased to accept his kind offer, and will order the carriage for 5.30, it is now 4 o’clock. Be sure and be ready, Ruth ; don’t get talking with your dearly beloved and forget the time.”

“ Don’t fear, Peggy, you will not have to wait for me ; I will see mother, and perhaps she will like to go with us. Good-bye, dear, for the present. Now, Peggy, I fear something is going to happen ; this is really the first time for weeks that you have been ready and waiting for us—I think I shall have to chalk it down.”

We all happen to reach the elevator at precisely the same time. Our burly driver is waiting for us. Mr. Van Burean helps us in and says: "You drive to Nob Hill as fast as you can, I fear we shall be late."

"Nob Hill, sir, did yer say, an' d' yer ixpect me t' be afther drivin' quick? Shure now yer not acquainted with the sthrates of California er yer wouldn't be afther sayin' that. Faith it's only a yard er two that yer kin drive fast, and afther that yer begin ter clim' the hills, and yer might as well think o' drivin' up Pike's Pake fast as ter drive up thim."

Poor fellow, he did his best. What a glorious place, lawns like velvet, every variety of beautiful flowers and plants and the grandest of ocean views! Such American beauties! What would we not give if we only could have them grow like this, even in our hot houses. The palm trees are very large; the halls and rooms are decorated beautifully, and the fragrance of the flowers fills the air. It really is an "At Home," for the hostess has introduced us to her friends, and all that stiff and uncomfortable feeling that one is apt to experience at "At Homes" generally is taken away. We really have had a very enjoyable time, and our drive back to the hotel is very pleasant. Precisely at eight o'clock we start for the Chinese quarters. Long before we reach them

we hear the strains of their horrible music. "Distance lends enchantment," so we are told. It does, I presume, but the Chinese music cannot be included. Being Sunday, we do not expect to see their stores open. It does not make any difference; they are plying their trades the same as on week days, and thousands, all with their hideous costumes and pig-tails, are marching through the streets shouting and cheering. On every balcony or place where one of the musicians can perch himself, we hear the awful sounds filling the air. It is a great fête day with them, for it is the opening of their new Joss-house. Squalor, filth and everything that is bad and revolting are to be seen here. Some of the merchants are quite decent, but if they live in this country ninety and nine years they will be the same, for wherever their quarters, the place seems doomed; they belong to a race that should never leave their own country. Mr. Van Burean looks as if he thought some of them would spirit Ruth away. How the saucy things peer in one's face! They do not think anything of killing people, and as for their own, they kill them without the least provocation.

Monday morning we are in the hotel parlor, looking at some of the beautiful paintings, when Margery, her uncle and Mr. Randolph come in.



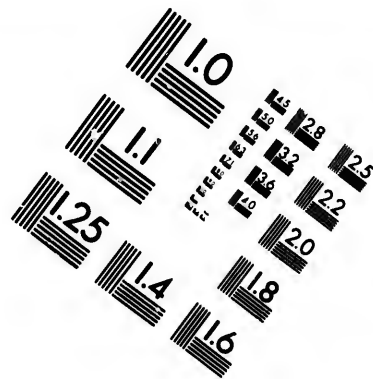
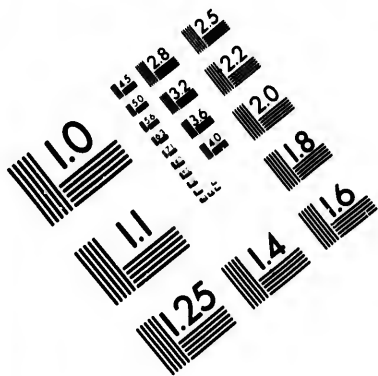
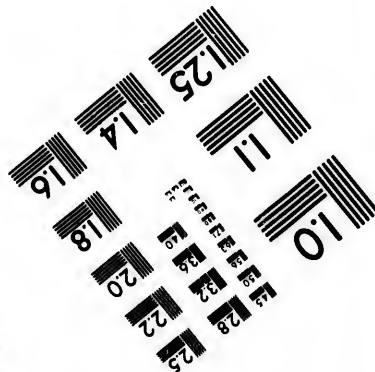
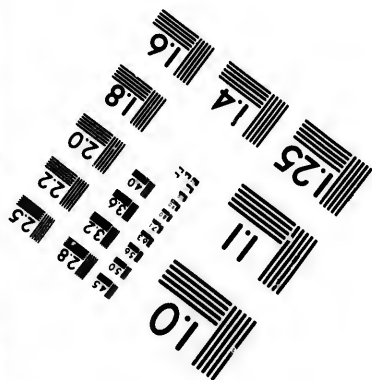
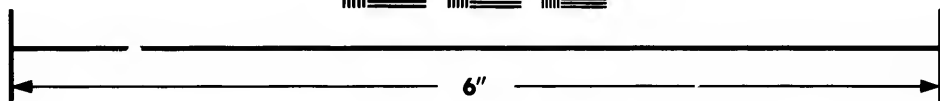
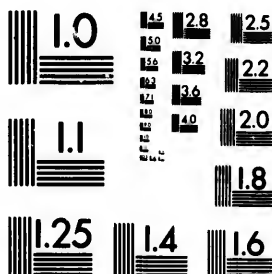


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"How fortunate to find you here! We have just sent our cards to your rooms. How well you are all looking!"

"Allow us to return the compliment, Mr. Appleton."

"Mrs. Montgomery, I think you are a great traveller; really, you do not look at all fatigued, but the young ladies must not rush you around too much; you have a long journey before you."

"I am keeping rather quiet to save myself as much as possible, for I almost dread that Fraser River, and shall feel pleased when we get on the prairies. I don't think anything would frighten these girls."

"No, I presume not, for they do not know the meaning of danger. Well, I think it is just as well they don't; there is nothing like enjoying oneself in this world. The horses are at the door, and we must have your company, Mrs. Montgomery, so as to make it all the more enjoyable."

We have taken the delightful Cliff drive and have been all through the fine grounds, have seen the grand statuary, hot houses, and gathered some flowers, contrary to the rules, but I think a few will never be missed, and I really want some to press. The Pacific Ocean is peacefully calm, and Golden Gate with the brilliant sun shooting its glorious rays

looks more than beautiful. Golden Gate Park is one of the great prides of the city. For miles the drives through the avenues are perfect, and tropical plants with every variety of flowers are seen; pretty little lakes, buffalo, deer and nearly all kinds of living animals with little song birds are here; an enchanting band; magnificent equipages with exquisitely dressed ladies slowly rolling along, and hundreds of pedestrians, are to be seen. On leaving the Park we drove to Nob Hill, which is the most aristocratic part of the city; the residences are perfectly grand, those of the Hon. Leland Stamford and the Searles Hopkins of newspaper fame being among them.

"Ruth dear, Mr. Appleton has been telling your mother and me that he thinks Margery will remain with him this winter. He has taken a great fancy to her, and regrets very much not having known her before. I think she reminds him of his wife, and, bearing the same name, it's no wonder. What a lovely home she will have! I am delighted she came out here. He wants to take us for another drive before we leave for home. I wonder if he will have anything new to show us? I think we have been everywhere. I really think, Ruth, we should be doing some of our shopping, or we shall forget half the things we want. I never believe in procrastination.

After this drive that Mr. Appleton speaks of, I am going to decline all invitations no matter what they may be, for if I do not I shall be too tired to get back home. I want to leave here and go right through, that is if we are able to stand the journey. It's always my way, when I once start for home I want to get there as quickly as possible, and truly, Ruth dear, I am dying to see dear uncle's kind face, and shall be glad when I reach there, for I miss my good long sleeps in the morning."

Mr. Appleton has taken us for our drive, and I really did not think there were so many more places of interest. We have even been to the cemetery to see Margery's brother's grave. How different from when she found it! A magnificent monument has been erected, and lovely flowers are strewn everywhere. Margery tells us that her dear uncle has done it all. How grateful she feels, and what pleasure she will take in making his home bright and cheerful for him. We have found time at last, and have spent the whole day in shopping. What pretty things they have here! especially the jewellers. One store we find certainly reminds us of Tiffany in New York; the diamonds are exquisite, such lovely pins and brooches of all descriptions. Their silver department and souvenir spoons are elegant; we bought a great

many of them,—some have a scene of the Golden Gate in the bowl with a beaver on the handle. The clerks look as if they think we are going to buy them out, from the number of things we are purchasing. We have really got the spoon craze, and are trying to collect as many as we can. It has been a busy day, and we are glad when the last thing is paid for.

"I think, Mrs. Montgomery, we had better make our plans to leave the first of the week."

"Well, dear Peggy, just as you say; I am ready now if you are. It will be getting late in the season before we reach our home in Philadelphia, and of course the longer we remain here the greater danger of encountering bad wheather; it is so uncertain."

"We must be sure just the day we are to leave, for I want to secure our berths, and if you want the stateroom it must be spoken for in time. I presume Mr. Van Burean intends to return that way."

"I think so—certainly as far as Winnipeg; I heard him say he thought of taking the train for St. Paul there."

"He is right good company, and it is a pity that he is not going through."

"But, dear, we ought not to complain, we have been exceedingly fortunate meeting so many kind friends since we left home. I wonder if Margery has fully made up her mind to remain with her uncle."

"Oh, yes, I think it is a settled thing now, and am awfully glad for she will have such a love of a home. Where is Ruth, Mrs. Montgomery?"

"She has just had a caller. I think she will be coming in soon. Ah, I hear her!"

"Why, Peggy, I am so glad to see you! Where have you been keeping yourself? I have scarcely seen you to-day."

"Oh, I have been trying to put some of my things away, and really now I feel too tired to move."

"Do you think you are too tired to read a little note? I have an idea it is from Margery. I have just received a short one from her, and she says she has really decided to remain with her uncle."

"Well, I will see what she has to say to me: 'My dear Peggy, I am anxious to see you as early as possible to-morrow morning. Wire me if you can come, and at what time, and we will have some one to meet you. Make up your mind, dear, to remain all day, for I have a great deal of news for you; bright and early sure, or I shall be disappointed. Love to dear Mother Cecilia and our little Ruth — oceans for your own dear self. Lovingly, Margery.' I wonder what is up now? Something new, of course, and important, or Margery would not write thus. Ruth dear, your mother and I have just been discussing

our trip home. Don't you think it would be a good idea to leave the first of the week ? ”

“ Yes, I do. It is just lovely here, but then we have to get home, and I think it is much better to leave a place with regret than to stay on and perhaps something happen to make you feel sorry you remained.”

“ So do I, for then we can always look back with fond recollections. I shall leave early in the morning for Alameda, and will bid you good-bye now so as not to disturb you. I think a great deal of my morning nap, and presume you do.”

I have made everything ready ; the boy has been up and is going to have my name put on the call book. I am so anxious to see Margery, that for hours I cannot get to sleep. I have counted hundreds, and even laid a wet cloth over my eyes, and still I cannot sleep ; what shall I do ? I fear one of my terrible headaches. The clock strikes one, two and even three, and yet I am wide awake ; at last, tired out, I fall into a little doze, and such dreams ! I thought I was going to a wedding ; one of my friends (I could not make out who she was) was going to be married. I could see her in her beautiful bridal dress and exquisite veil with a wreath of orange blossoms. Such a happy party ! Just as we got to the church door I

was awakened by some one calling out "half-past seven!" The whole was so real that the first thing I did when opening my eyes was to look for the bride. I felt so provoked with that boy — why couldn't he have waited just five minutes longer? Is there anything more aggravating than to wake up before a beautiful dream is finished? I order breakfast to my room, have taken a delightful bath with plenty of cologne, for it is an excellent thing to refresh one after a bad night, and by the time I am all dressed the waiter has a steaming breakfast spread for me, and I feel as fresh as a "two-time winner" — excuse the phrase, but it is one of uncle's pet expressions, and it just seems to suit my case this particular morning.

"My darling Peggy, how glad I am to see you! I have been watching from my window the last half hour. How bright and sweet you look!"

"Well, Margery, you can lay that to the cologne, for I just had a horrid night; got thinking of you and for the life of me could not get to sleep. Really it was past three before I got one wink, and then I did not get a great amount of rest, for I was dreaming about a wedding, and just as I got into the most interesting part that horrid bell-boy called me."

"Well, that was very strange. But come to my

room, dear, and rest for a while and I will have Jane bring up some tea."

"Margery dear, I shall enjoy it, for I am really becoming a confirmed tea drinker. I think these five o'clock teas are doing young people a great deal of harm ; so many of my girl friends think it a dreadful hardship if they cannot have their tea every afternoon. It is a 'fad' I suppose that will be given up pretty soon."

"Peggy, uncle was obliged to go to Oakland to-day ; he left his regards, and hopes to be back before you leave. Mr. Randolph went with him."

"Mr. Randolph, Margery ? I do believe there is something between you two ; now come and tell me all about it. I shall be leaving for home the first of the week, and goodness knows what may happen before we see each other again."

"Peggy, you must not go so soon ; I sent for you expressly to tell you, dear, that I am going to be married."

"Married, Margery ! Do you really mean it ? and to whom pray ? Not to Mr. Randolph, for if you do, and go out to Australia, I shall never see you again."

"Oh, yes, you will, Peggy. Mr. Randolph is only to be gone long enough to settle up his business and then we expect to travel. Uncle insists upon us making this our home."

"What a funny thing! I think, Margery, you are joking."

"Indeed I am not, for I have loved Mr. Randolph since a schoolgirl and he has loved me; but some trivial thing happened that aroused a spark of jealousy, and, of course, a girl friend of mine, or one who pretended to be, 'fanned the flame,' and the result was, in a heat of passion, Mr. Randolph came to me and, instead of a reconciliation, things were said that should not have been, and he left home the next week; I never heard of him again until that evening at the Palace Hotel. You can imagine his surprise when he saw my name; even then he thought there might be some mistake, so determined to see. He has told me all, and what he suffered after leaving me that day. For months and months he wrote me, but with no avail; I never received one of his letters—that wretch, or snake in the grass, intercepted them all. A wicked girl will stoop to anything to gain her ends, and she did—for she made friends with our gardener, and by bribing him managed to get every letter that came. After my terrible trouble she wrote Mr. Randolph, and said that I had died from a malignant fever. Think, Peggy, what a terrible thing that was. Do you know, dear, that I believe in retribution. It will come as sure as one lives, and it did

with her. Trouble after trouble has come upon her. Such a forlorn looking creature as she was the last time I saw her—no friends and no home! I did not intend to tell you all this, but somehow I could not help myself. Uncle is delighted with the match, for he esteems Mr. Randolph very highly."

"I think this is awfully jolly, Margery — quite a romance. Oh, how dearly I should like to see you married."

"Well, Peggy, I want you to give up going home just now. Mother Cecilia and Ruth have no ties to hurry them."

"I know that, Margery, but what will uncle think if I stay any longer?"

"Oh! he will not mind."

"I will tell you what to do—hurry up your wedding, why not?"

"How could I do that? You know, Peggy, that is something that cannot be hurried unless one dispenses with the trousseau."

"Well, what of that? You can give your order, and if it is not quite ready who is to know? and even if they do, it is none of their business. If I were going to be married, I never would wear new dresses on a bridal trip, everyone is sure to know you. Brides always give themselves away the first thing. If you

had seen as many as I have at the different hotels, you never would put a new gown on until after you had returned home. I have seen some so embarrassed walking through the promenades that I really pitied them. There is always something about their gowns, I really do not know exactly what, that tells the tale. After all, they are not to be pitied."

"Your idea would just suit Mr. Randolph, Peggy ; he has been urging me to hurry, wants me to promise that I will be married the middle of next week. He says there is a steamer leaving for Australia Thursday or Friday, and it will suit him much better if he can take it, but he will not think of going without me."

"He is just right there, Margery, and if I see him I will tell him so. I will help you all I can if you would like to have me."

"It is very kind of you, dear ; I certainly would."

"Well, Miss Peggy, I am glad to see you ; expect you and Margery have talked yourselves hoarse."

"Oh, no, not quite as bad as that. Will you let me call you uncle, Mr. Appleton ? You know you remind me so much of my dear old love of an uncle at home that it seems strange to say ' Mr. Appleton. ' "

"My dear child, you could not do anything that would make me feel happier. So Margery has been pouring into your little ears all the news."

"Yes, uncle, she has, and I tell her not to wait for her trousseau, for I want to be at her wedding, and if she stops for that I shall be home before it comes off."

"Just my idea, just my idea! Now, Peggy, I will tell you what we will do: come and stay with us, and between us I think we can get things fixed to suit all hands. Poor Randolph is in a great fix; he feels that he should hurry back to Australia. He just got letters from there to-day, and a party of Englishmen are talking of buying out his business, and he should be there to negotiate with them."

"Well, uncle, I think we are capable of arranging matters so as to make it satisfactory to all concerned."

"Of course we can."

Mr. Randolph is too happy for anything, for Margery has listened to us, and the wedding takes place next Wednesday. I have promised to remain, and to-morrow we are going over to San Francisco to see what can be done. I have wired Ruth that I shall see her in the morning. Mr. Appleton has given the servants orders to have the house cleaned from top to bottom; they enter into it with good zeal, and, for the next five or six days, everything is in perpetual motion. Margery is as happy as a lark. It is just fun for me—I am flying around, seeing that the last touch is put to everything.

It is a beautiful, bright and cloudless morning—just perfect for a wedding. Both sides of the marble steps are groaning under their load of beautiful plants; in the large drawing rooms and hall, and far up the stairway, are potted plants and magnificent flowers; the balustrades are trimmed with smilax and the most gorgeous roses, and even the little church, the altar and aisles are strewn with them. Margery is dressed just like the bride I saw in my dream. How exquisitely lovely she looks—as she goes up the aisle leaning on her uncle's arm! Mrs. Montgomery, Ruth, Mr. Van Burean, and hosts of others are here; the church is literally packed. Never before have I heard a wedding march played so divinely. I thought I should feel like laughing when I heard the word "obey," but, strange to say, I do not, for just now I begin to realize that there will soon be no Margery Daw, but, instead—Mrs. Charles Randolph. Such a pretty reception! the tower windows are decorated most superbly with yards and yards of smilax and *La France* roses, with an immense bell of them which almost touches the bride's head as she stands under it. Mr. Appleton has spared no pains; the best caterer from San Francisco prepared the *déjeuner*. The floral decorations are beautiful. Everything is passing off most delightfully. Margery has cut the cake, and, as she leaves

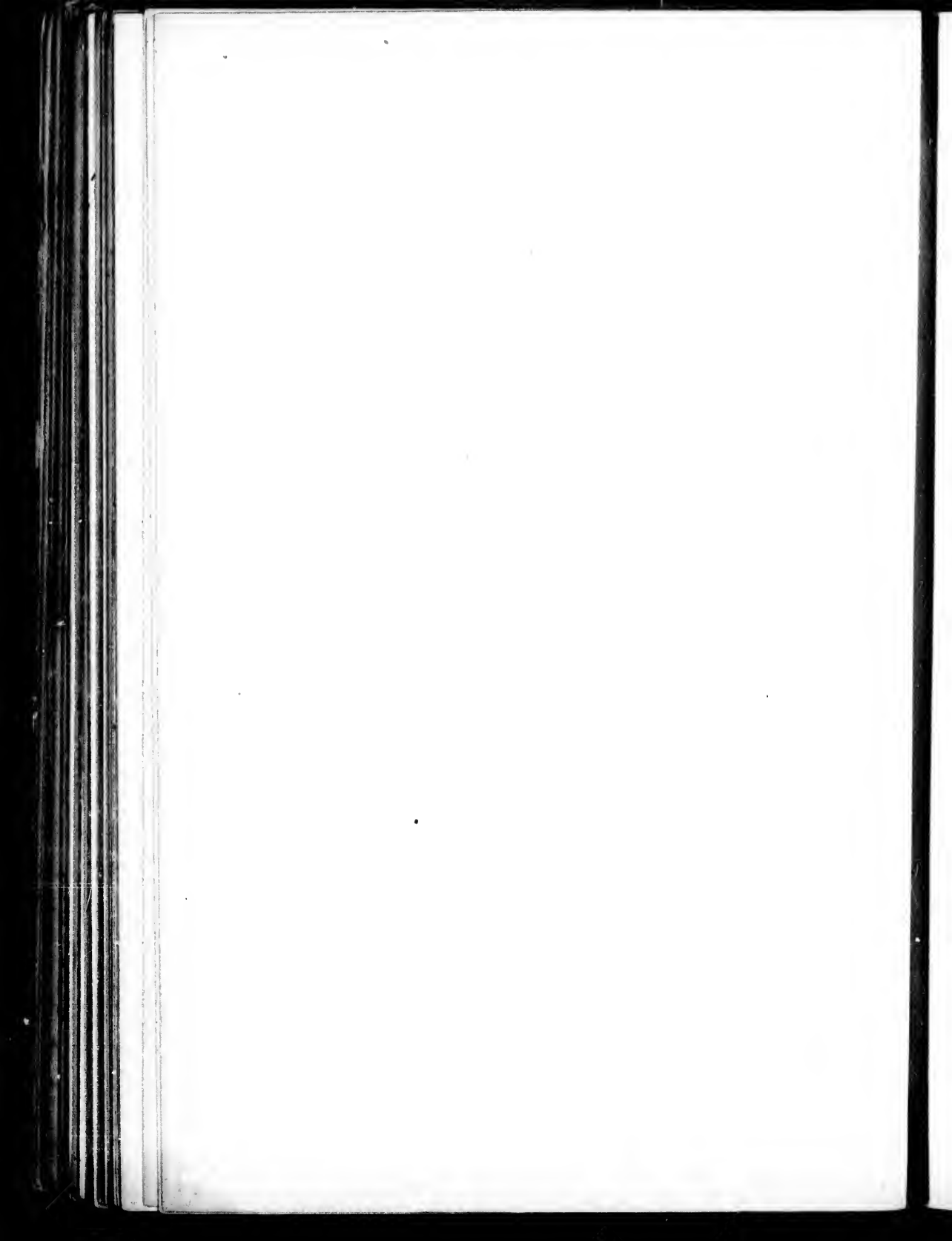
the room under the deafening sounds of good wishes for a prosperous journey, she turns and gently waves her hand, and, with one of her happy smiles, is gone. She has changed her gown, and put on a simple but pretty gray travelling suit. We are quite busy, too, putting rice into everything we can lay our hands upon. Cheer after cheer echoes through the trees as the coachman hurries the horses down the avenue. Dear, dear Margery! The silver lining of your dark clouds has certainly appeared. "Uncle" Appleton has made me promise that next spring I will visit them. He seems as pleased with Margery and her husband as if they were his own children, and is planning for their coming home. We have had a long talk together, and I am now ready to leave for San Francisco; it is too lonely for me now that Margery is gone. A house after a wedding always reminds me of a funeral; I do not know that I care to go to another one, especially a friend's, for it really makes me feel too sad. I think I would rather hear about them. Margery has promised to write me, but I shall not expect a letter for a long time; she is so much in love that she will not feel like taking the time to write to any one. I hope I shall meet some girl friends going home, for Mother Cecilia will be afraid to look at anything; that is, if it is dangerous, and Ruth is

not one bit of good now since the wedding, for they are more loving than ever, if that is possible.

Beautiful city of San Francisco ! we bid you an affectionate good-bye !



BEAUTIFUL SAN FRANCISCO, GOOD-BYE!



CHAPTER XI.



OUR friends are at the station, even Uncle Appleton, to see us off for home. Such hand-shaking and good-byes from first one and then another! They all promise to come and visit me, especially Uncle Appleton. I warn him not to

come in the winter ; it is very well for young people who can go tobogganing and skating, and run over the mountain on snowshoes, or stand on their heads as well as not when going out for a walk ; but those sports are all too young for uncle, you know. He says, when he comes to Montreal, he would rather see the beautiful trees with their first new dress, as he calls it ; and I think he is right, for they are just perfectly lovely, and the park drive is charming.

As we go through the Sacramento Valley, I am so

pleased with it all that at times I really forget and think Margery is by my side and put out my hand to touch her, when suddenly it dawns upon me that she is married, and now sailing far away in another direction. Ruth and Mr. Van Burean are talking as busily as bees ; I do not believe they could tell me one thing about what we have passed—whether it is mountain scenery or flat prairie. Well, as long as they are happy, why should I mind ? The time has sped so quickly that we are surprised to find we are in Portland. We remain only long enough to drive up to the Hotel Portland, get our breakfast, and hurry back to the station, where we are to take the train for Tacoma.

As we reach Tacoma, a telegram is brought in, saying that the boat has left Tacoma for Seattle and there will be no other leaving to-night. What a plight we are in, for if we do not catch the train at Mission on Sunday, we shall be obliged to remain forty-eight hours before getting another, as there are no trains leaving on Monday for the East. Fortunately, two of the Agents of the Canadian Pacific Road board our train just before reaching the station, and tell us that if we are anxious to go through we can keep the train to Seattle and take the boat from there. We are delighted over our good fortune. In looking

around I see an old man who looks very much like a temperance lecturer, and is going to Victoria. He has a large bundle, and strapped on the top of it is a frying pan and a little tin teapot ; every time a door is opened he gives a groan and makes quite a fuss. I pity the poor old man, and really begin to feel quite interested, when suddenly one of our party is taken ill. I very quietly unstrap my satchel, take out a little flask and pass it to her, and tell her to take a little, it will do her good. Oh, horrors ! He sees it, and craning his neck so as to be able to speak to me, says :—

“ Ain’t you Mrs. —, the great temperance woman from San Francisco ? ”

“ I beg your pardon, sir, what did you say ? ”

“ Ain’t you the great temperance woman who lives in San Francisco ? ”

“ No, sir ; I’m not.”

“ Then, you must be her sister.”

“ I am sorry, sir, but I have not that honor.”

“ Well, well ; you look so much like her that I was sure you were one or t’other—strong resemblance ; it’s very strange.”

I have reminded people of almost every one ; but was never before taken for a temperance woman.

We arrive in plenty of time to secure our state-

rooms, which we find very neat and clean, with electric lights and bells—certainly a great convenience. The night is beautiful, the boat glides along, no pulling and hauling or noise of any kind to disturb our rest, and a little fatigued after so much excitement, we are able to sleep the sleep of the just. What a glorious Sunday morning! We have breakfasted and are out on deck. Mother Cecilia has spied her little church, and is looking with longing eyes at the cross as it glistens among the trees. And what a sweet little village! How gorgeous and sublime the mountains look with their sloping sides of beautiful green as the lovely sun shines bright and clear upon them! We can hear the distant church bells, and see, in little groups, the villagers, all in their pretty Sunday suits, slowly wending their way to the churches. The sea gulls are hovering in the wake of our boat, picking up the crumbs that are thrown from the sides—little greedy things—but no, not all, for some are content with what they pick up themselves, while others go swimming along ready to fight with the first one they meet who has been more fortunate. For hours we sit watching the beautiful landscapes as we pass them one by one.

“Mr. Van Burean, I met a friend the other day, and he has been telling me about your lovely home.”

“Indeed, Miss Peggy?”

"There is something about an old Southern home that sounds enchanting to me, and I hear that yours is one of them. Do tell us about it, Mr. Van Burean."

"Well, really, Miss Peggy, I fear you might be disappointed after hearing my version of it."

"We will be willing to run that risk if you will kindly favor us, won't we, Ruth?"

"Most decidedly."

"Remember one thing, Miss Peggy—at the time of the war I was only five years old, although I can remember distinctly the day my father enlisted; previous to that I have only a faint recollection of slave times. My old 'mammy' who had charge of me used to tell me a great deal; she was among the first slaves my father owned. Ah! I used to love her dear black face. I can see her now as she trudged along with me by her side telling little anecdotes of the slaves. An old Southern 'mammy' is one of the most faithful souls on earth. When my mother was married, father took her to his old home, a real old-fashioned Southern mansion,—in those days houses were built to stay. They lived with my grandfather and grandmother,—a large plantation would have hundreds of slaves on it at a time. My grandfather and father were very kind to them, and treated them

as human beings should be treated; consequently, they all loved them, and there were none of the terrible cruelties practiced that we read so much about; no running away and hiding in the swamps, and hounds scenting them out like so many foxes, or the terrible floggings that some had to endure; but a great deal of that sort of thing has been overdrawn. There were some overseers who did not know the meaning of kindness; they did treat the slaves more like animals than like human beings, but they were few, and it was through fiends like them that the Southern States got such a name. Our home is so situated that we have a superb view of the Savannah River. Have you ever been there, Miss Ruth?"

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Van Burean, I have not."

"Well, dear, you will have the pleasure before long I hope. Perhaps, Miss Peggy, as you have been there, you can form an idea how it is situated."

"I think I can, if it overlooks the river where the beautiful trees grow down by the water's edge—it certainly must be charming."

"Yes, it is; the grounds are laid out in avenues of the finest oak trees, and the lawns slope down to its lovely banks,—to rustic boat-houses and their tiny boats, spotlessly white with cushioned seats. How often I have heard my mother tell of the glorious

times they used to have. The house is very large and grand, and wide piazzas run all around. Southern people are great for keeping open house, and friends from far and near used to visit them; it was always a great treat for those who had never seen Southern life before. There were rows of little cabins near by, white and clean. The little 'darkies' were allowed all the privileges that any child could have, and I can remember when old 'mammy Sue' would take me around and let me play with them as they made mud pies. In the evening the guests would assemble on the piazza, and the slaves bring their banjos and violins and play for hours. Christmas was a great time for dancing, singing and merry-making. Just before the breaking out of the war they were granted their freedom by my grandfather. Such a happy lot! They were given their choice to remain, or seek homes elsewhere. But no; they wanted to cling to their dear old 'Massa' and 'Massa Joe,' as they called them. My grandfather died before the war was over, and all the old slaves are dead now except old 'Uncle Joe'; he is still there, living with his old wife, and waiting, as he says, for the good Lord to blow His trumpet. I really enjoy listening to his old tales, for some of them are quite original."

"Indeed, Mr. Van Burean, your story has been more interesting than I can tell."

"I am pleased that I have been the means of adding to your pleasure, Miss Peggy. I have the kindest father and mother at home, and the sweetest sister that man was ever blest with ; I hope some day that you will meet them,"—and, looking roguishly into Ruth's face, says : "Cannot you invite her ?"

"I shall not have to wait for an invitation, for wherever my dear Ruth takes up her abode I know Peggy will be welcome."

We are nearing the wharf at Whatcom. Now for trouble. We are trying to find our keys, for the Custom-House Officer has come aboard, and we are obliged to have our trunks examined. What a bore it is ! I think every lady will be heartily glad when we have free trade, whether they want to smuggle, as they call it, or not ; it is a perfect nuisance pulling one's clothes around and mussing everything up for the sake of finding a few little things that do not pay for the trouble they have taken ; but we live through it and reach Whatcom on time. Oh, here is the train that takes us to Mission ! and in two hours we arrive. How fortunate ; for as the eastbound train rushes up to the station we see dear old "Thorncliff" without a scratch, waiting for us. This is an unexpected

pleasure. Patterson, our old porter, is here and we hurry to get our seats.

"Excuse me, ladies," he says, "I think your berths were engaged in the 'Corea.'"

"Oh, dear, what a shame! Is there no way of changing them?"

"I will see what the porter will do; he is coming."

It is Johnston, one of the best porters on the road. Now we are in a fix. We do not like to hurt his feelings, for he was very kind to us going out, helped us across to the dining cars (as we were obliged to pass through his), and in various other ways. He was very obliging, and understood perfectly well how we felt; so they arranged between themselves, and we have our berths in our dear old "Thorncliff" that has become such a home to us.

"Montreal papers!" calls the newsboy.

I have bought two, and am trying to look them both over at the same time. I always find the marriages and deaths first, as I am quite interested in them. Oh! what is this?

"In London, England, September 1st, Jack Furber, of New York City, U.S.A., to Ethel Maud, second daughter of the late Captain Hiram Moore, of Her Majesty's Guards."

"Well! well, I never! Ruth, just look at this marriage. I am glad Mr. Van Burean is in the smoking-room, for now we can have a talk together."

"Peggy, dear, I am delighted. Jack was always a good-hearted fellow, and I know very well he will make her a good husband."

"Fancy, Ruth, Jack with a wife!"

"Well! why not, Peggy? Why should he not marry as well as others?"

"I presume he can, but you know he always seemed such a boy to me. I wonder if he will bring his wife out to this country soon. Do you think, Ruth, his parents knew anything about it?"

"I fancy not; at least they never said anything to me."

"Didn't they think of getting you for a daughter-in-law at one time?"

"No, they never did, Peggy. You know we have known each other since we were little children; I used to think quite a lot of Jack, but really it was not love, and I am sure if he had proposed to me I should never have accepted. He is not my ideal of a man."

"Of course not—now that you are in love with Mr. Van Burean."

"Even if I were not in love with Mr. Van Burean, I could not love Jack."

"Is that really so?"

"Yes; he told me about meeting Miss Moore when he was in England two years ago. I used to joke

him some about her, but he was very reticent and as odd as any one I ever saw. I never could find out anything ; it is just like him. I suppose he thought if he told any of his family about it there would be a great deal of fussing and fuming going on, and to escape that he has taken this course."

"Such a marrying time as there has been this year ! old and young—it does not make the least difference. I certainly begin to fear Uncle Dudley will be taking unto himself a wife ; Aunt Maria has been dead for twelve years now. Dear me, what should I do ? I never could stand it in the world to see another person coddling him and calling him pet names, for uncle, if he did marry, would never have any one unless she were very loving."

"Peggy, I think you are rather selfish ; only think—what will your uncle do when you get married ?"

"Married, Ruth ? I never intend to marry, for I am as happy as I want to be now."

"But then, Peggy, surely you do not want to be an old maid, or as some call them—a spinster."

"Oh, I don't care in the least what they call me as long as I don't feel like one myself."

"I would not trust you, Peggy ; you have not seen the right one yet."

"There is one thing sure, Ruth, you have."

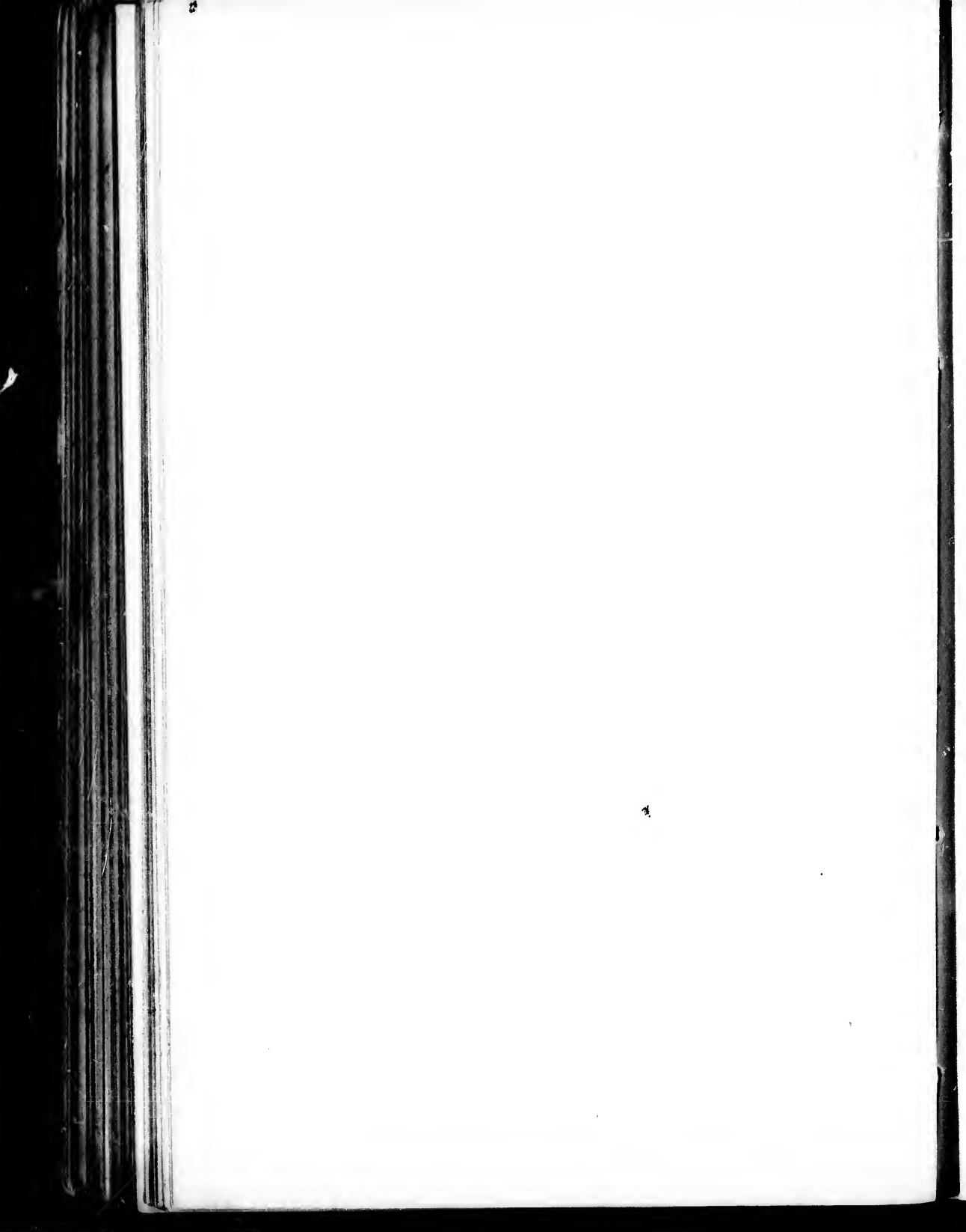
"Young ladies, would you like to go to the rear of the car and see the beautiful sunset? I have been watching it, and really it looks so glorious I thought I would come in and have you enjoy it with me."

"It is very kind and thoughtful in you, Mr. Van Burean, for certainly the sunsets out here are too lovely to lose."

The effect is perfectly wonderful as the sun shoots her golden shafts through the grand and inspiring scenery of mountains and rivers, and brings the hush of night as she sinks to rest behind their snow-capped battlements. We reach Banff at night and feel terribly disappointed, for we all have a very tender spot for this beautiful place. Patterson tells us that quite a large party will be taken on here, and among them Mr. Ross with his private car. We are wide awake and peering out from behind the curtains with one eye, hoping to see some one we know. They come in so very quietly and go to their berths that it is out of the question. The train moves on, and soon we are fast asleep. About midnight another stop is made and more passengers taken on—among them a wild Indian. The section opposite that of one of the ladies who got on at Banff is unoccupied, and he is given that. The berths had all been made up, as the porter knew they would be needed. The Indian is



THE MIDNIGHT SCENE.



quietly sitting on the edge of his bed working away at his rifle, and as the poor woman sees him she makes up her mind that all on board are to be shot and afterwards scalped. He is over six feet, with broad shoulders, has on buckskin trousers with rows of fringe down the side, a jacket of the same with all sorts of work on it, a large belt around his waist and filled with cartridges, boots that look like canoes, his hair falling over his shoulders, and a terrible looking hat with feathers in it, which frightens her almost to death. Is it any wonder she rings the bell? She puts her finger on the button and never moves it until everyone is awakened, and poor Patterson, white with fright, is trying to have her tell him what has happened. She only has strength to point to the berth and whisper "Indian"—when she goes into hysterics. It is enough, everyone hears "Indian" mentioned, and that starts us all up—and such a circus. Stop the train! oh, stop the train, and put him off before we are all killed! and not until after the gentlemen assure us there is no such person on the train do we quiet down, and issuing from the berth we hear, "Awfully bad, you know, cawn't be helped, but really who would have thought I should have been taken for an Indian? Cawn't see any resemblance, doncher know?" When we find out it is one

of those English scapegoats who come over here and make such asses of themselves, we feel like smothering him. The next afternoon he left our train with a large shooting bag, an old-fashioned red carpet bag, and all his implements of war over his shoulder. I wanted to take a kodak with me, but uncle wouldn't let me, for he said if I did I would be taken for a crank, but I would willingly have had that endearing title attached to me if I could have snapped it on him. I have not forgotten his looks, and some day will try and make a painting of him, and perhaps I may be fortunate enough to have it put in the Royal Academy in London, as a warning to English dudes.

We have been amusing ourselves to-day by trying to make out a Chinese puzzle, but cannot do anything with it, so we get out our souvenir spoons and look them all over, and finally end by regretting that we did not get more. Just like a woman, never satisfied. One of the party from Banff sees them, and is telling her friend about some one she met, who told her that he had collected two hundred spoons on his trip.

"Two hundred? why it must have cost you a great deal of money."

"Oh, no, my dear madam, quite the contrary—they did not cost me anything."

"Not anything, why, how is that? I am making a collection, and if they can be got for nothing would like to get some."

"Well, I will tell you, but you need not say anything about it—I have been taking them from the dining cars?"

"Dining cars? I don't understand; have they so many that they can supply the travelling public?"

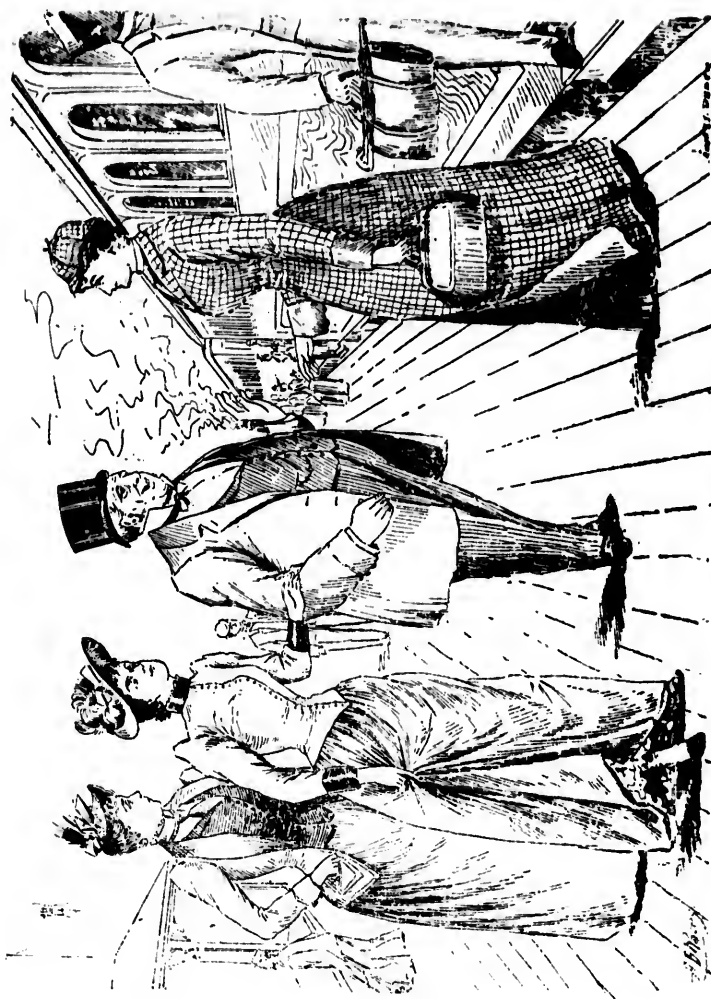
"Oh, no, but I just quietly slip one into my pocket, and it is never missed."

Warning: "Beware of souvenir spoon cranks, for they are the worst yet."

Mr. Ross came in this evening, and invited our party to breakfast with him in his private car tomorrow morning. We are ready by nine o'clock, and he is here to escort us in. How pretty and cosy everything looks. Our appetites are good, and the breakfast is perfectly delicious; we find our host a veritable "host in himself." Fancy one's travelling on the prairies, with the train going forty miles an hour, having an invitation out to breakfast and lunch, for our kind friend will not listen to us going back to our own car. Of course, we do not feel badly about it: oh, no! for the view is magnificent, and when we arrive in Winnipeg, we feel like giving our kind host three rousing cheers, but

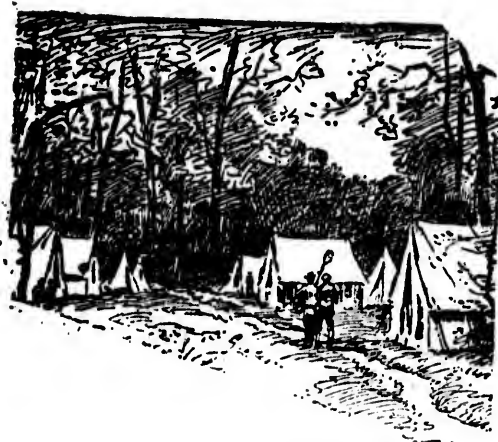
thinking it will be unlady-like, give him a thousand thanks for a most delightful day, and bid him good-bye, for he is obliged to remain over for a week. Orders are given to take the "Thorncliff" off. We urge Superintendent Whyte to countermand them. He says if possible he will, but for us to make ourselves easy as it will not be taken off before reaching Port Arthur. Near Savanne we see the remains of two of the boats that Wolseley used as he led his army from Fort William to Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) in 1870.

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PEGGY'S HOME-COMING.

CHAPTER XII.



MRS. MONTGOMERY and Ruth, with Mr. Van Burean, have left me as they intend visiting Ottawa, and from there they start for

home. The dear old lady has been told about the engagement, for Mr. Van Burean does not believe in deceptions of any kind, and an early date has been arranged for the wedding. It is very hard for me to say good-bye, but then it is only for a short time. Uncle Dudley, with hosts of my friends, are at the station to welcome me home.

"How well you look, dear Peggy," they all say. "Have you had a pleasant trip?"

"Indeed I have, and I cannot find words in the vocabulary to express myself: it has been simply lovely from beginning to end."

Uncle hurries me into a carriage and we drive home.

"Home again, uncle dear!"

"Yes, my child, and I am not going to have you leave me again; you do not know how much I missed you, Peggy."

"Well, dear uncle, I am glad of that; it is awfully good to hear that one has been missed. I have enough to talk about, uncle, to keep me busy for a whole month."

"Where is Mrs. Montgomery, Margery and Ruth? What have you done with them?"

"They are all alive and well; but oh, dear uncle, such a time as they have had falling in love, marrying and all sorts of things."

"None of them are dead then?"

"No, but Ruth came very near it. They are now visiting in Ottawa; and Margery—she is really married. You have been invited to Ruth's wedding, which comes off the middle of December; you will go—won't you, uncle?"

"I will think of it, Peggy, but you are excited now, and I want you to have a good warm breakfast and a little rest, then we can talk it all over."

I have answered so many questions that my throat is really affected, and I have shut myself in my room

and refused to see any one for several days. Uncle tells me he is going to run down to New York, and I am going with him and shall order my dress for the wedding. I have received a long letter from Margery, and she says they shall leave Australia in a few days, and hopes to see me at Ruth's wedding. What good news, for I am longing to see her. She is perfectly carried away with that husband of hers, and thinks there is not another man in the world like him; it really makes me laugh, for they all say the same thing. Dear old Margery! she says that Uncle Appleton is well, and expects to meet them in Philadelphia. Oh! won't that just be lovely? for then uncle will be sure to see him. I have been busy for weeks, making preparations to go and visit Ruth before her wedding; it is to be a grand affair, several hundred invitations are to be sent out, and she is anxious to have me with her as long as possible before the wedding, and uncle has promised to leave a week earlier. I am counting the hours, and shall be glad when I am on the train.

At last we are off, and uncle is looking and feeling as fresh as a man of forty. He has had such a good nap! I wish I could, but it is impossible. I have tried; but it is so tiresome to make one's self go to sleep when you do not feel inclined that I have given

it up, and am thinking what fun I shall have in teasing Ruth when I see her. It all seems a dream to me—her getting married. After all, I think they are right; short courtships are just as liable to turn out happy as long ones. Then, you get rid of all that trouble of having young men coming around and sitting for hours. My dress is to be sent on to Hotel Strathmore, so I shall not have any bother about it. On my arrival I find it in my room, and, before taking off my wraps, unpack it. Such a beauty! I am raving over it when uncle comes in.

“Well, Peggy, what have you got there? Not one of those new fan-dangled things such as they used to wear a hundred years ago. Let me see, where is the waist?”

“Here it is, uncle.”

“I can’t see it.”

“Why here, uncle, where the ribbon goes round.”

“Well, I be— No, Peggy”—for I have looked at him—“I won’t say it; but I never. I don’t know what women will get next. I don’t like those things. I like a dress such that if a woman has a pretty figure, and she puts one on, it will show it off.”

“Yes, uncle; I believe you there.”

A card from Ruth! Uncle has just opened the door and a boy hands him one.

"Please, tell him to show her up."

I am in such a flutter I can scarcely wait for her to come. It is not long before we are in each other's arms.

"Oh, my Peggy, how glad I am to see you! You must not take off your wraps, for I have the carriage at the door to take you home with me, and you, too, Mr. Arthur."

"My dear Miss Ruth, nothing would give me greater pleasure; but really I shall have to decline."

"Oh, no! you must not, for we will not let you. Mother will be so disappointed if you do not come."

"Please give her my regards, Miss Ruth, and tell her I appreciate her kindness, but something unforeseen prevents me. I shall endeavor to call often."

I know what is the trouble; uncle was always averse to visiting. I never can get him to go anywhere, he always says he enjoys his hotel best, where he can do as he pleases. We insist upon Ruth breakfasting with us, and after seeing that everything is in perfect order in uncle's rooms, and making him promise to come around in the afternoon, I give him a good big hug, and soon Ruth and I are driving towards her lovely home, talking faster than the horses can trot. What a jolly time girls have telling their secrets!

"Dear Mother Cecilia, how glad I am to see your kind face once more. It seems an age since I bade you good-bye at Ottawa."

"I am so glad, Peggy dear, that you could come, for I do not know what Ruth would do without you; it is always 'Peggy' with her in everything. Where is your uncle? surely he is coming."

"No, dear mother, he sends his regards and regrets; but you know these men have so much to attend to, even if they go away for pleasure, that they think they must always stop in a hotel, fearing they may be a nuisance in a private family."

"Nonsense, Peggy!"

"Well, dear, he is getting a little childish, and we have to humor him. He says he will come around this afternoon, and you may be sure of seeing a great deal of him, for he loves young company, and Ruth tells me she has two of her girl friends stopping with her."

"Well, Peggy, how have you been all these weeks? Were you very much used up after that long trip? I almost feared you would be, for you went into everything so strongly."

"Oh, no; not in the least. The only discomfort I had was with my throat, and that laid me up for a few days. Uncle says I got wound up on the scenery

and nearly talked myself to death, and I really think if I had not shut myself in my room for a few days I might not have been here now. And so our dear Ruth is leaving you in a short time?"

"Yes, Peggy; I have made up my mind to be reconciled; it is very hard for me to part with her, but it is always the way; girls will fall in love, then what can a mother do but give her consent? Opposition never does any good, it only hastens things."

"That is just what I think, Mrs. Montgomery; it's always sure to make them love the stronger, and if they are kind and worthy young men, what is the use of making a fuss? I really think some girls know better than their parents what to do for themselves."

"Peggy, dear, I want to make you acquainted with Bessie Sprague and Maud Dunbar, two of my dearest school friends"—and now the fun begins, for we are a good trio, and for one whole week we have made the dear old house ring with our laughter. Ruth, at times, puts on quite a matronly air, but we will not let her indulge in it long; we tell her she will have plenty of time for that after she's married. The postman brings her letters every day. We try to make her tell us what Mr. Van Burean says; but, oh no, that is one of the sacred things with her. Such kind letters from Mr. Van Burean's father, mother

and sister! I think Ruth is very fortunate; they must be lovely. I will have a chance to see them soon, and, if they are anything like their letters, I certainly shall love them. They have engaged rooms at the "Strathmore;" uncle will probably meet them before the day of the wedding.

Mr. Appleton and Mr. and Mrs. Randolph have just arrived. Mrs. Charles Randolph—how queer it sounds? I wonder if Mrs. Margery Daw Randolph would sound more natural? No, it does not; for the "Randolph" makes it lose the sweet old sound. We have all been busy helping dear Ruth, for she goes abroad for a year on her bridal trip. Her trousseau is exquisite, and the presents—they have been coming in every day for the last two weeks. We will not let her open a package for fear of tiring her; we want our darling to look as fresh as possible the day of the wedding. Mother Cecilia is so sad at times that we fear she will break down; but Maud Dunbar is always ready with one of her funny stories, and then it is impossible for any one to keep from laughing. Ruth has promised us that we shall dress her for her wedding. The maids are banished from the room. Poor girl! we will not let her look serious for a moment. Her superb gown fits as if moulded to her, and the beautiful veil, with the lovely wreath

of orange blossoms, has just had the last touch, when we see her sweet lips quiver.

There is something sad, after all, in looking at one's self after being arrayed for the altar. Of course, that is what they say; but in no such nonsense are we going to let Ruth indulge. Oh, pretty fairy, turn this way and let us all have a peep at you! How lovely and beautiful you look, dear! You will certainly take Mr. Van Burean's breath away when he sees you—he will be saying, like Bob, "Come, rest in my bosom, my own stricken dear." Poor old Bob, I hope he will get here. Why did that old washout have to occur just at this time? Those railroad tracks are treacherous things. Mother Cecilia, come in and gaze on this beautiful fairy. Her dark hair is put up in a simple coil; her glorious olive complexion, is just tinged with the faintest pink; her simple, but exquisite gown, makes her look almost too lovely for this earth. Her only bridesmaid is Mr. Van Burean's sister, in a charming white gown, looking almost as angelic as the bride herself. Mr. Van Burean's old friend, Mr. Harrison, is best man. The church is superbly decorated, and all are trying to get a glimpse of the beautiful bride as she wends her way to the altar. The enchanting wedding march has ceased, a silent hush prevails, and in a deep, sonorous voice

we hear the bishop, as he repeats the marriage service, and then a sweet soft voice is heard to say "*I will.*" They register their names, and, as they leave the church, the crowd presses forward to get one more look at the loveliest bride ever seen. What a grand reception! After every one has congratulated them, the bride steals away quietly to her own room to don her pretty travelling suit. She has hugged and kissed us for the twentieth time, and we have planned over and over what we shall do when they return; but, dear me, who knows what may take place ere then, for they are going abroad, and Mr. Van Burean intends to travel for a whole year. Everything has been done so quietly and quickly that we are not missed until the first cheer is given, then a regular stampede is made for the door with handfuls of rice and the old traditional shoe. Mrs. Montgomery tells us that we can have a dance, and I am heartily glad. Uncle Appleton and dear old Uncle Dudley are just as gay as any of us, and it is fun to watch them whirling around with pretty girls on their arms. Dear old Bob has just arrived in time for the last dance.

"Beastly road that, Peggy, only three hours' drive and I have been six; lost all this glorious fun."

A year has passed, and Ruth, with her noble husband, is home once more and living in Savannah, and

really she has the sweetest little sunbeam of a baby I ever saw. She has named it for her old friend "Peggy Sinclair." Dear Mother Cecilia is perfectly carried away with it, and, if I do not mistake, she will spoil it. Ruth thinks there never was such a baby born. She has made a charming little wife. Next year we are all going to take the trip over again. Dear Margery and her husband are like two turtle doves. Uncle Appleton looks twenty years younger, and he and Uncle Dudley are the best of friends. Mr. Shaw's engagement to "Blondy" has just been announced, and, in the meantime, Peggy is off on another trip. Au revoir!

THE END.

