THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896.



WHERE THE OUEEN LIVES. There are, I think, but four or five towns of any importance here, all, of course, being seaside resorts. There are Ryde, Sandown, Ventnor and Cowes-the last spelt in capitals, if you please, for is not the great regatta held here every August, and does not her gracious majesty live just outside here in Osborne castle, in great state and magnificence? There are numbers of villages, of course, as cute and English and sea-faring as ever an English village was, even in the most romantic

England is not to be wondered at when tween, and gets the ozone good and one contemplates this magnificent drillstrong-Simon pure, as they say in the water which the Solent forms and has states. We are engaged there for some formed for ages, for the "navvies" and concerts next week again, and I am the ships of Her Majesty's country. anticipating being there with great SHIPS IN REVIEW. pleasure. I always feel like taking in the air in gulos at Ventnor somehow. I've been saving Cowes up till the last, because it is such great fun to go there. I think Cowes in regatta week ter our arrival there, what should greet and at a dizzy heighth above s simply tremendous. We just missed mboat when 317 iourneved down to see the race for Her Majesty's cup, and, as there are no good railway accommodations, we had the great treat of bowling over perfect readways to the great regatta town on the top of a great four-in-hand coach, twenty miles across the prettiest country I have seen in England-the woods on one side and the sea on the other. Of course Osborne castle, the summer residence of Her Majesty, was of great interest to us, and as we passed through the magnificent woods in the midst of which her castle stands, the driver pointed out the houses of her gardeners-model little places-the gamekeeper's lodges, her servants' amusement hall and library and so on at all of,which we gazed with great attention. The roads, as I said before are simply perfect, and shaded by great trees hundreds of years old, whose branches melt away above our heads, and form a beautiful archway for miles and miles. The grounds are very extensive, the coachman informing me that Her Majesty con drive between eight and nine miles inside her own private boundaries without crossing upon herself once, and without going out upon the high road. Just as we passed the principal gates a carriage in which were the Duke of York's children and their nurses dashed up, entered the grounds, and whizzed away towards the castle past the redcoated old guards, who all reverently it seems. hared their heads as the little future ruler of the kingdom passed by, A moment or two afterward we drew un with a great flourish of whip and trumpet, at Whippingham church. where we all descended from our perch-No, Indeed! es and proceeded to inspect the premises. This, you must know, is the queen's church, and passing inside, w saw Her Majesty's personal pew, and the place in it where she always sits. We gazed at her memorial to her dead husband and daughter, and we fingered her hymn and prayer books-all marked with a great gilt V and Rwith perhaps a rather snobblah interest. True to her principle of never giving anybody a glimpse of herseif unless she positively cannot help it. she sits where she can see the celebrant best of all in the whole churca and where nobody but the celebrant can see her; and I dare say she would hide from him if she only could, she is so stingy with her royal phiz.

for it faces the broad Atlantic without

the smallest impeding bit of land be-

We had not expected to "be let in" for so much of a treat when we came yhole of Her Majesty's channe fleet riding at anchor across the bay from us in Spithead Roads-great, dark, silent and formidable, some forty odd awful ships whose business in life is to protect the English channel and to high seas at the entrance thereof. We soon heard that they had been brought up for inspection by the queen and Li Hung Chang, the great Chinaman, who visited her in state at the castle that same day. We just had the good luck to see the queen board her yacht, the Alberta, from one place on a boat, and then when her craft ran in at the landing stage all those ships were silent and still no longer. Ropes of flags were run up as if by magic, converting the whole fleet into a fluttering mass of colors, and from the sides of each ship there belched forth quick puffs of smoke, as each and every one of them fired off its salute of twenty-one guns, There was a noise for you; long before it was finished I wished that queens did not exist to be greeted by roval salutes. LI Hung Chang of the yellow silk dol-

by the best naval engineer in the

world. The naval supremacy of old

to Cowes, but only the second day af- by a steel cantilever bridge in mid-air our astonished eyes upon rising, but water. maintain England's supremacy on the the struggling water, the gorge nartion.

huts of the Chinese. and regularity extending from the At Cisco, our train enters a long tunnel and emerges to cross the Canon the Soon we ascend the Thompson river and Thompson canon and the river here changes from the terrible to the grand. Here the mountains seem to draw together and the railway winds along their face hundreds of feet above rows and deepens, the frowning cliffs opposite are mottled and streaked in many striking colors, while between the breaks in the high escarpment snowy peaks are seen glistening above the clouds and the scenery becomes wild and beyond my powers of descrip-Nor is this all. As we ascend this fantastic canon, there is a striking contrast between the brilliant emerald green of the Nicola river as it whiris down its winding torrent path and the cliffs through which it passes, which are of the richest yellow, streaked with maroon and with masses of solid rustred earth, over which hangs the sky of deepest violet. These strange forms, these gaudy hues of the rocks, these scantly herbaged terraces, impress themselves most strongly on the memory. This gorge in its terrifying gloom and desolation was remindful of and may be fittingly named the "Black Canon of Colorado," as we beheld it in 1892. At Ashcroft in 48 miles we cover an additional elevation of \$25 feet. This is a busy town at the point of departure for the Cariboo, Barkerville, and other gold fields in the northern interior of British Columbia. Here are found freight wagons drawn by from four to ten yoke of oxen, and long strings of pack-mules laden with merchandise going to and from the mines daily. Pack teams of fifty horses and mules come down some 250 miles for supplies. The rate of cartage for that distance is sixteen dollars a hundred. Hay is worth from \$60 to \$70 per ton, and the cartage of flour \$12 per barrel. IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY. Here are extensive cattle ranches and some farming is done. In Cariboo county are four large gold mining companies, two English, one American and one Canadian. The latter has a capital of \$2,000,000 backed by the bank of Montreal. One brick was lately sent to that city worth \$17,000. Another company's clean up for the month was \$40,000. Here we found the proverbial Englishman with his complete outfit, of the gold range, also the two eternal also some hunters returning from a week's sport laden with all kinds of or pony. And so the hills and dales game. Truly, this is the sportsman's paradise.

occasional sand bars washing for gold.

Indian villages are found with their

miniature chapel, unpainted houses,

quaint and barbarously decorated

grave-yards, with banners, streamers,

and all manner of carved "tokens,"

As also the occasional groups of the

southern boundary line along the westpaying their laborers \$3.50 per day. ern baseof the Rocky Mountains as far Very large nuggets of gold have been as the northern limits of the Selkirks, found here. Heretofore the gold of a distance of over 700 miles and divid-British Columbia has been found in ing the two ranges. The average width pockets and the washings of river

The Selkirk mountains running par-

-the Rockles-though of dis-

allel to the Rocky Mountains proper,

tirct formation, exhibiting an en-

is a valley of most remarkable length

arc frequently included under

It will positively remove Freckles, Tan, Moth, Sallowness, and cure any diseases of the skin, such as Pimples, Acne, Blackheads, Oiliness, and renders the skin soft and beau-tiful. Price SI per bottle. For sale at also

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scriptive of geasid novel abounding in regular orthodox "old salts" who spin yarns and weave nets, pretty sailor lassies and uncouth bare-footed fish-wives; but these do not come in here; there isn't time. The "principal citles" call for our consideration.

We now proceed with our geography lesson. Ryde, where we are at present, is the largest town on the island and extremely pretty. As every half mile of this blessed little place is miniature little mountain in height and steepness, of course the impertinent little town of Ryde must needs run all over itself in provoking little hills-one after another, like ripples on the water, each one bigger than the last. And these hills must be journeyed over, too, up one street and down another, until people make up their minds to grin and bear, and go home knee-sprung for life, since fate really seems to have persisted in decreeing it so. The only other thing about Ryde that is very noticeable to my mind, is the sea-wall, miles long,and a part of the coast protections. It is about four or five feet thick, and it is great fun, at high tide, to go and walk on this wall and let the waves come booming up against it and break in spray right over us. Of course it is necessary to put on our oldest clothes for this feat, and even then the coast guard will not let us out there in rough weather, for fear we should be washed away. But we manage to get out pretty often and we walk for miles and miles, screeching and laughing and shouting out our conversation at the top of our voices, in order to hear ourselves above the noise the angry old ocean makes, and I assure you it is far greater fun and much more exciting than more sea bathing, by a good deal-and we get just as wet-oh! quite, I assure you.

Then, too, there are such occupations as going shrimping and crab-hunting, in which we indulge at low tide, also our oldest garments. These pastimes necessitate the wearing of bare feet, and like sensible folks out for our holidays, we never stickle at that, but paddle boldly in, flourishing our nets, and make for the hapless shrimps with warlike intent worthy of true British fishwives.

A THESPIAN RESORT.

This, by the way, seems to be a favorite resort for the theatrical profession, as Forbes Robertson, the actormanager of the Lyceum theatre, is spending his summer here, as is also Sydney Brough, Isabel Bateman and several more, while royalty is represented by the Archduchess Stephanie, of Austria, who is here at the Esplannde hotel, besides the smaller fry of nobility and gentry always swarming about the larger fry. Their yachts and launches off the pier are really too nu mercus to mention,but never to be for gotten, for the way they beautify the little Solent is simply entrancing, to say the least.

But we must tear ourselves from Ryde and take us on to Sandown, another very swell summer resort, which is to Ryde what Newport is to Saratoga naller and selecter." The only thing that apepals to me in Sandown is the great long beach of sand they e blessed with there, which makes it such a fine place for taking children. and it does, indeed, swarm with the little youngsters all summer Ryde is bad for children: they would constantly dropping over the seaand getting drowned, and so

THE QUEEN'S RELIGION.

From the decorations and altar I gather that she is very low church indeed, and am told that such is the fact. I do not suppose, in truth, that a high churchwoman would take such delight as does Her Majesty in the Kirk of Scotland services which she attends when in that country, which of course is a strong proof that, whatever, her faults, she is not a narrow-minded sort of Christian anyway.

Right opposite her pew is the newlymade tomb of poor Prince Henry of Battenburg, who was recently buried here, while in the churchyard outside lie the bones of many an old servant and retainer of her Osborne household. Across the road f rom the church stands a row of perfectly sweet little houses, the homes of aged and superannuated servants, built near the church purposely, in order that they may be brought over to divine services without trouble or fatigue-a very much idealized sort of poor house thought, as the little Anne places are as fine as some of our prettiest homes spoiling their poor mother's holidays, built in that style, but not tenanted but here in Sandown all is service for by old servants. Climbing roses clambuilt in that style, but not tenanted

man and the drooping peacock's feather I did not have the fuck to see, sad to say. How I wish I could have exchanged one of my many glimpses of fat and podgy queenliness for a little look at this almond-eyed ambassador from the flowery kingdom, be it ever so small a squint, but it was not to be,

LOCOMOTION BY BOATS

We came home at last by boat. Boats indeed, are one of the principal means of locomotion here. There are no such things as busses or trams on this isle. We are much too sweet and unspoiled here, for that, and even the all-pervading hansom cabby, who gaily cracks his whip and his joke all over England, even to the fastnesses of little Wales, is conspicuous here by his absence, the hills being too step for a two-wheeler, I fancy. So we travel mostly by boat and coach, while for those who do not wish to go so high up in the world as the top of a fourin-hand, there are on hire little Victorias, or "flys," as the divers call them, besides brakes. To be sure there is a tiny, incompetent little railway line on the isle, which charges thric the fares of decent English railways, and never runs on time, either, but that is beneath the notice of toucists who wish to see the place properly,

and nobody travels on it, unless he can't catch the conch or hire a donkey of the Isle of Wight resound with the blast of the tally-ho horn, the patter of sure-footed donkeys and ponies, the toot of the steamboats's whistle andthe ring of the bicycle bell, for the bleycle, you know, we have always with us now, wherever we go. Everybody here us a canes, man, wo

man and child. I suppose because they help in the hill-climbing. I must say that I think it a very sensible thing, and I do, too, like to see them. I know I have got to "fancy myself" dreadfully when I start off for a tramp with my pretty little walking stick. I as sure you candidly I do feel very swagger indeed thea. But the feeling soon passes off, and I go fagging up and down the grades, and find myself standing on the top of each hill, lost n contemplation of my cane, and the feasibility of winding myself about it and rolling comfortably to the bottom cane and all. But some human being hoves into sight, I remember where I am, and end by never doing it at all. Sadle E. Kalser.

From here to Kamloops, 47 miles, the mountain's spurs are pierced by numerous tunnels, one following the other in close succession. For twenty miles the road runs along the shore of Kamloops Lake, a beautiful bill-girt

sheet of water, made so by the widening of the Thompson river. Kamioops is a divisional point. Situated at the junction of the north and south branches of the above rivers, with a population of 2,000, and is the principal town in the Thompson river valley. It lies in the plateau between the gold and cascade, or coast range of the Rockies, 251 miles east of Vancouver Years ago it was a Hudson's bay post. Here is an Indian reservation, overlooked by St. Paul's mountain. Steamboats ply the river and lake, and sawmills manned largely by Chinese are frequent and briskly running. This is a supply point for a large ranching and mineral region southward. The principal industry is grazing, for the

of the Rocky Mountain range is about s.xty miles, diminishing to the north: that of the Selkirks is about eighty miles. The economic value of the Sel kirk range lies in the very valuable depesits of precious and base metals. The Rockies contain a great rotential wealth of valuable minerals and extengive seams of coal, and deposits of iron and other useful metals. The average altitude of the Selkirks are no greatly inferior to the Rockles-the highest peaks rising from 8,000 to 0,000 feet, culminating at the headquarters of Saskatchewan, (Mt Murchison), with an altitude of 13,500 feet. 'here are twelve passes over the Rockles at elevations ranging from 7,100 feet to 2,000 feet. The summits of the Selkirks rival in grandeur those of the Rockies, being more rounded and less

1,300 feet.

pame

procipitous than the latter, and their ides up to several thousand fest are clothed in dense forest affording an un!'mited supply of good timber.

The valley at the base of the Selkirks is filled throughout with a dense growth of immense trees. (Who has not heard of the almost fabulous proportions of the trees of British Colmbla?) Douglass firs, cedar, hemlock, balsam and other varieties-giants all cut and direct, that it seems to have Leen purposely provided for the railway in order to overcome the encrmcus difficulties in crossing the Sel wide with lofty mountains rising abruptly on each side. The highest point reached by the road in this pass is the Columbia river and 525 feet above lakes, Summit, Victor, Three Valley, and Griffin, they are in close succes sion, each occupying the entire width of the valley and forcing the railway into the mountain sides. I must ask part, as my words fail of description.

WHEN THE LAST SPIKE WENT DOWN.

Reaching Craigellachie our attention was called to the spot where the last spike, uniting the rails from the cast and the west over this great highway was driven on November 7, 1885, thus finishing one of the greatest engineering structures ever undertaken by man. We now leave behind us the imposing and glacier-studded Mt. Begbie snow clad peaks-Mackenzie and Filley-lying southeast from us and commence at Clanwilliam. At one elevation of 1995 feet, the descent of 520 feet to the Columbia river, nine miles Revelstoke, a divisional point, also a supply point for the mining districts up and down the noble stream.

COLUMBIA RIVER.

The Columbia which has made a great detour around the northern extremity of the Selkirks, is here very wide and deep and crossed on a bridge of over a half a mile long. We have traveled across the mountaincus peninsular formed by the great bend of the Columbia, a distance of seventy-eight miles, while in flowing northward, it has formed a loop of ver 200 miles and descended 1.050 feet It is navigable southward over 200 miles to the International boundary altogether 725 miles. This Columbia is a marvel, one of the great river of North America, neither the Dominion 'or American lay exclusive claim to it. It is in reality an American river rising in Oregon it turns towards the North Star into the Dominion running

sand and gravel. This camp is like the American mines found in "leads"some of these leads are two feet in circumference. War Eagle mine em ploys 75 men and the output is \$50,000 per month. A smelter is being built there. But we are digressing

our Northern Pacific series,

GREAT GOLD MINING CAMP.

At Rossland is a great gold mining

reached by that road.

At Revelstoke, we enter again the observation car and commence the ascent of the Selkirks for Twin-Butte. a distance of twelve miles. The station takes its name from the huge double summit nearby, called Mackenzie-Tilley. On approaching the station a beautiful peak looms up to the left called Clachnacoodin, Soon the narrow valley again becomes a gorge and the railway and river dispute the passage through a chasm with vertical rocky walls standing but ten yards apart.

THROUGH ALBERT CANON. Leaving Twin-Butte, we soon enter

the gorge of the Illicilliwaet river, in Albert Canon, where the river is seen 300 feet below the railway compressed

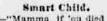
into a boiling flume scarcely twenty feet wide. Here the train stops for a few moments to enable the passengers from solidly built balconies to safely look at the awful gorge and into the boiling cauldron below. The train runs of them. This pass (Eagle) is so deep closely along the brink of several remarkably deep fissures in the rock whose walls rise straight up hundreds of feet on both sides of wooded crags, above which sharp distant peaks kirks. The pass is not over a mile cut the sky. All along this gorge for miles as it widens out there are exceedingly grand outlooks, the gigantic trees, for which famous. t Summit Lake, only eight miles from British Columbia are found here abundantly. The Illic-In fact here are four beautiful illiwaet river here is not large, but the stream as it comes from the distant glacier is turbulent, its water peagreen with glacial mud, but rapidly clearifies. Caribon and other large game are found here in great numbers. the reader to imagine the scenery in and all the way down the Columbia. At the station are many sliver mines penetrating the crest of one of the lofty

hills north of the railway.

At Ross Peak station we are at an altitude of 3.600 feet and commence to climb the "Loops," to the Glacier House, seven miles distant, when we overcome an additional elevation of 522 feet. Two locomotives are required for the ascent. This "loop" is a skilful piece of engineering, scarcely second to none on our continent. Looking forward on the mountain slope the railroads are seen cutting two long gashes. one above the other. It makes several startling turns and twists, first running parallel with its former course, crossing the canon, touching the Cougar mountain on the other side doubling back a mile or more upon itself to within a stone's toss, touching for a moment at the base of the Ross Peak, then climbing to Ross Peak Glacier. The superb mountain views may be imagined, for every turn of the devious pathway brings fresh scenic marvels. The "Cascade of Tears" is a beautiful fall of 1,000 feet, bringing tears of emotion to the beholder. Our arrival at the Glacier House and the "Great Glacier" of the Selkirks,

highway. A description of this great phenomenon will appear next week J. E. Richmond.

ends our second day's experience at



Maudle-"Mamma, if 'ou died would 'ou climb the golden stairs ?" Mamma--"I suppose I would, my dear." Maudie--"I wouldn't, mamma. I'd take the elevator."-Truth

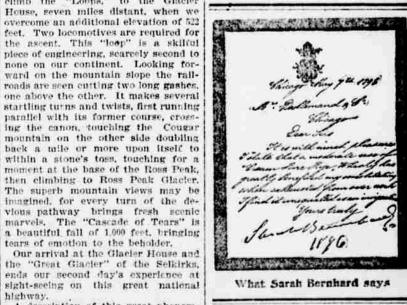
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