From Seaboard to Divide.

Was the weather hot? Well, I should think so. We (for there were two of us, Hermann and I) nearly died from the intensity of the heat. When one looked out of the car window he could feel the hot column of air rush past. Ohio was broiling. At Cincinnati, after using up seven collars in two days, we gave it up, and laid down our ante in a gentlemen's furnishing goods store, receiving in return a handful of celluloid collars and cuffs. What bliss, what peace of mind, to go out, with the thermometer registering 102 degrees in the shade, and run up and down without wilting your linen.

We took a run up to Coney Island on the steamer Bonanza; and here let us remark that the river steamers are a delusion and a snare; as Bill Nye says, they shake so hard that they make one hungry soon after meals. We soon returned to Cincinnati; and as we were slowly walking up to the Burnett House, we were confronted upon every telegraph pole and fence by the yellow and black sign, TAKE THE O. AND M. FOR ST. LOUIS. ONLY 10 HOURS.

"That'll be nice," suggested Hermann, so we invested in a couple of tickets and a sleeper section.

The train was not billed to start until 10.30 P. M., so we took in the beer gardens upon the heights above Cincinnati, leaving so as to get to the depot at 10.15 P. M. Suffice it to say, that it was precisely midnight when the train pulled out of the depot. Ten hours is good time between the two cities; but when you are an hour and a half late, and the engineer hangs a log of cord wood on the safety valve, eight hours and a half to St. Louis—why, life is hardly worth living. Imagine our feelings, kind reader, and excuse any slight exopostulation, sleepy as we well could be, but not able to sleep, since going so fast we were obliged to use hand, tooth, and nail to stay in the bunks. In despair we gave it up, and smoked all night, thus smoothing our ruffled tempers.

Still, we got there, and while in East St. Louis a laughable incident occurred. There was a young mother in the car, bound for East St. Louis, where she expected friends to meet her. The train rolled into the town, and a large, matronly looking woman of about fifty summers rushed into the car and embraced the traveler; but their joy was too lengthy, and the train was under way before they could get out. The elderly young person seized a valise and a basket of peaches, and made a break for the door, saying, "Ring the bell! For heaven's sake stop the train!" At this outburst the conductor laughed quite heartily, and the old lady turned upon him a glance of withering contempt, abusing him in words three quarters of a mile long, or until we had crossed the bridge over the Father of Waters.

After a two hours' view of St. Louis we took the cars for Kansas City, arriving the next morning. As we were running into the city we were surprised at the chuckling of our colored porter. When asked the cause of his mirth, he said, "Golly, I'm glad we's got to dis yur place." "And why?" queried Hermann. "'Cause I likes the heat so as w'en yo stick yo head out'n de winder it feels jus' like a furnace." "Well," said I, "this is encouraging;" and our fears thus awakened were more than realized, for the mercury stood at 106 degrees in the shade at noon.

We had six hours here; so since at eight o'clock in the morning it was cloudy, we jumped into an open carriage, telling the driver to show us the city.

Kansas City is built on a clay bank, and all one has to do to build is to excavate and turn the clay right into brick on the spot.

At about eleven the sun came out in all its glory, and the heat was so intense, not to mention four inches of clay dust, that we hied ourselves to a caravansary for refreshment. When ready to get into the carriage again we went to the sidewalk, and it was at this juncture that