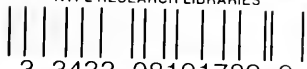


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Picture Show

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BY

J. G. Pangborg

Illustrated by

Moran Schell-Morgan  
Sol Eytinge Fredrickson  
Hamilton Dixon & Lederer

CHICAGO

Knight & Leonard



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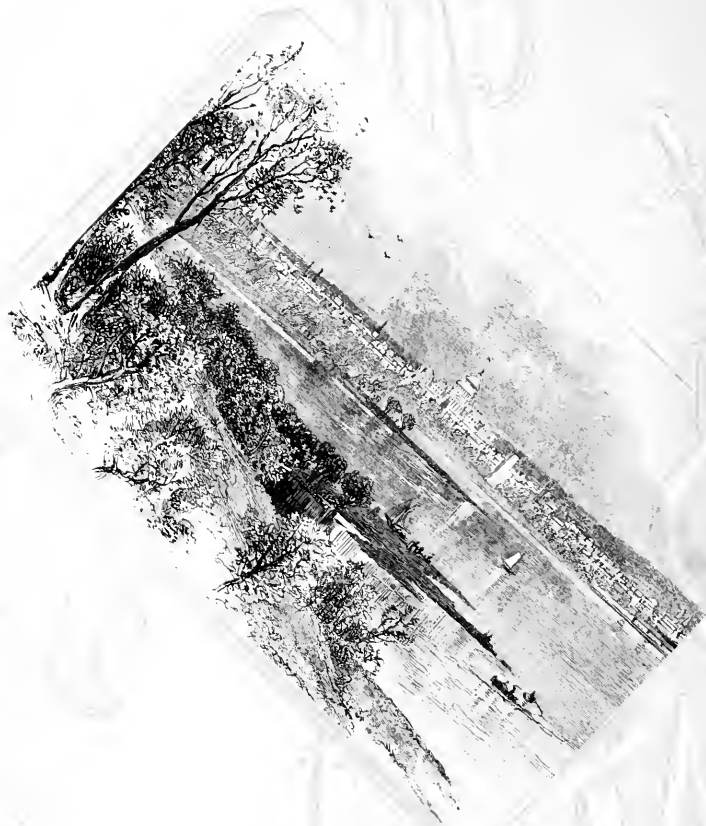


**W**HILE a few introductory sentences are deemed requisite for the proper presentation of any publication in book form, in this instance there is really no call for such. At the risk of appearing driven for the want of something more original to say, it can well be stated that this little book speaks for itself. A glance over its pages will quickly disclose an answer to the question whether or not its utterance has been to such point as to interest those designed to be interested; and if the answer be in the negative, then all the prefaces ever written would not avail.

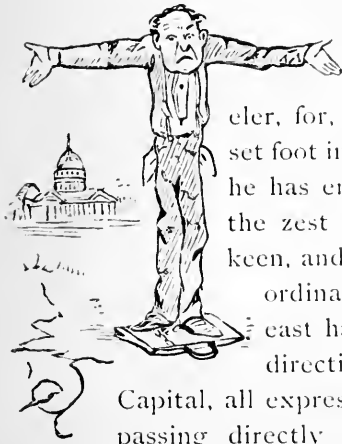









## Through Washington West.



THROUGH Washington west means much to the average traveler, for, if it be that he has not hitherto set foot in the beautiful capital city, or that he has enjoyed that pleasure in the past, the zest is in one case, as in the other, keen, and the anticipation enlarged to no ordinary extent. Through Washington east has equal significance, as in either direction the trip is via the National Capital, all express trains on Picturesque B. & O. passing directly through the city, and, in fact, within the very shadow of the majestic structure in which is centered the government of the country. The exact line of the Baltimore & Ohio appears to still remain something of a conundrum to not a few people, and this, too, despite the extensive dissemination of printed matter intended to fully advise on this particular point. One would think that the frequency with which the words "Picturesque B. & O. Only line via Washington," meet the eye, here, there and everywhere throughout the land, that every man, woman and child understood it "like a book." However, a good many people know a route best by actual passage over it, and thus the memory of the olden time, or the more immediate remem-

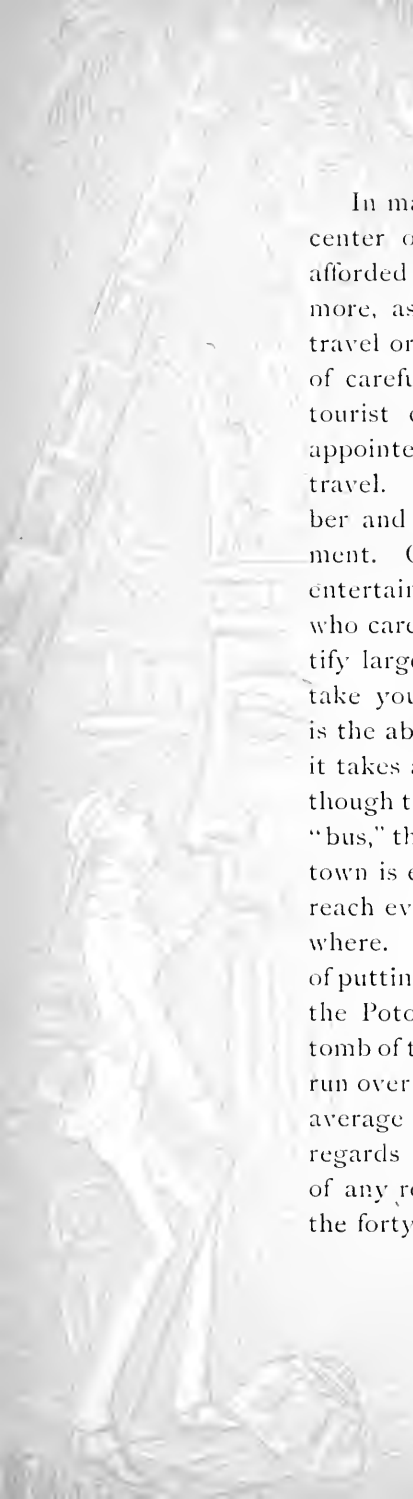


brance of a trip to Washington by other, and thus necessarily roundabout lines, leads to an impression that is difficult to erase. This is, that to get to the National Capital one must leave the main line and journey southward, whether from the East or the West; or, in any event, if from the West, reach Baltimore first, and thence to Washington. This is true of all lines other than the B. & O.; and by this the position is exactly reversed as regards the trip from the West, as the train passes through Washington to reach Baltimore and the East. Thus the passenger, if from the West, departs via the B. & O. from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Toledo, Columbus, Chicago and intermediate points, and enjoys the advantages of through cars to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, which pass directly through Washington, where, as a matter of course, stop may be made and the journey resumed at pleasure. Equally attractive advantages are enjoyed on the through trains from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore to the western cities named. From Pittsburgh the run to Washington is made without the change of cars of any class whatever, the direct line of the B. & O. from city to city being by no less than seventy-two miles the shortest route. From Cleveland and Detroit the B. & O. is eighty-nine miles the shortest, and incomparably the best in every respect. Certainly any one reading this plain and unequivocal statement as to the exact bearing of the B. & O. line from the Atlantic to the great lakes and rivers of the West, without change of cars, can no longer question as to the direct line to the National Capital, or labor under confusion of comprehension, as the term "Only line via Washington," means, to the fullest extent, just as it reads.



FRANKS AT 1853

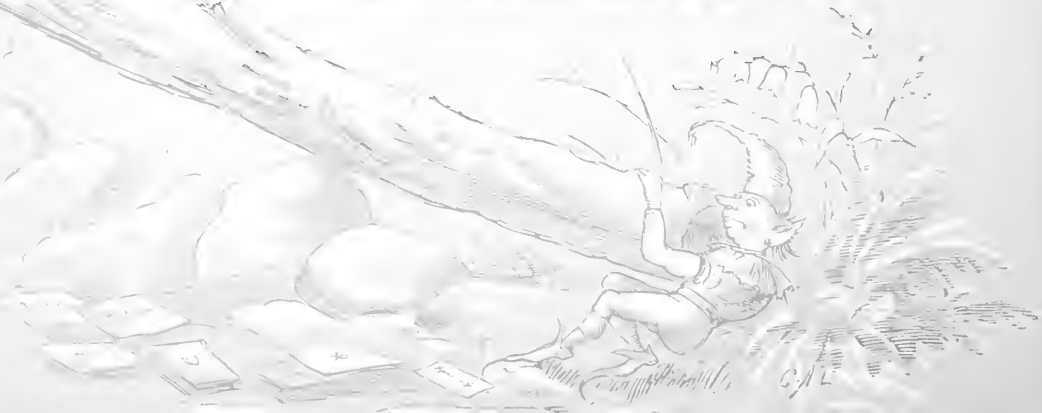
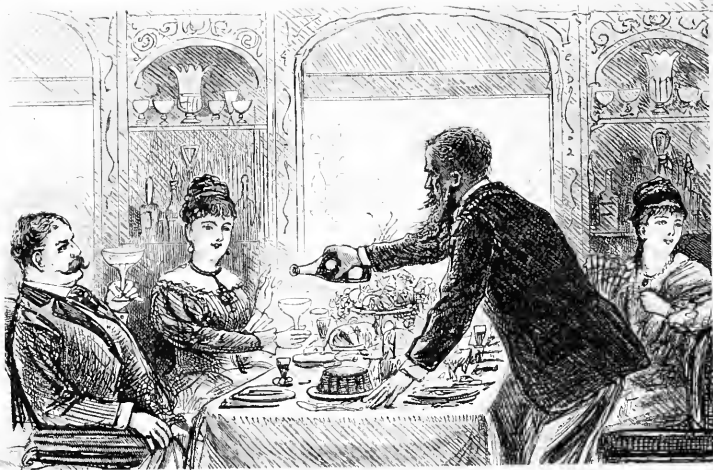
THE RELAY HOUSE.



In many respects the Capital City is the most attractive center of interest in all the country, and the opportunity afforded by the trip over the B. & O. to spend hours, days or more, as the sojourn may be extended, without increasing travel or losing time en route, is certainly a point well worthy of careful consideration. Washington is pre-eminently the tourist city of the country, that is to say, it is perfectly appointed in all its facilities for the accommodation of such travel. The hotels are very commodious, and of such number and range of grades as to meet every possible requirement. One can pay almost any price, from the figures for entertainment of the "swellest" description, to those for guests who care not so much for style, or whose means will not justify large expenditure. It is the old "pay your money and take your choice." One thing may be relied upon, and that is the absence of any trouble in securing accommodations, as it takes an enormous crowd to fill all the hotels. As a rule, though there are always very many visitors, like the traditional "bus," there is always room for one more. Sight seeing about town is exceedingly inexpensive, as street cars and cab lines reach every point of interest, and admissions are free everywhere. The excursion to Mount Vernon is a delightful means of putting in a day's time, and costs very little. The ride down the Potomac is a charming one, while the inspection of the tomb of the Father of his Country is replete with interest. The run over to Baltimore from Washington is little more than an average street-car ride as to time, but decidedly different as regards speed. The B. & O. makes the fastest regular time of any road on the continent between the two cities, doing the forty miles in forty-five minutes with ease.

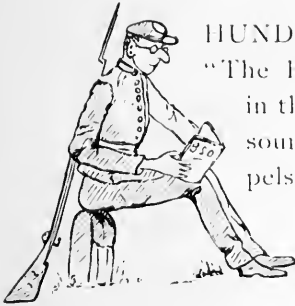
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## The Potomac.



HUNDRED years hence the two words, "The Potomac!" will have still the magic in their utterance which now, at the mere sound, as the lips meet and part, dispels the mist of nearly a quarter of a century, and brings the shadowy past to what appears almost a vivid present. Men there are, and many of them yet in the full and rich development of perfect manhood, who, with no thought of gray hairs or bending shoulders, talk of the days when the Potomac was verily a river of life, as if 'twere but yesterday that their young legs measured the miles of its bayonet-bristling shore, and their keen, bright eyes watched every bush, every tree, for the flash which would tell of a presence, none the more welcome, even if expected. And there are men upon whose once bronzed faces age has left its indelible marks, and whose steps have lost their elasticity, but whose memories have dimmed not; and their children and children's children know the Potomac as if the realization of what it once was came to them by actual experience rather than through the tales of veterans. How then, to the soldier, now the citizen in the prime of life, the old man with memory brightened by living o'er again the past in the stirring rem-



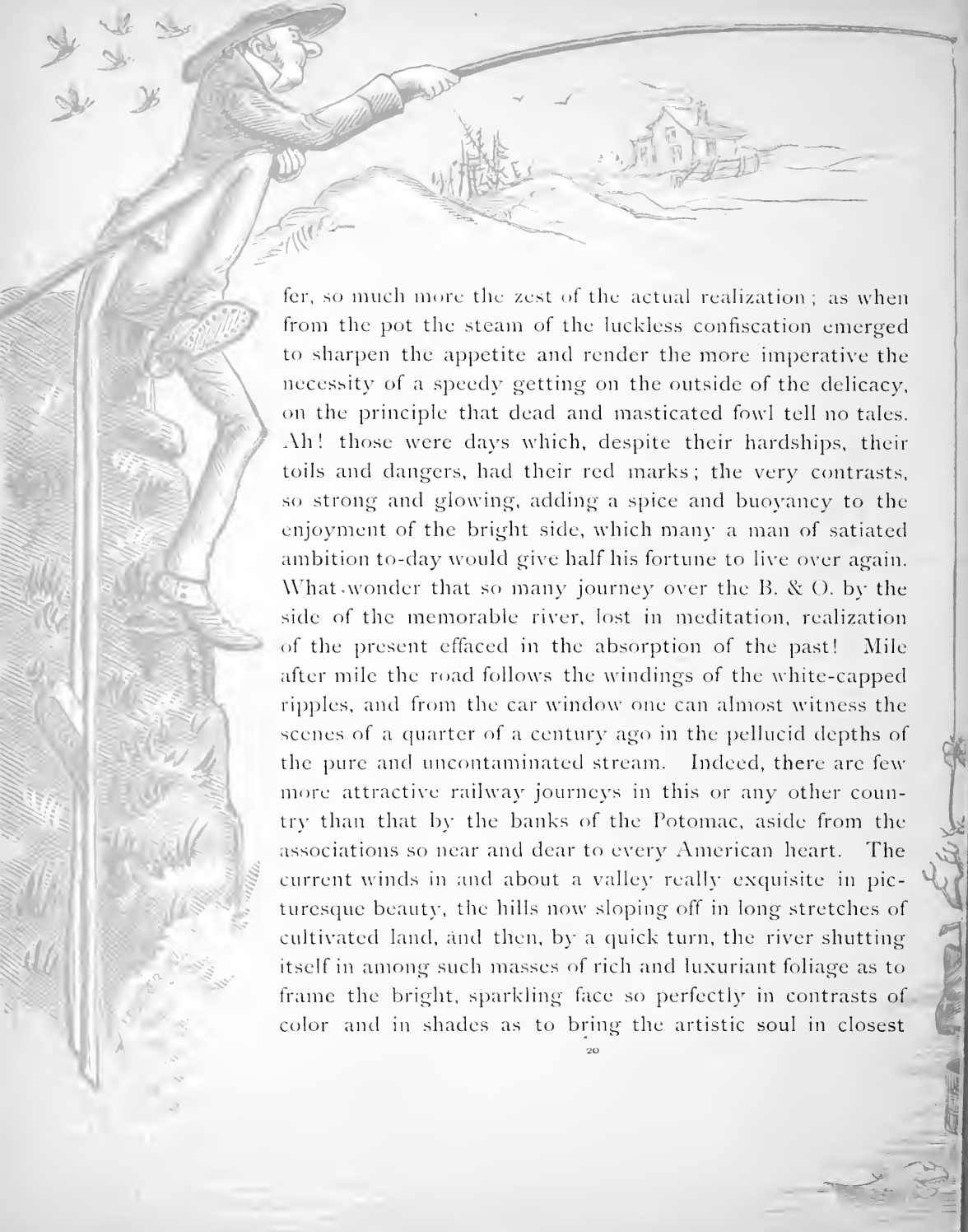
iniscences which find place in the soul of the young, can the Potomac lose its hallowed seat in the great public heart? As ages go by will not the beautiful river gain new charms which will ever make it consecrated? Few indeed of the packages of old letters dated in "the sixties," which have become household treasures in homes from Florida to Dakota, from Maine to Oregon, but contain the words, "The Potomac." As they are handed down from generation to generation, and memory grows sacred as it links names with places, who can say that, as one river ever remains most hallowed in religious history, the other will not in its sphere always compel reverence? Not only reverently is recalled the by-gone years upon the historic waters, but ofttimes among "the boys," as old soldiers love to class themselves when speaking of the tented past, are recollections called up of the rollicking days which formed such strong contrast with the more serious aspect of the stern business in hand. How many staid and dignified merchants and professional men of the present would now hold up their hands in holy horror if some phonograph could be mysteriously brought out to reproduce some of the sentiments expounded twenty odd years ago! For instance, as to the entire absence of any ill effect upon the moral nature by the midnight appropriation of the inhabitants of a hen roost. The surreptitious making away with a fine, fat gobbler, or the quiet absorption of any number of nice, fresh eggs, was then considered the highest round of the ladder of rectitude. The closer the vicinity of a wholly unsuspecting possessor of "shoulder straps," the greater would be the glory of the capture. "All's fair in war" was certainly lived up to with the closest observation of its true tenets. If to better the inner man the outer man had to suf-



THE POTOMAC AT CATOCIN



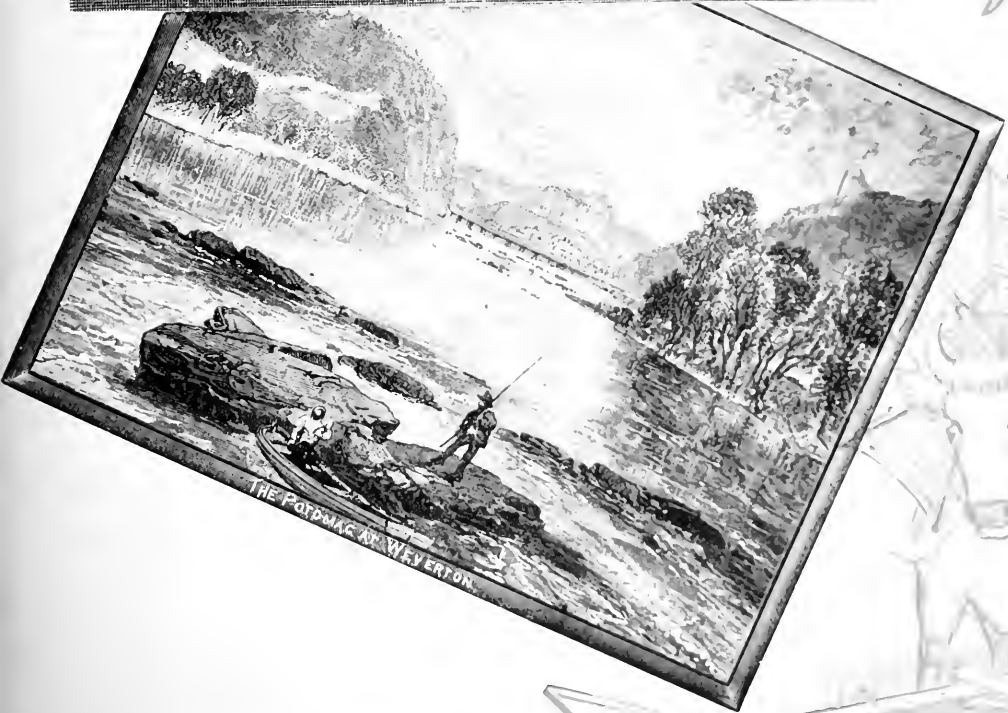
THE POTOMAC AT CATOCIN



fer, so much more the zest of the actual realization; as when from the pot the steam of the luckless confiscation emerged to sharpen the appetite and render the more imperative the necessity of a speedy getting on the outside of the delicacy, on the principle that dead and masticated fowl tell no tales. Ah! those were days which, despite their hardships, their toils and dangers, had their red marks; the very contrasts, so strong and glowing, adding a spice and buoyancy to the enjoyment of the bright side, which many a man of satiated ambition to-day would give half his fortune to live over again. What-wonder that so many journey over the B. & O. by the side of the memorable river, lost in meditation, realization of the present effaced in the absorption of the past! Mile after mile the road follows the windings of the white-capped ripples, and from the car window one can almost witness the scenes of a quarter of a century ago in the pellucid depths of the pure and uncontaminated stream. Indeed, there are few more attractive railway journeys in this or any other country than that by the banks of the Potomac, aside from the associations so near and dear to every American heart. The current winds in and about a valley really exquisite in picturesque beauty, the hills now sloping off in long stretches of cultivated land, and then, by a quick turn, the river shutting itself in among such masses of rich and luxuriant foliage as to frame the bright, sparkling face so perfectly in contrasts of color and in shades as to bring the artistic soul in closest



POINT OF ROCKS



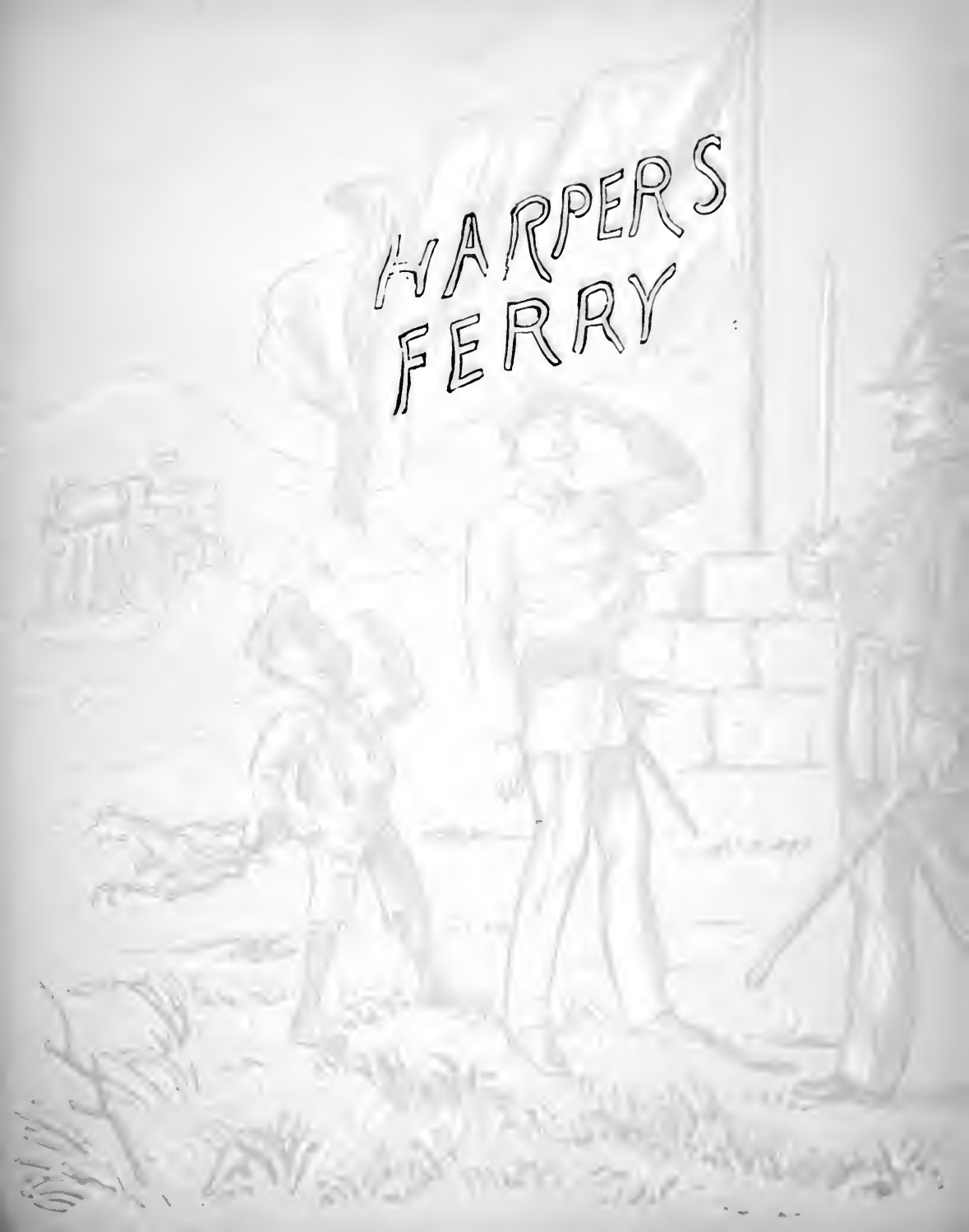
THE FORDMAC AT WEYERSON.



rapport. Hour follows hour in the formation of views which appear to vie, one with another, in calling forth the most enthusiastic terms of admiration. Even the most unsentimental of passengers cannot but feel what a perfect absurdity it would be to deplore the long and graceful sweep of the train as it turns hither and thither to keep by the emerald-set shores of the witching waters. One curve less would destroy the wonderful symmetry of this matchless gallery of Nature's own handiwork. Were the physical conformation of the section such as would permit, the attempt to make the B. & O. a straight line would be almost sacrilegious.

From Weverton the three miles to Harper's Ferry is through the very seat of mountain fastnesses, precipitous piles of granite rising up to a tremendous height and dwarfing the train until it appears by comparison but as a puny antagonist flying in the grizzly face of rock-ribbed power. The volume of water in the Potomac, increased by the flow of the Shenandoah just above, becomes a torrent in impetuosity, and seems so eager to find its way to the sea that it froths and writhes to a whiteness really beyond portraiture in beauty. The ruins of houses long since passed into decay, with tall chimneys attempting in their scrawny dimensions to rival the towering masses of rock beside them, add to the general effect, while the climbing ivy vines, the willows, the twisted, weather-beaten pines, all help to form pictures which follow in such rapid succession as almost to bewilder the eye, and cause one to wish that the train might stop, so as to permit of a single view out of all these witching scenes.

# HARPERS FERRY



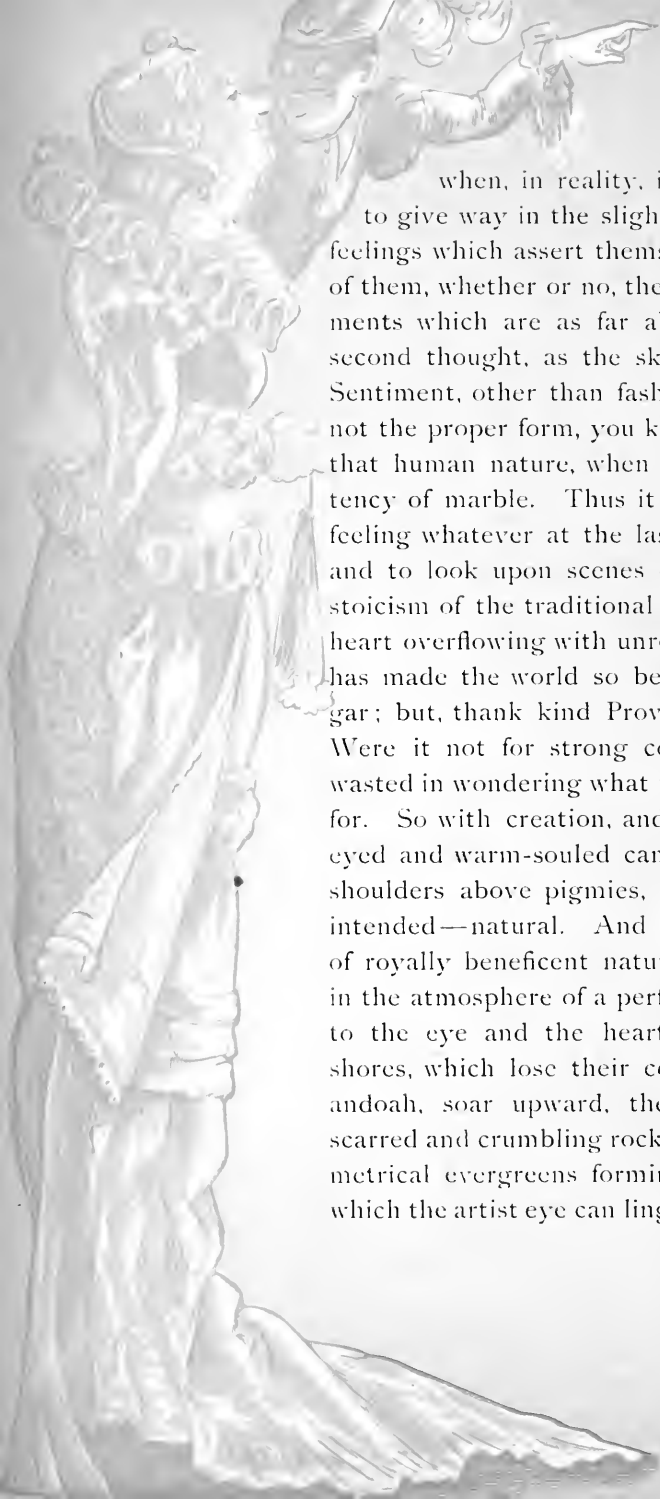




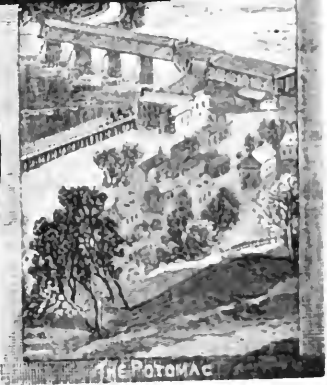
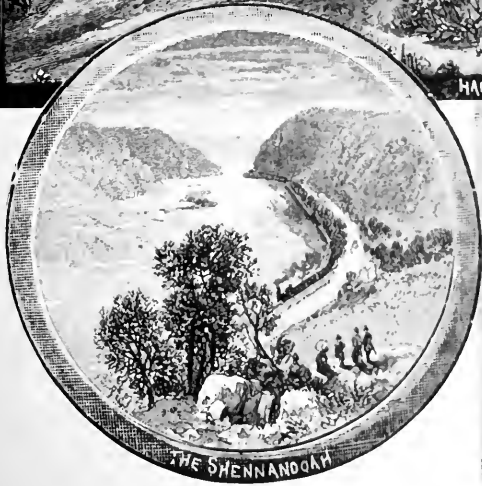
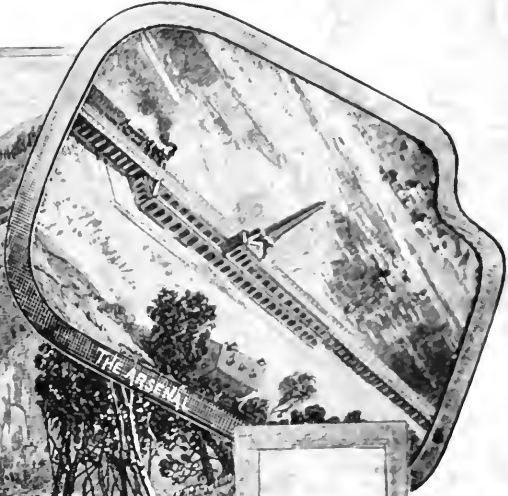
## Harper's Ferry.




WHEN one, awed by the rare combination of the grandeur in nature at Harper's Ferry, declares it the glorious culmination of the perfect consonance of the Potomac scenery, he speaks that which none can gainsay. Nevertheless, the justice is not full and complete, for here is the Shenandoah hastening to a rapid and rapturous union with the Potomac, while over them historic memories throw the wedding veil, as it were, and render the marriage of the waters most memorable. It is difficult to commence anything like a calm and dispassionate description of Harper's Ferry. The glory of the trio of towering heights, which stand sturdy sentinels upon the borders of three states, so impresses and fascinates as to cause all that is responsive in one's nature to pay tribute. The enthusiast cannot find adequate terms to express the effect the faultless consummation of scenic loveliness has upon him, and under the witchery of Nature's triumph breaks forth in rhapsodies which, in after shape, embodied in cold lines of plain, black type, may appear overdrawn. The fact of it is, human nature is prone to a self dissection, by which the knife is believed to be applied,



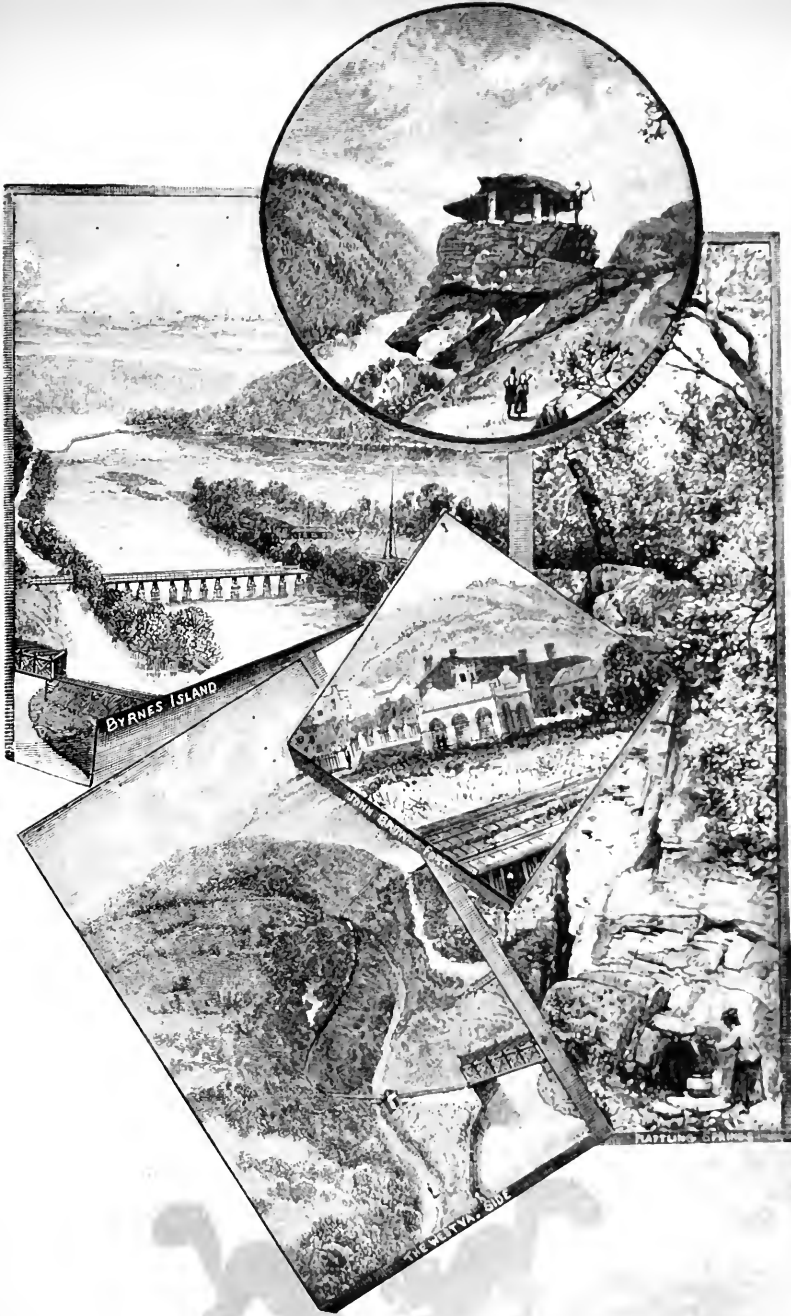
when, in reality, it is not. So many think it weak to give way in the slightest degree to the purest and best feelings which assert themselves. Determined to be ashamed of them, whether or no, they straightway essay to stifle sentiments which are as far above the impulses what is termed second thought, as the sky is above the earthiest of earth. Sentiment, other than fashionable gush, is deemed off color, not the proper form, you know. It would be made to appear that human nature, when correctly trained, is of the consistency of marble. Thus it is the correct thing to exhibit no feeling whatever at the last rites of those presumably dear, and to look upon scenes of the saddest character with the stoicism of the traditional Roman. To be human, with a big heart overflowing with unrestrained thankfulness to Him who has made the world so beautiful to look upon, is to be vulgar; but, thank kind Providence, only to a comparative few. Were it not for strong contrasts the half of life would be wasted in wondering what the other half was going to be good for. So with creation, and the lusty-lunged, brainy, bright-eyed and warm-souled can indeed afford to tower head and shoulders above pigmies, even at the risk of being as God intended—natural. And the natural man, in the presence of royally beneficent nature at Harper's Ferry, fairly revels in the atmosphere of a perfect unison of that which is dearest to the eye and the heart. Loudon Heights, on Virginia shores, which lose their confines in the waters of the Shenandoah, soar upward, the tangled masses of foliage, the scarred and crumbling rocks, the gaunt-armed pines and symmetrical evergreens forming pictures unto themselves, upon which the artist eye can linger long. Yet, even within the spell






of the picturesque there steal in memories of the sacred past which fall like a halo about the leafy crest. Stalwart boys in blue and in gray struggled through those thickly growing trees and brush, and one and then the other signaled from the highest peak to answering forces, like themselves, cloudward. Nestling under the kindly protection of the billowy masses of Bolivar Heights, quaint and crumbling Harper's Ferry lies. A white steeple here lifts its glittering finger, indexing the final ambition of man, while there the weather-beaten side of an old-time warehouse dwarfs surrounding buildings by its larger dimensions, throwing them into such deep shade as to cause an involuntary feeling that the shadows of the past and of the present are in keeping. Ever will Harper's Ferry be visited in the reflective, so to speak. One cannot climb the rugged and wind-testing streets without wondering at every step if John Brown went that way to his death; or, perchance, if Stonewall marched his men down from Bolivar Heights by this very route as he sped on to Antietam. Thought, too, comes of General Lee, when, as the humble officer of the United States army, he here tramped at the head of the few where afterward he commanded armies. And Burnside, too, now numbered with the dead. Yes, through memory's halls tread chieftain after chieftain, brave, gallant and patriotic men; whatever their sentiments, their deeds, and their ends, the turf above their graves grows over all alike. The old engine house where Brown made his stand still exists, used now for the storage of the hearse belonging to the town undertaker. Fitting receptacle! The building is within easy range of vision from the car windows as the B. & O. trains pull in and out, and the notification of an extra

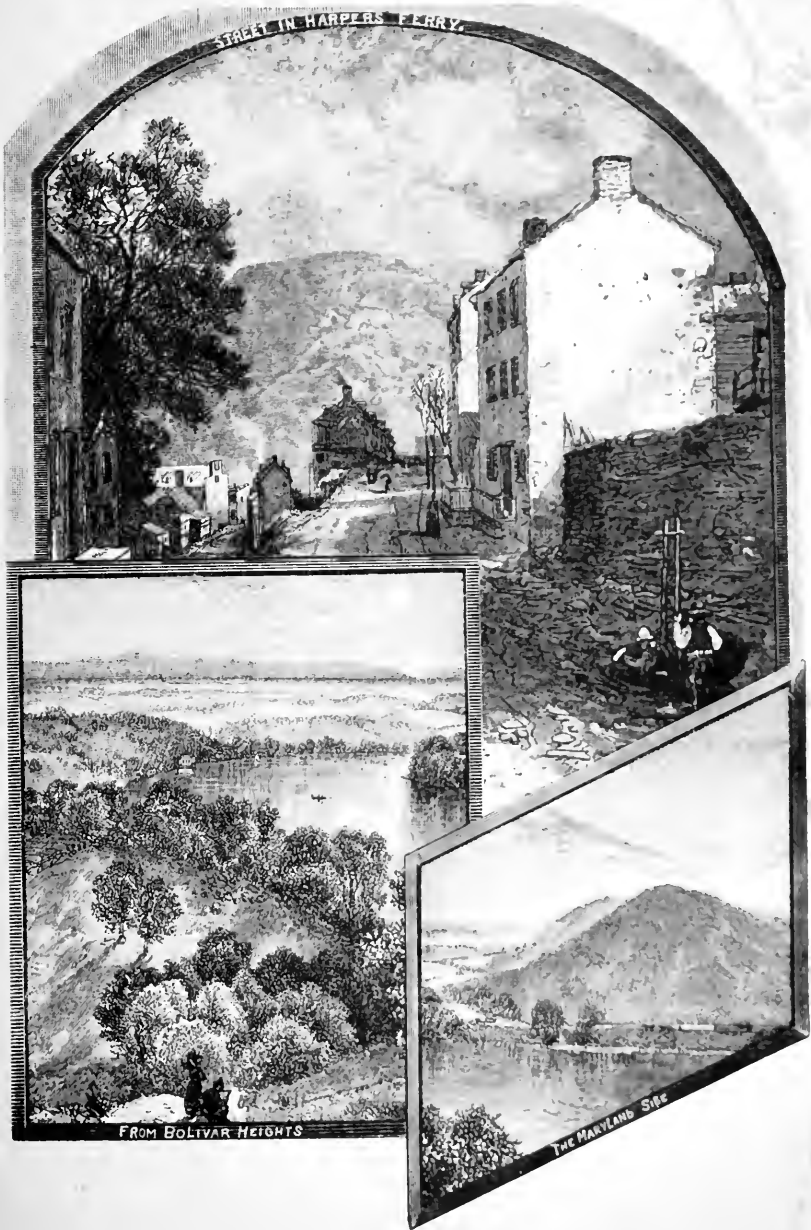






time at the Ferry is always followed by a general rush of the passengers over for a closer inspection of the whilom fort. It is a wonder that any of it is left, as curiosity hunters chip off a relic wherever it is possible. Formerly the proprietor of the hearse left the doors unlocked, in order to permit of an examination of the interior of the building, but when visitors commenced chipping off pieces of the hearse body and of the spokes in the wheels, he concluded that this was going a little too far. The popular belief appeared to be that the hearse had once contained John Brown's body before his soul went marching on. Hence the rage to secure a memento. From the top of Bolivar Heights the view is grand beyond description, and the wide expanse of country laid so temptingly before the eye is historic ground, almost every foot of it. To the right is North Mountain, where the battle had been fought prior to Antietam, and where McClellan pressed Lee so strongly that he fell back through Boonsboro and Keedysville, seven and a half miles to Antietam, fighting all the way. Fully as distinct is South Mountain itself, where ex-president Hayes was wounded, and whence he was taken down a few miles to a farm house for treatment and attention. Meantime, and on the day of the battle of South Mountain, Stonewall Jackson fought here on Bolivar Heights, and captured a large number of Union soldiers. From this elevated position Jackson saw the smoke of Antietam, and hurrying his troops down, following the river to Shepherdstown, and thence to Antietam, he arrived there and saved Lee from annihilation.


From the Heights is also seen the stretch of country General Lee traversed with his army on the march to Gettysburg. At this time Maryland Heights, just opposite, was occupied



STREET IN HARPER'S FERRY.

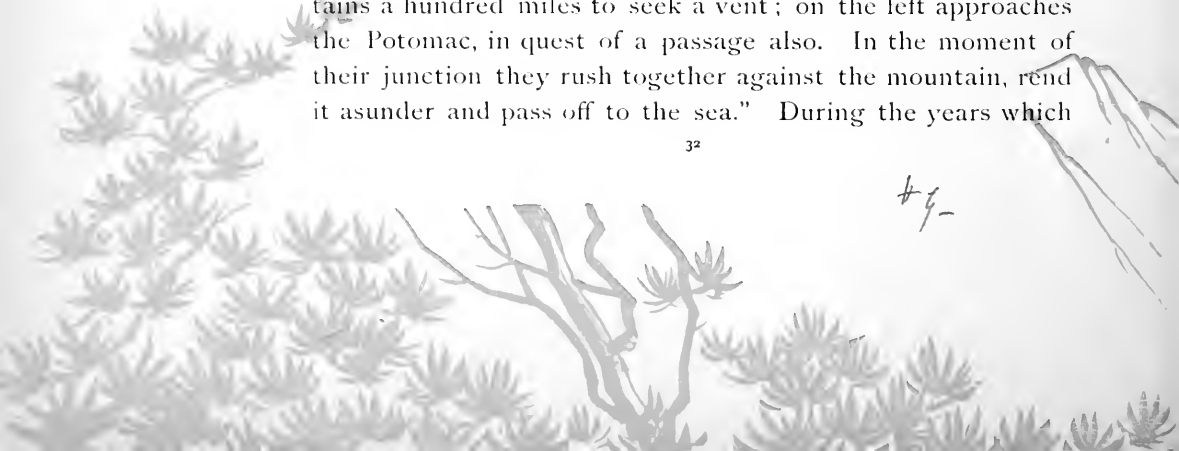
FROM BOLIVAR HEIGHTS

THE MARYLAND SIDE

An illustration at the top of the page shows two birds in flight. One bird is on the left, facing right, and the other is on the right, facing left. They are flying over a branch with several small, five-petaled flowers. The background is a light, textured grey.

by two thousand Union men under the command of General French. Lee's army crossed at Shepherdstown, and recrossed on his retreat from Gettysburg at Falling Waters, which point is plainly discernible.

Indeed, a book could be inspired by the thoughts of the eventful scenes which have transpired within the scope of beautiful country commanded from this position. And Bolivar is but one of the trinity of heights which played so important a part in the occupation and reoccupation of Harper's Ferry. Maryland Heights, just over the Potomac, are in the state from which the name was derived. Loudon Heights are in Virginia and Bolivar Heights in West Virginia. All trains over the B. & O. come to a stop by the ruins of the government arsenal, in sight, as hitherto stated, of the old Brown fort, and at the very center of one of the grandest scenes, speaking from a picturesque standpoint, to be found in any portion of the country. High upon the rock, which has ever since retained the name of the illustrious statesman, Thomas Jefferson stood, and warmly declared the view worth a journey over the Atlantic to behold. "Standing," he says, "on a very high point of land, on the right comes the Shenandoah, having ranged the foot of the mountains a hundred miles to seek a vent; on the left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder and pass off to the sea." During the years which

An illustration at the bottom of the page shows a pine tree on the left and a mountain peak on the right. The pine tree has several branches with needles. The mountain peak is a simple line drawing. The background is a light, textured grey.

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have passed since, the rock has been preserved as carefully as though its material were precious.

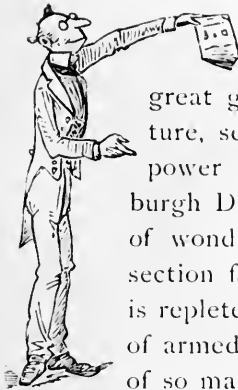
The through train leaving St. Louis in the morning, Cincinnati in the evening, passes Harper's Ferry in daylight, as also the train leaving Chicago in the morning; while the train leaving the latter-named city at five o'clock in the afternoon reaches the Ferry early in the evening—and on moonlight nights the sight is most impressive. The day train from Pittsburgh passes in the early twilight, while those who are willing to turn out of their sleeping-car berths betimes in the morning will, if on the late evening train from Chicago, or the evening train from St. Louis, and morning train from Cincinnati, behold a sunrise at Harper's Ferry never to be forgotten.

During the summer not a few old soldiers and others, impelled by the recollections of the past, stop off a train, a day, or more and spend the time rambling over the historic ground. Up the Valley Division of the B. & O. but a short jaunt carries one to the very scene of Sheridan's famous ride, the railroad bridging Cedar Creek at about the identical spot where the matchless hero, by the magic of his presence, converted rout into victory. Then there is Winchester, Kernstown, New Market, Strasburg, Port Republic, Front Royal, Cross Keys and almost a score of other points made memorable during the days that tried men's souls. No line of road passes through sections so historic, so replete with memories which can never die. Time has extracted all the bitterness; fraternal kindness has taken the place of vengeful feeling, and arms that once were raised against each other now couple in hearty communion, and together the blue and the gray wander over fields, once everything but the green which now mantles soil and memory alike.

THE  
YOUTH

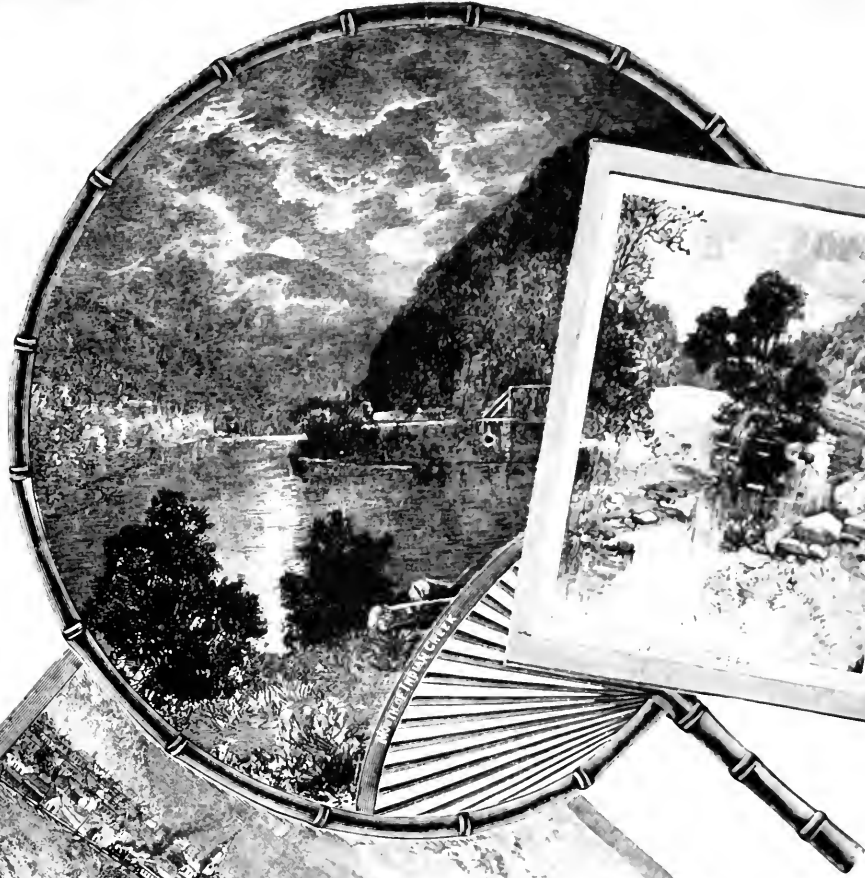



## The Yough.



FROM a point on the main line just west of Cumberland and almost within the great gap which here, by a strange freak of nature, severs the mountain chain, as if gigantic power had cleaved with mighty ax, the Pittsburgh Division diverges and penetrates a country of wondrous picturesque beauty. And again a section falls under the eye of the traveler, which is replete with historic memories, not of the days of armed strife, within the personal remembrance of so many now living, but of a hundred or more years before. No less a personage than George Washington himself suggested that portion of the line which follows Wills Creek down to the Youghiogheny and thence westward, as the best avenue for commerce; and, singular to say, the terminus, Pittsburgh, is the only city which the Father of his Country may be said to have founded. He selected the "Forks of the Ohio" as the proper site for a fort in the fall of 1753. In April subsequently a series of skirmishes and engagements began in which he was personally engaged, and which inaugurated the great seven years' war, that raged in all quarters of the globe. The journal Washington kept of his

first journey to Fort Le Bœuf was reprinted in Europe as being the best account of the theater of war in America. His first battle took place at Fort Necessity, within a few miles from Ohio Pyle, now a station on the B. & O. There he had to surrender to the French, July 4, 1754. On his defeat becoming known, England made extensive preparations to regain the ground lost, and sent General Braddock with an army, who landed at Alexandria in the following winter. Sir John Sinclair was his quartermaster general, and his negotiations with Benjamin Franklin for transportation very nearly ruined that great philosopher. It is not the intention to follow the campaign in its details, but to refer only to a single point as presenting a striking contrast between then and now. Braddock, whom Washington accompanied as a staff officer, with the rank of major, took just sixty days to march from Cumberland to the fatal field of his ambition ten miles from Pittsburgh. Now the journey is made by rail in six hours. Dunbar's Camp, the depot of the ill-starred expedition, is a prominent point among the mountain battlements between Uniontown and Connellsville. Farther south is Braddock's grave, an impressive spot, close to the National road. These points mentioned in this, Washington's first campaign, were the scenes of his earliest exploits as a soldier, and here he practically learned the art of war, and laid the foundation for the career which truly placed him first in the hearts of his countrymen. The way lined by the Pittsburgh Division, besides having been the battle ground between France and England a quarter of a cen-





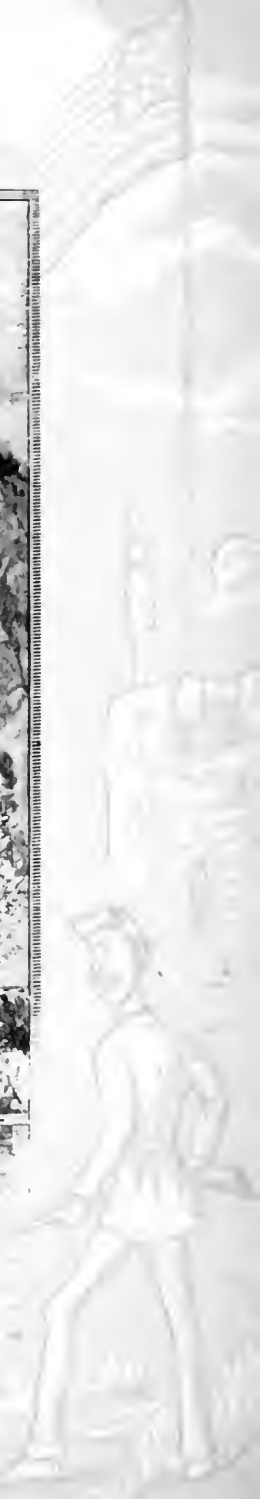
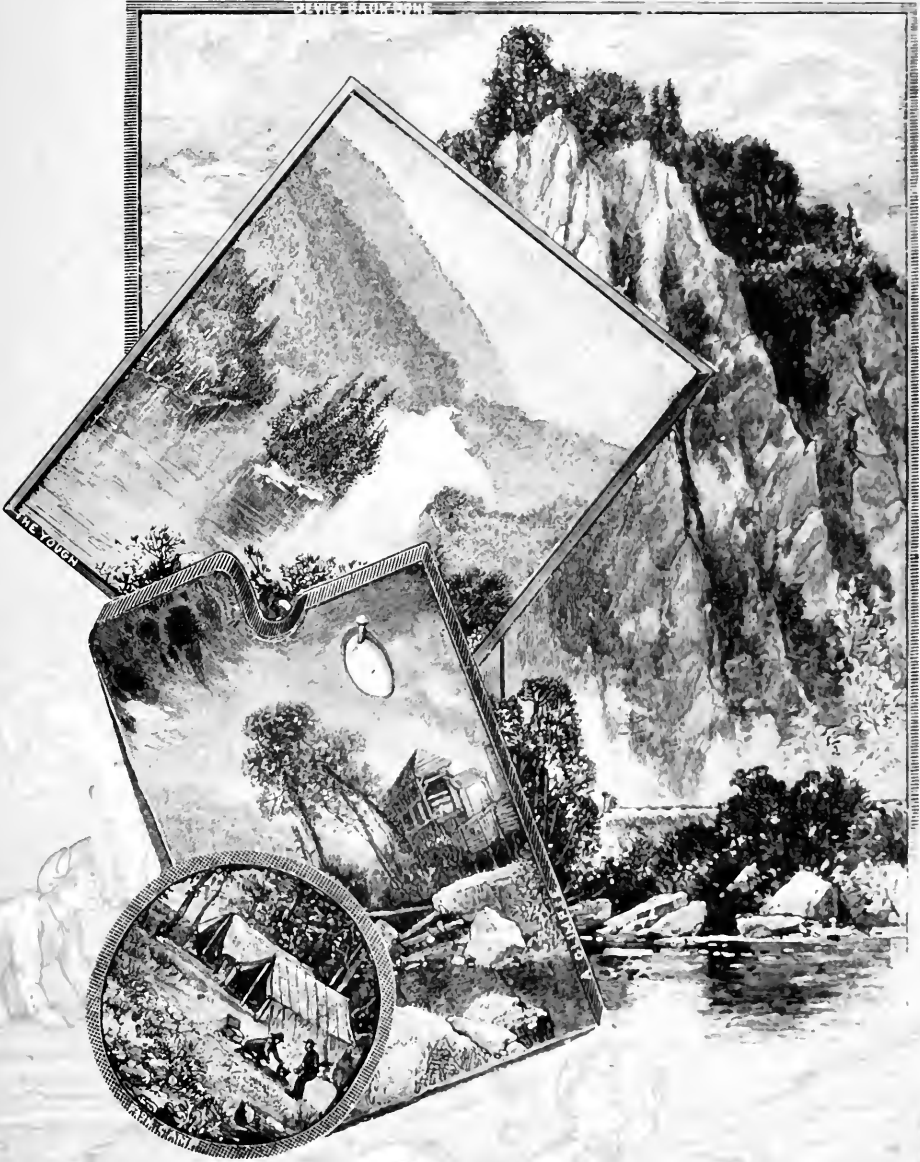
tury before the United States became known of the world, was also the center of other conflicts no less momentous in their consequences. A few miles up Wills Creek is crossed by Mason and Dixon's Line, so familiar in political annals as dividing the northern from the southern states. The line was run in 1763-67 by the surveyors from which it derived its name, and who were sent over from England to end a controversy of fourscore years' duration. The western end was not settled until years afterward, causing, meanwhile, another controversy, this time between Virginia and Pennsylvania.


Well, indeed, might the great railway be termed "Historic B. & O.," embracing, as it does, territory made memorable by three wars, and so replete with reminiscences as to supply the thoughtful with food for long and absorbing study!

Not many roads, rail or turnpike, equal the Pittsburgh Division in the picturesque, and there are not a few of genuine artistic cultivation who pronounce its course more attractive in scenic grandeur than any other in the country. The combination of water, rock and foliage is characteristic of the entire route, and the effects at times are simply indescribable. Following the Casselman to the Youghiogheny, and the Youghiogheny to the Monongahela, the road rarely leaves the water line, and as the mountains close in and rise high on either hand the panorama is glorious in the extreme. The track, based as it is almost literally upon solid rock, is smooth and firm, and as the train flies around the curves, and dashes in sharp competition to the surging waters, the sense of safety is absolute and the enjoyment perfect. Before long the Pittsburgh Division will play a much more important part in the B. & O. system, as, with the line completed from Connellsville to Wheeling, fully



DEVILS PLATEAU

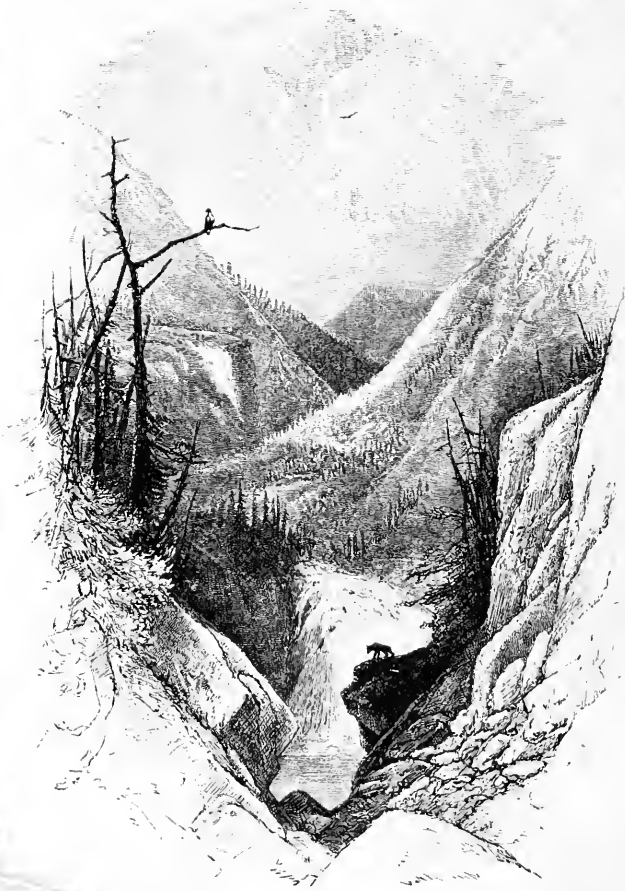




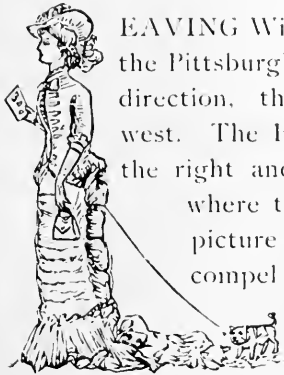
four hours will be saved in the time to Chicago, and a new and remarkably attractive section opened up to the view from the rail. Pittsburgh, too, is going to profit greatly by the important acquisitions in railroad facilities. The B. & O. is already by seventy odd miles the shortest line thence to Washington, and with the rapid pushing now characteristic of the way of doing things at Pittsburgh, that city will speedily become one of the most important centers of the company's system. The control of the Pittsburgh & Western having passed into the hands of the B. & O., its lines, together with others similarly managed, give a new and advantageous route to Cleveland; and the day is not far distant when the through trains of the B. & O. will not only run from New York over its own line to Pittsburgh direct, but to Cleveland as well, and not unlikely to Detroit. But a comparatively limited extent of additional construction will give the B. & O. an entirely new route from Pittsburgh direct to Chicago, striking the present line at Chicago Junction. The purchase of the Pittsburgh Southern and the completion of the change from narrow to standard gauge, accomplished some time since, gives the B. & O. already a line from Pittsburgh via Wheeling to Chicago, while the early completion of the cut-off from Columbus to New Vienna, on the old M. & C., now the C., W. & B., means a new and superior through line from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, Louisville and Saint Louis. With a system embracing through trains from Pittsburgh east to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, west to Columbus, Indianapolis and Chicago, southwest to Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, and northwest to Cleveland and Detroit, "Old Smoky" will most emphatically become a B. & O. center.

THE  
ALLEGHANIES





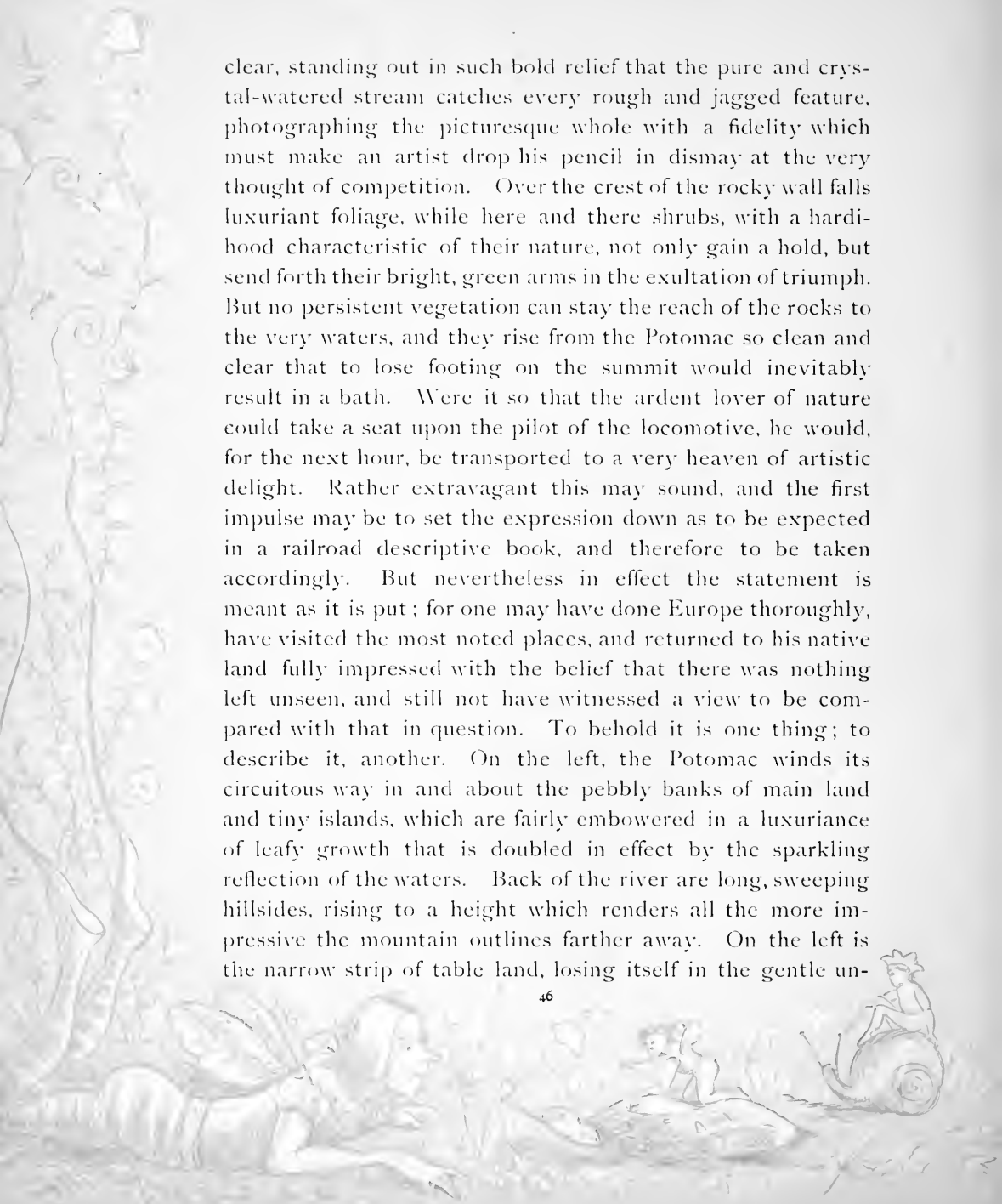
## The Alleghanies.

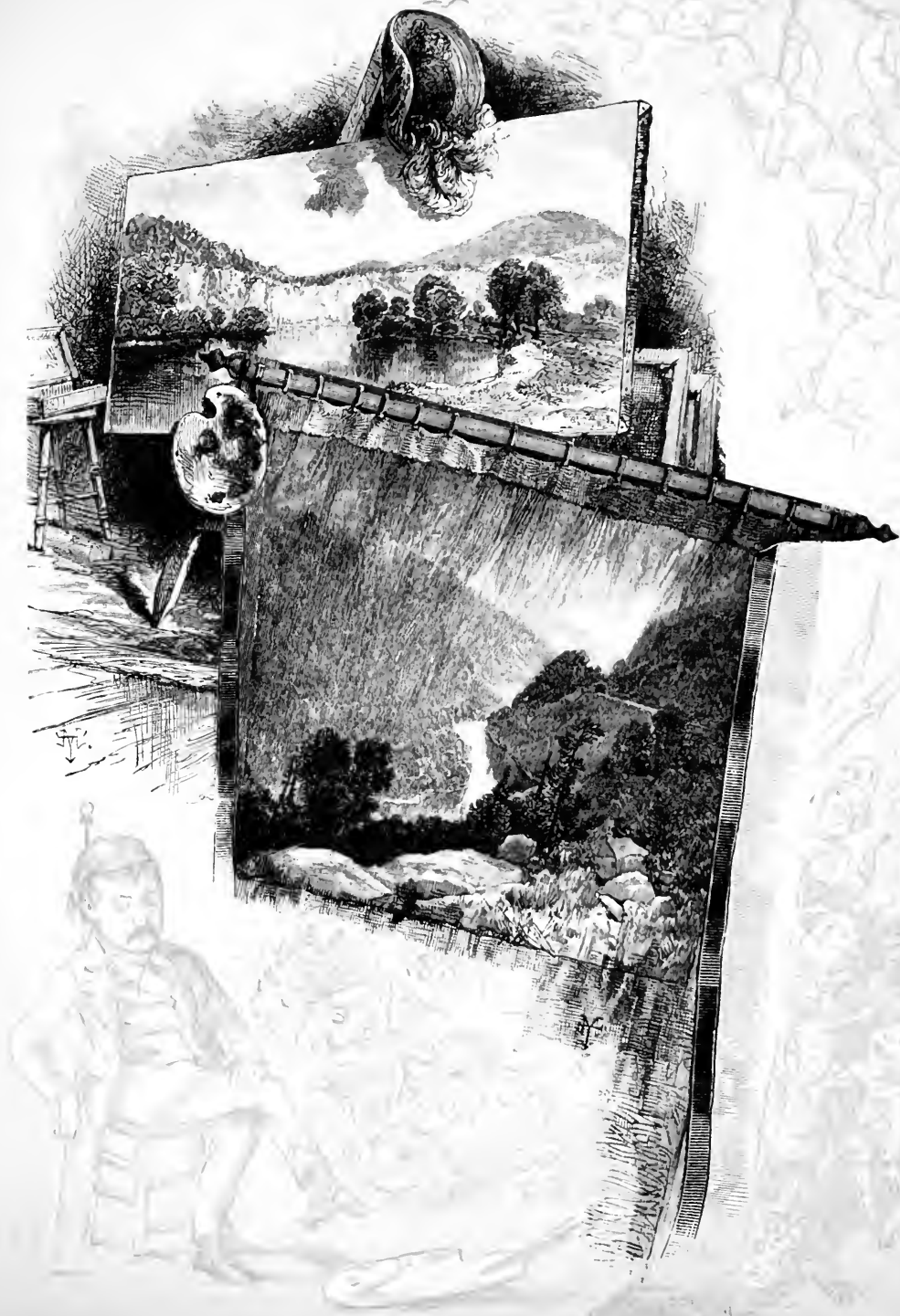



LEAVING Wills Gap, from which, as hitherto stated, the Pittsburgh Division diverges in a northwesterly direction, the main line continues almost due west. The Potomac to the left, the Blue Ridge to the right and the Alleghanies in front, no matter where the eye may roam it must fall upon a picture which cannot but stir the senses and compel a response within one's heart of hearts.

The river, broadened out, loses some of its foamy turbulence, but the absence of white-crested cascades and restless whirlpools is atoned for in the calm-surfaced pools and in the sheen of miniature lakes, which mirror to entrancing perfection tree, bush, hillside and sky. Soon the hills beyond the Potomac grow more sharp in height, and rocky masses loom up bold and rugged in their conformation. To the left also the elevated ground gains new prominence, and the distant hills grow more distinct in their tree-padded forms. The river, again feeling the restraint of the more closely skirting banks, frets and fumes until cataracts give vent to its angry ebullitions. The effect is inspiring, and as the well named Palisades come within view, the beholder involuntarily confesses that Picturesque B. & O. is no misnomer. The abrupt and age-worn rocks expose their deeply scarred faces full and


clear, standing out in such bold relief that the pure and crystal-watered stream catches every rough and jagged feature, photographing the picturesque whole with a fidelity which must make an artist drop his pencil in dismay at the very thought of competition. Over the crest of the rocky wall falls luxuriant foliage, while here and there shrubs, with a hardihood characteristic of their nature, not only gain a hold, but send forth their bright, green arms in the exultation of triumph. But no persistent vegetation can stay the reach of the rocks to the very waters, and they rise from the Potomac so clean and clear that to lose footing on the summit would inevitably result in a bath. Were it so that the ardent lover of nature could take a seat upon the pilot of the locomotive, he would, for the next hour, be transported to a very heaven of artistic delight. Rather extravagant this may sound, and the first impulse may be to set the expression down as to be expected in a railroad descriptive book, and therefore to be taken accordingly. But nevertheless in effect the statement is meant as it is put; for one may have done Europe thoroughly, have visited the most noted places, and returned to his native land fully impressed with the belief that there was nothing left unseen, and still not have witnessed a view to be compared with that in question. To behold it is one thing; to describe it, another. On the left, the Potomac winds its circuitous way in and about the pebbly banks of main land and tiny islands, which are fairly embowered in a luxuriance of leafy growth that is doubled in effect by the sparkling reflection of the waters. Back of the river are long, sweeping hillsides, rising to a height which renders all the more impressive the mountain outlines farther away. On the left is the narrow strip of table land, losing itself in the gentle un-





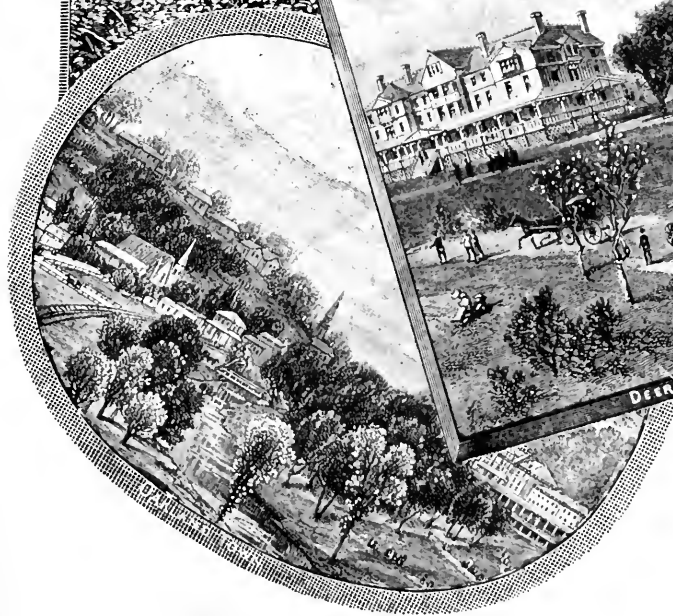
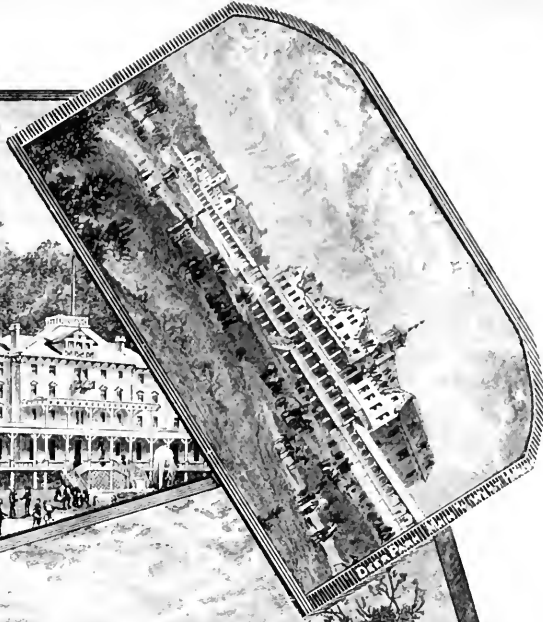
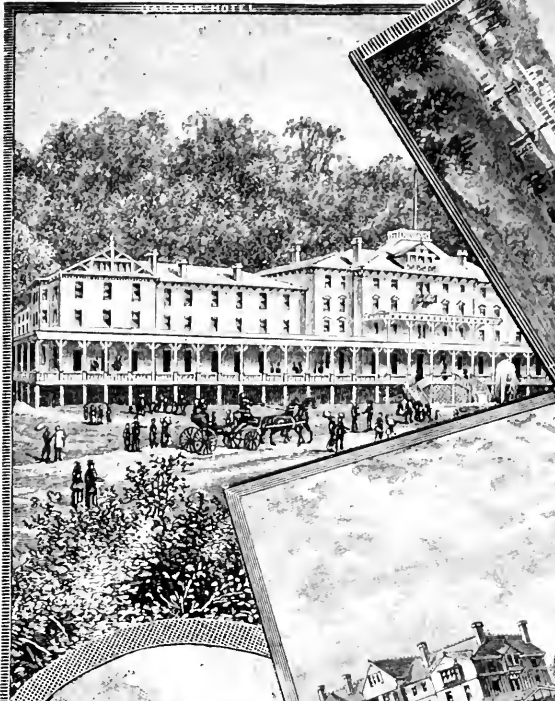


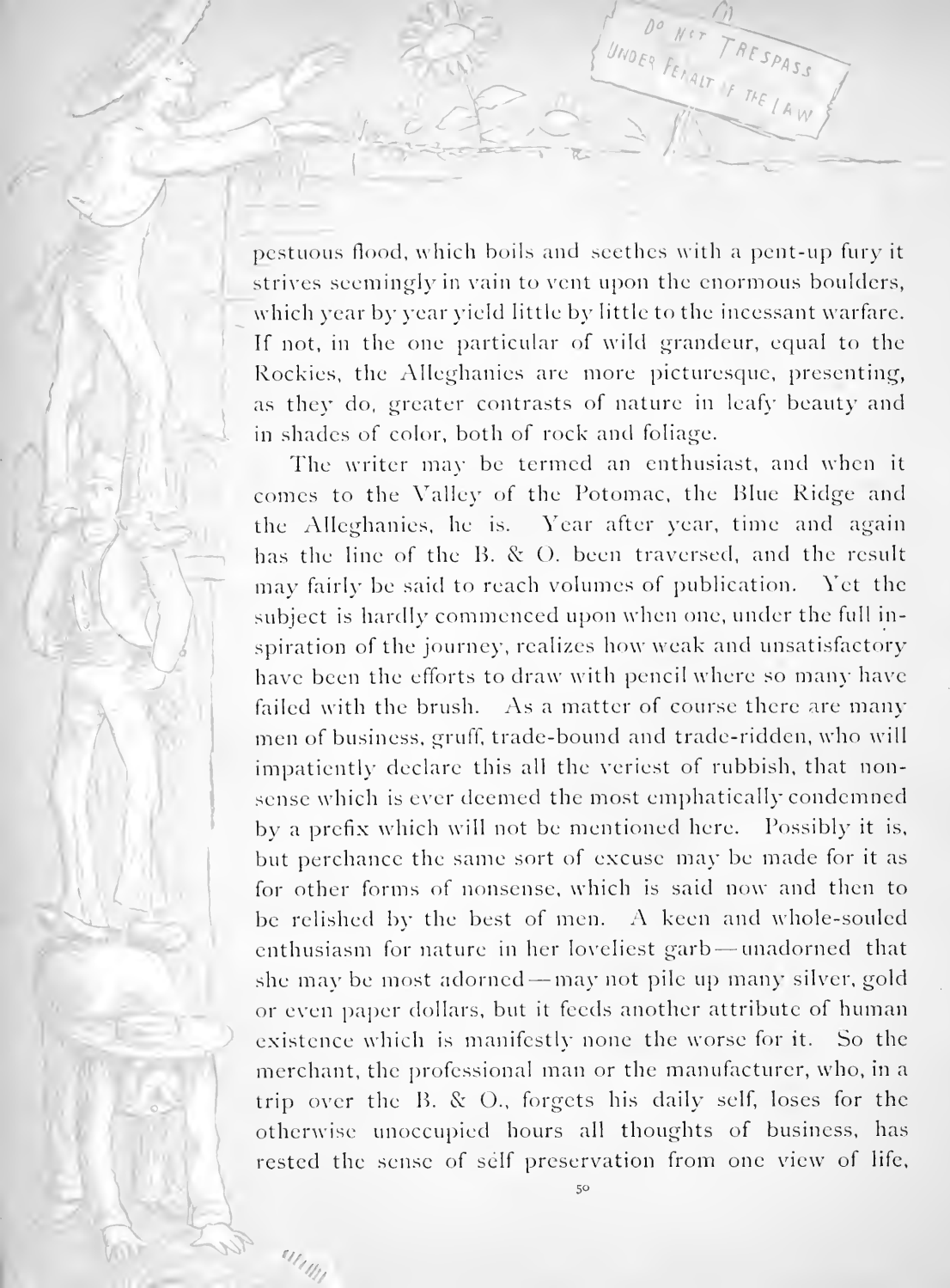
dulation of the higher ground, and then the eye, still reaching away, descries the clear, graceful form of the Blue Ridge, most appropriately named, for nothing in color can exceed the exquisite halo which surmounts the chain. Its effect upon the senses is peculiarly impressive, and the longer and more fixed the gaze the stronger the influence, partaking almost of sublimity. The blue is absolutely ethereal, and of a loveliness of tone not to be found in any other mountain section of the continent. Finally, anxious to fathom the full and perfect beauty of the view in its entirety, the eye reluctantly forces itself from the fascination of the Blue Ridge, and the vision is direct ahead. An instant, and the conviction is realized that to attempt pen or pencil reproduction would be a conceit that nature itself would most effectually eliminate at the first stroke. Low and sinuously billowy hills form winsome footstools, as it were, to the chain of the Blue Ridge intervening between the grand old Alleghanies themselves. The gray haze over the one, the blue over the other, and the indescribable blending of the two over the final heights, form an atmospheric influence actually absorbing.



As the way to the mountains is fleetly followed the dual ranges gain in majestic proportions, the Blue Ridge gradually disclosing its lower series of summits by the strong contrasts with the overtopping Alleghanies. The little town of Keyser, the western terminus of the second division, lies level upon something of a plateau, which extends to the foot of the rocky gateway, and there, nestled within the shadow of the precipitous heights, is the most appropriately named busy center, Piedmont. Seventeen miles up the sides of the mountains is Altamont. For a short distance the steel-clad path is by the stony banks of the Potomac, now converted into a tem-



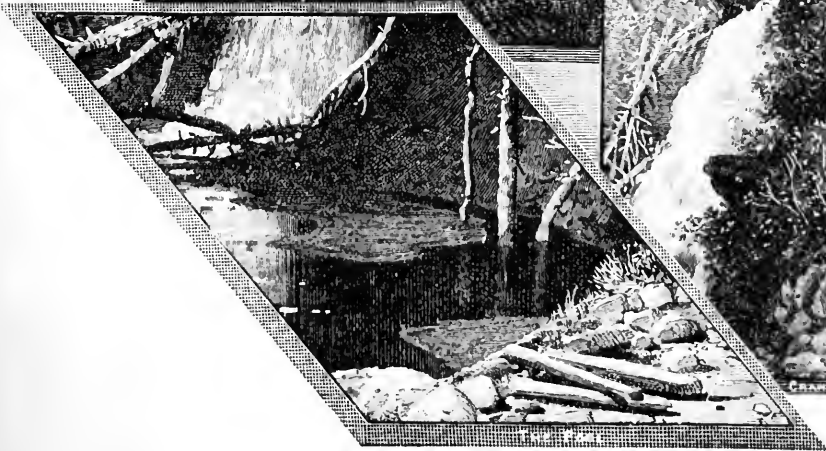
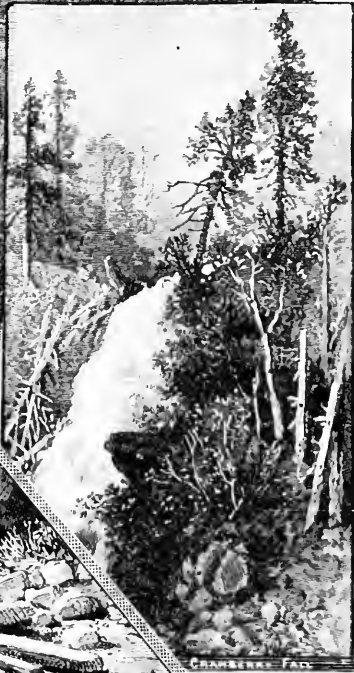
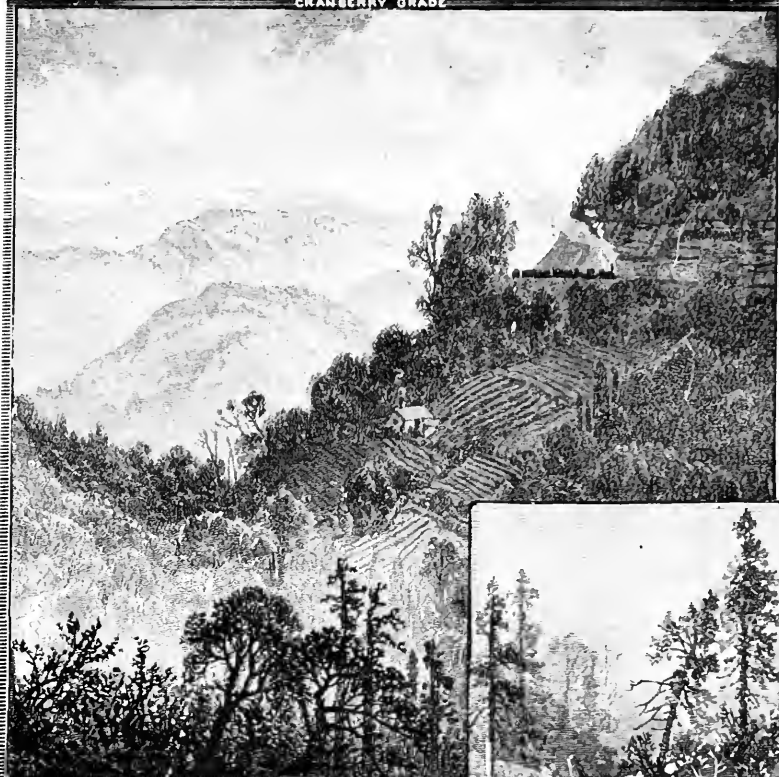




pestuous flood, which boils and seethes with a pent-up fury it strives seemingly in vain to vent upon the enormous boulders, which year by year yield little by little to the incessant warfare. If not, in the one particular of wild grandeur, equal to the Rockies, the Alleghanies are more picturesque, presenting, as they do, greater contrasts of nature in leafy beauty and in shades of color, both of rock and foliage.

The writer may be termed an enthusiast, and when it comes to the Valley of the Potomac, the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, he is. Year after year, time and again has the line of the B. & O. been traversed, and the result may fairly be said to reach volumes of publication. Yet the subject is hardly commenced upon when one, under the full inspiration of the journey, realizes how weak and unsatisfactory have been the efforts to draw with pencil where so many have failed with the brush. As a matter of course there are many men of business, gruff, trade-bound and trade-ridden, who will impatiently declare this all the veriest of rubbish, that nonsense which is ever deemed the most emphatically condemned by a prefix which will not be mentioned here. Possibly it is, but perchance the same sort of excuse may be made for it as for other forms of nonsense, which is said now and then to be relished by the best of men. A keen and whole-souled enthusiasm for nature in her loveliest garb—unadorned that she may be most adorned—may not pile up many silver, gold or even paper dollars, but it feeds another attribute of human existence which is manifestly none the worse for it. So the merchant, the professional man or the manufacturer, who, in a trip over the B. & O., forgets his daily self, loses for the otherwise unoccupied hours all thoughts of business, has rested the sense of self preservation from one view of life,

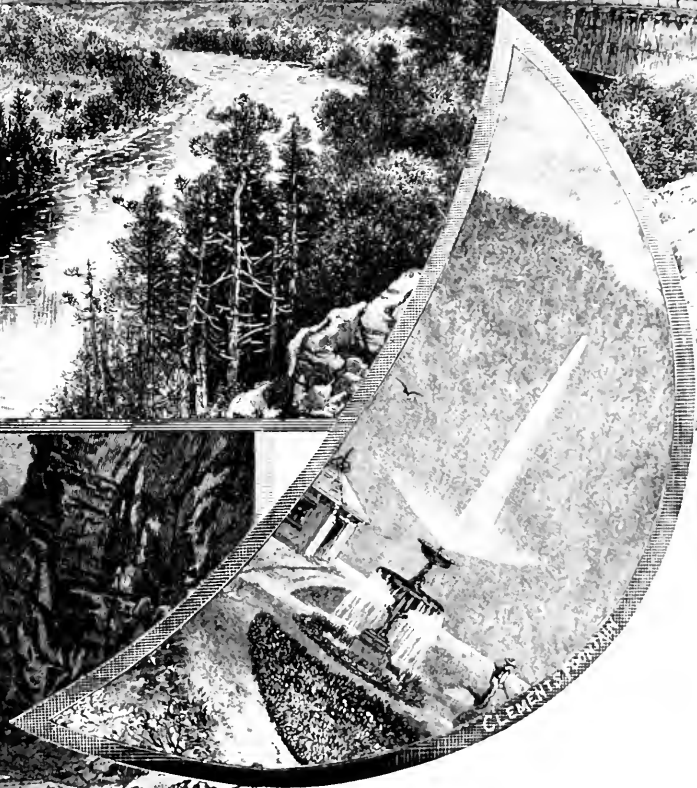
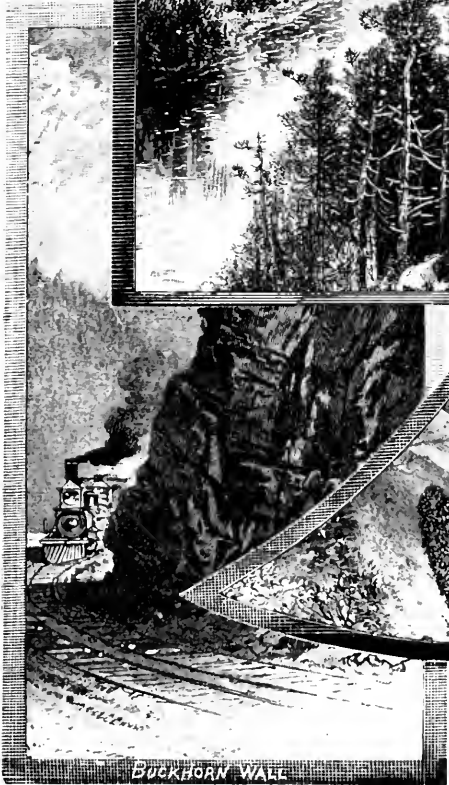
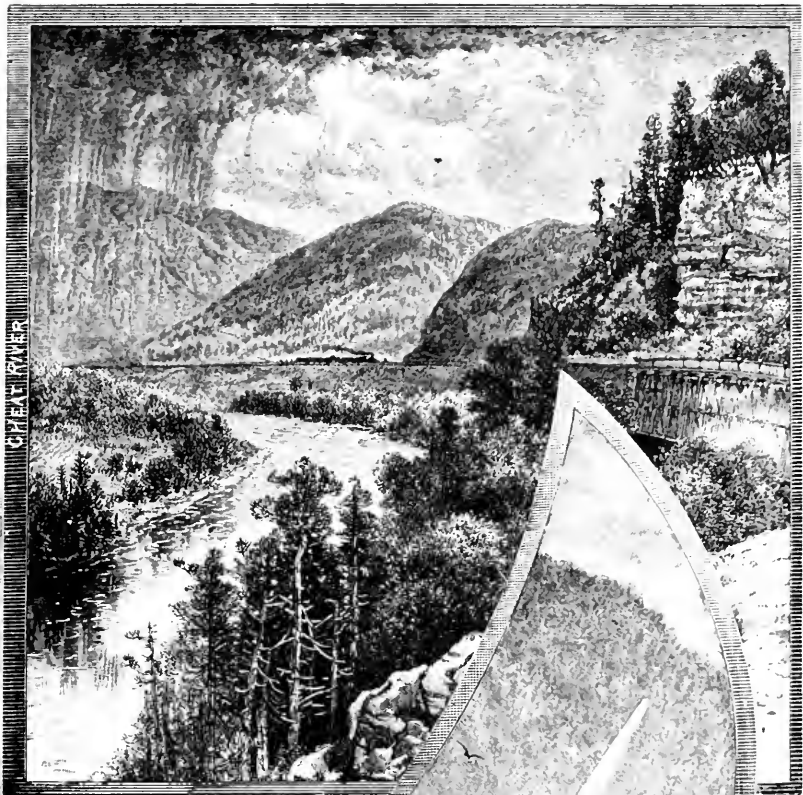
CRANBERRY GRADE

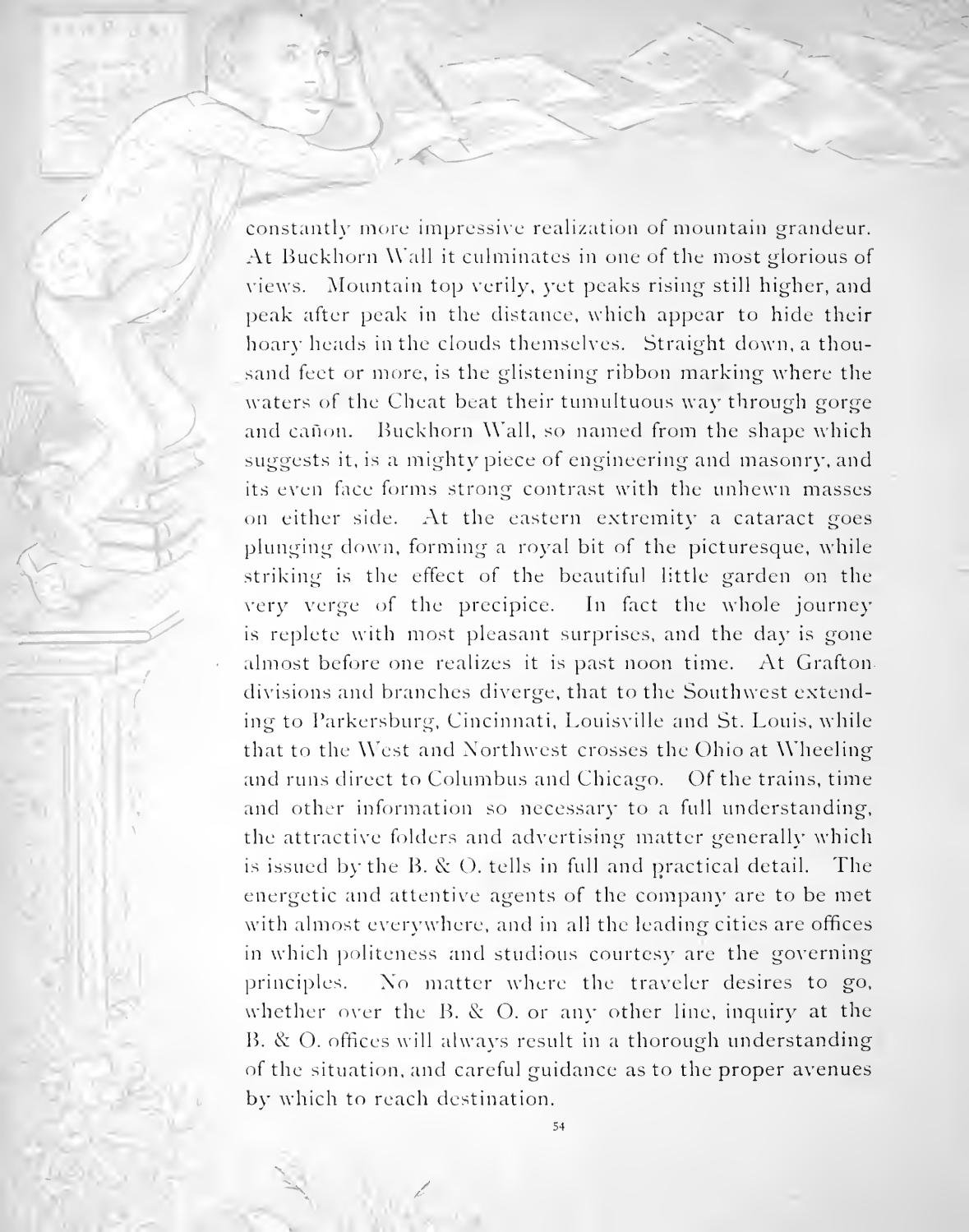


and in giving the sentimental, if it may be the pleasure so to term it, full play, the healthfulness of the change cannot be questioned.

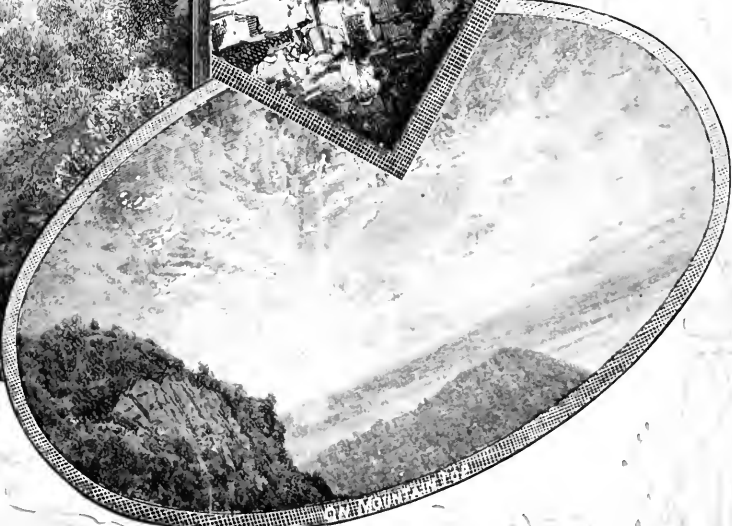
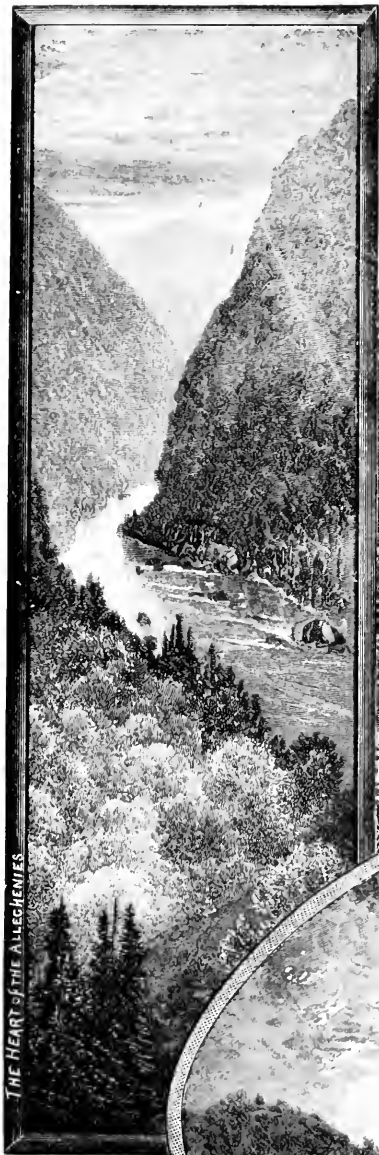
Running through the Glades at an elevation of nearly three thousand feet above the sea, the physical man experiences a recuperation as delightful as it may be unexpected. It is the exceeding clearness and purity of the highly rarefied atmosphere, and every expansion of the lungs fills them with a power invigorating and most healthful. Crowning the Glades with a beauty that for once at least does not outrage the surroundings, is the B. & O. Company's noted summer resort, Deer Park. During the warmer months of the year the spacious buildings are thronged with the *elite* of Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, as well as with prominent representatives of Chicago and St. Louis. Deer Park is a lovely spot, and contrary, possibly, to the average run of summer resorts, the realization of a sojourn there is in every way in keeping with the anticipation naturally the result of first sight.

Speeding over the Glades, the train is soon back in the heart of the mountains again. The summit of Cranberry Grade opens up to the view a matchless panorama, combining lofty peaks, wavy lines of cloud-capped crests and bewitching glimpses of valley, which, in any direction, appear almost without end. Down the grade, and a quick turn discloses the picturesque village of Rowlesburg, on the banks of Cheat River. Then the climb up Cheat River grade, with its varying and





constantly more impressive realization of mountain grandeur. At Buckhorn Wall it culminates in one of the most glorious of views. Mountain top verily, yet peaks rising still higher, and peak after peak in the distance, which appear to hide their hoary heads in the clouds themselves. Straight down, a thousand feet or more, is the glistening ribbon marking where the waters of the Cheat beat their tumultuous way through gorge and cañon. Buckhorn Wall, so named from the shape which suggests it, is a mighty piece of engineering and masonry, and its even face forms strong contrast with the unhewn masses on either side. At the eastern extremity a cataract goes plunging down, forming a royal bit of the picturesque, while striking is the effect of the beautiful little garden on the very verge of the precipice. In fact the whole journey is replete with most pleasant surprises, and the day is gone almost before one realizes it is past noon time. At Grafton divisions and branches diverge, that to the Southwest extending to Parkersburg, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, while that to the West and Northwest crosses the Ohio at Wheeling and runs direct to Columbus and Chicago. Of the trains, time and other information so necessary to a full understanding, the attractive folders and advertising matter generally which is issued by the B. & O. tells in full and practical detail. The energetic and attentive agents of the company are to be met with almost everywhere, and in all the leading cities are offices in which politeness and studious courtesy are the governing principles. No matter where the traveler desires to go, whether over the B. & O. or any other line, inquiry at the B. & O. offices will always result in a thorough understanding of the situation, and careful guidance as to the proper avenues by which to reach destination.











FROM GREAT RIVERS  
 AND LAKES. #4-  
 over the  
 CREST OF THE ALLEGHANIES.  
 down the  
 VALLEY of the POTOMAC  
 TO THE SEA.

