

FURTHER NORTH
A TRIP TO THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

WITHIN the last few years the Midland Railway Company have undertaken the carrying of passengers from London direct to the Highlands, and the service which they have provided for this purpose is admirable. Every week-day, except Saturday, their dining-car and sleeping saloon express leaves St. Pancras Station at 7.15 p.m. This is rather an earlier hour than the trains by the other routes start at; but as dinner is provided in the train, no more time is really involved in travelling by the Midland; indeed, many people prefer to leave at 7.15 and dine in the train to dining at home or in a hotel or club and leaving at eight o'clock, which is much too early an hour to enter a sleeping berth. A run of two hours brings the train to Leicester, and here the passengers may leave the dining-car and find their sleeping berths awaiting them; when they awake next morning they will find themselves in the heart of the Highlands at Kingussie (where breakfast baskets will be handed into them if they so desire), and within an hour's run of Inverness.

which she only escaped by the daring sleight-of-hand of a page.

At Perth the Highland Line commences, and from the very first the scenery for which the Highlands are famous enraptures the traveller's attention; but

having written generally of the route so far traversed, it will be probably more convenient to leave further description of the country passed through between Perth and Dornoch until on the return journey it may be seen. On the North-going journey sleep will close the eyes of every passenger who has a good conscience.

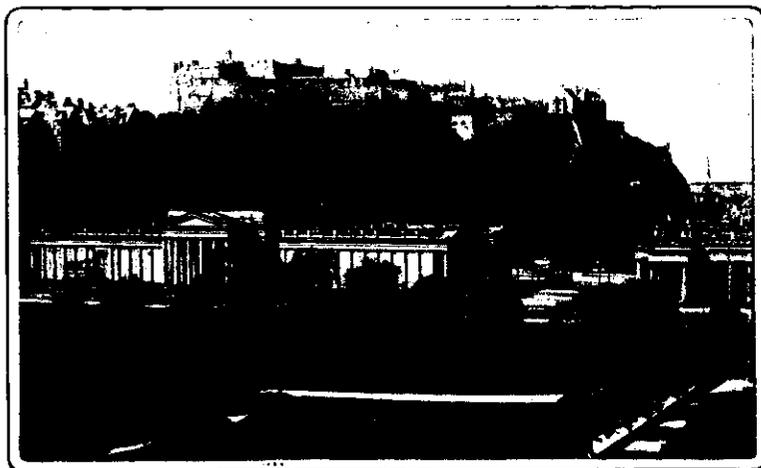
A year or two ago to reach Dornoch from London meant a journey of a night and a day; but now the regular service permits one to leave London after dinner at night, and to lunch at Dornoch next day. Quite recently the Midland, North British, and Highland companies demonstrated that it is possible to leave London on the evening of one day, to

breakfast in the Station Hotel, Dornoch, next morning. Probably in a year or two this special effort of modern railway enterprise will become a thing of everyday occurrence, and ten golfers will go to Dornoch for every one that has found it out at present. Every year the tourist is demanding to be taken "Further North," and beginning in a small way this year, the Highland Company is meeting the demand, and on every Friday during the season a special "Further North" Express train is going to be run from Inverness to Dornoch.

From Dornoch a short railway journey lands the traveller at Brora, where every comfort may be obtained at the Station Hotel. Situated between Brora and Dor-



RANDOLPH'S LEAP.

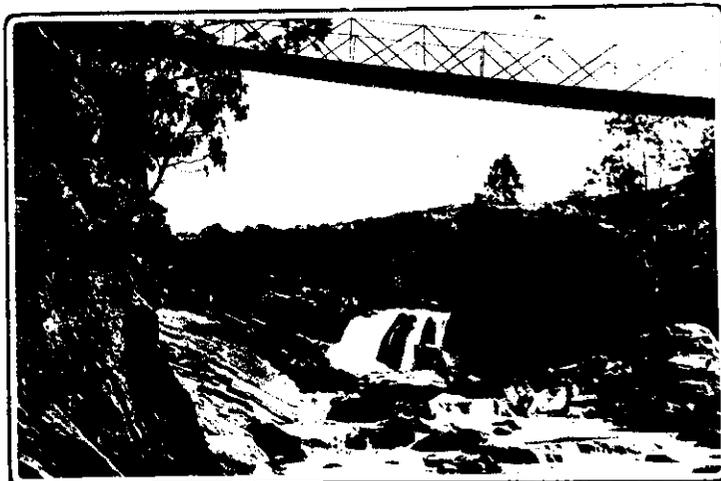


EDINBURGH—THE MOST PICTURESQUE CITY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

taken on by the North British Company, whose route runs through the country of Sir Walter Scott, across the Forth Bridge, and on to Perth by the beautiful Glenfarg. From the time of leaving Carlisle until the arrival of the train at Perth, almost every mile of the journey is of interest to those who care for the romantic history of Scotland. Passing through the Borders, Canobie Lea, Netherby, Melrose, Abbotsford, Ettrick, Yarrow, are a few of the places on this route known to all the readers of the great novelist. This, too, is the country of the Guy Mannering and Marmion, and many another hero of Sir Walter's. After passing through Edinburgh and over the Forth Bridge, the train runs by the old Royal city of Dunfermline, which for interesting monuments of the days of old cannot be surpassed, and, approaching Kinross, skirts the shore of the famous Loch Leven, where across the waters may be seen the Island Castle on which Queen Mary was imprisoned, and from

noch is the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, Dunrobin Castle, to which, by the kindness of the Duke, a visit may be paid. This castle is the oldest inhabited house in the Kingdom, and was founded shortly after the Norman Conquest of England. The larger part of the present castle is modern, having been built about 1845. The view from the terrace seawards is very fine, and the gardens lying between the castle and sea are themselves well worthy of a long journey.

The journey from Dornoch to Thurso for the most part is more interesting than beautiful, the railway running through miles of bleak and boggy moorland, where only grouse and deer can easily find a living. Between Brora and Helmsdale, while the line skirts along the coast, there is no lack of fine scenery, the sea dashing over the rocks almost up to the railway line when the tide is



THE FALLS OF ROGIE—NEAR STRATHPEFFER.