

A journey to, on and from the "golden shore," by Sue A. Sanders

A JOURNEY

TO, ON AND FROM

THE "GOLDEN SHORE,"

BY SUE A. SANDERS

DELAVAN, ILL.:

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TO THE

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF FOUR YEARS' STRIFE,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

AS A

FEEBLE TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE.

PREFACE.

My Dear Friends and Comrades:

In placing before you this Journal of my travels to, on and from the "Golden Shore," I would not for a moment that you should think I have come before the people as a public writer, or flatter myself with any such ability.

It is only through repeated requests and earnest urging that I have finally consented to its publication. All whom I met in my travels, and all from whom I have heard since my return, have requested copies of the Journal, and several have offered liberal inducements to insure its circulation among the excursionists to California. And now, as printed matter, it becomes the property of my friends only, to whom the composition is freely given, with a charge only to insure the necessary expenses of printing.

And should it accidentally fall into the hands of critics, I ask, in return for satisfaction gained, a copy of their first effort, as a companion piece to mine. And if my friends to whom this journal is dedicated, think my efforts have paid them for the reading, a postal card acknowledgement of their estimate of its real value would undoubtedly make a fine collection of varied opinions to insure its circulation through the Old World; but if, on the other hand, my readers are not satisfied of value received, they will please return their copy to these headquarters and in return receive an appropriate chromo.

Fraternally, in F. C. & L.,

SUE A. SANDERS.

Delavan, Ill., June 1, 1887.

Delavan, Ill., July 24, 1886

After a day of excitement, consummating arrangements, gathering, packing and locating trunks, satchels and lunch baskets, greetings and good-byes, we leave our home at 5:30 p.m. in company with our family, a few neighbors and friends for the regular passenger train on the P.,D. & E. R.R., which is to start us on our journey to a country never seen before but one we have longed to see, one whose noted scenery has been the pet object of our life.

The day has been extremely warm, the thermometer standing at 95 degrees in the shade, making our Pacific traveling dress a little too comfortable for a Illinois July climate; yet half smothered we arrive at the depot and find many friends waiting to extend the friendly grasp and wish us a happy journey, and safe return to home and loved ones. Among those who gather with us to part to-day, we find the most of our dear old B. D's, whose faces, to us, are always sweet, and whose memory we ever cherish as dear. We take them all by the hand and reluctantly say "good-bye;" last we kiss the baby lips of our darling Bernie, and the train moves on and we are borne from home scenes and many kind friends. The conductor notes our long faces as he gathers tickets from Mrs. Abbie A. Newman, Carrie A. Briggs, Julia C. Schureman and ourself, and turns twice as he passes, wondering where we four women can be going to have such sad faces in the possession of Peoria tickets, which insure passage to a place, that, to so many, seems a Jerusalem in itself. The parting scene, to many, seems gay, and perhaps it is to a certain extent, for the side jokes are many, and hilarity generally prevails, yet we feel a sense of loneliness that we never experienced before, and as the train flies over the prairies, we sigh for relief that the parting scene is over and the good-byes all said. Thirty miles are soon made and we step from the train at union depot, Peoria, Ill., where Mrs. M. A. Mann, J. B. 8 Duncan and Captain John Reardon appear on the scene of action to conduct us to places where we may be made comfortable until the departure of the train Sunday afternoon, which shall join our sleeper with the Illinois Headquarters train at Galesburg.

Mrs. Schureman and Briggs register at the Peoria House, Mrs. Newman is met by, and escorted to the home of Mrs. Duncan, and we join our friend, Mrs. Mann, who makes us very welcome in her comfortable home, 111 Flora Avenue. Mrs. Mann and myself spend the evening, to a late hour,

talking over O.E.S. and W.R.C. matters, which on this occasion seem to be foremost in our minds. The night is warm and sultry, yet we at last sleep, and dream of scenes from shore to shore, in which strange and familiar faces come and go alike, and morning brings no cooler breeze than that by which we fell asleep, when the clock on the mantle down stairs struck twelve times and ushered in

Sunday Morning, July 25, 1886.

After a night somewhat restlessly spent, we awake in sunlight, finding no change in temperature, but a sultry, oppressive atmosphere around us. A cup of fragrant coffee refreshes us, and gives new strength to think of a long journey about to begin. We spend the most of the day fanning hot air into our face, while Mrs. Newman attends church and Sunday school and declares she is very comfortable, (yet we don't believe it.) Mrs. Briggs and Schureman pack, unpack and repack their lunch baskets and satchels to make room for a large "angel food cake," which has been donated for lunch on this occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, of Peoria, call to see us and remain until the hour arrives for us to meet our party at the C.,B. & Q. depot. Bidding our friends good-bye, and excusing them from accompanying us to our train on account of the extreme hot weather, we take a car and are soon with our party of four, who arrive ahead of us and form the acquaintance of our big brother Ed. and his wife, who now become two of the six. Tickets are secured, trunks checked, lunch baskets unchecked, sky parlors in the sleeper obtained, a few honest thoughts expressed to a party of gentlemen who would invite four ladies to accompany their party on a long excursion and assign them all sky parlors, (Hopkin's choice of berths in a sleeper,) a few gentle reminders of courtesy and gallantry of Peoria excursionists, and we are ready for a start.

Having all our lives been used to climbing, and knowing that to attain "we must grasp the branches, not the blossoms," we accept our 9 lot just as amiably as possible, and declare the General Agent, tall, slim and lithe, a very nice sort of man, easily persuaded to give the very best accommodations to those who get there first, whether they *come* first or not.

Satchels, parasols, hats, canes, &c., well stored away, we are finally well settled for our journey in the sleeper, "Panama," which follows an engine out of Peoria at 5 o'clock p.m. We now have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the "Panama" party who are to travel together to the Pacific coast. In our autograph album they register as follows: Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Meals, Mrs. J. Miller and daughter Daisy, Capt. John Reardon, Maj. Chas. Quallman, James C. Dolan, Mrs. Troyer, Mrs. C. W. Tripp and daughters Myrtle and Mina and little son Henry, Miss Etta Proctor, S. D. Lawder, R. Rouse, Mrs. F. Bell and daughter, little Marcia, all of Peoria. E. M. Pike and wife, of Chenoa, Ill., Wm. Wiley, of Hanna City, Ill., Jas. Copes, F. Krutch and M. S. Conger, of Rose Hill, Ill., and Mrs. Sue Amsbary, of San Francisco, Cal., besides us four from Delavan, who make up, considering none of them are over possessed of beauty, one of the liveliest as well as ugliest parties that ever crossed the continent.

At Knoxville, Ill., we welcome to our number, according to a previous arrangement, Mrs. S. M. Bradford, of Pontiac, who becomes congenial to all our plans at once, and we judge her in full, by the size of her lunch basket, even if her satchel does bear the mark of our State Penitentiary.

We arrive at Galesburg before dark, where we are set on the sidetrack to await the coming of the Headquarters train, which arrives in due time, filled with a jolly set of old soldiers, their wives, daughters and friends, who each and all join in the good cheer of the occasion, which expels at once the thoughts of a weary journey, and makes us buoyant with hope of a very pleasant time.

As we walk up and down the platform we find our train has been well decorated, especially the Headquarters car, and we are here introduced to Mr. A. C. Cole, the decorator of the train, and at once make him see the importance of giving special attention to the appearance of the "Panama," which bears the choir of the Illinois G.A.R. train, for already they have raised their voices in song, "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day." We hear the cry "All aboard," and away we go on our journey.

We next turn our attention to our lunch baskets. The porter adjusts the tables and we select from each that which best suits our 10 appetites to-night. A cocoanut cake, presented by B. D. sister

Pratt, on the day of our departure, is duly sampled, and by all pronounced excellent, especially by those gentlemen who join us at lunch, Ex-Mayor Dolan, Maj. Quallman, and Capt. Reardon, who all wonder if the doner is as good as the cake.

But here comes the conductor for our tickets, and behind him a little black-eyed man, tastefully attired in a suit of black, who, with a handful of checks, strings, keys and pencils, calls for our sleeper tickets. He looks at us and seemingly takes in our dimensions and wonders how we ever expect to ascend to our upper berth. We look at him too, just as pitifully as possible, and ask: "Is there no remedy?" His sympathetic smile is enough and we allow him to pass on. Later there may be a remedy, but there is nothing but hope in perspective. Our big brother, Ed., finally proposes and we exchange quarters. He occupies our berth and we sleep down stairs.

We are constantly detained by hot boxes on the cars so that we do not reach Burlington, Iowa, until 10 o'clock at night. As this is the nearest we have been to moistened breath as we cross the "Father of Waters." Evening gone we dodge our turn for the dressing room, don our crinkled Mother-Hubbards and retire for the night; but restlessness and groans soon prove that there are more hot boxes within than outside the sleeper. After sweltering some two hours in a hot, dusty berth, we hear the call for water from our big brother. We hasten to his assistance in part recompense for his having accepted our sky parlor. He drains the cup, and now the cry comes from all quarters, "Me too," and as they reach their long fingers through the parted drapery to grasp the welcome draught we feel that they can but always bless the "Relief Corps" who came to their assistance so early in the journey, and we are amply repaid for our trouble, by having such an opportunity to exemplify the principles of the order which we are going to California to represent.

Mr. Pike is not only troubled with heat but the ants in his berth prove a great annoyance, insomuch that he groans aloud, and wonders "where the ants' nest may be," but the cry comes from all quarters. "Put him out if he don't keep still." Having refreshed the party with water, and our heart with charitable acts, we at last fall asleep, and the train rolls on through Iowa, where rain is known, and

Monday Morning July 26, 1886,

We awake much refreshed, cool and comfortable. We await our turn for the dressing room and are ready for breakfast at Creston, 11 Iowa, a place of which we might have a more favorable opinion, had it not been for the coffee we obtained (made from a dish-rag) to moisten our lunch. We tip the beverage out the window and from this on call for tea.

Arriving at Pacific Junction at 10 o'clock, a.m., we walk upon the platform to rest our limbs and take in the foot-hills of the Missouri river. A pair of hands cover our eyes and we turn to greet an old friend in the person of Mr. B. F. Funk, of Bloomington, Ill., whose genial countenance always expels gloom and bespeaks contentment and happiness on all occasions. After having sung "Marching through Georgia" led by our chorister, Newman, we follow Mr. Funk to the state room of the "Malaca" and meet his amiable wife, whom we learn to love and appreciate more and more as the hours roll on. We are here introduced to the mayor's friends, whose autographs appear on our list as follows: Gen. P. S. Post, wife and daughter Hattie, Col. W. W. Berry, wife and little daughter Ethel, G. A. Busse and wife, H. P. Thompson and wife, James A. Sexton, Col. Distin, wife, son and daughter, and the Springfield party, among whom we recognize at once our friend, Josephine P. Cleveland, whose smiling face always adds merriment. She is possessed of as many budgets and band boxes as ever was Mrs. Partington in her best array, besides she has in command one Dr. Patten, of her city, who, to our party, becomes famous as a "Manitou guide" before separating from us. His hilarity we shall not soon forget, though we can't just see why he so often wishes that some of our party would die, unless he be fleeing from wrath and recognizes too many in authority. We also meet our Department President of the W.R.C., Mrs. Clara W. Harral, accompanied by her husband, who, with his wife, became very genial and pleasant throughout our journey. We cross the muddy Missouri river, after which we follow the valley of the Platte river until we reach Ashland, then on to Lincoln, a beautiful city of about 30,000 inhabitants, surrounded by a beautiful farming country, and presenting to the tourist at once the spirit of enterprise. Here the boys and girls avail themselves of ice cream and buttermilk, while the choir stand upon the platform, and in response

to the call for Logan, who is not on the train, sing the old and familiar war songs, until the train has left the city.

Here we meet an old soldier, from Illinois formerly, by name Geo. Austin, Co. G, 30th Reg't Ill. Vol., now a resident of Nebraska. He hands us a list of all the Illinois soldiers who reside in that state, and as he speaks of the past and bids us good-bye, tears fill his eyes, and as he descends the steps, we follow the surrounding country and feel to thank God that "Uncle Sam" had in store, at the close of the rebellion, such a country as Nebraska, where America's soldiers might find and make homes for themselves and posterity.

As ours in the Headquarters train from Illinois, and as it is generally supposed that Logan is on this train, we are met at all stations by bands of music and crowds of people anxious to see the great hero, and while glad of the chance to see the people as we pass through the country, we can but feel sorry at the disappointment that prevails when we tell them Logan went another way. We accept their endeavors, however, as best we can, smile on them for Mrs. Logan, and then rally our forces and sing those songs which thrilled the hearts of veterans when our country was in danger, and which still echo the sentiments of every true patriot.

Arriving at Sutton, Nebraska, a large crowd assemble and bring a lovely basket of flowers for Logan, which is accepted in his name and placed in Headquarters car, and from which we pluck a little leaf and flower for our collection. As the sun is setting we arrive at Hastings, a lovely town, where, in a little park near the track, hundreds have come to see Logan, but again disappointment prevails. As we stand on the steps, taking in the lovely town and surroundings, we are recognized by several who were friends of our sister Mary, who came here to live when first married. We extend to them all the sisterly hand and answer all queries as to our sister, who must have left many warm friends here when she concluded Illinois was the better place to live.

Again we sing and on we speed, farther and farther west. We arrive at Holdridge at dusk, where we take supper. A very large crowd have assembled. We are now too hungry to sing, but having refreshed ourselves with a nice supper, and walk upon the platform, we, in obedience to the

command of Gen. Post, our Department Commander, do sing, and as the train leaves the city the strains of music echo east and west from the voices of those who stand on the train and at the station. This is the jolliest crowd we have met yet, for they all seem happy and full of genuineness. At 9 o'clock we arrive at Oxford and again the scenes of the day are repeated. As oft as we are met so oft we give them cheer.

Twenty minutes are spent here in song and exchange of cards. The cry is "All aboard," and now we are off for Denver. Just before retiring for the night our little manager of the Pullman company 13 comes through our sleeper and asks for Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Briggs, saying "A gentleman is on the platform who wishes to see you." We turn to meet our old friend, Will. Few, formerly of Delavan, but who tells us we are now at Melrose, Nebraska, his present home. Tongues fly fast for a few moments while we tell him of old friends; he is gone and we seek our berths for the night. The evening is quite pleasant, as it is much cooler than last, and all is quiet, save the continuous cough of our friend Dolan, who sleeps nearest the door. Had he been an "old soldier" the Relief Corps would undoubtedly go to his assistance with "Pond's Extract." We sigh "Poor man," and fall asleep.

Tuesday Morning, July 27, 1886.

We are awakened by an armful of sunflowers being tossed into our berth, fresh with dew, from the prairies of Colorado. We call the porter who adjusts the upper berth and devises a dressing room for our accommodation. We don our clothes as fast as possible, pin a trio of sunflowers to our breast, and hasten to the platform to catch our first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains. We breakfast at Akron, after which a very pleasant forenoon is spent riding over the rolling prairies of Colorado. Little Marcia and Henry are extremely jolly this morning, making merry at a game of horse driving, a pastime so pleasant for children in general. Our sister, Eunice, is sick all day with headache, and feebly reclines, while our friend Dolan, in the rear of the sleeper, constructs himself into a right-angle triangle and scowls because he must cough in place of talking. The Major maintains his dignity and passes upon one of our party the greatest compliment of her life, which she accepts in the spirit it is given and herein records as sacred to the memory of the Major.

We are surprised as we approach Colorado's "fountain of youth" to find so large a cemetery, so well stocked with marble, for we have almost learned to think that people never die in Denver. For the sake of the reputation of the city, it might be well for the railroad company to change its course, or the city to move their marble.

We arrive at Denver at 12 o'clock. While looking after our baggage and checking our lunch baskets we are pained to learn that one of our party, Mrs. Amsbary, has lost her pocketbook (tickets and all) a fact we can scarcely believe since she professes to be so well posted in the tricks of traveling. Yet such is the case and all of the gentlemen rush to the front to see what the matter is, and all retire as readily, save the Major and Captain, who render every assistance possible until the lost pocketbook is found where carelessly dropped and kicked towards the door. Our friend Busse, of Chicago, picks up the lost documents, while the loser declares openly that Capt. Reardon is the only gentleman in the party of the "Panama," for at this point all have vanished save the gallant Captain. The color returns to the pale and wan face of our sister and she is ready for transfer. Here, also, another scene occurs which warns us that one who thus far has been a member of our party desires to seek new associates and directions, and under all existing circumstances both sides are pleased with the change and we take as the fourth member of our quartette Mrs. Bradford, whom we have already learned to love.

We follow the directions of a burly hackman and carriage to the Windsor where we expect to find comfortable quarters, the Major having the entire party in charge, but upon a little investigation we find that the very best we can do is a sky parlor at \$4 per day. Having had considerable experience already in this line of accommodations we decide emphatically for a change, in which our immediate party and some fifty others acquiesce, and we soon register at the Alvoid, a very nice place, "and let ourselves down gently on \$1.75 per day." [Briggs] To some members of the "Panama" party our change of hotels seems abrupt, and some think we have given them the cold shoulder, but this idea is farthest from our mind, for already we have become favorably impressed with all and their pleasantries have become so much a part of our own that a general good feeling prevails among all. Our immediate party occupies rooms 39 and 41 second floor where we store our

satchels, arrange our toilets, partake of lunch and start out to take in all that is of interest in the city of Denver. First we must attend to our tickets and re-check our baggage, for to-morrow we leave this road and continue our journey over the Denver & Rio Grande narrow gauge.

At the depot among the ten thousand trunks and chests we claim and re-check our baggage, after which we come in contact with a whole regiment of conductors and ticket agents, all using their utmost endeavors to instruct and please us; while we query and quiz, fret and worry the poor men until patience almost ceases to be a virtue, yet stoic-like stand these modern Jobs, still explaining and repeating their answers to our many inquiries, The only faith to which we cling after all is that which we have placed in our Pullman guide and Superintendent Johnson of the D. & R. G. railway. As much as we dislike to see Mr. Butler scowl we cannot blame him now for here comes a long, good-natured occupant of the "Michigan," 15 wishing to know "which is the largest end of the sleeper?" and he most emphatically wants his berth in that end of the car. Oh! these poor railroad men, how we do pity them, especially the Pullman manager.

Transfer complete, and under the direction of Mayor Dolan, of Peoria, we take the street cars for North Denver which overlooks the city and gives us a fine view of Pike's Peak which we think we can reach in a half hour's walk but which is really twenty miles away.

Denver is a beautiful city of some 75,000 inhabitants, built mostly of stone and brick. It contains the usual amount of fine buildings. One in particular we are lead to observe, and that, Tabor's Opera House, the largest in the world, excepting one in Paris, France. This building cost \$850,000. The County Court House occupies an entire block, with buildings and ground. There are two large smelting works here, but we are told by a policeman that it will not pay us to drive there so we return to the city, while swarms of boys infest the cars with papers containing the account of the hanging of a man, which has taken place on an island in Cherry Creek this p.m. We here learn that our Manitou guide, in order to see all in Denver, had hired an Irishman to carry him across the creek, on his back, to see the execution. We visit many fine stores and invest in a few Colorado specimens, return to our hotel and dine at six o'clock; after which Capt. Reardon orders a carriage and we all take a most enjoyable ride around the city, returning in time to hear Logan's address

to the multitude, but the hall is full for two blocks and we are unable to secure seats at any price; so we press forward a step at a time and are finally wound up in a dog fight, from which we are extricated with difficulty and return to our hotel to post our journals, enjoy a good night's sleep and be ready for Manitou in the morning. We dream of varied experiences which have taken place already in a three days' journey.

Wednesday, July 28, 1886.

After a very warm and uncomfortable night, having been awakened twice to administer to our sister, Bradford, who is not well, and once to view Venus, Pleiads and Hyades, as they put in their lovely appearance in the eastern horizon, we rise at 5 o'clock and commence going through our satchel, preparatory for our toilet, which is finished in due time. We are called by our sister in 39, who has come to the conclusion that false frizzes are a nuisance and has cast the same in the waste basket, and already we have her own hair beautifully frizzed on our lightning crimper. Mesdames Briggs and 16 Bradford take a morning walk and invest in some tourist's ruching, while we and our companions post our journals and friends at home of our next move. We are joined at breakfast by our party where we, for one solid hour, await the fulfillment of our orders to insure us our breakfasts in time for the 7 o'clock train. Just as we hear the hack driver cry out "All aboard!" and now the waiters must soon respond or we must leave without our breakfast, the Captain's Logan-Irish takes a rise and he shouts, "Waiter!" at the top of his voice; the waiter comes and brings a half cup of burnt coffee, a piece of raw steak, a potato half done and a duck egg scrambled in oleo-margarine. We take a slice of water-melon and try to think we have breakfasted on trout and hot biscuits. We gather our satchels and are driven to the depot, where we take our place in the rope gang, and in our turn secure our lunch baskets which are so necessary to our comfort just now, and here we are on the D.& R.G. narrow gauge, traveling toward the mountains, along the Valleys of the Cherry Creek and the Platte River—our destination, Manitou. In the distance we see the snow-capped peaks of Pike and Long. Thirty-two miles from Denver we pass Castle Rock, a remarkable promitory which rises directly from the plain under whose shadow the village lies and which is always pointed out and attracts the attention of the tourist. Here we stop to pick up a boquet which has fallen from the button-hole of "big West Virginia," and place it among our collection of leaves

and herbs. After passing Castle Rock, we next came to Palmer Lake, a clear and beautiful body of water lying nestled in the mountains at an elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea. This was once called the "divide," a part of the river going to swell the muddy flow of the Missouri the others through the Mississippi to the Gulf. On all sides of this lake are fertile plains dotted over with herds of sheep and cattle, and as we see the advance of agriculture in cultivated ranches, we can hardly believe we are so high up above sea latitude. This little body of water, so unlooked for by the tourist, becomes at once a delightful surprise, a rare and unlooked for feature in this scrub oak scenery of the foot hills of the Rockies.

Not far from this place we see at our right another abrupt mass known as Anvil Rock, which one of our party declares she can reach in a three minute's walk, but which B. F. Funk says is eleven miles away, the fact of which we accept, since we thought to reach Pike's Peak by foot trail from Denver this morning before breakfast.

Already since we became passengers on the D. & R.G. and call the roll of the jolly occupants of the "Panama", we find a strangeness 17 has crept in during our stay in Denver and that the general good feeling which so generally prevailed has received a *non plus* and the party are rather inclined to take sides. As for us we remain neutral, feeling assured that time will make all things well and the right prevail.

Arriving at Colorado Springs a part of our company stop here, while the rest come on to Manitou, where we arrive at 11 o'clock a.m. Here we find hotel accommodations very scarce, so we stack our satchels and lunch baskets and content ourselves on the covered depot platform until our commanders, Dolan and Pike, return, having found accommodations for all at Hotel de Washeau. Here we all dine together, after which carriages are ordered for an afternoon's drive in wonderland, and before quite ready to start we come near being swindled out of our carriage and guide, for just as we come down the steps of Wausheau a party of six gentlemen offer one dollar more than we have agreed to pay, and seat themselves in our carriage; but the vehemence of our man Dolan causes them to alight and our party take the places which they have secured and we set out for the most enjoyable ride of our life. Mrs. Newman, Capt. Reardon, Mrs. Amesbary, Mr. Copes, Mrs.

Bradford and myself occupying one carriage, Pike and wife, Mrs. Briggs. Messrs Dolan and Conger and Dr. Patten the other.

First we drive to Iron Springs along the course of Buxton's Creek flowing so musically over and around its rocky banks, viewing in the distance Cameron's Cone, Engleman's Canon and Gog and Magog. At the springs we quench our thirst from the water which tastes like fermented liquor or effervescing drink. Returning we next follow Fountain Creek up the Ute Pass, through Wild-Cat Canon to Rainbow Falls, which are said to be the most beautiful falls on the eastern slope of the Rockies, we descend some 50 steps and are seated on the tumble-down rocks in the mist of this lovely waterfall. We gather a few leaves and flowers, take one farewell, impressive look at this picturesque scene, ascend to our carriage, and are driven back by the gentle falls of Minnehaha and the cottage of Grace Greenwood, all the while viewing Pike's Peak in the distance and the mountains covered with snow. Our guide makes himself remarkably interesting by his aptness of description and laughable jokes, illustrating Colorado farming by driving us to a "Mountain wagon tongue."

Next we are driven to the "Garden of the Gods," a place described and photographed perhaps more than any other in or among the 18 Rockies. In this garden the rocks, as piled up by nature, assume mimetic forms, which, owing to their striking resemblance of living and real objects, have, the most of them, received by tourists names suitable to their forms. This place was undoubtedly called the "Garden of the Gods" on account of the striking likeness nature has made of the objects worshipped in olden times. Here we find a review of ruins of Athens, the Parthenon and the crumbling columns of Karnac and the fast eroding Pyramids of Egypt. With a very little imagination we might consider ourselves in the midst of the Gods of the Norsemen, which have suddenly risen from ruins in a petrified state of preservation.

The Manitou entrance to this garden is really, though, what might be called a back gate, as compared with the east entrance to this wonderful place. As we enter from the west we first see a mass of sand-worn rock, covered with New England evergreens, while at the left stands an immense rock, the smallest side down, on which is carved hundreds of names. This immense mass, weighing

hundreds of tons, is so evenly poised, on a very small point, that it is well named "Balance Rock." We almost tremble as we pass, for fear this wonderful rock may tumble. We again pause for a few specimens of leaves and rock in memory of the place and turn to gaze with admiration on the Garden which lies in the valley beyond, and the east chain of mountains which rise to protect this sainted spot. A very pleasant road meanders through this garden, and, as we ride along over this comparatively level ground, we are astonished at the promiscuous piling up of rocks which remind one very much of a child's playhouse in a rocky New England state. In fact it seems that, instead of nature, human hands have placed these rocks, of varied hues, in the places they now occupy. And as the domicile of man has never been planted here, nature's solitude remains unbroken. As we ride along through this world renowned "Garden of the Gods," we are pointed to certain rocks, by our guide, which we at once see, resemble the following living or inanimate objects. We note them as follows: Sea Lion, Lion Head, Irish Potato, Sailor's Capstan, Porcupine, Lizard, Horse's Head, Alligator, Toad, Bee-hive, and the Grundy family. Having looked the old lady and gentleman Grundy squarely in the face we pass around behind them, where a back view presents a facsimile of the Siamese twins; next comes the Eagle, Duck, Frog, Lady-in-White, Elephant, Painter's Pallet, Seal, Bear, etc., etc.—in fact images too numerous to mention. At last we approach the eastern gateway of this garden, a spaceway some fifty feet wide opens 19 between mammoth tabular, intensely red conglomerate stone, which rises to the height of from three to four hundred feet, almost as flat as a tombstone of ancient type. These tablets look as if cut in the mountain side as we approach them. But a step through these reverential towers and we are in Echo Canon, and we at once raise our voices to invite the echoes' response, which too readily comes to verify the words of our guide, who assures us that we certainly can't be invalids traveling for lung trouble.

While in Echo Canon we look back through this marvellous gate and view Pike's Peak and the signal house on top and snow-lit summits below. A little farther on and we stop at Hartigan's restaurant for a rest and refreshments. Here we find milk, buttermilk and lemonade, of which our party and many others partake freely.

While sitting on the porch viewing the scenery which lies around us, carriage after carriage filled with tourists pass by, among whom we see the occupants of the "Panama, whose faces are aglow

with delight at the wonders of the garden. We see the sweet faces of Myrtie and Mina, and little Henry waves his baby hand; and to all we extend the grand salute as brothers and sisters from all parts of our nation taking in the sights of wonderland. Next we visit the gypsum beds, from which we select a fine specimen for our cabinet; then onward to Glen Eyrie and Palmer's mansion, which lie between the Ute Pass and Queen's Canon. Here we came in full view of an immense obelisk, known as "Major Domo," and formed of the same red sand-stone as the gates of the garden. It rises solitary and alone to the height of three hundred feet, and has a swell on top which excels the lower part of the shaft and makes the whole structure, in appearance, outvie the leaning tower of Pisa. Beyond a seeming rough stairway of rock we view, among them, Gen. Wm. J. Palmer's residence, which is in exact finish and unison with nature's beauties, formed in this rugged canon. Here, also, we see a beautiful playhouse, built of logs and twigs in rustic style, where the children may be happy. And now, being filled with enthusiasm, we break forth in song: "I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills," when lo! in accordance to our unanimous desire, between us and Pike's Peak there gathers a real thunder storm, and we are obliged to lower our curtains, turn Mrs. Amsbary around, cover up our driver with the cushions and place Mr. Copes edgewise on the back seat, where he becomes, at this time if never before, a great inconvenience. A little peppering of hail merely adds to the merriment of the occasion for a jollier, happier set of tourists never rode 20 through the "Garden of the Gods."

So we arrive at "Wausheau," hungry as usual, where we all drink tea together and talk over our afternoon journey, through scenes which seem as mimicry of the awful convulsions which sent Pike's Peak 14,000 feet Heavenward, and opened canons which we drive through and pause to admire to-day. As we hear from our party located at different hotels and lodgings, they are, most of them, between the hours of 5:30 and 6 o'clock, found doing a little washing, notwithstanding the rules and regulations, tacked upon the doors, prohibiting the practise. Washing strung upon the curtains and lamp brackets, we all start out to see the beauties of Manitou itself, through which winds a street 80 feet wide, fast becoming a magnificent thoroughfare. In the center of the village we find the largest of these natural effervescing springs, enclosed in parks. The first is in a rustic pavillion called "Shoshone. Very near is another called "Navaho," and but a few feet from this

“Chalybeate.” Across the street is Manitou Spring covered with a spring house, joined to a bazar where are kept specimens and relics of all kinds. This spring has a rock curbing, around which a small boy walks all the time, dipping of the mineral draught for many who taste and turn away, while many come to enjoy. There are nine of these springs at this place all of which contain waters of different chemical qualities, viz: Carbonates of lime, soda, magnesia and iron, and sulphates of soda and potash, and chloride of sodium.

We stroll by starlight, down the sylvan path, through Lovers' Lane, to the park, pausing as we cross the many rustic bridges, which span the gurgling stream, to listen to the music of the waters we may never see again. The different hotels and all the specimen stores are visited, and just as we return to our hotel for the night the caravan of donkeys come in from their trails with a multitude of tourists, tired and worn, who lazily leave their saddles and limp to their lodgings, while the wee little animals drop their heads and seek their homes to renew strength for the morrow, when again they must carry the anxious tourist to the highest summit.

And now while we write we are seated around our table with one little miserable, smoky lamp, posting our journals, and friends, and putting in the press the many leaves and flowers we have gathered since our arrival in Manitou. Our lunch baskets are all repacked, Mrs. Amesbary escorted to solitary quarters, the “lunch basket riot act” read, Capt. Reardon furnished with needle and thread to secure his buttons, Pike's pants rehemmed. Newman's drapery adjusted, Briggs' 21 hair frizzed, Bradford's cot moved to the first floor, our own dress tucked in the back, and we are ready for our continued journey. Our blackberry cordial has already become noted, and we fear its hitherto safety, and now, at 10 o'clock, p.m., we fall asleep thinking of home and loved ones not forgotten in our very happy journey.

Thursday Morning, July 29, 1886.

At 7 o'clock we are ready for transportation, having already become used to traveling by sections. Our friend Dolan arrives at Washeau just in time to extricate and secure the numerous lunch basket of the “member in solitary quarters,” thereby causing her to add to her list one more gentleman in

the Panama party. Brother Pike scrambles to the platform just in time to reach the train, having slept at the foot of Pike's Peak and been delayed by waiting to see the sun rise over the summit. The same train that is to bear us away from this enchanted spot brings our gallant Logan and his noble wife, who take us by the hand, with cheery smile, glad good morning and friendly grasp, and we step to the train and are now again comfortably located in our narrow guage sleeper, "El Moro," on our way to new sights and scenes farther on toward the setting sun. Five miles are soon made and we are at Colorado Springs, where the rest of our train party are in waiting to join us. Little Henry and Marcia come dancing on board as light and fresh as the morning, and we again welcome these little lumps of sweetness and innocence, for two better children never traveled over the "narrow guage."

Miss Etta Proctor, of Peoria, remarks as she comes on board with hat in hand, and a bouquet of sunflowers and golden rod pinned to her bosom, that this car suits her very well if it is only long enough, while Mrs. Troyer responds, "If you have any width to spare please pass it this way." As for us, we need both, so shall have to devise ways and means. Our friend Funk and wife attempt to be very neighborly and occupy the same seat, which they succeeded in doing by both sitting at the same time. "Little West Virginia" has become much attached to our car, and receives a warm welcome as an "orphan boy" going to California, as a delegate-at-large, to represent his state in National Convention. Our train decorator is on the alert, stringing his bunting and tassled badges, thus giving the general idea that all on this train are members of the G.A.R. or W.R.C. Our Department President looks as bright as a new dollar, while her husband declares she shall go to the top of Pike's Peak if he has to carry her there, and Josephine appears in trouble now, for she is 22 minus a Doctor to carry her lunch basket. While waiting here we gather a few points of interest concerning the city of Colorado Springs, known as the sanitarium of Colorado. It lies at the east range of the mountains, with bluffs and spurs on all sides. The town covers an area of about four square miles, sloping both north and south, with very wide, cleanly streets. The same rushing, bounding Ruxton, which we saw at Manitou, comes tumbling down from snow-clad mountains, finds its way to Colorado Springs through iron pipes, and though the river itself is six miles away the water comes with such force that fires can be extinguished without engines.

At 8:30 we are all aboard and again on our journey. The forenoon is spent in riding through a beautiful valley, along the base of the eastern Rockies, in the bed of the low, flat Platt river, fringed with cotton-woods, and Pike's Peak in view for many miles until lost in nearing the summits of other peaks, where sunshine rests, while shadow prevails elsewhere. We arrive at Pueblo Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, where we look around for a few points of interest for our journal, finding that this is a city of some 20,000 inhabitants, known particularly as a railroad centre, and the Bessemer steel works, among the largest in America. Here we are accosted by a tourist, whom we have never met before, asking if we are the "Bible woman;" if so, we are wanted on the platform. This being the first knowledge of the epithet thus applied to ourself, we make a little investigation and find that we have been thus named in consequence of always carrying a copy of a congressional report in which to press leaves and flowers for our herbarium; and now we are called to see and note in our journal the facts of a section of a large tree, lying on the platform, eight feet in diameter and 380 years old, the largest we have ever seen. We note the same, walk up and down the platform inquiring of friends who reside here, join in the songs of the occasion and on to Canon City.

But here come the conductors again, looking after our general comfort, and already we have found genial hearts in these representative men of the D.& R.G., for to the traveler there is no one who claims a place in the heart more than the pleasant conductor of a railroad train who is affable and pleasant in the discharge of his duty, and we feel particularly to thank the officers of this road for having the judgment to secure such pleasant men as we find in charge of our train, and now again we become the terror of our little Pullman man, who never scowls until he reaches us, and this time more than ever, for as he takes an upward look at that destined sky parlor of 23 ours, which we and our friend must occupy to-night he seems to have misgivings as to economy for the Pullman company, for fear that in descending the mountains we may roll out and the company become responsible for our disturbing the passengers. But here comes our friend Funk, his face disturbed with fear, lest his only unsophisticated son and heir become the object cupid's darts, for already the young ladies begin to think in Frank they have struck a rare gem. We start in company with a few, to visit our friends in the "Michigan," but at the end of our sleeper we find closed doors, enough to

insure us that the gentlemen of our party are having a secret session. Mr. and Mrs. Meals are in the depths of their baskets sorting out their dinner, and hungry as we are they never offer us a bite.

After leaving Pueblo we continue our journey in a westerly direction, along the valley of the Arkansas river, which has its rise 10,000 feet above the sea, but the elevation is reduced one-half in the first one hundred and fifty miles of its descent from the mountains, and now along its banks we begin to see immense plateaus, as if piled up by artistic hands, in all conceivable shapes imaginable, and we here pause to collect what few facts we know of geology, and assign these wonderful distributions to the fact of the Arkansas river's bed having once extended from bluff to bluff, and through time found many different bottoms. Right or wrong in our conjectures, the remarkable geological formations are very interesting to us, for nature's forms, in whatever shape, are by us always admired. The railroad men call these deposits "sand butts," so we presume this is the right name for them. The scenery grows grander and more scenic as we near the grand canon, around and through which our little narrow guage safely wends its way, until we reach the Royal Gorge, the narrowest place we have to pass through in Grand Canon.

Having crossed a little bridge suspended from the granite walls on either side, our train stops in this wonderful place that all may have an opportunity to see the far famed granite walls of Colorado's majestic canon. On all sides, from every car, the passengers came out like a swarm of bees, and settle upon the immense rocks over which rush and foam the cold waters of the Arkansas. A few specimens are gathered by many, we secure a small piece from the granite wall which rises 3,000 feet to our right and beneath, in a little eroded rock we gather a few tiny weeds for our collection. A large, admiring, happy party sit upon these tumbled down rocks and bathe their hands and faces in the foaming waters and one soldier actually washes his feet in the cold stream; the whole summed up in granite walls, whose sides bear rocky pinnacles 3,000 feet high; beneath a bed of rock, a rushing river, and above a narrow strip of blue sky; no flowers, no birds, no human being lives or dwells within this silent place, whose stillness is broken alone by the flow of waters or the coming of a train of cars, which ever brings passengers, who can but wonder at the sublimity of

God's works and the wonderful mechanism of man that has devised ways for us to pass through this canon in safety.

The sound of a shrill whistle which sends rings of smoke heaven ward warns us to "all aboard" and as we leave this majestic place we see above, tons of rock which at any moment are liable to fall, causing death and destruction to all before them, and we feel a sense of thankfulness that each revolution of the wheels carries us nearer the end of what might be considered a very dangerous place. And now we have passed through "Royal Gorge," a place we may never see again, yet we here note in our journal wonderful, wonderful place, and close our eyes to form a picture in our mind which time cannot efface.

Full fifty miles we follow the Arkansas river, rushing over boulders and mountains of rock, on all sides the mountains covered with low shrubs, sand and snow. As we approach Salida the scenery becomes less wild, the most of the time presenting a landscape of knolls covered with evergreen underbrush. In the mountains after leaving the Royal Gorge, a heavy storm prevails the most of the day, which occasionally comes near enough to give us a slight sprinkle, and which in the distance we much enjoy.

High in the crevices of Grand Canon we see in the niche of a rock, what the porter tells us is an eagle's nest, the like of which we have never seen before. It seems to be built of sticks, long weeds and heavy grass, but the distance above us is so great we cannot vouch for the material of which it is built. It is enough for us to know that we look upon a real eagle's nest.

We arrive at Salida at 2 o'clock, p.m., a picturesque town of some 3,000 inhabitants, situated 7,000 feet above the sea at the junction of the Leadville branch of the D. & R. G. railroad. Here, just beneath snow capped Rockies we stop for dinner, and here it is that our friend Funk immortalizes himself as the man of strong lungs, for the "Monte Cristo" waiters are a little slow in attending to his order, which causes him to raise his voice in tones of thunder demanding attention. The ladies tremble and gentlemen cling more closely to their knives and forks. Suffice it to say, Mr. Funk receives attention.

We return to our train, which he are told must now commence the ascent of the Rockies proper. While availing ourselves of a good dinner the train is being arranged to carry us over the mountains. It is divided into two sections. The first is composed of one engine, a baggage car and the "El Moro" sleeper, of which we are an occupant and which takes the lead in the ascent. The second is composed of six sleepers and three engines, which puff and toil behind us, often lost from sight by diversified ridges, valleys and rocks, which at times lie thousands of feet below and between us. For thirteen miles, after leaving Salida, we ascend the mountains at the rate of 210 feet per mile, so inclined is the track at times that we see only the stack-pipe of the engine behind us, as it seemingly struggles to follow us upward. We sit upon the back end of our sleeper in company with our party and endeavor to enjoy as best we can, that which lies before us. The scenery grows more and more magnificent and less obstructed by mountain sides, so that to our view appears miles and miles of cone shaped summits and timberless tops of towering ranges, which show us that we are among the heights that must be familiar with the clouds. And while lost in the wonders of the Rockies, we at times see the white sunlight shining upon the far off Sierras, which must be crossed before we reach our destination.

Onward and upward we ascend until among the clouds, we look back and down upon the other section of our train, whose merry occupants respond to our endeavors by waving hands and handkerchiefs until lost in woods, ravines and snow-sheds, "Darting forth at times from hidden view, like a child at play at Peek-a-boo."

The grandeur of this scenery so sublime, has melted some of our party to tears, for here are seen works of man and God, never witnessed before; and now at our right stands old Ouray, whose towering height stands between the head waters of the Arkansas and Gunnison rivers. Slowly and safely the steeps are conquered and we stop at Marshal Pass, at 4:30 p.m., 10,852 feet above the sea, beneath and around which a rough granite ocean lies, around whose towering heights we seemingly see four lines of railroad, terrace above terrace, the farthest almost indistinct to our view, and these are merely loops of the spiral path which has brought us hither.

In the midst of our happiness scenes have occurred to-day which have made us sad, for among us there is one whose lungs are unfitted for this high altitude, and such has been the effects of the atmosphere upon her that at times her life has been despaired of, but 26 happily there are among us, those to her more congenial than we, whose unselfish natures have led them from pleasure to duty, therefore the sick has been tenderly cared for and saved from death, while the patient, in her loving nature, gives such expressions of gratitude that a heart of iron would melt beneath her power, and as she languishes in her berth, now convalescent, and receives the marked attention of so many tourists of our train, we wonder if it would be the same with us if twice as sick; and the thought admonishes us to cultivate a more lovable disposition.

We sigh for the sick and leave her in the care of gentle hands and hasten down the hillside with the many to gather a bouquet in memory of this elevated spot. From the side of the pass where our train stands we break off a piece of granite, and mark for our cabinet, take a little run to see how we can breathe two miles above the sea, and hurry back, for here comes the other section of our train, whose occupants are ready for a side-hill ramble among the rocks and flowers, and now as they alight, we join in that grand old song, "Rock of Ages cleft for me," etc. The two sections of our train are joined and with one engine we now commence the descent of the mountains, and the scenery presented is as fine and picturesque as that which met our view as we climbed the top and rested at Marshal Pass. On both sides of old Ouray, east and west, have been seen a multitude of little mountain streams winding their several ways over and through rocks and crevices, all going to fulfill each their part to help form the great rivers that flow through and water our prairie lands.

We descend the mountains alongside of the head waters of the Gunnison until we reach the city of the same name, which is famous as the headquarters of the Gunnison mines. It is a place of about 3,000 inhabitants, and stands 8,000 feet above the sea. Here, we have been told, we can get supper, but already the "El Moro" party have spread their lunch, and are only waiting for coffee at Gunnison. We are at the point of deciding which of us shall get supper, when sister Bradford, who has been wrestling with her lunch basket for a full half hour, comes back and invites our party of six to take supper with her, the invitation of which we are more than glad to accept, so we select

each our own knife, fork, spoon and cup, and avail ourselves of the generous hospitality, but for the sake of the profession we will never tell what sister Bradford found in the top of her lunch basket. Suffice it to say, it was something akin to the penitentiary mark upon her satchel.

Just here Col. Distin solicits some of our excellent lunch, which we 27 gladly give asking him to call again. The supper is excellent and we enjoy it much. In an attempt to reach the pickle bottle Capt. Reardon drops his bread, which falls butter side down of course, and Pike upsets his coffee. Major Quallman kindly tenders us a draught from his secret closet which many accept, but we, in strict accordance to early training, politely decline. Our sister seems glad that we came but we will venture to say that this will be a climax to her hospitality, for the effect is a little too serious upon her lunch. She evidently had not studied our capacities. Leaving sister Bradford to wash her own dishes thinking she knows best where they belong, we hasten to the platform to view the town and gather a weed for our collection, and now we are our way to a place which, a world renowned traveler tells us, is, of all the earth, the most beautiful, sublime and awful. For a long distance we are drawn over a mere shelf that has been blasted in the solid rock of God's masonry, where granite walls stand 2,000 feet high, so near together that sometimes the darkness is so intense that stars appear in the narrow belt of blue (which seems stretched across the chasm) at noonday. Unlike others this black canon has many others which open into it at right angles, and instead of one continuous track along beside the river the, train glides from side to side of the canon, thus making the scenery more varied and beautiful. At times we seem dashing into solid rock, when suddenly we turn to open ravines and towering heights beyond. It is dark and we sit upon the platform, as if loth to give up the scenes which we must pass farther and farther on. We gaze into darkness and see alone the towering height of Curricanti Needle, and the misty little waterfall which peacefully flows over the granite walls of Black Canon.

While standing upon the platform at Gunnison we hear parties talking as to the dangerous descent we must traverse during the night, which has made some of our party a little nervous, but life or death, we are booked through, and now is no time to stop for thoughts of a better life. Just as we begin to think of retiring for the night a call comes from the front car for the "El Moro" choir to join in an evening concert, to which we gladly respond. The arm "scrap book" and "jubilee songs"

are enjoyed by the entire car, which ends in a sort of an African revival, Col. Distin in the lead. But the hour is late and we must begin to devise means and ways for a night's rest in our "narrow guage." Dr. Pease of the "Michigan," a practical physician of Massilon, Ohio, exchanges sleepers and berths with a "Panama" party that he may watch the sick sister of our car during the night, and we shall never fail to think but what we all feel much safer than hereto-fore since a "medicine man" is in calling distance. Our companion not being well we allow her to occupy our boudoir on the second floor alone, and we again accept the hospitality of our sister Bradford and with her share her berth, we facing the rising and she the setting sun. And so we pass the night in the "El Moro" on the narrow guage. If we ever come this way again we intend to try to occupy a whole berth, and shall advise our friends to do likewise, however short and narrow. The night is rendered hideous by the snores of Lawder, whom we all wished could have been allowed to sit up with the sick and by so doing have given us a chance for sleep. The porter, however, faithful to his trust, awakens him three times and gives him a new start in a different key, but each time his snores grow longer and louder, until day light finds us the first to seize the toilet room and make ready for the day.

Friday Morning, July 30, 1886.

We step upon the platform while all are asleep and are told by the porter that we are now just crossing the Utah line, somewhat behind time in making this point. While we have slept the train has moved on, ever bearing us over many dangerous and beautiful places, which the darkness of night has hidden from view. Yet, in our study of the country over which we have passed at night, we find that after leaving the Black Canon we rode away from the Gunnison and climbed Cedar Divide, where by daylight we might have had a fine view of Uncempahgre Valley at our left and south and a full view of the celebrated Book Cliffs at our right.

Arriving at Delta we again travel along the valley of the Gunnison, continuing our route until we reach Grand Junction where this beautiful stream empties its waters into the Grand River that rises in Wyoming Territory, both going to help form the Colorado, which empties its waters into the Gulf of California. Just before reaching Grand Junction we pass the Ute Reservation which was given in trust, so often betrayed by the tribe of Indians whose name the immense tract of land bears. We

continue our journey along the valley of the Grand until we come to the Utah line, and a new day of hot, dusty, disagreeable travel commences. From 4 o'clock in the morning until nearly noon we are crossing the great Utah Desert, which forms a part of the great Uintah Valley, Green River basin, or the great geological tertiary sea, with the Uintah Mountains on the north and great canons of the Colorado on the south; and this is the valley where Prof. Marsh has made his great discoveries of 29 mammal life that existed in a time which we reckon not, and of which we live to learn. All day we look upon extensive sand deposits out of which rise plateaus of shelving rock of varied hues; no people, no homes but an occasional hut standing right in the sand 'neath the scorching rays of a tropical sun, as if dropped from a cyclone after being carried through a forest leaving limbs of trees dried and leafless on top. No trees, no shrubs, no green grass, no water to be seen, yet around the cabin are several little toe-headed children with feet buried in the sand, scorching in the sun. We can but wonder how they live and grow and thank God that we domicile in a country of verdure and moisture. Our lips are dry and parched and our voices husky, insomuch that our "continuous talker" has settled back in the depths of a Pullman pillow to sleep the dusty hours away.

For a change of program we walk the length of the train and find the passengers generally quiet. The ladies have their heads done up in tissue veils with lover's bows in front, The gentlemen have pulled their silk caps over their wigs and assumed their dusters, and little Marcia has actually cried. She knows not why, but nature can scarcely comfort a child when with the thermometer at 90 ° she must shun alkali waters and know not why.

The gentlemen have held many "secret sessions" during the day in the front end of our sleeper and in consequence of which, perhaps, our gentlemen do not look as thirsty as some we see in search of water. Our Department President is sick in the "Malaca" unable to sit up. The ride through the desert is too much for one so frail. And as for us we seek a bottle containing the effervescing elements of soda water. We visit the "Malaca" and Headquarters car and treat our immediate friends, who drink freely and seem to enjoy our beverage, insomuch that it becomes almost as popular as Peoria corn juice dealt out in broken doses at "secret sessions."

And now we have arrived at Green River, having come some one hundred miles since we left the Grand, through a rolling, uptipped desert, leaving the celebrated Book Cliffs on the north bank of the Grand. Just after passing that point where the Gunnison unites with this mountain stream, we cross the Green river north of where it joins the Grand to form the Colorado. The scenery now has a marked change, for we are approaching Castle Canon, and already in the distance we see two towering shafts of sandstone rising to the height of 500 feet as if to guard that country which lies beyond this "castle gate." This canon is one of sublime beauty, differing in 30 formation from the one through which we have already passed. It consists of great walls and domes shelving as it were, to heights of several hundred feet in many places, eroded on all sides as if by a mechanical sand blast.

Passing through the lovely gorge we are in the heart of the Wasatch Mountains, having just passed through Castle Gate, which much reminds us of the gate posts of the Garden of the Gods. One post is four, and the other five, hundred feet high, both having been richly dyed in the hues of a setting sun, which forms a lively contrast with the evergreen shades which lie beneath and around the rocky columns. Through this gateway the Price River and railroad pass side by side in close communion—the one, struggling over rocks and underbrush, as if to evade the power of steam which nears its maddened waters. Now we are in the shadows of huge rocks which continue for miles on our journey. Soldier's Summit stands at our right, a high prominence, solitary and alone; on, on, through the alkali districts, passing the Red Narrows and Spanish Fork canon, each and all characterized by beauty and grandeur, until we near Springville, Utah, where, for the first time during the day, we begin to see a little verdure and civilization. Telegrams have announced our coming and here we find a good dinner awaiting. The platform is full of both Mormon and Gentile children selling all kinds of fruit, flowers, boiled eggs, milk, coffee, etc., etc., and we supply ourselves for the rest our journey to Salt Lake City.

After leaving Springville we journey for many miles through the Utah Valley, lying circled by mountains as if guarded from the outer world, with Utah Lake in plain view, a beautiful sheet of fresh water near whose banks lie Springville and Provo, two flourishing Mormon towns. This lake

of pure, fresh water is almost shut in by the Wasatch and Oquirrh Mountains, a range of low hills lying between the fresh water lake and the great Salt Lake north of it. At the south we behold Mt. Nebo, towering 12,000 feet above the valley with its snow capped summits, while at its base lies the verdure of a tropical climate.

Arriving at Provo we almost feel that we are again in America, for upon stepping to the platform we find a very neat little city of 5,000 inhabitants, regularly laid out with fine streets, houses, trees and everything to attract the attention of even an unobserving traveler, who has breathed a desert air for fifteen long hours. We walk on the platform and breathe once more the pure, moistened air, gather some leaves and flowers, and interview the children as to schools, 31 religion etc., and then on through alkali regions and, finally, clear, sparkling brooks that flow through and partly water the great Utah Valley, at the center of which stands Salt Lake city, the Mormon capital of Utah, a place we have studied and imagined all our life, now becomes a reality, for soon we are to see and note this wonderful city of curious history, whose institutions are of peculiar interest to all tourists, and whose secret history perhaps will never be known, but suppositions from facts gathered here and there, as dropped from careless lips of those who profess the faith, would make, we have no doubt, a thrilling story for the rude, adventurous or romantic.

Before leaving the train a list of the passengers on board is obtained which appears in printed circular the next day as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ILLINOIS DELEGATION,

En route to 20th National Encampment G.A.R.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 31, 1886.

NAMES ON TRAIN.

Col. W. L. Distin, Quincy

Mrs. W. L. Distin, Quincy

Miss Distin, Quincy

Wm. Distin, Jr., Quincy

Miss Dickason, Danville

P. S. Post, Dept. C., Galesburg

Mrs. Post, Galesburg

Miss Post, Galesburg

W. W. Berry, P.D.C., Quincy

Mrs. Berry Quincy

E. D. Swain, P.D.C., Chicago

T. W. Scott, A.Q.M.G., Fairfield

Mrs. Scott, Fairfield

Miss Scott, Fairfield

H. P. Thompson, A.A.G. Chicago

Mrs. Thompson, Chicago.

Clarence Thompson, Chicago

Mrs. A. A. Newman, Delavan

J. M. Copes, Peoria

M. S. Cowger, Rose Hill

John Reardon, P.P.C., Peoria

H. C. Cassiday, Joliet

J. C. Dolan, Peoria

Chas. Quallman, delegate, Peoria

W. A. Martin, Chicago

Mrs. G. A. Busse, Chicago

D. H. Gobin, Springfield

Mrs. D. H. Gobin, Springfield

J. L. Hesser, Riverton

Robert Martin, Springfield

Mrs. Meals, Peoria

Mrs. S. M. Bradford Pontiac

E. M. Pike, P.P.C., Chenoa

Mrs. E. M. Pike, Chenoa

B. W. Maires, Trenton

J. S. Litzenberg, Wilmington

C. H. Wells, Chicago

H. H. Hunt, Chicago

Mrs. H. H. Hunt, Chicago

Mrs. Clara Harral, President W.R C., Aurora

Mrs. Sue A. Sanders, Delavan

Mrs. C. Briggs, Delavan

G. A. Dayton, Towanda

F. Taylor, New Berlin

Mrs. Taylor, New Berlin

A. Pease, Massillon

Mrs. Julia Schureman, Delavan

Edwin Lake, Chicago

C. T. Barnes, Chicago

Mrs. Barnes, Chicago

T. McGinnis, Chicago

James Galloway, Wilmington

Mrs. Galloway, Wilmington

W. V. Doan, Wilmington

Mrs. Doan, Wilmington

E. R. Campbell, Chicago

Chas. E. Sinclair, Chicago

A. H. Pike, Chicago

Jas. Bryant, Towanda

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A. W. Burnside, Chicago

H. M. Hooker, Chicago

G. F. White, Chicago

Mrs. S. Stose, Chicago

Mrs. L. W. Sheperd, Springfield

B. F. Funk, del., Bloomington

Mrs. Funk, Bloomington

B. Funk. Jr., Bloomington

James A. Sexton, A.D.C., Chicago

C. F. Matteson, A.D.C., Chicago

G. A. Busse, A.D.C., Chicago

John Frith, delegate, Watseka

Mrs. Firth, Watseka

Mrs. C. M. Tripp, Peoria

Mrs. J. A. Bell, Peoria

Miss Myrtle Tripp, Peoria

Miss Mina Tripp, Peoria

Miss Etta Proctor, Peoria

Mrs. G. Miller, Peoria

Miss Miller, Peoria

R. Rouse, Peoria

S. O. Lander, Peoria

William Wiley, Peoria

D. Meals, Peoria

Miss J. Cleveland, Springfield

J. M. Harral, Aurora

G. J. Cottrell, Quincy

Mrs. V. L. Finley, Quincy

H. S. Scoffield, Burlington

R. T. Van Horn, Burlington

Mrs. Van Horn, Burlington

J. S. Smith, Farmington

Mrs. H. V. Greenlief, Farmington

Mr. Amos Green, Farmington

W. Joseph and wife, Farmington

D. K. Watson, Clayton

J. R. Herring, Canton

Frank Funk, Bloomington,

S. A. Cole, Chicago

H. B. Greenlief, Farmington

E. T. Martin, Kansas City

S. F. Shaw, Parkersburg

M. P. Schrock, Chicago

J. Clifton Butler, charge of train for C.,B. & Q. R.R.; every detail carried out as promised.

E. D. Swain, T. W. Scott, W. L.

Distin, Com. on Transportation.

We arrive at Salt Lake city at 3 o'clock, p.m., Friday. Gathering up our satchels, lunch baskets, shawl straps, hats, parasols, etc., we stand upon the platform a complete fac simile of Mrs. Partington, looking for "Ike;" before and around us are hundreds who have arrived just in time enough in advance to get their faces washed and to give our train a hilarious reception.

Among our many features the only clean one is our eyes, which, as they gaze into the multitude, first rest upon the form of Dr. Hughes, of Springfield, Ill., whose body already through hearty laughter has assumed a right angle triangle, who tells us we look healthier than when installed into office last February. And here we all stand just as dusty as we can possibly be and hundreds are having any amount of fun at our expense. Little do we care for we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are no worse looking than they when they landed. But the band has commenced to play that same old tune, "Marching through Georgia," and we all join with the band in the good cheer of the occasion.

Not having dared to wash our faces or taste a drop of water since we crossed the Utah line, we of course feel the need of immediate transportation to some place, when water comes from heaven. From among a small regiment of hack drivers we select one who 33 represents the G.A.R. of New Hampshire, and with big box, little box, band-box, satchel, budget, etc., we land with him at the Clift House, where we find very comfortable accommodations. A whisk broom and bath room are the immediate essentials. Our cake of "Cashmere Bouquet," presented to us by sister Gertie Hall the day we left home, is resorted to, and soon laid aside as inadequate to the occasion and a good sized bar of Kirk's best brought to the test, the consequence of which is we appear in the parlor later just as clean and good looking as Dr. Hughes.

But the call for supper comes and we are ready to respond, after which our party of eight take a street car and ride up and down the principal streets of the city so wonderfully over-rated and arrive

at the skating rink, G.A.R. headquarters, just in time not to be able to hear Logan tell the Mormons what he and "Uncle Sam" thinks of them. While leaning against a picket fence adjoining the rink we observe on the porch of a house within the yard several vacant chairs near an open window of the rink where, it seems to us, would be a pleasant, comfortable place to listen to Logan, so we embrace the opportunity and are invited to be seated by the lady of the house, whom we find to be a very pleasant Mormon lady, and from whom we gather some important information. This is the place where Logan made the assertion that Salt Lake was the only place in America "where Jews were Gentiles and Saints sinners," to which our hostess laughs outright, and we venture to ask her how she likes to hear such talk in her own sainted city. She at once becomes very talkative and instructive, ready to tell us of their faith, religion, abuse, domestic habits, etc., etc. Logan is forgotten and we embrace the opportunity of our life to interview a woman of the genuine Mormon faith. We learn many important things of which we never heard before. But as all are not, perhaps, as much interested in doctrinal points of Mormon religion as ourselves, we record in our mind and not our journal what we have learned to-night while sitting on a Mormon porch in a genuine Mormon city. To the music of the band we seek our hotel and retire for the night to rest undisturbed until awakened by the bright sunlight of

Saturday Morning, July 31, 1886.

So at 5 o'clock we find ourselves sitting upon the upper porch of the Clift House, posting our journal, looking on the main street of the Mormon kingdom of America. On the east, towering upwards are the Wasatch Mountains, between which and us, several hundred feet above the city, stands Fort Douglas, with the glorious old stars 34 and stripes floating triumphantly in the shadow of the Wasatch Mountains, above which the sun has just arisen. The Oquirrh Mountains shut in the valley in the west and beyond we see the great Salt Lake, the briny inland sea of America, which must have been closed from the ocean by a rapid rise of land through volcanic or earthquake force in times long since gone by. And this is the lake of which the school boy has read and the scientist studied and still leaves unsettled the cause of many facts connected with this wonderful body of water. Far across the valley to the south we still look upon Mt. Nebo. We are joined at breakfast by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Harral, of Aurora, and are pleased to find our Department President in usual

health again, thus far on our journey. After enjoying an excellent breakfast we take a walk through the principal streets, do a little shopping at some of the largest stores, finding clerks as slow as Christmas and engaged in general conversation among themselves in regard to the speech of Logan last night. Returning we find our carriage in waiting to convey us to all important places of interest throughout the city. First we drive to Fort Douglas, three miles east, which overlooks and gives us a fine view of the city at once. This is indeed a beautiful place and very interesting to those who have never before visited a fort. The officers' headquarters and soldiers' barracks are shaded by large trees, while glistening cannon stand facing the city, as if defiant to any power that shall disturb the peace of even a Mormon city in free America.

Many little, cool streams come bounding from the mountains to the city, finding their way through troughs along the sides of the city streets, their rippling music ever refreshing to the worn and dusty tourist. We pause to mail a postal home, refresh ourself with a cool draught from the mountain spring and back to the city. On the way we meet our little Cassiday the sole occupant of a fine turnout with a colored driver perched on top going to see the sights, a strange characteristic for a single man when so many ladies are traveling alone. He greets us with the military salute and on to Fort Douglas.

On our way to the city we are pointed to what is known as Emigration Canon which cuts the mountains in two and the place through which Orson Pratt and his companions came when the site for the city was first seen. Through this same canon Brigham Young came with his early pilgrims and by the same route the early emigrants all came to this spot where undisturbed they might have and enjoy the religion for which they left home, friends and country. Pilgrims crossing the sea methinks were no firmer in their belief of 35 right than these wanderers over mountain and desert, through wilds and destroying herds, to find some tract that they alone might consecrate to the Kingdom of God. South of this canon is found a mountain of silver, where are located some of the finest mines on earth. Back to the city we drive to the "Lion's Den," the home of Brigham Young. It is called the "Lion's Den" because the figure of a lion in stone stands upon the portico. At the Tithing House we pause to see the saints deliver up one-tenth of their crops or manufactures to support the Mormon government and church, Farther on, through an iron gate, we descend a few

stone steps that lead down a gently sloping green lawn, at the farther end of which lie the remains of all that is left of the Mormon King, Brigham, in a ground vault covered and cemented on top, with a simple granite block the length and breadth of a grave. Nearest to him lie the remains of his first Mormon wife, Mary, and room is left for the rest of his wives, if dying in the faith, according to their respective numbers in life. Several have already filled their place, but we fail to note which numbers. On the opposite side, however, lies one wife, who in life weakened in the faith, hence given a back seat in Brigham's line of rotation. No trees, or flowers or living shrub decorates this place of the illustrious dead; yet, from a tree on the outside, whose branches droop over and silently shade the granite slab, we gather a few leaves in memory of one who, perhaps, may not have been altogether wrong. We hasten to our carriage and are driven away to the home erected by Brigham for his favorite wife, Amelia, known as Amelia's Palace; certainly a very fine home for a 17th wife.

From a lovely tree which stands by the fence we gather blossoms of the pepper tree which are beautiful even when pressed. We look at the Endowment House and we are content for no sinner ever enters its sacred portals. Here all marriages take place, both monogamous and polygamous; here all christenings are celebrated, but at the present time the building is closed for their great leader has been obliged to hide himself, to escape the laws of the country, which tell him he must obey and be content with one lawful wife. Next we drive down Temple street to visit the great church buildings of the city. The Tabernacle is not unlike the pictures which all have seen. It is 250 feet long and wide in proportion, with ceilings 100 feet high and a capacity for seating 12,000 people comfortably. The acoustic properties of this building are so pure that a whisper can be distinctly heard from one end to the other of the assembly room. A pin dropped can be heard distinctly at the further end if all is quiet, 36 and numerous doors make out-lets for a crowd, so that the entire audience can leave the building in five minutes.

Here we find the largest pipe-organ in America. It has 2,800 large and small pipes. Over the mountains and through the country this immense music box was drawn by oxen, before the railroad spanned the western world. Our companion is anxious to try its wonderful power, but the gleam of patriotism upon her tanned face is enough to assure the watchful saint that it would be a violation of

woman's faith for the "Georgia" tune to vibrate upon its sacred wires, for Mrs. Newman was at this time, if never before, indeed a sinner.

The assembly hall is another large building with a capacity of seating 2,500, is elegantly furnished and contains some very fine and expensive paintings. Near by the Tabernacle and Assembly Hall, stands the great Mormon Temple in course of construction. It was commenced in 1853 but cannot be completed until the forty years have elapsed for its completion which will be in 1893, providing "Uncle Sam" does not conclude before that time to turn it into a United States Mint, or a hospital for wounded soldiers, who have there fought to abolish polygamy and defend the sacred laws of our American Republic. At the present time we find 200 men pegging away at the syenite brought some thirty miles, to be moulded for this wonderful structure. When completed two towers will soar 200 feet heavenward from the top of the building. We pause to interview our guide and select a piece of the material for our cabinet and are now driven to our hotel for dinner, where we all join in social chat of our forenoon's ride, at the dinner table, after which we seek our rooms and sum up in our journal what we have seen and learned in part, of this great city. We can but state right here that to us seeing has not elevated the place the least in our estimation as to what we had expected to see in Salt Lake City.

This city is inhabited by 15,000 Mormons and 10,000 Gentiles, making a population equal only to small central cities of our own state. The streets are broad, and at present cleanly, the houses mostly built of wood, many old, and presenting a careless and dilapidated appearance; yet there are many fine buildings, built of brick and stone and we might suppose that professional painters lived in the most of them, by the lack of paint on the outside. The great Utah valley of which we have ever formed such lovely mind pictures, loses its value and magnificence as we sum up all we have seen in twenty-four hours' ride and stay in the city. While its fruit, orchards, farms, etc., are fine, the valley is small compared with the great alkali 37 deserts that must be crossed to enter this fertile region among the mountains. While we enjoy over much our delightful stay in this place, we are content with a humble home on the broad prairies of Illinois.

Heavy breathing assures us that sisters Newman, Briggs and Bradford are asleep, so closing our journal, we too are soon “wrapped in the arms of morpheus,” dreaming of sad, Mormon faces, alkali deserts, mountain dust and Mormon faith.

A loud rap at our door by a gentleman of our party, who says: “Ladies, you have just thirty minutes to reach the train.” A general hustle ensues and in due time, we, baggage and all, assume our respective places in our narrow gauge sleeper, where we again meet every member of our “El Moro” party. Some are affable and jolly, but the Denver divide has not yet closed, for the stately “good morning” to an “ignorant set” assures us that “all is not gold that glitters.” We however continue our own even way, fully assured that rope enough will hang the strongest criminal, and so in the midst of affected dignity we leave this sainted city and are on our way to Ogden.

Twenty miles are made, and we find ourselves sidetracked on the shores of Great Salt Lake, a wonderful inland sea, which in dreamy silence tidelessly slumbers in the midst of the great Utah valley, whose surface lies at an elevation higher than the Alleghanies, and whose waters are some sixty feet in depth. Here we are informed by Mr. Butler, our Pullman guide, that two hours will be given for a bath in the lake, and hundreds at once check their valuables and don their suits for the briny swim, which proves very enjoyable to all, excepting Pike, whose first dip is to fill his lungs with salt water which causes him to weep regretful tears. The sensation of a bath in Salt Lake can only be known to those who experience its effects, for the waters are extremely heavy and salty, much more so than this jolly set of tourists thought when, with josie jackets and knee pants, they descended the steps from their dressing rooms and waded the briny waters. They remind us of a lot of school children going out to catch frogs, yet all alike seem to enjoy the royal fun, but if anyone ever tells you that you can't sink in Salt Lake don't you believe it, for one of our party came near being drowned before he had passed the guide ropes. He found that a headlong dive into Salt Lake was like falling into a brine barrel and taking a long breath; so with eyes, nose and mouth full of briny water, he comes to the top fully convinced of the fact that a 240 lb. man might possibly sink in Salt 38 Lake; and a lady friend is only rescued feet first above the heavy waves.

Having spent our allotted time for a bath we drip to our dressing rooms and take a fresh water shower bath, don our clothing, secure our valuables, and with hair hanging down our back assume our sleeper, and are soon on our way to Ogden. While our companion makes a few sketches in her journal we note the surroundings of Salt Lake.

All along the railroad we see men gathering salt that has been left by evaporation of waters flooded from the lake, for all around the soil is such that no vegetation exists in the vicinity of this inland sea, the only green things we see, that grows near, are frogs, which numerous boys are spearing with long pointed poles. We bring our humane principles to bear on them, but when told they are catching them to sell we save our breath for more cruel scenes we may find farther on. But we must note a few items in regard to this great lake from which we have just emerged. As we stood with the rope gang tossing in the waters, we gathered some sand from the lake bottom, which, when placed to our tongue, was as salt as the mineral itself, and we are led to wonder and recall facts as to the cause of this. And we pause to ask if this great sink was made and excavated by a great continental glacier, and then filled by mountain streams and rendered salt, because the evaporation exceeded the supply. If such be facts, then in the future this *now* lake will be a great salt deposit, and who knows how many generations will pass away before that time comes. The lake itself is quiet compared with other waters, for no high dashing waves reach its briny shores. Perhaps there was a time when it occupied all the land between the mountains which surround it.

We are now eighteen miles from Ogden traveling along a narrow plain which lies between the dead waters of Salt Lake and the sawlike peaks of the Wasatch mountains. The valley, however, is very fertile, and many little sparkling streams come singing down from the mountain canons, across the green meadows, and now as our train bears us from sight of this lake we still wonder why, of all the inland waters of America is this one salt and without life. Science and geology alone must solve the mystery, while we speed on to new sights and scenes.

And now we are at the end of the D. & R.G., but before we leave our little sleeper "El Moro" which has borne us safely over so many dangerous places, carried us to and from so many lovely, 39 picturesque, beautiful, enchanted, majestic and sublime places, let us picture in our minds the varied

scenes and varied faces, and store away in our hearts the kindness and politeness of the well selected employes of this road whom we have met during our journey over this scenic route of America. The recollections of the enjoyments and pleasantries of this trip will ever be cherished as sacred to the journey from Denver to Ogden, for to many of us it is a trip of a lifetime and is possessed of such scenes and events as will, if cherished, gladden the remainder of our days, even when dark clouds of adversity hover around us and the way seems dark and drear.

At 5 o'clock p.m., Saturday, we arrive at Ogden, the second city of importance in Utah, it being a great railroad center with a population of some 7,000, nestled in cozy homes at the foot of the mountains. Not far from the depot, where hundreds are now promenading the platform and waiting for the train that shall continue us on our journey, stands a small tent covered over with flags, on front of which is painted in large letters "Welcome, G.A.R." This little tent, emblematic of days gone by, whose recollections are foremost now, though simple in structure yet made beautiful by America's banner, is sufficient to assure us that even here the true loyal spirit prevails, undaunted and without fear. We take a walk along the platform, place our journal against the side of the depot and note a few points that present themselves. The Michigan headquarters train has just arrived, bearing Gov. Alger, of Michigan, Robey, of Maine, and our own gallant Logan, who remain in private quarters until all things are made straight and we continue our journey. The passengers, however, occupy the depot platform with us and all become friends at once bound for the same destination. Among the Michigan passengers we meet two representatives of the W.R.C., Mrs. Hampton, the past Department President of the state, and Mrs. Louise Robbins, of Adrian, the delegate-at-large to represent them in national convention. We are favorably impressed at once at the appearance of these ladies and the vaulted opinion we form of them thus early in our journey is only strengthened by better acquaintance, for we find them ladies of character and intellect, ladies whom the state of Michigan can well be proud to claim.

Major Quallman, of Peoria, and Messrs. Ruhl and Baughner, of Virginia, have constituted themselves a lunch basket committee and have already commenced to locate the same. Up to the present writing they have already lifted 500 baskets and 400 shawl straps in and out of something less than 100 cars, in hopes at last to find the 40 right one, but as often as located they are informed

by our Pullman man that he is running the train and will make it all right if they will only wait, and just now we see these men who strive so hard to please the ladies standing between two trains their heads just above nine stacks of baskets.

While the gentlemen care for the luggage of the most fascinating the platform is completely stacked with the traps of married women and old maids, who in turn stand sentinel over the same. As for us we place ours against the wall and trust to luck for its safty and and venture as far as time will allow to catch a sight of Ogden. We note a few facts and return in time to take our turn at being weighed and find that our avoirdupois is just ten pounds more than ever before, all probably owing to the weighing more than to general improvement.

Our Peoria Dolan has stretched himself across the platform and is trying to sleep. We place our shawl under his head and for a few moments brush flies while the sick man tries to rest from the fatigue of his journey. Our Pullman man is nearly distracted, not with his business, but on account of not having but one tongue to answer questions. Of course every passenger wants the best berth in the best sleeper and he of course promises the best to all. And even we are in hopes of a change, for thus far we have possessed ourself of amiability for him to note, thinking perhaps a reward will come before our journey is completed. At the rear end of the depot we find Ben. Funk and Major Sexton teetering on the baggage truck. Col. Distin has pinned an extra badge on his coat, seated himself on the railroad bank and is humming in plaintive tones "Tenting To-Night." Our decorator is stringing bunting and our companion is gathering weeds for our herbarium, while the other half of our quartette have seated themselves at the table in the dining room to avail themselves of a square meal. At the north end of the depot there are eight beer kegs which are occupied by Rouse, Lawder, Reardon, Meals, Copes, Cowger, Cassiday and Pike. The usual amount of backing, switching, blowing off steam, whistling, etc., has been done and the cry is "all aboard," so we gather ourselves up once more and are located in sleeper No. 2 of the Central Pacific railroad, which is much wider than the one we have just left and which better suits our general comfort, though still destined to up-stairs apartments which we had hoped to exchange, but as we note the long, dignified faces presented us, which looked so pleasant at the beginning of our journey, we

smother our rebellious feelings and 41 make up our mind to continue as we started out in every particular, until overpowered by feelings uncontrollable.

Our train, that leaves Ogden at 7 o'clock Saturday night, is composed of an engine, baggage car and thirteen sleepers, among which is Gov. Algers' car of which our Logan and wife are occupants, who now join and travel with us to the "Golden Shore," and who before retiring for the night pass through the entire train and bid us all a kind good night.

The amiability with which we clothed ourself an hour ago has become terribly ruffled and we now stand ready to denounce every point of politeness heretofore extended by the Peoria party, for the gallant Major has effected a change in his berth which not only adds insult but injury to our heretofore pleasant quarters, for in the exchange we are placed opposite one who may have served well his country in its hour of peril (and for that alone we strive to endure), but whisky and tobacco never did make for us a pleasant combination; and all our persuasive powers fail to accomplish a change, and so we retire and sleep 'mid the fumes of tobacco and rattling of long-necked bottles with silver collars.

Sunday Morning, August 1, 1886.

We rise at an unusually early hour for us, call the porter who adjusts the step ladder, and we descend while all are asleep, and endeavor to seek the level of our naturally happy disposition in the morning air of Nevada, having just crossed the Utah line. The sun is just rising in the eastern horizon and its lengthened rays extend far across the great desert we are now riding over. And this is the great state of Nevada, whose unnavigable streams, after flowing short distances are lost in picturesque lakes, sinks or porous soil. A state of volcanic structure, of strange deposits and uninviting landscape to the tourist, yet withal interesting to the extreme in its wonderful make up and striking contrast to the home of the tourist who may perhaps sometime become dissatisfied with his lot in life. We arrive at Elko at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, where we all get breakfast. The dining room door of the depot hotel is held ajar by a true specimen of woman, who counts noses as they pass through the door until every chair at the table is filled, and then bars it against all others

until first come are first served, while through a ticket window at one side she assures the howling crowd that all they need is patience to secure a good square meal before the train leaves, and by the looks of her determined countenance we conclude that patience is just as good as anything else to possess on this occasion, and we 42 being booked for the second table take a little stroll to view the city. We find that all the water that is used at this place is brought from the Humbolt river, seventeen miles away. A new feature presents itself now which during the day adds much to our amusement, for the many representatives of the noble "red man" put in an appearance at all stations with a pappoose strapped to their backs, begging for victuals and money, and here we find the Shoshones, bedaubed with paint and feathers. We shake hands with a benighted squaw, who in appreciation of our friendship gives a side peep at the pappoose, the sight of which to others demands "two bits." The dining room door swings open and class No. 2 take their places at the second table, well filled with eatables to tempt the appetite of the hungry traveler. With one eye on our Pullman man who sits opposite, we feel secure, for we know the train will not leave while he is at the table, in consequence of which we feel assured that seventy-five cents this time is not thrown away. Up to this time we had almost forgotten it was Sunday, but our companion, who, when at home, superintends a whole Sunday school, pipe organ and choir, apprises us of the fact, and on being refreshed with a good breakfast, comes with Bible in hand and asks us to join her in a company to attend religious service held by a lady in the next sleeper. All the good examples and precepts of our life come before us and we consent to go, but in general disgust for hypocritical pretensions, we back out through the door, and assume our own quarters before noticed by our leader, who with the rest of her party remain during the service of the hour, after which they return to our car, and the Sunday school lesson is rehearsed in the corner occupied by sister Bradford's lunch basket. Some seem very devoted in the cause, but we cannot help but observe that some are slyly itemizing the Adams and Jonas of the train, and we busy ourselves with the happy consolation that whatever else we may be, hypocrite can never be written upon our back. And now we are at Carlin, and while a change of engines is being made we all go out to see the Indians. A dozen squaws with poppooses tilted on end, beg "two bits" the see them. Gen. Post gives the quarter and we all derive the benefit, after which we put in the rest of the time stealing looks at the bronze babies with bright eyes and smiling faces, who by their watchful mammas, are backed up against

fences, houses, etc., to hide them from the anxious gaze of hundreds who now chase them around the corners for pastime and amusement.

Leaving Carlin we enter the twelve mile canon, where red, 43 perpendicular walls rise above us on both sides eight and nine hundred feet high, often fallen and crumpled masses of debris, and arched caves in shelving rock. In and through this our train moves on. We have become restless and tired; our baby passengers, Henry and Marcia, have fallen asleep. Alkali dust is almost unendurable, our hands, lips and faces are chapped, our throats dry and voices husky. The ladies don their Mother Hubbards and loose garments and the gentlemen their dusters. Our soda water is brought out and we again treat our immediate friends to a refreshing draught, and finally secure a pillow and try to rest, while on, on, through hills, vales and barren, shelving rocks. The heat becomes intense, our friend joins us and the afternoon is spent in social conversation of transactions and events of the past, until we both fall asleep. We are awakened by the porter, whom we have already instructed to post us in points of interest along the road. As we near Beowawe he points to the Maiden's Grave, the grave of Lucinda Duncan, the daughter of a Missouri emigrant, who died and was buried here. Time elapsed and the place was almost indiscernable, the head board crumbling away, when the builders of the Central Pacific R.R. came and noted the lone grave of a woman. In all devotion and respect of woman characteristic of America, the laborers made a new grave, surrounded it with an enclosure of picket fence, painted it white, erected a substantial marker on one side of which was the name of the dead the other the significant words, "Maiden's Grave," which has been and is ever an item of interest to all who pass this place and are fortunate to have their attention called to the fact. We have now come to the country of the Piutes, in whose history we are always interested, particularly in the way in which they dispose of their dead, for as it were they spirit them away so that the grave of a single Piute has never been found. We now arrive at Winnemucca, a town bearing the name of the 75-year-old chief of the Piutes, by whom he is almost worshipped. Of this tribe we have read much, for their crimes and atrocities were many in the early days of settlement and railroad building. Here we are met with bands of music, and bouquets for Mr. and Mrs. Logan who came to the platform, and while Mrs. Logan receives the floral tributes of respect, Logan makes a few remarks and excuses himself for brevity on account of the Sabbath day. As Mrs. Logan

returns to her car with an armful of flowers she bestows upon our companion one, which is divided with us for our collection. On this occasion we are obliged to refrain from song for our voices are buried in alkali dust; in fact 44 the day has been thus far the hardest of our journey. Our jolly party has subsided to stern realities and seemingly long for the sun to set. Having traveled along the valley of the Humbolt river since we left Winnemucca, we arrive, at 4 o'clock p.m., at the town of the same name which does not need history to assure us it is the great Oasis of the Nevada desert. Refreshments await the train and we hurry to the platform, for already moistened air has met our fevered lungs, and we wonder if the place has been blessed with a summer shower. Far from it, but the platform and track all around is wet, and we inquire, to find this pleasant effect is produced by a hose, leading from the Humbolt River. It is given full play and even our train is showered all over, and many of our passengers, while playing with the hose are considerably sprinkled. The boys and girls, as usual, promenaded the platform, and each in their turn take a look at the "red bat," and we can but note the fact, as Mrs. Logan laughs and jokes with the girls, that her hat is no prettier, cleaner or straighter than ours, and dust sticks to her just the same as to us.

Very much refreshed by our stop and dinner at Humboldt we continue our journey along the river, crossing it at Granite Point where we leave it to embosom itself in the quiet Humbolt Lake, whose waters are forever swallowed up in the great Humbolt Sink. Carson Lake also loses its waters in the same great sink. We have arrived at Mirage, a side-track at the top of a low range known as Antelope Mountains, which form the divide between Pyramid Lake and the great Carson and Humboldt sinks. The sun is just setting and strange as it may seem the air is actually cool and all feel much refreshed after a very hot, dusty day's travel. We become very much interested in a little story the pleasant porter is telling of Pyramid Lake, which lies on our right some twenty miles away, receiving its name from the fact of a rock 500 feet rising directly out of the lake. Some ten years ago an exploring party visited this island rock but were frightened away by the numberless rattlesnakes which held the pyramid fort and expelled all intruders by frightful hisses and prolonged rattles. And now as we review the day's journey it seems that ever since we struck the Humbolt River we have been traveling over seemingly treacherous ground, for on both sides of us have been numerous sinks into which the streams have all flowed and been forever lost. This station where

we now stop is noted for its optical illusions, which have deceived so many weary, thirsty travelers, who thought so soon to reach cool shade and refreshing draughts. It is not our lot to witness one of these 45 wonderful demonstrations, but should any of our readers ever stop at this place situated in the Antelope range, we advise them, by all means, to try and see the mirage, which we must now leave. As the sun goes down and the evening becomes cool, we once more join the G.A.R. choir in the good old songs. We all meet in the emigrant sleeper and are led in song by some old gentleman, whose name we fail to learn, but it is sufficient for us to know that his soul is as full of patriotism as his voice is of music. It is on this occasion that we become indebted to a resident of our native city for his most ample and timely words in our behalf, and for which we have never had an opportunity to thank him personally, but gladly acknowledge in this, our trip journal, our indebtedness to him, at the same time assuring him of our lasting friendship. At a late hour we climb to our rest, adjust the drapery of our berth to catch the passing breeze, and are just sinking into untroubled sleep, when, through the ventilators above us, come patriotic strains from a brass band, which is almost articulate, "Three cheers for the red, white and blue." These midnight tones, so far from home, floating in joyous welcome to G.A.R., vibrate on our ears as never before and our very heart beats responsive to every tone. We awaken our companion and together we listen to the music of the band, songs of people and boom of canon. Already the "Mother Hubbard brigade" have left their berths to join in the demonstrations that come to give us welcome. Logan is called for and in the midnight boom comes to the platform and makes a short speech, to return the thanks of all for this enthusiastic display in our behalf, as coming from the citizens of Reno. Here we are side tracked for the rest of the night, for a daylight trip over the Sierras. The only ripple of discontent is the faint voice of little Marcia calling for mamma, who has left her in her berth alone, while she responds to Reno's welcome. We assure the sleepy child that mamma will return and she again sleeps. In the small hours of Monday morning our comrades and companions fall asleep amid the continual boom of canon which dies out as the morning sun sends its first rays of light heavenward.

Monday Morning, August 2, 1886.

We come forth from the sleeper to enjoy the morning air, and find that we are at the foot of the Sierras. The sun is coming up extremely warm, but we feel that the day must be pleasant for we

are to ascend altitudes higher than this. One by one the passengers come forth to regale themselves in mountain air, and view the little city of Reno, situated on a flat covered with sage brush, some twenty-five 46 miles from Virginia City, a place of 20,000 people, perhaps the most important on the eastern slope of the Sierras. No one seems to be in any particular hurry, but saunter around leisurely, hunting breakfast, coffee, etc.—perhaps more of the etc. than anything else. We secure some sage brush tea and open our lunch baskets on a handcar near the platform and the double quartette breakfast together. Our little Pullman conductor comes along looking like the “King of the Pansies,” bids us a kind good morning with the same doubtful scowl, for we think he sums us up as an Ogress or short hand writer ready to pen his epitaph, but we have no idea of this, and but for that protracted sky parlor of ours we might be his very best friend. On all sides and in every direction are the Indians begging for money and victuals. Our companion has gone forth with friendly hand to greet them, and were it not for her *pompadour* roll and high drapery we could not distinguish her from the nut-brown race, for she indeed has already become tinged with the color of the aristocratic tourist. At 7 o'clock we leave Reno and travel along the course of the Truckee river through pleasant fields and winding paths until the way grows narrow, and our course seems ascending, the scenery grows more beautiful and we view with interest the growth which covers mountains, from grassy base to evergreen summits, and it is up and through these varied scenes that we are now wending our way.

Our patient of Marshal Pass is again getting short breathed, but in time she seeks a horizontal position and is comparatively comfortable, though her numerous watchful friends already hover around. The Truckee river comes rushing along over a rocky bed full of mountain trout which we are informed is quite an article of commerce at Truckee, 200,000 lbs. annually being taken from the stream. And now we have arrived at Truckee, an important lumbering town in the heart of the Sierras. We stop for a change of engines, collect a specimen for our collection and are again on our way toward and through the forty miles of snow sheds, which on this occasion cause many sour tourists to grumble because by them a complete view of nature is shut from sight, they having no thoughts farther than the present to consider the importance of these great and expensive sheds, which alone secure safety to the traveler over the Sierras in winter. For forty miles these sheds have

been built at an expense of some \$500,000, intervening alone with tunnels through the mountains. We, in full appreciation of the kind act of the C.P.R.R. Co., who allowed us to spend the night at Reno in order to pass over the 47 route by daylight, note as we journey, the facts which we have so often seen in print. These sheds are not all alike. Some have flat roofs and some are slanting, and as we understand, the flat roofs are built to hold snow if necessary to the depth of twenty feet, and the steep roofs to slide it down the mountain sides. We can but note the strength and size of the timbers used to construct these sheds, some of which are bolted to solid rock, and just high enough to secure safety to men who set brakes to the trains when danger is near. These sheds are not dark as some suppose, for the cracks between the boards are sufficient to give daylight enough to prevent the usual smack so often heard in tunnels, and which on this journey have sometimes broken the darkened stillness of underground passages. These sheds, so important in winter, demand the greatest care in summer, to prevent their being burned. At intervals in the sheds, small parts are constructed of iron alone, to stop fires, and a train of tanks filled with water is kept constantly at the summit, which by telegraph is summoned to places of danger.

Now but a short distance from the picturesque Donner Lake we leave the beautiful Truckee and turn our attention with an admiring party toward that beautiful lake of silvery water which appears so bright for a few moments and is then lost among the peaks of the Sierras. It was here near this lake that Starvation Camp once stood, which perhaps among the many scenes of suffering in early the pioneer life of California, is the most renowned, and made so more from the fact of every tourist's mind who passes here being turned to the facts of the starving of the Dinner family and party which consisted of about one hundred persons en route for California and who were overtaken by one of those terrible snow storms when near Donner Lake. There were many children among them, all of whom perished, with most of the men. Some of the women were saved and this little lake at the top of the mountains receives its name from the fidelity of Mrs. Donner, who chose to die with her husband rather than escape with the children and leave him to perish alone. When spring came and the snows began to melt, the corpse of the husband was found tenderly cared for by her hands while she had perished alone. Having just passed the high and rocky walls of Donner Lake at our left we are now riding through Strong's Canon, fast nearing the summit of the Sierras. Leaving

the lake some eight miles behind we now pause at Summit, the highest point of the C. P. railroad, 7,000 feet above the sea, yet one can scarcely believe the fact for the green pastures and verdant meadows which now surround us portray valley scenes while peaks from two to three thousand feet high ascend in every direction covered with snow and evergreens. We step to the platform for a few notes of interest and are told that the highest peak upon which we gaze is Mt. Lincoln, with an altitude of 9,000 feet, while below and around the beautiful valley brings thoughts of home and rolling prairie lands. It is at this point the waters divide, some going east to a desert grave and others to water the great Sacramento Valley. We pass Emigrant Gap, the place where emigrants used to lower their wagons over precipices with ropes in order to descend the mountains.

After leaving the summit the most of the afternoon is spent in the varied scenes of the Sierras—singing streams and winding canons that open upon us as we journey on. The scenery is beautiful as well as grand, for unlike the Rockies we see verdured hills in place of barren peaks covered with rock and sand, and each revolution of the iron horse brings us nearer the great Sacramento Valley. Snow sheds grow shorter as we approach Blue Canon which presents the steepest grade on the line of the road it being about 120 feet to the mile. Through the canon the scenery becomes beautiful and interesting, for we have passed snow sheds and tunnels and are now enjoying sights that have not presented themselves before, as we are now in that part of the Sierras known as the gold bearing mountains of America, where so many have both lost and gained wealth. We are now constantly in sight of flumes and hydraulic mining which have long since taken the place of what was once known as “placer” mining or washing out the gold with hands in place of running water. As our train moves on we go from side to side of our sleeper to see how completely the whole country has been washed out by these artificial streams in searching and finding gold, in consequence of which the red soil has been left uncovered and every mark of vegetation destroyed which may require ages to replace. Farms in these lovely valleys have been completely ruined by the debris which has been cast upon them by this process of mining, which legislation has failed to check, and as we descend to the valley we find the once clear and sparkling brooks fresh from the mountains now turbulent streams of muddy water. After leaving Gold Run we pass over a muddy water gorge which lies 500 feet below us and are told that we are are very near Cape Hern, and we step to the platform to

see the celebrated place and view the mechanism of man which has wound the railroad around the mountains in solid 49 rock, two thousand feet beneath which lies a cultivated valley where man and beast seem mere spots in existence and into which the least accident might deposit our whole train; yet we fear not, for thus far we have traveled in safety and are now at Colfax where a large crowd has come to welcome Logan, which reminds us of a crowd that collects in a country town on circus day. While Logan addresses them we gather a few leaves and flowers that grow on the hills around us. We are again on our way and are at 4 o'clock p.m. within thirty miles of Sacramento City, and we know by the scenery, crops and fruit farms that we are entering the valley. At first we come to orchards fresh with verdure, fruit and blossoms, which stand in yellow sand, no grass beneath; but the nearer we come to the city less sand and more grass is found, large meadows and fields of grain divided by fences and dotted with homes remind us of our own Illinois. We are surprised at the fields of wheat which at this time of the year stand unharvested, but are told that it will be perfectly safe for two months standing where it is, for no rains ever come at this time of the year to destroy wheat fields in California. And so we traverse thirty miles of lovely valleys and fruited farms before we land at Sacramento.

Just before reaching this city we are introduced to Mr. R. Rouse, of Peoria, who asks us if we can draft resolutions. We inform him that we have done such a thing and might possibly again. Pencil and paper are furnished and, in accordance with the general desire of the "El Moro" passengers, we draft some fitting resolutions complimentary to J. C. Butler, the gentleman whom the Pullman Car Co. have sent to show us courtesy and favor to our destination. Before we arrive at Rocklin the resolutions are completed and signed by every member of the "El Moro" party, and at Rocklin presented with reading and applause to Mr. Butler, who responds with seeming delight that his endeavors have been, by us, appreciated, though so often we have seemingly censured him for sending us up stairs to sleep continually. As the train moves on the resolutions are passed to our neighbor car and signed by every member. This is as far as time will allow for other signatures, yet we have no doubt but what our appreciations are the united ideas of the entire train. We are again solicited to draft resolutions for Major Quallman, which we gladly do, and embody in the same the fact of his being the boss lunch basket depositor, notwithstanding the fact he has never lifted ours

one single inch; the nearest of ever coming to it was when he tumbled over it in the aisle, when on his way to convene a secret session. This 59 was, however, an accident which camphorated our lunch and added a climax to his general dislike so emphatically expressed toward us early in our journey; but the Major means all right and toward him we hold no malice. Time changes all things and his timely compliment admonishes us to try and cultivate a strong mind.

At 7 o'clock p.m. we arrive at Sacramento, the capital of California; supper is waiting and we hasten to secure a seat at the first table. The crowd at the depot is simply immense, so that it is almost impossible for us to reach the dining room, yet we succeed by holding fast to each other in single file. We secure supper and return to the train from which Logan is making a few remarks. As the train moves on we join the throng in the good old song, "Marching through Georgia," while, standing on a pile of trunks, some patriotic soul waves a tiny flag and hurrahs for Logan. We continue our way through lovely valleys until lost in darkness, and we all join in the sociability of the evening until we reach Benicia. The weather seems very much cooler, and we assume our warmest clothing. Our whole train is now on the ferry boat at at Benecia, occupying three different tracks, and we are crossing the largest ferry of the kind in the world. We stand on the boat outside of the train and look upon the waters we are crossing over, and are told it is Sacramento River, and that we shall soon land at Point Costa. At Benecia we are introduced to the uncle of our sister Bradford, who meets her here and instructs us as to the points of interest we now pass in darkness. Near by is Mare Island where the San Francisco navy yard was once situated, and Vallejo, the old state capital. We reach Oakland at 10:30 p.m., board the ferry, cross the bay, and are now in San Francisco. We have, after nine days travel, landed on the golden shore. Mrs. Bradford, the important sixth of our number, goes with her uncle to his home on McAlister st., while we take a carriage for the Grand Hotel, the Headquarters of the Department of Illinois. We find that everything is full to the utmost, so we must look farther for accommodations. The hour is late and we are tired, so, seated in the parlor, we await the return of Pike and Reardon, who conduct us to the Brunswick House where we remain for the night.

Tuesday Morning, August 3, 1886.

We awaken in San Francisco, the sun has already entered our room across the darkened roofs of other buildings and we hasten our toilet, for the day is too full for leisure. We are surprised on entering the dining room to find the most of the occupants of our sleeper seated at the breakfast table who bid us a formal good morning. 51 But this is no time for ceremony. We await our order as patiently as possible, try to enjoy our breakfast, after which we call together our various references and in company with sister Briggs go to secure more comfortable quarters than those which we now occupy. Our first reference is 510 Geary street, and to that place we go at once, and find we are already expected, for a friend has announced our coming and secured these pleasant quarters. We select a suite of rooms to accommodate five and at once order our baggage from the depot, return to the "Brunswick" and pay the Jerusalem landlord the small sum of \$2.50 for a few hours sleep and breakfast, claim our lunch baskets and locate at once at the "Longmouth," 510 Geary street, where we enjoy No. 1 accommodations during the convention. As a member of the National Staff of W. R. C. we next report at National Headquarters at the Occidental hotel, and meet our superior officers, who give us cordial welcome and friendly grasp. We next register at Illinois Headquarters at the "Grand." We find National as well as all the Department Headquarters superbly decorated with flowers in every conceivable design—loving tributes to all who enlist in the Grand Army's auxiliary. The city, too, is beautifully decorated, from center to circumference, in fact all California has raised the welcome in loving display of flowers. From every window, tower and steeple hangs the trio of colors. On every vacant place presented to sight, are appropriate mottoes arranged with loving taste. Between our heads and the blue sky there hangs a continual flutter of patriotic display. From this general welcome there seems to be no dissenting spot, for the entire city, by its decorations speak welcome to all. The immediate attention of policemen, the kind voice of the stranger, ever ready to direct and if necessary guide, is by us duly noted. As we pass up Geary street, only a few blocks from "Longmouth," we observe the grave of Thomas Starr King, one of America's truest philanthropists, born in New York, but who died in San Francisco during the latter part of the late war after having been the principal impetus to California's loyalty. For when disunion threatened the people, his voice was raised throughout the state in favor of the Union, and now we lean over the pickets of the Unitarian church-yard and read his name in flowers on a grassy

mound above and around which gently floats the American flag. Though no marble marks the spot his record is on high.

We are now ready for the program of the week which commences with a grand parade of the Grand Army already convened in the city. We take seats on Market street where we can watch the town 52 clock and the long hand moves four times around the dial before the procession has entirely passed. To attempt with pen to note the splendor and magnificence of this demonstration would be vain, for as it were the march of the procession gives continual change of features, which bring the alternate shout and tear from those who gather to witness the parade of the finest looking body of men on earth. Among the thousands of mottoes presented everywhere we copy a few, as follows: "God bless the boys in Blue," "Our Heroes," "America's Soldiers," "We died that you might live," "We suffered that you might enjoy," "Children behold your defenders," "The whole world fears you," "Our pride," "Each year we grow less," "Honor the brave," "Though dead they are not forgotten," "Brave boys were they," etc. While these mottoes oft repeated hang from all sides, each state delegation carries in its ranks some striking feature appropriate for the day and occasion. The delegation from Maine honors a little girl as "daughter of the regiment," who marches with them in the procession. New York and Kansas carry battle flags whose tattered folds speak to the multitude more than pen can write, for with them are associated the saddest records of America's history and now since these flags have waved in triumph from shore to shore, may they be tenderly consigned to the archives of their respective states as emblems of our liberty and freedom for all, never again to float upon the destroying breeze. We leave our seats and stand near the "grand arch" under which this Grand Army are marching to the patriotic strains of a hundred bands, and with pencil we note the following facts: Among ten thousand men who have once occupied the position of soldiers, now on grand parade where wine is as free as water we note naught but sobriety and every man looks as if he might have come from the halls of Congress rather than from the farm or work-shop. Truly can it be said, United States soldiers were and are gentlemen. While each and every state may well be proud of her men, we can but think Michigan soldiers are second only to our own Illinois boys' who are of course the finest looking among the ten thousand. Their white caps and graceful canes are the

cap sheaf to their otherwise good looks and Col. Pike, as standard bearer to this sucker delegation of 180 strong, makes up in size what he lacks in beauty.

While standing here we are interested in an old lady whose sweet motherly face alternates with smiles and tears until suddenly she enters the ranks, embraces the soldiers and actually kisses them as they march along, and we wonder at this seemingly rash act, but 53 when later, we learn that mother Bickerdyke kissed the boys, "her boys," we honor the dear old lady for the love that dwells in her brave heart for the noble defenders of our common country, for she it was, who, at the beginning of the war commenced her labors for the private soldier, and whose untiring work ceased not until the close of the conflict. It was her untiring zeal at Donelson, Shiloh, Savannah, Memphis and Vicksburg, that caused her to become so popular with Grant and Sherman. It was she who ordered the drunken, neglectful surgeon to take off his shoulder straps, and whose order was recognized by Sherman, acknowledging her superior in rank, and the two hundred cows and one thousand hens (that at one time so disturbed the quiet of Memphis, and were finally pastured and fed on an island in the river opposite the city, by order of the commanding General), were all begged of the farmers in Central Illinois by Mother Bickerdyke herself for the comfort of the soldiers. It was Mother Bickerdyke who dared go before all kinds of assemblies and in most fitting words compare the loss of limb and life with the paltry dollar of the millionaire, and to-day the soldiers, as they pass her by, lovingly press the hand of Mother Bickerdyke, as she embraces with sweetest memories those nursed long ago, and presses the kiss of affection upon the brows of those whom she lived to serve while they died to save.

The parade being over we return to our rooms, transfer the contents of our trunks and satchels to closets and drawers, arrange our toilets and go down to dinner, where we are notified that callers await us in the parlor, and we are pleased to meet old friends whom we have not seen for years—Mr. Pierce, wife and daughters, also Mrs. Anna Wood, formerly of Rhode Island and later a very successful teacher in our own town, now resident and teacher at Oakland. We are delighted to meet these old friends so far from home, and make good use of our tongues for a few moments, all talking at the same time. They have come to give us special welcome to California and Oakland's hospitalities. They leave us to call again with arrangements for the future, and we join our party

to attend the grand reception given by the G.A.R. to Logan and Sherman. All visitors are ushered to the galleries of Mechanics' Pavillion, and we await the coming of "the boys." The doors open below well guarded by policemen, and to the music of several silver bands, the Grand Army come in procession. Never before have we seen a grander sight than this. Four abreast they march up the broad aisle to the music of "Marching Through Georgia," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," etc., and 54 fill the seats from front to door. The enthusiasm of this evening seems enough to awaken the sleeping heroes of our land. Logan and Sherman march under the stars and stripes that wave from the rostrum, and the entire audience join in the chorus "Rally Around the Flag," etc. These demonstrations of joy at meeting and joining in good cheer are continued throughout the evening. We listen to the remarks of Logan and Sherman and return to our homes for quiet and rest. We are just ready to turn off the gas when the Illinois standard bearer returns with a comrade who has come to call. Over the transom we bid him good evening and good night, and are soon asleep, lost to the bustle and confusion of a crowded city.

Wednesday Morning, August 4, 1886.

We awaken at 5 o'clock and are the first one up and ready for the day. While waiting for breakfast we post our journal and pen a short item for our home paper, the Delavan *Times*. Our companion is evidently growing vain, for at least ten extra minutes have been spent this morning in rolling up her pompadour. Breakfast over we leave our companion to visit the city and coast and with our friend set out for a morning walk. The weather is such as would warrant a storm at home, for the fog is thick and darkening. Our morning frizzes have collapsed in the moisture which gives us the appearance of a "country cousin." The only alternative in this moist climate is a five by ten veil which we procure at once and pin across our forehead. We visit headquarters for mail and find a letter from home. We note the hour hand on the clock in the steeple which tells us it is ten o'clock. Across the street, waving in the fog is a white banner on which is printed "Headquarters of Woman's Relief Corps." We ascend two flights of stairs and are in "Irving Hall" whose large entrance presents a very attractive appearance. The stage is draped with two large flags of the Union, above which, in letters of evergreen, are the words "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty." On either side of the President's chair are two large and beautiful floral badges of G.A.R. and W.R.C.

which have been presented by Appomattox Corps, of Oakland. The chandaliers and galleries are festooned with flowers. A row of banners to designate the seats of each state delegation are hung from the wall. It is announced from the platform that each delegate to the National Convention will be presented with a souvenir badge by the general committee of management of the G.A.R., which consists of a clasp from which is suspended by a yellow ribbon, a Maltese cross. The clasp and cross are both solid silver. The clasp is a bear, emblematic of the coat of arms of California; the 55 yellow ribbon, of the Golden State. On the cross are the words, "Woman's Relief Corps, 1883." The committee on credentials report 185 delegates who have assembled from different states of our Union to legislate auxiliary business to the G.A.R. As we sit in convention we see in the gallery a familiar face which we recognize as that of Mrs. Woolf, a home friend, who chose another route than ours to reach California. Sister Bradford presents her credentials bright and early and we only know her through introduction, for California has already changed her appearance. During the forenoon lunch tickets are furnished all delegates, who, at the close of the session are conducted to an upper hall where an excellent lunch is prepared. We partake of the bountiful supply and try to appreciate the very kind hospitality of California ladies. A half hour is spent in exchange of cards and convention is called to order. We listen to the report of officers for the past year, and we are glad to learn of the extension of our noble order. We receive numerous cards of invitation to different receptions and amusements for the coming week, and at 5 o'clock reach "Longmouth" and make ready for the evening. The conclusion of the party is to attend the grand concert at the Pavillion, where a thousand voices will give us welcome. We call at the "Argyle" for an old friend who has come from Los Angeles to meet us, and arrive at the Pavillion just in time to stand outside one block off and learn that twelve thousand have already filled the Pavillion and fifteen thousand seek admittance from the outside. The crowd is so great that it is impossible for the singers to enter the hall, so while the foremost are awaiting the musicians the crowd upon the outside grow jolly to the utmost and music from thousands of voices swell the grand jubilee. At a late hour we fall asleep and dream of the concert we did not hear.

Thursday Morning, August 5, 1886.

Six o'clock finds us at the breakfast table. While waiting our order we read the morning paper and note the death of Samuel J. Tilden, at Greystone, yesterday morning. We pass from the dining room to the parlor and find several cards of friends who called in our absence yesterday. In company with our friend, responsive to instructions from the Tazewell County Veteran Association, we call on Gen. John A. Logan, at the "Baldwin." The bell boy answers our call and we send our card to the General who has not yet arisen. This is Santa Cruz day and we have no time to wait, so leave our business in black and white and hasten to see our friends who are off for Santa Cruz. We are deprived of this excursion because a 56 delegate and must attend convention. We hasten to the hall to act with the finance committee which requires but little time. The order of business for the forenoon is the initiation of Clara H. Barton, President of the American National Red Cross, Washington, D.C., into the W.R.C., the fact of which is an honor to us rather than she, for the noble acts of Clara Barton during our war will, by our nation, never be forgotten. We visit Illinois Headquarters and are pleased once more to greet the familiar countenance of our little Pullman man, who approaches us with a smile and presents us to his lady friend(?) who confidently leans upon his left arm. Her face is very sweet, and has actually dispelled the usual scowl of our friend, who, in his present position, looks very happy. We hope to extend congratulations later. We enter the dining room at 510 Geary street just in time to dine with our immediate party who try to decide which of our various invitations shall we avail ourselves to-night. A card is handed us and we hasten to the parlor to meet an old friend and classmate, Miss Hattie Dunn, now a teacher in Los Angeles, who has come to meet us. She has secured tickets for the entertainment given by the Southern California Delegation, at their Headquarters, Union Hall, and we decide to accompany her, thereby availing ourselves of a little visit of intervals during the evening. We listen to speeches from Gen. Logan, Gov. Alger, Gov. Roby, Corporal Tanner, Maj. Bonebrake or the "drummer boy of the Rappahannock," Gen. Melroy, etc. We are particularly pleased with the music rendered by the Mexican band, which consists of band and vocal music combined. But the crowning feature of the evening is the celebrated "Modoc Club" of Topeka, Kansas, all extremely handsome men, especially during the song of the "Hen Convention." Kansas is only outdone by Illinois, which furnishes the general choir for all occasions. Our gentleman friend leaves us at 8 o'clock to attend the grand banquet given to the Post delegates of G.A.R. to 20th National Encampment. We remain

until the close of the entertainment, bid our friend good-bye and good night, and step into the vestibule of our lodgings to find the doors closed against us, and our pass keys upon the inside. We ring the bell but to no effect. We draw our wraps closely around us and seat ourselves upon the floor to await the coming of the "Standard bearer," whom we know to have a key. We are somewhat afraid at this late hour and considerably mad at this state of affairs, yet adapt ourselves to circumstances and conclude to wait. After an hour or more a stranger steps into the vestibule and begins to rattle keys. We avail ourselves of this passport and stand inside the door, 57 thank him for his timely aid and climb to our welcome rest. We are soon asleep to be awakened by Pike, who rattles his tin cup, spoon and plate, souvenirs of the banquet, as he comes through the door and seeks his own room to talk to his wife the rest of the night of the grand times they had at the banquet.

Friday Morning, August 6th, 1886.

We are awakened at an early hour by the continual noise from the street, for whatever may be said of the slow movements of the Californians they "drive like Jehu," and in consequence of the cobblestone pavements which are so necessary in this place owing to the destroying moisture of the climate, carriage wheels and horse's feet make more noise than in most cities. At the breakfast table we meet our Quaker friends upon whom the frosts of many winters have left their silver traces. They greet us with smiles and as they observe our silver badge, ask its significance, and when told why we wear the emblem the reply is, "Thee does well to honor thy brave." We see by the morning paper that home friends and country are suffering from a continued drouth, while we enjoy a cool and refreshing climate. We again visit headquarters and meet many friends at the postal drawer looking for letters from home. A few moments social chat with many friends assure us that we miss much we might enjoy by not being able to attend the reception at Monterey to-day and visit the old capital of California in a very old Spanish city, yet business must precede pleasure and we attend convention all day to gather information from the legislation of learned ladies that may result in good to our own home auxiliary of the G.A.R. At five o'clock we leave convention for our lodgings where we post our journal and put to press a few blossoms we have gathered during the day. As we go down to dinner we meet our companion who has just returned from the beach

with an armful of rocks and sea-weeds she has picked up on the shore, for all day she has been out sight-seeing and taking in the wonders, while duty has kept us in the convention. At the foot of the stairs we meet a gentlemen of our party who has come to make arrangements for Chinatown to-night. We concur with the plans and agree to meet the party at the Grand Hotel at 7 o'clock. After dinner we return to our room and find our sister has just come in from an extensive shopping tour, having made purchases all the way from Chinatown to the looking-glass store on Market street, We examine the plunder and guess it is all right but give little attention to shopping matters now, for that we can do when our visit to California is in the past. Precisely at 7 o'clock we meet at the Grand and await the "standard-bearer" to accompany us to Chinatown. When patience is all gone we abandon our plans for to-night and all go to the ladies' reception at Metropolitan Hall where we find every available place packed to the utmost. Our sister discovers her "liege lord" taking in the reception instead of fulfilling the Chinatown program. She gives him the benefit of a little sarcasm and settles down to enjoy the program of the reception. We are unable to secure seats, so remain standing long enough to note the superb decorations that beautify the hall. The stage is decorated with flags and evergreens, while the background is replete with oft repeated mottoes and almost numberless floral tributes that fill the hall with fragrance. After the rendition of the national melody by the U.S. Artillery Band the topics of the program are taken up and duly responded to. Among the many flowery speeches made on this occasion we are particularly interested in that of Annie E. Wittenmeyer, who bestows upon rank and file the deeds of valor performed during the war and calls on Gen. Logan to bear her out in the assertion. She vividly pictures the scenes that occurred during the night the gunboats ran the gauntlet at Vicksburg and closes with a graphic description of the raising of the stars and stripes over the rebel forts. It was this most estimable lady and army nurse who established the diet kitchens in army hospitals, which began in the Department of the Cumberland and was afterwards adopted in the Departments of Missouri and Potomac. In two year's time this woman received and distributed \$40,000 worth of goods and sanitary supplies for the benefit of suffering soldiers. And to-day while in convention hall many old veterans whom she had gently nursed and restored to health, took her by the hand and blessed her while tears filled the eyes of the dear old mother, whose steps already begin to totter and whose days on earth must, in obedience to the divine law, be comparatively few. Tired of standing we return to our quarters.

A heavy fog hangs over the city. From every direction the midnight breeze brings to our ears the strains of patriotic music as sung and played from the various headquarters and reception halls in this great city across the continent. We are soon asleep at the Longmouth.

Saturday, August 7, 1886.

As we peep through the blinds at 5 o'clock, a heavy fog hangs between us and the large, red sun, just above the eastern horizon. The busy city is astir; up and down the street are already seen the blue coats of the old boys. The bands have commenced to play and 59 everything seems to speak a gala day for all. We awaken our party, who respond to the call, and all commence the general preparations for the fast coming day. Breakfast over we don our heavy wraps, and, as usual, report at Headquarters for our mail, where we find letters from home, assuring us that all are well. Up the stairs and through the halls of this Grand Hotel rushes the busy throng, each, as it were, making ready for the day. We hasten to Convention Hall to know the program there, and finding that no other business will take place save the installation of officers, we join our party for the excursion on the bay. We enter a crowded car and are soon at the wharf where thousands have already collected to join the grandest excursion that ever sailed out on San Francisco Bay. Arrangements have already been made by the General Committee of Arrangements, whereby every delegate and comrade can be amply accommodated. The gala fleet of the day consists of seven vessels, viz: *Santa Rosa, Amador, Garden City, Oakland, Aurora, Tamalapas, and James M. Donahue*, the first six to accommodate the G.A.R. and W.R.C.; the first of which is the flag-ship of the day, and the last for visitors who may desire to accompany the excursion. We find our ticket for the *Santa Rosa*, the flagship, which bears the gallant Logan, and is to pass beyond the Heads. With due thanks for the highest favor of the excursion, we make a change of tickets for the *Oakland*, for on this vessel we are to meet our Yankee cousins, of Portland, Maine, whom we have not seen for years, but whom we have constantly sought ever since we commenced our journey. We pass and repass thousands hurridly seeking the vessel that corresponds with their ticket. We stand on the deck of the *Oakland*, while passengers come in swarms and listen to the bands playing our national airs, and are agreeably surprised to find ourself among so many home friends on the *Oakland*. We pass around the cabin, where we meet our cousin, who has already come on board and is looking for us.

He presents us to his wife, whom we have never seen, but whose affable ways at once win kindred love. We present them at once to our friends and the sextette becomes a double quartette for the day. At 10 o'clock the whistle sounds loud and long, the gangway is removed and seven vessels, on which are more than as many thousand souls, sail out on on the Bay. As the flag-ship takes the lead every band joins in the good old tune of "Rally round the flag." The morning fog has cleared and the warm sun reflects upon the peaceful waters. Across the bay lies the beautiful city of Oakland, where long piers stretch toward us as if to give us welcome, while to the south lies the little town of Alameda with its lovely suburban homes, and Berkley, the seat of the State University. We sail east around Goat and Angel Islands, on which are located garrisons for the defence of the city. Just opposite of the Golden Gate is rocky little Alcatraz on which is situated the Government prison, and more extensive fortifications. As we near the narrow passage we see, lying at our right at the foot of the high lands, the little town of Saucelito. Slowly the fleet enters the "Golden Gate," a strait six miles long and one mile wide which connects the ocean with the bay, which is the finest harbor in the world. We are here pointed to the Farallenes, a group of islands some twenty miles distant from the shore and which are known as the home of the sea-fowl and the rocks haunts of of the sea-lion, where hunters gather the eggs of the birds and capture the lions for foreign markets. Already we are nearing the forts and the grand salute from many cannons assure us that it will not be safe to pass that way. For a while we seem at anchor to view the Pacific waters on which are many large steamers, and then on to other sights and scenes. At the end of the cabin a lady from Maine commences in a low tone of voice "John Brown's Body" to which hundreds respond and swell the chorus whose last notes end only in a repetition of the same or some other song until our friend informs us that lunch is being served on the lower deck. We join our party and at once descend to the banquet room where are tables heavily loaded with elegant lunch, fruit and wines such as the people of California alone are capable of serving. From a pile of wooden plates that reach from floor to ceiling we are told to take one and help ourselves from the table of luxuries and then give way to others. All avail themselves at once, for the bracing air of the lovely bay has made us very hungry. On all sides of the vessel are wine stands from which hundreds freely drink. We accept God's only beverage and are content. As souvenirs have been the style on all occasions there must be something taken from the vessel to remind us of this very pleasant day. Someone conceives an

idea and now every clean plate has been brought from the lower deck and are rapidly passing from one to another for autographs. Ours is full on both sides and while trying to secure it in our handbag the wind carries it overboard and we see it floating away upon the waters. We immediately descend the stairs for another but find the clean ones all gone, but among a score of excursionists cleaning those which have been used for lunch. We do likewise and soon have the second well filled with names to add to our collection of souvenirs. We pass through the cabin and find many reclining with seasickness which will probably have a tendency to make unclaimed berths for Portland. Here we meet our friends Funk and wife, who have with them an old Normal schoolmate whom we have not seen for many years and we recognize at once the familiar face, one which once was known as Alice Piper, now Mrs. Gen. Blackburn, of Ventura, Cal. Time with her, as us, has left marked traces, yet the meeting is mutually pleasant, for the old friends are always the best. During the day we talk over old times at Normal and sum them up as both pleasant and profitable. Again they sing and we must join in the chorus of the "Sweet bye and bye." It is four o'clock when the fleet nears the San Francisco wharf and the eleven hundred from the *Oakland* pass over the gangway and follow different directions. Lost from the crowd, our immediate party decide to visit Chinatown, which vividly brings to our minds all we have seen and heard of the "heathen Chinee," and as we pass up and down and through their greasy, dirty, crowded quarters and learn that all their dealings add nothing to American trade or home exchange, we can but join in the spirit of the Californian—that of disgust—for everything they eat, drink and wear comes from China, except perhaps it be the hog, which the Americans ought to have legislated out of the country long ago. Some of our party drink at their tea houses, but as for us we prefer tea at an American table. We visit some of their banking houses and obtain autographs of Chinese bankers said to be worth half a million. While their shops and markets seem low, smoky, crowded and dirty we can but note the fact that the Chinamen themselves look very cleanly. Their cues and their low wooden shoes reveal white drilling stockings or clean deformed feet. Among them we see very few women and children, and they clean and well dressed in Chinese costume. The children seem very bright and reach their little hands in friendship. We try to talk to them but they understand nothing but our smiles. Many of our party with policemen visit their quarters at night and their lodgings four hundred feet under ground. We are content in daytime to see one house of ten rooms where seven hundred live and

sleep, and this they say is very respectable living among Chinamen. Chinatown well done we take the California street cable cars and ride the full length of this beautiful street to admire the loveliest part of the city, where on the elevated foot-hills of the coast range stand the finest residences. And now we bid farewell to our cousins, L.M. Webb and wife, they to fulfill their California program of sight-seeing and we ours, and finish our 62 visit already begun 'neath our own vine and fig tree at home. The quintette now takes in Market street in full, and making a few purchases for home friends we return to our home just in time for dinner. As we enter the dining room we observe one of our Peoria party sitting at the table and she certainly is no more surprised than we to find each other, though we "got here first." She condescends a formal bow and we smile ascent, knowing that time enough will make all things straight. We return to our rooms somewhat tired with the day's excitement, but must post our journal at once of all we have seen and enjoyed. This day will be remembered as one of a lifetime for a repetition of the same enjoyments can never again be ours. We therefore try to sum up in our hearts and minds the wonderful hospitality extended to us by California people and in our journal record thanks and appreciation for the glorious program of the day.

On our table lie several invitations for to-night, but our friend says sleep is her program to-night and our companion and sister acquiesce, so the only alternative is for us to do likewise for our brother's ticket is to a meeting of comrades alone. So at an early hour, amid the patriotic music of many bands, we retire and try in dreams to enjoy once more the program of the day.

Sunday, August 8, 1886.

Having slept rather late this morning we are all up at the same time and considerably out of repairs from the hilarity of yesterday. While pinning up our jaded drapery and frizzing our hair the program of the day is decided. Our relatives and companion being somewhat more religiously inclined than ourself, propose to take in some of the large churches of the place and "kill two birds with one stone" by pretending to be devout while they study San Francisco's architecture and the paraphernalia of her church-going people. We and our friend after receiving perhaps just rebuke for saying we can attend church at home, decide our program for the day and at eight o'clock we

set out to see all we can of San Francisco. We walk down Geary street to Market and take a car for Telegraph Hill, a high promitory that overlooks the city and bay. The morning is lovely and the bay is dotted over with vessels sailing from side to side. Here we remain an hour to view the surroundings, and find we are not the only people who did not go to church to-day, for every car that climbs the angle of 35 degrees brings to the top a new party of sight-seers, all of whom are well behaved people, like us, making the most of their time while in the city. We cling closely to the 63 sides of the car and manage to remain in the seat until the descending grade is made, and we are standing on the corner for transfer, not very far from Chinatown. On the opposite corner we observe a crowd, in front of whom a little, short, stooping, big-headed man is standing, with a pamphlet in hand, and as he utters these words, "rally around the standard" we rally across the street and find ourselves in the midst of the Salvation Army. At church at last, but not feeling overly safe in this kind of a mob, we take the first car for the Presidio and visit the grounds, barracks and garrisons of the old fort. The fort is situated at the foot of the hills and is beautifully and regularly laid out. The buildings are cozy and handsome, and a wealth of flowers abound. In many places we find entire hedges of fuscias and geraniums. As usual we gather some flowers as mementoes of the place, and now await the dummy to carry us back to the city. Two Chinese women sit in front and we scrutinize their general makeup. They are dressed in navy blue mohair silk, made with long trousers and dolmans alike. Their cues are braided and tastefully looped upon the back of their heads., but no frizzes adorn their pointed, receding foreheads. They have on wooden shoes over white drilling stockings, cut and gored in such a way as to fit their little feet. They have on blue beads, long ear-rings and ornaments in their hair. Their yellow arms are bare and by their extensive finger nails at least an inch long, we know they belong to Chinese aristocracy. We again walk through the Chinese quarters and find everything comparatively peaceful and quiet. A dead heathen is among the inhabitants and numerous carts and wagons loaded with Johns, each with a roasted pig, are going to some neck of woods to picnic on the occasion, for we are told that death among them is accompanied by such festivities. While waiting for a car a stranger notes our conversation and knows we are tourists, and at once points us to a little, old, dilapidated house, the place where Lotta was born. He speaks of her with reverence, and refers us to "Lotta Fountain," on Market street, by which we now stand and read an inscription which tells us this ever welcome

fount was placed here by the funds of Lotta as a testimonial of her love for the city of her birth. We now take a car for the Cliff House on the beach. As we ride up Geary street we observe the church-going party progressing slowly towards 510, one of whom sees us and immediately boards our car to accompany us. First we visit Woodward's Gardens, but spend very little time here, for parks and gardens in our own state are very hard to excel, even in beautiful California, and we are now seeking sights and scenes not found at home. Suffice it to say, this Garden combines museum and theatre, gymnasium and menagerie, park and recreation grounds, and are owned by private individuals and to say the least we can of them they are indeed very beautiful. We step from the car and enter a sylvan gateway, pass through beautiful rural grounds, down a flight of stone steps whose railings are a mass of flowers, and are now in the court of Golden Gate Park. It is almost an amphitheater formed by nature, the floor of which is hard and substantial, insomuch that one end is open for the admission of vehicles of all kinds, while at the other there is a large orchestra stand from which, we are told, sacred concerts are held every Sunday. From the floor of this court the ground slants upward and to-day is covered with green grass, in which are growing in rarest flowers the flag of our country, surrounded by all the emblematic badges and colors of the G.A.R. and W.R.C. On both upper and lower sides of this beautiful lawn are hedges of never ending flowers. Near the orchestra are many seats for visitors, and now while we pause at the other side to admire this lovely place, the court is filled by hundreds of carriages, equestrians and footmen, and thousands are sitting and standing listening to the heavenly music from the stand. And although it seems a little strange to one of quiet life to see such gatherings on the Sabbath day, among the thousands we see nothing but perfect decorum from visitors and the elite of the city. We pass through the green house, aquariums, etc., and cross the park in an opposite direction to take a street car for the beach. It is 3 o'clock as we sit in a rustic chair on the long veranda of the Cliff House and watch hundreds of seals as they clumsily climb the rocky cliffs, then slide into the waters. Their growling bark, together with the splash of the incoming tide against the huge rocks on shore, make a combination of sounds known only to the Pacific tourist. We walk the length of the long veranda and purchase a few marine curiosities for our cabinet, which we select from thousands on exhibition here. We walk up a long rocky, steep road and enter Sutro's Gardens, the private property of a wealthy miner, on this bold and rocky prominence that overlooks the mighty

deep. The grounds are very attractive and beautiful, especially the statuary that meets us in every direction. We sit to rest on a rustic seat beneath an orange tree, and see our gallant Major taking in the garden. On his right arm he carries a valuable burden, while in his left hand he flourishes a red cane he has cut from the "Manzineta." We now sit on the sand to watch the many children go out to meet the incoming waves. We enjoy their laughing sport 65 as well as the occasional splash that covers them with water. We turn to meet our church-going party who have just arrived. We remain here on Pacific beach until the whistle of the last train for the day is sounded and then start for home, all regretting that so soon the day has passed, for one has said "I wish the day might last forever." We arrive at Longmouth and find dinner is over. We are immediately rushed to the dining room where the servants are impatiently awaiting us, for this is their night out. They serve our dinner, which has been kept warm, while we assure them we are very sorry to have interfered with their Sunday arrangements and promise never to do so again. They accept all with good nature and we finish our supper as soon as possible, and with our friend go to find other quarters than these which we now occupy, for to-morrow we must vacate here for our rooms from that time belong to another party. At the Argyle we find a room to accommodate three and engage it at once, and return to Longmouth and again sum up our journal for the day, after which we upset our lunch basket and repack it for another move. Already the four sleep while we finish packing our trunk, and we, for the first time since we started on our journey, are left to turn off the gas.

Monday, August 19, 1886.

At an early hour we meet our landlady and settle our bill for the week, just fifteen dollars, after which we secure a baggagemaster to transfer our luggage to our new quarters. By previous engagement we are to meet our friend in Oakland, at the foot of Broadway, at 9 o'clock, in order to be ahead of the vast crowd that assemble for grand reception there to-day. We hasten to the wharf and take the *Piedmont* for Oakland. Never having crossed the Bay before in daytime, we are not aware of the fact that a two mile pier extends out into the Bay, from Oakland, where trains connect with the ferry; we therefore, on landing from the boat, take seats in the depot while the train moves out and leaves us. We approach the depot master and in just as pretty a way as possible ask him how long before the train goes to Oakland? He assumes an impudent air and says "That

is the train going now. Don't you see it? Can't you read?" Feeling that we are rather verdant we question him no farther but listen to the same unkind, ungentlemanly remarks to others and come to the conclusion that he is not glad to see us or is tired of so much reception. So, to put in the next half hour until the train goes again, we write some postals home, which we mail in the Wells Fargo Express box and rouse the ire of the old man at our greenness, and he again asks in an emphasized tone "Can't you read. Don't you know the difference between mail and express?" As we do know this much we begin to get a little bit mad and ask the old man a few questions, whether this is the first green set he ever met and how long the railroad company have kept him in their employ, at the same time assuring him that he would hold a position like this just about five minutes in an eastern state. A half hour soon passes and we meet our friend at the foot of Broadway, who conducts us to prominent places on an awning where we can view the finest part of the procession. We are just nicely situated when the owner of the awning says "Now if you will sit still this will be perfectly safe." We begin to consider the applause and hurrahs that must necessarily shake up the crowd so withdraw to an office window where we can view with ease the whole procession. Opposite where we now sit is the high school building around which all the school children of Oakland have gathered with arms full of flowers to strew on this occasion. They march out in file and take their places along the line of march, both sides of the street, and cover the ground over which the Grand Army are to pass, with a carpet of flowers. The carriage of Logan and his wife as it passes is perfectly laden with bouquets for which both continue to bow in kind acknowledgment of the fragrant appreciation. The whole affair is grand and fully compares with that of San Francisco. When the last of the parade is over and we await the return of our friend an excellent lunch is served by the Dr.'s wife whose office we now occupy, and of which we are invited to partake.

Our friend arrives and joins us in lunch after which she conducts us to the grand banquet hall where the hundreds are already seated at the tables. We soon find room for one more and are found foraging a pot of beans from an army chaplain which he has appropriated to himself. The grand dinner we receive to-day through Oakland's hospitality is but a repetition of the many of which we have already partaken, and as souvenirs we are told to carry away the tin cups from which we drink our coffee. Before leaving the hall we are presented with a chromo of a large canteen, on

the top of which are the words, "Welcome Comrades;" beneath, a squad of soldiers under the flag; crossed arms in the center with a "live-oak" beneath the trademark of the city, all suspended by the Grand Army badge, in the center of the star of which there is a bird's eye view of the city which gives us such cordial welcome to-day. The day is very warm, yet we always find it cool in the shade in California, so we sit on 67 rustic benches in the park and visit with our friends until four o'clock, when we decide to go to Piedmont, a rural park, some five miles from the city. The grades are heavy and the car is drawn by one horse, which, under the control of a very hard master, soon lands us at the park gate. While our party walk down the slope to the summer resorts we stop to tell the driver what we think of such abuse of animals as he has inflicted on this poor horse, from which, at the present time, water drips from every part of his body as freely as if just emerged from the river. The pleasure of the whole afternoon has been saddened for us by this one inhuman affair. We join our party and walk down through narrow, rocky glens, until we reach the sulphur and iron springs, from which we try to quench our thirst. A long table stands here for picnic occasions where we at once spread the "hard tack" we foraged at Oakland and all are sociable together. We here meet and are introduced to Mrs. George Funk and Mrs. S. D. Frey, of Bloomington, Illinois. Our friend meets a gentleman from Los Angeles who makes extensive inquiries of Peoria and surroundings, that once having been his home. Here we again meet our jolly Josephine with another Doctor, who at once observes the party and leads him off in another direction. We return to Oakland at 5:30, bid our friends good bye and are soon across the Bay, once more in cool San Francisco. We lunch across the street from Argyle and hasten our toilet for the evening, which is spent at Bush Street Theater, where Margaret Mather appears in the grand production of "Romeo and Juliet." That Margaret Mather is a great actress none can deny. She brings out all there is in the bard's lines, and to many reveals new beauties. While we enjoy the whole play we shall never forget the tragic part of the evening's performance. At 12 o'clock we join our friend and companion. As we sit in our room to post our journal of all we have seen and enjoyed during the day and evening, upon the midnight air sweetly floats the same familiar strains of our three week's journey. The same old tunes are sung to-night in some hall that must be very near to us. So we close our journal and try to sleep. By the heavy breathing of our friend we know she must be in an unsettled state of mind, and her occasional

change of position assures us that she does not enjoy a crowd. She peeps at us as much as to say, "I must have vent or die." So we turn off the gas and occupy at least one-third of the bed for the night.

Tuesday, August 10, 1886.

At 6 o'clock we and our companion are up and ready for breakfast. Our friend seems not well this morning, yet arouses herself sufficiently to free her mind of last night's trouble and exonerate us from blame, then returns to her pillow, while we breakfast and join the thousands at the ferry, for this is San Jose day and a grand time is anticipated. This little city that welcomes us to-day is situated in the center of the Santa Clara valley, which is one of the depressions of the coast range, and includes the most of the San Francisco Bay. This valley is fifty by thirty miles in area and has some 50,000 population. Lying as it does, between the mountains on all sides, which ward off the blasting winds and storms, it becomes one of the finest fruit regions on earth. We cross the bay and take the G.A.R. train at Oakland for San Jose. We ride twenty-five miles east to Niles, which lies at the base of the mountains. It is a beautiful little town decorated with flags and bunting and strewn with flowers, in honor of the train that stops to receive salute, then onward twenty-five miles southward and we are at San Jose. We are again met by bands of music and an immense crowd of people, and escorted to the court house which has been beautifully decorated as headquarters for the day. Its large and spacious rooms have been furnished with everything that can give us welcome and comfort, from the finest of floral tributes to easy chairs and settees. Mrs. Col. Bennet, a sister whom we have met in convention, is one of the reception committee stationed at the entrance of the building to give all a welcome. We pass from room to room only to find the same repetition of loving mottoes extended to the G.A.R. We take our turn and in time reach the top of the court house and there look out and over the lovely valley, which as far as eyes can reach in all directions, stretches out one beautiful fruit orchard, with an occasional field of ripened grain, and pause to record its loveliness. The bands begin to play, which summons us to dinner, spread on tables under canopies of red, white and blue; with an occasional flag floating in the breeze in the shady city park. Our silver badge is a sufficient guarantee of our qualifications and the floral rope is raised to give us welcome, and we are one of twenty-five hundred standing around the many tables loaded with lunch and fruits of all kinds and descriptions—such fruit we have never seen before. While

enjoying the sumptuous banquet we make many new and pleasant acquaintances, exchange cards, and together join in the hearty songs and choruses of the day. Numerous carriages are at the gates ready to convey any who wish to any place of interest in and around the city, so while the second and third tables are served we attend to the program of the day. San Jose has many 69 places of attraction. Its lovely drives excel anything we have seen thus far in California. The Alameda, which lies between San Jose and Santa Clara for three miles is bordered by a double row of willows, sycamores and live oaks planted by the Indians under the direction of a priest in 1800 to provide shade for the people of San Jose when they went to Santa Clara to worship, and now these trees are a combined mass of trunks and limbs. Along this drive where Indians once did rove are many sunny homes and happy children. Among the many this is the only drive we have time to record. Twenty miles east of San Jose is Mt. Hamilton, the high point on which Lick is to build his large observatory. At 4 o'clock we take the train for San Francisco and now, as privilege has been given all passengers to go and come by different routes, we return through Menlo Park along the west side of the bay. Our brother and his wife accompany us to our lodgings, where they secure quarters for the night. We find our friend much improved in mind and body by one day's rest, yet we regret very much that she has missed the lovely trip around the valley and the grand reception at San Jose. The five supper at a restaurant on Market street after which we take in the city by gaslight and call on a friend whom we do not find. We return to our rooms at 9 o'clock and notwithstanding the rules and regulations posted upon our door we succeed in hanging upon the curtains and chandeliers a very respectable washing before we retire for the night. Before we sleep we sum up in our journal the magnificent reception of the day and in our mind form a lasting picture of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

Wednesday, August 11, 1886.

We are awakened this morning by the good-byes of our brother and wife, who leave for Gurneysville to join us at the Geysers tomorrow. After indulging in a few moment's of stolen sleep we hasten to make ready for the day with program so full of interest. At 7 o'clock we stand on the deck of a steamboat, while hundreds come to take passage. Everybody seems happy and free from care and ready for the enjoyments of the day. The vessel, comfortably crowded with a crew of

jolly tourists leaves the wharf at 8 o'clock, sailing north through the steamboat ship channel, across San Pablo Bay, a distance of eighteen miles, and lands at Vallejo at 9:15 when we board the train already in waiting and commence our journey through the celebrate Napa Valley which extends in a northerly direction between two spurs of the Coast Range that terminate at Mt. St. Helena, the highest point of the mountains. This valley is 70 about 50x65 miles in area with scenery on both sides that is scarcely surpassed in beauty, and the valley is made doubly pleasant by the wide opening at the south that welcomes the ever cool sea breeze through the Golden Gate and lovely bays that reach the valley between the mountain heights. We leave Benecia at our right and the U.S. Navy yard at our left and at 10 o'clock are at Napa, the largest city in the valley, a place of some 5,000 inhabitants, noted particularly for its schools, woolen mills and being the seat of the State Insane Asylumn. Here we are again met by bands and a large crowd of people who conduct us through the streets, profuse with decorations, across the Napa River, to a beautiful park where the ladies again have spread the tables loaded with eatables and fruits of all kinds sufficient to feed the eight hundred that have come first and those of the train that follow. As we cross the river slowly keeping step to music of the band, somehow we feel a sense of sadness and looking up observe many in tears, the cause of which we are not able to state. But the spell is broken when we reach the park when so many ladies and gentlemen come to receive us and at once lead us up to the tables so tastefully arranged for our reception. We are introduced and exchange cards with many. The crowning tribute of love and respect is bestowed by the young ladies of the place who first place a button-hole bouquet on the breast of every soldier and then on the delegates of the W.R.C. As we leave the tables with their pyramids of fruit still untouched owing to the quantities, we join in all the familiar songs of the day with Col. Distin in the lead. The hurras are many and loud, for certainly all are happy and delighted with this royal reception. Having spent two hours, our allotted time, at Napa, we are escorted back to the depot with our pockets, satchels and hands full of fruit. We are here presented with a piece of red flannel with Napa stamped upon it as a souvenir. The cry is "All aboard" and we now continue our journey up the valley along the Napa River for eighteen miles and arrive at St. Helena at 12 o'clock, not far from the largest wine cellars in the world, which at once assures us that this must be the land of the vine. Here again we are received by bands and, in place of a park, conducted to a lovely natural grove where again a grand reception is tendered and

a bountiful banquet spread, and we feel to regret that the one hour's ride from Napa to St. Helena had not been six, or our eating capacities been greater, but we accept the endeavor of our many hosts and hostesses with truest appreciation and while wines by the barrel and thousands of bottles stand ready for the crowd, 71 who drink freely and carry away, we follow our honest convictions and accept only a tiny wine glass as a souvenir of St. Helena. While hundreds flock around the wine booth, we and our companion commence to sing in which we are joined by the mass and in less than five minutes every head is facing the music, whereupon Gen. Post, our Illinois State Commander passes the compliment of the day, that "Illinois draws the crowd from the wine stand." We are sorry to say, however, the duration is not long, for again and again the many do all that they can to assure their hosts that their efforts are appreciated. While Logan makes a few remarks tiny bouquets are again placed on the comrades and ladies, and we now return to our train when, just before we leave, we find an invalid lady in a portable chair, who tells us she gave this grove for the reception on condition that she should see and shake hands with Logan, and now, for fear she will be forgotten, she has wheeled herself into the public way and awaits his coming. Again loaded with fruit we are escorted to our train and are on our way back to Napa Junction, where we travel in a north-easterly direction toward Sacramento City, the capital of the state. The three hour's ride is made pleasant by the jollity of the passengers and continual song throughout the train. We arrive at Sacramento at 6 o'clock p.m. As the long train pulls into the city extra police are stationed to keep the track clear that no accidents may occur. As we step from the train hundreds are facing us, upon many of whom we see long, white lettered badges, which tell us they are the reception committee. They also note our California souvenir, and we are received with cordial grasp and at once conducted to a carriage to await the forming of the procession. Hundreds of carriages and conveyances of all kinds are ready to accommodate those who cannot or do not wish to walk. The procession is duly formed and commences its onward march. At the beginning of which the sun is shining low down the western horizon, and now twilight gives a softening effect to all that has been done throughout the city to crown the climax to our many grand receptions. Street after street we ride through and observe the same bunting of trio colors floating in the breeze, while thousands of loving mottoes suggestive of the past and admonitious of the future hang on every side. On an awning we see two tents with cannon in front and soldiers at the side, simply a renewal of army

scenes afresh in the minds of the comrades to-day. As we pass the Chinese quarters the whole street is lined with the smoky race with hands in pockets beneath their gowns, looking like a lot of paper babies cut 72 out in a row holding hands. The procession ends by gaslight and at 8 o'clock we arrive at Agricultural Hall. The crowd is perfectly immense. Between ropes and policemen we at last reach the building. At the entrance the general push becomes alarming. We straighten ourself up as best we can to show our badge of honor, whereupon two policemen take us by the hands and assist us over the pannel fence that is a barrier between spectators and guests. Our companion follows, after which our friend is actually lifted to safty by an immense good-looking policeman. Once over the fence there is room to circulate and we now join the Logan party and forward march down the hall 'mid thundering cheers where sixteen hundred are already seated at tables awaiting the coming of Logan. Had we been two ahead we might have sat at his table, but now we are content with any place at these loaded tables for all are spread alike for private or commander. California has not yet placed any honor above the man who carried the musket and herein she is ahead of the world. The building is elaborately decorated with mottoes, badges, flags of all nations and the coat of arms of every state in the Union. In the center is an orchestra stand from which a band is playing and small fireworks being displayed at the same time, giving thus an unusual interest to the grand reception. The tables are loaded with everything from sandwiches to champaign, only another repetition of many such, yet in extent exceeding all. Besides wines of all varieties, forty cases of champaign are placed upon the tables to-night. A comrade lifts two glasses, one of which he offers to a lady standing near. She accepts, places it upon the table, kisses his glass and passes on—etiquette and temperance combined in sweetest thought. We promenade the hall to note the decorations and find several extensive tables upon which are piled quantities after quantities of the rarest fruits of Sacramento Valley, to all of which we are invited to help ourself. While Logan addresses the throng we sit with our companion and friend in conversation with people who long since moved from ours to this state. On the train, before reaching the city, we were assigned stopping places for the night and each check directs us to an emblem hanging from the ceiling under which we must stand to be recognized by those whose guests we are to be. We are met under a silver ring by Mr. and Mrs. John Reeves, who extend to us the hospitalities of their home. We sit for a short time on the grand plaza of the capitol and listen to the midnight concert under electric light and then accompany our

friends to their home for the night. We retire 73 tonight in a warm, sultry atmosphere, for we are one hundred miles from San Francisco.

Thursday, August 12, 1886.

After a warm, sultry night we rise at 6 o'clock, and, for the first time since leaving home, feel very tired. At 7 o'clock we take the train for San Francisco, returning through the same lovely valley as of yesterday, until we reach Fairfield, then south to Benecia, where we cross the waters that connect Suisan and San Pablo Bays on a steamer that bears the train across.

We arrive in San Francisco at 10:30 o'clock where we at once report at headquarters for our mail. Finding none we return to our rooms in a full realization of the fact that all of our immediate friends have left the city, and we are comparatively alone and long way from home. While at dinner we arrange a program for the afternoon. Our companion decides to visit the mint and other places in company with Mrs. Troyer, of Peoria, whom we have accepted as a very warm and pleasant friend.

We and our friend decide to once more visit the Pacific beach and bury our loneliness in the sand. We hasten to the wharf to find a friend (who leaves the city at 3 o'clock) to secure some knowledge of exchange of tickets, after which we take a car and arrive at the Cliff House at 3:30, p.m., where hundreds are walking, sitting and visiting. We walk up and down the shore for a long distance in hopes of finding something that will be interesting for our cabinet, but all our hopes are summed up in one poor little rusty button-hook, for indeed nothing but an occasional sea-weed can be found. We purchase a sea-urchin and star-fish from the stands at the Cliff House, and then sit on the sand and watch the children go in and out with the splashing waves until the long whistle summons all to the last train for the day.

Once in the city we again visit headquarters, where we meet Gen. Post, wife and daughter, B. F. Funk and wife, and Sargeant Sexton, with whom we join in general discussion of the extensive wine drinking in California. We all agree to disagree and bid them good-bye, for to-morrow we all leave the city, going in different directions. Already we have decided to meet our relatives at the Geysers. We return to our room where we find our companion posting her journal. After supper

we again do a little washing and then sit down to sum up in our continuous journal, our stay in San Francisco.

It has now been ten days since we first set our feet upon the golden soil, and to-morrow we leave the city undoubtedly forever. The 74 patriotic display, the grand receptions and unsurpassed welcome, we do now, and shall ever try to appreciate, must, besides being indellible in our hearts and minds, occupy a sheet in our journal, which may show to all who happen to read, the unselfish hospitality of California's people, for a nobler body of men never received a grander welcome or warmer reception, and the gentlest act that will ever prompt the sweetest thought, will be the strewing of flowers, by little girls, over which the Grand Army passed August 4, 1886. This is what the little children did, and e'er long "they will again bring flowers, bright flowers, in the May day hours, for the graves of the boys in blue." So to-night we close our journal at a late hour and retire with happiest thoughts for those whom, before the setting sun of another day, we shall have left forever.

Friday, August 13, 1886.

Having overslept ourself this morning we find we are too late for the boats to the Geysers, where we were to meet our brother to-day, so we change our program and decide to visit Yosemite Valley, We hasten to the Grand Hotel and secure our tickets for the trip, procure our exchange on home tickets by the way of Los Angeles, receive our mail and hasten to prepare for the journey. Just one moment too late we meet Gen. Busse, who tells us of vacant berths on the steamer for Portland. One moment sooner and we might never have seen Yosemite Valley, but we are too late for Portland and in time for the valley. Trunks and satchels are checked to Los Angeles; lunch baskets and surplus food donated the drayman who transfers our baggage. One little hand-bag contains all we take with us, save what we carry on our person. We settle up with our landlady, post our friends as to our change of program and future intentions, and stand on Eddy street and listen to the parting words of a body of comrades who have, during the week, made their headquarters jolly at all hours of night with hilarity and song.

We take a car for the wharf and stand once more on deck of the *Piedmont*, and take our last farewell look at the city on the "Golden Shore." The vessel crosses the bay at 2:30, p.m. While waiting at Oakland Pier for our train, we meet many of our friends starting for home, who come to say good-bye, and as their train precedes ours we again feel that we are left alone. We wave them from sight, mail a few more postals in Wells' Fargo Express box, in memory of the "cranky old man," board our train and are now nicely situated on the sleeper "Merced," on our way to the world renowned Yosemite.

We at once make the acquaintance of those who are to accompany 75 us, for only a certain number can go at one time, so we read in our Yosemite list the names of the following:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Davidson, and Mrs. M. A. Thayer, Sparta, Wisconsin; Alice Natile, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. A. R. McPhetus, Bloomington, Ind.; Mrs. M. L. Pratt, Cambridge Port, Mass.; Henry Tetlow and wife, Philadelphia, Penn.; Anna E. Kreight, London, Ontario; Mrs. Wm. Sanborn and Miss Augusta Taylor, San Francisco, Cal.; J. A. Cooper, wife and four children, Denver, Col.; Judge Benson Wood and wife, Effingham, Ills.; Prof. Hitchcock, of Amhurst University, ourself, companion and friend, with a few others whose autographs we fail to procure, make up the jolly party.

As usual, and in accordance with our general luck since starting from home, we again occupy a sky parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Wood are our nearest neighbors. Leaving San Francisco we travel north and east between the spurs of the Coast Range and San Pablo and Suisan Bays, until we reach the valley, through which the S.P.R.R. extends. The scenery is very interesting, with barren hills and rolling mounds at our right, and dark, blue waters at our left, until we pass Antioch and enter the great San Joaquin valley, which lies between the Sierras and Coast Range, terminating at the celebrated Tehachaja Pass. This valley is about two hundred and fifty miles long and from twenty to one hundred and fifty miles wide. Unlike other beautiful valleys through which we have traveled in California, this one seems to be a vast deposit of sandy soil, owned by capitalists who cultivate thosands of acres of wheat each year, thus keeping the land from the emigrant, who would gladly make the whole valley one vast fruit orchard, wherein people might live and brighten the now

desert appearance of this great valley. The eyes become weary with sameness, for the hay fields have vanished, and the only verdure is an occasional tree and tufts of alfalfa which only thrive through.

We supper at Lathrop after which, weary with sameness of scenery, we climb to our rest while the train moves on. At 11 o'clock our sleeper is sidetracked at Berenda, where we must remain for the rest of the night. In vain we try to sleep, but the heat is so oppressive that rest is impossible, though our companion seems perfectly at home. We call the porter and ask him to open the doors and give us air, but he informs us that we are now where it is necessary for our sleeper to be kept locked and well guarded, which gives us a slightly nervous sensation when we contemplate danger, yet we as soon be killed as smothered and insist that the doors be opened. 76 The call becomes general, and by the heated enthusiasm of the passengers the porter has little fear of the "roadman" attacking such a crowd, so opens the doors until a new atmosphere has circulated, which has a very soothing effect upon one of our passengers, the consequence of which Judge Wood calls aloud for the Porter to have the snorer start out in a new key. The porter stirs him and again with closed doors we all sleep on a sidetrack in the great San Joaquin valley.

Saturday August 15, 1886.

We call the porter at 5 o'clock who adjusts the step-ladder and we are the first to seek the morning air, for a warmer night was never experienced than the last. We stand upon the back end of our sleeper and look off into space, for we are midway the great San Joaquin Valley. A depot, freight-house and hotel are all the buildings we see. West of us lies a wheatfield extending north and south as far as the eye can reach; east, a vast plain covered with white, sandy soil and an occasional low shrub or scrubby tree.

Above the distant Sierras the sun is just climbing. Everything is calm save the steaming engine that is to carry us to Raymond. Up and down the track walks a lone man, who tells us the Los Angeles train is two hours late and we must await its coming. One by one the passengers come out on the steps and ties, all looking weary and somewhat discouraged when they think of the journey before

them. A long whistle and the north-bound train arrives and we are again on our way eastward, toward the Sierras. Twenty-five miles are soon made and at 9:15 we stand in the white sand over shoe top at Raymond. As we take in the situation we at once seem to realize that trouble has just begun. The country around is rough and broken, covered with sand and gnarled oaks. At the foot of the hill is a large stable and sheds for horses. At the end of the railroad track a freight-house stands on stilts, around the platform of which a half dozen men are sitting laughing at our disappointment. Not far off is what they call a dining-hall, built of saplings covered with canvas, through which the heat rays of the sunbeam strike us most unmercifully. The breakfast is passable, the price increasing, yet now is no time to take issue, so we endeavor to adapt ourselves to circumstances and make the best of everything. Under a pine tree there is a bench on which is a wash-pan, of which some avail themselves; as for us we jam our bonnet to the other side and await our turn in the stage. Up the hill comes No. 1, 2, and 3 stages with just room to accommodate the party, just thirty in all. No. 1 leads the 77 way, No. 2 follows ten minutes after, and lastly we are ready for a start. Our stage party consists of the following: Mrs. Sanborn, Miss Taylor and Prof. Hitchcock on the back seat; ourself, friend and companion on the second; Mesdames Pratt, Tetlow and Wood on the third; and Messrs Wood and Tetlow on the elevated seat with the pioneer driver. George Monroe.

These stages are very heavy conveyances, drawn generally by four to six horses, according to elevation; sprightly, yet rather lean in appearance. We are all aboard now and off to wonderland. At first we try to be jolly, for everything is new and we have indeed become tourists. We shut our eyes and close our mouths to the clouds of dust that surround us for every turn we hope to strike harder and moister soil, but the farther we go the worse it gets, so we smother our feelings and think we will enjoy as best we can this trip of a lifetime. Five miles are scarcely made when we almost wish we had never started, for of all the jolting and shaking up that human being ever experienced this is the liveliest, for we are obliged to hold our thin friend in position to keep her from injuring her sense by bumping our head against the top of the stage. Our companion, however, has again bared her face to the sun and bade defiance to weariness. The stage seat grows narrower and we soon begin to realize that we have been a little too accomodating in allowing the Prof. to occupy our seat in the stage, so we venture a hint for exchange which is not taken; so, at the end of ten miles, when

we stop for a change of horses we assume our own seat assigned us in San Francisco and continue our journey with comparative comfort.

We ride for a long distance in sight of the Haley & Gambetta Mining Mills, pleasantly located among the mountains on gently sloping side hills covered with grass and trees. The scenery grows grander and more exciting as we ride along over this wonderful turnpike, built at the expense of twenty millions of dollars. Though continually ascending the mountain heights of the Sierras the grade is almost unnoticable.

Through our continued journey we ride along the alarming precipices where perpendicularly at our feet we see nothing but space, with mountains and valleys beyond. The thundering stage rolls along over its hollow sounding road within a few feet of precipices of rock, which the least disturbance to well trained horses might hurl us to death and destruction at any moment. Occasionally we approach a mountain valley beautifully green with grass and grove-like timber, that for a moment reminds us of home and causes us to almost forget our distant wanderings. At our right are the constant rolling hills which nature has piled into mountains and which we drive so near that we catch many innocent flowers, as we pass, for our collection. The dust grows deeper and deeper, we try to sing and be happy, but patience grows slim and we really are obliged to give vent to our feelings or smother in the dust.

We stop at a wide turn in the road, where, down over rocks through moss and ferns, comes a rippling mountain stream from which we drink and are much refreshed; then on, on, higher and higher, now descending at a breakneck speed we arrive at Grant's, where all stop for dinner and a change of horses. On the side of the hill stands a long, low cottage, in neatness supreme, behind which the mountains rise peak after peak as if to guard from the outer world the happy resort of the tourist. We step from the stage to a long porch where a general shake, brush and wash up ensues. We meet our host, a little, old, jolly man, with three black-eyed daughters. We are escorted to a bathroom for a general wash, after which we enter a dining-room as neat as wax, and enjoy a yankee dinner. We stand upon the porch and look down and up to mountain heights, over which we must pass before our journey is ended. We walk down to the celebrated white Sulphur Springs and

gather a tiny blossom in memory of the welcome inn, twenty-three miles from Raymond. The three stages, drawn by eighteen fresh horses, come galloping down the hill and stop in front of the porch. We are soon comfortably seated and continue our journey onward. The sun is extremely hot and the dust terrible.

Our Cambridgeport sister wishes she was afloat in the Charles River, and openly declares she never will be clean. Mr. and Mrs. Tetlow, in the full possession of the disposition of the founder of their Quaker city, continue in patience and forbearance, while our noted Prof. seems to scowl disapproval at our national airs, which we try to render in song. The "Frisco" ladies are closely veiled and seem to study our true inwardness, for since we claimed our just rights in assuming our place beside them in the stage they seem to think us too numerous to be familiar.

We are now climbing Chauchilla Mountain, whose summit is reached in six miles travel, and the scenery which we now behold is said to surpass any mountain scenery on the continent if not in Europe; certainly no stage ride can be more grand. We now commence our gradual descent toward the Emerald Valley, on all sides surrounded by the loveliest evergreen forests on grassy slopes decorated with fallen cones and perfumed with nature's sweetest odors. Earth, air, sky, mountain, forest and laughing brook make up the rural combination which the fast setting sun leaves us in twilight to enjoy.

As the short rays of the sun predominate we behold a sunset we shall never forget, the sight alone of which has amply paid us for the day of dusty travel. We look through a canon, beyond which the loveliest of sunset skies seems to have assumed a horizontal position, looking like the face of a lake painted by nature's artist with choicest dyes. Our exclamations are those of joy, and we note at once this gorgeous sunset seen while crossing the Sierras, and form a picture in our mind that will be pleasant to remember in time to come.

Having been late in leaving Berenda we do not reach Wawona till 9 o'clock at night, so the last part of our day's stage ride is by moonlight, and the coolness of the evening has made us all very happy. The steeps around us are growing less and danger is farther back, unless, perchance, we meet the

dreaded "roadster" who may possibly claim our valuables before we reach Wawona, but the faithful six, obedient to our driver's skill, soon land us on Emerald flat, four thousand feet above the sea, one of the pleasantest places on earth. In front of Clark's Hotel, with a capacity for hundreds, we stand and are brushed by Chinamen, while the many who have preceded us join in general hilarity at our expense, for a dirtier set never landed at Clark's. We are escorted to rooms 39 and 40 in the cottage where a surplus of water is furnished for our convenience. Our clothing is well shaken from the long porches and we return to the hotel over a moonlight walk and enjoy a splendid supper. We meet many tourists with whom we exchange cards and mutual appreciations of our journey and then return to our rooms for the night. While interviewing the chamber-maid, she hands us an envelope picked up at our door, which, on being, examined proves to be the complete stock of trip tickets that shall insure safe transportation of our companion to her journey's end, to home and loved ones. We place them among our own valuables, congratulate ourself that Providence has raised us up to care for her tickets, else her now happy soul might be ruffled with anxiety if we ever again reach the railroad from which we are now thirty-two miles away.

We sleep to-night in a cottage of many rooms in Emerald Valley, surrounded by mountains. Everything is calm, save the musical fountain that acts in front of our cottage. Our companion, unconscious of her mightbe serious loss, sleeps long and well and 80 occasionally loud. 'Mid the bustle occasioned by the incoming stages and tramp to rooms beyond we sleep at a late hour and imagine ourself whirling around mountains, through valleys, down precipices, by running streams and moon-light drives to wonderland.

Sunday, August 16, 1886.

We are kept awake the most of the night by the continual bustle occasioned by the incoming and outgoing stages, for the drivers whistle makes the valley sing and the partitions that divide the rooms of the cottage are so thin that a rap at a door or a snore from a slumberer is heard though several rooms away. Six o'clock finds us ready for a fesh start on our journey, though the past day's stage ride has made our back the object of much attention. We walk upon the long porch that surrounds the cottage and find among many strangers our own party busy shaking the dust from

their clothing. We interrogate our Cambridgeport sister as to how she feels this lovely morning? She bangs her dress against the railing and says "Fool that I am to come here when I might have spent the summer on the Atlantic coast and kept clean." Having thus given out the promptings of honest though we are next interviewed by our friend of the Quaker City as to what we think of the way one of the thirty-three snubbed us all the day before in our journey over the mountains, at the same time informing us that her husband may not be very smart but that he is at least civil. As she has spoken our sentiments exactly we give her to understand that we too have been somewhat annoyed at the persistency by which our companion has tried to draw out and amuse our dignified tourist. Yet she sees no harm in being snubbed and at the breakfast table starts out in a new direction to elicit his conversational powers; so while she plays the agreeable to dignity we avail ourself of mountain trout and sweet potatoes and confiscate all the extra biscuits within long reach and roll them up in our handkerchief for lunch.

While waiting for the stage we try to form a picture in our minds of the mountain scenes around us. By moonlight we entered this beautiful valley and morning finds us surrounded by mountains and forests and instead of the accustomed song of the morning bird we hear only the music of the stream that ripples in front of the porch and sparkles in the fountain. We walk down the mountain lawn and gather some little flowers for our collection while up the hillside roll the thundering stages and now in front of the door await our coming.

The three Augustas occupy the back seat, where they form a very 81 pleasant acquaintance during the day. And now we continue our journey onward through evergreen forests of spruce and pine whose lofty heads we reach at times as we ascend the mountain heights. and are again near their huge trunks as we reach the pleasant valleys. Earth, air and sky are in unison with mountain, forest and stream, and with song and joy we try to be happy, but the cloud of dust has warped our patience and we join our party in general feelings of disgust at going though so much to reach wonderland. And our usual health gives way and we are on the sick list, obliged to accept the attention of the "homeopathy crank," whose healing strength is administered in small doses, six at a time. We have

no use for our stolen lunch, so donate it to our physician, who places it in her satchel and in due time divides with our friend the camphorated bread.

At noon we stop for a change of horses. We step inside the large barn to shelter us from the sun and observe one of our party looking around in stalls, barrels and boxes as if in search of hens' nests, and ask what she is looking for, when to our surprise this good sister from the cap of Pilgrim's Rock and the shadow of Bunker Hill informs us that she is looking for a man—a man to swear for her. We ask her if she has forgotten that this is the Sabbath but are told it is no worse to swear on Sunday than any other day and that somebody ought to swear, and she thinks a man would be most apt to do the subject justice. We again load ourselves into the stage and are on our way, only ten miles from Yosemite. Now ten miles may be a short distance to lovers riding on the boulevard, but over bumping rocks, along beside chasms of death and destruction, enclouded in dust, hungry, tired and sick, ten miles is a long distance to travel.

Yet we continue on, for backward we cannot go. We try to sing but our hearts are lost to song. We have to laugh, however, when we gaze on the face of our companion who now looks like a cat that has crept down a chimney as she drinks in the mountain scenery. We turn to our friend with face like a school-boy after his first game of marbles, while she is told by Augusta that “she would not have a nose like hers.” The whole party in fact look like children who have walked in the middle of the street on a hot summer day as they cling to the back of the seats and brace themselves in self defense,

The miles grow longer and longer, the precipices deeper and grander, until at 3 o'clock p.m. we halt at Inspiration Point, 6,000 feet above the sea and look for the first time on the rocky columns that enclose Yosemite Valley, which lies imbedded between 82 towering heights beyond and below. For a moment all is silence, then comes a sigh of relief and exclamations of wonder and amazement. At once our companion thinks she is paid for her long and dusty journey, but we await further developments to calm our ruffled thoughts and restore our amiable disposition(!). A lasting impression, however, of the rapid survey is imprinted upon our mind, while involuntarily the eye rests upon the huge form of El Capitan at our left, an immense block of white granite projecting

squarely into the valley and towering heavenward 3,300 feet. For the most part this rock is bare, yet half way up its side we see evergreens that look as if they were attached lengthwise to the perpendicular rock with no horizontal foothold whatever, yet we are told that these same seeming shrubs are 300 feet in height with unseen groves of timber growing at their base. This immense form of granite stands boldly out as if chiseled from the mountains behind, a specimen of earth's massiveness, and while we look upon it with feelings of awe and reverence it is impossible to fully realize its extravagant dimensions, for our guide informs us that it is often seen in the great San Joaquin valley sixty miles away.

It has been styled by tourists the "Monarch of Rocks" and most matchless piece of masonry on earth. Although this rock seems smooth and square from base to summit it is possessed of many horizontal surfaces too high to be discernable. Near one corner of this towering mass we see what are known as Ribbon Falls, but at this season water flows down at intervals, yet we see the worn rock, the discolored pathway of the mountain stream that is sometimes called the "Virgin's Tears."

At our right we behold in genuine reality a picture seen from childhood. On the west side of Cathedral Rock there flows a stream of water nine hundred feet to the valley. Three hundred feet from the bottom it falls on a mass of slanting debris that sends it rushing over continuous cascades through rock and forests on the mountain side until it reaches the peaceful valley. And now as we ride along we come in full sight of this misty waterfall known at Bridal Veil Falls, whose waters, from the valley, resemble a dense and falling mist which sways to and fro in the wind like the flowing drapery of a summer bride, a companion picture of which is not found in any mountain scenery on earth. And now we pause at the foot of these lovely falls and listen to the continuous roar in upper air, occasionally broken by the sway of the waters. We drink from the ice cold stream, gather a fern from the rocky base and onward still to 83 Cathedral Rock, 2,600 feet in height, with spires towering 500 feet beyond, forming thus on the valley side a solid cathedral of masonry, around which the winds and forests sigh like the tones of a mighty organ, we might imagine within the sculptured mass, whose massiveness and majesty alone can be wrought by the hand of God.

We have now wound down and around the mountain sides until we have reached the level valley which, but for the prison walls might seem a prairie grove, and now we ride between the heights known as the “three graces” at our right and the “three brothers” at our left, rising respectively from three to four thousand feet in upper air, covered at their base with forest evergreens, through which, over a mossy carpeting, flow many little rock bottomed brooks, each adding its little part to swell the valley stream. We now look up at the watch tower of the valley, known as sentinel rock, whose granite spire towers 1,000 feet above the valley wall and whose height alone exceeds by far all the master works of man.

It is 4 o'clock when we arrive at Leidigs and find accommodations for only two of the thirty-three. Our California friends accept the vacancy, and we bid them good-bye to see them no more, but for Augusta cherish the kindest remembrance for her genial manner and homeopathy prescriptions which healed the sick and cheered the weary.

Next we stop at Cook's but find everything full to the utmost; our last resort is Barnard's, where we soon stand and are swept off by the Chinamen. We are assigned rooms on the second floor in the northeast corner of the hotel proper, where from a spacious porch that surrounds the building, we look down upon the ice cold Merced river, and are in constant view of Yosemite Falls, only half a mile away, and feel to rejoice that here alone we find accommodations.

We at once commence a program for our stay in the valley. First we take our usual bath, so necessary on all occasions in California summer climate, but now more necessary than ever before in all our lives, for dirt is no name for the condition we now present as we pound the mountain dust from our clothing. Our heads resemble a pig's back in harvest, and frizzes are unknown—in fact the only clean feature is our eyes, kept open by continual winking. At 5 o'clock we meet our party at dinner, when introductions become necessary for recognition. We partake of a very excellent dinner which we very much enjoy, after which we form a party and set out on foot for Yosemite Falls. We cross the Merced on a rustic bridge, climb a fence to a green, grassy cow pasture, crawl through a hedge and are 84 in the woods that are between us and the Falls. First dust, then rocks which grow

larger and more massive until we sit in the mist of the mountain waters falling 2,600 feet over the stupendous heights above us.

We are joined by little Miss Alice Natile, our New Orleans friend, whom we have all learned to love for her rare intelligence and cultivated refinement scarcely found in a miss of sixteen summers. She enters with the party into the joys of the rare occasion. We take off our shoes and stockings and bathe our feet in the sparkling waters, and then with less fear of slipping, we climb still higher the pile of massive rocks on which the waters fall. As the sun has set and evening shadows begin to fall, we sit in silence and drink in the beauties we shall never again see, perhaps, save in the realms of thought and remembrance.

We miss our companion and for fear some unseen danger may have befallen her, we raise our voices for her response and elicit distant echoes; we climb a little higher up the rock, and think we are near the valley wall, but when we our companion in child-like dimensions, whose attention we fail to attract with our combined voices, gathering flowers in a recess of solid rock, a little back and at one side of the Falls, we come to the conclusion that she is farther off than we anticipated and that distance here is even more deceiving than in Colorado. Our companion sees us and joins us on the dark, gray granite rocks that lie at the foot of the Yosemite Falls.

The sun has long since given way to evening shadows, when, reluctantly, we leave this majestic place and turn our steps hotelward We return alone over the elevated walk of the lowlands along the Merced and, while downward looking, easily imagine ourselves visiting some country friend, for up the road a small boy drives the cows, and the valley farmer gaily whistles as he stables his weary team. As we cross the bridge we meet a resident of the valley who points us to the seemingly impassible trail east of the falls, over which the Indians climbed when driven from the valley. We reach the hotel just in time to retaliate the hilarious receptions we have received while journeying to the valley, for the Cleverdale stages have just arrived with another dusty party not unlike all others. Among the many dirty faces we discern the eyes of our friend, Rev. Mary Girard, of Clinton, Iowa, National Chaplain of W.R.C. We join the sisterly shake of hands, then leave her to her toilet, while we join the evening songs of mirth unceremoniously taking place on the wide veranda.

The evening is warm and pleasant, we sit on the porch in front of our room and listen to the constant, lonely roar of the highest waterfall in the world, and try to realize in full the favored opportunity of sitting so near the world renowned Yosemite. Our stage party join us in general admiration and pleasant hours too quickly pass when filled with associations of culture and intellect, unfettered by worldly pride and feelings of caste and rank, alone made excellent by morality, virtue and natural genuineness.

While we enjoy the very thought of being here, happily we wander homeward and join in the song and sentiment of the sweetest and truest words that were ever penned—"Home, Sweet Home." So at 12 o'clock we close our doors and sleep 'mid the gentle murmur of the Merced, the distant roar of Yosemite and echoed tones of "Home, Sweet Sweet Home" now sung by the tourists of the cottage that joins us on the west.

Monday Morning, August 16, 1886.

We are awakened by the rattle of stoves and clatter of Chinese dialect, for the kitchen is not far from the rooms we occupy; and as time is so precious now and opportunities so grand, we stand on the porch at 5 o'clock, spellbound with reverential silence. Hundreds of snow-white ducks are already afloat on the peaceful Merced, and the milkmaid closes the bars as she leaves the cows in pasture. The mountain guides are stirring up the hostlers to make ready for the day. The "lone Indian" crosses the bridge with a string of trout which he leaves at the kitchen door. Our friend makes a hasty toilet for once while our companion with unencumbered care and innocence of last transportation, looks heavenward at the mountain walls and wonders what agency placed them there.

We are joined at breakfast by our party, some of whom have just returned from a morning walk to the falls, and we all join in thankful expressions that patience and endurance landed us safely here. Breakfast over we await conveyances for a ten mile ride through the valley. So at 7 o'clock our party of eight are on their way to see the sun rise on Mirror Lake. Up the valley the happy party

enjoy the morning air. We walk carefully down the rocky debris and stand at the waters edge, and while we gaze upon the placid face upon which the towering heights of either side are so beautifully reflected, we at once recognize the appropriateness of the lakelet's name, for the face of a mirror could be no more calm than the surface of this little lake. We are now in the narrowest part of the valley with North Dome at our left, rising some four thousand feet above us, beyond 86 the line of vegetation, monumental to past ages that left or sent it there. At our right is South Dome, higher by one thousand feet, over half of which seems to have been riven from and carried away; where to none may tell, for in or near the valley it is not found, though the popular opinion of scientists is that it sunk in the granite ooze.

Party after party arrive at the lake until fifty or more await the rising sun. A little boat is tied motionless on the shore, while near the bugler stands and invites our attention to the wonderful echoes that respond to his musical endeavors. Save the notes of the bugle and the voice of our continual explorer, who has crossed the lake by going around it, reverential silence prevails among all; and now, while we look at the granite walls we join our voices in song as never before, and sing the words that echo Columbia's fondest tie, "I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills." It is almost 8 o'clock and a hundred eyes are upward turned to the peaks of North Dome over which the "King of Day" is just making his appearance. We change our position and three times hail with song the rising sun over the peaks of the eternal hills, and now we look upon the lake's face where a perfect picture of the valley, heights, evergreen bases and rising sun seems extended as far below as above the level on which we stand and as the sun rises higher and shines upon the lake the reflection becomes more grand, thought more sublime and reverence is melted into tears, found in the eyes of many. We again raise our voices in song, "Nearer my God to Thee," every word spoken and echoed as if in unison with heavenly love. Rev. Mary Girard stands on the shore between reflected and genuine sublimity and offers a prayer every word of which is significant of the scenes around us and the cause that has brought us hither. She thanks God for the blessing of the morning and asks that we may all live with grateful hearts towards America's soldiers, who made our country free that we to-day may in safety see and enjoy this beautiful scenery wrought out by power divine.

We sit upon the rugged shore of this peaceful lake and note in our journal our present surroundings. On either side are North and South Domes, whose wonderful heights and close proximity enclose the lake that lies between and send their forms reflected, down, down to the bottom of a seemingly very deep lake. We look beyond the mighty Domes and our searching eyes reach "Cloud's Rest," over which a little cloud has just passed as if to verify the significance of the name given this last mountain in the valley which 87 slants away to the canon beyond after rising to the height of six thousand feet above the clouds. Our companion makes a few sketches of the wonderful scenery, while our Fall River friend adds to the pages of our journal a sketch of "Profile Rock," which has the appearance of the face of a huge man lying with upturned face to a clear blue sky, which now seems very near to the earth.

Our driver is becoming impatient, for time is very precious, so while we enjoy the loveliest and grandest scenery of earth, we naturally turn back to domestic life and friends who may never these scenes behold, and once more to the accompaniment of the bugle echo the tones and words of "Home, Sweet Home," then reluctantly leave the sainted place for other scenes in a ten mile's drive.

We retrace our steps and pass near the Royal Arches, imbedded in the solid sides of Yosemite's vertical walls, while opposite are seen projections that might once have filled the arch. We pass the rural spot where the park commissioners are erecting a fine hotel, which we are told, by another year will be open for the accommodation of tourists. We ride the length of the valley through groves of spruce fir, pine and manzinita along the meandering course of the Merced River, whose source is the high Sierras and which by innumerable cascades and waterfalls reaches the valley where kindred ice cold streams help form its crystal waters. We pass the "Hermit's rocky home," and though we are told that through the occupant's vein's courses the blood of noble birth which might welcome him to social life, yet when we study his rocky home whose maker and builder was nature alone, we can but think of a pure life within the granite glen, a life conversant with nature alone, unfettered by worldly care or pride or gossiping surroundings. The little dog that barks at his rock-hewn door guards well his master's numerous pets of beasts and birds that roam in peace within.

Though thirty-five years have passed since the Indians were driven from the valley, we still meet an occasional relic of the tribe, with his gun and fishing tackle, and pass his rustic store house, built of sticks and leaves, where are stored his winter acorns.

Having taken the circuit of the valley we alight at Barnard's, where, in front of the hotel, are thirty-three horses already waiting to carry the party to Glacier Point. From a little store near by the party avail themselves of large straw hats, which they tie in a double scoop under their chins. Three hardy guides assist them to their saddles, and the party is ready for a start. Unluckily for ourself and friend we are unable to secure horses for the trail, the party is so large, so we are obliged to remain while our friends enjoy the mountain horse-back ride to the point that overlooks the valley. So while they are on the tiresome trail we study up our surroundings. We find our landlady well informed and ready to impart instructions; so we note in our journal the many things we have learned to-day. First, we ask, how came the valley here? Scientists have attributed this wonderful place to different causes, the fact of which has never been fully decided. Glacial disturbances, erosion, earthquake fissures, and subsidence, the last of which is the theory of Prof. Whitney, for many years State Geologist of California, and we might as well believe this as any other theory in regard to the unique forms that here exist to form the grandest and most sublime scenery of earth. The theory of subsidence then, accounts for the lack of debris in the valley and vertical walls which surround it, in fact there is no other way to dispose of the masses of rock that must have fallen from the walls and filled the lake that lies between. The three leading features then, of Yosemite Valley, are the verticality and height of its walls and lack of debris at their base. Then to sum up the valley we might say, there are a hundred rare points of interest, any one of which would guarantee satisfaction in making the mountain pilgrimage. The dinner bell calls and we gladly respond for our morning ride has made us very hungry.

We stand on the porch and hail the incoming stages, bringing another dusty party. They follow their satchels to the platform where another dusty shake ensues, after which they register and are assigned rooms on the second floor of the cottage. Among the arrivals of the day we read the name

of Jenny June, whom we meet later in the social conversation of the dusty ride and lovely scenery encountered to reach the valley.

It is now noonday and the sun shines down upon the sultry place. We sit upon the shady side of the long porch and notify our home friends of our present situation, after which we bare our feet and wade the Merced River, but the mountain pebbles are sharp and the waters icy cold, so our romance is short lived and full of fun.

In company with our friend we take a dusty walk, mail our letters at the little postoffice decorated with stereoscopic views of the mountain scenery, converse for a short time with the little postmistress, who has lately arrived from yankee land, visit the little country store where is kept everything from a toothpick to modern frizzes, walk by the rustic chapel, gather leaves and flowers for our herbarium and sit again on the porch of the hotel to await the mountain 89 tourists. First come sisters Wood and Tetlow, who gave up the task before reaching the summit, and retraced their tired steps on foot, their horses in the lead. We try to learn the wonderful things they must have seen, but they are so tired, lame and dusty that everything is anything but lovely just now. They do, however, speak with much affection of the faithful animals that tried so hard to please, and urged them as best they could to sit in their saddles when danger seemed almost inevitable. But the name "Shot gun" for a horse to carry a timid woman on a trail, was enough at first, let alone the ride, to discourage what little love of romance existed in her nature. An hour later the caravan arrives and the tourists come limping up stairs one foot at a time. Brother Wood is foremost, in search of his wife, who deserted him on the trail leaving him to think all sorts of accidents had befallen her. He finds her calmly sleeping within her cottage room. And now, when we behold our companion (who declares she is not tired but would go the round again in another direction to-night) with hair in vertical frizzes, we simply wonder if she met any Indians on the way. If so they must have been of different tribe else the aborigines might have claimed their own. Our Cambridgeport sister, however, caps the climax of the mountain trail, for now, having donned her mother hubbard, sits on a high backed chair and tells us how she dodged the frightful abysses by closing the eye on danger's side while the other was kept on the horse, until she choked him down with tight rein and he left her in the sand, thus demanding immediate attention from the guide. She continues her journey,

however, to the bitter end which was found in descending the mountains, for as she expresses it, "though my horse picked his way like a cat over a pile of brush I expected every moment to go over his neck headlong into eternity." One by one our party appear in mother hubbards, all having done a little washing which now hangs across the railing and on the backs of chairs of the wide veranda.

We sit in social review of the day's events until the supper bell calls us together in the dining room below, where many new faces are seen that have arrived through the day, each one of which is full of marked intelligence and refinement, such people as will appreciate and learn of the wonders around us, and in home life become educators of the present and rising generations. Again we walk through the little town in search of new sights and knowledge. We cross the street from the hotel, and are in the "big tree" parlor, a building of several rooms for the accommodation of parties spending the 90 summer here. It is a large, one story building with two parlors, in the back one of which a large tree is standing and growing through the the roof. It is twenty-five feet in circumference and one hundred and eighty-five feet high. Around its base in the middle of the room is a carpet of growing flax, which, occupying the center as it does, becomes a great curiosity to tourists. We spend an hour or so in looking over the numerous views that lie upon the table. Our companion is seated at the piano and invites us all to join our voices in song and praise of our delightful visit to Yosemite. The porch of the "big tree" parlor is full of listeners, who, when we come to the chorus, join in the "Hurrah, hurrah for the great jubilee," until the very tones seem to echo the valley through. At a late hour we bid many friends good-bye, whom we may never meet again, for we leave the valley in the morning.

Just before retiring, we stand in company with our friend on the cool porch and view Yosemite Falls by moonlight; reluctantly turning away to our rest; but sleep is impossible, so we sit by the open door and look out upon the calm, still night. The moon behind the evergreens casts shadows across the Merced. Above in silvery moonlight, Yosemite's waters fall, and over mammoth tumble-down rocks, they rush solemnly along. While filled with joy and thankfulness that fortune has brought us here, we feel a sense of sadness that so soon we must leave the place forever, and wonder to ourself if the time allotted here has been spent to the best advantage. So, in midnight

reverie, we review the topics of the day and again close our eyes to sleep with a revolving panorama of scenes pictured on heart and mind.

Tuesday Morning, August 17, 1886.

At 5 o'clock we settle our bill and await our breakfast, which, owing to the fact that we are about to leave the valley, is considerable thinner and less numerous than the morning before, for in the place of trout we pull at the meat on bones of mutton that bleated in the canon when the Indians were driven out, so we confiscate a biscuit for lunch and on the porch await the stage that is to carry us over the mountains. We take our last long look at the granite walls, above which, at Glacier Point, the stars and stripes are waving, though we are so far below it looks like a handkerchief fluttering in upper air. We pause in review of other heights upon which we have looked and read and make a few mathematical calculations to store away in memory, which, though true, may often startle us with thoughts of exaggeration, when we speak of the wall and heights of 91 Yosemite. The highest pinnacle of architecture ever built by man stands on Potomac's sandy shore, memorial of our Washington, and every year thousands wonder at the mechanism that placed it there, yet at this moment we look upon perpendicular heights, the lowest of which, is twice as high as Washington monument, and of which it would take ten such shafts to reach the heights of "Clouds Rest."

Though, owing to the fact of the joyous associations, patriotic demonstrations, lovely valleys, deep canons, rolling mountain heights, perpendicular walls and waterfalls, that have been constantly before us the last month, we scarcely realize these rare opportunities of a lifetime. So we fix in our mind, as well as our journal, a simple fact of perpendicular height, sent heavenward by the powers of nature, ten times higher than America's memorial shaft, and while we sigh a fond farewell to Yosemite's lovely valley, the thundering stage of six-horse power comes rolling up to the door. Comfortably seated with our companion and friend we stop at Cook's for the rest of our party who are to journey with us to-day, none of whom we have ever met before. They register in our autograph album as follows: E. A. Dubey and daughter Jessie, and Stephen Burrows and daughter Hattie, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; George Creamer, Baltimore, Md.; W. C. and Harry Richardson, Chicago, Ills.; John Woods of Darwen, England, all of whom we find pleasant and agreeable.

So now we are on our way to Los Angeles, doubly happy to think we came and saw and shall have conquered if we again cross the Sierras in safety. At 8 o'clock a.m. we again halt at Inspiration Point and take our last long farewell look at the world renowned Yosemite; then onward through nature's avenues of mammoth evergreens of spruce and pine, which embalm the air with nature's perfumes, up hills and down dales, around curves and over chasms, we continue our dusty way, with no thoughts of fear though everlasting destruction awaits the least accident that might occur to the rolling vehicle or the faithful six that whirl us along.

At 10 o'clock we reach the seven mile grade. Our driver, heretofore so pleasant and conversant of passing scenes, commands for himself silence, for his whole mind and attention must be given to the task of landing us safe at the foot of the grade. This is the place where, one year ago, a timid woman gave our driver ten dollars extra to walk his horses over this mountain, which in the kindness of his heart he did at his peril, though he reached the foot in safety, there making a vow he would never again so risk his life, for safety is 92 only insured in rapid passage down and around the curves. We are somewhat disturbed, however, when he informs us that now he has nothing to fear save the possible appearance of a mountain bear, the track of which he has seen along the road for some distance. Knowing the smell of a wild animal to be terror to a horse, we entertain some thoughts of fear. Our companion places her trust in God, while we bestow our faith in the driver, thus making a very sure combination of safety to the end.

Occasionally we see the stages ahead of us actually tip as they round the curves, we wave them safety and follow on. Our noted Englishman who has been traveling for seventeen months through Europe, Australia and the Sandwich Islands, becomes very interesting in relating his travels, the one fact of which we place in memory; that of all the scenery he has met Yosemite caps the whole. In combination with his wonderful store of knowledge, he possess the disposition to amuse and propounds to the party many conundrums that fill the stage with laughter.

So now we are safe at the foot of the grade where man and horse are refreshed from the mountain brook, and we gather some leaves for our blank book and lovely ferns to press. A few miles farther on we meet the incoming stage, where it is necessary for us to alight until they have safely passed,

for the road is narrow and the precipice at our right immense. We climb the grade at our left and cling to the trees for safety. The stages have safely passed and again we load up and continue our journey. We arrive at Clark's at 12 o'clock, where we are again swept off by the "heathen Chinees." Our host, Clark, takes in our dimensions and calls for an extra broom, while at least fifty tourists join in a general laugh at the position of our bonnet and dilapidated condition, so on the principle of "no fool no fun," we join heartily in the hilarity of the scene. We again register and are assigned our previous rooms in the cottage, where we take a passable wash and enter the dining room for dinner. Our first glance, however, at the tables assures us they were set for the passengers of the outgoing stages, for again we wrestle with mutton and all that was left from breakfast. The cry is all aboard and as we subsist principally upon scenery now, we seize our satchel and broken handled parasol and again climb into the stage. Our companion, however, more used to ruling than being ruled, leisurely ties her bonnet over her vertical frizzes, and pulls her last foot in the stage as we whirl around Wawona park and are off for Mariposa Grove, nine miles east of Clark's. Again over dusty, winding roads, around 93 hill sides, through mountain forest of evergreens, on carpets of mammoth cones, we are driven at a break-neck speed. We are filled with enthusiasm at the thoughts of the sights and wonders in perspective and give vent in song to our happy anticipations. We now enter a little valley which lies 6,500 feet above the sea, along the south Merced river, and slowly pass up the trail that brings us in close proximity to the largest trees ever yet found on the face of the globe, numing some five hundred in all, with diameters equal to the circumfrance of any other trees ever known. Our eyes take in the rapid view while we solemnly feel we tread the soil of a geological age previous to ours. We stand with our party around "Grizzly Giant" and with a tape line measure its circumference, and find we are not misinformed, for a few inches from the ground it measures a little over eighty-eight feet; and now we stand at in the trunk of the tree known as the "Telescope," and look at the sky through its center, for an aperature extends from base to summit, and carefully we note that twenty-three persons are now standing within its trunk, and there is room for several more. And now we climb a ladder of twenty-six rounds, and are standing on top of the section of one of these mammoth trees that lies on its side. We now approach "Wawona," through which the stage passes and halts inside. We reach for the sides of the excavated trunk but fail in the attempt; we stand on the seat but cannot reach the top. We walk among the many with journal in

hand and note a few facts of interest. While these mentioned are the largest in the grove they are by no means the only ones of interest, for the whole five hundred are in circumference and height beyond anything found outside of California, the strangest fact of which is that all save one, that we see are living and growing to-day, even old "Wawona."

The sides of the most of the large trees have been used for fire places by the Indians, and the charred remains extend far up their sides, and still they live; but for twenty years no Indian has dared fire one of these trees, for the Government now guards well these giants of the Sierras. Many of these trees are apparently young and thrifty as the evergreens in our city parks, all reaching the enormous heights of from one to three hundred feet, and as straight as a die. We stop at the log cabin of the guardian of the grove and obtain genuine specimens from Mariposa, gather cones two feet in length, pick some mountain flowers, then climb to the stage to continue our journey. A Normal school girl of our party expresses a wish to note the names of the largest trees, while our Englishman kindly dictates 94 the list, which, if published, might infer that England was quite as anxious for American fame as in the days of Wm. Pitt or George III, for in the place of America's patriotic names he supplies those of England's brightest lights and acknowledges that in his extended travels he has never seen trees as large as these, though in Australia he found them taller. All the poets have sung of forests, especially of England's Oaks, but America alone can speak with pride of Emerson's "Plantations of the Gods."

Here, in place of silent rocks we gaze on living trees, and none may tell the rise and fall, prosperity or decay of nations, or geological disturbances that may have been since these trees first stood sentinel to the surrounding forests; and now, as we leave this gigantic grove, again we raise our voices in song, reverential of the past and suppliant of the future. "Let music swell the breeze and ring from all the trees sweet freedom's song." We arrive at Clark's in time for supper, hasten our toilet by the removal of dust, launch our mammoth cones in the fountain spring for moisture, and enter the dining room to find again new arrivals and mutton chops. We walk through the parlors of spacious dimensions, where, seated at numerous tables, are many tourists posting their journals and friends at home. We pencil a card of few words and join the party for the studio where are found

numerous views, landscapes and photographs of Emerald Valley; and romantic and picturesque scenes of the surrounding Sierras.

We promenade the long walks by moonlight and listen to the musical tones of the piano that echo the valley through. We sit on the porch in front of our door in peaceful silence and wonder if moonlight scenes were ever more fair, for on all sides the mountains roll heavenward and guard us from the outer world. No excitement prevails, no startling news, and cares and anxieties are unknown, for every tourist seems lost to the world and wrapped in nature's wonders.

Within this Emerald vale we have no fear, for education, refinement and culture keep us safe with unlocked doors, and, as we lie on our pillow to-night with closed eyes, silently reviewing the scenes and associations of the day, we can but think how blessed the earth if purity of thought in this valley to-night could encompass the world around.

Wednesday, August 18, 1887.

After a night of general disturbance, occasioned by the late incoming stages, the watchman raps the second time at our door and 95 emphatically says "Three o'clock! Prepare for an early start." From every direction through the thin walls comes the regretful yawn, for our tired party would gladly indulge in a little more sleep, but as we are nearing the place when opportunities never wait for circumstances, we must be on time or be left, and the very thoughts of a steam engine in perspective causes our friend in an awkward move with eyes half open to fall unceremoniously out of bed, which causes a hearty laugh in neighboring rooms. A half hour later we stand at the park fence and fish our cones from the fountain stream that have gathered moisture enough during the night to insure safe transportation, after which we join our party in the dining room where we patiently await our orders, which owing to a general strike among the heathen cooks we fail to secure on time. We devour all the pickles and crackers and commence on the salt when a bone of mutton, small potatoe and thin biscuit are placed before us. We roll the biscuit in our handkerchief for lunch and breakfast on mutton and small potatoes, while our friend, the judge, assures us that this mutton is the part of a lamb that skipped over the "Plantation of the Gods" when "Grizzly Giant"

was a sapling. Our Cambridge port sister becomes impatient in waiting for her coffee, so siezes her cup and strikes for the kitchen where she overawes the Chinamen and returns with a supply of beverage. She trips around the opposite table and secures a knife, remarking at the same time that she is “pretty sry, considering,” and at once commences warfare on her piece of mutton but is finally outdone, so reaches north and south for all the biscuits within her reach, sandwiches the mutton between them and under the table rolls them into her ecru handkerchief. Our Englishman, in his role of native politeness, while trying to secure the mutton with a three tined fork, drops his knife on the floor, much to his mortification. Our friend grumbles at her cold coffee, while our companion enjoys a “hearty breakfast” and thinks it wicked to steal biscuits for lunch. The stages stand at the door, so we settle our bills, take our last look at Emerald Valley, climb into to the stage and are on our last pull toward a steam engine. It is now four o'clock in the morning and the night passengers soundly sleep in the quiet vale not forgetting, however, the last night's disturbance, that gave us little rest. A spirit of retaliation enters our souls and we raise our united voices in hilarious farewells as we leave the hotel and whirl by the the cottage. We draw our blanket shawls closely around us, for the morning is very cool as we ascend the mountains. At 7 o'clock the sun is bright and nature could be 96 no more lovely; the rolling hills to distant mountains, the sloping plains to grassy valleys, the sighing evergreens and tasseled cones, present a landscape that art can never improve, for nature alone has painted these hillsides and given life to landscape views. While we stop for a change of horses we observe some very curious looking animals prowling around the stage. Their noses are long and their four legs almost come to a focus under a thin body that slants in four directions. They breathe through their nose with a grunting sound and roll in the mud at the foot of the hill. Our driver calls them mountain porcupines and says if we want to see hogs wait until the acorns are ripe. At 10 o'clock a.m. we again stand on the sightly porch at Grant's, where the cordial brush of our garments has changed to a dignified “do it yourself,” for we are now leaving the valley and supposed at this stage of the game to have neither friends nor money. We hear the faint bleat of a sheep which strikes horror to our appetite, we enter the dining room and once more wrestle with mutton. We pull the wool from between our teeth and are again on our way with an assurance from our driver that we shall reach Raymond by noon. Fast and sure we descend the grades, leaving the Sierras behind us, and now, while the sun is brightest and hottest, we stand

once more in the sand at the end of the stage route, and, though dusty, weary and hungry, we hail with song and joy the iron horse that is ready to carry us farther. The past week's travels have made us all foreigners, so we put in an emigrant car behind a Pullman sleeper. A burly porter of African propensities guards well the palace door, but we steal a march on the Railroad Co.'s protector, secure a drink, and wash our face and hands in the marble wash-bowl, for which the porter wants a dollar, but, knowing we are just from the Yosemite, he does not force his demand. The whistle sounds long and loud, we bid farewell to our faithful driver, Oliver Lobin, who assures us we are the pleasantest party he ever brought from the valley. At two o'clock p.m. we are at Berenda and now we must separate from our party who have accompanied us to, through and from the valley, for all but six go pack to San Francisco. We linger to say good-bye, promise to send them our journal, and reluctantly turn in another direction, perhaps to leave them forever.

We register at a hotel, the only house in the place, and find firstclass accommodations. We now have time to think and talk over our situation. We find our clothing, which we have worn a week, anything but tidy, our hosiery perforated and shoes worn off at the 97 toes. Now we have often heard of children being put to bed to have their clothes mended, but who ever heard of ladies retiring until their clothes were washed? Yet, as all rules have exceptions there is one written today. We secure the services of a Chinaman and with our friend and companion retire for rest. At six o'clock we are ourselves again and partake of a hearty dinner, after which we take a walk to view the setting sun, which now sinks below the horizon in oriental loveliness. We post our journals of our day's journey and our friends of our safe arrival over the the mountains, telegraph for accommodations at Los Angeles, and await the 11 o'clock train to continue us on our journey. The judge, wife and trio enter the south-bound train to find it seemingly full, for passengers occupy whole seats, saying their friend has stepped out for a moment. The Judge calmly awaits their return, then motions us to a seat saying they forgot to get on and the train has left them, which creates a hearty laugh among the passengers at the expense of the average disposition of the common traveler. The conductor's demand for transportation causes a general hunt among the valuables of our companion who never until this moment has missed her lost tickets. We satisfy the conductor as to fare, when she walks down the aisle and innocently says to us: "You have my tickets, haven't

you?" How can we help but laugh, thus giving the whole secret away much to the amusement of our party? while our companion asserts and fully believes the Lord raised us up for this purpose; the first time we have ever known our calling. The sleeper is full so we are obliged to pass the night in uncomfortable nodding as we journey toward the "fountain of health."

Thursday, August 19, 1886.

Early dawn finds us moving along through Tulare Valley near the lake of the same name, a place where every year many come in search of health. We are particularly interested in the account given us by a passenger of the part of Tulare Valley known as the Artesian District which comprises a tract of land from ten to fifteen miles wide and thirty-five long, lying some six miles north of the lake. There are over a hundred of these wells ranging in depth from 300 to 500 feet. A large part of the valley seems a treeless, fertile plain over which run many pleasant streams, while we see many dry, sandy sloughs where water seems once to have been, and though so near the mountains on both sides no stones fetter the soil, and the earliest fruits of the season are found in this fertile valley. On our right is an immense grove of oaks—nature-formed 98 parks—which look very inviting to the weary tourist on a hot summer day while journeying through this valley. By 9 o'clock a.m. we commence a gradual ascent of the mountains that hem in the great San Joaquin valley on the south, and for 20 miles the grade ascends 116 feet to the mile, around curvatures so adjusted to each other as to make such uniform coming together a master-piece of work unsurpassed in the new if not in the old world. Now safely around and over "Tehachapi Pass" we arrive at the summit station, over 4,000 feet above the sea, having ascended 2,700 feet in the last twenty-five miles. We search the record of all our guide books but fail to find anything definite at length concerning this master work of railroad engineering over the mountains known as Tehalchapi Pass, but place in our mind a picture of the expanded view which will, as often as referred to, carry us back and over what we consider one of the grandest accomplishments of man. Only think, of a line of railroad made to double on itself and run under itself through an artificial tunnel. In one place there are five parallel single tracks. We now enter a canon, formed by an earthquake, whose walls are from five to seven hundred feet high and five miles long.

We now ride through sandy plains where no type of vegetation save the ungraceful Yucca meets our eyes. We notice that some of the passengers call this tree a palm and some a cactus, but, by referring to our knowledge of botany, we find it neither, but a strange, straggling mixture of its own, well fitted to grace the barren, uninviting country through which we now pass. On inquiring we find that, like everything else, this awkward specimen of the vegetable world is good for something, for its spiral bark is stripped from its ten to twenty feet trunk and used for paper making, and is said to make a superior class for bank-note use. At noon we arrive at Mojave Junction, the only eating station we have struck since we entered the San Joaquin Valley, and are consequently very hungry. We re-check our baggage for Los Angeles, pay extra storage and hasten for our dinner, but find that, owing the "California deliberate movements" of the baggagemaster we have just time for a glass of milk; so now we are again on our way around "Robin Hood's barn" to reach Los Angeles. The Yucca grows more numerous and the white sand deeper as we journey on, occasionally we strike a fertile spot where civilization seems to reign. We pass several bee ranches where many men and women are busy caring for the crop of honey, and preparing it for the market, but we have no desire to live or even stop here though the land may flow with milk and honey both. Now, having reached Barstow, we turn south toward Colton, for our route is around a sandy square to reach Los Angeles.

We have now arrived at San Bernardino, where, on a beautiful plain at the foot of the hills, lies a lovely little city of 6,000 inhabitants, noted for its unsurpassable climate and orange groves, where hundreds of Artesian wells project water that flows in refreshing streams along otherwise dusty streets and thrifty orchards. We reach San Bernardino summit at 6:30 p.m., and now, in the next twenty-four miles, we descend from snow to orange groves.

Here is where the Mormons first settled in 1847. Here the oldest orange groves were planted of all the valley. Arriving at Colton we stay for supper and find numerous boys and girls peddling all kinds of the choicest fruits of the place. We obtain a supply for the rest of our journey, and now travel west to our destination, reaching Los Angeles at 11 o'clock at night, tired and weary with a twenty-four hour's ride through an almost desert country to reach the renowned and celebrated

haven of health for invalids. We step from the train and are met by our friends who, after a mile of street car ride, land us at the Stevenson House, where we find pleasant rooms and comfortable lodgings, We bid good night to friends and are soon asleep in Los Angeles.

Friday August 20, 1886.

At 5 o'clock we are ready for breakfast, and as meals are not served at this hotel for travelers, we are directed by our landlord to Popular Restaurant where we once more recognize a porter house steak, of which we partake with double relish, for we are far from the side hill sheep pastures of the Sierras. We claim our baggage at the transfer office, hastily make our toilet, and are ready for the day. At 8 o'clock we await the train for Santa Monica, one of the finest resorts of the Pacific coast. The train is long and filled with passengers going to the coast to spend the day. We ride through continual orange groves and fruits orchards loaded with fruits of all kinds, oranges, figs, lemon, plums, olives, peaches and grapes, until we reach the little town of 1,000 inhabitants which lies upon the sandy bluffs around the horseshoe curve of the Pacific coast.

Here we find a happy place to spend a summer day. Along the coast is a village of tents which are homes for the hundreds that are spending the summer here. A long canopy built of boards extends along the shore, where, protected from the sun, we may sit and watch the many as they go in and out of the water. Here on the sands are 100 groups of girls from school and city life, passing their time in careless leisure while they socially chat, and occasionally stitch at their fancy work of various kinds and descriptions. On a rock beside the shore a school boy sketches the coast. Little boys and girls in company with their dogs follow the receding waves and run from the incoming tide. Baby hands with shovels and spoons pile up the sand and bury their tiny feet. Invalid mothers sit on the beach while faithful nurses watch the careless child. Back of this awning are extensive bathing houses, where all kinds of baths can be secured. Hot, cold, salt, fresh, plunge, steam, or private. We secure our valuables, and avail ourselves of an ocean bath. The sea is rough, and as we are unused to jumping the waves, we hold to the rope while they carry us under, much to the amusement of those who are accustomed to the waters. Conscious of the fact that too much bathing is not well for those unused to the water, we secure dry clothes and sit upon the walk to watch the

royal fun of the tent dwellers who swim in the splashing waves. It is now noon so we secure lunch, sold by the pound, and sit in the sand along shore and gather the lengthy sea-weeds as they come drifting in, from which we secure the snarly roots for ornaments in our home, press a few of the long, jelly-like leaves for our collection, bury ourselves in the the sand until the sun seems sinking behind the oval waters and we board the train for the city, where we arrive at 4 o'clock. We take a street car to the end of the line, transfer and return through a different part of the city and take in as much as possible of the town of the "Queen of the Angels." In every direction the city is fine, especially that part which has the range of the Sierra Madra for its back-ground. This was once the central Spanish city of California, and to-day we see the most ancient part of the city. The adobe houses still stand as the relics of '36. The water that supplies the city is brought through pipes from the upper waters of the Los Angeles river, but now pipes are being laid to supply the city with water from the mountains. After supper we continue our wandering through the electric lighted streets, taking in all that is of interest in this city home of the invalid. While we think of Los Angeles as a beautiful city we are of the opinion that this, like all other points in California, is overdone by the pen, brush and imagination, for where one lovely spot exists, there is enough dust and sand to bury it from sight; and now, in the socalled garden spot of California, we are content with the thoughts of home, willing to endure our winter's cold and summer's heat for the extended advantages and available transportation that exists in our 101 prairie home. So at 9 o'clock we sit in our room and post our journal of our day's pleasure and points and facts of interest in and around Los Angeles.

Saturday, August 21, 1886.

We breakfast at Popular restaurant at 7 o'clock, after which we walk to the general ticket office and secure sleeper accommodations for our home journey and for once we are on time and thus avoid the necessity of being obliged to again occupy "sky parlors." Returning to our hotel we find a carriage in waiting for a trip to the Ostrich Farm, seven miles from the city. Passing through the old Spanish part of the town we ride over roads rough, hilly and winding, with sand at least a foot deep along the banks of the river, beside the irrigating tunnels that carry water to the city. All along the road men are engaged in manufacturing and placing of cedar boxes on the the mountain sides, through which a larger and more constant supply of water can be obtained. In our four hour's ride

we pass many lovely little fruit orchards lying along the river where men and women are busy gathering and packing the fruit for market. We stop at a gate that connects two larger fields of white sand, in one of which are some fine shade trees, where we leave our horses and walk down to the gate that admits us to the ostrich farm.

A raw, green Dutchman pockets fifty cents and we pass through, walk a long distance through the same old California dust, and stand at the double fence that surrounds the ostrich pasture, around and through which walk thirty-five of these mammoth birds, the most ungainly, awkward, homely looking creatures we have ever seen. We query the guide concerning them, but all he can say is "yah;" a pretty specimen of a guide to interest tourists who spend time and money to visit the place. We accost a stranger standing near who seems to know something about these animals. The extra fence, he says, is to prevent people from being kicked by the birds, but we think it is to keep tourists from stealing the feathers, though we can't for the life of us see where they could get them, for the poor birds are naked from knees to hips and bill to wings, and what few feathers are on them hang in loose drapery over their awkward backs; but it is sufficient for us to know that we have seen a genuine live ostrich farm in California, where undoubtedly in time the common farmer will number his ostriches in his invoice of live stock, for the dearth of plumes is always owing to the lack of food in countries where they are reared, for a half starved bird never produces fine feathers, and in the fact we have learned to-day that it not only 102 takes "fine feathers to make fine birds" but that fine birds make fine feathers.

We walk through the park and visit the homes of the various birds, parrots, squirrels, monkeys, etc., but find nothing on the whole farm but what can be seen at home, save the ostriches and surrounding hills. The country is rough and broken and slopes to and from the foot hills that extend across the country. We are unable to say what kind of a place this might be in wet weather, but now, while rain is not known, all we can say is: dust, dust; why the people of Illinois' prairies know nothing about dust, not even in July when there has not been a drop of rain for three solid months. We now retrace our steps toward Los Angeles. All along the roads are the tents of workmen (employed in making and placing water troughs) from the top of which floats a little flag, while under a tree near by the men are eating their dinner. The patriotism displayed in the waving of this

little flag on the tent of the workmen speaks to us more than the finest banner from the highest pinnacle. So we sing once more, as we pass it by, "Three cheers for the red, white and blue," while the men rise from their seats and wave us out of sight among the trees that shade the banks of the Los Angeles. We arrive in the city at 1 o'clock and secure dinner and then devote the rest of the afternoon in visiting places in and around the city.

We find this place a continuous garden of about six square miles of land laid out in beautiful streets, running around blocks, many of which are parks in themselves, containing many lovely homes. In place of houses built in blocks, its finest residences, which are many, stand in the midst of lovely lawns surrounded by hedges of flowers, cypress and evergreens which, summer and winter alike, are profuse with blooming fragrance, while beside the street we see the graceful pepper tree and tall eucalyptus. Aside from country orange groves we see the yellow fruit growing throughout the city. We ride by the University of Northern California which stands in a thicket of loveliest foliage. We are pointed to mountains only ten miles away that in winter are covered with snow, while oranges blossom here.

We pass by Sunny Slope, a perfect realm of beauty, among groves and vines. In an eastern home there is much fascination in the very name of orange grove, yet it loses half its force when reality is experienced, for, in place of sitting on the green grass while the golden fruit drops around you from among the deep green foliage, a field of sand lies beneath, on which a blade of grass is not allowed to grow. To sum up the town we might call it a little paradise made doubly 103 so by its soft and genial climate.

We supper at 6 o'clock, then take the cars for a cable ride over the foot hill grades to the city's utmost limit, where we see the blue Pacific, twenty miles away. We secure lunch and fruits for our home trip and return to our hotel to pack our trunks for the last time, for to-morrow morning we start for home. Our cones are tied, our seaweeds wrapped, trunk strapped, our satchels laden, lunch boxed and we are ready for an early start. We visit with the many tourists in the parlor, some of whom we have met before; we all unite in common admiration of California's noble people, and

regret much that nature has placed so many desert regions between us and them. We retire at 10 o'clock and take our last night's rest in glorious California.

Sunday, August 22, 1886.

We breakfast at 5 o'clock this morning, settle our bills and are ready for a start. The "Buss" driver cries "all aboard" and we are on our way to the depot where we arrive safely with our numerous baggage and await the clerk to secure our checks, who remarks as he lifts our trunks that we must have a Chinaman inside and guarantees the safe passage of all such baggage. Poor "John" is snubbed on all sides and wanted nowhere. We are now nicely situated in the sleeper "Mt. Vernon" and at 6 o'clock the train moves slowly from the depot. We stand on the back end of the train and sigh a fond farewell to Los Angeles, its lovely homes and orange groves, its tropical fruits and trees, its ever fragrant blossoms, its mild and beautiful climate, its mountain shadows and ocean breezes, withal a happy place where December's cold and summer's heat combine to form a mild retreat for the invalid from all climes.

Here the weary forget hardships and life becomes a continual May profuse with ever-blooming roses. As we round a curve that hides from view the last spire of the "Angel City" and valley scenes and life fade away toward the scorching desert sand, we recall the grand and unselfish welcome California gave the nation's army while they strewed their path with flowers and in our hearts place one more fond remembrance of glorious California and her most hospitable people.

We locate our satchels and lunch baskets, tie up our hats and parasols, don our thinnest garments and prepare to be as comfortable as possible, for the day bids fair to be very warm and already we breath the desert dust that must continue while we ride through regions of Cacti, concrete and lava, in all of which, though 104 they render our journey tiresome, we are wonderfully interested; for we are riding along the extreme end of the great volcanic lava beds which have spread over the surface of some parts of California, through fissures in the mountains to the depth of from two to six hundred feet. These lava formations are of a basaltic nature piled up in different forms like and unlike those we saw while traversing Colorado and Utah. We record in our autograph to-

day a new party with whom we journey homeward: Mr. and Mrs. Moses Merrill and Miss Abbie Wiley, of Boston, Mass., who become very pleasant and agreeable companions, though for the first two days of our journey they suffer much from seasickness while riding over lands where the great Tertiary sea long since subsided and left desert sand and awkward yuccas to hold the barren land the waters left exposed to a torrid sun. We take pleasure in placing these tourists among the many cultivated acquaintances we have met in our six weeks' journey through California. We have also the pleasure of taking into our immediate party little "Blub Ubberson," whom we reared to respectably manhood and gave an honored position in life among the R.R. kings of the P.,D. & E. In company with his little Orr our party becomes very jolly at times, especially at lunch when "Blub" pins a white towel around his waist and assumes the character of a first-class waiter in a free-for-all lunch room. Our Brooklyn friends join at once in the sport of the day and by so doing form a pleasant acquaintaintance that we trust will mature in friendship, Mr. and Mrs. Krough, of New York City, seem to enjoy all that tends to while the dusty hours away and we hold many social sessions while the train moves on. At Colton we are joined by Mrs. Louise Robbins, of Adrian, Michigan, who has just come up from Riverside and registers in our sleeper for the home trip. Having met Mrs. Robbins in the National Convention, with pleasure we continue our short acquaintance which we trust may ripen to warmest friendship, for in this lady we recognize culture and zeal for our glorious work auxiliary to the G.A.R. We pass the afternoon riding over alkali deserts and sandy plains of eastern California. As the sun goes down we sit on the steps and enjoy the cool evening air. We join in a literary review and evening songs until, at 11 o'clock at night, we arrive at "The Needles," in south-eastern California, where the down grade from a three thousand feet elevation has brought us to the Colorado River only 477 feet above the level of the sea though mountains surround us on all sides. We are near the point where Arizona, Nevada and California join each other. This place derives its name from the needle-like mountains that stand near. As we have descended to this point the air has been very oppressive and we step to the platform to find it possessed by the Indians, the dirty, miserable, half-clad Yumas, who have come to see the passing train and exchange Zuni pottery for money and victuals. While the squaws urge upon us their unique designs for ornament the braves lie in careless attitude asleep along the platform and depot sides. While they amuse, we can but pity the poor benighted race and we know that soon

the time will come that an American Indian will exist only in traveling shows or mummied forms in museums, and the thought too comes that time may produce a race as superior to us as we are now to them and as cycles pass we too as a race shall fade away and pass to oblivion, while grander people take our places and occupy our now very pleasant hunting grounds, for God's works and laws are progressive. We avail ourselves of some specimens of pottery and board our train, too glad to leave this low depression and travel toward heights where refreshing breezes gladden the midnight sultriness. We restlessly sleep behind the drapery of the "Mt. Vernon" sleeper until the first rays of morning light appear in the eastern horizon across the diversified scenery that begins to develop as we climb the grades toward the mountain heights that have formed the marble and Colorado canons.

Monday, August 23, 1886.

The oppressive heat of a long and restless night, spent in a close sleeper, finds us somewhat weary, as we step to the platform to breathe the morning air. Our train, too, seems tired as it slowly ascends the grade of "Arizona Divide," up which it has faithfully toiled during the last night. We are rejoiced to know we have passed the desolate region and again rest our weary, longing eyes on green grass and mountain evergreens, for we are now in Arizona, where once more the scenery becomes diversified and picturesque. The sun gladdens the distant hills, while shadows protect us from its scorching rays.

At 9 o'clock we arrive at Williams' where we stop for breakfast. We join the "double quick" rush of the passengers and are soon seated at the table upon which a first-class breakfast is served. With our eye on the conductor of our train we avail ourselves according to our capacity, and, while he finishes his breakfast, we note our surroundings in black and white. We find we are six thousand feet higher than at midnight, and, in place of smothered air on the low banks of the Colorado, we now enjoy the mountain breeze where every breath is laden with nature's fragrance, and once more we hear the song of the morning bird as it sings in the pine groves that surrounds the little town. A few Indians put in an appearance for supplies who represent the once hostile tribe of Apaches. They offer us specimens of rock which they have gathered along the banks of

the Colorado and mineral bearing regions. We are informed by a resident of the place that these scattering Indians gather many relics of the old Pueblo settlements and ruins which they bring in to exchange for eatables with travelers. Many bring trophies from the Gila where the thousands of people that once occupied the valley have long since passed away leaving the ruins of fortifications, stone houses, rectangular walls of solid masonry, as symbols of the type of character that possessed these ancient people.

We board our train, now drawn by three engines and continue our journey. At Flagstaff we are within eight miles of the home of the famous "Cliff dwellers," which is found in the sides of the walls of an immense canon, which have at one time been the shelter for the people which might have populated a large city. These dwellings occupy the strata between hard rock, where a space has been left by the erosion of soft rock about half way up the sides of the canon. The occupants of these homes have long since passed away and no one may tell from whence they came or whither they have gone but enough is left to prove to us that they possessed habits of industry, and, according to fabrics woven in forms, their wheels for spinning, flowered pottery, and working utensils of stone, we know they must have been people of common intelligence; and the articles they used then are among the Pueblos to-day. These extinct races become more curious and wonderful when we study their homes and know they sought places of safety and defence from enemies which must have surrounded them. The scenery here is very fine. We pass near the grove of petrified trees which covers a thousand acres. The trees of these woods have fallen and petrified and assumed all the colors found in nature, which, as they lie scattered in fallen masses over the ground, represent the precious stones with which we ornament to-day. In the distance we see clouds which look like rain, and only the traveler through desert sands can truly appreciate a summer cloud. We pass near many canons and steep precipices at the base of which lies green and pleasant valleys, and at noonday stand on the steps of our sleeper to note the deep and rugged fissure known as "Canon Diablo" or the Devil's Canon. As the train moves slowly over this deep ravine over two hundred 107 feet deep, spanned by an iron bridge four hundred and fifty feet long over which we pass, we observe the uneven projections which extend on both sides from summit to

bottom and appreciate the propriety of its ancient name and imagine “old Satan” just rounding the curve and many imps at play in the shelving rocks of varied hues.

The distant clouds are coming near as we journey on and the afternoon finds us among heavy clouds that shed abundant rain, the first we have seen in four long weeks; in fact the fall of water is so great that the train men predict a “wash out” no great distance ahead. We travel through a country of pine forests and open plains, the great and silent record of the primeval world with a story of past ages written on Arizona soil. This was once a part of the Paleozoic Sea, which extended from pole to pole, on whose waters no vessel ever sailed or man ever trod its shore, yet life, long since extinct, remains in concealed and petrified forms to prove the facts of the once existing inland sea. We journey on and on, near, around and through the eroded forms that turbulent waves made cliffs, to attract the traveler's eye and fill his mind with wonder.

It is with no small degree of interest we note the fact that nearly every house we see is built with a double roof, and by this we do not mean two coats of shingles. The house is built and roofed the same as the first and held in position so that the air may circulate freely between the two. We have already formed favorable opinions of Arizona and but for this double roof arrangement we might be induced to locate here, but passengers on a moving train know very little of the scorching rays of an almost tropical sun.

We dinner at Holbrook and then onward and upward toward the “continental divide.” We pass many Indian villages which lie at the base of the brown rocks, the wigwams built of limbs and brush, the cross sticks over which hang the skins of their prey. The garden fields and jaded ponies bespeak more of life and real happiness than many homes of the white man we saw while traveling through Nevada and Utah. As wild and romantic as this country may seem now we feel assured that time and emigration will develop its resources to wealth and position of any state in our Union, for to-day we see it as nature left it when the great sea sought other channels and the dry land appeared. At Acoma we pass a canon three miles wide with perpendicular sides which is descended by a serpentine path to where the canon opens into a beautiful valley through which wends a mountain stream whose banks are studded with evergreens and grassy meadows slope to the surrounding

hills. 108 This is indeed a land of mountains, which begin with the sea level, almost, and gradually rise to the height of ten thousand feet, sometimes ranges but oftener in groups and spurs, which render the scenery very fine as we near their summits, seemingly barren but covered with grass and timber. We pass elevated plateaus out of which tower mountain peaks and through which streams have cut deep canons in which dashing waters flow to irrigate the soil. These plateaus though now given to the wild cayote and sage will, we have no doubt, develop to future civilization to compare with the world. We arrive at Coolidge at nine o'clock at night where we stop for supper.

A long passenger car is arranged near the station for a dining room. We climb some narrow steps and find a good supper spread before us. Here we meet our friend the Englishman who journeyed with us from Yosemite. He recognizes us at once and asks of our travels, and says he is just from the canons of the Colorado. The evening is spent in social conversation and song. At 11 o'clock our companion says we must retire and so we obey orders and are soon behind the screens where we put in most of the night in coughing, until we secure our friend's bottle of Pond's Extract, which in due time brings happy relief, not only to us but the occupants of our sleeper, who have all night wished we were overboard. Our train stops at 2 o'clock, we know not why, but in quiet we sleep till morning.

Tuesday August 24, 1886.

We awaken this morning to find our delay caused by the "washout" predicted at the time of the enjoyable shower we passed through yesterday in Arizona. We are now at Albuquerque, where we have been since 2 o'clock this morning, having passed over the land of plateaus whose elevations are probably original rock, laid in water many thousand feet below their present altitude, losing not their horizontal structure during their elevation, the mountains which surround them in angles and spurs, being caused by immense quantities of rock violently forced through the plateaus by volcanic agency; for in their structure we recognize the same old granite rock. This place is the metropolis of the upper Rio Grande valley. We try to ascertain how long we are to remain here, and find we have ample time for breakfast and a survey of the city. We find an old and a new town, the former the most interesting on account of its quaint dwellings and foreign appearance. The soil is sandy and,

at present, covered with water, through which we wend our way to secure a greasy breakfast. 109 A long whistle causes us to retrace our steps, lest our train move on and leave us here. So at 8 o'clock we pass over the treacherous looking "washout" and are once more on our way. The forenoon is passed in slow travel over and around numerous grades, through canons and forests of oaks and pine along the valley of the Rio Grande. We pass through the many villages of the Pueblos, a name applied by the Spaniards to the half-civilized tribe of Indians that lived here as early as the 16th century. We are much interested in their curious homes, for their houses are built of sand-dried brick or stone laid in mortar of mud. Some of these houses are of several stories in which live many families, and there have been times when a whole community of from three to seven hundred souls have occupied one of these houses. Some are built in the form of a hollow square, others are on high bluffs or mountain terraces, hard to ascend, and comfort is added to these peculiar homes in blinds and doors, made by mechanic's hands. This country through which we now pass has no history, save that written by the curious pen long after living records have passed into oblivion, yet, we consider the present age not unlike in all respects to that of the past, for it is evident that the Pueblos lived here at least one thousand years before the Spaniards came. The ruins of this country are more interesting than the country itself, for it is covered with fallen mounds of earth and stone and traces of home, love and progression, overcome and subdued by powerful, relentless foes; but as far as known there is not one record, or tradition even, to enable one to ever even guess when this wonderful people passed away. After passing over many rushing mountain streams, through Apache canon, we are at the west end of Glorieta pass, near by where, stands the ancient building used as a school house by the missionary Lamy. The Indians are no more, but the brown walls of the little building are standing in evidence of past times, when the rightful owners gave way to more modern civilization. At our right, after leaving Glorieta, we see in the distance a high promitory of rock, difficult of access, which is pointed out as "Starvation Peak." Many are the legends told of this rock, but the one from which it receives its name is the fact of three hundred Mexicans being kept on its top until they famished for food and water, while the Apaches surrounded the base and prevented their flight. While the country is piled all over with these huge forms of shelving rock the valleys between are pleasant and fertile and well watered by rippling streams. We are now passing through the living settlements of the Pueblos of to-day, in the Rio 110 Grande valley. The

little towns along our line of travel become interesting as we observe the civilization that exhibits itself in their homes and cultivated fields; and we are not surprised when we learn that efforts have been made to declare these people citizens of the United States, for we have no doubt but these Pueblos could exercise as much judgment and intelligence in casting the elective franchise as many a twenty-one-year-old ignoramus that follows the gang rope to Uncle Sam's ballot box. These Indians, however, prefer to live in their peaceful villages and govern themselves, and for many reasons perhaps it is best, for the education that is growing among them by means of schools, will in time, place the rising generations above the average of foreign voters. At 3 o'clock we arrive at Las Vegas, N.M., having passed through the birth-place of the Montezumas and the ruins of Aztec civilization. Here we enjoy an excellent dinner, especially prepared for our passengers, for the Albuquerque wash-out has made us late. We hasten in response to the long sounding bell and return to our train much refreshed, but find we are near another wash-out, and must await repairs of track before we can continue our journey. We therefore take in the surroundings of the town as we walk and ride through the ancient streets, in which we find nothing of interest in particular, save the facts that we are walking over soil that was trod by comparative civilization before Columbus made his mark in life, or Shakespeare dramatized the English world. We have passed "Continental Divide," the central plateau of the American world, and are now resting in close proximity to the backbone of our great and wonderful continent. At 8 o'clock we continue our way over perilous ravines and wide spread, sandy sloughs, until the flood is passed and the grades grow higher and longer. The damp weather has again brought out a surplus of conductors, who, judging by their attention at this time, seem much interested in our welfare, for our sleeper tickets have lost their value and we must re-enlist. So one after another of these railroad necessities come to locate us for continued journey. Our companion, with whom we have thus far divided our berth, will leave us in morning, so registers alone for a single night, and we join our friend securing a berth to Halstead. The through passengers are located in a front sleeper and we are joined by local passengers for one night only. A previous night of coughing has made us very sleepy so we retire at an early hour, but are awakened by a thumping, bumping sensation, much like that experienced when a car is off the track, and we imagine ourself rolling down these awful hills to death and 111 destruction. We call the porter and interrogate him as to the cause of this disturbance, and find an extra engine is

attached to the back end of our sleeper, pushing us up the hills of Continental Divide, so we again try to sleep, but the bright headlight of the engine disturbs our mind with vivid thoughts of the regions that are said to lie very much lower than our present elevation, for we are climbing slowly, yet we trust surely, the steeps that terminate at Raton Tunnel, which perforates the backbone of North America. We muse in silent thought of apparent danger from many sources, yet yield to circumstances that surround us, for this is the only alternative in the darkness of night a thousand miles from home. We sigh for relief when the tunnel is passed, and we are pulled instead of pushed down the descending grade, two thousand feet in the next twenty miles of our journey and stop at Trinidad, near the Colorado line. As the train moves on we fall asleep and are lost to the scenic views that lie pictured at the head waters of the Arkansas. A general bustle at 5 o'clock assures us we are nearing La Junta, for here our companion leaves us for Pueblo. We sleepily bid her good-bye as she peeps through our drapery, and are again dozing away the morning hours. We have passed the mountain scenery and are nearing Kansas. We are now riding over nature's abruptness and gradually descend the plains of the great Mississippi Valley.

Wednesday August 25, 1886.

We are disturbed by the bustle of local passengers who hasten to their stations leaving us in possession of the dressing room at 7 o'clock, where we make ready for the day, while our friends are yet asleep. The conductor announces the fact that we breakfast at Coolidge, Kansas, just across the Colorado line, so we awaken our friends who "dress up" for the occasion, in clean socks and handkerchiefs. We enter the station dining room where a steaming breakfast awaits us. Once more the smell of fragrant Rio and surloin cut tempts our wavering appetite, and we partake of all that is set before us in accordance with the facts. We return to our sleeper to find the trio hold the fort alone, where we spend the day in general reception to our many friends who have crowded quarters in the through sleeper to Kansas City. Our little Orr, in the general activity of his body, has worn himself nearly threadbare, and is the source of much amusement for the passengers; yet, with all, he enjoys a good appetite on all occasions and at all times. An accident has occurred to the Captain's satchel, one over which he seriously grieves, not so much for the disfigurement of his paraphernalia as for the loss of the "souvenir" 112 of California's most attractive and profuse

product, a replacement of which cannot be made since he has entered the territory of St. John. Ever since we crossed the deserts of California, "Blub" has been hunting a watermelon, while prices have ranged all the way from \$1.50 to ten cents as we have crossed the continent, so now, while we halt at Garden City, Kansas, he secures a melon at a price familiar with his exchequer and rolls it into the "Mt. Vernon" sleeper. We adjust our lunch table while he extends an invitation to friends to join us in general picnic. The conductor takes a friendly slice of the melon as he treads his usual beat, the porter joins in the aqueous lunch, and so the day passes very pleasantly as we ride over the boundless prairies of Kansas; for we have ample room for exercise and palace accommodations to entertain our friends, who avail themselves, during the day, of our general hospitality. We miss our companion, for with her went the gladness of song, that has made joyous our five weeks' journey. All day we have traveled over the broad prairies which, on all sides, extend away and are lost in the distance, like the boundless surface of the ocean, yet we pass through many thriving towns which have sprung up like mushrooms, as it were, in a night's time of its history and demand time and emigration alone to make the great state of Kansas compare with any state in the Union in wealth and prosperity. Even in our short life we can remember the time when these broad prairies were classed among the desert lands of America, but now known as the "Nile regions of the western world." For 300 miles we ride through the valley of the Arkansas River, whose source is among the Rockies and whose rapid fall from mountain heights gives it an extended and lively flow through these green meadows where tall buffalo grass and slanting willows alone decorate its sparkling shores as the waters recede while snows melt away on the mountains. And now we are riding alone, for after leaving Larned we and our friend occupy the "Mt. Vernon" alone save when visitors enter our car and enjoy our spacious quarters. Now through the region of prairie dog towns and buffalo wallows we swiftly roll along. Our arrangements have been made to stop at Newton, but continual delay has brought us here at a late hour and we fail to meet our friends. We secure lunch, walk the platform for rest and now register in the sleeper "Sarrooco" through to Kansas City. Room is scarce but our friend, "Blub," agrees to occupy an upper berth and give us his down stairs quarters, so with thanks for the accommodation we accept and again stack our satchels. We form the acquaintance of a New Mexico lady traveling with her 113 family to Montreal, Canada. These children are not unlike others we have seen, but who are possessed of the genuineness of boyhood and become a

living terror to some of our lady friends unused to the ripple of childish glee or traits of "Peck's Bad Boy." The mother's patience endures to the end and the happy children sleep. The mother gives vent to her opinions of the antagonism that has surrounded her family during the day, and sums up her ideas in a very amusing manner in regard to old maids done up in the garb of married women traveling through the country, a nuisance to railroad employes, a disturbing element to worried mothers and a holy terror to innocent children. We can but join her in sympathy, for if nothing happens forty-eight hours will bring us to living examples of boy nature within our own prairie home. We also join her in the hope that we shall never quite forget that we, too, once were young and that nature alone exhibits purity in the life of a child. So the mother, lest she disturb the "reposing spinsters," as she chooses to style them, places quietly her last sleeping innocent in her berth and tries to rest beside him. As we pass the berth where the little ones lie sleeping, the day's hilarity is forgotten and we wonder if there is anything on earth as sweet and innocent as a sleeping child. Five times through the night they call for water. At 4 o'clock "Geronimo" awakens and trouble begins anew. From the upper berth the pillows are tumbled into the little one's face, while shoes and stockings follow in close retort; they slide down the curtains, and with their mother's switch commence playing horse up and down the aisle. Their angled forms part the drapery of the opposite berth, and coming daylight adds new criticisms to boy nature, which seems of general disgust at their impoliteness. We can but laugh, however, when the little one peeps into our berth, and says, "Womans get up to dinner," though daylight has just begun to dawn. We part the curtains to find "Ronie" going through the lunch box while the tired mother is trying to sleep. He covers a piece of bread with apple butter and starts down the aisle, stubs his toe on the feet of a lady dressing and lands his bread butter side down on the dainty slippers of the "spinster." And so the crowded sleeper, made up of all varieties of life and nature, rolls over the historical prairies of Kansas, for here, we might say, the great war of the rebellion began, for Lawrence may well be called the "Lexington" of Kansas, the stronghold of the powerful anti-slavery element that grew and spread to consummate our late war, and to-day is possessed of more soldiers of the war, and more Woman's Relief Corps, than any other state in the Union. So amid 114 the hilarious glee of children and murmuring of sleepy passengers, we move along, each rounded curve bringing us nearer home.

Thursday, August 26, 1886.

At 3 o'clock there is a general bustle for we are nearing the place for change of cars, so we select our clothing from the general deposit, wash our face with a towel which "Peck's bad boy" has held under the faucet until the porter leads him away by the ear, strap up our satchels, throw our lunch baskets out the window and are ready to claim our baggage when the tired party alight at Kansas City. And now we stand among hundreds of passengers who have come from all directions during the night over twelve different railroads which focus here, and so, with satchels and shawl-straps in hand and bonnet on one side of our head, frizzes upright, looking like a last year's bird's nest, we represent one of the many nationalities which surround us. We stack our luggage on the platform, leave our friend on guard, and await our turn for re-checking our trunks.

While waiting we are wonderfully amused at the innocence and suspicion of a poor old lady, who says: "This is the first time I have ever bothered these plagued railroads and now am going to travel right. They needn't think they are going to put my trunk in that cattle car for I intend to take it right along with me so I can watch it." The baggagemaster, however, gives it a boost for the truck; but, no sooner does it land, than the old lady yanks it to the platform with a jerk, and gives vent to her opinions of these railroad thieves. While doubly assuring her that it will be all right, he again places it on the truck and wheels it up to the car. The old lady watches him load the contents of the truck into the car, but, just as he gives her chest a tip, she seizes it by the strap and says: "No you don't, you rascal; that trunk goes right along with me." She pulls the paper out of the check strap and starts down the platform toward the coach, dragging the trunk after her, 'mid the shouts of laughter and swearing of the baggagemaster. The conductor comes along, secures the trunk, assures the old lady she will get left and assists her to the train, where she leans over the steps, as she sees her trunk placed in a front car, and says: "Never you mind, old fellow, I know everything that is in that chest, and just you take anything if you dare. I'll find out as soon as I get to Kidder and make you suffer for it." We at last secure our checks and with our friend enter the coach where sits the old lady, indignant with rage at these pesky railroads and their set of thieves. She sits in the middle of a seat, on one side of which is a basket sewed up with cheese cloth, on the other a bag of dried

apples, and in her lap a paper of yeast tied up in a red silk handkerchief! We sit behind her and try to comfort her by saying our trunk went all the way to California without a thing being taken out. She is perfectly surprised and by her looks and doubtful shake of the head we know she doubts our veracity. And so all the way this poor, innocent, unsophisticated “mother of Israel” keeps looking out of the window, toward the baggage car, fully assured of vengeance at Kidder. Opposite sits our Mrs. Peck and her bad boys, the youngest of which already has a handful of silver headed screws, which he has taken from the chairs. The oldest sits on the spitton with both feet in his cap, making faces at his little sister who spits in his face and calls him a “cowboy,” while the mother is lost in the pathos of a yellow covered novel which she has obtained from the news agent.

We can but feel amused at our surroundings while our tired friend seeks the front end of the car and adjusts her chair for a sleep, while we conclude to sum up the last of our journey with the events of the day. It is August; just the time of year that Missouri people hold their annual agricultural exhibitions, so at nearly every station we find a crowd going to the fair. Men, women, children, satchels, water-proofs, gossamers, canes, parasols, umbrellas, plug hats, etc., etc. and young men with their best girls dressed in white and slippers old men with tobacco juice running down the corners of the mouths, women with children in arms and by hand, fathers with pipes in their mouths followed by boys teasing for nickels who are dressed up in long pants and vests, looking like so many clothes pins, all followed by a mob who farm in Kansas, but eat and drink in Missouri when water is scarce and whisky plentiful. As we arrive at stations the passengers alight, one foot at a time, dragging their offspring after them. The men run their hands down their butternut pockets and face the train with mouths ajar, while the women locate their babies on the left hip and start up the street toward the fair grounds, with from three to six small children scuffling dust behind them. Arriving at Kidder we stand on the platform and wave our Michigan friends (who have accompanied us this far) a fond farewell, and as the train moves on we see the old lady, surrounded with her budgets, going through her trunk to see if all is there, while the train men and passengers are laughing outright. Nearing Chillicothe we encounter the passengers of another fair. We occupy a seat with one of the boys, who, during the next ten miles, amuses the crowd by whistling through an improvised flute he has made from a tin dipper handle he 116 found in the closet, which sets

the babies to crying, the mothers to hushing and scolding, while his brother has been trying to feed the baby an apple, in consequence of which it is badly choked; his sister has followed the local passengers from the train and we hasten to secure her (lest one of these little ones be lost), while the mother unchokes the baby.

Arriving at Laclede we enjoy a hearty dinner after which we return to our train and are once more on our way. The little ones have fallen asleep and we now have time to note the beauty of the rolling prairie of Missouri, over which we travel so rapidly, for, notwithstanding the bushwhacker name Missouri must ever wear, we can but praise its lovely land and place it a little ahead of any we have yet passed over, for we fully believe that enterprise and intellect alone will make this state the pride of the Union.

We cross the "father of waters" at Quincy at 6 o'clock p.m., and once more in our loved state of Illinois. Here we obtain supper, after which our friends take through sleepers for Chicago. They locate their baggage in their new quarters and return to bid us a parting good night and secure the promise of a visit should we ever come to Boston, for when morning dawns they will be nearing Chicago, while we are only thirty miles from home.

The night drags wearily, for a change of cars in the night deprives us of sleeper, so, at 11 o'clock we arrive at Galesburg, where we stand on a side track two solid hours awaiting a train. Our friend occupies a whole seat and is soon asleep. We silently nod until the arrival of the train to which our car is attached for Peoria. At 2 o'clock, tired and weary, we sleep in Peoria.

Friday Morning, August 27, 1886.

A loud rap at our door at 5 o'clock awakens us from heavy sleep where in dreams we have reviewed the past. Reluctantly we leave our rest, feeling for the first time really tired since we left home six weeks ago. Nodding and gaping we look through the blinds and our sleepy eyes rest upon the low waters of the Illinois River, over which Peoria's clouds of smoke and dust are sluggishly rising between us and the morning sun. As we pack our satchels for the last time we recall the many cheerful faces which met us here, with whom we joined and traveled to the Pacific coast; and

notwithstanding the “Denver divide” we can but cherish in our heart the kindest feeling toward all and wish for them many returns of the happiness that accompanied our journey through. For the last time we lift our satchels to the train which at seven o'clock bears us from the 117 city and we are truly homeward bound. We know not what awaits us, good or evil, for not one word have we heard from home since we left San Francisco on our way to Yosemite Valley. Since that time we have passed safely over and through all kinds of danger, from depths to heights, from barren rocks to fruited farms, from mountain crags to peaceful valleys, over treacherous streams and through darkened tunnels, in serpentine routes we have crossed the treacherous sands of the great geological seas, have climbed the heights of nature's eruptions and inundations, many of which we have tried to record legibly in our journal and appreciatively in our mind. Through danger and hardships we have visited many remarkable and world renowned places, which though now comparatively accessible to few through time will never cease to lose their interest to the true lover of nature and wonderful works of God. And now having traveled from shore to shore of America's great continent we can but wonder why so many people travel in foreign countries before learning of the beauties and sublimities of their own native land. Why seek the crumbling castles and tombs of despotic kings, and imaginary places of ancient lore, and walk the soil long since steeped in the martyr's blood, from which can emanate only thoughts of suffering, oppression and strife, while in our own loved free America God's temples, reared in splendor and sublimity, vie in grandeur with the known world?

Thirty miles are soon made and at 8:30 a.m. we step from the last train and are soon in our own quiet home in Illinois, in the midst of broad prairies dotted with thousands of parks which from length to breadth represent in full the poetical valleys of California on a grand and unexaggerated scale. Though no high mountains shut in our fields or deserts lie beyond, our picturesque river bluffs are quite sufficient to remove the seeming monotony which some might claim among our thousands of acres of wheat and corn that now has ripened and is ripening to support the grandest state in the Union.

And now, having recorded a somewhat broken and disconnected account of our travels to, on and from the “Golden Shore,” in company with many different parties casually joined from thousands

of tourists among whom we have found and enjoyed the society of those of highest culture and refinement, we once more take up the realities of a busy life, while we store away in memory events, wonders, sights and scenes as will tend to brighten the journey of time and form a store house of thought, from which in old age, we may recall many happy events to brighten our flickering lamp of life

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California is still accessible and each year will undoubtedly, from time to time, record longer lists of tourists to the Pacific shore. Many may come and many may go, but in all probability the Grand Army of the Republic will never again parade in her lovely valleys, recipient of her grandest of hospitalities, for we are constantly reminded in our everyday life, that our honored heroes are indeed passing away. Over the zenith, they now march down the shady slope of life, their bowed forms and silvered locks assure us they are fast ripening for eternity. One by one they pass death's portals and are ushered to the eternal camping ground; while behind they leave a principle that tradition shall emulate when the marble has crumbled to soil and records are no more. From our liberty stained soil their heroic principles, unfettered by selfishness or gain, shall emanate to brighten and bless future posterity.

Each tender flower we drop in springtime in memory of our heroes will leave a tender principle as sacred as its fragrance, to vibrate on the patriotic harp of time, when the Grand Army is no more.

So, in delightful memory of a six weeks' tour with the Grand Army of the Republic, and their honored auxiliary, the Woman's Relief Corps, to attend the Twentieth National Encampment, whose every moment was one of happiness, we close our journal at the end of a trip of a lifetime.

THE END.