

that we intended to visit Santa Fé after staying at Las Vegas, told me that he had lived for some twenty-five years in the former city, and begged to be allowed to do the honours of it to us on our arrival. After fifty hours' travelling we arrived at Las Vegas, whence a branch line takes you some five miles on to the Hot Springs Hotel.

The manager of the hotel had come down to meet the train, and as soon as we were seated in it and well off, kindly told us that there were no rooms to be had, as a party of thirty-five excursionists were in the house.

This was pleasant news for us, weary, supperless, exhausted, and at nine o'clock in the evening. It might have been possible to secure rooms in Las Vegas itself, but we were really too tired to be very indignant with the man for starting us on such a wild goose chase.

Las Vegas Hot Springs is a picturesque little village, perched in a cañon between high hills, and some six thousand five hundred feet above the sea.

There are several cottages belonging to the hotel, where people are boarded when the house is full, one or two little shops full of Mexican workmanship, and finally the bath houses.