

At a station before reaching Pajaro a young woman entered the car and attracted attention by her evident deep grief, sighing and finally weeping. At Pajaro this was explained, for here a funeral cortege was awaiting the arrival of a train. The contrast was sharp; here we were bound on a delightful pleasure excursion, she to help bury her dead.

"Each must drain his cup of sorrow,
You today and I tomorrow."

Journeying on we leave the mountains behind and come to the old Mexican town of Santa Cruz, fronting on a fine bay, the name instantly suggesting the perilous and seductive beverage called Rum. The most noticeable feature during the train's brief pause was a fine strong odor of salt, suggestive of a giant dinner of dried codfish.

The railway follows the curves of the water until we come to Monterey, the capital of California under the Spanish regime, fronting on what must be one of the most beautiful parts of old Ocean, the Bay of Monterey. The shore line runs in a giant curve around to Santa Cruz. There is a sloping hard sand beach, up which the breakers send the milky surf. The bay is a deep blue, possibly from the depth of the water, and many fishing boats were rocking at anchor there, while in the distance the white sails of others formed a satisfactory contrast to the blue of the water.

We stayed over at Monterey a couple of delightful days, saw the long wooden house where Governor Alvarado dwelt when representing the Government of Mexico in 1781. A generous house in its time, but now like some threadbare decayed person who had fallen from the high estate of better days. One could call up a vision of this mansion as it was nearly a century and a half ago, a state reception, the Governor and his staff in their bright official trappings, the caballeros in their swashbuckler costumes, the senoras and señoritas gay daughters of Eve, vivacious, sparkling