

the world has a parlour ornament of that sort.

The chief exploit at the Yosemite is climbing to Glacier Point. Early in the morning a merry party rode in carriages to the foot of the trail. Arrived there, the seventeen mules

on by, offers a comfortable riding seat. The cruel-looking Spanish bits excited my commiseration for the horses, but the Spanish spurs were still worse.

By dizzy zig-zags over the narrow trail, in places not more than



PALACE HOTEL COURT, SAN FRANCISCO.

and horses which were to carry us galloped wildly up and were headed off by guides in cow-boy accoutrements. The Mexican saddle, with double girth and high pommel, which cow-boys used for twisting the lariat around, but which the tenderfoot finds convenient to hold

three feet wide, we wound in long procession up the face of what seemed an almost perpendicular cliff—ever higher and higher, till the tall trees and buildings in the valleys look like children's toys. At length we came out on a bare, bald, overhanging cliff, 3,200