

Every one kept on saying, "Well you are lucky to be going now! Of course you will take the cheap tickets," and it almost seemed our own bad management that prevented us from being able to profit by them.

As a rule, they would only on investigation carry you over the most direct and often the most uninteresting route, and they were invariably limited more or less strictly as to time.

These very cheap rates were only quoted when some six to ten days formed the limit of time for completing the journey. This would answer very well for business men or even tourists who wished to make straight for California; but we clung to a cherished idea that there must be something worth seeing on the way.

In any case I am sure the continuous travelling would have been very monotonous and wearisome; not to mention the fact that we should always have considered that we had missed a great deal and should have felt ourselves completely at the mercy of any wretched American or Englishman who chose to bore us to death about the "Kentucky Caves" or marvel at our stupidity in crossing the Atlantic without going to see them.