

ourselves comfortably to enjoy it all, when we are gently touched upon the arm, and a voice low but distinct asks :

“Grand Hotel?” and the notes echo from every side, the first word changed, but the last ever the same—“Palace Hotel?” “Occidental Hotel?” We stop the echo by saying, “Occidental Hotel, please.” Our hand-bag and bundles disappear, and when we land the same quiet voice directs us to the coach, and we are wheeled away through the business portion of San Francisco, and landed in the reception-room of the Occidental.

Not a moment is lost, you are shown a room and there you find your bags and bundles, which give it a home look, and you are left with a “Hope you’ll find every thing comfortable, ma’m,” which makes you feel the boy’s your friend.

I prepare for lunch, and the lonely feeling is just beginning to creep stealthily in when a rap is heard, which startles it. The door is opened, and a kind voice says, “Wid de compliments of Maj. Hooper, de pro-prietor of dis hotel,” and a basket is placed upon my table filled with buttercups fresh cut, with odors of new mown hay and suggestions of country fields and bright-eyed daisies about them.

The lonely feeling disappears. I select a bunch from the basket and arrange them for my belt, and am about to stab them with the long pin, when I change my mind. No! I will paint them instead, they shall be my first sketch, and so my first day spent in San Francisco was devoted to this little bunch of buttercups that came from the fields back of Oakland.