

ground homes. They are of a brownish-grey colour, and about as large as a good-sized black squirrel, and live on roots and grass. It is said that in the winter an owl and a rattlesnake frequently occupy the same hole with the prairie dog, but whether the latter gives his consent to this arrangement is rather uncertain, and as to the truth of the statement I cannot vouch. Not far from here the Rocky Mountains are visible, on a clear day, in the far distance.

After a short stay in Cheyenne we proceed on our westward track again, and soon reach Red Buttes where we see peculiar formations of sandstone rising from 500 to 1,000 feet above the plain, and taking all sorts of grotesque shapes which, from their very picturesque appearance, are interesting objects. About 220 miles west of Cheyenne, at a height of 7,100 feet above the ocean, we reach the summit of the Rockies, or, at least, the highest part of them, on which the railway goes; but as it was night we were unable to get the view from this wild spot. We could, however, feel the cold, chilly atmosphere very well indeed, for it was freezing hard here, and our car windows were covered with thick ice. We are still nearly 1,200 miles distant from San Francisco, and for the next 100 miles or more pass through alkali beds and sage brush. About twenty miles distant from Ogden we see what is known as Devil's Slide, composed of two ridges of rock reaching from a point near the railway track almost to the top of a low sloping mountain. The ridges are composed of narrow slabs of granite standing almost perpendicularly on edge, apparently about ten feet apart, and rising to a height of from 50 to 150 feet—the two ridges running parallel with each other. How they have been forced into this position it is difficult to imagine. We are now in Utah Terri-

tory, and not very far from great Salt Lake, the home of the Mormons. The scenery is in many places very wild and grand. Ogden is soon reached and passengers have to change cars from the Union to the Central Pacific Railway. At Ogden the elevation is about 4,300 feet, the distance from San Francisco, 882 miles, and from Salt Lake City, 36 miles. It would have been very interesting to have visited the latter place, but our travelling arrangements would not permit us to do so.

From here we hurry forward in a south-westerly direction across the great silver mining State of Nevada and on to California, climbing slowly up the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, pulled by two immense engines, through grand scenery, until we reach Summit Station, the highest point on this range which is crossed by the Central Pacific Railway, being 7,017 feet above the ocean, and 245 miles distant from San Francisco. Here we are surrounded by lofty mountain peaks stretching up their snow-capped tops 10,000 feet above the sea. From this point we pass through many miles of snow-sheds and tunnels in the midst of wild mountain scenery, but night has arrived, and the views which the traveller by daylight might enjoy are in great part lost to us. Early on the following morning we awake, and find ourselves on the western slope of the mountains and nearing Sacramento, where the majority of our party separated; some going to San Francisco and others to the north or the south. To some extent we were sorry that the time had come when we must part. During our five days of travel we had become more or less acquainted and interested in each other, and had found among our number genial companions. Now we are parting, perhaps never to meet again. If the short term of our com-