

interesting specimens of the native American now living. The strange towns, the fields, the curious dress and the swarthy faces, and all the scenes of a life that is as foreign as Japan, stand beside the track for a day's journey. Arizona and California present their own peculiar scenes. The first is the wide realm of mountains, just coming under the yoke of a new civilization while strewn with the colossal remains of a very ancient one; a land whose future cannot be definitely foretold, but which is destined to be spotted with herds and set with towns, and spiked with the sooty chimneys of smelters. To all who have not yet known the primeval wilderness, and who have no conception of vastness except that given by the sea, the journey across this realm of magnificence and silence will be a new sensation. The Santa Fe route has also its desert. As a scene of impressive desolation, studded with gigantic cacti and floored with concrete and vast expanses of black and jagged lava, walled by blue mountains and glowing with yellow light, this "desert," traversed at a speed of forty miles an hour, is one of the most impressive scenes of a remarkable journey. The new route to Southern California—being the completion of the California Southern Road from San Diego, on the coast, to a connection with the Atlantic and Pacific (Santa Fe Route) at Barstow—carries the tourist direct and without change to San Diego, to Los Angeles, and the coast resorts connecting with that city by rail; to San Bernardino, Colton, Riverside, Pomona, Pasadena, San Gabriel, the Sierra Madre Villa, and all points in Southern California, running by the nearest way directly into the famous San Gabriel Valley. This route saves at least one day over the old methods of reaching this famous country, which is offering now to thousands of travelers its great inducements for escape from cold, benefit to health or permanent residence.

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