

here in pretty white muslin drawn caps, trimmed with embroidery. It is a quaint, pretty device, and must keep their little heads much cooler than close hats or bonnets would do in this oppressive dull heat.

Another weary fifty hours' journey viâ Kansas city on the Aitchison, Topeka and Santa Fé line, which threads through the Indian territory on the south and Kansas State in the north, brought us to Las Vegas Hot Springs, where we intended to break the journey to Santa Fé.

We passed through endless prairie and fields of Indian corn.

Not a building, not a hill to break the terrible monotony. The prairie fires were our only diversion, and these came thick and fast as we moved heavily along through this prairie ocean.

Our nights were much-alike, jolting and stopping, stopping and jolting.

Some of the weary hours might be got over by late rising in the morning, but this is impossible. By six a.m. every one is on the stir, and by six-thirty or seven a.m. at latest, all the berths have been put back and the car transformed into its sitting-room aspect.

The sleeping cars in the daytime are very different from the luxurious parlour car with its arm-chairs