

possess good company of friends to join you, the overland tour becomes an intense delight.

The sleeping-cars from New York to Chicago, proceeding at their rushing rate of forty or more miles per hour, give to travelers no idea of the true comfort of Pullman car life. Indeed the first thousand miles of the journey to Chicago or St. Louis has more tedium and wearisomeness, and dust and inconvenience than all the rest of the journey. Do not judge of the whole trip by these first days out. From Chicago westward to Omaha the cars are far finer, and traveling more luxurious, likewise the rate of speed is slower and the motion of the train more easy than on roads farther east.

At Council Bluffs or Kansas City, as you view the long train just ready to leave the depot for its overland trip, the appearance of strength, massiveness and majestic power you will admit to be exceedingly beautiful and impressive; this feeling is still more intensified when a day or so later, alone out upon the upland plains, with no living object in sight, you stand at a little distance and look down upon the long train, the handsomest work of science ever made for the comfort of earth's travelers.

The slow rate of speed, which averages but twenty to thirty miles per hour, day and night, produces a peculiarly smooth, gentle and easy motion, most soothing and agreeable. The straight track, which for hundreds of miles is without a curve, avoids all swinging motions of the cars; sidelong bumps are unknown. The cars are connected with the Miller buffer and platform, and make a solid train, without the discomforts of jerks and jolts. And the steady, easy jog of the train, as it leisurely moves westward, gives a feeling of genuine comfort, such as no one ever feels or enjoys in any other part of the world.

A Pullman Pacific car train in motion is a grand and beautiful sight too, from within as well as from without. On some lovely, balmy, summer day, when the fresh breezes across the prairies induce us to open our doors and windows, there may often be seen curious and pleasant sights. Standing at the rear of the train, and with all doors open, there is an unobstructed view along the aisles throughout the entire length. On either side of the train, are the prairies, where the eye sees but wildness, and even desolation, then looking back upon this long aisle or avenue, he sees civilization and comfort and luxury, how sharp the contrast.

The first day's ride over the Pacific Railroad westward is a short one to nightfall, but it carries one through the beautiful undulating prairies of eastern Nebraska, the best settled portions of the State, where are its finest homes and richest soil. Opening suddenly into the broad and ever grand Valley of the Platte, the rich luxuriant meadow-grass, in

the warmth of the afternoon sun, make even the most desponding or prosaïc feel there is beauty in prairie life.

On the second day out from Omaha the traveler is fast ascending the high plains and summits of the Rocky Mountains. The little villages of prairie dogs interest and amuse every one. Then come in sight the distant summits of Long's Peak and the Colorado Mountains. Without scarcely asking the cause, the tourist is full of glow and enthusiasm. He is alive with enjoyment, and yet can scarcely tell why. The great plains themselves seem full of interest.

Ah! It is this keen, beautiful, refreshing, oxygenated, invigorating, toning, beautiful, enlivening mountain air which is giving him the glow of nature, and quickening him into greater appreciation of this grand impressive country. The plains themselves are a sight—most forcible; shall we call them *the blankness of desolation*? No, for every inch of the little turf beneath your feet is rich; the soil contains the finest of food in the little tufts of buffalo grass, on which thousands and millions of sheep and cattle may feed the year through. But it is the vastness of wide-extending, uninhabited, lifeless, uplifted solitude. If ever one feels belittled, 'tis on the plains, when each individual seems but a little mite, amid this *majesty of loneliness*. But the traveler finds with the Pullman car life, amid his enjoyments of reading, playing, conversation, making agreeable acquaintances, and with constant glances from the car window, enough to give him full and happy use of his time.

Night time comes, and then as your little berths are made up, and you snugly cover yourself up, under *double blankets* (for the night air is always crisp and cold), perhaps you will often witness the sight of a prairie fire, or the vivid flashes of lightning; some of nature's greatest scenes, hardly less interesting than the plains, and far more fearful and awe-inspiring. Then turning to rest, you will sleep amid the easy roll of the car, as sweetly and refreshingly as ever upon the home-bed. How little has ever been written of "Night on the Pacific Railroad," the delightful, snug, rejuvenating *sleeps* on the Pacific Railroad.

The lulling, quiet life by day, and the sound, refreshing repose by night, are to the system the best of health restorers. Were there but one thing tourists might feel most gratitude for, on their overland trip, 'tis their enjoyment of the exhilarating mountain air by day, and the splendid rest by night. But as our train moves on, it introduces us to new scenes. You soon ascend the Rocky Mountains at Sherman, and view there the vast mountain range, the "Back Bone of the Continent," and again descend and thunder amid the cliffs of Echo and Weber Canons. You carry with you your Pullman house and all its comforts, and from your little window, as from