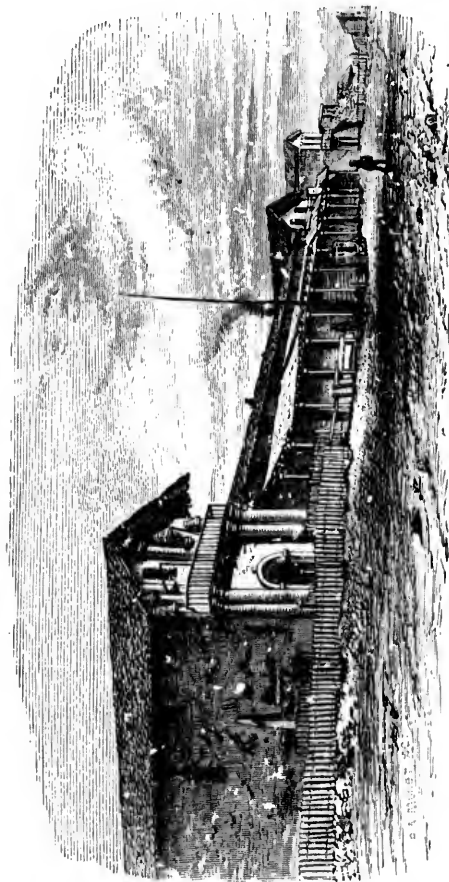


protested—"No, no, you must see the sea-lions, it would never do to go away without," and declared that if nothing else could be found, we should go in his own buggy, and he would wait till we came back.



MISSION CHURCH—SAN FRANCISCO.

Leaving us with a country shop-keeper, a friend of his, who invited us into his private parlor, and entertained us with an account of his six months' trip across the country before the great Union Pacific Railroad was