

ive spots came into view by valley, mountain, lake, stream, seaside, and forest, each beckoning me to stop off right there and revel in its compelling beauty.

A pause of a few minutes at Shasta Springs and all the passengers step briskly out to drink—strange to say without money and without price—of the bounteous rushing spring whose effervescent waters have a pleasantly acid nip, probably from the mineral with which it is impregnated. On a fixture, according to theory, cups were to be had by dropping a nickel into a slot, but this was merely a theory, the fact being that the machine was out of order, so the cups could not be had, and so while many adopted the custom of our primeval ancestors and drank out of overflowing hands, many of the fastidious and unresourceful went away sadder and thirstier men.

Now we are running through mountain valleys, and spots are pointed out where there are fine copper prospects, but this fails to excite us who are post-graduates in mineral prospects, and years ago forced into the belief in the correctness of that old missionary hymn wherein it sings that "Every prospect pleases and only men (prospectors) are vile."

The train—the swell Shasta Limited by the way—now rolls through broadening valleys, and orchards begin to be in evidence, the trees in long precise rows and coated as high as the limbs white with a washing of lime. The oak now becomes frequent, and continues to be more frequent as we go south until we reach the region where the cypress is prominent. The oaks are usually Live Oaks wearing their green leaves all the year round. A splendid sturdy tree, always a gratifying picture in the landscape and worthy of the old English song, whose refrain is:

"Here's to the oak, the brave old oak

Who has ruled in the green woods long,

Here's health and renown to his broad green  
crown,

And his fifty arms so strong."