

*Saturday, June 16th.* We reached here about 6 p. m. All the afternoon we had traveled with the beautiful presence of Mt. Rainier, or, as the people of this locality call it, Mt. Tacoma. As our road wound its way northward, this perfect mountain could be constantly seen on our right. Language is inadequate to give an idea of its grandeur. There are said to be three glaciers on its summit. Its shape is unusually symmetrical, and we could not help comparing its charms with those of Mt. Shasta, which had so delighted us on our journey through the picturesque valley of the upper Sacramento. Either it was because the one was out of sight and the other present, or because of the small increase of height that Rainier possesses which lifts it higher into the serene blue above, but certainly the latter gave me a pleasure and satisfaction that will last forever, and which I did not find in Shasta.

We left our train at Pacific Street, in the business portion of the town, in order to do