

SUMMER SUNS IN THE FAR WEST.

CHAPTER I.

EDINBURGH TO PHILADELPHIA.

IT was on a chequered day of April 1889 that, leaving home for a long furlough, my wife and I got on board the *Furnessia* at Greenock, amid the usual excitement over luggage, and the terror lest some package intended for present use should lose its way and wander into the hold. An Edinburgh winter is a somewhat serious thing both for men and women who are not altogether backward in the service of the public, and a long holiday seemed very desirable for both, if we were to return to harness, and spend the evening of life in active service. Having a married son near Los Angeles, in Southern California, we determined to direct our footsteps thither and spend a few weeks in that semi-fabulous region. Some of our worthy friends thought that, being well on in the sixties, we were fit for the lunatic asylum in undertaking such a journey at our time of life. We pointed out that modern travel had been reduced to the simplest of arts: that we had just to go on board the steamer at Greenock and