

race found in Canada, rather darker in color, with strong marked prominent features, the females somewhat fleshy. Several of these men were gaily clothed, one young fellow having his arms tied up with ribbons. The women had straight lines drawn down from the lips to the chins. In Canada, on the plains, it is usually the men who do the painting.

The route of the Santa Fe Railway skirts the southern end of the Rocky Mountains, and for a thousand or more miles runs through a most desolate country where only the cactus flourish. The houses of the natives are called Adobes, usually pronounced "Dobes." It is a little one story miserable looking house with a door and window. In fact from the time we left Kansas City until we reached California, with the exception of a few places, all the dwellings are miserably poor. The small villages are generally composed of a few saloons, and very seldom one meets with a church. This section of the United States is a good field for missionary labor. The lands in Kansas are very good, and corn seems to be the chief staple. The houses are the smallest country houses we ever saw, and the explanation is that the land is owned by absentee land lords and the occupants are only tenants, who pay as much in rent annually as should buy the farm, and the landlord puts as little money into the house as possible. They have no barns, and consequently must sell the crops at once. Very few gardens or orchards are met, and very few cattle are seen. We can hardly realize that this is the Kansas that in my youth the churches in the east were arming their young men with revolvers and sending them out west to hold the land from the grasp of the slave holder to be handed over to absentee landlords, popularly called "millionaires" in the United States. There is room for legislation here. If this country was called Ireland how its wrongs would be published in every American paper. Perhaps the day may come, that some American

statesmen will arise and copy some of the land laws of Ireland to help the poor hardworking farmer to retain some of the profits of his industry,—and be enabled to live in a comfortable home.

The scenery along the Santa Fe route is rather tame, a few times we entered a tunnel, climbed mountains, and had some pretty sights, the mountains as a rule were to the north, with occasionally some snow capped ones in the distance. But the redeeming feature of the route was a visit to the Grand Canon of Arizona. To see this sight you have to take a branch line from Williams, the Grand Canon Railway, that takes one up to the very edge of the Canon. The first look opens one's eyes with astonishment, nothing that one imagines comes up to the reality. The first remark heard was "the Falls are not in it," and certainly no place that we ever visited, approached it in grandeur and magnificence, the richness of the coloring, the extent of the view and the magnificence of the whole surroundings were so grand, that one confessed at once that he had never seen anything at all approaching it. We have seen Niagara Falls, the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, slept on the top of Mount Washington, visited the Trossachs in Scotland, the Giants Causeway in Ireland, the Great Cave of Kentucky, the Garden of the Gods, and the Royal Gorge and all the sights rolled into one cannot compare with the sight of the Grand Canon. As C. A. Higgins, in his account of the Grand Canon well says:

"An inferno, swathed in soft celestial fires; a whole chaotic under-world, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension. The beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail; he is overwhelmed by the *ensemble* of a stupendous panorama, a thousand