

Without water or food they slowly perished. Two hundred and fifty died in one place, not forty yards across, while the Apaches chanted, danced and kept guard below and the vultures gathered around to claim their own.

California.

At last we crossed the Colorado river and into the Golden State. A great crowd was waiting for us at Needles. There were Indians with the longest black hair I ever saw. Massive cactus, Spanish bear grass, palmetto palms and little dried up white people, that was a strange group. Beer was fifteen cents a glass, but they gave us pears and green figs and we were happy. The band played some lively music, the Mexicans grinned, the Indians grunted and the white population sent up a sickly cheer. Such was my first glimpse of the famous country of '49.'

Then came hours of dreary riding past yellow hills, over alkali flats and sandy plains, good for nothing except centipedes, rattle-snakes, and tall prickly cactus. The country became rougher as we went along. I saw a wheat field by the roadside, a house appeared in the distance and then we looked down in the valley.

Down, down, down, through fifteen winding tunnels. We could look back and see the track far up the mountain side. At times the train would go under where but a few moments before it had passed over. It was a grand descent. On every hand were great boulders and scraggy pines and little grey squirrels running everywhere. So we sat in the open door, drunk with the beautiful scenery, laughed at the squirrels and counted four wolves.

Then we reached the valley, and with it came sage brush, telephone poles and jack rabbits without number. There was but little shade anywhere and to see half a dozen rabbits sitting on the shady side of a fence post was a common sight. As we went by they gave us a side glance, elevated their ears just a little and, with a sign of recognition, closed their eyes. I suppose they had seen so many soldiers pass it was getting very ordinary; but they were the coolest jacks I ever saw.

One morning I awoke to find the train at a standstill. To the left was a broad archway over which was painted, in gilded letters, "Oakland Ferry."

'Twas the Pacific at last. Half an hour more found us on the ferryboat and we were soon landed at San Francisco. The regiment marched out to Presidio. I stayed back to view the town.

Everyone was happy, for the 1st California Volunteers had just been mustered out and were back again to haunts so dear. Nowhere did I see such whole-souled, warm-hearted people as here. Officers and men were treated the same and the boy in blue was the man of the hour. I went out to the

grounds that night. The boys were already in their new quarters and were happy as could be. They stayed there ten days and left on Sunday. The day before I went over the old sea wall and looked at the harbor defence out in the bay. The battleship "Iowa" rolled at her anchors. I walked out upon the long neck of land that stretches towards the Golden Gate, then down to the beach and threw stones at the sea birds until my arms refused to act. I heard the dull boom, boom, of the breakers upon a distant rocky shore; across the bay a fog horn kept continually howling. Steamers leaving long tails of smoke went by. I looked toward the setting sun. Somewhere in the broad expanse it shone upon was the place I longed to reach. Tomorrow would begin to tell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

A national convention is hereby called to meet in the city of Springfield, Ohio, Wednesday and Thursday, October 10 and 11, for the purpose of organizing a national league of village improvement associations and other societies which devote their energies wholly or in part to the promotion of public beauty. The first session will be held on Wednesday morning October 10, at 10 o'clock.

Every village improvement association in the United States, and every other society which is interested in outdoor art, will be entitled to two delegates in this convention. All persons who are interested in the success of the wider movement for public beauty are cordially invited and respectfully urged to attend this convention, in the deliberations of which they will be cheerfully accorded the privilege of participating.

Further announcements as to program and other particulars will be made at a later date.

John H. Patterson, president National Cash Register Co., Dayton, O.

Frank Chapin Bray, editor The Chautauquan, Cleveland, O.

J. Sterling Morton, Ex-Secretary of Agriculture, Nebraska City, Neb.

Helen M. Gougar, lawyer and lecturer, La Fayette, Ind.

Capt. Henry Metcalfe, capitalist, Cold Spring, N. Y.

Louise E. Dew, editor, "How to Grow Flowers," Springfield, O.

E. J. Wheeler, editor "The Literary Digest," New York, N. Y.

Samuel M. Jones, mayor, Toledo, O.

Cynthia Westover Alden, president International Sunshine Society, New York, N. Y.

A. L. Thomas, advertising agent, Chicago, Ill.

Jessie M. Good, warder Public Library, Springfield, O.

L. B. Logan, lawyer and lecturer, Alliance, O.

Col. Prentiss Ingraham, author, New York, N. Y.

D. J. Thomas, publisher "How to Grow Flowers," Springfield, O.

Albert Langley Brown, "The Dial," Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. R. A. Foster, journalist, Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. W. H. Frey, president Improvement League, Stephenville, Tex.

Mrs. Henry Wight, president Improvement League, Thomasville, Ga.

The Danvers Improvement League, Danvers, Mass., by W. W. Eaton, president.

The Springfield Improvement League, Springfield, O., by Clifton M. Nichols, secretary.

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