SUNSET TO SUNRISE.

From San Francisco, Cal., to New Orleans.

Sights and Scenes on a Straight Railroad Ride of Nearly 2,000 Miles From Ocean to Gulf.

Miles of freight and passenger cars leave the Southern Pacific Mole that juts into the bay opposite San Francisco every day. One long arm of steel reaches out to Ogden, another south to Portland, and a still longer one away down south to Dixie, "miles to New Orleans.

The engine on train No. 19 is courting gently with its baby pump work. As we are starting the engineer is carefully oiling the component machine that pulls the long train, bound for Los Angeles, Yuma, Tucson, El Paso, San Antonio, Houston and the Gulf of Mexico—and on the lick of 5:00 p.m., we pass the way only to many attractions and allurements that excite the admiration of the traveler.

The first 100 miles passes down the great wheat region, the San Joaquin valley, where hills and curves of every kind are raised. The Sierras are on your left, the Coast range on the right. A magnificent plain with hills extending for miles without a stone—a monument line of attractions the monotony and offer suggestions as to the great future when all this land is cultivated and its manifold resources developed.

The next 200 miles carries us over the famous Tehachapi pass, with its miles railroad loop and many tunnels cut in to the Mojave desert where the Santa Fe starts across the wild western territories, Arizona for Albuquerque, and the East. And on this line were the curious growths which there are seen, as well as other desert growths. But the sculptor of sand has grieved the dust of centuries and brought artificial water to the surface so that towns and villages are springing up where a Jack rabbit could not make a living house.

Leaving the desert, we shift down the Mojave canyon. The Sierra Madre mountains are on the south and the Sierra Nevada range of the third low but grand mountains entered through the San Francisco tunnel, one and a quarter miles long, and into the paradise of lower California, the orange region.

There is no place in the world where more has done to make it the beautiful nothing place for man as the country where Riverside, the citrus growths. It is the one place in this great land called North America where everything that a man needs to be happy and rich can be raised, where the cactus and climate are cool, and Royal Palms are twin with other places are covered up with a blanket of snow.

Along each side of the track from the end of the tunnel, through the city of Los Angeles and on past San Bernardino where the Mormon pioneers planted the first orange orchards, and ready to a place called Indio, is a succession of floral and horticultural beauty superior to any spot on earth that I have ever seen. Think of the fact that the redwood region is only one of thousands of miles of orange groves from the East from this region as well as other products, and that the land this country needs sell for twelve to $1,000 per ton in Los Angeles, prunes, which and other fruits and that a few hundred miles of track would open up to that Lake of the productions mother earth and give time in a few hours tropical and semi-tropical fruits in addition to the productions of the north which we already enjoy. I venture the condition that over the Salt Lake and Los Angeles is finished, the market of our coast city would be the finest in the world.

Time will not permit me to dwell longer on this subject, but I hope to see the day when we can visit during the winter months this delightful region, within 24 hours from the time of starting.

Indio, on the Colorado desert, is 25 feet below sea level. The railroad company has transformed this sandy waste into a tropical oasis, where palms and other growths reach a majesty to the and scenic attraction almost beyond belief. At Indio, a little farther up, it is 220 feet below sea level.

We are now on the dreaded Colorado desert—a barren, sandy, gravelly, every stretch of country of 150 miles from the commencement to the finish at Yuma. Water tanks are built for the use of stations and section houses. There is a total absence of verdure. The walking stick cactus and the mesquit, with a few prickly shrubs, are the only growths visible. To the east are the mountains bordering the Colorado river and on the west the Coast range, and when we reach the Colorado we say good bye to golden California, and as we enter Yuma we meet Jul A. E., to the letter we write now.

This locality has the reputation of being the hottest in the Union. It is full of historical interest, and many thrilling stories of the efforts of brave men and women who have lived here are told. It is also said to be a great place for consumption to resort to the mild weather and dry atmosphere of the winter. Near by this river enters the Colorado. This is the only large river in Arizona. Our 8th 200 miles across the Gila desert and skirt this stream for a long distance. This is the region of the giant cactus that looks like a big-headed telegraph pole, or like the cactus giants. How trees is a curiosity, as it grows in the form of shrub, also the mellow tree, and big cactus and the kind known as the tree cactus.

Maricopa is the gateway to Phoenix and the Salmon River valley of Tonto and other places in Salt River valley. It is 398 miles from San Francisco, and is the very heart of what we once supposed to be an irreclaimable country, given over to desolation and sterility but which a energy being transformed by the energy of man into a marvelous land of fertility. It is in this region that the ancient tribes once lived and have left evidences of their skill in building irrigation ditches that are in use to-day. Casa Grande, a ruin to-day, is the most wonderful of these ancient relics, and is also one of the oldest. The general supposition is that this whole region was once densely populated and highly civilized. Certainly it is being rapidly converted into a wonderful garden.

By the time we have reached Tucson we have passed the 50th lap of 200 miles—we have arrived at the closer time in the line. Here within twelve miles can be found the wonderful old mission of San Xavier built in the last century, and here also we are drawing close to Old Mexico and its quaint people. Flat roofed houses of adobe prevail; groups of Mexicans are seen with their high-peaked hats, standing around the depot, on the arrival of the through trains in the event of the day at all the points along the line; and it is here that the motley group, the native hands, the lie sentinel, the ice of issues, assemble to see the greenhorns arrive from other lands. One evening in the inquisitive conditions of society is the least another in Oregon. You can take a walk along the platform without having to listen to different tales of woe and want from half a dozen persuasive pleasers.

The Santa Cruz river runs through a part of the city. It is the only stream above ground between Mexico and Yuma, and the poor people get water in pitcher—at one time running above ground and then disappearing from sight to appear again at a point some distance away. The varicolored Rincon mountains lean upward to the east of Tucson, the only town that brings their shapes being the sounds of serenade guitars and the mesquit, and in fine trees that abound every where and can seem to escape not an existence without rainfall.

The general character of the scenery from Tucson eastward is attractive more mountains than across the this desert, and between this city and Benson we say good bye to the cactus to come converted and enter upon the grassy it pa and plains of New Mexico. Here we see the Mexicans with the dresses Apaches here high carnival and meet the very uncertain for the traveler by wagon, so they are counter attended. The swamps of Florida are both present alone and the only objects of dread are the train robbers, who sometimes disturb the train name by unceremoniously stopping the great overland.

Near Benson is a Mormon settlement, and here also you see take a train of Oneyemas on the Gulf of California, and Mormon for Arizona