

built and equipped in the best manner, traversing a section of the country very attractive to the tourist. It runs in a north-westerly direction from San Quentin and Sancilito, on the west side of the bay, twelve miles distant. The road has two southern termini, which unite at Junction, 17 miles from San Francisco. The bay is crossed by ferry from Davis St., for Sancilito, and from San Quentin Ferry—Market St. wharf—for San Quentin. We will take the latter route, which for nearly ten miles will be the same as No. 2; then, the route will be more to the westward. When near the point of Angel Island, on the left, the little town of Sancilito can be seen nestling close in beside the mountain. Between Sancilito and Angel Island runs Raccoon Straits. Mt. Tamalpais now looms up away to the left. Nearing the shore, also on the left, is

SAN QUENTIN—a noted place of summer and winter resort. The resident tourists number from 600 to 1,000, their term of residence varying from six months to a life-time. The quarters for their accommodation are furnished by the State, free of charge. The Lieutenant-Governor exercises personal supervision over the guests, assisted by many subordinates and a company of soldiers. The guests come here, not of their own will, but through their folly, and we believe they would quit the place, *if they could*. By law it is known as the State Prison. The buildings are of brick, large, and readily distinguished, on the point to the left of the landing. Changing for the cars, we glide along on the edge of the bay, with oak and shrub covering the rolling hills on the left, one and a-half miles, and arrive at

SAN RAFAEL—the county seat of Marin county; population, about 3,000. It was settled in 1817 by the Jesuit missionaries. It is situated in a beautiful little valley, on low rolling hills in view of the bay and San Francisco, and of late has become a thriving suburban town,

The town contains several good hotels, and two weekly papers, the *Herald* and the *Journal*. Along the streets, and around the private residences, are many shade trees, among which are the blue gum, oak, Monterey cypress, spruce and pine, which present a beautiful appearance. Proceeding through the town two miles, we reach the

JUNCTION—Here connects the branch track from Sancilito; let us digress long

enough to come up on that route. Leaving Davis St. Ferry, in San Francisco, the course is almost due west for six miles to

SANCILITO—a small town situated close in beside the mountains of the Coast Range, containing a population of about 300. On the trip across the bay, a beautiful view can be had of the northwestern portion of San Francisco, Alcatraz, the Golden Gate, and the forts located there. At Sancilito we take the cars and soon come to the shops belonging to the Railroad Company; three miles further, **LYFORD'S**; another mile, the **SUMMIT**; two more, across an arm of the bay, is **CORTE MADERA**; two miles further

TAMALPAIS—Here saddle horses can be procured for a ride up to the summit of the mountain, 2,604 feet, from which the finest view can be had of the Pacific Ocean, San Francisco, and San Pablo Bays, and the surrounding country, that can be obtained at any point. The distance is about eight miles. From Tamalpais station it is two miles to the Junction. From Sancilito the route has been one of beauty. In almost every nook of the mountain-side are residences surrounded with all that money and good taste can provide to make them beautiful and attractive homes.

Leaving the Junction, after 1.5 miles comes the side-track of **FAIRFAX**, surrounded by rolling hills, covered with an eternal verdure of green. Curving to the right, look! away up there to the left—see our road! Can we get there? Up, up we go, through a tunnel, and roll around the head of the little valley, and then to the left we can look away down and see the road up which we passed only a few moments ago. Keeping around on the southern slope of the hills, with an awful chasm on the left, beyond are high mountains upon the sides of which can be seen an occasional huge redwood tree.

Curving around again to the right, up another little valley, our road again appears *far* up on the opposite side, and again the head of the valley is reached; the curve to the left is again made, and down, far below, is the road bed. There are two "Cape Horns," only not as high as Cape Horn on the Central Pacific. The scenery is very beautiful.

Climbing up, see, on the right, the wagon road to Mt. Tamalpais, *under* which is the tunnel through which we pass; altitude, 565 feet; length, 1,250 feet. Beyond the tunnel, the grade descends,