

curving around on the side of the hills, down into a little valley through which runs the San Geronimo Creek. Here we find the madrone tree, (see ANNEX, No. 8) and many oaks with drooping, moss-covered boughs.

Six and a half miles from Fairfax, we come to NICASIO, a small station with an altitude of 370 feet. The mountains, on the left, are covered with a dense growth of trees, of many varieties, among which are redwood, pine, Douglas spruce, madrone, and buckeye shrubs. Passing LAGUNITAS, a small station, the road enters a narrow canyon, down which we run, with the redwood towering far above; pass the old powder mill and extensive pic-nic grounds on the right, which are visited in the summer by thousands from San Francisco—on, past a big dam, and we arrive at

TAYLORSVILLE—This is a small station, named for a Mr. Taylor, who established here the *first* paper mill on the Pacific Coast, known as the "Pioneer Paper Mill." The canyon is narrow, with some tall redwoods along the creek, and on the side of the mountain to the left. Opposite, the country is rolling, with few trees—something of a dairy country.

TOCOLOMA—comes next, three miles from Taylor's. Here a stage line runs to the town of Olema, two miles to the south, over the ridge, and also to Bolinas, fourteen miles distant. Passing on by milk ranches, crossing bridges, through deep cuts, over high embankments, curving around the side of the mountain on the left, the train comes out into a little valley, and 4.5 miles from the last station, and 38.5 miles from San Francisco, stops at

OLEMA STATION—This is an eating station, the only one on the road. Trains stop twenty minutes. Stages for Bolinas, south thirteen miles, leave *every* day, *except week days*.

Leaving, the route is more to the northward, with Bolinas Bay over the hills to the left. The timber to the right has entirely disappeared, and there is but little on the left, with very little cultivated land. We are now approaching a section which is almost entirely devoted to dairying. Soon we come to Tomales Bay, a portion of which is crossed on a long pile bridge, where are extensive beds of planted oysters, the boundaries of which are marked by poles. Ducks are very abundant, and white pelicans can often be seen as well as wild geese.

This bay is about twenty miles in length, with an average width of one mile. Our train runs along on the edge of this bay, around rocky points, through spurs of the bluffs, and across little inlets for about sixteen miles, where the road turns sharp to the right, up an arm of the bay. In this distance we find the following stations: Wharf Point, three miles from Olema; MILLERTON, two miles further, and MARSHALLS, nine more; then comes

HAMLET—Here the regular passenger trains meet. All these side-track stations along the bay are for the accommodation of the dairymen living near, who ship large quantities of milk and butter to San Francisco daily.

Tomales Point is on the opposite side of the bay, which is here only about three and a half miles from the ocean.

Turning to the right, our road follows up a narrow little valley around rocky points, with high grass-covered hills on each side—makes one great rainbow curve, away around the head of the valley, and comes to a stop at

TOMALES—This station is 55 miles from San Francisco. Here the Railroad Company have large warehouses for storing grain, from which large quantities are shipped annually. Tomales consists of a few dozen buildings, devoted to merchandizing, with a surrounding country well cultivated. Mt. St. Helena can be seen on the right, and, in a clear day, *far* beyond the snow-capped Sierras. Leaving the station, the road passes through the fourth tunnel, crossing a small creek on a high trestle bridge, and then a small inlet from the ocean, where we leave Marin county, enter Sonoma, and come to

VALLEY FORD STATION—Here a stage leaves daily for Petaluma, eighteen miles east. Years ago the section we are now entering was the southern border of the great redwood forests. Here the lumberman began his labors, and as years passed, step by step he penetrated this great lumber region, leaving in his track stumps, fire, smoke, and finally the clearing, broad, rich fields and well-cultivated farms, from the productions of which he subsists while persistently following up his receding prey—the redwoods.

The waters from Bodega Bay sit back to near the station, on the left. Three miles further, we come to BODEGA ROADS, and one mile more to FREESTONE, over a heavy grade. Here we come to another