

look after a small band of *sixteen* thousand sheep.

But enough of this. We could fill our book with these and many other astonishing figures. "Well," you will say, "these California farmers should be contented and happy men." One would think so, but they are not. They are the most inveterate grumblers of any class of people in the world. All Californians will, in the intervals between grumbles, express the opinion that there is no place under the blue canopy of heaven so good for a *white man* to live in as California. Ah, well! are they correct? *Personally*, were it necessary, our *affirm* could be forthcoming.

Returning to Summer, twelve miles, brings us to a small place called PAMPA, and 7.3 miles more to

Caliente—Since leaving Summer, the grade has increased; the valley has been gradually narrowing by the closing in of the mountain ranges on each side, leaving only a narrow strip of land. Nearing this station, it still more contracts, until a deep canyon is reached, in the mouth of which is located Caliente, surrounded by towering cliffs. There are several stores, one hotel and a large station and freight warehouse at this place. A large amount of freight is re-shipped at this point, on wagons, for the surrounding country. Stages leave this station daily for Haviilah, 25 miles; Kernville, 45 miles; fare about 14 cents per mile. These stages carry passengers, mails and express. Tourists should now note the elevations; Caliente is 1,290 feet above sea level; within the next 25 miles the train will rise to the summit of Tehachapi Pass, to an altitude of 3,964 feet, an average of over 106 feet to the mile. Within this distance we shall find some of the grandest scenery on the whole line; will pass through *seventeen* tunnels, with an aggregate length of 7,683.9 feet, and then "OVER THE LOOP," one of the greatest engineering feats in the world; feat where a railroad is like a good Roman Catholic—made to *cross itself*. But here, the difference is in favor of the railroad, as these Californians will always be a *l-e-e-tle* ahead; it does its crossing on a *run, up grade, toward heaven*. [Any design to indicate the route of the good Catholic is disclaimed.] See illustrations on pages 233 and 239.

Away up the canyon, the grade of the road can be seen at a number of places where it winds around the points of projecting mountain spurs, from which points

we will soon be able to look down upon Caliente.

Leaving the station, our route will be found illustrated on page 239. Caliente is at the foot of the mountains, at the extreme further end of the dotted line, which indicates the course of the road, and shows its windings, the Loop and the surrounding country, on a flat surface. As we ascend the narrow canyon, the road gradually commences to climb the side of the cliffs on the right, leaving the bed of the canyon far below, on the left. Up, up, around rocky points and the head of small ravines, over high embankments, through deep cuts, and tunnels "One" and "Two," a distance of 5.3 miles from Caliente, we arrive at

Bealville—This is a small station named in honor of General Beal, late minister to Austria, who owned 200,000 acres of land in this county.

Oaks, cedar and spruce trees are to be seen in the gorges and on the mountain side, where a sufficient soil is left between the rocks and an occasional shrub of the manzanita, along the road. Continuing our climb, the ravines are deeper at every turn; tunnels No. three, four and five are passed through, each revealing in its turn, new wonders and rapid changes. No. five tunnel is the longest on this "Pass," after passing which and No. six tunnel, the canyons on the left become a fearful gorge.

Just after emerging from the sixth tunnel, by looking *away* down the canyon, Caliente can be seen, and at the rounding of nearly every mountain spur for some miles further. Continuing our climb, winding around long rocky points and the head of deep ravines, twisting and turning to gain altitude, the scenery is wondrous in its rapid changes. The old Los Angeles and San Francisco wagon road can be seen in places, where it, too, winds around the side of the mountain, and in others, along the little ravines and larger canyons.

The opposite mountains now loom up in huge proportions, rocky, peaked and ragged, a full thousand feet above our heads, and double that amount above the bottom of the canyon below. Again are passed tunnels seven and eight; again we look down from dizzy heights into *fearful, fearful* chasms. Up a long curve to the right, and we are at a point where the mountains, from ten to twenty miles to the south and westward can be seen, the peaks of many covered with snow.

Keene—is reached 8.3 miles from