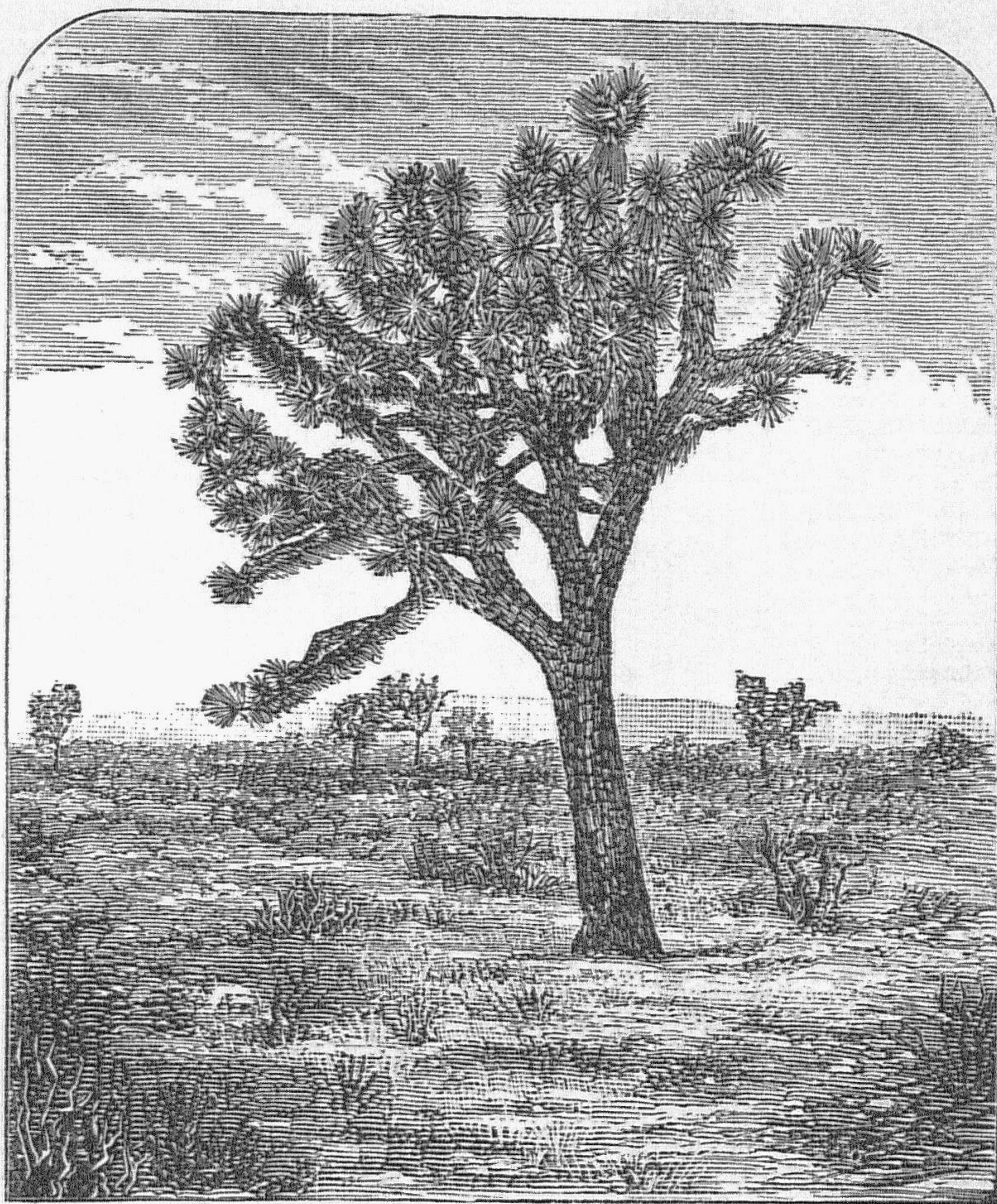


north, 470 miles. Los Angeles is an old town, having been settled in 1771. It is located at the southern base of the Sierra Santa Monica range on a gradual slope, and is completely embowered in foliage. The vineyards, in and around the city, are very numerous; they are to be seen on all sides, equaled only by the number of orange, lemon, and fruit orchards. It is really a city of gardens and groves. Then, as one rides to the westward, or the southward, magnificent plantations stretch away as far as the eye can reach. Here is the wealth of the tropics; here can be seen the orange, lemon, lime, pomegranate, fig, and all kinds of tropical and semi-tropical fruits, attaining to the greatest perfection; here will be seen the huge palm-tree, the banana, the beautiful Italian and Monterey cypress, the live oak, pepper, and the eucalyptus,

as well as the orange and lemon trees in the grounds and parks, gardens and lawns, of almost every citizen's residence. One orchard—situated in the heart of the city, the "Wolfkill"—contains 100 acres. In this orchard are 2,600 orange trees, 1,000 lime, and 1,800 lemon trees; besides, there are adjoining 100 acres in vineyard. But why particularize? Look where you will, and you will see vineyards and orchards laden with luscious fruits, and will be ready to exclaim: "Why, oh, why was 'mother Eve' driven out?"

Leaving Los Angeles, we will take the cars on the

LOS ANGELES AND INDEPENDENCE RAILROAD—under the management of the "Central" Company, of which W. J. L. Moulton is Assistant Superintendent, and speed away to the westward. The first few miles is through the edge of the city, and then past a succession of vineyards,



YUCCA PALM OF MOJAVA DESERT. See page 241.

orange and fruit orchards, nurseries and groves of planted trees. Then come broad fields and pretty little farm-houses; then through a succession of deep sand cuts, and the broad ocean appears, and then

Santa Monica—called by some the "Long Branch of the Pacific Coast." It is certainly a beautiful location, and if it does not attain the same popularity as its namesake, on the Jersey shore, it will not be for lack of natural advantages. Its location is one of surpassing loveliness—in front the Pacific Ocean; in the background the noble range of the Sierra Madre. Far out to the seaward looms up mistily the island of Catalina. The facilities for bathing could hardly be better. The beach is fine, the sand hard and smooth, and the slope gradual, with no terrors of undertow to appal timid swimmers. The place is protected from cold winds by a prominent head-land, and the climate is very equable.