

number, are growing here, planted by Gen. Stoneman.

The town of San Gabriel is located about one and a half miles north of the station, and is completely embowered in foliage, among which are all the varieties of ornamental trees, fruit trees, vines, and flowers, grown on the Pacific Coast, the citizens seemingly having taken great pains, to procure some of every kind of tree and shrub, with which to beautify their otherwise beautiful town.

We have referred to the old, Old Mission, now we will refer to the *Old Mission Church*, which is located close on our left, just before reaching this station. It is in a dilapidated condition, but the bells are still hanging in plain view from the cars, which were wont to call the faithful to their devotions, long before the "blarsted Yankees" invaded the country.

The Sierra Madre Villa is a finely appointed hotel, situated about three miles from the station, away up on the foot-hills 1,800 feet above the level of the sea. It is in a most beautiful location, overlooking the whole valley of Los Angeles, Santa Monica and Wilmington, with thousands of acres in orange and fruit orchards, and in vineyards, in the foreground, and in the rear the towering mountains. From springs in these mountains the sparkling waters are conducted in pipes, and compelled to do duty in the fountains in front of the Villa, in every room in the house, and for irrigating 3,000 orange, lemon, and other fruit trees adjoining the hotel. This is a lovely place to sojourn—if not *forever*, certainly for a season. At this Villa is the best of accommodation for about 50 guests, at charges from \$12 to \$15 per week.

Close to the station, on the left, the tourist will find a variety of cactus not heretofore seen on this route. There are over two hundred varieties—so we are told—of these cactus plants. The ones at this station grow about ten feet high, and are of the *pad* species, *i. e.*, they grow, commencing at the ground, in a succession of great pads, from eight inches in width to fifteen inches in length, and from one to three inches in thickness. These pads are covered with sharp thorns, and grow one upon the other, connected by a tough stem, round and about two inches in diameter. These cacti bear a kind of fruit of a pleasant flavor, which is used principally by the Indians or Spanish-Mexican residents.

From San Gabriel, we continue up the plateau, with the valley of San Gabriel River on the right, 2.5 miles to

Savanna—where are well-cultivated fields, groves and vineyards. Passing on 1.4 miles further is

Monte—This is a thriving town of several hundred families in the most productive portion of San Gabriel Valley. Here corn and hogs are the staples, and hog and hominy the diet. The settlers raise immense fields of corn, and feed great numbers of hogs for market—in fact, *this* is the most *hogish* section yet visited, but we suppose the Monte men would *bristle* up if they were told so.

Passing on, more to the southward, we soon cross San Gabriel River, which here has a broad, sandy bed. Sheep are raised in great numbers in this and the section of country traversed for the next 50 miles.

Puente—is the next station, 6.2 miles from Monte, where trains only stop on signal. It is situated on the east bank of San Jose Creek, beyond which and the west is the La Puente Hills. Most of the bottom land is fenced and cultivated, the settlers being mostly Spanish or Mexicans.

Coursing around to the left, up San Jose Creek, along which will be found many Mexican houses and herds of sheep, ten miles brings our train to

Spadra—elevation 706 feet. This is a small place of a score or more of dwellings, several stores, and one hotel, and is the home of an old Missouri gentleman, familiarly called Uncle Billy Rubottom, whose house is in a grove just opposite the station on the right, a few hundred yards from the depot. He has lived here near 30 years, and keeps "open house" for all his friends, in real old Southern style. He can often be seen at the depot mounted on his mustang, under a sombrero, something smaller than a circus tent, and as happy as a bevy of New England girls would be in a Los Angeles orange orchard.

Passing on up the creek, which is gradually dwindling, beyond which are a succession of buttes, or low, grass-covered hills, 3.5 miles brings us to

Pomona—This is a promising little town of about 600, with some good buildings. Garcy avenue—the principal one—is planted on each side, with Monterey cypress and eucalyptus trees, and presents a beautiful appearance. Four artesian wells supply the town with water, and for irrigating purposes, these wells range