

6.2 miles to BANNING, a signal station, and 5.7 miles more brings us to

Cabazon (pronounced Cabb-a-zone), which means "Big Head," named for a tribe of Indians who live in this country; elevation, 1,779 feet. We are now in the Coahuilan Valley. To the right are the San Jacinto Mountains, covered with timber. From Cabazon it is 8.5 miles to WHITE WATER, an unimportant signal station, 1,126 feet altitude, where we enter the cactus and desert country, and from which station it is 7.5 miles to

Seven Palms—elevation 584 feet. This station was named for seven large palm trees, situated about one mile north of the station. They are from 40 to 60 feet in height, with very large, spreading tops. The water at this station is the first and best on the west side of the desert, and in the days when emigrants traveled this route with teams, it was one of the points looked forward to with much pleasure.

From this station to DosPalmas, a little over 50 miles, the palm trees are abundant, otherwise the route for the next 18 miles is a "howling wilderness."

Indio—is 20.8 miles from Seven Palms, with a *depression* of just twenty feet *below* sea level. The palm trees along here are many of them 70 feet in height. When we commenced to descend below the sea level, three miles before reaching Indio, we left the sand-belt and entered a region more adapted for agricultural purposes, strange as it may seem. The cactus grows luxuriantly, and the mesquite shrub and palms cover the face of the land. From this point we descend lower and lower at every revolution of the wheels, down, *down under the sea*. Methinks we can see the huge ships sailing over our heads, and many of the leviathans of the deep, with an eye cast wistfully down upon us; then we think of Jonah, and wonder if we will come out as he did; then, along comes the freebooter, Mr. Shark, and appears to be taking our measure with a knowing wink of his left fin—he rises to the surface as though to get a fresh breath and a better start for a grand dive, looking as hungry as a New York landlord, as enterprising as a Chicago drummer and as "cheeky" as some of the literary thieves who pirate information from our book, without giving credit.

In some points of the depression, where we first enter it, three miles north of Indio, fresh water can be obtained by sinking from twelve to sixteen feet. Here, vegeta-

tion is very luxuriant; mesquite, iron-wood, arrow-wood, grease-wood, sage and other woods and shrubs abound. Further to the south, from Walters to Flowing Wells, a distance of over 40 miles, the country is completely barren. Through this section, the water obtained by digging is very salt.

The beach surrounding this depression is 40 feet above high water; the lines are the same noticeable around any salt beach, the pebbles laying in rows, away around the different water-lines, as though left but yesterday by the receding waters. Marine and fresh water shells are numerous, indicating a fresh water lake here, subsequent to its being a part of the ocean.

Walters—is 13.3 miles from Indio, where passenger trains meet and pass. At this point we are 135 feet *below* the level of the sea, and still *going down*. Ten miles further and we are 266 feet *below*; gradually we ascend, and at the next station, 17.4 miles from Walters, are at

Dos Palmas—only 253 feet below. A "buck-board stage" leaves here every alternate day, on the arrival of trains, carrying passengers, mails and express, for Eherenburg, 108 miles; Eherenburg to Wickenburg, 128 miles; Wickenburg to Prescott, 65 miles; fare averages 16 cents per mile.

From Dos Palmas, *desolation reigns supreme*, and 10.9 miles brings us to

Fink's Springs—Here we are seven feet lower than at Dos Palmas, being 260 feet below; a little further it will be 262 feet when we commence to rise.

Five miles south, is twenty-five square miles of mud springs. The first is about 100 yards east of the road, and is cold. Then to the right, from one to six miles, are many springs, both hot and cold. Some are 200 feet in diameter, boiling up as though in a huge caldron, just on a level with the ground. Others are smaller, cone-shaped, rising in some cases 25 feet from the ground, a kind of miniature volcanoes. The mud in these springs is much the same consistency as ordinary mush, bubbling up as in a pot, over a slow fire. The smell, coupled with an occasional rumbling sound, reminds one of a region of which our modern teachers deny the existence.

The railroad track does not cross this depression in the lowest place, as an area west from Dos Palmas is twelve and a half feet lower. This has been called a Volcanic country. There are no signs that would indicate it ever to have been dis-