

turbed by volcanic eruptions, except the presence of the mud springs; on the contrary, most of the rocks surrounding this basin for fifty miles are granite, which is unusual in a volcanic section of country. What few rocks there are here, that are not granite, show no appearance of volcanic matter. Spurs of San Bernardino Mountains have been on our left, up to this point, after which they dwindle to small, isolated sand hills, here and there.

Flowing Well—is the next station, 17.7 miles from Fink's Springs. We have risen, so that we are now only 45 feet *below* sea level. At this station the Railroad Company sank an artesian well 160 feet deep, and got an abundance of water, through a six-inch pipe, but it was too salt for use. Six miles further, we pass TORTUGA, a signal station, 183 feet altitude, and 6.1 miles further come to

Mammoth Tank—so named from a natural water tank in the granite rocks on the left, five miles distant, which holds 10,000 gallons, filled by rains, and nearly always has water in it. It is said there are several hundred varieties of cactus on this desert, and we are ready to admit the statement without hunting further proof than what can be seen from the car window. They are *here*, of all sizes, shape and form. Eleven miles further, we come to another signal station called MESQUITE, so named because there is no mesquite near or in the immediate vicinity. Next comes—13.8 miles—

Cactus—elevation, 396 feet, named for a variety of cactus called "ocotilla," which grows in great numbers, near.

To the east, from this station, can be seen Chimney Peak—a conglomerate rock—a huge cone, 160 feet in diameter, which rises from the summit of some low hills, 700 feet in height, beyond which, 40 miles away, can be seen the Castle Dome Mountains. They are on the east side of the Colorado River, from the summit of which rises Castle Dome, a granite column, 500 feet above the mountain range, which presents the appearance of a monster, square, flat-roofed building, but which, in reality, is a long, narrow column, when viewed from a point to the southward of the Dome.

Mesquite, sage and grease-wood shrubs are now to be seen on all sides. Directly ahead is a tall, round butte, called Pilot Knob, on the east side of which are located some lead mines. Passing on 13.6 miles, we come to a signal station, called PILOT

Knob. Here our course changes a little more to the eastward, and we soon come in view of the Colorado River, with a wide, sandy bottom covered with willows and mesquite. From Pilot Knob it is 9.4 miles to Yuma, about five of which brings to us the first view of the river, and the next four to the west end of the bridge. To the left, before crossing the bridge, is Fort Yuma, a Government post, occupied by about one dozen "boys in blue." It is on a high butte, overlooking the surrounding country. To the *right*, on the opposite side of the river, on a high bluff, is located the Quartermaster's Department. Crossing the bridge, which has a draw for river boats, and through a deep cut, we are at the end of the road, in Arizona, and at

Yuma City—This is unlike any city we have heretofore visited. It contains a population of about 1,500, one-fifth of whom are Americans, the balance Spanish, Mexicans, and natives—Indians. The buildings are all one story, high, made of sod, adobe, or sun-dried brick, the walls being from two to four feet thick, with flat roofs. The roofs are made by a layer of poles, covered with willows, sometimes a covering of cloth, or rawhide beneath them, and then covered with dirt to a thickness of from one to two feet. On all sides of these houses verandas project from ten to twenty feet, built of poles, like the roof, some with dirt, others with only the brush. These verandas are built for protection against the powerful rays of the sun. In summer the heat is intense; often the mercury marks 126, and once, some years ago, we learn from a reliable authority, it was 130 degrees in the shade. As might be supposed, snow and frost are unknown in Yuma. In summer, the American, Spanish and Mexican residents wear as little clothing as possible, while the native Indians' covering will not exceed the size of a small pocket handkerchief, adjusted in the mother Eve fashion, with sometimes a long, trailing strip of red material dangling from the rear belt, *a la* monkey.

In the hot weather, which is intense for about eight months in the year, the people sleep on the roofs of the houses, covered by the drapery furnished by nature—darkness.

Yuma, with all its varieties of citizens, is a very orderly city. The great majority of the people are Roman Catholics, that denomination having the only church