

entering Salina, where we will stop for supper, and I step over to the railway hotel. Here everything is the picture of cleanliness and neatness, and such a table laid out as would make the eye of a gourmand sparkle with joyful anticipation; in fact, I don't know that I ever more thoroughly enjoyed a meal than I did this one—good coffee, rich, sweet milk, good bread, stewed chicken, beefsteak, canned fruits, and a host of etceteras. I saw many plethoric-looking lunch-baskets in the car, but their choice contents were left to stale, as there is no need for them on this line.

Salina is the county seat of Saline County, and was first settled in 1858. It is situated on the divide between the Smoky Hill and Saline rivers, and has about 1500 inhabitants. Fifteen miles farther, and we reach Brookville, the western terminus of the Kaw valley division of the railway. Here are fine station buildings, repairing shops, &c., belonging to the company. The surrounding country is rolling prairie, well watered by the Saline river and Mulberry creek on the north, and by Rock Spring creek and the Smoky Hill river on the south, and is thickly studded with fine farms and cattle ranches, which find a ready mart for their produce at Brookville. This is the finest wheat-growing district on the line.

Seventeen miles more and we pass by the deserted military post of Fort Harker, which was built in 1867-8, to defend the then frontier from the Indians, and for which purpose it is now happily of no use, as Mr. Lo, the poor Indian, has departed.