



HALTING-PLACE IN THE DESERT OF UTAH.

SOMETHING LIKE A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

MY little railway trip lasted just a week of seven days, and as the distance travelled was THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN MILES, and the country traversed was the entire width of a great continent, I saw some sights, and received some impressions. So many, in truth, that several of the one have been forgotten, and a number of the other have either partly faded or quite vanished. The remnant nevertheless, I humbly hope, put into black and white, will not be uninteresting to readers at home whose excursions have been of a more limited character.

and could do anything; and had begun to perceive that there was as much *bonâ fide* human nature in Brother Jonathan as in obstinate John Bull. At the advice of one gentleman I purchased a six-shooter, and would, before starting on my journey to the land of the setting sun, have made my will, had there been anything to devise. On the other hand, it was insisted that New York was the true frontier-line and cradle of Rowdism, and "Frisco" the best type of American civilisation. A third prophesied starvation, and bade me beware of perishing by the way; a fourth discoursed most learnedly on the use of the bowie-knife, and the treatment of bowie-knife wounds. An-



SNOW-SHED ON THE SIERRAS.

At New York I found that even native-born Americans were not unanimous regarding California. But even before this discovery, I had ceased to believe that our American friends knew everything, had been everywhere,

and in the previous evening had said: "I am glad you are going to see a little of the States before you return. It is a fault in you English that you don't see enough. You are ignorant of your own country; a travelled American



A GLOOMY CANON.

as a rule knows more of the beauties of the English counties, the Irish provinces, and the Welsh mountain-villages, than an Englishman born and bred there. You are going to California, and you will find it, sir, the most God-forgotten place in the universe; and I wish you well back again."

This was how an occupant of a very thinly-made glass-house shielded stones around him, and the little incident is mentioned here to show that in these matters, all the world over, you may match your friend's six by your own half-dozen. However, my New York acquaintances, hospitable and genial to the last, gave me a farewell supper on the eve of my departure, overwhelmed me with the most conflicting advice, and, as I afterwards found, although many of them knew Europe well, proved their utter ignorance of the Pacific State as to which they lectured the innocent Britisher. It is quite true that the English Smith, Jones, and Robinson will go to the "Continong" in preference to the charming places which adorn their own country; but it is also true that their American brethren and sisters manifest a kindred neglect of the glorious mountains, valleys, and plains of the Far West, which may be reached with ease, and at less cost than their favourite European tour.

There is no travelling in the world, for comfort, to equal a railway journey in the United States. Thus it fell out that my little railway trip wearied me less than a journey of four or five hours has often done at home. At the beginning you somehow lay yourself out for a long spell, and settle down to a protracted journey. The American carriages are replete with contrivances to lighten, and not, as with us too often, to increase, the inconveniences of travelling. The length of the journey, instead of being a terror in itself, is a distinct element of enjoyment; for you step into the car as if you were taking possession of a temporary residence. The steady pace of two-and-twenty miles an hour, at which most of the journey across the American continent is performed, may, to one accustomed to the "Wild Irishman" of the old country, seem a dismal business; but in America, as in Germany and Russia, it is the moderate speed which enhances the traveller's enjoyment. The best class of carriages, in the train which bears you from the Atlantic sea-board to the Pacific coast, are in truth luxuriously appointed drawing-rooms on wheels, where you may read, write, eat, drink, and sleep, and feel that it is merely home in motion.

The insignificant run of a thousand miles through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, by the southern limits of Lake Michigan, I shall pass over—it is to our westward flight what the journey from Euston to Rugby is to the tourist bound for the Highlands. Yet one might well linger at Chicago, risen from its ashes with a swiftness and dignity marvellous to behold. Its wonders, its vigour, its resurrection had been fully described to me by a fellow-passenger, a genuine American, with whom silence was an absolute impossibility. Did I go far? he inquired, within two minutes of the starting of the train. The Britisher, fancying himself at home, put on the usual stony

expression, and replied laconically that he did. To Chicago, perhaps? Yes, to Chicago. Beyond that city, maybe? Oh, yes, beyond. Ah, now, what might I mean by beyond? Well—hum—to San Francisco. The ice thus broken, a thaw set in in the Britisher's reserve, and the pertinacious querist turned out to be full of information, and good-natured to the backbone.

"Yes, sir," he said, noticing my admiration of the fine scenery of the Hudson River and Catskill Mountains, "we are laughed at consumedly for our tall notions of this country, but it is great, and if you are going across to 'Frisco, you'll say so before you see New York again. I know the country, sir; I travelled over the Rocky Mountains before there was a railroad, and you shall show nothing finer in Europe than the Sierra scenery. Do I know Chicago? Well, some, as the youngsters say—some, for I live there. I lost every cent in the world in the fire, and that was three years ago, and now I have doubled what I had before. The city was desolate, sir; not a man of us expected a shadow of luck for half a century. But we did it, sir. We went on building at a house an hour, and in a year, sir, we were forging ahead right and left like a flood."

My fellow-traveller was right. The citizens of Chicago "did it;" there are their magnificent buildings to show for it; there is the "City of Beasts," where 21,000 cattle, 75,000 hogs, 22,000 sheep, 350 horses are accommodated as, Heaven help them, few of our wretched poor are cared for.

"Why, sir," cried my companion, "you talk of your Smithfield Market. Stop till you see our stockyards. In 1869 we sent through Chicago nearly five hundred thousand head of cattle, and more than a million and a half of swine. In those stockyards, sir, we have thirty-five miles of sewers, and ten miles of streets all paved with wood; the pens are fenced in with heavy double plank, and there are seventeen miles of railroad connecting the Town of Beasts with the city of Chicago."

The real journey due west begins at Chicago, and every one I found spoke of this wonderful corn and cattle emporium as the boundary between east and west. The traveller whose purse is long enough can charter a drawing-room car at New York, and occupy it until San Francisco is reached; but there was an entire change of passengers at Chicago, and the newcomers seemed to be of a different type. Between New York and Chicago the gentlemen struck me as absorbed in business calculations, and as anxious to reach their destination for purely speculative and money-making purposes. We were a more miscellaneous company after Chicago, and it were hard indeed to guess the professions or objects of one's fellow-travellers. But they all at once plunged into conversation, and became very sociable within a quarter of an hour.

It is now that you are able to fall into the ways of the road and be at rest; rest such as seldom falls to the lot of mortals; such rest indeed as, were I a doctor, I would unflinchingly prescribe for a patient

whose overworked brain had led him into difficulties.

Shut off from the remainder of the car is the drawing-room, upon whose table you can write with comfort. Arm-chairs and sofa are placed to command the best view of the passing scenery; books, carpets, and ornaments are there. At night a porter appears to convert your two easy-chairs into a berth; the sofa is in like manner transformed; the table is shut up somehow, and whisked away; shelves which you had not before noticed are brought into action, and two more berths are created; and all the beds are covered with spotless linen and brightly-striped blankets; so you undress and go to bed like good children, leaving orders as to what time you would like to be called. If the weather be warm, your drinking-water is iced; if cold, the cars are heated with hot-air pipes; while double windows bid defiance to frost and snow. Between Chicago and Omaha we have a dining-car attached to our train—a luxuriously appointed apartment, with little tables at which four may sit, finger-napkins, coloured wine-glasses, and a bill of fare at which an *ultra* epicure must fain forbear to complain. Waiters and servants of various kinds are at your call day and night. Under these circumstances, who would dare to consider seven days of ever-varying landscape a hardship?

The Father of Waters, the rolling Mississippi, interposes in our path at Burlington; but in America neither river nor mountain affrights the iron horse. At this point we are sixteen hundred miles from the mouth of the river, which we cross by a long and well-constructed bridge. Omaha is the next stage, so to speak, of our journey; and from that station communication with California is continued by a single line, the Union Pacific—or, as the Americans love to call it, the Trans-Continental Railroad—with continuing lines belonging respectively to the Central Pacific Company from Promontory to Sacramento, and to the Western Pacific Company from there to San Francisco. The broad plate-glass windows of the cars give many pleasant pictures of life and natural beauty in Iowa and Illinois; and it is easy to see that here is a country which drops fatness on every side. The idea of space, illimitable space, never leaves you, for everything is on a Brobdignagian scale, man alone appearing in the normal stature of his race.

The Missouri is crossed at Omaha by a bridge over a mile long; and the yellow, turbid flood rolls beneath us with something of anger. This, a fellow-traveller assures me, is not always the case; “for,” quoth he, “the river is as variable in its mood as a woman.”

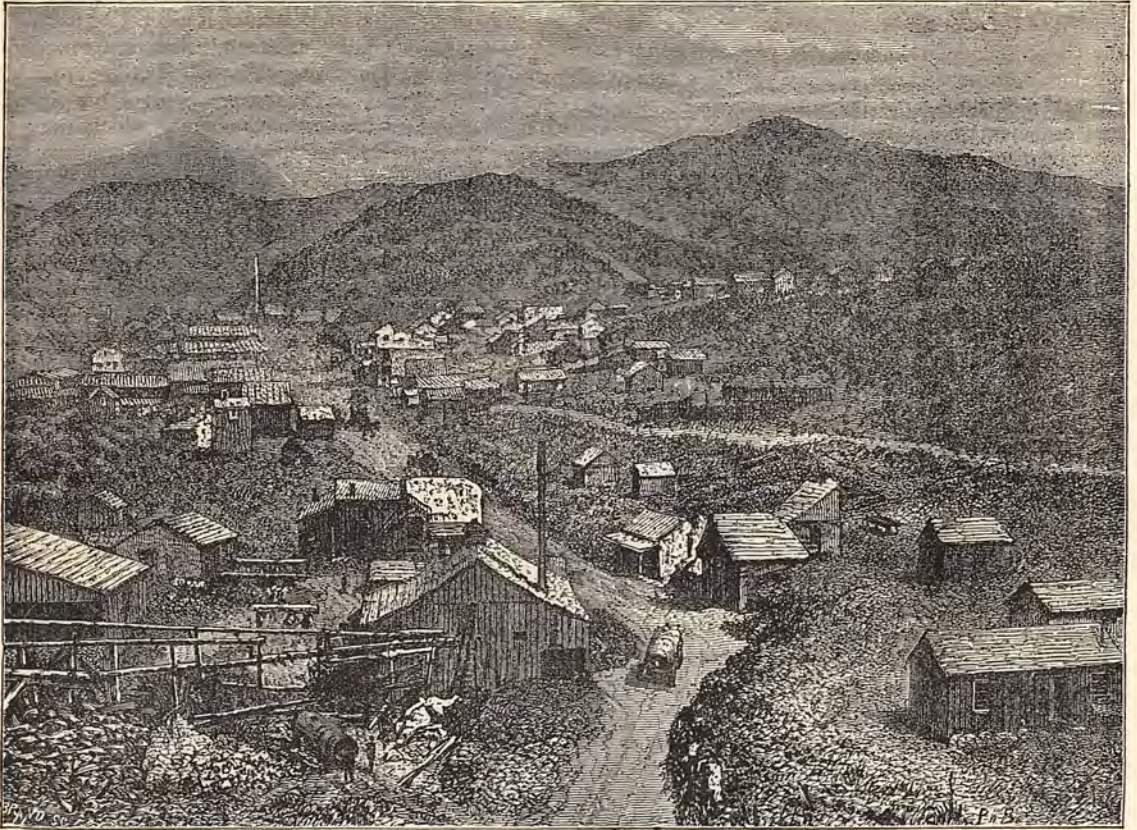
You may be sure that this treasonable speech is made in a car where there is no lady. From what I saw of lady Americans, the bravest man would fear so to offend his womankind; and from what I saw of the men, their innate courtesy to the other sex would save them from the danger.

Omaha is of course termed a city. A store, a drinking saloon, and a few sheds and houses often—shall I say generally—constitute a city here, just as a twisted moustache and French cap make a man a

general or a colonel. Because, however, to-day your city might almost be covered by a blanket, it must not be supposed that in a few months it will not be worthy of its name. Omaha, for example, is now a thriving town, growing rapidly every day, and full of importance in its sentinel post on the western bank of the river. But Omaha is a bran-new community, which, within the memory of young men, was the camping-place of a handful of squatters. Then it put up its dry-goods store, added the drinking-bar, and all the other incidents of civilisation followed. Before my little railway trip came to an end, I had seen many a “city” just as bran-new and limited which by-and-by will teem with go-ahead inhabitants, and publish its two or three daily newspapers. There is a gentleman still living in Omaha who received the first appointment of post-master; the chief difficulty he had to contend with was the non-existence of a post-office. The letters, however, were not numerous to out-of-the-way Omaha, and the worthy official was wont to clap the mails into the crown of his hat, and keep them there until by chance he met the person whose letter thus reposed upon his honoured head. Omaha is now a kind of postal centre, has a grand post-office, and half a dozen clerks.

“You notice,” an Omahaian said to me at the station, waving his hand generally over the plain, “we don’t wait for population; we lay down a pretty steep project, and work it straight up. That’s how we had a railway from Omaha to ’Frisco. The people follow it like sheep after a bell-wether. When our post-master was appointed, we swarmed hereabouts and settled, because it was necessary he should have a decent post-office. That’s how we con-trive, sir.”

For awhile the road, after leaving Omaha, runs parallel with the river Platte, a tributary of the Missouri, and almost as great a stream. The valley enriched by its waters teems with fertilisation, and the boundless plains stretch away to the very verge of the northern horizon. Now everything is strange and novel. I have referred to Omaha as a sentinel: it is sentinel over the vast prairie country where pioneers are bringing their “willing strong right hand” to bear upon the virgin soil. Mechanical agencies become rarer and scarcer as we proceed westward; habitations are sparse and humble; we begin to think and talk of buffalo and antelope, although as a matter of fact there is but one line (the Kansas and Pacific) from which railway passengers by any chance catch a passing glimpse of the former beast. The plains have not sufficient wood and water to tempt settlers in any numbers, but even on these wastes, once the dread of emigrants travelling in company for the sake of protection, homesteads smile beneath you, and you are forced to remember the wisdom of the Omahaian, and to accept his ruling that in “the States” the locomotive is the forerunner in whose wake cities and peoples will be drawn. And in this great Agricultural State of Nebraska the plains, if wide and bare, are marvelously rich, and there are grass-lands in our track said, and no doubt with truth, to be unsurpassed. A party of sportsmen had travelled from Chicago in our



AN EMBRYO CITY.

train, bent upon the destruction of the antelope and prairie fowl which abound in this splendid valley; and I can answer for one passenger who surveyed them from his easy-chair (tilted back at an angle of forty degrees) with feelings of unmitigated envy. Prairie Dog City is one of the sights shown to each other by travellers, and to travellers by the railway officials, between Omaha and the mountains, and we were promised a salute from the merry little quadrupeds as we passed. If, however, they honoured us with a barking chorus, it was in the recesses of their burrows, for not a creature appeared upon the mounds where they are generally to be seen gravely seated on their haunches.

As you approach Cheyenne the Rocky Mountains lift up their crowns, and the land becomes wild with the wildness of rugged barrenness. The smile of the waving valley has given place to a fixed sternness, and it is the stern face of nature, as the stern face of man, which often exercises the greater power. The atmosphere is highly exhilarating; by the time we have ascended to Cheyenne, we are over six thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and the Rocky Mountains invite to a still higher elevation. Like Omaha, Cheyenne is bran-new and thriving. Not far to the south—as in this country we count distance—is Denver, and the outlying riches of Colorado; and Cheyenne is the antechamber to that land of lawlessness and gold. On-

wards, still Westward Ho! we pursue our journey. Granitic masses, rude bluffs, sage-brush, alkali plains, and distant peaks, tell a tale of human perseverance and engineering skill. Snow-sheds and snow-fences appear suggestive of the severe winter storms and the snow-plough with which the locomotive cuts its way through the whitened track. There are miles upon miles of snow-fences; and on the plains, and on the mountain-sides, there stand snow-ploughs, eleven feet high, ready for the six or eight locomotives which, in a few months, will be urging them forward through the accumulated snow. The snow-sheds are solidly constructed with plank and stone, as they must needs be, since their presence indicates a point of danger. Upon this section of the line you eat at stations placed at proper distances apart; and the food, though dear—too dear, I fancy, for the poorer passengers, who appeared to carry their own private provision basket—is of excellent quality. Buffalo, elk, grouse, prairie fowl, antelope, turkey, and other “small deer,” are offered to you in great variety; and as you are permitted a stay of half an hour, and five minutes’ grace if required, the meals may be partaken of in a sensible English style, as distinct from the gobble and sweep which is the invariable Yankee motto. Sometimes a party of us united in telegraphing to some station ahead, and then we found seats reserved, and a bounteous table spread in the wilderness.



A PLEASANT HALTING-PLACE.

Cañons and gorges are now frequent, and the rugged scenery puts on increasing grandeur as the train proceeds onwards and upwards. Sherman stands on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, eight thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and we have now, in round reckoning, completed two-thirds of our trip, and are assured that the last third is infinitely more interesting than anything previously experienced. Such shrubs and trees as have now the hardihood to burst into existence in these high latitudes are dwarfed and shrivelled, but there is game galore in the district, and the brooks and water-courses, galloping down to the plains, abound with trout. Heavy brakes—and the brake principle is applied to perfection upon these lines—are required as the train speeds down the western slope of the mighty mountain range, and in good time a halt is called at Lamarie, which may be designated the Crewe of the system. The veritable prairies come next, home of countless herds of deer, and haunt, in the depth of winter, of the ponderous elk. Still imposingly rugged is the landscape, and most imposing of all, the Wasatch Mountains, which form the wall of partition between the Rocky Range and Salt Lake City. The Wasatch Cañons are sublime; the mountains overlooking Salt Lake Valley, surpassingly lovely.

At Ogden, the station for Salt Lake City, the running is taken up by the Central Pacific Railway

Company, and strong must be the temptation to a European compelled to pass the junction without the opportunity of turning aside to leave his card at Brigham Young Esquire's chief habitation. A tall, thin, silent man, with a small party of emigrants, amongst whom women predominated in the ratio of five to one, left the main line here, and walked away, mysterious as they had been throughout the journey from Chicago, in the direction of the Salt Lake branch. Two grisly men met them on the platform, a deputation of elders perhaps from the City of Saints, only thirty-nine miles distant. A Mormon, an English artisan from Liverpool I am ashamed to say, with whom I contrived to engage in conversation over a cigarette, gave me a somewhat dolorous account of Salt Lake, of the difficulties encountered in hauling timber for building purposes a score of miles from the mountains, of the dependence of everything upon irrigation, and of the several hardships of life in Utah. According to this critic, Brigham, like the ancient leader whom he pretended to imitate, led his people into the wilderness, but did *not* finally lead them into a land flowing with milk and honey.

The Americans speak with special pride of the Central Pacific Railroad, likening it even to the Mont Cenis achievement. Their pride cannot be too great for an enterprise which is worth a prominent page in the history of courageous undertakings. A couple

hardware merchants, a wholesale grocer, and two dry-goods men, all living in Sacramento, conceived the idea of linking the east and the west together. Inexperienced as railway managers or railroad makers, they ultimately carried their scheme through in the face of difficulties which many a time appeared to be insurmountable;—five merchants, opposed and ridiculed alike by engineers and capitalists, raising the necessary money, superintending the works, and in the end, with triumph and honour, laying down eight hundred miles of railway through an uninhabited country, remarkable for its mountains and alkali deserts! The wholesale grocer, chairman of the company when the directors used to hold their board meetings around the stove of a shingle hut, was president of the State when the railway was opened for public use, and was free to the title of "Honourable."

The waters of Salt Lake come within our ken, distance lending enchantment to the view, and shadowy mountain summits dotting the horizon beyond. And soon we enter what with too much grandiloquence has been termed, and is still known as, "The Great American Desert," sixty square miles of alkali plain speckled with the stunted sage-brush. Agriculturists maintain that this apparent waste, dreary to the eye, and useless to mankind, is unmistakably fertile. Geologists prove to a demonstration that the Salt Lake, in those mystic days when the earth was fashioned as it is not now, lifted its bitter waves over the spot where the train now rattles; moreover they dwell upon the steady rising of the lake in modern times, to speculate whether in future years the salt sea will not come by its own again. Who shall put bounds to the products of this land? Coal and iron may be had for the delving; the passing trains coal direct from Mother Earth. It is true that the heroes who built this railway, here 4,200 feet above the sea-level, had to draw drinking-water for the labourers from a distance of forty miles; true that the men were obliged to dig tunnels under ice and snow to work at the permanent way. Yet here in the midst of the alkali country, at Humboldt Wells, the desert already rejoices and blossoms as the rose, thanks to the careful culture and scientific irrigation which have produced the grain, vegetables, and fruit that gladden the present harvest time.

The Humboldt Valley, of which we see a fair sample *en passant*, is a famous grazing land, and amongst the huge, fierce-horned cattle you may pick out the sturdy Hereford and aristocratic Devon, to remind you of home. Where mountains reign valleys are tributary; and this strip of living green runs eighty miles, with an average width of ten miles. Soon we are in the regions where miners toil and sojourn. The long line of small black objects winding down yonder hill-side is not an army of ants on the march; it is a column of mules and mustangs, laden with stuff that represents the needs and fruits of a miner's life. On the plateau there is a settlement upon the skirts of the mining country, a loosely planted township of wood, which may be abandoned to-morrow, or perchance suddenly become a firmly planted city. There is a station in Humboldt Cañon,

a gorge gloomy in its picturesque boldness, and impassable in former times, when the caravans had to make a toilsome *détour* into the valley to Gravellyford, the scene of encampments, perilous fordings, and skirmishes with rascally Shoshones. Since leaving Omaha an occasional Indian, a dismal red-skin, half-heathen, half-Christian, has looked stolidly at us as we passed; but the most sentimental of our company would have been puzzled to discover in him any remnants of the noble savage who, in the fascinating stories of boyhood, ruled the wigwam and made glorious the war-path. Further down in the midst of the vapour which enclouds Hot Spring Valley, a spur of little hills athwart the broad hollow divides the districts preyed upon respectively by the Shoshones and Pintes, two prowling tribes who are Past Grands in the science of prowling and robbery. Humboldt Lake offers some curious sights, good fishing, and fair sport amongst the waterfowl which infest the willow-islands and swamps. Between Humboldt and the Sierras, to which we are by this time looking anxiously forward, as the Nebo from which we shall descend into the Promised Land, there are many lakes; we shall enjoy the consummated grandeur of the final mountain scenery the more keenly after the lava, sand, broken hillocks, straggling vegetation, and basaltic rocks of the Nevada Desert.

The Sierras are now before us, with leagues of massive snow-sheds protecting the railroad from the avalanches and snow-drifts which the lofty peaks, deep caverns, and terrible precipices hurl into the cuttings the genius of man has made and maintained through the last wild barrier. We hasten through a succession of surprises into the Summit Tunnel, and are not astonished to learn that the conductors of the railway have every year to protect their passengers and rolling stock from five-and-forty miles of severe snow-line. Then come a glimpse of California below us, and the morning of the seventh day heralding in a rush down the Sierra from Summit to Colfax, that shall make the blood tingle and the pulses fly again—a rush from a seven thousand to a two thousand five hundred feet elevation, in two hours and a half. The wind makes weird music as you whirl round curves and cliffs, looking down into awesome chasms and upon dense woodland steeps. At the end of the train there is an open car, where, if you are so favoured, this glorious panorama may be surveyed without let or hindrance.

The operations of the gold-miners steal your attention on the lower ground, and the long flumes through which the water is conducted up and down hill, to serve the hardy miners, will for awhile keep the track close company. It is a new land, after the deserts a welcome Goschen, into which you have now entered. Airy piazzas surround the farm-houses, brilliant flowers spangle the fields and banks; the snow-sheds and Sierras seem the remembrance of a dream in this atmosphere of summer. See the gardens and shrubberies and orchards, out of which rises the splendid dome of the Capitol of Sacramento city, and you shall be pardoned for whispering to your neighbour, that if

you were not wedded to the "free fair homes of England," you would be content to dwell in peerless California.

It was at Placerville that the gold-fever rash broke out in this part of the world, and at Placerville a Californian passenger taken up at Sacramento ventures—singular to mention—to speak in terms of slight of the local gold-mining. He declares it a played-out game. The future of the State he believes lies in its magnificent agricultural resources, and in the abundance of the more prosaic minerals. To support his theory he gives me certain statements which I subsequently have the opportunity of verifying, and I will summarise them as the lessons I laid to heart at the close of my pleasant little railway trip; premising, by the way, that the six-shooter was never taken from its mahogany case, that the civilisation of San Francisco struck me as far superior to that of New York, and that while not forgetting the old adage, "It is not all gold that glitters," nothing will root out of my mind the conviction that California is the richest and most beautiful of the United States of America.

And now for brief evidence to character as to this paragon State. In South California, flowers bloom and the grass is green throughout the winter; invalids and children pass the greater part of the day out of doors in December, January, and February; corn planted in March and May is often harvested in

December, the land producing two crops—first wheat and barley, secondly oats in the same field. The harvest season being rainless, grain is threshed and bagged in the fields, and left there till sold. Chilian clover—capital feeding-stuff—has been known to produce fifteen tons an acre, yielding six to eight cuttings a year; cotton, silk, hops, beet, castor-bean, wool, almonds, olives, oranges, lemons, citrons, and English walnuts are fruitful sources of income to the husbandman. A farmer was met by a gentleman (whose name I could give) carrying to market, on a bright January day, oranges, pumpkins, a lamb, corn, green peas in their pods, sugar-cane, lemons, and *strawberries*. Heliotropes climb twenty feet high over the piazzas, and the winter flowers include jasmine, tuberose, and fragrant stock. Peach-trees bear a peck to the tree in the second year from the pit, apple-trees give a full crop in five years, vines yield well in the second season, and the kitchen-garden is productive all the year round. Willow or cotton-wood planted for fences supplies a man with fire-wood in two years, and gives him besides poles to support his overladen fruit-trees.

This and more of a similar kind might be told of this land of overflowing plenty. The one difficulty is water in the dry season, and those windmills we saw when San Francisco first opened out to our gratified eyes are largely employed in the necessary irrigation.

M. A.

ON BOARD AN EMIGRANT SHIP.



HAVING a great desire to go over an emigrant ship and learn something of actual emigration, we visited a fast sailing vessel of 760 tons, lying at anchor off Gravesend. We were most courteously received by all the officers on board, and soon learnt that they were bound to one of our colonies with 400 passengers, many of whom were on deck enjoying the air. There were poor men and women, whose faces bore traces of the struggles they had undergone to procure the necessaries of everyday life for themselves and their families. Others, with more physical strength, but whose improvident habits had possibly straitened their circumstances, were off for a fresh start.

The matron—a genial, motherly person, trained and appointed by a ladies' society in Fitzroy Street, connected with the emigration system—is evidently thoroughly competent to manage numbers by her judicious methods, gained from experience, and to secure their good-will by her general kindness and motherly care.

Her charge consisted of about fifty unmarried girls of various ages, from fifteen and upwards, drawn

from all parts of Great Britain, and who had been, or intended to be, domestic servants. It is her duty to arrange them in groups for the performance of such work as sweeping and cleaning, under the guidance of assistant matrons. She is also required to instruct them in cutting out and making up the materials supplied by ladies for suitable outfits. This knowledge is likely to prove an inestimable boon to them in after life, for doubtless the misery and discomfort of many cottage homes are mainly due to the lamentable ignorance of poor women on these points.

But we may hope for a better state of things by-and-by, for the School Boards for London and other parts of England have set a worthy example, in making needlework an important branch of education in our public elementary schools, and we hope they will appoint a female inspector to examine results.

The matron's little sleeping-place overlooks the girls' berths, which were arranged with much compactness and convenience. Each berth will accommodate two persons, and is separated from the next by a narrow ledge.

From one extremity to the other, deal slides are fastened to supporting beams by rods and bolts, and can be lowered to form tables when required, or raised and pushed overhead when not in use. The "ship lights" are constructed on the principle of a