

the newer business blocks and buildings of Kearny Street, in some portions of its extent, falls but little behind that of the great central and more celebrated avenue.

California Street, at right angles with the two great thoroughfares mentioned above, and crossing them at right angles near their centers—the Wall Street of the Pacific—runs straight down from one of the highest summits within the city limits, to within two blocks of the water front, and there debouches into Market Street. Along the crowning heights of its upper portions several of our wealthiest citizens have planted their palatial residences, elsewhere noted, commanding most extensive views of the city beneath, the bay, Oakland, Brooklyn, and the bounding hills of the Coast Range, which slope up toward, and finally culminate in, Mount Diablo. Farther down, St. Mary's Cathedral, the Alta Building, and leading telegraph offices; thence, from Montgomery Street to Battery, the finest array of business blocks and banking buildings which the city presents.

Market Street is the broad, dividing avenue which separates the older city from the newer, offers a rare architectural medley to the eye of the exploring artist. This great central highway is the longest and widest of the city streets. Starting from the water front at the western margin of the bay, whence it slightly ascends through eight or nine blocks, it runs thence south-westerly, on a nearly level grade beyond the city limits. Its surface presents nearly every conceivable variety of natural conformation ingeniously varied with artificial distortion. Plank, rubble, Macadam, cobble, Nicolson, gravel, stone foundation, deep sand, and, finally, undisguised dirt, offer their successive and pleasing variety to the exploring eye. Stately blocks, grand hotels, massive stores, common tenements, and tumble-down shanties form its varied and picturesque boundary on either hand. When the high, summer winds sweep easterly down its broad avenue laded with clouds of flying sand from vacant lots along its either margin, it sometimes becomes a decidedly open question whether some of the marginal lots really belong in the department of real estate, or should properly be entered in the catalogue of movable property. We have dwelt thus long upon this street, not only on account of its central position and superior dimensions, but because it is, in respect to many particulars, a representative street. Others are like it as far as they can be. Did length, width, and direction permit, they would resemble it still more closely. It is fast becoming the great business street of the city, and, spite of the roughness and crudeness necessarily attaching to most of the streets of a new and fast-growing city, it unmistakably possesses all the requisites of the future "Grand Avenue" of the Pacific metropolis.

DRIVES.—The Cliff House Road stretches westerly from near the end of Bush Street to the Pacific Ocean beach. Originally a mere trail over the sand hills, it has become the broadest, smoothest, hardest, and longest track in the State. If the visitor wishes an idea of California horseflesh and California turnouts, let him drive out this road almost any day. The roadway is a fine, smooth, hard surface, wide enough in places for twenty teams abreast, and is often nearly filled from side to side with the smooth rolling of friendly racing teams, from the natty single buggy to the elegant coach, or hack, and the stately four-in-hand. A million dollars' worth of legs and wheels flash by a man in a very short time on this fashionable drive, especially on a racing day. Along this road are two or three road-side inns, which, like the majority of California inns, are chiefly drinking houses under another name. At the end of the road stands the Cliff House, so named from its site, the nearly solid top of a precipitous, rocky bluff, or cliff, overlooking the Seal Rocks, a few hundred feet west; then the fifty-mile sweep of the Pacific Ocean horizon, broken only by the sharp, rocky points of the Farallones, low down under the western sky, and clearly visible when fogs, and mists, and haze permit. South of the cliff the road winds down the bluff to and out upon the ocean beach, which differs from the well-known Eastern beach drives except that it is not as wide even at the lowest tides, and that the ocean view thence is far more seldom diversified with passing sails. The surf, however, is fair, and the beach usually good, so that brisk driving for two or three miles upon it seldom fails to put the oxygen into the lungs, the iodine into the blood, and the exhilaration into the spirits. Some two or three miles south of the Cliff House the road bends easterly, leaves the beach, and starts back to the city by another way, known as the Ocean House Road, which, like the former, takes its name from a public house, or hotel, near its seaward end. Approaching the city by this route, one reaches a greater height than by the Cliff House Road, and some two or three miles from the city centers enjoys a beautiful view of the southern, western, and central city, the shipping, the bay, the opposite shore, the trailing cities and towns whose straggling houses gleam between the trees of Alameda and Contra Costa counties, with their grassy foot hills, the whole view backed and bounded by the dominating peak of old Mount Diablo beyond. Coming in by this way one enters the city suburbs on the southwest, passing directly by the old Mission Dolores, with its famous old church, and makes his way back to the city centers by Market, Mission, Howard, or Folsom streets.

Between the Cliff House and the Ocean House roads, but nearer the latter, runs a third, known as the Central Ocean Drive.

Over the Bay View Road Drive, from Market along Third or Fourth street to Long Bridge, across that to the Potrero, keep straight on through the Mission cut, over Islais Creek Bridge, thence through South San Francisco, up the little rise from whose summit you may look down upon the little valley, a great bay of vegetable gardens, between which and the water, and on the north side of Bay View Race Track, stands the Bay View House. If one would readily

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness!" Go and Bathe at 113 Geary.

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