

are pleasantly located, large and well furnished. The resources of their side-board are inexhaustable, and the superior nature of their refreshments unimpeachable. They have the nucleus of a fine library, and a profusion of periodicals. In fact they want nothing to make their "club life" happy. Santa Rosa is the first place of the size we have found possessed of a club, and the fact of the existence of an organization, having for its object rational and profitable amusement, argues for the community the possession of citizens of intelligence, literary attainment, and intrinsic worth.

We omitted to speak of the noteworthy buildings of Santa Rosa, among which are the Court House, the Hall of Records, Ridgeway Block, and one recently built by a wealthy widow, and the Grand Hotel. Other buildings, we were told, are projected—the increasing trade demanding more facilities. The people of Santa Rosa are very enterprising and energetic, and if these qualifications insure success, theirs will be ample. They have our most sincere wishes for a bright future. The land upon which Santa Rosa stands was formerly owned by the Carrillo family; it has all passed into other hands and the former owners are still residents of the locality.

Just previous to leaving Santa Rosa, we one day availed ourselves of Mr. Smith's kind invitation to visit his Spring. This is a favorite resort for picnic parties, and is in good repute for the medical virtue of its water. In accordance with a previous arrangement, he early one morning reined up his spirited steeds before our hotel, and signified his readiness to proceed at the earliest moment convenient to us. Accompanied by two friends, we seated ourselves in his well appointed conveyance, and rolled sluggishly out of town. Our way lead out by the Petaluma road, about two miles; thence through a lane to the left about a half mile further.

The ride was far from exhilarating. It was absolutely painful to witness the efforts of our charioteer to keep his animals even upon a walk. One of them seemed possessed of a well-defined fear that the wagon was trying to run over him, and consequently kept himself braced back against it, in order to avoid such a calamity. Our host amused himself by recounting to me the prowess of this animal in other days, before he got "chawed up" and had his ribs smashed in a "hoss fight." His being dipped into such a styx, had left him like Achilles, but one vulnerable point, and his owner, in the course of time, had become possessed of the knowledge of this one weak spot. Often on this journey did he appeal to it; alas, with but momentary result. Leaning over the dashboard, he would stretch forth his whip-hand and tap the noble animal smartly upon the neck. One tap was nothing. No. two and three were likewise signal failures. Four and five succeeded in eliciting signs of consciousness. Six and seven assisted him to rouse his heretofore slumbering energies. Eight and nine produced a shuffling of his hind feet, resembling the early efforts of a clog dancer, and a shaking of the head, as though to say, "Its of no use." Ten and eleven did not prevent his lapsing into his former somnambulistic gait and manner; and so we slid, shuffled and crawled over the road, our coachman always aiming at that one spot in his horse's anatomy, meanwhile talking incessantly, our vehicle clattering, creaking and groaning at every joint of its rheumatic old body.

But if our mode of reaching the White Sulphur Springs was somewhat ridiculous, our reception and treatment while there was sufficiently compensatory. We visited the Springs, tasted the waters, and examined the baths, which are conveniently and perfectly arranged. Under a fine grove of trees we sat down to a meal, hastily prepared, but satisfying even to an epicurian palate. Bordeaux claret and the best brands of California wines proved ample liquid accompaniments, and a cup of magnificent coffee appropriately closed this "Alledian" repast. Several people were here, being treated for disease, who spoke confidently of the benefit they were deriving from the use of the water. Many remarkable cures have been effected here, and we promise to all visiting the Spring a recollection which will linger long with them, as an episode too pleasant to be forgotten. Mr. Smith, in conjunction with Mr. Taylor, the owner of the property, talks of utilizing the water of a neighboring lake, lying among the hills, for the purpose of adding a fish pond to the present attractions of his place. This will render the passing of a few days there doubly enjoyable.

One of the principal attractions of Santa Rosa is a rose bush, the main stem of which measures eight inches in diameter; it is twenty-seven feet high, and its branches cover a space of twenty-two feet on the side of a house. It was planted in 1858 by James Williamson and has grown with remarkable rapidity. When in full bloom it frequently has several thousand roses at one time, and presents a beautiful appearance.

We will now prepare to continue our journey, and after engaging a good team, leave Santa Rosa at 8 A. M., and proceed in a northerly direction to Mark West—distance six miles—a small village in Santa Rosa Valley. At this point there is a hotel, a school house, and several dwellings.

Santa Rosa Valley covers an area of about 100 square miles, and contains some very rich farming land. The principal products are hay, grain, Indian corn, fruit and wine—very little of the latter, however.

From Mark West we continue in a north-westerly direction for a distance of about two miles and come to Fulton Station, on the line of the North Pacific Railroad. This is an important shipping point for timber, grain, charcoal, firewood, tanner's bark, etc. Fulton Brothers, after whom the station was named, have a large warehouse at this point capable of holding at least 1,000 tons of grain. The station was established