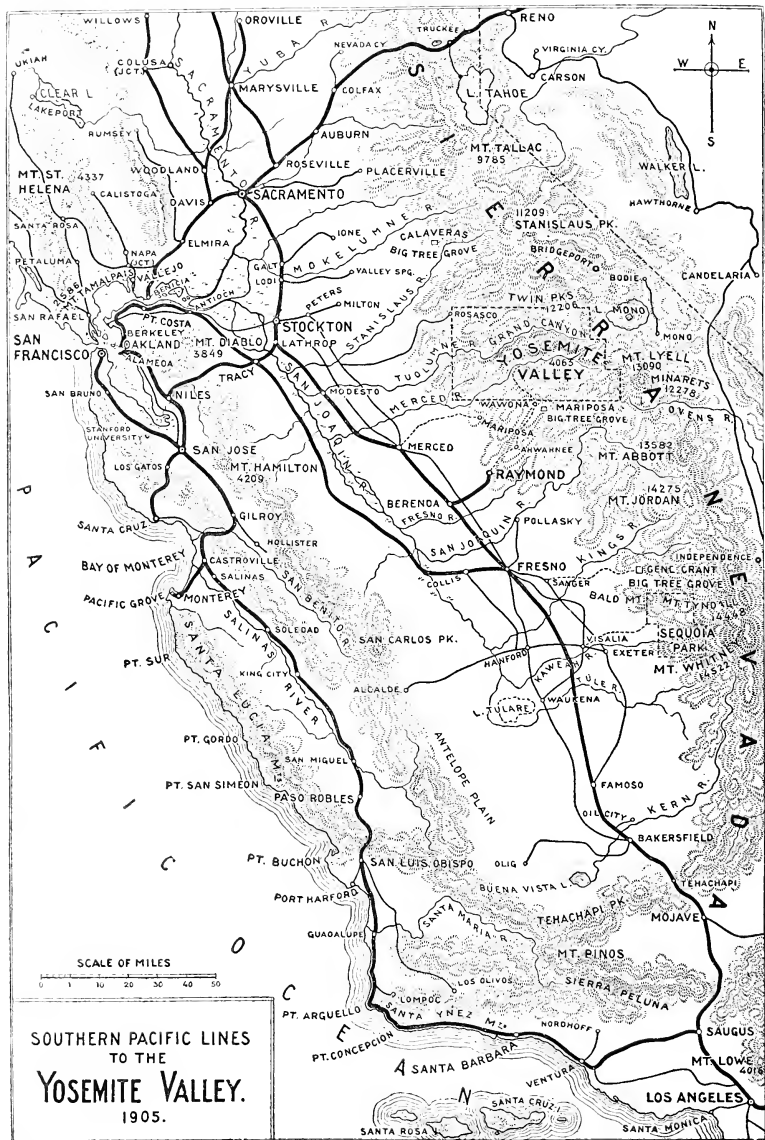




**Yosemite Valley**  
**California**

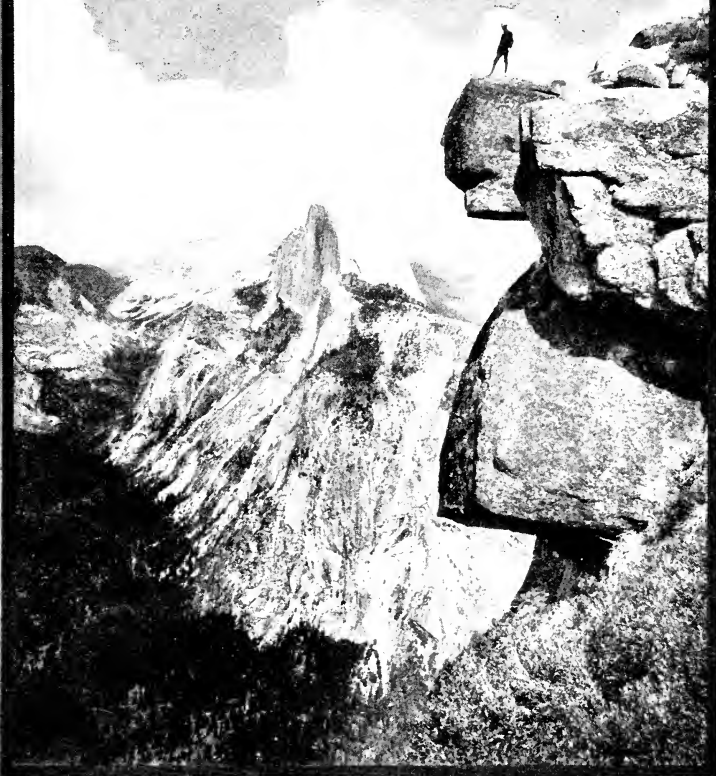
**SOUTHERN PACIFIC**



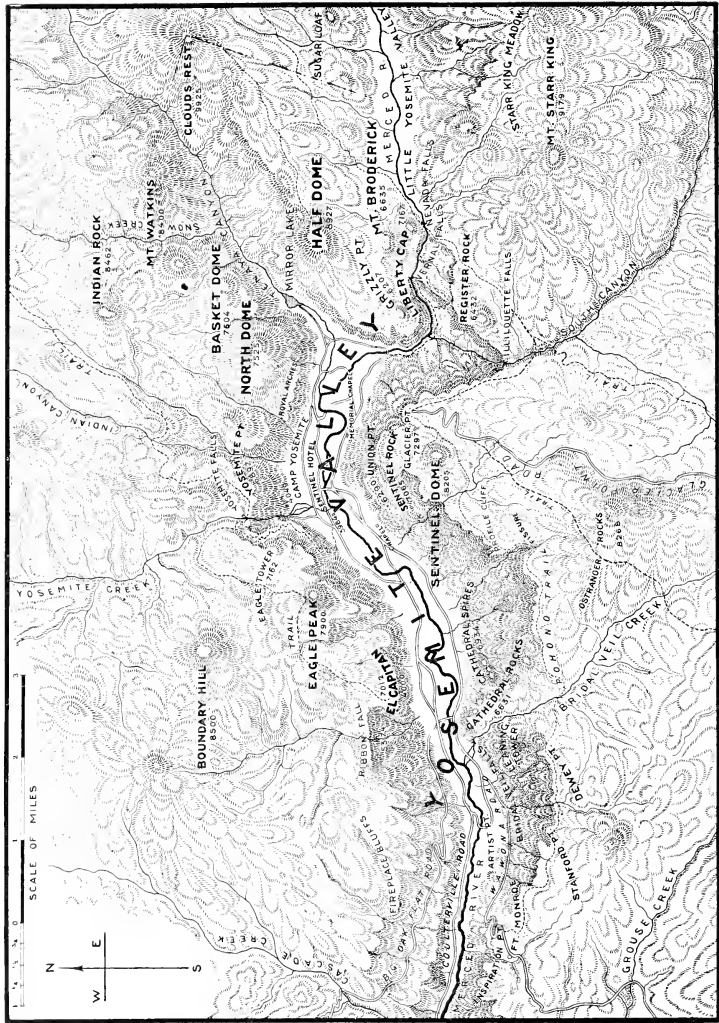
SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES  
TO THE  
**YOSEMITE VALLEY.**  
1905.

# THE YOSEMITE

# CALIFORNIA



PUBLISHED BY  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC



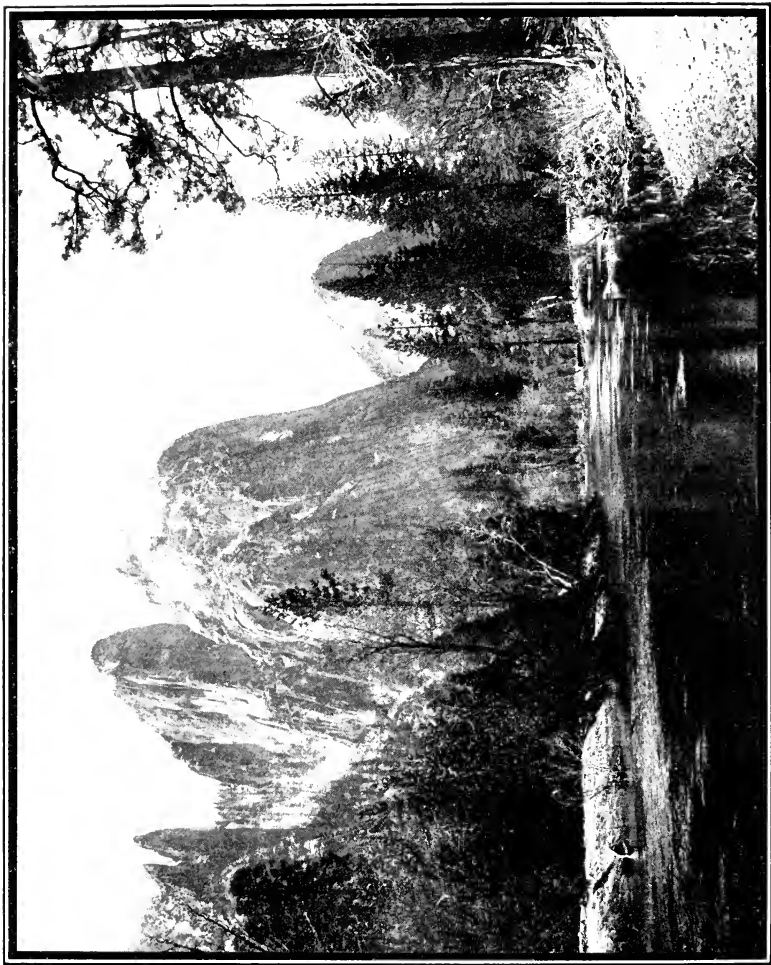
Map of Yosemite Valley from U. S. Government Surveys.

# YOSEMITE VALLEY

THIS wonderful place will never cease to attract visitors. If one has seen all the rest of the world, and has left this Valley out, he still lacks something in his experiences. There is a note of wonder which he has never struck; a sense of sublimity which has never been stirred; a mingled grandeur and beauty of which he has never dreamed. And if, having seen it, he felt equal to describing it, he would be as exceptional in his egotism as Yosemite is in its greatness. The first white man who saw it was probably Dr. Bunnell, in the winter of 1849-50. He was ascending the old Bear Valley trail from Redley's Ferry on the Merced River, when "an immense cliff loomed apparently to the summit of the mountains." He "looked upon this awe-inspiring column with wonder and admiration," but inquiries concerning that locality were fruitless, and it was not until March, 1851, that Dr. Bunnell again saw the great rock. He was then a member of the Mariposa Battalion in pursuit of hostile Indians. The place was Mt. Beatitude, above New Inspiration Point. "Suddenly we came in full view of the Valley. The immensity of rock I had seen in my vision on the old Bear Valley trail, forty miles away, was here presented to my astonished gaze. The locality of the mysterious cliff was there revealed, its proportions enlarged and perfected. \* \* \* None but those who have visited this most wonderful valley can ever imagine the feeling with which I looked upon the view that was there presented."

It is one story, from the first spectator to the last—the limitations of human language.

Yosemite lies in the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, about 150 miles from San Francisco as the crow flies, a little south of east in direction, its elevation about the center of the valley 4,000 feet above sea level. In form it is somewhat irregular, and its trend is northeast and southwest. It is closed at the upper or eastern end, and partially open at the other, forming thus a vast cul-de-sac. Its length is about seven miles, and its width from one-half to one and one-fourth miles. The valley has recently been receded by the State of California to the United States, and will hereafter be taken care of by the National Government as one of its system of national parks. The original grant was fifteen miles in length, and in width "one mile back from the main edge of the precipice on each side of the valley." The recession of this territory now places it on a par with the Yellowstone National Park in all matters of management and improvement, and the fostering care and generosity of the Government will doubtless greatly increase the facilities for seeing and enjoying this beautiful and unrivaled region.



*Cathedral Rocks from the Merced.*

The floor of the valley is nearly level, the Merced River, which flows through it, falling about sixty-three feet in its course. More than 3,000 acres are meadow and pasture, and trees and groves make of it a natural park. The walls which shut it in are nearly perpendicular. They are remarkable at once for their great height, their vertical character, and the little talus or debris at their feet. This is part of the charm of this great valley. Its floor is not a chaos of fallen rocks. Green grove, emerald meadow, flowery pasture, crystal river, crowd up to the solid white feet of lofty precipices, and one looks up at an angle of 90 degrees to mountain summits 3,000-5,000 feet above him in the zenith. From the twentieth story window of the Masonic Temple, Chicago, you look down three hundred feet to the street below. From Glacier Point you look down the perpendicular wall of granite 3234 feet to the Valley floor.

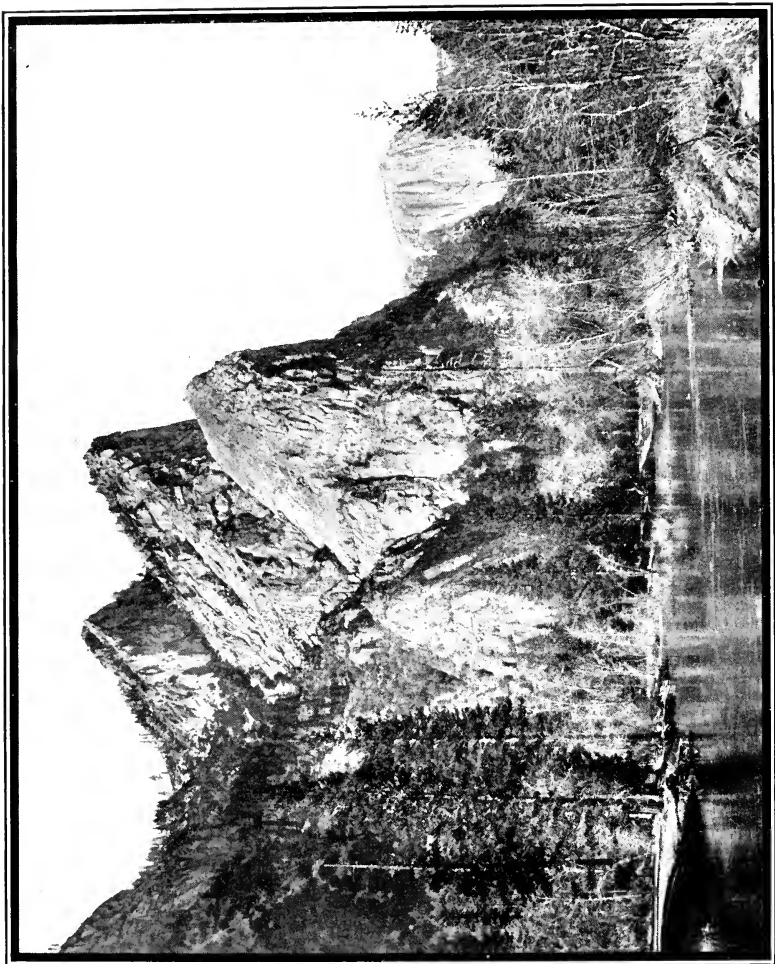
If the Masonic Temple were placed in the valley we should see only a tiny rectangle indicating the roof. If another Masonic Temple were placed on top of the first and another on top of the second, and another and another until we had five, even then the accumulated height would scarcely be discernible from Glacier Point above. On top of these five "sky-scrapers" add Washington's Monument (555 ft.) and on its capstone add the Eiffel Tower (984 ft.) and still we look down two hundred feet to the top of the Eiffel Tower. How *trivial* are the works of man when set beside just one rock of the Grand Architect of the Universe.

Descriptions of such a place are like pictures of bread to the hungry, and the only reason for this little book is to persuade you by a recital of the facts to go to the feast. You should see Yosemite and—not die, but cherish for all the rest of life the sublime and beautiful vision.

You cannot find Yosemite in literature and only suggestions of it in art. Neither the camera nor the brush of the painter can give you the radiant atmosphere in which in midsummer the valley lies, the play of light and shadow on granite wall and tumbling cataract, nor the overpowering sense of massiveness and grandeur. You must stand on the heights and take in the whole amazing composite picture, or look up the sheer walls from the valley floor, where glorious waterfalls seem to drop from the blue sky, to realize that there is a time for silence, and a place where speech is almost an impertinence.

If you can see but one place in California, by all means let that one place be Yosemite. No words, spoken or written, or painting by a master hand, can interpret its sublimity.

**THE WAY THERE** Routes and details of travel will be found on page 31, but some special features of the Raymond-Wawona route may be here pointed out. Routes are first trails, and these are made by a kind of instinct. The mountaineer finds the best grades and the finest camping places.

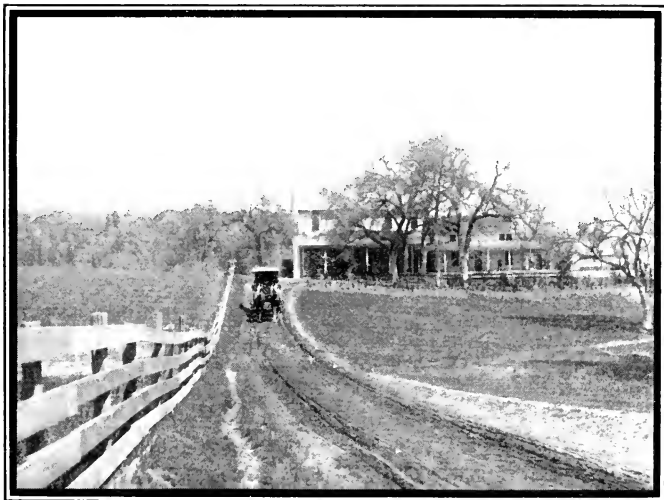


*The Three Brothers.*

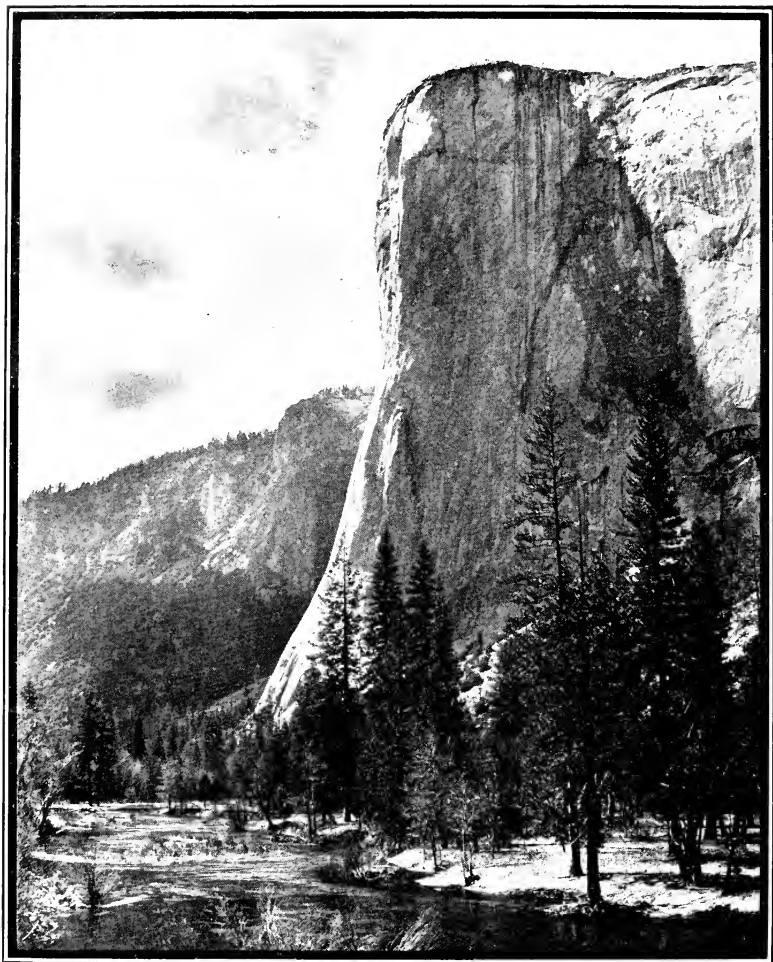


Wawona is "Clark's" of the early day. Its associations are historical and literary. This is ground traversed by Whitney's Geological Survey. Here Longhurst fried flapjacks for the men of the theodolite and barometer; here the swollen Chowchilla nearly drowned mules and scientists, and here King's one-eyed mule, Napoleon, piloted Cotter and himself to safety through a snow-storm by night. If you care for King's delightful book, "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," you will be glad to go over some of the ground he traveled in "the sixties."

A night ride through the San Joaquin, an early breakfast at Raymond, then the four-in-hand in the sweet morning air of the foothills, and over oiled roads which cling to the steep mountain-sides, you race beside the sparkling Merced and climb to the summit of the Chowchillas amid some of the finest scenery of the great range. If one is to keep alive the traditions of the best days of coaching in the mountains, and can appreciate the exhilaration of a ride in the open air, amid splendid forests and in the grandest, most beautiful and hospitable mountain range in the world, he will start for Yosemite from Raymond. On this road is the greatest staging in the world. The noon-day meal is at Ahwahnee in a pleasant mountain meadow. Hereabouts the Mariposa lily is found, with a picture of the butterfly, the "Mariposa" on each petal. Grub Gulch is passed, once the scene of great mining activity. The Fresno River supplies



*Hotel at Ahwahnee.*

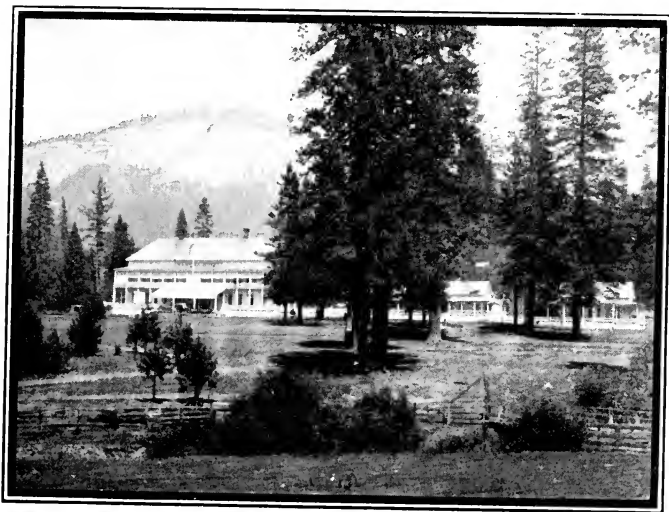


*El Capitan from the East.*

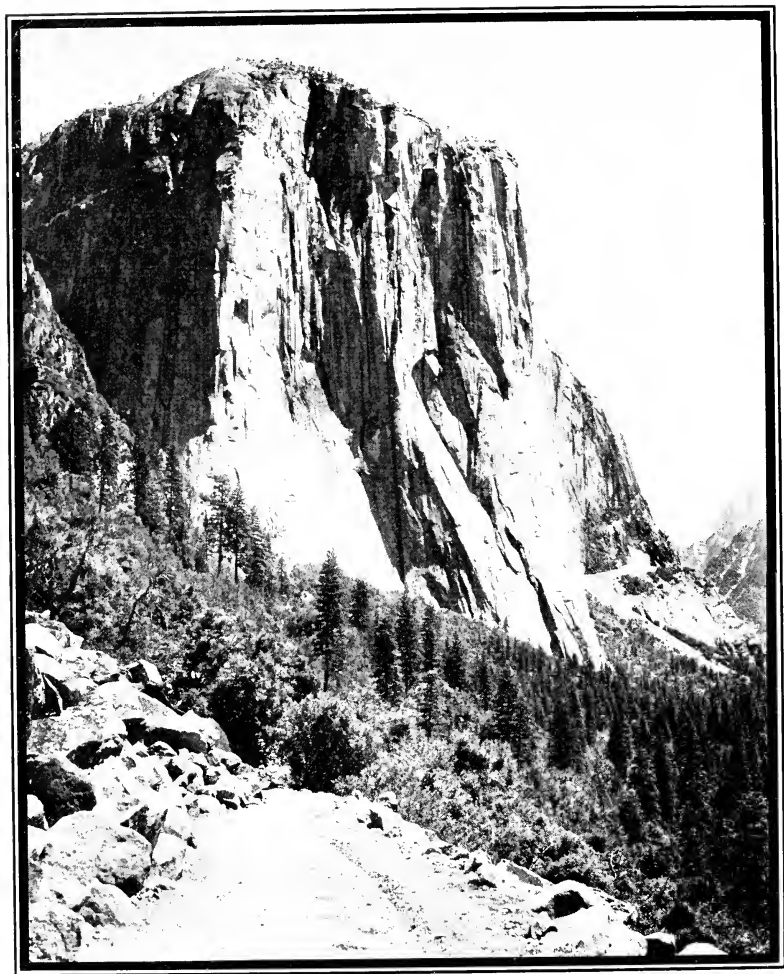
a great V flume, which carries lumber seventy-five miles to Madera in the San Joaquin, on the line of the Southern Pacific. Starveling oaks and digger pines give place to yellow pine and sugar pine, the greatest of the tribe, and by 5 o'clock we are sweeping down to "Wawona." If your visit to the Great Valley can be made with a little leisure, it would be a pity to miss this fine mountain resort with its unequalled charm of meadow and forest, stream and waterfall. The falls of musical Chilnaualna are near by; a short ride will take you to the top of Signal Peak, where, if it is not hazy, you see far over the San Joaquin plains.

Then, too, and chief of all, quite worth all fatigue and expense of the journey alone, is the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. We will see them on our return; now we are impatient to get into the valley, but we shall need to remember that this is the most famous of all the groves and is reached by no other route. Here are the "Grizzly Giant," the "Fallen Monarch," trees through which you will ride on the four-horse stage, with many of the most magnificent specimens of the sequoia to be found in any grove. It is but eight miles from the Hotel Wawona.

Approaching Yosemite, the first view, if not the finest, is from Inspiration Point. The ride from Wawona is but twenty-six miles, and as we rush down the grade, the whole magnificent vision bursts upon us in a moment. It is quite unequalled by any other approach to the valley and is only surpassed by the view a



*Hotel and Cottages at Wawona.*



*El Capitan from the West.*

little farther on, from what is called Artist's Point. From here most of the pictures of the valley are painted and you will be disposed to admit that the artistic feeling is right. But Inspiration Point is notable, if the name does conjure up rhetorical speeches and outbursts of emotion. It is a vision you have often wished for, but how shall you express what you feel? Most look with bated breath, some with brimming eye, others with excited exclamations. One woman gazed placidly at such a landscape as cannot be found elsewhere in the world, then amazed her neighbor by wondering "why they did not put up lace curtains in that dining-room at Wawona." Human nature is as surprising as Yosemite.

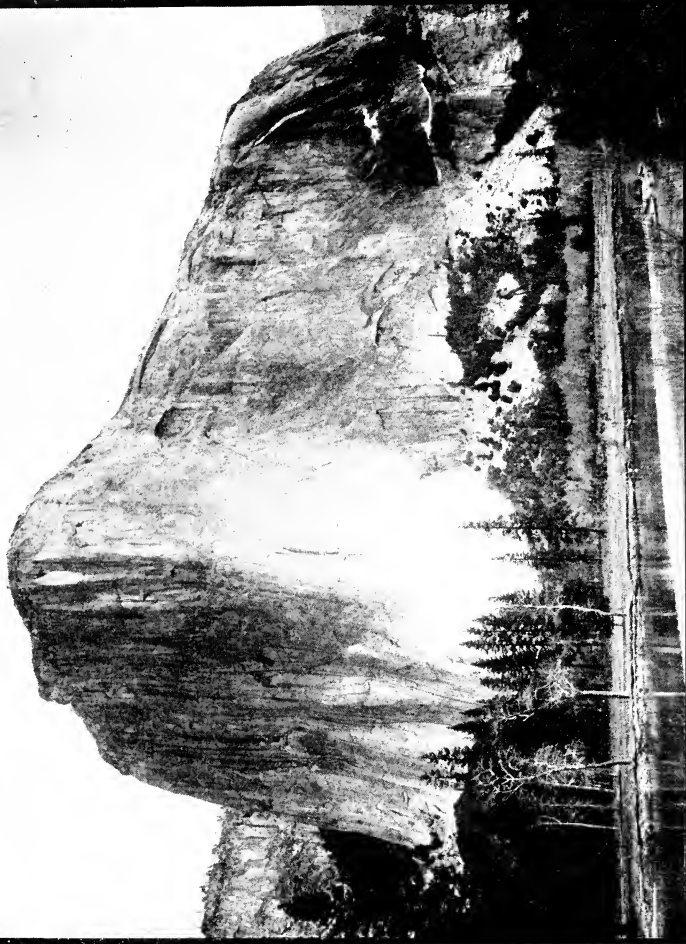
### **IN THE VALLEY**

Here on the right, or south wall, is Bridal Veil Falls. It is such a thing of beauty as baffles description. It slips over the lip of granite rock, white, ethereal, and seems to drop its tenuous film into the tree tops, and looks small and feeble at first, so overpowering is the impression of the mighty wall. But what grace and charm! And, as you come nearer, what sense of power! The highest fall in Europe is said to be the Staubbach or Dust Brook in Switzerland. But this one is higher, leaps out of a smoother channel, has greater volume of water, and is seen in the midst of loftier precipices. The stream is full thirty feet wide, and falls first a distance of six hundred feet, then rushes over a sloping pile of débris and drops a perpendicular distance of three hundred feet more. But from the chief points of view it seems to make but one plunge, and the effect, Prof. J. D. Whitney said, "is that of being nine hundred feet in vertical height."

Around the shoulder behind which Bridal Veil Creek makes its way to the brink, are Cathedral Rocks. They get their name from their resemblance to the Duomo at Florence, and reach an elevation of 2660 feet above the valley floor, one spire rising sheer and solitary for 700 feet.

Across the valley and nearly opposite, is El Capitan. It rises 3300 feet, with an apparently vertical front, and has two faces nearly at right angles with each other. It projects out into the valley like a buttress, and presents to the vision at a single glance a superficial area of more than four hundred acres. It is said that the stupendous bulk of El Capitan is such that it can be seen from a certain vantage-ground at a distance of sixty miles. A profile of the giant rock shows its foot slightly thrust out into the valley, but the cleavage is so nearly vertical and the bulk and height so immense as to make this one of the wonders of the world.

The Three Brothers are a fraternal group a little beyond El Capitan and their resemblance depends upon the point of view. They are sometimes called the Three Graces. To the Indians their attitude is said to have suggested the heads of frogs sitting up ready to leap.



*El Capitan or Tu-lock-a-nu-la, "The Great Chief"*

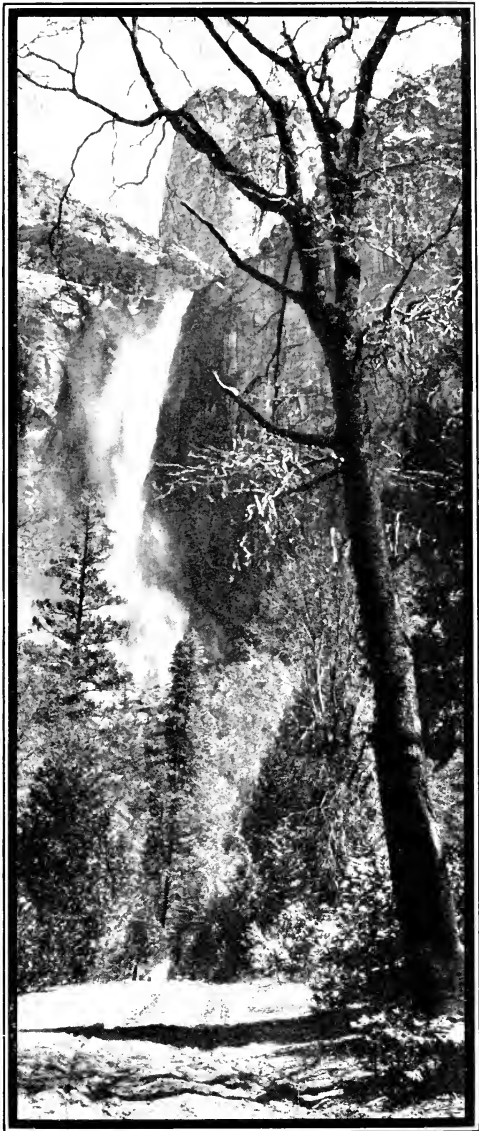
The highest one of the three is 3530 feet, and is known from other points as Eagle Peak. Its summit is reached by one of the trails from the valley, and the view is certainly worth hours of hard climbing.

Sentinel Rock faces Three Brothers from the south wall, and is a splintered granite tower or spire, very slender, and for about 1500 feet below its apex nearly perpendicular. The whole height above the river at its base is 3059 feet.

Back of this natural and majestic monument stands Sentinel Dome, whose storm-worn top is 4142 feet above the valley. We will walk over its conoidal or onion-like layers when we scale the rim of the valley.

We are now at the social centre of Yosemite, and the hotel, the little postoffice, a few shops and offices, are gathered near the bridge across the Merced, and opposite the great waterfall called after the valley.

Seen from the valley centre, Yosemite Falls seem insignificant. It is, in fact, about thirty-five feet wide, and when the stream is full the roar can be heard all over the valley, and the shock of its descent shakes windows a mile away. Half way across the valley it is hard to realize that this volume of white



*Bridal Veil Falls.*

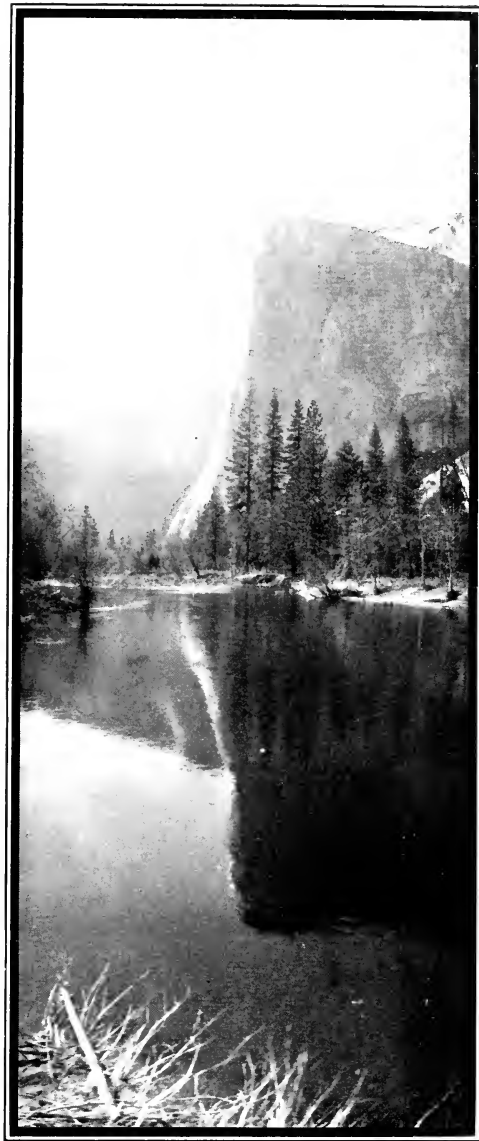


*The Sentinel from Glacier Point Trail.*



water plunges 2600 feet—a half mile. As you walk toward it along the footpath it is seen between the trees, and seems almost an unbroken fall from its granite lip to its final impact on the valley floor; and from this point the height, the volume of water, the gray and yellow granite wall, the green foliage that frames the picture, and the gradations of color and movements of the descending torrent combine to make it the most wonderful and beautiful waterfall in all the world. In reality it is not one, but three. Time was, doubtless, when it leaped from the topmost edge of the cliff 3000 feet to the valley floor, but some convulsion has shaken down the original front to a point half way down and the first fall is now 1600 feet of sheer descent. Then comes a series of cascades, partly hidden, through 600 feet downward, and a final leap, straight down, of 400 feet.

Across the valley the south wall thrusts out a massive shoulder, which is well named Glacier Point. At no other point is the wall so bare and sheer, and you look up, almost from its solid foot 3234 feet (the figures are from the Geological Survey). The flag which sometimes



*El Capitan and the Merced.*



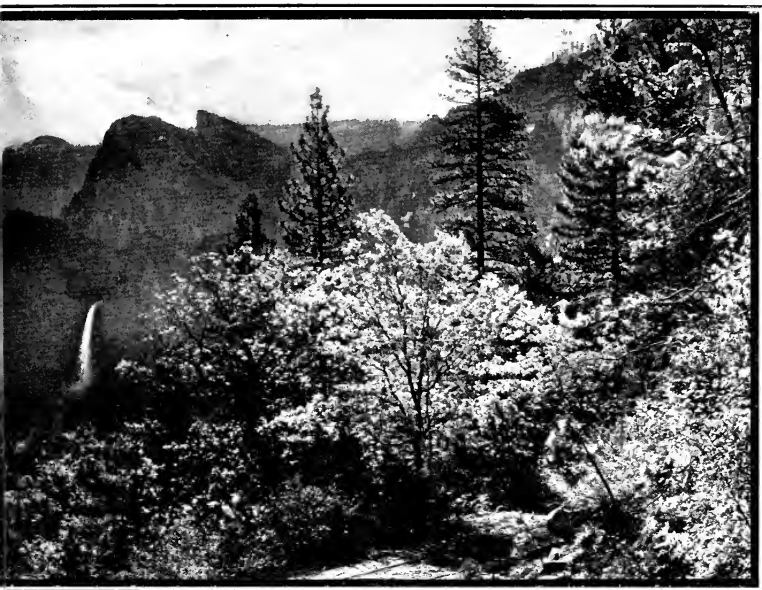
*The Yosemite Va*

floats from the brink of the precipice is eighteen feet long, but you see it dimly, and it looks no larger than a lady's handkerchief. An iron railing at the points protects visitors, and from here fireworks are often displayed; coals and torches from bonfires are sent streaming over the rim, blazing sacks saturated with oil are allowed to drift down, while thundering bombs accompany the improvised pyrotechnics. No such dead wall for set pieces ever was found, but if the most ambitious ever attempted were fastened half way up this gigantic cliff, how paltry it would seem.

A little later we will look out over the great amphitheatre of the valley and the mountains from this majestic point.

Across the valley stands Yosemite Point, flanked on the east by Indian Canyon, so called because by means of it the Indians of early days used it to enter or leave the valley.

The Royal Arches will attract attention as you reach the head of the valley. They are in the vast vertical wall whose highest summit is North Dome. The Arches are recessed curves in the granite front, very impressive because of their size, and made by the action of frost.



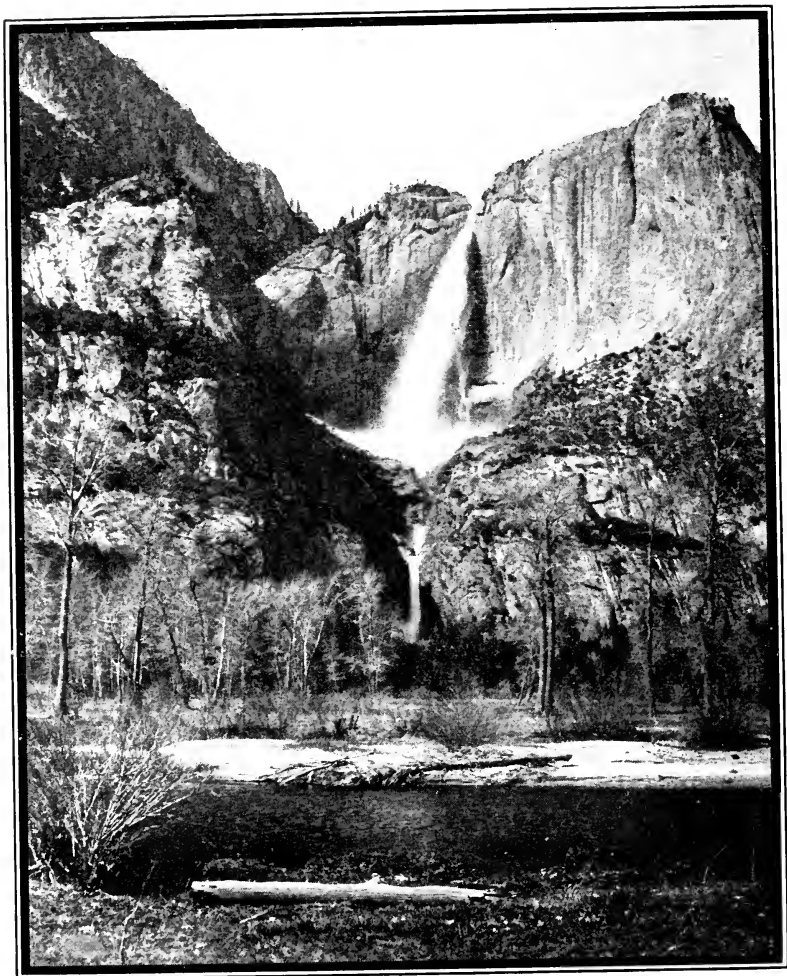
om Artists' Point.

Much of the rock here is formed in layers like the structure of an onion, and the Arches are the fractured edges of these layers. Washington's Column is the angle of the wall at this point—a kind of architectural tower completing the massive wall at the very head of the valley.

Over against it, but looking down the valley, stands the highest rock of all the region—the great South Dome, or Half Dome, as it is often called. It is 8927 feet above sea level, or nearly 5000 feet above the valley. Its massive front is cleft straight down for about 2000 feet, and the fractured face is turned outward and polished by wind and storm until it looks smooth as a floor. The side of the Half Dome turned toward the southwest has the curve of a great helmet and is so smooth and precipitous as almost to defy the most adventurous mountain climber. Milton wrote of

"A rock piled up to the clouds  
Conspicuous afar,"

and this describes the Half Dome. It dominates the valley from almost every point.



*Yosemite Falls from the Merced.*

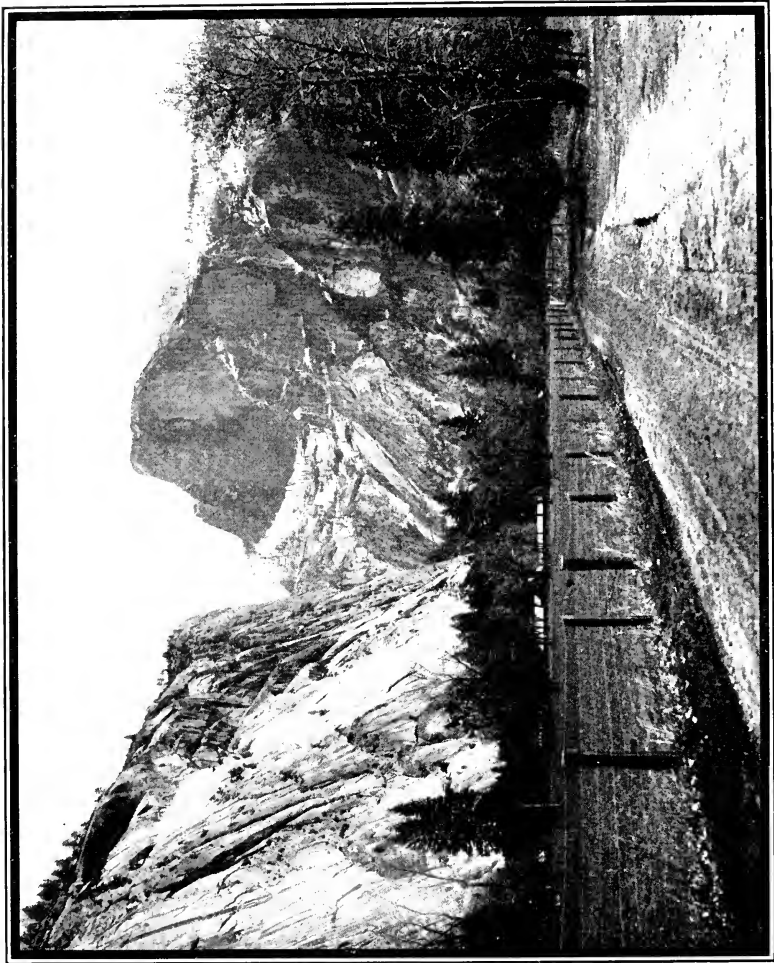
Passing up Tenaya Canyon we come to Mirror Lake. It is but a pond—a widening or expansion of Tenaya Creek—and the dust is sifted over it and wind-blown about its edges. But when the slow sun creeps over the great flank of the South Dome—the visit should always be made before sunrise—everything in this little mirror is wonderfully reduplicated. The effect is very pleasing.

### UP THE TRAILS

Visitors to this mountain valley should plan for time to see it from every point and to see all the places of interest. The stages by way of Raymond reach the valley at noon and the afternoon can be devoted to what is called the "round trip" or Meadow Drive on the floor of the valley. But next morning you will do well to call the Saddle Train and take a trail to the rim of the valley. Especially will you need to see Vernal and Nevada Falls. This will occupy a day. The trail leads up the rushing Merced, past the "Happy Isles" and along the bottom of a wild canyon by Titanic walls. Panorama Rock is 4000 feet above the river, almost perpendicular, and at once the highest and most con-



*Vernal Falls.*



*The Half Dome from the Valley Road.*

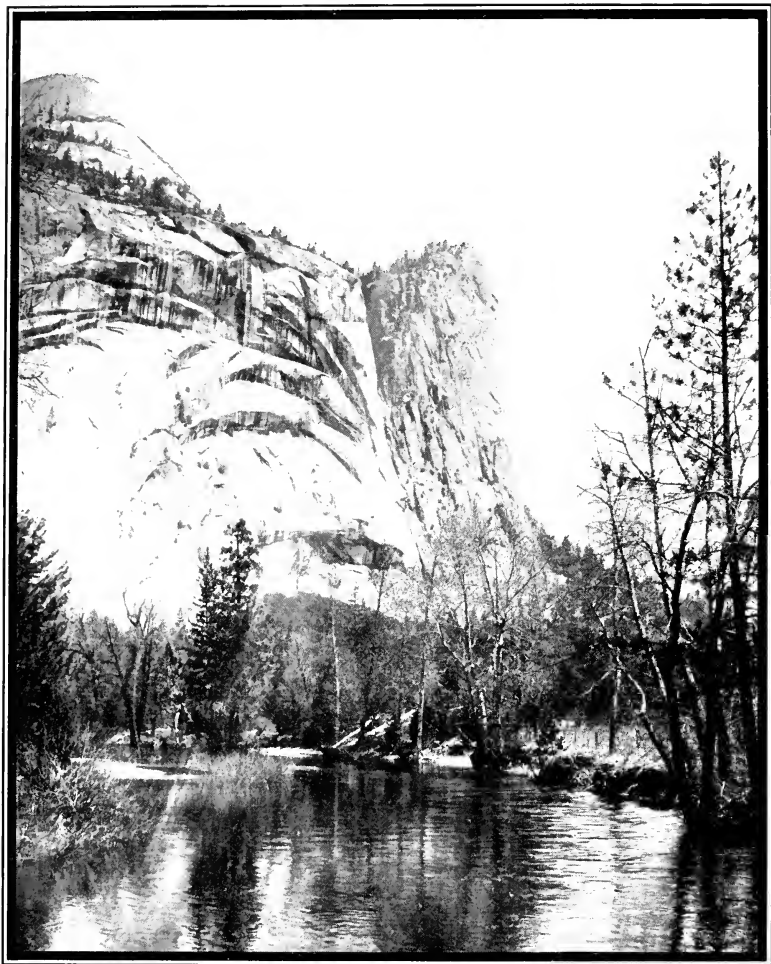
tinuous wall of the Yosemite. It is written over by trickling water and painted by purple lichen, and perhaps nowhere else do you feel so impressively the geologic terribleness of the region. From the bridge over the river half a mile away you catch a glimpse of Vernal Falls, a thing of glorious beauty in the dark canyon. The river is nearly eighty feet wide and drops sheer down 350 feet. The spray is driven outward like smoke, and everything of plant and grass, moss and fern, is kept vividly green by the incessant baptism. The trail leads directly to the top of the fall.

A little beyond—less than a mile—is the Nevada Fall, where the same stream plunges downward 700 feet. The descent is not sheer. The great snowy torrent glances from the sloping rock about midway just enough to make a compound curve. Seen from the side as you climb to the top, or seen from below, it is a wonderfully imposing spectacle.

The setting of the fall is impressive, Great Liberty Cap, a granite pile rising more than 2000 feet above the pool at its base, with Mount Broderick just back of it and the Half Dome near at hand.



*Nevada Falls.*



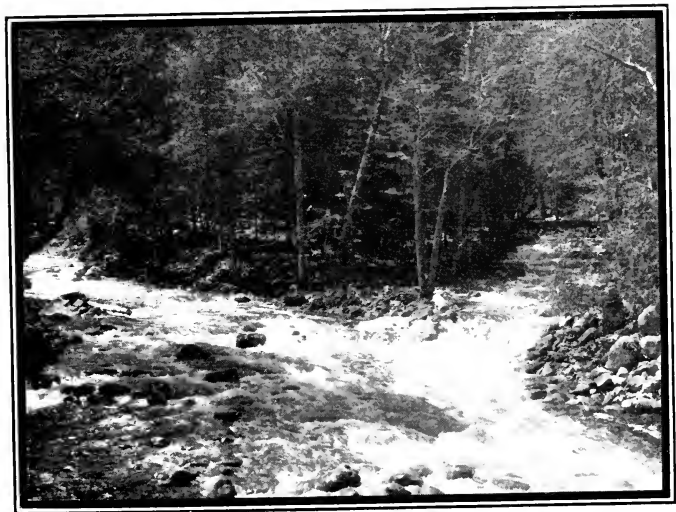
*South Dome, Royal Arches and Washington Column.*



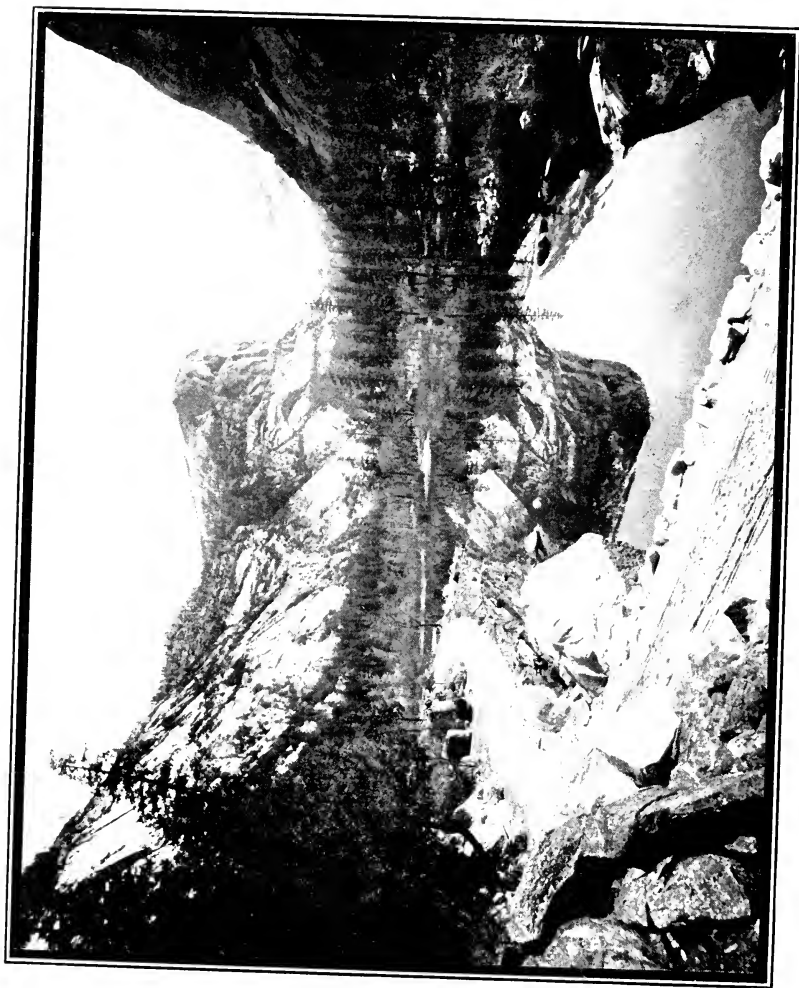
Another day may well be spent on the trail to Yosemite Falls and Eagle Rock. From the top we climb down to the lip of the fall, nearly five hundred feet below the actual rim of the rock wall, and from this point we have an inspiring view at once of the plunging torrent and of the peaceful valley far below. A few miles takes us to Eagle Rock, where a still wider and finer view awaits us. It is at once sublime and beautiful, and your vision of the lovely valley, shut in by its frowning rock walls, will never be forgotten.

If equal to it, go on to the top of El Capitan. It is something to see the "topside" of the great Captain, and from here the lower section of the valley is well seen.

The third day will be given to Glacier Point. The trail is a wonderful zigzag, a triumph of engineering. And how skillfully the animals take this corkscrew up the granite wall! Watch that one just ahead of you. See how he goes to the farthest verge of the angle. He projects himself beyond the trail, then makes a fulcrum of his hind legs and turns with entire gravity and deliberation, and goes on to repeat the process at the next angle. The mountain mule, or mustang, knows something about the law of gravitation and equipoise, and often evinces quiet contempt for the sagacity of his rider. Viewed from the rear the appearance of a party on the Glacier Point trail is often picturesque. There are no side-saddles, and the most timid astride



*The Happy Isles of the Merced River.*



*Mirror Lake and Mount Watkins, Looking Up Tenaya Canyon.*

these wise beasts on the steep trail are wholly safe. No accidents occur, and, though unused muscles will complain, the ride is not exhausting.

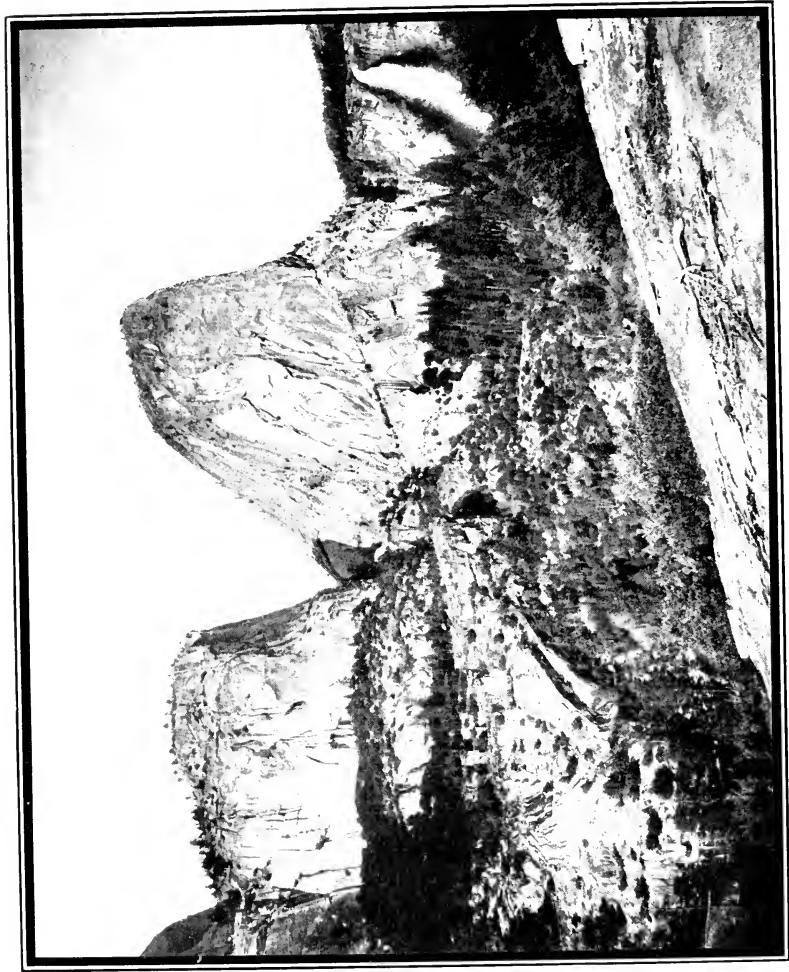
On the way you will pause often and look back to enjoy the widening prospect, and at Union Point, 2350 feet above the river, all will stop and rest a little on a slight plateau or bench of the gigantic wall. Just below stands an interesting shaft of granite, well named Agassiz Column. It is eighty-five feet high and its base is eroded until it looks too frail to support the greater bulk of rock above it. It is a curiously balanced pillar, set on the side of a tremendous cliff, almost alone.

Glacier Point is perhaps the most popular objective point in the whole region. It is so by reason of its accessibility, its commanding position, its great vertical height and the unspeakable sublimity of the view from its projecting rocks. There is a comfortable hotel on the summit, and the stage will here meet parties which desire to go out of the valley by this route. The projecting rocks which mark the Point are but a few yards from the hotel. It is exactly 3234 feet from the top of the jutting and insecure-looking rock upon which "nervy" people stand to be photographed, down to the floor of the valley, and a pebble dropped from this point will touch nothing until it strikes the talus, 3000 feet straight down. Most of us who know what it is to look over into that gulf are inclined to let somebody else drop the pebble. The hotel looks but a hut, stately trees are mere shrubs, and men are but dots on the valley floor.

Much of the northern rim of the valley lies before you on the same level upon which you stand, with a background of higher mountains. There is Eagle Rock; here Yosemite Falls, shining in full light; opposite are the Royal Arches, the North Dome, and beyond, the Basket Dome; Mirror Lake is but a splash of light in the canyon; the great fractured face of the South Dome, with the outline of its splendid helmet unmarred, is above you, and beyond is the naked wind-swept granite of Clouds' Rest between you and the sky; far to the right is seen the majestic Cap of Liberty, with Mount Lyell, Mount Starr King, Mount Clark and the Obelisk, while, shifting your position but a little, Vernal and Nevada Falls are seen shining in the dark canyon. No wonder a veteran geologist called the view from the point "the grandest sight on earth." It is a picture which the poorest may enjoy and the richest cannot buy.

At the extreme projection of the shoulder we are on, is a spot from which the five great waterfalls of Yosemite can be seen, namely, Upper and Lower Yosemite, Vernal, Nevada and Illillouette. The spot is called Sierra Point. The few who have sought it out speak of it as the one point of supreme beauty in this region of glorious views.

There is pleasure in the sunset and the sunrise from this point, and it is worth tarrying for, to see the last rays light up Vernal and Nevada Falls when their setting is already of the



*Cap of Liberty and Nevada Falls.*

night and darkness; or in a walk in the early morning to the top of Sentinel Dome, or down the fine trail to Illillouette Creek and its 500-foot plunge; or a horseback ride along the rim of the south wall via Pohono trail, stopping at the "Fissures," those curious crevices in the rocks, one four feet across and several hundred feet deep. You will do well to lie down on your stomach, crawl to the edge and look over into the abyss. You will never forget it.

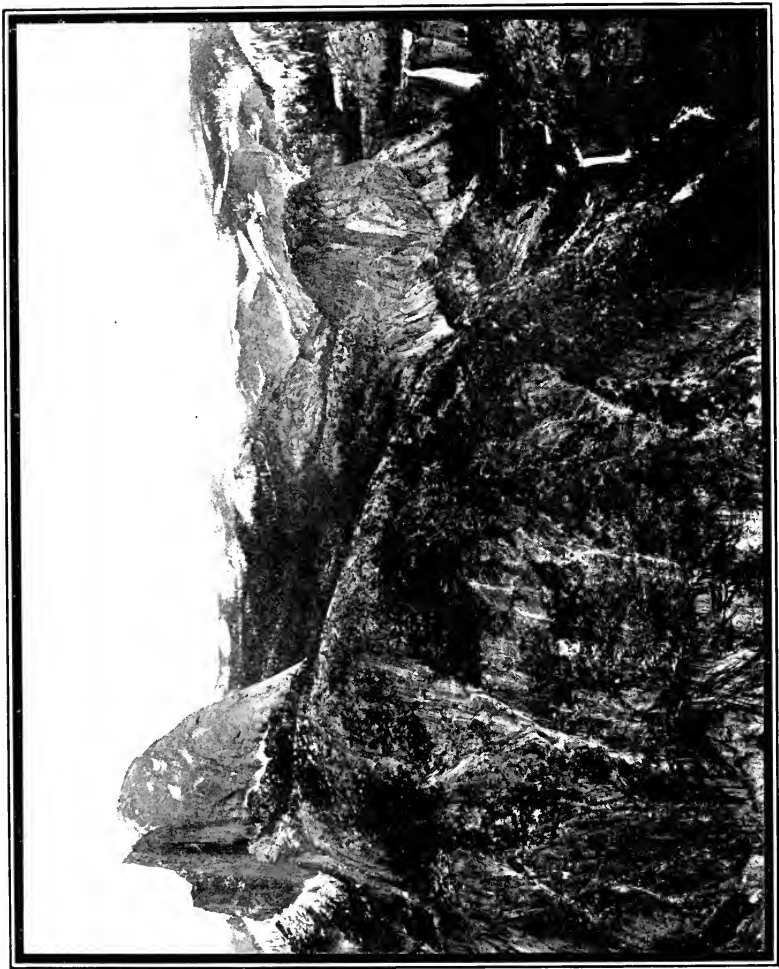
At Glacier Point, if you wish, the stage will take you up on the return trip, going out past Ostrander Rocks, Mono and Paragon Meadows, and intersecting the other road where it crosses Indian Creek under the shadows of Chinquapin.

**THE BIG TREES** Returning to Wawona we stop to look, to wonder at and admire the most gigantic and beautiful trees in the world, for with the sequoia greatness and grace, size and symmetry go together. It is alone among the trees of the world. If its wood was as hard and serviceable as that of its cousin, the *S. Sempervirens*, the *S. Gigantea* would be an ideal tree in fact as it is in form.

The Indian name for these trees is "Wawona." The standing tree called Wawona is tunnelled, a driveway being cut through it ten feet high and six to ten feet wide. Through this arch the loaded stage coach drives. The tree is 27 feet in diameter and about 200 feet high. The Grizzly Giant is 93 feet 7 inches in circumference and it is believed by John Muir to have reached maturity, even old age. Mr. Muir well calls this tree the king of all the conifers of the world and thinks that these giants probably live five thousand years or more. The great trees were named in honor of Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian, born about 1770 in Alabama. He invented an alphabet and a written language for his tribe, and slipped into immortality when Endlicher, a distinguished botanist, gave his name to the Big Trees. Sequoyah's English name was George Guess.

It is impossible to see these great trees without emotion. The eye at first does not adjust itself to their vast proportions. But wait a little. Lie down among them; study the great fluted columns; note the size of the limb yonder where the symmetry of the trunk is first broken a hundred feet from the ground. That limb is six feet in diameter, larger than any tree to be found to-day in the Eastern States. Thus the trees will grow upon you every hour until you feel like taking off your hat in the presence of this unexampled life.

"The tops of many of them are broken off, showing that decay has already begun"—so one of the books says of them. No, no: broken by storms, or smitten by lightning, but not by decay. Fallen, they waste away rather than rot. Trees that were thrown down before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock are in the Sierras to-day, with clear, bright color, and sound at heart.



*Looking East to Clouds' Rest from Glacier Point.*

It is not certain but that one or two may have lain for a thousand years, and they resound to-day to the stroke of axe or hammer. As a species they show no signs of suffering or hint of extinction.

We have sketched but briefly the scenic wonders of this whole region. There is nothing like it in the world: no trees so truly ideal in symmetry and yet so immense in girth; no valley so beautiful and yet so awful, where such Titanic forces have wrought, yet have left a park-like floor, with a peaceful stream flowing through flowery meadows and groves of trees, while vertical walls, more than 3000 feet high, fence it in, and streams break over them in cataracts, one at least fifteen times the height of Niagara, and as majestic in volume as it is matchless in grace. It must be seen to be appreciated.

## VALLEY ITINERARIES

The tours which may be made in the Valley and its immediate environment are varied, and the chief aim is to crowd as much as possible into a few hours.

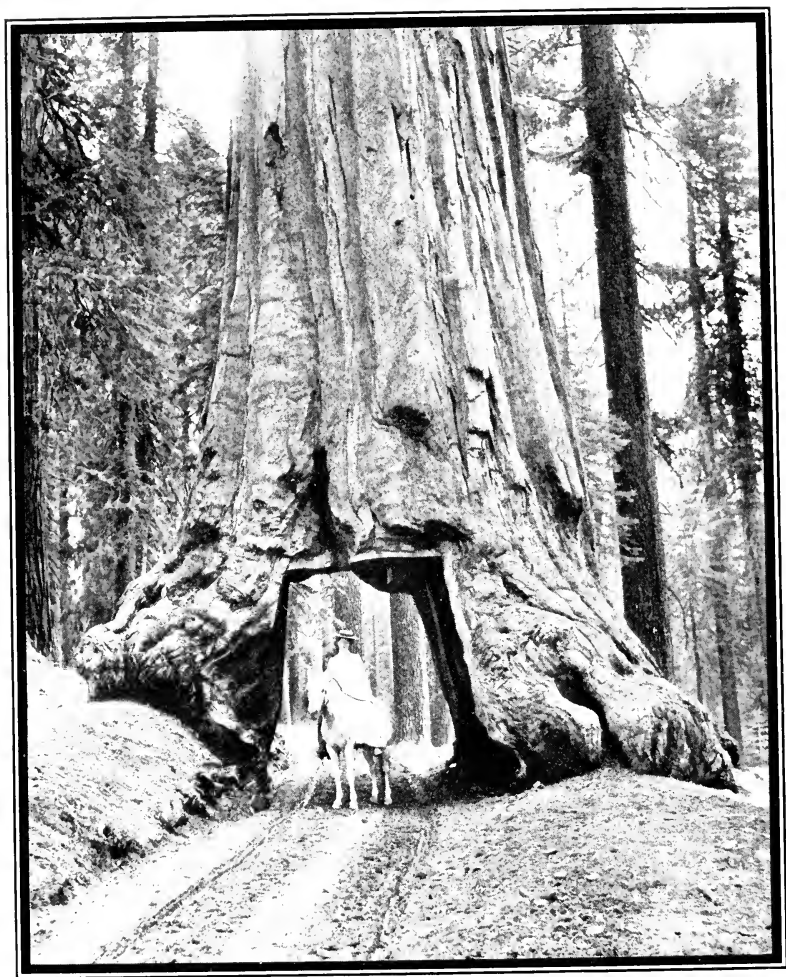
**ROUND THE VALLEY** Visitors who enter by the Wawona route arrive about midday, and, as it is then too late to consider any of the trails, the most acceptable way of utilizing the time is to take the carriage drive around the Valley meadows, a trip of about sixteen miles.

**GLACIER POINT VIA THE FALLS** The trip that yields the most in variety and grandeur is that to Glacier Point by way of Vernal and Nevada Falls and return by the direct trail under the brow of the Sentinel. It presents a great number of striking features and reveals the Valley. The start is usually about 7 o'clock, in wagons, in time to reach Mirror Lake by sunrise. Then return a half mile or so to the foot of the Anderson trail, where saddle animals are in waiting for the exhilarating climb. The return trail leads down the west side of Glacier Point to the Valley floor a mile west of Sentinel Hotel.

A very pleasant arrangement for those who have time is to remain over night at the Glacier Point Hotel and take the trail to the summit of Sentinel Dome before returning the next day. Another good plan is to make all other trips in the Valley first and reserve the Glacier Point trip to the last, taking the stage from the summit homeward.

**POHONO TRAIL** It leads from Glacier Point over the South Dome to Profile Cliff, Fissures, Dewey Point, Crocker Point, Stanford Point and Old Inspiration Point, skirting the south rim of the Valley to Fort Monroe.

**EAGLE PEAK** The next most important trip is the trail to Eagle Peak and is about seven and a half miles one way. It is a full day's journey. The altitude exceeds that



*Big Tree Wawona, Mariposa Grove.*



of Glacier Point by several hundred feet, but the views are not quite so commanding. The falls are in full view from the trail only occasionally.

**CLOUDS' REST** The trip to Clouds' Rest, though a hard day's work, is popular, and is included in the majority of tours when time will permit. It is eleven miles one way and includes the Anderson trail to the top of Nevada Falls.

**OTHER TOURS** The lighter and easier tours are to Mirror Lake, Happy Isles, Vernal and Nevada Falls, or the top of Lower Yosemite.

**WHAT TO CARRY** Fifty pounds free baggage allowed on the stage. Take for your own comfort few extras and let them be for use. Wraps will be necessary and ladies will need a light and a heavy suit, as morning and evening air is apt to be cool. A duster and a soft hat are convenient for staging. A riding-suit for ladies, adapted to the trail, a pair of strong walking-shoes and a pair of leggins are desirable. If much climbing is to be done, shoes should be hobnailed. A small field glass or a pair of opera glasses will occasionally be useful. Your own toilet articles reduce to a minimum. Laundry work can be done quickly to order while in the Valley.

**HOTELS AND CAMPS** The accommodations in the Valley are ample. The Sentinel Hotel, with its main building, annex and cottages, affords excellent entertainment, ranging from \$3 to \$4 a day. The camp auxiliary gives almost as good accommodations for \$2 a day, or \$12 a week. Camp Curry provides abundant comforts for \$2 a day. Camp Yosemite is at the foot of Yosemite Falls. Camp Glacier adjoining Glacier Point Hotel. Camp Wawona is at the Hotel Wawona. Rates at all camps \$2 per day.

The tents of the camps vary in size to accommodate one or more persons and are fitted with carpets, spring and wool mattresses and plenty of bedding.

Trained saddle-horses may be hired for from \$2.50 to \$4, according to trip; guide, \$3 a day. These rates are fixed by the State and visitors need not fear imposition.

#### VIA RAYMOND AND WAWONA.

**THE BEST ROUTE** By rail of the Southern Pacific to Raymond, thence by stage of the Yosemite Stage & Turnpike Co., thirty-nine miles to Wawona, thence twenty-six miles to the Valley. This is probably the most extensive stage system in the West and is celebrated for its superior facilities and splendid management.

Thirty miles of this road have all been oiled, the remainder of the distance well sprinkled with water during the dry and dusty periods, thus forming the most perfect stage road known.

Visitors arrive at Raymond in a sleeping-car early in the morning and leave about 7 o'clock on the stage, taking lunch at Ahwahnee, a fine half-way house situated in one of the prettiest of mountain meadows. Wawona, one of the largest and best known mountain resorts in the West, also under the stage company's management, is reached about 6 p. m., and a halt is called for the night. The journey is continued the following morning and Yosemite reached at noon. A special stage leaves Raymond at 6 a. m. and arrives at Yosemite at 6 p. m. This is for the convenience of those whose time is limited.

It should be noted that this is the only route which includes the Mariposa, the finest grove of Big Trees, and Wawona, by far the best hotel in the mountains. The oiled road, the comfortable coaches and the superb scenery make this route the first choice. It is, too, the only route which offers a view of the Valley from Inspiration and Artist's Points, and which brings the visitor out at will via Glacier Point.

Meals en route cost fifty cents.

**WAWONA HOTEL** If other things were lacking, this mountain hotel and Mariposa Grove would make the Raymond route preëminent. The location is well-nigh ideal: a graceful indentation in the giant hills, with mountain meadow, crystal trout stream, several dainty lakes, ice-cold springs, the tumbling Chilnualna Falls roaring down 2000 feet with foam and spray, the whole framed by lofty peaks and noble forest trees, it is "beautiful for situation." Many visitors stop here for days and weeks every season, and experienced travelers find no place more beautiful, restful and refreshing. It is widely noted as one of the most popular mountain resorts in the West.

On the stage route to and from Yosemite visitors can plan to stay as long as they wish, and then be taken on their way. The elevation is about 4500 feet, and from June to October the air is like the rarest Indian summer, while ferns, azaleas, Washington and Mariposa lilies, and a whole kingdom of wild flowers diffuse aromas and spread opulent colors of many kinds.

As a point from which to study the Big Trees, or a resting-place from which to visit them, this delightful hotel is very convenient. By trail the distance is easily covered on foot and a quiet day among the great trees is full of enjoyment.

**PUBLICATIONS** In addition to this descriptive booklet the Southern Pacific publishes a beautiful souvenir album of views of the Yosemite, which will be sent upon application for ten cents. A folder is also issued, giving the round-trip rates from principal points to the Yosemite, including five and ten days' accommodations at the camps, and the time of trains and stage coaches. As time schedules are always subject to change, the latest issue should be consulted before taking the trip.

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The following books, descriptive of the different sections of country named, have been prepared with great care from notes and data gathered by local agents with a special eye to fulness and accuracy. They are up-to-date hand-books, about five by seven inches in size, profusely illustrated from the best photographs, and form a series invaluable to the tourist, the settler and the investor. They will be sent to any address, postage paid, on receipt of ten cents each, twenty-five cents for three, or thirty cents for the four first named California books:

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