

THE DESERT WEEKLY

PIONEER PUBLICATION

ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION.

ESTABLISHED

TRUTH AND LIBERTY

JUNE 1850.

NO. 21.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1889.

VOL. XXXVIII.

CLOUDS AND SUNLIGHT.

There are rills in quiet meadows,
Murmuring brooks 'neath forest shade,
But each rill and brooklet flowing,
For some purpose hath been made.
There are buds and sweetest blossoms,
Flowers that only bloom to die,
Whose rich fragrance scarce is noted
By the careless passer-by.
But each bud and blossom blooming,
Yielding fruitfulness in time,
Need alike both cloud and sunlight
To perfect them in their prime.
Why we live we cannot answer,
Why our lives should be so marred,
Why our hopes reach not fruition,
Why from joy we are debarred,
But we know from nature's teachings,
Evening dews, and winter's rain,
Each is needed in maturing
The full ripened, golden grain.
Storms, and clouds, and bleak winds blowing,
And the winter's drifting snow,
Each must come and fill their mission
Ere the gentle south winds blow.
So we know that storm and sunlight
In our life path must appear,
Ere the soul shall be perfected
For the reaping that is near.

A TOUR IN THE WEST.

CHAPTER II.

With the calculating and far-seeing policy that has always governed the management of the Southern Pacific Company, they are building a coast railroad within the cool summer belt, thus paralleling the interior road, running through the torrid San Joaquin valley to the southern part of California. At present a gap of about one hundred miles remains unfinished on the coast line. We are, however, promised that this will be completed next year. When this is accomplished the traveler can go from San Francisco to Los Angeles without suffering any annoyance from dust and heat in summer time.

At present we must either go by steamer, or by rail on the road before mentioned. San Francisco to Lathrop, thence via the 200 mile stretch up the valley, climb the Tehachapi Pass, cross the Mojave desert and through the San Fernando tunnel to Los Angeles. Or if we are bound for Santa Barbara, leave the main track at Saugus and return northwest towards the coast about seventy miles. Residents along the main line of the U.P. and C.P. have been wondering where the teeming thousands went to when bound west. The curious will find them everywhere on the coast line. A

few years ago the great valley of the San Joaquin was sparsely populated, only a few towns here and there; but today that is all changed. Cities and towns occur every ten or fifteen miles, away to the base of the mountains. The grand streams pouring down their liquid wealth from the Sierras are now being utilized—a system of irrigation is being inaugurated, and every foot of this wonderful alluvial tract is being claimed, fenced, and brought into line to help feed the far-off countries of Europe.

The greatest adepts in town building on paper reside in these parts. A large tract of land is obtained, artesian wells are bored, or a big ditch is made, the land is parcelled into tracts of suitable size, a fancy name given to it, a special train is run from distant points, a grand free lunch is spread, the best writers have written up the land and all its virtues, making it as much like what heaven is supposed to be as possible. When the day of gathering comes the best auctioneer on earth gets down to work and before night the tract is sold, and everybody made happy. Men from all over the earth attend these sales and purchase mostly for speculative purposes. Right or wrong the country is filling up. The homeless from the overcrowded world outside can get themselves a place to call their own if they have the patience to wait and work for it.

From the Mexican boundary to the English on the north, this filling up process is going on by the same well organized methods, and there is room for millions more.

On the Mojave Desert, where a few years ago desolation reigned supreme, a town is now built. Science has found water and if you have that necessity you can get everything else by means of labor.

As we cross the desert, the Sierra Madre mountains, which lie to the east of San Bernardino, are in full sight. Their summits are covered with snow. We leave them to the west as we descend to the coast. The streams that run from them out on the desert are being taken up and used for irrigating the land, thus developing settlements in a locality where no one ever thought of living a few years ago, and where the Yuccas and desert growth were

the only objects that covered up the thirsty soil.

At Saugus we leave the main track and return northwest for Santa Barbara, following down the Santa Clara Valley to the ocean. In the springtime a roaring stream fills the river bed. The mountains are green to their summits and rank weeds reign supreme in the uncultivated spots. To all appearances anything will grow here—oranges, lemons, walnuts, olives and grapes—and the whole catalogue of fruit growth seems to reach perfection in this favored locality. Eight miles from Saugus is located Camulos (pronounced Ka-moolos). This ranch is the famous locality where the imaginary scenes so ably depicted in Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's famous story of Ramona, occurred. Hundreds of persons who have read the delightful book have visited and eagerly examined every nook and corner, and have imagined they could see the hero and heroine of the story among the residents now living there; but I could not find an Alessandro in the personnel of the male residents. One or two of the charming young ladies might pass for the heroine. I was sorry that my companion and I could not find shelter in the home of Ramona. They were too full of visitors, and too much bored before we arrived, to welcome us even with a shake-down on the floor. We therefore had to hunt the nearest section house, where we managed to pass the night on a two and a half feet by six folding bed. This "hunting the picturesque" has some features that cannot be written, for this reason: I never weary readers of any of my epistles by long descriptions of personal discomforts that are soon forgotten, and which are always poor reading.

The house is a one-story building, erected on three sides of a square, with porches on the inside, where flowers bloom in wild profusion and the finest of oranges may be plucked. The porches are wide, cool and extremely agreeable, where the charming lady occupants help to make the time pleasant. Numbers of half-breed Mexicans are working around, and seem to be well cared for. Brandy and wine are made here in large quantities. Splendid orchards