

extend two or three miles down the river. Almonds, walnuts, and olives reach perfection in this favored spot. In the orange orchard you are invited to help yourself, and a pretty fountain stands in the center. Mass is held regularly every morning in the little chapel. Three old bells, hanging on a frame under an almond tree, are sounded for the morning devotions. I looked at these old relics and found one of them with the date 1790 upon it. It may possibly have been used in some of the old missions that have crumbled away.

Four or five attractive young ladies were gathering flowers to ornament the altar. No devotee at a religious shrine was more interested than these lovely girls. Nothing could be more picturesque than these earnest maidens with their veils around their heads, and a semi-Castilian dress; and as the father approached in his rich vestments we all gathered around. The mistress of the house was a bustling, business-like lady of about 50 years of age, and with her came the attaches of the household. The scene was impressive, and full of subjects for reflection. This same service, this same Latin tongue, had been heard by the original inhabitants that the brave fathers found when they first landed on the shores of California. But, alas! for human hopes. The Indians are nearly all gone, and the missions, with but few exceptions, are crumbling to powder. Another race has overrun the country, and all that is old and interesting are these same relics of the indomitable faith and perseverance of the Catholic Fathers.

So many will visit this place, and so much will be said about Ramona, that in a few years nine out of every ten persons will believe that the whole book is an actual fact. We delight to realize the ideals that fiction creates.

Lower down the valley immense quantities of petroleum are obtained and piped down to Ventura, sometimes called San Buenaventura. No richer land or more fertile can be found anywhere than can be seen here. The whole valley is a repetition of Cumulos in the matter of fruit.

Ventura is an unimportant town; it must have been very dull before the human tide set in that has hunted out the locations highly favored as to climate. There is an old mission here but it has been doctored with modern touches and is no longer an object of interest. A long pier runs out into the ocean; it is the embarking point for the coast steamers. Not a solitary vessel was in sight; it was a harbor without shipping, a seaport without sailors. This city needs the magic pen of the boomer to invest it with Elysian delights. There are but few evidences of the Mexican occupation of the place; the pale faces are largely in the ascendant.

From Ventura the railroad follows the coast. On our right are the Santa Ynez Mountains, and on the left the grand, old Pacific Ocean. All the stations have Spanish names. Some of the richest fruit

gardens and best paying ranches are found along the western slopes of the Santa Ynez. The land had been plentifully watered by a heavy rainfall, so that the rivers were full and everything lovely. Enough rain had fallen to insure the crops for 1889. Farmers and horticulturists were correspondingly happy.

Santa Barbara, the noted sanitarium of the Pacific Slope, is situated in a lovely valley, and stretches out on each side to the hills and mountains. Very few buildings are now standing here that have the stamp of age; here and there an old red tiled curiosity remains, notably the building occupied by General Fremont in 1847. There is the long pier with a solitary vessel moored alongside. The shore is devoid of craggy rocks, except in a few places. The huge surf thunders away. The temperature of the ocean ranges between 60 and 68 degrees during the entire year, the highest marking of the mercury was 85 deg. in August, 1886. No frosts trouble the people. Bananas grow out in the open air. The loquat, a Japanese fruit, with a delicious acid taste, ripens here. If there is a heaven on earth in the matter of climatic convenience it is in Santa Barbara. It is essentially a tourist town; the influx of visitors forms the chief source of support for the residents. There are no factories—no evidences of that mercantile activity which are found farther north. The boom has struck this place. Climate and soil bring fabulous prices. There is no room for the poor here; the capitalist is always welcome. The truly wicked can find a foretaste of heaven which no religionist will guarantee him in the life beyond, unless he becomes a devoted adherent.

One of the grandest of the Old Missions is located about a mile from the town. To my mind it is the handsomest I have ever seen. The surroundings are all that can be wished for. It was founded in 1782 by Father Junipero Serra, one of the noblest of the early fathers. Strange to say, among all the monuments erected to the memory of the early explorers no bust commemorates the unselfish work of this bold and brave man.

Within the sacred confines of the edifice is located the mission garden—one of the choicest spots on earth; small in size, but filled with all kinds of rare and beautiful flowers and trees. I had hard work to get there, but I did, and never regret it.

I am told that no women can enter the sacred precincts of this garden of heaven. Father O'Keefe permitted me to catch the shadows that played from the attractions concentrated therein. It seemed strange to man with Usonian proclivities to be where the gentler of the two sexes was forbidden to enter. The garden of Eden would have been a failure without our mother Eve, but no power of Pope or priest could prevent the beautiful doves that swarmed around from billing and cooing, proclaiming aloud the joys of associations without which our existence would have been miserable.

On the south front a long corridor

extends nearly the whole length of the building. Pepper trees with their graceful waving foliage help the semi-tropical effect, while a long reservoir built of masonry completes the effect of happy surroundings. The interior is plain, but in strict harmony with the exterior. Some old paintings by old masters depict the terrors of hell in blood-curdling style. A few new pictures also lend a charm to the general effect. The thoughts sober down to reverence for the devotion and courage of men who planted the cross in this desolate region long before the energy of man had made the natural resources available.

A door from the centre leads into the graveyard, where sleep many of the fathers and mothers who landed upon the shores in the early part of this century. I was also informed that the bones of hundreds of Indians are buried in this little cemetery. Over the before-mentioned door are three skulls and cross-bones embedded in the plaster, after the style of the pirate flags of a century ago. I imagine that the object was to show that outside of the pale of the church all was death, while inside was eternal life. One will have to travel a long way to find anything more quaint than this death's head doorway.

The fathers who reside in the mission are men of culture and refinement of manner. They will never become emasculated on account of their luxurious abode. One of them looked ready for an old folks' excursion, being over seventy in appearance. Father O'Keefe was a jolly, easy-going and refined sort of man, who in any other garb would have passed for a well-to-do farmer. Another one was a tall, austere German of commanding mien, and the opposite of the genial Father O'Keefe. Strangers are admitted into the church every day at one o'clock. I think the fathers are bored very much by the persistent tourists; but all are not hunting the picturesque. They bear the trial with elegant composure, and no doubt consider it one of the vexations of life.

From a point near the mission a plastered road, a mile and a half long, runs through the town of Santa Barbara. It cost \$150,000 to construct, and is a credit to the awakened enterprize of a slumbering city. Generally where nature has done everything to make a place attractive man does next to nothing. There is more brain work done above the 38th parallel than from there to the equatorial line south.

As you look seaward from the shore, three or four islands ward off the heaviest effects of the surf. They are called San Miguel, Santa Rosa (the largest of them all), Santa Cruz, and Anacapa. San Miguel is the graveyard for the first California pioneer, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, he having sighted these very islands on the 7th of October, 1542; but possibly others may have seen them and never lived to tell the tale.

As a seaport Santa Barbara is insignificant. There is the long pier, the solitary schooner, and a few