CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE.

WONDERFUL CHANGES THAT ONE EXPERIENCES GOING WEST.

A Traveler Jumps From Frosty Winter Into Smiling Summer—Sudden Succession to Flower Gardens—Snowballs by Bursting Fruits.

The traveler who comes to California by the Central Pacific line during the winter months experiences a succession of changes so remarkable and at the same time agreeable a character that he will [illegible] never lost. No matter how little he may be curious and close in his memory.

Let a party leave Ogden in eastern Utah after the winter season shall have subsequent. Journeying westward the same climatic changes are encountered as that by one of the thrown are concentrated. Icy winds swept the plains, snow lies to a depth of many feet upon the face of the earth, the branches of the trees are coated with frost, and hot fires and loads of blankets are necessary for even ordinary comfort. As the boundary line of California is crossed the mill becomes more intense, the snows are deeper and a veritable Arctic climate seems to have been encountered.

Half a dozen hours afterwards become necessary to move the train, and they puff and groan and give vent to many an ear piercing shriek as they slowly and wearily climb the steep grade. The curve is so steep that the outlook from the window is entirely cut off, the white wall of snow is perpendicular only on either hand for above even the car roofs.

Here may be seen the most ponderous machinery ever devised for clearing the snow from the tracks. Immense plows of different patterns, propelled by a dozen or more locomotives each, are hard at work fighting the snow, which has twenty feet, thirty feet or even deeper on the level, and which is drifted by the gale in perfect mountains. For miles and miles the track is protected by snow sheds, whose massive timbers groan and strain with the weight bronged upon them.

Here are scores of men, their faces blackened with soot to prevent blindness and their feet swathed in rolls of gunny sacking, shoveling as if their lives depended upon it, and yet unable to keep more than a few feet of the road passable. Step outside the car and the cold is so intense that a song of a couple of minutes in the open air is amply sufficient to cool the most ardent curiosity. If a thermometer be handy it will be found to mark 20, even 30 degrees below zero. The very air itself is filled with icy needles and there is a penetrativeness in the cold atmosphere that the heavy and warmest wrappings are unable to resist.

Perhaps a stop is made at some station. One may purchase boots by constituting the guide book or an unusually obliging employe that there is a town of a dozen or thousand inhabitants close by. But there are no people of that description to be encountered yet. All that can be seen is a confused jumble of cold shaped mounds of snow, from the center of many of which columns of smoke ascend slowly into the frost laden atmosphere.

If disposed to be sarcastic he will read from his guide book entertaining descriptions of outdoor midwinter picnics, with orange trees laden with golden fruit, the air heavy with perfumes, the earth carpeted with blossoms, and then ask what sort of a semi-tropical climate this is anyhow. If the train should be snowed in a week or two his curiosity will become intense and intense as the time wearily passes away, until the most ardent lover of this terrible state will be satisfied.

But strange, most strange, it is alone for the silvered Columbian. Shivering with the cold, the more piled mountain high, the wind whistling a dirge of desolation and disgusted traveler buries himself beneath a pile of blankets and seeks relief from the disagreeable sights and sounds of midwinter in the Sierras.

A few hours pass, half a dozen, perhaps. The train has been steadily pushing its way westward. The snowfall has been strained. The cutes engines that have been called in to assist the cars up the mountain have been dismissed. The pull and shove, the groans and wheezes have ceased. The gall has been moderated, and the wheels roll rapidly over the rails with a monotonous "click-clack, click-click" at each joint.

The traveler finds his load of blankets becoming heavier and heavier. He tumbles and kicks about in his berth. That infernal porter must have a terrible fire going. Sleep becomes impossible, and with hungry yawn and much stretching of limb the tousled dreamer throws off the drawn aside the curtain and peeps out to see how deep the snow is.

But what is this? Is he dreaming? He rubs his eyes again and takes another look from the window. Oh, there must be something wrong about it. It is not possible. Has he died and gone to Paradise? How can such a change have been accomplished? He went to bed cold and shivering, with snowflakes twenty feet deep, with the thermometer out of sight below zero and with the gale howling in his ears. He awakens to see—what?

Nature in her most charming mood. For as the eye can see the swelling summits and slopes of the hills are carpeted with the loveliest green. Myriads of flowers stick the sward, while the foliage of tree and shrub sparkles in the morning sun like diamonds as the rays catch the pendant drops of moisture. Here and there orchards, white and pink and red, with their bodies of promise of an abundant fruitage; the hillsides are green with the young foliage of the vine, the fields there are a mass of roses, pinks and all manner of bloom.

To obtain a better view the bewildered traveler throws up the window. The balmy, invigorating air pours in laden with the perfume of millions of flowers. The scent of the earth is in the atmosphere. The pulses quicken and there is an irresistible desire to fling one's self from the car and roll down yonder grassy slope, decked with flowers of brightest hue.

Just then the door opens and a brakeman sings out "Sacramento." The traveler takes advantage of the stoppage to go outside and glance about him. Down in the hollow yonder is a sight which attracts his notice. There are several rows of peaceful, dark shaped trees, which seem to be lines of gold as the sun strikes them. "What under the sun are those?" he asks. And a bystander, following the direction of the guest, replies: "Why, those's oranges. Lots of them around here."

And, sure enough, so they are.

And this is the first impression of Southern California. To sleep in sight of the snow and wake in the early morning amid scenes which the poet has been wont to sketch and which have surpassed. The dream of an arctic winter is realized and the taking of a midsummer nap is a most sweet

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The Question.

St. Apollinaris—I think Miss Mane is a perfect poem.

De Mauvais—I know it. At least she's a letter to every of Female Poets.

Helping the Cause.

Mr. Harlowe—But why is it that when you take up the question of the church you always pick up my tray into every pew, instead of letting the people attend themselves to their own?

Deacon Hopkins, in pillory—Here to attract the curiosity of lazy sinners and don't get [illegible].—New York Weekly

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New Year Escaped the Bad Boys.

Bill Sips told a story just before going home. "Now," said he, "I had the misfortune to live in the street block with a nuisance. In that neighborhood there were a number of little boys who had the habit of ringing door bells and then going away. After we had put up with this for quite a while the nuisance was not I said a conversation. And we resolved that we would put an end to this reading of bells. If we had to throw the lot who did it out of the house—twenty mile, and that we would bring the boy back and chastise him. Well, some days after, after the resolution that was a strong pull of my bell. I suspected what it was, and dashed out just as I was. It was one of the boys, and I gave him a piece of my mind, however, and pulled the footstep. When I had run about half a block I thought it would be a good place to turn and go the other way and catch the boy in front. So I turned and ran around to the other side of the block.

Pretty soon I could hear the boy coming the other way, pacing through the darkness. I paused and opened my arms wide to receive the boy as he came on. I paused et. Then I delivered a powerful blow into the bosom of the night. Well, we collided and knocked each other down. We rolled and gouged and thumped at each other till the million came. At least I think it did. I am sure that more did. Then we stood up and gasped and glared, and that we ought to call it a draw. But neither of us was from his watch and run. He ran one way and I the other, and I reckon he gradually recovered our breath. His name don't. It seemed to be years and years easily tracked. When he finally spoke I heard the exclamation, say, "Bill, I'll bet you to ring my door bell again!"—New York Sun.

The Locomotive to Go.

The enormous mass of extra dead weight due to the carrying of the boiler, fire and water in the old locomotive will be entirely unnecessary in the railways of the future, which will be propelled electrically. Instantaneously the future electric locomotive will show a motor on every axle, or of any two upon two axles of each one, and every car running on a unit, in which case they will be coupled together as a train or not, as may be convenient. Charles Smith has entered a strong protest against carrying this enormous dead weight of a locomotive for absolutely no purpose. We have the weight of the car, plus the passengers or freight, for purposes of traction, thus if we make our cars in future of lighter material.

In speaking of the lightness of the future conveyance he said, Mr. Smith says that we shall not only use steel and aluminum, but paper, India rubber and other various substances, which will give to remarkably light cars, for lighted anything we can speak of practically. Just as a wheelbarrow is to a bicycle, so will our present clumsy cars be to the future cars. Have a big motor car loaded with tons of rubber to give it traction in following the path of steam locomotive; in all probability the necessary adhesion will soon be gained by electricity.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Kissing with Tongues.

It may, perhaps, be suggested that one reason for the very long delay in the perfection of the sensation of smell, and perhaps by one or both of the senses of sore tongue or taste, either of which we all present the approximation requisite. If such be not admitted as a cause sufficient, it at least affords evidence that the kiss was not customary among the people to whom some things and labors were sent. Indeed, the Jesse Doll gives instances where, taboula being common and the kiss unknown, the tongues are protected in affectionate salutes.—Popular Science Monthly.

What Will Prevent Business?

Keep down the rats with rodenticide bait will be found the most effective preventive of business on the fret. Where they exist they can be palliated by spreading thickly with rodenticide or some tempting substance upon going to bed. A round piece of roast plaster over the unguent will keep it in place and save soiling the bed clothes.—Ladies' Home Journal.

We frequently call this a nuisance, meaning by them, poison them, and do our best to annihilate them as worthless and inferior creatures, and yet the life of a fly is one of busy usefulness for the service and good of man. It is a messenger of refreshing activity, and with as keen and quick a vision that no persons of offensive nature can escape him.

Gentlemen Give Up Their Seats.

No one will attempt to defend the most selfish, ungracious, ungallant behavior, keeps his seat while any women, be the young or old, rich or poor, handsome or homely, is obliged to stand. A Boston paper asks for an behalf of silent men who face second a seat in a car or an elevated train, and who decline to yield it to a lady, unwearied young girl who has probably just spent the day on her feet in a factory or behind a counter. No excuse can be urged, however, for the man who has gone his way adorned of women into the so called "ladies' cabin" of a ferryboat and kill its seats while their rightful owners are obliged to stand. Whether there, or in car, train or stage, a man with the instincts of a gentleman will usually prefer to undergo fatigue rather than power guilty of the discourtesy of intentionally and willfully a lady's standing.—Harper's Bazar.

Lightning Calculators.

The late George Bidder, at the age of 8, could answer almost instantaneously how many farthings there were in any sum up to 1000, and in 1845 Colburn was another lightning calculator of the same generation. There he was asked to name the square of 106,309, which he instantly stated to be 11,305,095,281. He multiplied this by 47, and the product by the same number, and the total result he then multiplied by 15. He could raise the figures to the sixteenth power, and he frequently saw with perfect ease. He once instantly named the factors of 247 and 263, and in five seconds calculated the cube root of 413,056,342,017.—St. Louis Republic.

Senator Plumb's Success.

The late of Senator B. Plumb, of Kansas, not knowing at last, is prized by smellers. Such was the silver day when known like: "Each of these smellers pits a Plumb's face is a medal of honor. In the early days of Kansas Empire was a running town and Mr. Plumb was an immense printer. He gathered money enough together, however, to start little sunny newspaper in the town and was doing fairly well with it and had almost paid up his debts. There was a runner through the town one day for two or three days and had been suddenly smitten with smallpox, and was the epidemic was in full force of spreading. The runner naturally rode to his office unsuspicously, and as the folks came and window sills was burned out on the premises, for from the city, and left there for a big robin to do the best he could for himself.

"There was no one to care for him, and of course it was a matter with death. In so doing he was attacked and pitying other Pressed B. Plumb heard the story. He passed the same, carried out to the big room, up to the town hall, and for many months with not cared for him until he was cured from death. There he lay with small blackness by the fire. Days and weeks had passed, leaving in the Gazette been and another hands ministered to him until he, too, was saved."—St. Louis Republic.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Salt Lake City, Utah, for the week ending March 7, 1891. If not called for within two weeks will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.

LADIES' LIST.

[illegible]

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

[illegible]

FOREIGN LIST.

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T. A. BENTON, Postmaster.

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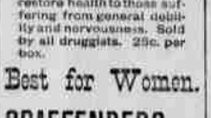

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"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula. And on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Swan's Therapeutic. Today he is as sound as ever, and I consider it was well there was not enough medicine in Chicago to effect a cure." J. CHRISTIAN, Kingville, Ill.

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