

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. CCCCL.

A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

(See Frontispiece.)

THOU Child-Soul, sister of the Loving Ones
Whom Dante saw circling in choral dance
Above the stars; thou who in charmèd trance
Dost bind these earthly to those heavenly zones,
So that Love's spell all lower life attones
To that far song; behold, thy ministrants—
All things that live—in loving train advance,
Thee following. Even as the Sea, that moans
With wildness, followeth the Moon's white dream,
His rage suppressed—so, by thy heavenly mood
The fiercest beasts that in the jungle brood
Assuagèd are; and thou, sweet maid, shalt even
Thy triumph join unto the pomp supreme—
God's kingdom come on Earth as 'tis in Heaven.

A SANTA BARBARA HOLIDAY.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

IF Reginald Gray, young, lately married, and actively engaged in business at a little town in northern New York, had been told in October that he would pass the greater part of the coming winter in southern California, he would very likely have thought it impossible. And yet it was only early December when he decided to go to Santa Barbara for six months or a year.

His wife was not well. She was far from being an invalid, but had been having trouble with her throat ever since the end of July, when she had a violent cold. Instead of getting better, she grew rather worse, and old Doctor Kimball, who had known both the young people all their lives, told Reginald that he ought to take his wife to a warm climate for the winter. "It will cure her," he said; "and if she stays here, I won't answer for the consequences."

In deciding upon Santa Barbara, Reginald was influenced by William Good-

now, his friend and classmate, who had only lately returned from California, and was now enthusiastic in his praise of its climate and natural attractions. Because of their many agreeable qualities, Reginald had asked two cousins of Anna, Edith and Kate Maynard, to join the party.

Strangers seeing Kate and Edith together never imagined them sisters. The former was a blonde, and had never known an ache or pain. An excellent lawn-tennis player, skilful with the oar, a perfect rider and good walker, tall, lithe, strong, and even-tempered, she was universally popular. Edith was more slender than her sister and more quiet. She was clever, played and sang well, sketched a little, and was always happy, no matter what her surroundings. Everybody liked Kate and loved Edith. She wore her hair brushed carelessly back from her forehead, and had a glorious pair of eyes—dark, large, and wonderfully expressive.

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Goodnow had graduated at Harvard without class honors, but in the athletic records his name was left opposite the best time made in hundred-yard and half-mile dashes, and he pulled on the 'Varsity. After graduation he went to California to see what business opening he could find. At Reginald's wedding he met the Maynards, with whom he at once became good friends.

It was at the beginning of winter when the long journey across the continent was begun, and the cold was intense. On reaching Los Angeles, however, perfect summer weather was found. The grass was green on all the hill-sides, and the gardens were filled with flowers. The city is the largest in southern California, and is surrounded by a rich fruit country.

There are two ways of reaching Santa Barbara from Los Angeles. One may go by boat up the coast, or by train to Newhall, and from there overland by a stage which makes daily trips to and from Santa Barbara. By this route the ride is nearly ninety miles long, but the road is through a beautiful valley and along the edge of the sea. Had Reginald been alone, he would have gone overland, but for Anna's sake he went by boat. Los Angeles, like Athens, is some six miles inland, and its Piræus port is San Pedro. A railway connects the two places.

Leaving Los Angeles early in the morning, the little party rode past a succession of groves, and later out upon wide salt-marshes, at the edge of which is the bay and town of San Pedro. The harbor is an exceedingly good one for California, but is at best a poorly protected and shallow haven. The larger steamers cannot come to the dock, but anchor about two miles from shore. On reaching the end of the railway Reginald and Goodnow rechecked the luggage, and then all boarded a small tug-boat, on which were gathered nearly a hundred other passengers. The confusion equalled that which marks the departure of an Atlantic steamer. In time, however, the starting whistle was blown, and the little boat began ploughing its way down the harbor. The day was perfect; not a cloud was visible, and the hills guarding the bay were all a deep green from wave-washed base to very top.

"Imagine its being December!" said Edith. "You have been in California before, Mr. Goodnow: is this a typical winter's day?"

"Yes, I think it is. Of course it is not always so bright and warm. There are heavy rains, but the 'wet season' is little understood. It rains hard at times, and often for a week, but there are more clear than cloudy days."

"How good it seems, not having to be wrapped up!" said Anna. "I feel better already. Is there anything about Eastern weather in the paper to-day?"

"Yes; there's a flood in Boston, a blizzard at Chicago, and a terrible snow-storm in New York," replied Reginald.

On reaching the steamer the passengers were transferred from the tug, after which the two boats separated, one returning to the San Pedro wharf, and the other making up the coast. "Is it far to Santa Barbara?" asked Kate.

"No; only eighty miles from San Pedro," said Goodnow. "We'll get there by early evening. They're not fast ships on this line, and don't make over ten miles an hour. Do you notice the coast-line? Not much like that along the Atlantic, is it?"

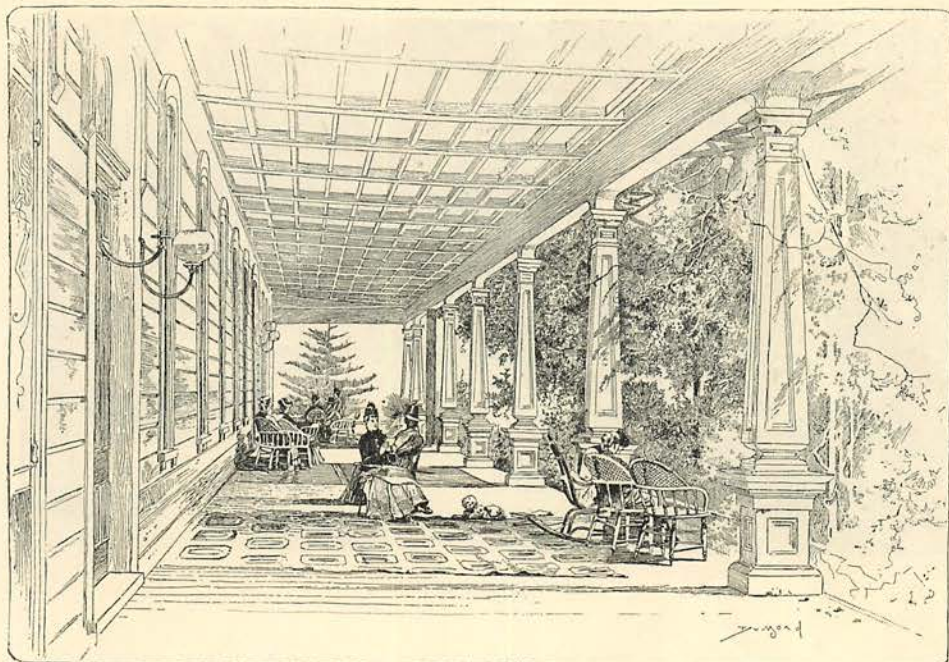
"No. Is it rough and hilly like this all the way?"

"Yes. There are only three or four harbors along the entire nine hundred miles of California's shore. The best and largest is that of San Francisco, next is that of San Diego, and you have seen the third—San Pedro."

From where Kate sat she could see, toward the west, the vast expanse of the Pacific. The boat had but little motion. Scores of sea-gulls followed the ship, and in the distance were white-sailed boats. Beyond the line of hills following the coast were the higher peaks of the Sierras. Some of these were capped with snow, and about all the dark blue slopes hung a filmy haze. Here and there appeared a cottage or two, or a flock of sheep could be seen feeding on the steep hill-sides. Kate tried to read aloud, but no one paid attention, and so she abandoned her book.

"It's all too beautiful to be neglected," said Anna. "I never saw more glorious colorings nor breathed such delicious air. What is the name of the range we see ahead of us?"

"That's the Santa Ynez," replied Goodnow. "It runs nearly due east and west, and forms the northern boundary of the Santa Barbara Valley. Southern California is covered with a net-work of these minor ranges. They run in every con-



THE ARLINGTON VERANDA.

ceivable direction, and form an infinite variety of valleys. You will know the Santa Ynez Mountains thoroughly before leaving Santa Barbara. Everybody visits them, and they are one of the attractions of the place. Not every resort has the sea and mountains together."

It was well into the evening before the red light at the end of the Santa Barbara wharf was seen. The mountains made long dark marks against the starlit heavens, and the light was invisible until the steamer was within two miles of where it shone out over the waters of the harbor. Nearing the wharf, where there could now be seen the dim outlines of waiting hacks and a long storehouse, the wharf bell rang out a welcome to the new arrivals, and the cannon which was discharged from the bow of the boat sent thunder-like echoes rolling along the hill-sides. It was a novel landing. No other ships were at the wharf, and the town was still hidden from view, since the dock extends for nearly a mile out into deep water. In half an hour the tired travellers were safely domiciled at the Arlington, a large home-like hotel, in which every Santa Barbaran takes much pride. Wood fires were burning brightly in open fireplaces, and the

wide veranda surrounding the hotel was filled with promenaders, who eyed the strangers with that air of superior wisdom and experience always worn by those who happen to be one's predecessors in a new place by a fortnight or less. Supper was being served, and after it our friends sought their beds, Anna tired out, Reginald rejoiced that she could now rest, Edith quiet and satisfied, Kate anxious for daylight, and Goodnow happy to be once more in the American Mentone.

The morning sun flooding the valley sent a stray beam into Kate's room, and waked that heavy sleeper into the full consciousness that she had a new world to conquer. Drawing aside the curtain, she looked out upon the town. Beyond the few house-tops and trees which lined the long street leading to the wharf she could see the ocean, and in another direction the Santa Ynez range. Between the mountains and the sea, and occupying a long narrow valley, lay the town of Santa Barbara, a quiet, listless little village, its face turned southward, and its cottages surrounded by trees. The birds were holding a carnival of song that morning, and the air was filled with the perfume of flowers. High up the mountain-side the



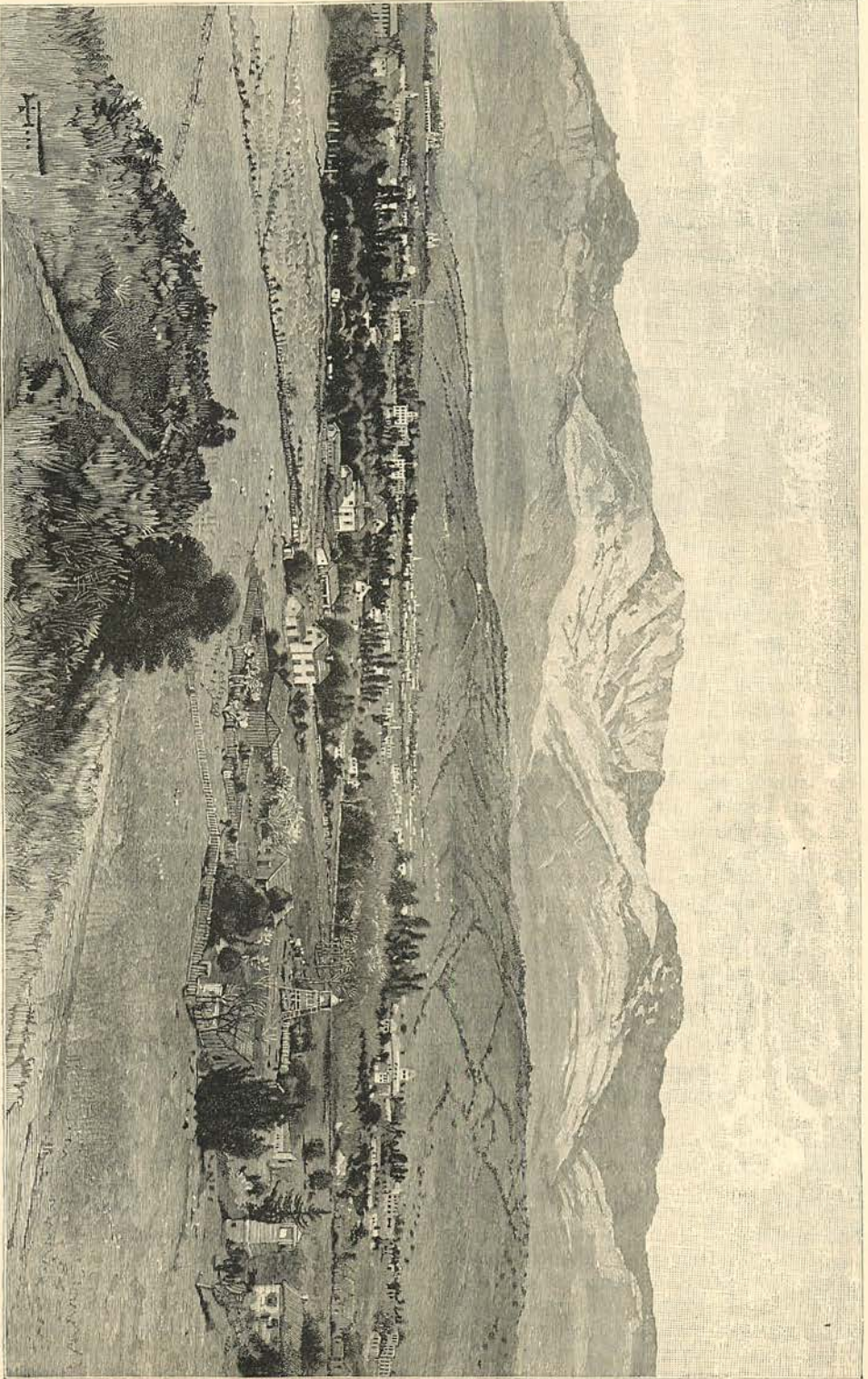
ROWS OF EUCALYPTUS.

grass was green and velvety, and the low hills that separate a part of the town from the bay were covered with rank grass. Kate had seen many an Italian village, and knew Naples thoroughly, but as she looked down on Santa Barbara she thought it prettier than any place she had ever seen. "You can't describe it," she wrote home that first day. "It suggests other places, but has charms peculiar to itself. Here it is the last of December, and yet the weather is exactly like that of June at home. The town is full of people. I'm glad I have both summer and winter dresses. I need the light ones during the day, and the others at evening. Mr. Goodnow has made many plans for us. He is delighted to get back, and this morning half a dozen picturesque old Mexicans called to see him. He speaks Spanish, and so these men like him. Anna is so happy; and so is Reginald."

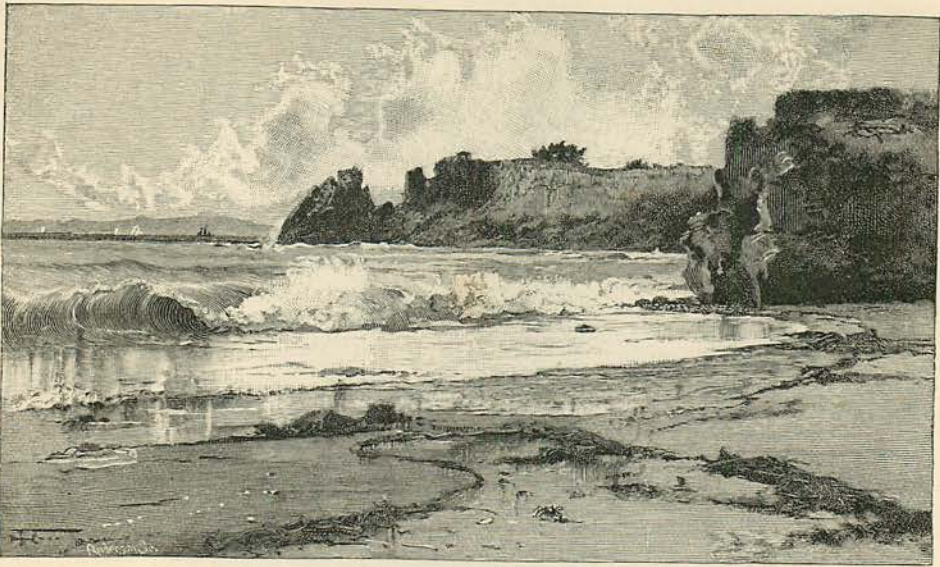
The first morning in Santa Barbara was passed in utter idleness by all excepting Reginald, who went down town to interview a real estate agent regarding a furnished cottage. After breakfast Anna and the two girls sat on the "Arlington" veranda reading the letters they had found waiting their arrival, while Goodnow went to call on some old friends. A strangely quiet and beautiful place was the "Arlington" veranda. It was wide and long, and extended along the entire

northeast side of the hotel. A thick mass of vines had grown over the pillars and sides and formed high Gothic arches, through which was had a view of the lawn and deer park. The walk that led from it to the street was bordered with rose-bushes, and on the lawn were broad-leaved palms and ornamental trees. Everybody visits the veranda after breakfast—the old men to consult the thermometer, the young people to talk, and the ladies to sew or read.

Reginald had little trouble in finding a cottage. It stood near the head of the valley, and commanded a clear view of the bay, and of the mountains that stretch along the coast. The house was plainly but comfortably furnished, and the garden surrounding it contained a profusion of flowers, vines, and trees. To the right stood a gnarled old pine which had been brought across the Isthmus in '55, and was now nearly twice as high as the house. Just beyond its shadow was the garden, divided into different beds by a series of walks that radiated from a fountain. By the side of the latter, shading and half hiding it, grew a banana-tree; and at different corners of the beds were orange and lemon trees. North of the house there was an elm, brought from New England. As soon as they were fairly settled, Anna moved her easy-chair out upon a balcony overlooking the garden.



SANTA BARBARA.



CASTLE ROCK.

"I like the air here," she said to Reginald, "and the view can never grow monotonous. I have been enjoying it all the morning. Did you ever see anything more perfect?"

And Reginald, looking in the direction she indicated, thought he never had. The balcony answered every purpose of a lookout tower. From it the town and valley were visible; and beyond was the ocean, with the islands of Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz rising above the placid waters like huge mountains. Skirting the edge of the bay ran a crescent beach of yellow sand, extending from Castle Rock, near the wharf, to Review Hill, twenty miles away. From the balcony, too, the waves could be seen rolling in upon the beach, while the mountains that overlook the valley were visible for many miles as they stood clearly outlined against the sky.

In a week the family were settled, and at once began to look about the place which they had selected as a winter home.

To Reginald, accustomed to an active business life, it seemed a very quiet little town; and indeed it is. The population is not above 5000, and there is not a manufacturing establishment anywhere to be found. Attempts have frequently been made to establish a fruit cannery, but no one has ever been successful in doing so, and to-day Santa Barbara has quietly ac-

cepted the alternative of being known as a health resort. Every year sees an increased number of visitors attracted by the climate, and the town is the American Nice. It occupies the centre of a narrow sheltered valley, guarded by the sea and mountains, and overlooks a bay that bears a striking resemblance to that of Naples. A long wide street extends through the village from the wharf to the Mission, and facing this are the shops, banks, and hotels, around which is whatever of activity there may chance to be. From this thoroughfare other streets run at right angles toward the mountains on the northwest, and to the range of low green hills that rise abruptly from the water's edge on the southeast. Bordering these streets, never without their long rows of eucalyptus or pepper trees growing by the road-side, are vine-clad cottages and houses half hid behind a dense mass of shrubbery. To walk past such homes on a midwinter morning, when the air is soft and clear and the birds are singing, instantly compels one to admire Santa Barbara. Reginald was delighted when he made his first tour of inspection. It is a New England village transplanted, he thought. As for quiet Edith, she was silent with admiration when she saw the flowers and breathed their rich perfume. Choice varieties of roses were hers for the asking. The bushes grew higher than

her head, and were set out in hedges along the walks. Every shrub grows in Santa Barbara. Plants that require careful attention in the East—geraniums, fuchsias, and the more tender roses—grow vigorously and without care. Edith gathered great baskets of choice flowers every morning, and yet the garden seemed as full as ever after she had visited it, and the different beds were masses of beautiful colors. Juan Valento, the gardener, noticing her fondness for his roses, smoked fewer cigarettes than was his custom, and displayed an energy in taking care of the beds that was surprising. He was a walking encyclopædia of information. It was not only during the winter, he told Edith, that the roses were in bloom; it was the same in July as in December. He could not understand her love for the geraniums. They were a pest, he thought; they grew so high and rank. But the roses he liked, and was always trimming and pruning. In some of the beds Juan had hollyhocks twelve feet high, and marigolds that were masses of gold. In others were pinks and callalilies and mignonette.

Life at Santa Barbara is mostly an outdoor one. Up to the present time the decrees of fashion have not begun to restrict and restrain one, and as a result the

resident is free to do as he pleases. In no other village in America is house-keeping reduced to such a minimum of care as at Santa Barbara. The open hospitality of the people is proverbial. Friends "drop in" to luncheon without invitation and as a matter of course. Conventional rules are observed, to be sure, but do not restrict one in his enjoyment. People live quietly. Nature compels placidity of temperament, and invites good-will and pleasure.

Before two weeks had passed both Anna's and Reginald's attention was diverted from all that was humdrum or prosaic. They had had one honey-moon, and were now having another, sitting beneath the pine or orange trees together, gathering flowers, taking long walks about the garden. It was delightful to see how rapidly Anna improved. Reginald noticed with wonder the sudden loss of her former weakness and pallor. She looked ten years younger than she did on her arrival, and said that she felt so. There was a stable connected with the house, and Reginald had bought a steady-going horse and a low phaeton, so that Anna might be driven about the town. As she grew stronger he took her down to the beach every pleasant day, and for an hour drove up and down the stretch



SANTA BARBARA HARBOR.

of sand which extends for miles along the bay. There were little boats always anchored near the end of the wharf, and curiously rigged Chinese junks were often seen cruising about. By eleven o'clock the beach was the scene of much animation. Horseback parties galloped over its hard yellow sands, and groups of idlers sat on the dunes, reading, or gazing seaward upon the blue expanse of waters.

To Kate the beach was a never-failing attraction. She and Goodnow had many a horse-race from Castle Rock to the wharf, a good half-mile, and often rode as far as Ortega Point, an extension of the hill dividing the valley of Carpenteria from that of El Montecito. It is only possible to take this ride at low tide, for when the water is high the various points extending into the bay are impassable. A mile beyond the wharf the beach is bordered by a series of low sand heaps, over which one looks far up the valley to the Mission. Beyond these, again, are high bluffs which rise abruptly from the water's edge to a height of fifty feet. Their face is scarred and yellow, but their tops are carpeted with grass, and in spring with patches of yellow mustard and wild flowers. Two people were never better fitted to enjoy this beach ride than were Kate and Goodnow. Both were appreciative and observant. The deep coloring of the bay, the dull yellow of the beach and bluffs, the green tufts of grass and the wild flowers creeping over their edges, the distant hazy islands, the long stretch of curved coast, mountain-guarded, were always noticed and admired. As they cantered over the shining sands the waves softly broke in snowy masses of foam, and the waters often bathed the horses' feet. It is possible to ride all the way to Carpenteria by way of the beach at low tide, a distance of eleven miles. There is a constant succession of coves and crescents, and at the western edge of Carpenteria begins a line of sand-dunes, low and rolling, and fringed with low-growing reeds and bushes.

There was still another beach ride that all liked. It began at the wharf and extended westward along the beach, past steep bluffs, to a foot-path that turned inland through a narrow opening among the coast hills. Half a mile beyond the wharf a rocky headland, known as Castle Rock, projects across the beach, and over this the road led. Kate always rested her

horse on reaching the top, and took a good long look at the prospect it commanded. The view across the valley to the mountains, and along-shore to Carpenteria, Ruicon, and Ventura points, was unobstructed. This headland is thirty miles from Santa Barbara, and forms a narrow neck of land that at first is only a few feet above the water's edge, but which soon merges into a mountain. Edith, who rarely rode, always liked to visit Castle Rock. Making a seat there, she would sit for hours looking out upon the wide, beautiful bay or upon the mountains, and watching the riders cantering over the smooth, shining beach. To where she sat there came no noise; only the murmur of the waves breaking upon the rocks at her feet disturbed the perfect quiet. It was the middle of January now, but the air was warm, the sky was a cloudless blue, and among the grasses growing along the edge of the cliffs were brightly colored wild flowers. Tiring of the sea, she had only to turn her head to see the valley, or could look on both at the same time. Old Juan came with her one day, and told what he knew of the neighborhood. The Point, he said, used to be called La Punta del Castillo, and when the Spaniards were the only people living in Santa Barbara there was a strong fort on the level ground back of the rock—a fort of earth mounted with four brass cannon. When a ship sailed into port, laden with goods from Spain, and bringing many a lover to his sweetheart, the soldiers fired the cannon and the ship returned the salute. On hearing the noise the people ran down to the beach, and waded into the surf to pull the boats ashore. Among those who one day went down to meet the ship was old Tomaso. He expected a certain señorita from Spain to be his bride. When all the boats had landed, and she did not appear, they told him the truth. She whom he sought had died on the voyage, and was buried at sea. Poor Tomaso! He fell on the sands, and was as one dead. From that time his mind was gone. After a long illness he came every day to the beach, watching for his beloved one. For many years he waited, running down to help haul in every boat, and looking long into each face, but never saying a word. He died watching, too, for one day they found him dead on the beach, his face turned toward the sea and his eyes wide open.



THE HIGH WALL OF THE MISSION.

Just to the left of Castle Rock, at the edge of the beach, is a low rounded hill called Burton's Mound. When the Spaniards first sailed into the Santa Barbara channel they found the coast and islands inhabited by a race of Indians living in large villages. On Burton's Mound was one of their largest towns. All traces of it have now disappeared, but the ground is still filled with the stone and earthen articles made by the forgotten people. On the crest of the mound is a low adobe house surrounded by a wide veranda overgrown with vines. Near it is a sulphur

spring, the water from which is pumped into heated tanks, and used for bathing. Anna took regular baths, and was greatly benefited. The place is a favorite picnic resort, and will some time be a hotel site.

It makes little difference how one enters the Santa Barbara Valley, for the Mission which overlooks it is the first object that attracts attention. It occupies an elevated site at the head of the valley, and is clearly outlined against a background of hills. The church was begun in 1786, and finished in 1822. In 1812, and again in 1814, it was nearly destroyed

by earthquakes. It was intended by Father Junipero Serra to build the Santa Barbara Mission long before it was really begun, but he died before doing more than select its location and consecrate the ground. From 1822 until 1833, when the act of secularization was passed, the building was the centre of great wealth and power. The fathers were temporal as well as spiritual rulers of the land, and their church was the best and largest in California. The walls were of stone six feet thick, and plastered with adobe; the roof was covered with bright red tiles, and in the towers was hung a trio of Spanish bells. In the rear of the Mission the fathers had their garden—a shrub-grown half-acre completely isolated from the outside world. From the west tower a long L extended at right angles to the body of the church, and facing this was an open corridor. The Indian converts lived in huts, and the fathers raised large quantities of grapes and olives. When war was made upon the Franciscans, the Santa Barbara brothers were the only ones who dared remain at their posts. That they did so is due the excellent preservation of the old building. Time has changed it

somewhat, to be sure, but has mellowed and softened rather than destroyed. The stone steps leading to the façade are cracked and moss-grown; only one of the original six fountains is left; the Indian cabins have disappeared. A few Franciscans, shaven, and dressed in long coarse robes girded at the waists, still inhabit the bare narrow cells, and loiter about the corridors and garden, and regular service continues to be held.

To Edith there was no road more attractive than that leading to the gray-walled church. The Mission fascinated her, as, indeed, it does all who see it. There was hardly a day that she did not visit it. Sometimes she sat on the rim of the fountain basin dreamily gazing past the town to where the blue waters were glistening in the strong sunlight, or wandered about the olive grove, and rested in the shade of the trees to read. One day, while absorbed in her book, and only stopping now and then to glance about her, she was aroused by the sound of some one coming. Looking up, she saw one of the fathers. He had thrown back his hood, and his clean-shaven face was suffused with a deep blush at thus coming



THE MISSION FOUNTAIN.



GARDEN OF THE MISSION.

unexpectedly upon so delightful a vision as that of a young girl seated on a grassy mound beneath an olive-tree.

"You are a daughter of our Church, child?" asked the padre.

"No, father, not a daughter, but a lover of it."

"Would there were more children belonging to our Mission!" the old gray-haired man said. "I fear Father Junipero would grieve to see the California missions now. It is little we can do today."

At Edith's request the old man seated himself at her side, and after telling of the life he and his brothers led, asked if she would like to go with him to the church. On her accepting, they both left the orchard, and passing the fountain, entered

the dimly lighted interior. Directly above the entrance was the choir, and before it stretched a long nave, the walls of which were set with rows of small windows, and hung with paintings of saints and apostles. A few of the pictures were admirably executed. The largest and best was "Heaven and Hell."

"Many were painted in Spain," said the father, "and others were done by the Indians."

There was a decidedly musty smell to the church, and both the visitors spoke in whispers. Edith's guide showed her all the paintings, and gave the history of each—who this was done by and when, how it came to Santa Barbara, and other facts of interest. Just beyond the choir were two small chapels, each with its al-

tar pictures and ornaments, and a few steps from that on the right of the nave the father stopped before a high double doorway, and began unlocking the heavy doors. When he had thrown them open he crossed himself, and leading the way, asked Edith to follow. Doing so, she found herself in a walled enclosure overgrown with rank grasses and rose-bushes. Above the doorway Edith saw three whitened skulls set in the wall, while under the eaves of the church, which projected upon thick buttresses, the swallows were fitting back and forth from their nests of sun-baked mud.

"This is our cemetery, señorita," said the father at last.

"Are the skulls real, father?" asked Edith.

"Yes, child."

"And are many people buried here?"

"Oh yes, very many. We do not use it now. There is not room, to tell the truth. You need not dig deep to find skulls and bones in here."

It was not a pleasant thought to Edith to feel that she was walking over the last resting-place of she knew not how many pious fathers and Indians. It was very quiet. A high wall completely hid the road to Mission Cañon, and on the west was the church, above which rose the towers. There were several vaults, and each had its wooden cross and vines. Doves were cooing on the eaves, and the swallows chatted incessantly.

On leaving the cemetery the father and Edith returned to the church, and passed up the long nave to the altar, which was covered with a snowy cloth, and decorated with tall candlesticks and other ornaments. Behind it, filling the end of the room, was a wooden reredos, elaborately carved, and having fine life-sized colored statues before each panel. On either side of the altar, set on white pillars, were two other statues, and between them was a large cross, with the Christ upon it. To the right Edith noticed a curiously shaped hat hanging upon the wall, which was covered with dust.

"It belonged to Garcia San Diego, the first Bishop of California," said the father, when he saw Edith looking at it. "His body is entombed here, as the tablet says. He was a patient worker and a godly man. Would I could be buried here, in the very walls of the church I serve!"

To the left of the altar a narrow doorway leads into the sacristy. With her guide Edith entered the small room, and saw directly opposite her another doorway opening upon a garden, or what seemed to be that.

"Yes, it is our cloister—our garden," said the padre. "I wish you could step into it, child, but no woman is allowed there. When the Princess Louise was here an exception was made, and she was shown our quiet walks and flowers."

"Can I look in?" asked Edith.

"Oh yes, but do not step outside the door."

With this permission Edith crossed the sacristy, and stood for some time looking through the open doorway. It was almost as though she stood within the garden, for her position commanded a view of nearly the entire place. In speaking of it afterward she said she could not well describe it. "There was perfect quiet, and the sunlight made beautiful shadow patches on the walks. There is a deep corridor along the south side, made by a row of stone pillars supporting a tiled roof. Some of the fathers were seated in its shade. I wish I could have painted it, but fear I couldn't give the true coloring, it was so varied and deep. In one of the arches hung a queer old bell from Spain. From where I stood I could see down the path to the corridor, and to the old building that forms one side of the garden. An old padre came out and struck the bell three times. It had a beautiful, low, deep tone. On hearing it the old men all went to their rooms to pray, and my friend went back into the church and left me alone."

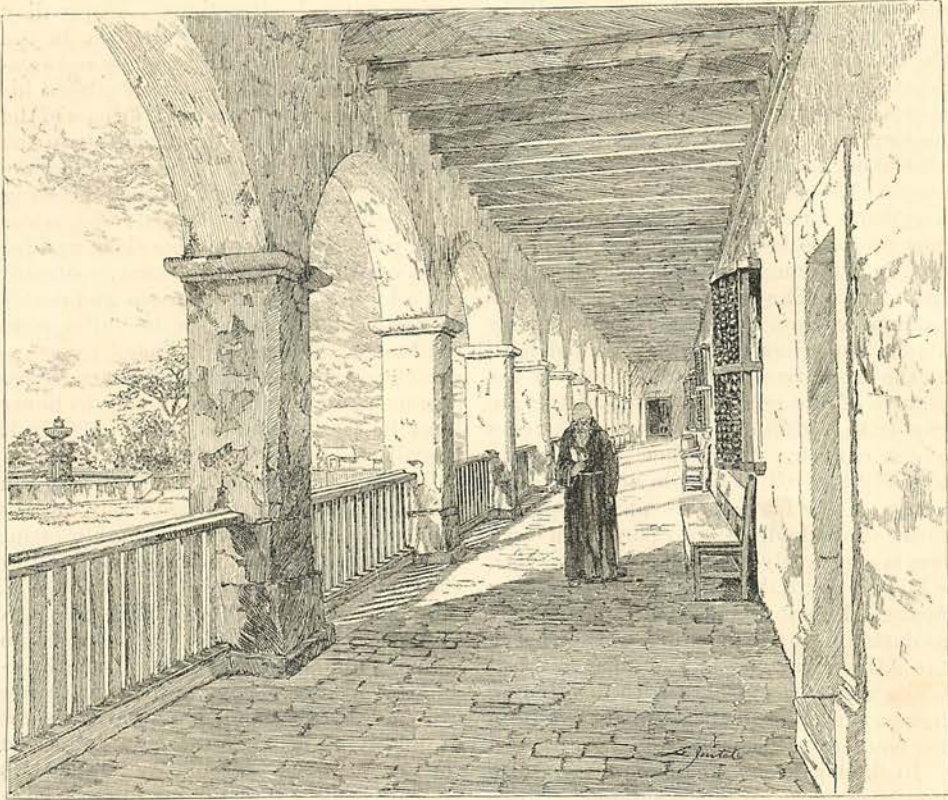
On returning from his devotions the father found Edith still looking upon the scene, and was greatly pleased at her enjoyment.

"Is it beautiful?" he asked at length.

"It is more than that, father; I never saw so lovely a place. How happy you must all be, having such a garden!"

"So we are, child. It is our home, and some of us could not live without it now."

There was not much to see in the sacristy. In a chest of drawers were the vestments used when high mass is said, and on the bare white walls were a few statues of saints and apostles. In a smaller room the father showed Edith some curious copper vessels fashioned by the Indians a century ago. He also showed



THE CORRIDOR OF THE MISSION.

her the brass candlesticks used on Corpus Christi and other fête-days, and a little forge at which the fathers repair anything that may become broken.

On leaving the Mission the father walked with Edith to the end of the olive grove, and there said good-by. Turning to look back toward the Mission, Edith saw him standing on the steps of the church, his tall, heavily robed figure clearly outlined against the white façade.

When Reginald and Goodnow visited the Mission for the first time, they made a much more thorough examination than Edith had been allowed to do. Their first exploit was to climb the belfry of one of the towers. From where the bells hung they could see far down the valley; in one direction to Gaviota Pass, forty-five miles westward, and in another down the coast to Ventura. As it nears Gaviota Pass, the Santa Barbara Valley loses its width, and becomes a mere neck of land crowded down between the sea and the mountains. From where they stood the

two men could look far up the narrow vale to farms and orchards. In many of the fields grew dark green live-oaks, and in others nothing but waving grain. They watched the shadows grow fainter and the colorings begin to change as the sun sank low toward the sea, and at last was hid from sight behind the watery horizon. When the light was entirely gone, the bells in the towers rang for evening mass, and as Reginald and his companion returned to the body of the church, the fathers had already gathered at the altar, and were busy with their prayers.

The two men were free to go where they pleased. Both made friends with the padres, and were always welcome. Reginald liked the garden best, but Goodnow was more interested in seeing the cells where the fathers slept, and in visiting the corridor, with its view between the arches, of the town and bay. It extends the entire front of the Mission wing, and is fully a hundred feet long. Opening from it are the living apartments, and

above are the bare and narrow cells in which the brothers sleep. To the left of the Mission are a small corral and stable, where the padres keep their few cattle and sheep. Reginald always went there, if he happened to be at the church late in the afternoon, to see Father G—— milk the cows. The old man was an adept, and handled his robes most gracefully. If a cow forgot to behave, he forgot his meekness in a moment, and pounded her with his stool. The young calves were his particular care. He led them tenderly about, but when refractory, pulled hard at the rope, reminding Goodnow of the picture of the refractory ass and the angry friar. Edith made several sketches of the church. It was her great delight to study it in all its details, and she found many of its features as picturesque as those of cathedrals in Spain. In fact, one is constantly impressed with the idea, while he is at the Mission, that he is in Spain. For at noonday the shadows are as dark and clearly defined as they are at the Alhambra; and at evening the gray-white walls are suffused with a softening light such as one expects to find only in the countries across the sea.

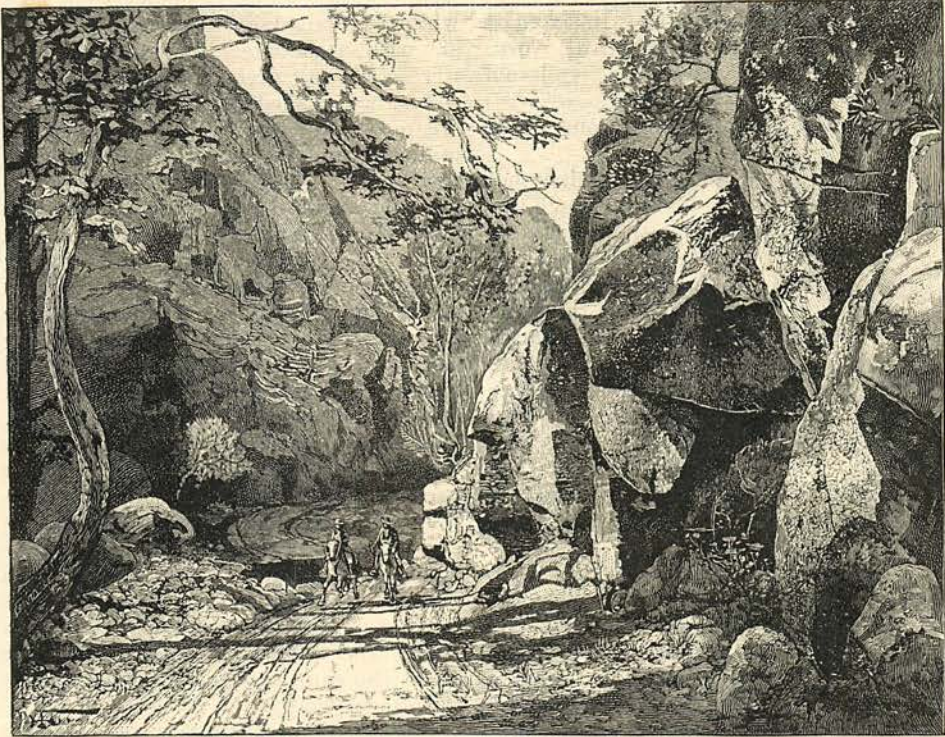
In their rides about the country Goodnow was never an idle wanderer. It had been his desire, ever since seeing Santa Barbara, to find a ranch that would return a fair per cent. on his investment. He and the girls always rode, while Reginald and his wife drove. Kate had at first worn a black habit and stiff hat, but had discarded these in time, and adopted a costume that made her figure a conspicuous object wherever she went. Her hat was light straw, like those worn by college oarsmen, and her jacket was a bright flannel Norfolk. Edith wore a broadbrimmed felt hat, and was always as fresh-looking after a long ride as when she started. Goodnow had bought a Mexican sombrero.

At first Goodnow was tempted to buy a place in El Montecito Valley, which lies near Santa Barbara, and is only separated from it by a low ridge of hill extending nearly to the beach, and between which is a view of Ruicon Peak and a bit of the bay. The valley faces the sea, and runs back to the mountains. It is in reality a suburb of Santa Barbara, and contains a score or more beautiful residences, erected by those who have been attracted to the region by its delightful climate and su-

perior natural attractions. The valley has a quick slope from the sea to the range, and is dotted with groves and live-oaks. The first time Goodnow piloted his friends there he took them to the base of the mountains, and bade them look upon the country at their feet. The view was like a picture. There lay the ocean, pressing upon yellow sands; westward rose the low hills, oaks growing on their sides, and behind which was Santa Barbara; eastward ran a higher ridge, tree-grown and covered with fields of grain; in the valley were red-roofed cottages surrounded by luxuriant groves of orange and lemon trees. Summer and winter the Montecito never loses its verdure or its freshness. It is literally the home of an eternal summer.

Goodnow would have bought one of the places offered him, but could not obtain land enough to make a profitable farm. His next hope was to find something at Carpenteria—a valley separated from El Montecito by the Ortega Hill. It is a productive region, and contains large ranches and small farms, on which oranges, walnuts, beans, and almonds are grown. It occupies a long, narrow neck of land lying between the mountains and the sea. At its extreme eastern end is Ruicon Peak, over and by the sea edge of which extends the stage road to Ventura and Newhall. The fields are all cultivated, and scattered over them are numerous cottages. Goodnow and his friends made several trips to the valley, as all do who wish to see everything of interest around Santa Barbara. But he could not decide what to purchase, and there was not much property offered for sale. They invariably took their lunch and were gone all day, resting for a few hours at some Carpenteria grove, and returning home late in the afternoon.

In the western part of the Santa Barbara Valley, however, Goodnow found what he wanted. When Kate saw the place she said at once it was just what they had long been seeking. The property comprised a tract of 160 acres, and was one-half level and one-half rolling land. But little of the land had been improved, and the house was not worth considering. From the higher parts of the ranch Goodnow could see across the valley to the sea; in another, had a glimpse of Santa Barbara; and in still another, looked far away to Gaviota Pass. Over the level fields were scattered live-oaks, and the rolling land



IN GAVIOTA PASS.

extended into the range through winding cañons choked with shrubs and sycamore-trees. There was not a prettier spot in the country than up these cañons. Goodnow began immediately to plant his olive and nut trees, and rode out nearly every day to superintend affairs, and see that the men did good work on the cottage he was building. Later, he and the girls, leaving Reginald and his wife to rest beneath the trees, rode into the cañons for a mile or more. The trail followed a creek that ran over a rocky bed in the deep shadow of the leafy sycamores, and led to an elevated spur of the range, from which the country for miles around was seen. Very often Reginald and Anna followed the riders a short distance up the gorge, taking their luncheon on a bit of level ground by the stream.

A short distance beyond Goodnow's new ranch were those of Glen Anne and Ellwood. Both of these famous places are well known and very valuable. They are respectively twelve and sixteen miles west of Santa Barbara, and extend from the

sea-shore far into the cañons. At Glen Anne, owned by Colonel W. W. Hollister, a California pioneer, who has done much to make Santa Barbara attractive, the chief business is orange-growing, stock-raising, and general farming. But on the ranch may be found trees and shrubs of almost every known variety. Leading to the house is an avenue of tall palms, and beyond there are olive, orange, lemon, banana, date, peach, apple, nectarine, and fig trees, with here and there acres of walnut, almond trees, and vineyards. The grounds are carefully kept, and the flowers were such as to fill the soul of Edith with a joy which she could not express.

"Here you see the sort of place I shall have," said Goodnow, as he conducted the party through the Glen Anne grounds.

"Yes, in the future," replied Kate.

"In the future, of course," answered Goodnow. "And yet it will not be very long before I can show some progress. There are no hard, long winters in California, remember. Next year I'll have wheat, flowers, and all my orange and

olive cuttings out; in twelve months more, my vineyard growing. In six years my income from the place will be worth having, and in ten years I can live like a nabob on what my ranch produces."

"Provided nothing goes wrong," said Kate.

"Oh, well, I am not too sanguine; but you can see as well as I, of how much this soil is capable, and what the climate is. I wish I could give ten acres of land in this State to every man in New York who works in an office all day for a thousand a year. He only gets a bare living there, and here ten acres would give him that, and sunshine, good air, and independence besides. 'Get land,' is my motto. Our cities are over-full, and our professions crowded. We must begin to cultivate our country more carefully. California is equal in size to France, and yet has only a million inhabitants."

At Ellwood, Reginald found much to interest him. The land is planted with olives, English walnuts, almonds, and wheat. The nuts are superior to those imported. From the olives is made a finely flavored oil. It has a wide reputation in the East, and is in great demand. The various orchards are planted with great care, and the trees are set out in long rows that extend for a great distance over the gently rolling ground. The home at Ellwood is a small, vine-covered cottage standing in the shadow of some huge, wide-branching oaks. Near the grove are the packing-houses, drying-furnaces, and a garden filled with choice varieties of flowers gathered from nearly every part of the world.

Beyond Ellwood the country highway follows the beach past the Sturges ranch, occupying the upper end of an oak-grown cañon, and to Gaviota Pass, a wild, narrow passage crossing the Santa Ynez range. High ledges of rock rise on each side of the road, and from the mouth of the pass one may look far down the valley in the direction of Santa Barbara.

By the time Goodnow's house was completed the California spring had come. The rainy weather was over. Day after day the sun rose in a cloudless east and set in a cloudless west. Every shrub was in bloom, and the violet beds in Reginald's garden were blue with blossoms. Out in the country the almond, peach, and apricot trees were all a mass of delicate color, and with the oranges still

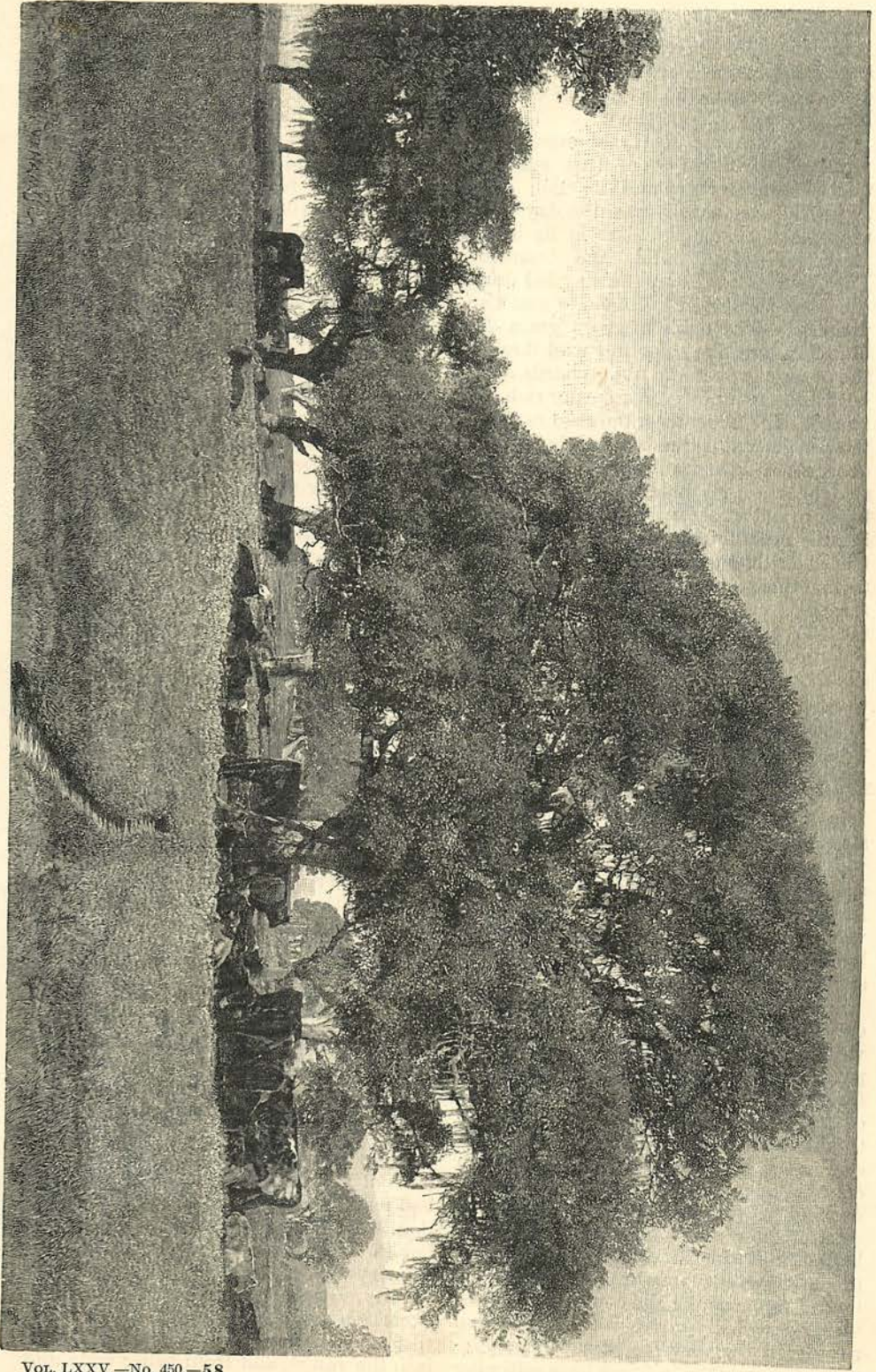
weighing down the branches were pure white blossoms whose perfume filled the air with a delicious fragrance. Fields were a velvety green; the leaves of the oaks were washed bright and fresh; the sycamores had sent forth new leaves and branches, and birds were busy building their nests. By the side of country roads the wild mustard grew higher than one's head, golden and delicate, a rich contrast to the blue of sky and ocean; and in many of the meadows were long wide patches of blue-flax. Farmers were planting their corn and beans; gardeners were spading their flower beds for the last time. Old Juan and Edith were all day pruning, raking, and watering slips and seedlings. There was no dust and no mud. The air was soft, warm, and fragrant. Riding parties, improving every hour left them before their departure from Santa Barbara, scoured the country in search of new places of interest, or went once more to the cañons and other favorite haunts. By the first of May the "winter season" was over. The hotels had room at last for those who came, and one by one the rented cottages were given up.

But still there was not utter desertion. All who could stay did so, well knowing that beautiful as Santa Barbara is during the winter, one should know her in her summer dress to realize how great is her charm.

"I prefer the months from May until autumn," said Goodnow. "You have seen for yourself what May is, and June is nearly its equal. As for July and August, they are wonderfully cool and comfortable. There is never a night that a blanket isn't necessary. Of course it's dusty. There's no rain, and all the fields are parched. But you'll get used to that, and I like the brown hills as well as the green."

Before their departure, Reginald had planned a week's trip to the Ojai Valley, a park-like retreat about forty miles from Santa Barbara, nestled among the mountains of the Santa Ynez. Its elevation is nearly one thousand feet above sea-level, and the climate is radically different from that of Santa Barbara, being drier and more bracing. Many whose health does not improve at the sea-side go to the Ojai, and are quickly benefited. The mountains entirely surround the valley, which is about thirty miles long by from three to six wide, and the only entrance to the

IN THE VALLEY OF THE OJAI.



beautiful amphitheatre of oak-grown fields and long grassy levels is by the Casitas Pass, which leads from Carpenteria over the range to the little town of Nordhoff, the only village there.

To save trouble, Reginald engaged the regular four-horse stage that runs between Santa Barbara and the Ojai. Early in the season as it was, the day when they started was June-like in its bright freshness—clear, mild, and beautiful. For the first two hours the way led down the coast through El Montecito and Carpenteria. The fields of green grain and blue-flax, the live-oaks and wild flowers, the orange groves and nut orchards, gave, with the sea and sky, a coloring rich and varied. In Carpenteria the road ran near the beach, past a line of sand-dunes, now overgrown with trailing vines and flowers thrown into bold relief against the background of ocean. To the left, reaching the mountains, were open fields, some frilled with walnut orchards and fruit trees, others freshly ploughed and ready for their crop of Lima-beans, of which the Carpenteria Valley is the home. At the mouth of the pass the road turned abruptly northward and entered a narrow, winding cañon, guarded by steep hill-sides overgrown with oaks and tangled brushwood. Down the centre of the ravine flowed a noisy creek; and on both banks was a net-work of ferns and morning-glory vines. Before reaching the steepest part of the pass an hour's rest was taken in a spot shaded by large oaks, a short distance from which ran the brook. In every direction there was nothing but verdure—the green of the ferns intensified by the oaks, and that of the trees by the shrubs on the mountain slopes.

As the top of the pass was neared the oaks disappeared, and in their place were wild wastes of sage and chaparral, and patches of wild flowers of a hundred different shades—blue, gold, and red. Some of the distant hills appeared on fire, so thickly were they carpeted with the flowers, and so brilliant was their hue. Edith counted over seventy different varieties without leaving the wagon. When the crest of the range was reached the driver halted, and the little party gazed upon the mountains whose broken contour extended as far as the eye could see. Northward, guarded by tree-grown hills, and resting in the very lap of rugged mountains, lay the Ojai, a filmy haze softening

its outlines, and groves of live-oak. But most admired was the pass itself, winding in narrow coils around the many hills, and the view beyond it of the Santa Barbara Valley, blue, softly outlined and girded by the yellow beach, upon which the waves could be plainly seen breaking in masses of foam. With a glass the houses were visible, and with the naked eye all could see a steamer ploughing its way across the bay to the wharf. Few, perhaps no other passes in California, have the varied beauty of the Casitas; none, certainly, has its views of mountain, valley, and ocean combined in one harmonious whole.

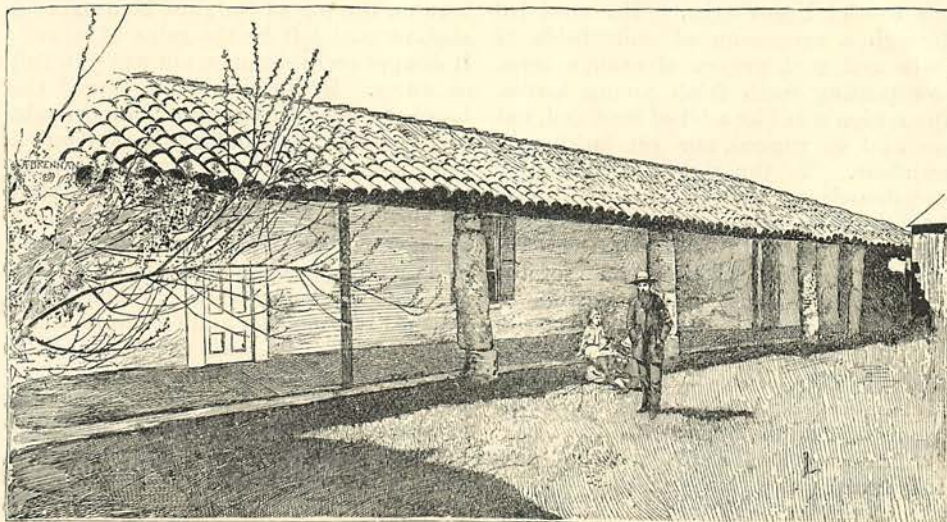
It was nearly sundown when the Ojai was reached, and the tired but delighted travellers alighted at the Oak Glen cottages. The last half of the ride had been as interesting as the first. The road led down the mountain-side by easy grades, and through dense forests of oak and sycamore. Several streams were crossed—wide, shallow rivers of clear water into which men were casting their flies for trout. Beyond the last ford in the Ojai the wild flowers grew thicker than ever, and the air was of the mountains, crisp and invigorating. None, save Goodnow, who had made the trip before, had ever seen such oaks, so many, or so large, as those which now were passed. They made veritable forests, and beneath their wide-spreading branches, festooned with swaying clusters of gray Spanish-moss, were groups of resting cattle. Years ago all the southern California valleys were choked with oaks. But to-day many have been cut down, and it is only in the Ojai that one can find them in abundance.

There is little to do in the Ojai but to admire and study nature. The little town of Nordhoff is as quiet as the grave. The Oak Glen cottages stand by themselves just off the highway, and are equally as quiet. For a day after her arrival Anna sat on the veranda, shaded by a large oak, gazing listlessly down the valley beyond its trees and fields to the chain of mountains at the western end. But after she had rested there followed days of exploration. Kate was in her element. The horses were low-spirited beasts, but the country was too beautiful to ride across rapidly, so no one complained. The first excursion was down the valley to the Matilija Cañon, which extends several miles into the range, and from being wide and

brush-grown, soon becomes a narrow pathway bordered by rough, rocky cliffs, washed by a swift little stream dashing headlong over a boulder-strewn bed. At the extreme end of the cañon is a spring of strong sulphur water. Kate and Goodnow rode on to this, but the others halted at an interval for luncheon. Reginald

of continual summer, but now I think I never should."

What Edith's opinion of California life was, Goodnow had not been able to discover. That she enjoyed all she saw, he felt positively sure. But she was never enthusiastic in her expressions, and it was only lately that Goodnow had tried to



ADOBE HOUSE.

went troutng, and after an hour's casting returned with a basket of fish, which Goodnow cooked over a bed of coals.

"It's like Colorado here," said that young man of general information. "Shouldn't know it from a cañon of the Rocky Mountains. Wonderful variety of scenery we have in California. Half an hour's ride from this cañon, and we're in a park of trees."

"Spoken like a true Californian," said Edith.

"Yes; but then I am one now, you know. It's dangerous staying long in this State. There's an old legend about seeing the Rio Grande. See it once, and you'll never rest until you see it again, or live near its waters; the same might be told of California. Come, now, does any one here think he will ever be satisfied without coming back to the scenes we've been enjoying so long?"

"I should never be," said Kate. "I'm sure never to cease thinking what a California winter is like. I might get tired

fathom her thoughts. But since one quiet evening alone with her he had found that his regard had changed to love. She had read much and talked well, and to be with her gave Goodnow mental refreshment. He always asked her opinion now, and came to her with all his doubts. Reginald had noticed the change in his friend, but said nothing.

While at the Ojai, Edith and Goodnow were more often thrown together. Kate rode with them, to be sure, but was generally rushing off into side paths or dashing far ahead of her two soberer companions. She was the life of the party, and her red jacket was sure to be seen on all the highest hill-sides and isolated peaks. Reginald intended to leave the Ojai sooner than he did, but Kate had heard of Sulphur Mountain, and said she would not go away until she had climbed it.

"Perhaps you won't be able to leave then," said Goodnow, "for there isn't much of a trail, and the climb would be hard even if there were."

"But isn't the view grand from the top?"

"Oh yes, wonderfully so. We may as well try it. I know the way, and will be responsible for our safety."

Just back of the cottages a high ridge of land runs across the valley, dividing it into two nearly equal parts, known as the Upper and Lower Ojai. Making an early start, Goodnow and the girls rode over this to the Upper Ojai. The road led through a succession of wide fields of grain and past groves of orange-trees, now putting forth fresh young leaves. The region was like a bit of Scotland, not too wild or rugged, nor yet lacking in grandeur. To the right of the valley were densely wooded hills, and high above them the bare crest of Sulphur Mountain. For hours the trail was through the forests that covered the steep sides of the peak. At times it seemed impossible to proceed. Deep ravines and beds of soft asphaltum, thickets of live-oaks and chaparral, blocked the way. But Kate, determined and persevering, would stop at nothing. Goodnow rarely left Edith's side.

"I can manage," Kate had said. "You look after Edith."

Once the trail was utterly lost. High overhead towered the mountain; below was a deep wide gorge. Edith was tired out, and Goodnow insisted upon her resting. Kate pushed on ahead, and in a few moments was lost to view among the wild-growing bushes. Presently, however, Goodnow caught the bright gleam of her jacket. She had reached a point high above her companions. Her voice as she called to them could scarcely be heard, but Goodnow understood that he and Edith were to go in the direction she pointed. Riding in a zigzag course up a slope that grew steeper every moment, Kate was reached at last, and the three, getting off their horses, sat down by the side of a hardy oak.

"We can see the top now," said Kate, "and it can't be far off. What air this is! I could climb all day and not be tired."

When the crest of the mountain was reached, the country seemed to the delighted lookers-on to lay spread at their very feet. Southward, thirty miles away, but seemingly not a quarter of that distance, was the ocean, with its islands and curving shore of yellow sands; the Santa Clara Valley, watered by a river that shone in

the sunlight like a thread of silver; and nearer at hand, the sharp bare hill-tops, reaching upward like fingers of a giant hand, and holding miniature levels in their strong embrace. To the north was the Ojai, now a mere depression among the mountains; and in the distance, their slopes a deep dark blue and their summits capped with snow, rose the peaks of the Sierra Madre range. There is a small lake on the top of Sulphur Mountain—a shallow pool left by the rains of winter. It disappears in summer, but was now full of water. By its side Kate spread the luncheon which Goodnow had brought in his saddle-bags, and while they rested the tired party ate, and studied at their leisure the beauty of the view. After luncheon Edith read aloud and Goodnow smoked, while Kate, restless as ever, roamed about the place, trying from what point she had the better view. When Edith finished reading, she and Goodnow walked to where they could look afar off to the Santa Barbara Valley. It was flooded with sunshine, and its coloring was exquisite. Under the inspiration of the moment Goodnow spoke. It was a simple question that he asked, and it was as simply answered. Kate had not heard it, but knew when she came to where they stood what had been said.

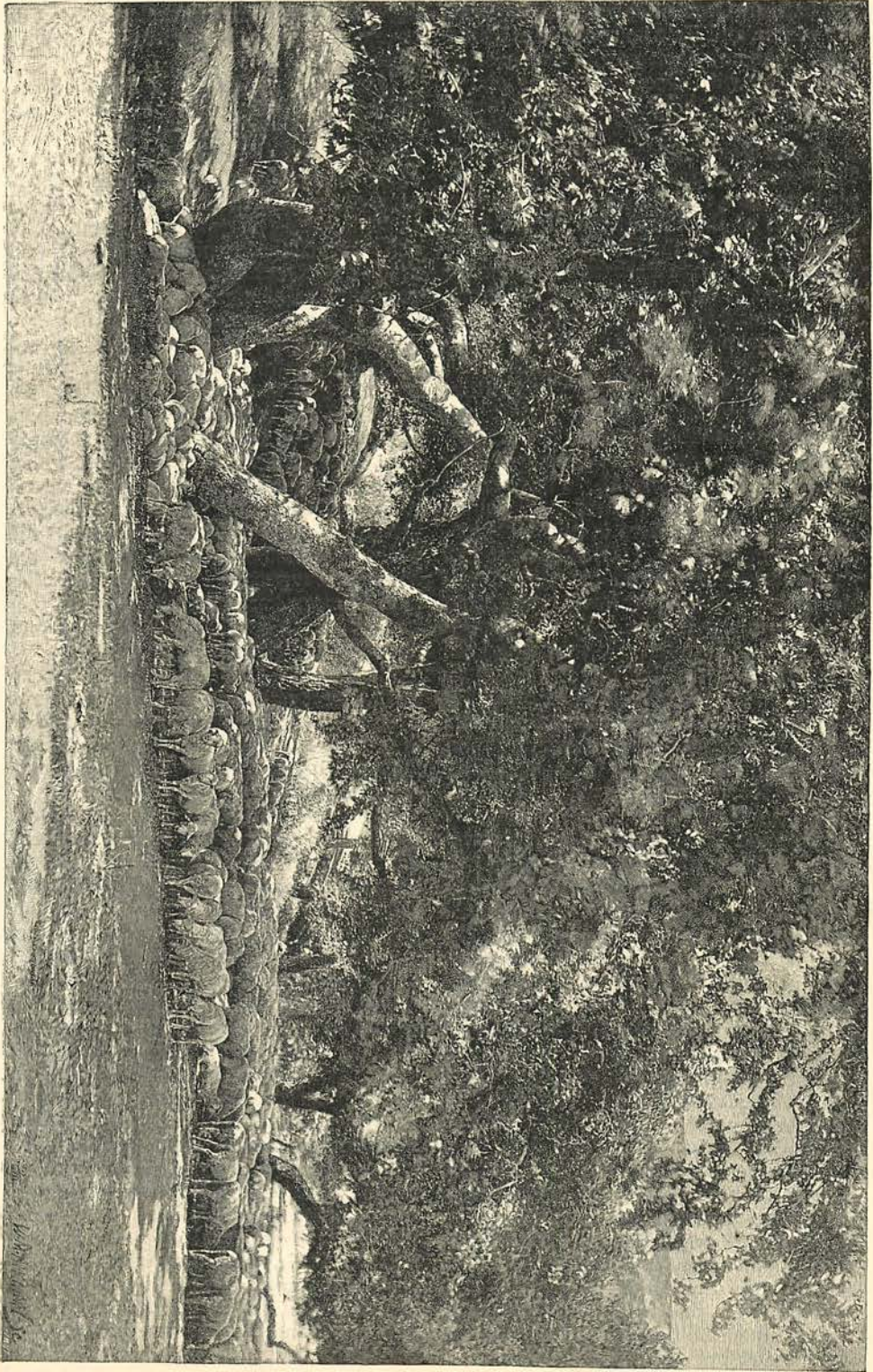
"Enraptured with the view?" she asked, laughingly.

"Yes; and is our sister pleased?" said Goodnow.

"Immeasurably. But what *would* have happened, Edith, if you couldn't have answered 'yes'? Think how disagreeable the going home this afternoon would have been!"

That night the news was told Reginald and Anna. "You have my permission only on one condition," said Anna. "You must invite us to visit you at least once a year."

By the middle of May the summer season at Santa Barbara is well under way. On their return from the Ojai the bath-houses, near the wharf, were open, and every day a gay party of lookers-on gathered beneath an awning stretched over the sands to see the bathers go in. There is no better bathing in the world than that at Santa Barbara. The beach slopes gradually into deep water, and there is little surf; the temperature of the sea is much warmer than that of the Atlantic, and there is rarely any undertow. Goodnow



SCENE IN HOPE RANCH.

had bathed at least once a week all through the winter, and Kate had gone in at Christmas. She now took a swim nearly every day, going with Goodnow to the end of the wharf, or taking Edith, not so strong as her companions, to the raft which is anchored a short distance from the shore. There were always twenty or thirty people in at once, and the beach was the liveliest part of the town from eleven until twelve o'clock in the morning.

Whatever Santa Barbara had done for the others, it had certainly cured Anna. No one would have recognized her in May as the woman whom they had seen in December. In his report to Dr. Kimball, Reginald said that her cough had entirely disappeared, and that she had gained strength and flesh ever since her arrival. "In fact," he wrote, "the climate of Santa Barbara is phenomenal. I have heard of many remarkable cures. Of course every one coming here is not benefited, but the majority are. All miasmatic and pulmonary diseases are greatly helped, and the place is gaining a wide reputation as a natural sanitarium. The air is wonderfully dry for a sea-side resort, and the temperature varies but slightly throughout the year, the average being about 70° for winter and 80° for summer. From May to November there is never any rain, and during the so-called 'wet season,' lasting from November to the middle of April, the rains are only occasional, and stormy days are succeeded by clear, bright, warm ones, during which it is a delight to be out-of-doors. The town has been full of invalids all winter. Many have come to stay. The accommodations—hotels, boarding-houses, and rented cottages—are excellent; in fact, there is every modern comfort. The cost of living is very reasonable; the climate excels that of Nice; the scenery is varied and beautiful. If you have any more such patients, send them out. I'll guarantee they have the best time they ever had, and will get well as rapidly as Anna has."

In nearly the centre of Santa Barbara is a quarter known as Spanishtown, which was once a good copy of villages in Spain. So late as 1836, when Richard Henry Dana, then a sailor before the mast, visited Santa Barbara, the Spaniards were almost the only people in the valley, and their thick-walled adobe houses with red-tiled roofs were huddled closely together midway between the beach and the Mission. To-

day the quarter has been relegated to side streets, and a part of it given over to the Chinese.

It was not long before Kate found Spanishtown. Her first visit was made alone, but on the second she went with Edith and old Juan, the one to sketch and the other to show the more interesting features of the settlement. Juan was in his element, acting as guide and interpreter, and returned the Spanish salutations with much grace and dignity, and consumed any number of cigarettes as he walked through the narrow streets. His first stop was made before the remnant of an old thick adobe wall still standing. "It is the only part of the old presidio left," he said. "I can remember when the whole wall was up. It was too high to climb over, and inside was a large square which the soldiers used, and where there was a chapel and barracks. At the four corners were four brass cannon. And outside the walls, protected by the guns, were the houses of our people. There was nothing then between here and the beach, so that we could sit in our doorways and look out upon the bay and the mountains."

Then he told of the fête-days, when mass was said at the Mission, and there were races on the beach and dancing at the presidio. Every one had work then, for the rich Spaniards owned large ranches and had many servants.

"Sometimes it does not seem Santa Barbara any more—the new houses and strange people and hotels. Some of us have little to do now, and our own town is no longer beautiful or gay. Even our houses are being pulled down, as you can see, and in a few years, I think, there will be no Spanishtown."

One of the houses visited was that which Dana describes as the scene of the wedding festivities that took place when he was at Santa Barbara. It answers perfectly to his description, and is still owned by the same family whose daughter Dana saw married. Juan took the girls into its large court-yard and to the veranda. Near the De la Guerra Mansion, as the house is called, Juan pointed out the old Noreaga garden, once a famous place, but now overgrown with grass, and containing only a few scrubby peach-trees and neglected grape arbors. On one side of it was found the best preserved Spanish house the girls had yet seen. It was a long low building, one story high, and

had a roof of bright red tiles. Around the house extended a deep veranda, shaded by overhanging eaves which rested on a row of time-stained pillars. It was still inhabited by Mexicans, whom Juan knew, and who invited him and his party in. The garden fronting the little cabin was filled with rose-bushes, and in its centre was an old well, its wooden frame nearly hid by vines.

It requires several visits to know Spanishtown thoroughly. There are many interesting corners and by-ways, and in all are pictures of a life gradually dying out in Santa Barbara. Some of the cottages are in groups, and face upon the street; and others are by themselves, and have their own bit of garden and vineyard.

Chinatown always seemed an incongruity to Edith, who disliked finding the Spanish adobes peopled by so foreign a race; yet she often went there, in company with either Goodnow or Reginald, and visited the shops of Chung Wah and Sing Lee for Chinese curios. On the days when their New-Year is celebrated Chinatown is overrun with visitors, who are expected to call at the different stores and partake of the refreshments that are there spread out upon little tables. All the houses are decorated with lanterns, and long strings of Chinese crackers and bombs are exploded at regular intervals.

The marriage of Edith and Goodnow was to take place at Christmas, so that Edith might return to Santa Barbara for the last half of the winter. The two sisters, with Goodnow and other friends who might happen to go, rode nearly every day. There was nothing about Santa Barbara which they did not see. One of their rides was through El Montecito Valley to the Hot Springs Cañon. From the bath-house at the head of this gorge is a view of all Montecito and the bay, and from a spur of the range near by one can see for miles up and down the coast. The springs contain strong sulphur water, which is drank and bathed in with great bodily benefit. They have been known for years, and were widely famous among the Indians who inhabited the region. Still another ride was over the hills of the Hope Ranch to a tiny lake lying in a grove of oaks. The trail follows the edge of the cliffs after leaving the beach, and for a few miles before the lake is reached commands a view of the channel, valley, and mountains of which Kate never tired.

"But you can't decide which ride you like best," she wrote home. "Never was there such a place as this. We are always finding something new. There are a dozen or more cañons among the mountains, and we go first to one and then to another, spending the day, or just riding up the trails and home again, in time for luncheon or dinner. Last week we rode over to the San Marcos Pass, which crosses the range to the west of Santa Barbara, and went to the Santa Ynez Valley. In it are many farms and an old church, something like the one we have here, only not nearly so well preserved. The San Marcos is not so beautiful a pass as the Casitas, but is wilder, and from its top you can see from one end of the Santa Barbara Valley to the other. I like the cañons: they are always so cool and green. When we get tired of the sea or the town, we go into the mountains. Everybody tries camping for a week, and we have done as the rest.

The night before all except Goodnow were to say good-by to Santa Barbara, Kate gave a picnic on the beach. Twenty or more young people rode out to the place of meeting, while others came in carriages. Supper was served on the veranda of an old weather-beaten bath-house standing under the brow of the cliffs a mile to the east of the wharf. Some of the men built a fire of drift-wood, and as darkness came on all gathered around it, and listened to Edith, who played on the guitar and sang some quaint old Spanish songs which Juan the gardener had taught her. As she sang, the moon came up, out of the sea it seemed, and its light, with that of the fire, threw a weird soft glow over the long stretch of sands, and the faces of the picturesquely grouped listeners. It was hard to realize that this was the last evening at Santa Barbara. The time had passed all too rapidly. And when the farewells had been said on the following day, and Goodnow, the picture of woe, was left standing alone on the wharf, Edith was the only one who, looking back upon the beach, did not think of the picnic of the night before—that perfect ending of a perfect time. In her mind was present the memory of Sulphur Mountain. There, she knew, had been found the perfection of her winter's happiness; the music of the words said there was sweeter than that of the guitar she had played, and was more full of brightness than were the moonbeams on the waters.