

unfavorable results, not because the scientific views are wrong; but from the fact, although farming may receive important aids from every branch of science, yet the success of it depends upon the ability of the practitioner to carefully and economically adjust the varied aspects of his profession that they may come in touch with the utility of applied science, and harmoniously respond to his dictation and discretion.

W. J. B.

A Trip to San Antonia Canyon, Southern California.



WHILE traveling in Southern California, one cannot but be struck with the grandeur of its numerous mountain canyons.

They are to a great extent the pleasure resorts of the inhabitants residing in the valleys below who when well nigh exhausted with the routine of business and the depressing effects of a semi-tropical sun can always refresh themselves by a days vi-it to one of these most beautiful of places.

It was while visiting the pretty little town of Ontario, so called from the fact that the majority of its inhabitants came from that celebrated province in Canada, that I paid a vi-it to their beautiful pleasure resort San Antonia Canyon.

The town is situated about six miles from the mouth of the canyon with which it is connected by a street railway. My companion and I one beautiful morning in the latter part of May left the home of our friend Mr. —, boarded a car and were soon spinning along at a fair rate up what is known as Euclid Avenue. Along each side of the railway was a truck for pleasure driving with a row of Eucalyptus and Pepper trees on each side.

But a short time had elapsed when the mules showed signs of fatigue and on enquiring the reason the driver informed us that we were now ascending a grade of 160 feet to the mile.

On each side of the avenue were some of the most beautiful orange and lemon plantations known in California. Some of the trees at this season of the year being white with blossom although the previous seasons fruit on some of them was not as yet plucked.

But we must hurry along. In due time we reached the terminus of the road and the mules seemed to be thankful in every sense of the term. We stopped a few minutes to see them start on the down grade.

The mules unhitched, a shelf-like car was drawn out from under the main ore, a railing affixed to it, the mules on board, the brake set free and away they sped with the speed of a lightning express drawn by gravity's engine into the valley below, the mules if we may judge from their self satisfied look enjoying the ride with the rest of the passengers.

We now entered the canyon. As one advances, on either side are to be seen perpendicular walls of rock, many hundreds of feet in height. The canyon varies in width from 40 rods to 20 or 30 yards, and is so winding that the traveller cannot see over a quarter of a mile ahead. Flowing down the centre is a sparkling mountain stream which supplies the valley below with water for irrigation and domestic purposes. As we skirt its banks we notice the influence of its long continued action on the rocks and boulders which form its bed and banks. Owing to the fact that the fall is about 200 feet to the mile, the stream is in many places roaring mountain torrent with here and there a miniature fall.

As we pass along we cannot but notice the trees of which there are several different kinds, shooting out from the crevices of perpendicular rocks and then suddenly turning, ascending in an upward direction, appearing to the eye as gigantic walking canes.

When about 3 miles into the canyon we met some workmen whom we accosted and enquired the distance to the foot of Old Baldy mountain which was our intended destination, although it appeared but a mile or so in the distance they informed us we were still 18 miles or so from the summit, we therefore decided to defer our journey to even the foot of it, till some future time.

Now and again on rounding some curve, we suddenly found our-

selves within the precincts of some mountaineer's ranch comprising some 5 or 10 acres of fine orange land with beautiful mountain scenery on every side. The ranchers we had the pleasure of meeting were very talkative, a characteristic of Americans in general and gave stirring accounts of their adventures in the canyon in days that are no more.

When about four miles on our journey our progress was suddenly impeded by a gigantic barrier. During some time in by-gone ages a part of the eastern side of San Antonia mountain became detached by earthquake influence it is supposed and tumbled into the valley which at that point was about 20 rods wide, completely filling it to a depth of about 600 feet in some places.

To this mass, composed mostly of boulders, the name Hog's-back was given. We proceeded to climb to the summit by a winding foot path, the ascent being so steep as to necessitate our setting to rest every few minutes.

On top at last we viewed our surroundings in every direction. A roaring sound fell upon our ears and looking in the direction from which it came we saw large volumes of what seemed to be vapor ascending. We determined to ascertain the cause and immediately set out in the direction from which it came. We encountered serious difficulty and the mountain top was for the most part covered with sharp rocks with here and there a deep crevice.

On arriving at the spot we found that Hog's-back in somersaulting into the canyon had acted as a dam to the mountain stream, the water had risen and was now flowing over a precipice 300 feet high. The water was lashed into foam and spray as it struck on the rocky bed of the river below.

Having feasted our eyes for sometime we descended and retraced our steps. As it was now nearing sunset, wild animals which had remained at rest during the heat of the day, now sallied forth to enjoy themselves in the cool evening breeze. Fortunately they were of a harmless nature. Every few yards we were startled by the sight of a Jack rabbit, who on taking a rest under some sage bush, on our approaching within a few yards of his hiding place, leap into the air and dash away with a speed which only he who has seen a Jack run can imagine, jumping sideways like a cunning Indian every few feet in order, as if it were, to spoil our aim should we possess firearms.

Reaching the mouth of the canyon the sun seemed to be resting on the bosom of the calm Pacific. The valley below at this time was a truly beautiful scene, the golden rays of sunset blending with the deep green of the orange and lemon plantations, pictured a scene which can neither be imagined or described. On scanning the country from this high elevation we could distinctly see the towns of North and South Ontario, Pasadena, Pomona, Chino, Red Lands, and San Bernardino. On the arrival of a street car we jumped aboard and were soon at the home of our friend, well pleased with our day's outing in San Antonia's Canyon.

Yours Respectfully,

RAMBER.

A Miss.

A miss is as good as a mile,
A kiss twice as good as a smile.
Not to miss any kiss,
But to kiss every miss
Will turn miles
Into smiles,
And miles into kisses
From misses
For the maiden who'll smile
Is a miss worth the while
Of your walking a mile,
But the damsel you kiss
Is worth two of the miss
Who's only as good as a mile.

—Trinity Tablet.