

of California. The largest is cracked, but is still melodious. It is used to call the people to chapel. The one by its side is rung for the children to go to school; that above is the dinner bell. The support is entwined with vines; and behind the bells, a short distance away, is a bright green olive grove. Listening to the deep mellow tone of the large bell, and seeing the Señora, followed by her attendants, walking slowly through the garden to the chapel, one can easily imagine himself in some foreign country. It is all un-American and strange. The heavy white walls of the house, the perfume of orange blossoms and roses, the organ chants and faint sound of prayers recited in Spanish, recall days in Spain where, as here, there was peace and quiet and an existence altogether romantic and poetical.

The surroundings of Camulos are now most beautiful and attractive. The hillsides are literally covered with wild-flowers and thickets of wild mustard, while the river winds down the long wide valley like a silver thread. Lambs and frisky kids are bleating in the corrals; the swallows are building their nests of mud under the eaves of the barn; the almond blossoms of a few weeks ago have fallen, and in their place are tiny little bodies that daily grow in size; on the orange-trees are clusters of golden fruit and white blossoms; the roses are in full bloom; the grasses are green. All nature is fresh and fair; the season is that in which Ramona's new life began.