

[For The Union.]

### A SNIFF OF MOUNTAIN AIR.

As usual, at this season of the year, the good people of San Diego begin to cast about for some place whither they may go and spend their summer vacation. They believe that they have the very best climate in the world, and yet more than any other people whom I have ever seen, they think a change necessary at least twice a year. So every season, when our hills and valleys begin to put off the verdant robes of Spring, and to put on the russet gown of Summer, many a one "packs his kit" and braves a trip by sea to bask in the gentle summer zephyrs of San Francisco, or faces the dust and heat of a trip overland in search of cyclones in Iowa and Kansas, malaria in Missouri or Illinois, and the thermometer at 110 degrees in St. Louis, Chicago or New York. They evidently believe with the old poet, that—

"Variety is the spice of life  
That gives it all its flavor."

Actuated by some such sentiment as this a friend and I concluded to take a trip partly for health, partly from *enasi*, but chiefly to brace up and recuperate for the approaching Fourth of July, so as to be able to endure all the noise, dust and patriotism which seem to be inseparable from that great day. So on the morning of the 16th of June, just as "the rosy-fingered aurora" was ushering in the dewy morn, we tore ourselves from our virtuous couches, and sallied forth to seek the still waters and sequestered glades of Corral de Luz.

A pleasant ride of three hours took us past the classic precinct of Old Town; along the undulating coast of False Bay—which we shall never see again without thinking of Pidgeon and his plans for utilizing its waters—; through the San Deiguito and in sight of Loup's seaside resort, and bathing houses; past the mouth of the San Luis Rey, with its embryo village of Oceanside; then through the magnificent valley of Santa Margarita; past the hospitable mansion of the late Don Juan Forster, until we came to the unpretentious station of De Luz. Here there was no sign of habitation, nor indeed of any human being, save that as we were about to descend from the car we caught sight of a beautiful, red something glimmering through the trees, which upon a second glance proved to be a woman's bonnet of the Kate Castleton's type. Now my friend is a modest youth, and although he only saw the bonnet, his instincts told him that there was a woman under it; his heart failed him, and he passed on forever. Doubtless there was some romance or mystery connected therewith, for he is a romantic youth; perhaps it awakened bitter memories of this, not knowing, we cannot say. So far as we are concerned there can never be other than most delightful memories associated with the name of Kate Castleton—sweeter far than that of Kate Kearney and the lakes of Killarney for the red bonnet was "the pillar of cloud" that led the way for five miles through the charming valley, to the sylvan retreat known as the Corral De Luz.

The permanent attractions of this pleasure resort are many; add to which there are not a few of a transitory nature. A more romantic spot could scarcely be found; certainly not in Southern California. There is a beautiful babbling brook, which runs for miles between lofty mountains on each side, either bank being lined with a great variety of trees and foliage which are most delightful to a person long accustomed to the arid and monotonous sea coast of our county. Wild flowers grow in great abundance and variety, while the woods are vocal with the sweet notes of many kinds of birds. About midway in the valley is the spring, which we may suppose is the chief attraction of all strangers who visit the valley. Its waters are mineral, and are said to possess highly curative qualities. There is a tradition current which says that the old priests used to come hither from all points along the coast, even as far as from the Mission of Monterey, used to call it the Fountain of Life. It certainly furnishes delightful bathing; the water is of just the right temperature, unlike the warm springs at Agua Caliente or at Tria Juana, which we have always found so warm as to be debilitating.

There are many pleasant people living in the neighborhood. The Rev. Mr. Camp, whom we all know, lives about a mile from the spring; his health and strength have been greatly benefited by his life in the country. He has a beautiful ranch, commanding a magnificent landscape; and it was the universal testimony that he was the most industrious man in all that section. We had the pleasure of attending religious services at his house, and as we listened to the beautiful language of the prayer-book, and looked around upon the wondrous scene spread out at our feet, we were reminded of Horace Smith's ode to the Flowers:

"Not in the domes, where mortals dwell,  
Attends the lordliness of mortal kind,  
But to that fair most catholic and wide  
Which God hath pleased  
To that cathedral, boundless as it is,  
Whose open chimes lamp the sun and moon stars,  
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,  
Its dome the sky."

We were fortunate in finding Mr. Horton and family sojourning for a time in the valley; more fortunate yet in being permitted to share his generous hospitality. Horton is one of the most hospitable of men, and no one knows how to dispense it with more grace and dignity than his amiable wife and charming niece. All of them are perfectly delighted with the place, and regret the near approach of the time when they must return home. They are satisfied that they have derived great benefit—Mr. Horton especially—from the curative properties of the mineral spring. Doubtless some benefit is derived from being continually in the open air. While we

were there we slept out of doors, in a hammock, under a tree; never was there such magic to exorcise the demon of insomnia. And then in the morning, what songs of birds greeted our awakening ears!

We also had a chance to try our hand once more at the manly sport of hunting. Quail and rabbit were plentiful—too plentiful for the neighboring farmers, who invoked benedictions on our head every time they heard the sound of our gun. Large game is scarce, although we saw two *dears*: we did not kill either one.

Unfortunately there are no accommodations for strangers. Mr. Judson, the proprietor, lives right by the spring and is building a large comfortable house, but he does not intend to keep boarders or lodgers. He has fitted up a bath house for his own use, which he generously allows visitors to use free of cost; and so hospitable are the people in that section that I do not think they would turn a wayfarer from their gates; in other words I am sure that any person desiring to rusticate in that valley, could secure some kind of accommodations in that neighborhood.

The valley is well watered. Besides the sulphur spring with which the bath house is connected, there are others of a medical nature, in which iron and magnesia predominate. The valley is traversed by a beautiful stream of running water, which winds around among the trees and flowers, forming beautiful nooks and vistas, which can only be rightly portrayed by the pen of a poet or the pencil of a painter. Indeed we have the very best assurance that some of the most charming bits of landscape are to be transferred to canvas by the artistic skill of the young ladies, and transported to the shores of San Diego Bay, so that when the eye tires of gazing upon the sea, and the Coronadas and Point Loma, it may turn to these charming bits of landscape, and be refreshed by memories of Corral de Luz.

### Board of City Trustees.

The Board met yesterday afternoon at one o'clock. Present, Trustees M. Coy, Slade, Schneider and Snyder. Absent, Trustee and President of the Board S. P. Jones. The minutes of the last session were read and approved.

On motion of J. H. Snyder it was ordered unanimously, that the City of San Diego pay the amount of the water bill for the Plaza fountain for the month of July, 1883; said bill not to exceed \$5 per month; also that a committee be appointed to make arrangements with the Water Company to establish a rate for the future, to furnish water for said Plaza.

Judge M. A. Luce appeared on behalf of Witherby, et al, for the continuance of time on a franchise for a street railroad, and offers an ordinance to the Board extending time to the parties for six months for the beginning, continuance and completion of said railroad. Moved and seconded that said ordinance be accepted. Carried unanimously.

Trustee Slade of the Committee on claims, asks for further time to report on the claims in his hands. Granted.

Bill of Cunningham, Curtis & Welsh presented and being correct was ordered paid.

Bill of J. V. Mumford, \$25 for five months for services as janitor of Fire Department presented and referred to Committee on Claims.

Salary of City Attorney allowed and warrant ordered drawn in his favor.

It is ordered that the City Treasurer advertise and reinser the advertisement for redemption of city bonds. Adjourned.

### THE CHURCHES TO-DAY.

Rev. Mr. Cronyn will preach at National City, in Orange Hall, at 3 p. m. to-day.

Services to-day at the M. E. Church at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. All invited.

Presbyterian Church—Services as usual by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School and Bible Class at 2 p. m.

The Unitarian Society, David Cronyn minister, will hold services in Humbell & Munster's Hall, Fifth street, at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 12.

Baptist Church, Seventh street, between F and G streets. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 to 1 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Edwin C. Hamilton.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, corner Fourth and G streets, Rev. H. B. Rosta minister, holds services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. in the old Masonic Hall on Fifth street between F and G. All are invited. J. W. Allen, pastor. Pastor's residence is between F and G on Seventh street.

The *New York Herald*, never very avaricious, displays astounding ignorance when it says that the star route rings grew up under Republican administration. Star route jobbery is sixty years old. In his autobiography Amos Kendall, who was Postmaster General under Jackson and Van Buren, declares that the old star route contractors were too much for him, being thoroughly entrenched.

Three hundred girls escaped from a burning factory in New York without the loss of one life. But it wasn't due to blind luck. There were three broad staircases in the front of the building, and three fire escapes in the rear, with a foreman and men trained to see that the inmates made good use of them.

Dr. H. W. Gentry, Dentist. Office in Stockton Building, Fifth street, San Diego.

Leave orders for Alfalfa Hay at Francis & Witherby.

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