

THE FALLBROOK DISTRICT.

A RICH COUNTRY CONTIGUOUS TO THE CITY OF SAN DIEGO.

Something of the History of This Beautiful District—Its Adaptability on Fruit Culture—Its Climate and Soil and Its Resources.

About fifty miles north of San Diego, and covering an area of over fifteen square miles, lies the beautiful Fallbrook district. It comprises the various sections and valleys known as Fallbrook, Vallecitos, Ranchita, De Luz, Monserrate, Pala, and Mt. Fairview. Bounded on the north by the magnificent chain of the Santa Rosa mountains, and on the east by the Palomar range, it has the Monterreal grant to guard its southernmost division, while the extensive Santa Margarita ranch of over 200,000 acres, originally a grant from the Mexican Government to the Pico family, forms in a most fertile section its western boundary. At no great distance, and midway between the towns of Fallbrook and Oceanaside, the famous church of the San Luis Rey Mission rises from the valley of that name, a monument to California's early settlers, while such names as Temecula and Alvarado give to the vicinity a flavor of romance to those familiar with the literature and history of the country.

The Fallbrook district possesses many practical advantages, being pre-eminent for the

PURITY OF ITS WATER.

richness of its soil, and the healthfulness of its climate. The low, rolling hills or mesa lands, which characterize the surrounding country, are all susceptible of cultivation, and are watered either by means of wells or living springs. The soil, which is a reddish brown on the hills and a rich, black loam in the valleys, is very fertile, yielding without irrigation splendid crops of grain, vegetables and semi-tropical fruits, oranges, lemons, olives, figs, grapes, peaches, apricots, and apples are cultivated every year more and more extensively, and with ever growing success. The winter rains are much like the Spring rains of the East, occasional showers with sometimes a steady rain for a day or two. The annual rainfall averages fourteen to fifteen inches, coming between September and April. It is thus seen that Fallbrook comes within the middle rain belt of the country, and has about twice the rainfall of the coast. It has never known a failure in crops of any kind, although in the "dry years" of 1878-79-80 not only the northern part of the State, but some portions of Southern California, suffered greatly from the effects of the drought. The average Summer heat is not as great as in New York, Minnesota or Dakota, while the Winter temperature rarely gets as low as 30 deg. The usual Winter range is from 40 deg. to 70 deg., the Summer from 60 deg. to 90 deg., and the difference between the average temperature of Summer and Winter 15 deg. This equability, taken in conjunction with a situation sufficiently far from the coast to miss nearly all the fog and dampness and still near enough to get the ocean breeze tempered somewhat by contact with the warm hills that intervene, makes what is truly considered one of the most perfect climates in the world.

Perhaps the oldest section of the Fallbrook district, and the one longest inhabited by Europeans, is that of Pala. Here a certain

FATHER ANTONIO,

a Roman Catholic priest, established in 1824 a large and flourishing mission, of which the only remaining signs are the ruins of the belfry and a few of the old chimneys. At the time of its foundation the mission had many hundreds of Indians living in and around Pala, while today there are only fifteen men, with about the same number of women and children. While the mission buildings were in process of construction, the men and women were being taught the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, the children being employed in making tiles and brick, and also in carrying the adobe and mortar. These children made hats out of the same material as the Indians use in making buckets, and in these hats they carried the clay. The same cruelty was practised by the priests at Pala as in all the other mission settlements, and sometimes, when carrying the tiles, if a little girl happened to drop and break a piece, she was severely whipped by an alcaide. Father Antonio owned large flocks and herds of sheep and cattle, which were pastured all the way from Pala to San Jacinto, the Indians being employed as shepherds and vaqueros. A good whipping was the punishment for any neglect of duty. For many years the Indians from Agua Caliente, La Jolla, Rincon Laboba, and Temecula all came to the Pala Mission to worship. The few now remaining at Pala are under the control of a Captain named Jose Antonio Sal, an old and seemingly very good man, who is much beloved by his subordinates.

The next section, according to age, in the Fallbrook district, is the

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF DE LUZ.

This pretty settlement, nestled in the heart of the Santa Margarita and Santa Rosa mountains, and covering over 2,000 acres, possesses some of the choicest soil in all Southern California. De Luz was first known for its mineral springs, next for its honey, while now it is gaining a wide reputation for the fine quality of its raisins and its choice vintages of wine. Last Winter oranges, lemons, limes, guavas and olives from its uplands, held their own with the best in the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, while the fig, walnut, apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum, prune, apricot and actarine trees bear most excellent fruit, and wild currants and quince bushes thrive in the woods. Besides the springs of clear, crystal water, which run Winter and Summer, wet years and dry there are numerous iron springs, while last but not least is the warm sulphur spring known among old Californians all over the southern part of the State as the Corral de Luz spring. Near this spring a good hotel has recently been built, where visitors to the valley or invalids seeking the healing virtues of the waters can find good accommodations. The future of the De Luz valley, however, will depend entirely on the development of the wine grape. Already a company is being formed to push this lucrative industry, and possibly during the next twelve or eighteen months the valley will find itself given a new and vigorous

lease of life. The culture of the wine grape in De Luz and the perfection which has already been attained, is entirely due to the perseverance and energy of an Italian who came into the valley in 1881. Signor Vincent Riboni was born in the province of Novara in 1852. His father being a vineyardist it was there that he first became enlightened as to the proper culture of the grape, and to the process of properly making and caring for the vine. While still a young man he moved to Orbatello in Tuscany, where he remained for several years, still giving his attention to viticulture. Here he lived until 1874, when having drawn a bad number in the conscription list, he decided to leave Italy, not wishing to serve his three years in the army. The two succeeding years he spent in traveling through Algeria, where the wine grape is grown in a very high state of perfection, and there he had an excellent opportunity to further extend his knowledge on the subject. In 1876 he came to California. First arriving in San Francisco he spent several years in coming down the coast, always on the lookout for a suitable soil and climate in which to start a vineyard. By chance hearing of the De Luz valley, he made it a visit, and from the luxuriant growth of oak trees and berries he well knew that he was in a

THOROUGH FRUIT GROWING DISTRICT.

Further than this he discovered that the soil possessed that rare combination of sulphur and iron, which is an absolute essential to a sound claret, and which would make the land if situated in France or Italy of enormous value. Here, therefore he decided to settle, and here probably before many years he will create a large fortune. The last piece of Government land was taken up a long time ago, and now the only way to increase the settlement is by subdivision. There are thirty families in and about the valley, giving a population of ninety in all.

The Ranchita, Vallecitos, Monserrate and Mount Fairview sections are all in a flourishing and prosperous condition, and it only remains to say something of the village from which the district receives its name.

In Fallbrook's unlikeness to most Southern California towns lies, in the eyes of many, its chief attraction. Here we have, neither a town (nor a townsite) in a valley nor a town on a mountain overlooking a valley, but a town that is set on seven hills like Rome, or on seventeen hills, and thus make a type for itself.

Fallbrook could not possibly become another Riverside, a feature to which many of its sister villages aspire. A Riverside, with its miles upon miles of cypress and peppers, and its acre upon acre of orange trees, and its stifling monotony that makes one sigh for a breath from the mountain tops indistinctly seen through the dense branches of the cypress "wind breaks." We live on the hills. There is no limiting of our vision to a few acres of oranges, a shaven lawn and a trim hedge. We have always before and around us, breezy, broken stretches of country, that delight the eye with their ever varying outline, and fill the mind with an exhilarating sense of vastness and freedom. We are in and among the mountains; their craggy summits and shadowy canyons surround us always and everywhere. We look at them from our doors and windows as at pictures between earth and sky. We watch their varying phases, their shifting lights and shadows, their bold or softened contour till they become a part of each day.

Fallbrook is modest. It might be exaggerated to even say it is lazy. Up to the present it has not advertised itself, but been content to enjoy its own advantages, and take the chances on the world's becoming acquainted with them. Visitors who come to Fallbrook from the north and south of the county acknowledge that they never saw such

STRAWBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES,

never tasted such delicious apricots and figs, such grapes and plums, never heard of such melons and peaches and pears; while even our oranges are said by some to be ahead of Riverside's, and lemons, walnuts and olives are particularly at home with us. As yet we do not irrigate, but we all know we can if we want to, there being abundance of water ready for development, and well water is, almost without exception, unusually pure and soft. Climate is overdone and must be touched upon lightly; sufficient to say that we do not have the dampness of the coast, we rarely have the scorching desert winds, and we do have a warm, dry air with a breeze from the south that brings delightful suggestions of the ocean. It must always be remembered that Art has done little for us, and that what we vaunt are purely natural beauties. Where else in the county are there groves like Roche's and McCumber's? Groves of live oaks clear of underbrush, through which the road winds as through an English park. What other locality has neighbors like Corral de Luz, which, for peacefulness and loveliness, might well be called Paradise valley—and the Santa Margarita ranch, the largest and richest in the county—its 200,000 acres stocked with

20,000 HEAD OF CATTLE,

and capable, when the time is ripe, of making hundreds of pretty homes. The wild geese and ducks on its lake and river, and its abundance of game of all kinds would make an Eastern sportsman gasp with excitement, while its very good wine would make his heart glow with gratitude for its owner's hospitality. Although ostriches have now become somewhat an old story to Southern Californians, they are still enough a novelty to be interesting to strangers, and as a characteristic of the country deserve a word of special mention. The Fallbrook farm, belonging to the American Company, seven miles to the southwest of the village, is one of the most flourishing of the California farms, having at present 100 American birds, some of which are breeders, beside the original African stock.

If we should talk of possibilities, as is the manner of some, and describe Fallbrook as we see it in our dreams, we should paint a town with broad, clean streets and comfortable houses, with public buildings that bespeak the people's culture and liberality, with stately dwellings crowning the heights and smooth roads leading in all directions to the outlying fruit ranches. But we speak only of the actual. Given such physical endowments and each must see for himself that a prosperous future is the fate of Fallbrook.

JAMES T. VAN RENSSLAER.

Mr. Hammond, of Bangor, Mich., threw a knife at a mouse. The blade struck the floor, broken two and a piece of the steel cut off his baby's ear and inflicted injuries probably fatal.

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