

growth, that they meant business and had come to stay.

Our drive continued over the beautiful rolling hills until soon we caught sight of the hotel, through open spaces between the mighty oaks, and shortly drove up to its front porch, where we were welcomed by our host, Dr. Orr, and his most hospitable wife, together with several of the charming young ladies of Fair Oaks. (Dr. Orr and his wife are Kentuckians, as I am). The gravel walks and flower-beds in front of the hotel were laid out in shape of a gigantic heart, indicating once more that this was indeed the heart of California. Our hearts beat high in pleasure as we looked from the veranda of the hotel to the edge of the bluffs, and then across the great American river to the wide area of orchards and vineyards, as far as the eye could reach. About this time the welcome sound of the supper bell called us into the long dining room where the tables fairly groaned with the weight of eatables and most beautiful fruit pieces made of various fruits and standing over two feet high in the form of pyramids, hearts, and other emblems; peaches, pears, plums, nectarins, figs, apricots, lemons, limes, and even green oranges making as beautiful and appropriate decorations as we had ever seen. All this fruit was grown around Fair Oaks.

Next morning we were driven through Fair Oaks and Orange Vale. What we saw was a constant surprise and delight to all our party. First, the progress that has been made in Fair Oaks in such short time, converting oak forests into fruit orchards, and second, at the wonderful development of fruits and orchards brought about in seven years at Orange Vale. I am satisfied that this is the home of the orange, lemon and olive, and that the deciduous fruits and nuts are not excelled anywhere.

Leaving Fair Oaks I spent a few days in Sacramento, taking in the sights, and spent several hours with the Secretary of Horticulture, getting pointers, etc. I also went to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Phoenix, Arizona, but found no place like Fair Oaks.

Louisville, Ky.

J. L. Franck,

Miscellany

A Trip to Fair Oaks

Farm, Field and Fireside:—I have returned to my old Kentucky home, after spending six weeks in California, the land of sunshine, amid the flowers and fruits of that most glorious country. You may well feel proud of owning the large tract of land in the Garden of Eden of America, christened "Fair Oaks" from the many oak trees on the land. Being interested in Fair Oaks, and having visited the place, I thought an account of my trip and a description of the country as I saw it would interest others who contemplate going there.

I do not intend to paint it any more beautiful than it is in reality, or make mountains out of mole-hills; I have been waiting for some other member of our party to tell the story, but I see the lot has fallen on me to make the start. I am a plain man, and use plain language, and aim at the truth. In the first place I saw so much, and have so much to say, that I really don't know how to commence. The trip was a great success, and enjoyed by all. The route was over the most picturesque route, and the grand mountain scenery will be long remembered.

The train consisted of five Wagner sleepers, elegantly fitted up, and although not crowded, hardly a vacant berth in the train. A better class of people could not be found anywhere, for intelligence or sociability.

We all said that the Farm, Field and Fireside had done exactly as they advertised. The managers—three in number, Mr. Morrell, Mr. Howard and Mr. Shaffer—did everything in their power to make the trip enjoyable to all. When asked a favor or questions of any kind, day or night, they were always ready.

On our arrival at Sacramento we were driven to the Western Hotel, where we sat down to a grand dinner, to which we did full justice. Then Fally Ho's (as they call them out there) were brought, and we all started for our mecca—Fair Oaks.

Many parties in California told me that I had come in the worst part of the year, that everything looked dry, no ripe fruits to speak of. I told them that that was exactly what I wanted. I picked out the worst time on purpose, that I might see the country and everything else in its worst dress, so to speak, then I would surely not be disappointed. The weather was warm (this was on July 5th), and the roads dusty. We rolled merrily on, through vast wheat fields containing thousands and thousands of acres of as fine wheat as I ever saw, and I have traveled through nearly every state and territory in the United States, where a number of large harvester machines were engaged, each machine requiring four men and thirty horses. It was a novel sight to see wheat cut, threshed, screened, bagged, sewed up ready for the warehouse, by one machine in the field. That's the way they farm in California.

The great stretches of live oak and white oak forests on each side of the road seemed to bow and greet us and say, Welcome friends, thrice welcome; we hope you will soon be numbered with the population of this beautiful American River Valley! We came soon to what are called the big gates, with the emblem of the Heart over them, and we knew we had arrived at the spot we had looked forward to visiting for so long. It was still some distance to the hotel, and we had a good chance to measure the size of Fair Oaks, as we rolled along through oak groves and newly-planted orchards. Many of these new orchards already showing, by the signs of rapid

The Apostle Paul in Chains

From Wilkinson's "Epic of Paul," by permission.
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Paul's hand was manacled, but not his soul;
That, given the freedom of the universe,
Ranged as at will on wing omnipotent
Through all the heights and depths of space and time,
And saw unutterable things, which he
Seeking to laud upon expression made
The very pillars of expression bend
And sway and totter, like to sink, beneath
The burden insupportable they bore.

The Companion's Gold Embossed Calendar

In preparing the Youth's Companion calendar for 1898, an endeavor has been made to produce one richer and more beautiful than any that has gone before. It is in three leaves, beautifully illuminated and embossed in gold. Each leaf bears a charming Watteau-like print in twelve colors, the figures being in quaint, rich costume of 150 years ago. Along the lower margin are set the tablets for the months. The calendar when opened is ten by twenty-four inches in size. It will make a very pretty ornament for the mantel, the writing desk or the parlor table. Present readers of the Companion who renew their subscription, and all new subscribers, will receive the gold-embossed calendar free. Those who subscribe now will receive the Companion during the remainder of this year, as well as the whole of 1898. A handsome illustrated prospectus of the Youth's Companion for 1898 will be sent to any one who writes for it to Perry Mason & Co., 201 Columbus avenue, Boston, Mass., provided you mention the Farm, Field and Fireside.