

These hills are like a huge sponge that absorbs vast quantities of water during the rainy season, to keep fresh the plants growing in its depressions all of the year. Do you see that fleecy patch creeping slowly along the hillside away there? There are probably several thousand in that flock of sheep, tendered by a lone shepherd and his dogs, who live in a hut in some obscure canon; over there you see another, and yonder still another flock.

Here at last is the observatory, weather-beaten and carved. Is it not strange what a mania some people have for carving their names in conspicuous places. Be careful as you approach that bluff a few rods away, as you will discover that it drops off abruptly several hundred feet down. Oh, you had not noticed the snow capped peaks before? The one to the north with such a bare, bleak-looking top, is Old Baldy, one of the highest peaks in the southern part of the coast range. What appears to be shrubs in the lower edge of the snow, are large pines. The crevices are huge canons nearly filled with snow. The peak is about forty miles distant you know, and is about 7,000 feet above us, although we are 2,000 feet above the surrounding valley. The lower mountain to the left is Wilson's Peak, where Harvard University may place a monstrous telescope, in the near future. Now turn to the right, and you will see in the distance the snow-capped peaks of San Bernardino mountains, and to the east Mount San Jacinto, seventy-five miles away, holds his hoary head 11,000 feet up in the air. Southwest of us you see the broad expanse of the Pacific sparkling in the sunshine, with Santa Catalina Islands lying like a gem on its bosom. The coast is twenty miles distant and Catalina is thirty miles from the shore, yet see how distinctly its jagged outline shows against the clear blue sky. That point of land projecting into the ocean, looking like a huge finger pointing silently at the lone island, has at its extremity the rocky, precipitous bluffs upon which is situated the lighthouse, and near which is San Pedro harbor. Use your field glass, and you will see a forest of masts rising from ships that have come from or soon will be off to various foreign ports. A few miles to the south is Long Beach, one of the many famous summer resorts of the coast. At our right, twelve miles distant, lying near a low ridge, is what once was the old Mexican El Pueblo de Los Angeles, (the town of the angels,) its name now much shortened, and its population increased in a far greater reverse ratio. Unlike the unprogressive Mexican Pueblo it formerly was it is now a lively, beautiful city with a population made up of people from nearly all parts of the globe. Over the ridge to the right is picturesque, thriving Pasadena, lying at the foot of Wilson's Peak. That large building on the eminence is the far famed Raymond hotel; and in the valley below you see the San Gabriel mission building, from which has gone forth, for over a century, influences that civilized and softened the nature of the native tribes in the great fertile valley of the San Gabriel river. Scattered along the foot-hills of the coast range, you can see Alhambra, Morouvia, Azusa, Duarte, Ontario, Pomono, and many small towns; and down the valley that stretches to the ocean, lies Downey, Norfolk, Anaheim, Florence, Compton, and other villages that during boom time aspired to be great cities. From this peak we can count, in all, twenty-eight towns dotting the beautiful valley about us; and the buildings of six or seven higher institutions of learning are in sight. Winding through the valley, flows the swift San Gabriel, a gracefully looped ribbon among the golden orange groves, the dark green walnut fields, and the orchards of lemons, figs, apricots, guavas, persimmons, and pomegranates. The squares of green corn, and of yellow ripening barley, mingled with the dark newly plowed ones, make a beautifully checked carpet that

Winding for eight miles along the side of the Brent Hills you will observe the irrigation system upon which your guide spent his first six months in California. In some places a way has been cut for it through cliffs of soft sandstone, rich in marine molluscan remains of former age, and in others it winds tortuously up and down the sides of a canon. At our feet lies the pretty quaker town named for the aged poet Whittier, who each year sends his namesake a letter that is read at the annual celebration of his birthday. Whittier's point of view is only a little inferior to that of ours. Let us descend to the quiet town and await the falling of the shades of night, when we will see spring up, as if by magic, in the darkness below us, all brightly lighted, the towns we have been viewing from the observatory. A. J. McCLATCHIE.

At the business meeting of the alumni on the 14th, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. B. B. Davis, '86; 1st vice-president, J. G. Smith, '88; 2nd vice-president, C. V. P. Stout, '88; secretary, T. H. Marsland, '90; treasurer E. R. Tingley, '90; historian, Miss Mary Treeman, '81. '88—Professor Caldwell was chosen to deliver the annual address in '93, and '82—Dr. B. B. Davis in '94.

'89—T. A. Williams sent in a paper to be read before the sem. bot. He is soon to begin work on a monograph on North American Aphidion with Professor Weed, of N. H. He is to take the western forms while Professor Weed takes the eastern.

Dan Bush, '91, attended the republican convention at Minneapolis. After commencement he goes to the democratic convention and then back to his work as editor of the *Chehalis Bee*, in the state of Washington.

'90—E. R. Holmes left on the 3rd for Philadelphia to attend the wedding of his uncle. Mr. Jesse H. Holmes '84. Before returning to his work on the *State Journal* he will make a brief tour of the eastern cities.

'90—T. H. Marsland and A. F. Woods are going northwest with Mr. Bruner, '76, this summer. Mr. Marsland will be in Lincoln high school next year, while Mr. Woods will remain in his present position.

P. J. Jewell, formerly of '92, who has up to the middle of May been in the surveying services of the B. & M., left on the 1st for Alaska, where is to be engaged in some mining operations.

'87—A. H. Biglow was in town last week on business connected with the order of Knights of Labor, of which he is state lecturer and organizer. Next year he expects to teach.

'81—Professor Fossler will be at work this summer on his Faust lectures for the coming year, besides continuing the work of editing Scheffel's "Trompeter von Sakkingen."

'76.—It is understood that Professor Howard and wife will spend the summer at Lincoln, and that the professor will be at work in the historical library.

'91—A. A. Faurot will be in Lincoln for some time this summer studying. Next year he goes to Holdrege as principle of the high school.

'90—L. H. Stroughton finished his work at Harvard on the 14th and has gone to Barraboo Wis., to commence labor as a Unitarian minister.

'89—C. W. Biglow and wife came in for commencement. Mr. Biglow returns to Madison next year, as principle of the school.

A. B. Stephens, special, stopped at Lincoln May 30 to visit old friends, before going to his old home at Newport.