

plainly did the rock-strewn cone loom up in front of us, yet for two whole hours we trudged on till we reached our first success. Standing on the snowdrifts overhanging the crater, we looked upon a scene second only to that to be seen from the top. This, at 4:00 a. m., July 21. Right above, and only a few hundred yards away stood the last of the seemingly never ending hills, yet it took us half an hour to surmount it.

At 4:32 a. m., we stood upon the summit, all more or less worn out, and all glad that this hill was the last of our climb. And we were just in time, for even as we reached the top the sun rose. But there was twenty minutes to wait before the real glory of the sunrise awakening on the plains would be apparent; and we passed the time shivering on the rocks, for though the calendar said that it was July 21, yet our fingers and toes told us that it was November 21, and the ice on the little pools of water standing in the rocks proved it. Trying to kindle a fire with half a *Journal* and a few sticks, my eye fell upon the following "Mere Mention" item: "The thermometer on Harley's corner marked 100° in the shade yesterday." That *Journal* had been carried 500 miles horizontally and 12,500 feet perpendicularly to tell us on a freezing cold morning that Lincoln was sweltering, and to mock at our cold discomfort.

The sun rose high enough to enable us to see the snow-capped peaks of the "Sangre de Cristo" range, seventy-five miles south-west, but as yet the plains were in the shadow. But in ten minutes, what a change! How shall I describe what is indescribable, or define what is indefinable, in the scene spread out before us? To the west for 200 miles runs the snowy range; 115 miles to the south tower the famous Spanish Peaks; to the north, 100 miles, stands Long's Peak, while scattered between are many less celebrated mountains, though scarcely inferior in point of altitude. To the west, and almost at our feet, lies the South Park, with its lovely valleys and sparkling streams. But grander than all, vaster than all, more beautiful than all, are the great plains lying toward the rising sun, sweeping eastward far as eye can see, stretching southward immeasurably, rolling northward like a sea till the sight grows dim with straining for the line of the horizon; the great plains, lovely in their varied lights and shades, awful in their lonely immensity.

We succeeded after a time in arousing the inmates of the house on the summit, and never were half-frozen mortals better treated than we were. A hot fire and a cup of coffee set us completely to rights, and we were soon laughing as if our night's walk had been but an evening stroll. We stayed nearly three hours on the top, had a photograph taken, and at 7:15 started on the return trip. And down we went, down for three miles until we struck the first level. We found our friends had gone, leaving a pile of rubber coats which they evidently expected us to carry. We stopped long enough to take a photograph of the place, which we will call "Tuckered Out Gap," and then resumed our downward road. About half way down the second terrace we met the daily train of burros and horses, each bearing a "peaker."

At exactly 1:25 p. m. we reached Manitou, after stopping two hours at our camp of the night before, where we joined the rest of the party, having been just twenty hours on the trip, including seven hours of stops. This made the actual walking time thirteen hours. So ended a very agreeable trip. I have made the ascent four times, but the one I have told you of was the most enjoyable of my tramps to Pike's Peak,

E. P. BROWN.

Manley keeps a full line of confectionery goods, give him a call.

### STRAY PICK-UPS.

Barris has returned to school.

As Professor Hodgman says: "I deny it."

Now let everybody jump up and smash things.

There is nothing small about John Green's dog.

Say, Fletcher, do you think any Good'll come of it?

They say that Walter uses his chevrons for bed quilts.

The acting chancellor honored us with a call the other day.

The old wind mill, like the star of empire, westward takes its way.

We understand that some co eds are harping on dress reform.

Campan(that is Brachy)has fallen a victim to the note forging fiend.

The plastering in the Union hall is down again. Cause, the band.

The wind nowadays manfully shrieks through Fogarty's whiskers.

Males has at last come to the rescue and mended the office desk.

Miss Alma Benedikt has returned to town to visit the University.

The inspection of the battalion resembled a North Pole expedition.

We hear Duncanson intends to attend a kissing school in Philadelphia.

Miss Kirkpatrick, a student of three years ago, has returned to the University.

Mr. Will Brown had to return home because of the sickness of his family.

Mr. Dan Wheeler, an alumnus, now living in Omaha visited his alma mater last week.

Still another lot of lichens and books has been procured by the department of botany.

When Professor Sherman mentioned the word, C. W. Bigelow felt like mentioning the day.

We understand Webber is on the dance committee of the reception. How are the mighty fallen.

There are yet three students who persist in calling THE HESPERIAN, the *Student*. Lynch them.

A new step or rather a platform has been put down before the Memorial hall. Great is the power of the press.

Dr. C. E. Bessey has returned from Europe, and is now the acting chancellor of Nebraska University.—*Speculum*.

The howl of the Scientific is heard in the land, while the Literary "guzzleth" more than his share of the library.

Edward P. Brown has been elected ex. man on THE HESPERIAN vice Robertson resigned on account of quitting school.

Church—"Please excuse me a few minutes, Miss W—." Miss W—"Certainly, but O, Mr. Church, don't be gone long."

Dr. Billings has been on an extended eastern trip. He intends to carve the Thanksgiving turkey in the east somewhere.

Lieutenant Dudley, in the days of old, made a mistake when he told the girls to stand so that their chins would strike the ground at a distance of fifteen paces. He should have said their tongues.