

on the Alum Rock road five miles to the foothills, along a wide avenue, bordered a distance of several miles on either side with rows of eucalyptus and cypress trees; thence winding up and over foothills graceful with undulating vineyards and rows of fruit trees that converge and diverge, crowning knolls and reaching far up into the mountains.

The road bends into ravines and rounds jutting points, ever rising, the view growing constantly grander and more extended. The valley begins to appear like a map, each orchard with its rows of trees distinctly outlined; white houses everywhere dotting the plain. Then around hillsides where black oaks and mountain laurel bend over the road, and wild flowers bloom in profusion amid luxurious grasses that everywhere cover the hills, the ravines and the roadside. Hall's Valley, rich with grainfields, and rolling hills covered with green oaks greets the view, making a picture of great beauty. Over another range and Smith's Creek is reached, where the hungry traveler finds a



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

good hotel and a good meal awaiting him. The excellence of the water is noted by all, and the ranch butter and thick cream are remembered ever after.

The mountain climb really commences here, the road zig-zagging up the hill with hundreds of curves in order to insure a lighter grade. As one rounds the turn a glimpse of the observatory is caught, apparently just above, yet it can only be reached by a long, round-about climb. Hidden from view one moment, it seems to stand out more boldly as the stage rounds the next jutting point. The view rapidly broadens until the summit is reached. Here the scene is indescribably grand—a poem without words. The great Bay of San Francisco stretches away to the north, while the Santa Clara Valley is spread out like a map from Palo Alto on the north to Sargents on the south. Across the valley the Santa Cruz Range with its blue mountains uprears against the ocean, its redwood forests fringing against the