

has bought a beautiful home. It stands just at the end of Sixth street on Pearl, surrounded by tropical trees, vines and flowers. Here the balmy breezes bring down the scent of cedar from the hills to the north, and the soft sea-winds creep across the lea from the ocean-edge. It's a pretty place—a pleasant place for weary pilgrims to rest, beyond the waste of a sun-dried sea—

O'er which he toiled, a sea of sand before him,  
Dead snakes and withered toads lay on his way;  
The desert sun, red, awful, hanging o'er him  
The livelong day.

And lo, at last there breaks upon his vision  
A paradise with flowers and tropic trees,  
Cool, crystal streams that flow through fields elysian;  
Los Angeles.