

FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

A little old man with hoary head Sat mending a tiny shoe; He mused as he drew his waxen thread, My journey, will soon be through.

AFTER ALL.

"But you are not listening!" Helen Fairfax turned her eyes back to her lover with a murmured "Forgive me."

not lure him nor tempt him with it. I do not like to say it, sweetheart, but—I love you—and the wounds of a friend are faithful.

Two big tears welled in her eyes, but she said no word. Had Harold Ford been a hero, a knight of chivalry, he would have stopped not in his quest until he had found the source of those two tears;

The following afternoon, in the gathering dusk, he mounted the steps again. His attitude had changed. The stress and irritation of an absorbing effort had given place to a buoyant reaction.

Harold wanted to quicken him with a thrust; what was the matter with him? Harold walked into the library; the light was burning low; the servant followed him, and closed the door with an air of mystery that gave Harold a mingled shock of impatience and of fear.

"You have gone, and yet you are still here—so close to me that I can see your eyes and feel your touch—oh, Harold! I forgive me that I was not as I should have been some weeks. Yesterday I saw a specialist.

"I implored him to wait, but he leaves town in a few days, and if I do not have it to-morrow, it could not be performed for two months, and that is too long to wait, he says; so there was no other way.

"Harold! I quite understand how I must have seemed to you—how disappointing. It could not have been otherwise, when you did not know. And though your words hurt me, I honored you for saying them; for unto what end is our love, if we are not to strengthen each other in our ideals?"

"And I failed so lamentably. Shall I tell you why? I am afraid, Harold—so afraid. I dread to-morrow, if you had asked me to tell you why I was moody, I fear I should have done so. I was glad you did not—and sorry—can you understand? I am only a weak woman, though I am your love."

HELEN. "I half hoped you would make me tell you all my heart—but now I am glad you do not know! You will have no shadow on your way to-morrow, and when you receive this it will be all behind us; it will have been over seven hours, for the operation takes place at eleven o'clock."

THE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS OF COLORADO.

Pen Pictures of the Centennial State—The Cities, the Prairie, the Rockies Country.

Flash on fountain, roll on river, Snow-crowned peak and sun-kissed vale; These are Nature's gifts forever, Until Nature's self shall fail.

The thirteenth annual convention of the National Editorial Association was held at Denver, Colorado, during the week of September 5th to 9th. These annual gatherings of the editorial representatives of the various state editorial associations and press clubs have a two-fold purpose.

It is with this latter feature that this tale will have to do, for who among the readers of the WATCHMAN will care to know how some Texas editor thinks a paper ought to be run, or what "Newspaperdom" Patterson says is an effective advertisement or whether an Ohio member of the convention dare call a member from the Sucker State "a rogue" with impunity.

The party, numbering about five hundred, rendezvoused at the Palmer house in Chicago on Thursday, September 1st. We left the Windy city the same afternoon at 3 o'clock on a special train of Pullmans over the Chicago, Quincy and Burlington route.

The houses that were first very similar in appearance to those that we see in our country districts seemed to grow lower with the sinking sun and by the time night had fallen look where you would none more than one story high could be seen.

The supper room was reached and the chicken pie proved far better than the average church supper. In fact many of the printers had looked askance at the tickets that had been made with rubber stamps, but the economy practiced in that direction had evidently served to pay for the extra food, and what, with a bevy of charming girl waiters, palatable eatables daintily served, more could have been desired.

Boarding the train again we started on a night run for Omaha. Sitting in the wide vestibule of the "Buda" for an hour or more after we had left Galesburg I had an undisturbed study of the country from that place to Burlington, where we crossed the Mississippi. A glorious moon lighted up the land so that it could be seen for miles and then it was that Illinois' claim of being one of the great corn producing States of the country impressed itself upon me.

It is really remarkable that the States west of the Mississippi have been able to build up such an exposition. It is larger than was the Centennial of '76 and knows but one superior in the history of such enterprises.

Omaha is admirably adapted for such an undertaking. The city has plenty of fine hotels, a splendidly equipped street railway system and is the centre of many of the western rail-road lines. Though we were unfortunate in having been there at a time when the heat was simply intense the visit was so pleasant and profitable that none but the pleasantest memories of it were carried away.

Having spent as much time as was permissible at the Exposition and in Omaha we left that city Sunday morning on the run toward Denver. Taking a southwesterly course through Nebraska no stops were made until we pulled into Lincoln, the

capital of the State, now probably more noted as the home of William Jennings Bryan. As a stay of two hours was scheduled for Lincoln I decided to see as much of it as possible in the short time that was given, besides taking dinner at the hotel Lincoln, a house that would not suffer by comparison with any of the large hotels in our eastern cities.

Lincoln has or had, a few years ago, a population of 55,000. But like so many of the western places that have been kited by land speculators it has fallen as flat as an Atlantic city flounder. Of course it was Sunday and little activity was to be expected, besides, the thermometer registered something near 100°, which, in itself, was calculated to take the starch out of most any place, but making due allowance for such untoward conditions the city impressed me as deteriorating, rather than advancing.

I got off the car at the corner of a cross street and walking down three doors found myself in front of Bryan's home. Knowing that he was in Jacksonville with his regiment of Nebraska volunteers I had no hope of renewing the pleasant acquaintance made with the distinguished gentleman during the trip from Mill Hall to Phillipsburg last spring, but I did see that he lives just as other people do.

From the Bryan home I rode out to the city limits, thence several miles into the country to the State University and several other educational institutions. As there were only two other passengers on the car I had an opportunity to question the motorman to my heart's content and as he pointed out no less than six large institutions of learning in as many different directions from the city, and all located from three to five miles out, I saw again what the real estate men had attempted to do in Lincoln.

One thing that impressed itself more significantly on my mind than any other was the state capitol building. In itself the building is a creditable and imposing looking structure, but the grounds looked brown and dusty and growing up between the paving stones were tall grass and weeds, giving the place a sort of unkempt, whiskered appearance as if in harmony with the Populist ideas that have ruled that State.

Leaving Lincoln behind us we rolled out onto the broad prairies and were soon speeding westward at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour. Few of the travelers realized that we were running at such a high speed so smooth did the cars move.

We were right in the heart of the prairies and everything seemed to be corn. You could look for miles and miles over an unbroken plain of country and see waving corn fields. Here and there was a little house surrounded by the usual lot of low sheds with a wind-pump rising high into the air and giving the buildings the appearance of a church in the distance.

Hastings, Nebraska, was reached at sun-down and the party took supper in that typical prairie city of 20,000 population. There I met J. Polk Cessna Esq., a brother of the late Hon. John Cessna, of Bedford county. He is practicing law in Hastings as a side issue while he promotes the Royal Gorge Gold Mining, Milling and Land Co. He seemed proud of his western home and impressed on my mind the great possibilities there is for farming in that section.

The hot wave that had caught us at Galesburg staid with us all the time at Omaha and followed us west to Hastings. It was so hot that even the cartridge belt uniform that some of our soldiers are said to have worn before Santiago would not have relieved our sweltering condition, but there was so much to see that I mopped the perspiration that ran down my face in little streams and looked until my eyes grew tired. There was a monotony about it all, but the vastness of the country could not but be impressive and I went to bed that night thinking that Uncle SAM has little need of going clear off to the Philippines to acquire new territory when he has so much to be improved at home.

Monday morning I was awakened early by the stir of people in our car and upon looking out to discover the cause of the unusual fuss I saw men and women with wraps thrown over their shoulders dancing about in a vain endeavor to keep warm. Their evident discomfort from the sudden change to cold weather brought me back to my senses and my own benumbed limbs. We had gone to bed with the lightest possible coverings and in addition to running into a cold wave as we neared Denver had been more or less affected by the altitude which is almost a mile above sea level in that city.

We arrived in the Queen city of the West in time to get located in our hotels before breakfast. Next week I shall endeavor to give you my impressions of Denver and a description of a few of the side trips before starting on the long tour of Colorado. Before closing, however, I deem it but justice to call attention to the rail-road system over which we traveled from Chicago to Denver. We used the Chicago, Quincy and Burlington tracks to Pacific Junction, thence over the Burlington and Missouri River route to Denver. During the entire run of 1076 miles there was not an unpleasant rail-road feature. The train was handled with dispatch and so far as having been delayed was concerned we might have imagined there were no others running had it not been that we met and passed many at points where the system is doubled trackd so that stops are unnecessary. The line is so straight and well ballasted that the highest rates of speed are attained, as was proven when we ran several miles in fifty-seven seconds each on a train of eleven Pullmans. The road is smooth, marvellously so, and the country it traverses so interesting as to make the long trip seem really short.

At Omaha Mr. Griffiths, the traveling passenger agent of the Burlington, joined the party for the journey to Denver. To his courteous deference to us is due much of the information I picked up concerning the country and certainly none could have been more considerate of guests of the road.