

THE GIFT OF SLEEP.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. cxvii: 2. He sees when their footsteps falter, when their heart grows weak and faint; He marks when their strength is falling, and listens to each complaint; He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep; And folded in fair green pastures, He giveth His loved ones sleep. Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close, He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose; So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows round them creep, And silently watching o'er them, He giveth His loved ones sleep. He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast; Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep; For with many a soothing promise He giveth His loved ones sleep. He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow; But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow; Their foes may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep, But, guarding them safe from danger, He giveth His loved ones sleep. All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppress to-day Like mists, that clear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away; Nor call no clamor can arouse them from slumbers so pure and deep, For only His voice can reach them, Who giveth His loved ones sleep. Weep not that their toils are over, weep not that their race is run; God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done! Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep, And rejoice in the sweet assurance, He giveth His loved ones sleep. —Golden Hours.

POOR LUCINDY.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and Lucinda Kemp was hanging out what some of her neighbors called "a little dab of a wash," on the long narrow front porch of her little story-and-a-half house. Almira Hodge, sitting on the vine-clad front porch of her own trim little white and green house across the road, watched Lucinda, with manifest disgust and impatience on her usually placid face. Her mental comment was: "That's the third little dab of a wash 'Lucy Kemp has strung out on that front porch this week. The one she put out Wednesday is still flapping away in the line. How Aaron Kemp can put up with her endless ways and keep as sweet as he does over it is a mystery to me! The most anybody ever heard him say about it was, 'Poor Lucindy! she ain't faculized like some.' I should think she wasn't! Such housekeeping as goes on in that house! I've known her to set three solid hours here on my porch, rambling on in that soft droning voice of hers, and her dishes in the dish-water at home and her bread burning up in the oven! I should think Aaron Kemp would 'ave taken to drink years ago!" Then Mrs. Hodge grew a little less severe in her judgment and criticism of Lucinda Kemp, and she said: "Well, she's a good-hearted person as ever breathed the breath of life, and no one ever heard her say a harmful or unkind word about anybody. And there's nothing she ain't willing to do for a neighbor. And a queer thing about it is that she can go into a neighbor's house in time of sickness or special need and go right ahead and work as well as anybody, and do everything well. She's been nurse and kitchen girl and done everything there was to be done every time a baby has come to that shiftless Lynn Hodson's, and the ninth one came there two weeks ago. She's always got some old cripple or helpless body of some sort around, doing for 'em, and she'd get up in the dead of night and walk five miles to help out in case of sickness. And yet she never gets anything done in her own house. Such a holly-dolly as everything is in! I don't see how Aaron Kemp ever stands it without ever saying anything worse than 'Poor Lucindy!'" It was proof of the sweetness and gentleness of Aaron Kemp's nature that he had never spoken harshly to his wife regarding her woful slowness and utter lack of anything like system in her housekeeping affairs. When called upon to say anything in defence of his wife to his relatives or hers, he had always said: "Poor Lucindy! I guess she does the best she knows how. She ain't faculized like some. If I can stand it, I don't see as others have any call to complain." This gentle defence of his wife did not meet with the approval of some of Aaron's friends, who declared that if he would only give Lucinda "a good talking to once in a while she would be better off." But Aaron bore in patience and gentleness his wife's slowness, although he sorrowed in secret over his disorderly house. Lucinda's slowness stood out in sharp and painful contrast to the immaculate neatness of Almira Hodge, who lived directly across the street. Sometimes Aaron wished that the Hodges would move away and that some less efficient housekeeper take the place of Almira Hodge in the little white house. It made poor Lucinda's housekeeping seem even worse than it was when it had to stand the test of daily contrast with that of Almira Hodge. "An' yet I do 'no' but I'm full as comfortable as Lynn Hodge is," Aaron would say to himself. "Almirdy don't allow him to step inside his own house until she's brushed him all off with a whisk-broom an' made him take off his boots and put on slippers. An' if he puts a thing out o' place, Almirdy makes him put it right back again. He don't dare hang his hat on but one certain hook. If he does, Almirdy will take up with, 'Lymian, what's that right place for your hat? Everything in that house has got to be in exactly the right place; an' I know how disgusted some folks are when they go there in the summer time, an' Almirdy comes into the entry an' says, 'Will you please brush the flies off the outside of the screen door before I open it.' An' she went an' made the minister take off his shoes an' put on a pair of Lymian's old slippers before she let him in, one muddly day when he called. I'm blamed if I ain't glad Lucindy ain't as nasty neat as all that. Almirdy's own folks hardly ever come to see her, because they're so uncomfortable while they are there, an' fearing they'll get a book out o' place or let a fly into the house."

Then there would come to Aaron the depressing reflection that Lucinda had few visitors, because her friends could not be comfortable in her untidy house. One June day Aaron came home from the village postoffice more distressed over Lucinda's slowness than he had ever been before. He carried in his vest pocket a letter from his sister Maria, who lived out in the Far West, and who had announced her intention of coming East for a long visit. "I am planning to stay at least six or eight weeks with you and Lucinda, whom I hardly know, although she has been my sister-in-law for so many years," wrote Maria; "I know that we will have a nice time together." Aaron shook his head when he came to this part of the letter. His face showed no sign of pleasure, although he had not seen his sister for many years, and they had been very fond of each other when they were children in the old home. Conflicting emotions filled Aaron's breast. "Poor Lucindy!" he said, as he slipped the letter back into its envelope after reading it. "She an' sister Marier never could have a good time together. If ever there was a born housekeeper it's sister Marier. Housekeeping is the hobby of her life. She's a leetle mite wuss than Almirdy Hodge. I recollect when I visited Marier, fourteen years ago, just how fussy an' pertickler she was about everything, an' I've heard she's got wuss an' wuss as she's got older. She'd go crazy over poor Lucindy's housekeeping. She'd ain't never seen any of it, for she ain't been East since me an' 'Cidy was married. An' yet she's got to come. I can't write an' tell my own and only sister that I can't have her come to visit me. I do 'no' what to do. Marier is an' allus was awfully outspoken. She can't be here six weeks without frein' her mind about things. Poor Lucindy! I do 'no' what she would do if Marier let loose on her with that sharp tongue of hers. Marier's capable; she was born faculized; she can turn her hand to anything, and do it well. It'll fairly scandalize her to see the kind o' housekeeping that goes on here. Poor Lucindy!" He sighed heavily. His kindly face wore a look of deep perplexity. Then it took on a resolute look. "I'll have to do it," he said; "I'll have to have a real good talk with 'Cidy and tell her that she'll have to spruce up and do diff'rent while Marier is here anyhow. I'll help her all I can, an' she'll have to do diff'rent. I guess it won't be anything unreasonable to ask, considerin' all I've put up with the last thirty-five years. Marier will be here in two weeks, an' I'll take ev'ry minute o' that time to git the house into any kind o' shape. I'll hire all the help Lucindy will need, but it just worries her to have hired help around." He went into the house, and found Lucinda taking a burnt pie from the oven. "I guess it'll have to be thrown out," she said, placidly. "I got to diggin' round my rose-bushes in the yard and forgot all about the pie. I ain't felt real well today, an' I thought maybe the open air would freshen me up, so I went to diggin' round the rose-bushes; but I don't feel much better." Aaron's kindly and sympathetic nature responded at once to Lucinda's suffering. "You'd better go and lay down awhile," he said. "I can easily git my own supper." "I hate to have you Aaron." "Oh, I sha'n't mind. I'm not much hungry now." "Then I'll go an' lay down on the settin' room lounge awhile." Aaron's comment while he ate the meagre meal he had set out on the kitchen table was: "I sha'n't bother her none about Marier's letter when she ain't feelin' well. It wouldn't be right." He ate his supper in silence, and then proceeded to wash the dishes he had used and "read up" the kitchen. It would have been a difficult task for any one to have undertaken, and poor Aaron realized that he was not "handy" at a woman's work. Aaron glanced around at the disorder running rampant everywhere. He looked at the chaotic condition of the pantry; at the unmade bed in the little bedroom at the end of the kitchen; at the dinner dishes still unwashed on one end of the table at which he had eaten. He contrasted it all with the perfect order prevailing in his sister Maria's house, and his heart sank within him. He sighed heavily and shook his head, and said to himself, "Poor Lucindy!" He lay awake half the night, trying to decide just how he should broach the subject of his sister's visit to Lucinda. The more he pondered over the matter, the more he shrank from the duty of telling Lucinda that she would "have to spruce up." She had never spoken harshly to him in her life. She was of too phlegmatic a temperament to have the sluggish currents of her blood stirred by anything like anger. Her unfeeling serenity and placidity were not due to any great moral victories. Her serene calmness would have been a great trial to a man of more spirit than Aaron, and even he sometimes felt that Lucinda was "a little too easy," and he regretted that it was "born in her to be so." When daylight came Aaron had arrived at what he regarded as a happy solution of the problem before him. He would write Lucinda a letter, and state the case plainly to her. This seemed best to Aaron, in view of the fact that he was going away that day, to be gone three days. He did not want to go away carrying with him a memory of Lucinda's sad and weeping. If he wrote her a letter and made it in the town on his way to Hebron, whether he was going, the letter would have been received and Lucinda would "be herself" again by the time he returned home. Perhaps she would have made considerable headway in the house-cleaning he was going to ask her to undertake. Lucinda had risen late, as usual, looking a little pale, but saying that her headache had gone, and she thought that she would be "all right" as the day wore on. "What time you going to start for Hebron?" she asked, as Aaron got up from the breakfast table. "Bout ten o'clock," he replied. "I've got a letter to write first." He did not look at her as he spoke, and his face flushed. He got up from the table hurriedly and went into the sitting room. He had a tender conscience, and he was not quite sure that he was not guilty of deceit or dishonesty in writing the letter. He found pen and ink, and cleared off space enough on the littered sitting room table to write his letter. He penned it slowly and in much perturbation of spirit. It was not a harsh letter; Almirdy Hodge would have called it "meachin'." But it seemed to Aaron like a very severe epistle. He told Lucinda of Maria's proposed visit, and of her horror of anything like slack housekeeping. He besought his wife to "spruce up some just for this once." He told her that he "didn't care for himself," but that he couldn't bear to have sister Maria see how they lived. It was a long letter, with many repetitions—a letter that would have aroused

the ire of some wives and touched the hearts of others. His effort to be kind was apparent in even the most severe lines. There were many other eruptions of words that sounded harsh to him as he read and re-read all that he had written, and he had substituted words that seemed less unkind to him. Finally the important document was written, enclosed in an envelope, sealed and addressed, and Aaron was on his way to Hebron with the letter in his pocket. He hesitated about mailing it when he reached the post-office, and was half inclined to tear it up. The moment it was beyond his reach he wished that he had it back again, and the remainder of the day was the unhappiest of his life. He had harrowing visions of Lucinda overcome with grief because of his unkindness; or it might be that she was filled with hot indignation, and his home coming would be one of bitter humiliation to him. He would, he felt, have no other feeling if Lucinda "sailed in and jawed him," after the manner of some wives he could call to mind. He was altogether uncomfortable during his enforced stay as a jurymen in Hebron, and it was with a feeling of relief that he finally set out for home. Whatever the outcome of his letter might be, it would be a relief to have it over with. It was late in the afternoon when he drew near his own home. There was no change in the outward appearance of his home. The front porch was in its usual state of disorder, and a line of recently washed garments flapped dismally between the porch pillars, regardless of the fact that Aaron had years ago put up posts for the clothes-line in the back yard. It was "handier," Lucinda had said, to "just step out and hang things up on the porch." Almira Hodge came out of the house as Aaron reached the gate. "It's a good thing you've come home, Aaron," she said; "Lucindy is real sick. She ain't been well since you went away, and she came down flat this morning. She's got a high fever, and she seems a trifle flighty. The doctor's been here, but I think you'd better send for him to come again right away." Aaron's heart sank within him. His tender conscience became painfully alert. He hurried past Almira Hodge, saying to himself, in bitter condemnation and self-reproach: "I did it! It's all my fault! That wicked letter of mine was more than poor Lucindy could bear. My Lord! what if it kills her!" He hurried into the house and into Lucinda's bedroom. He found her raging with fever and in great distress. She smiled feebly when she saw him. "I'm glad you've come home Aaron," she said; "I'm real sick. I ain't got any supper ready for you nor—"

"Don't you mind one bit about my supper, Lucindy," said Aaron, with his hand laid lightly on her burning brow. "I'm getting right off for the doctor quick as I can." "Yes, I guess you'd better Aaron. I'm so sick." "I'll get right now, an' I'll get some o' the neighbors to stay with you while I'm gone." He started to leave the room, but when he had reached the door his wife said, "I got a letter—yes—a letter—Aaron, and I—"

He stepped to the kitchen stove, in which there was a fire, lifted one of the lids, and dropped the unopened letter on the glowing coals, saying, as he did so, "Poor Lucindy." G. L. Barbour.—Harper's Bazar.

He stopped here to ask me to go and stay with Lucinda while he went for the doctor," said Martha Hood, afterward. Lucinda's delirium had increased when Aaron returned with the doctor, and a chill struck Aaron's heart when he saw how grave the doctor looked. "She's a very sick woman," the doctor said. "You'll have to get some one to nurse her, Aaron. Jane Rankin is at home now, and I think that you could get her." Jane Rankin came an hour later, and she and Aaron took up their vigil by Lucinda's bedside. She rambled and do up my dishes," she said. "There's a bluebird settin' on the window sill. My! how slack I am, anyhow! No other man but Aaron would stand it. Aaron, he's over to Hebron. There was a letter. My white rose is all in bloom. It's beautiful. Yes, there was a letter. I ain't no kind of a housekeeper, I never saw. How blue the sky is! Seems to me I never saw it so blue. But I'd better go in and sweep up my house. I hate to sweep. I ain't like most women. I've tried to, but I can't." So she rambled on and on for three days and nights. The clearness of thought and vision came to her for a few minutes, and she said to Aaron with the ever present smile hovering about her fever parched lips: "Good-by, Aaron. I'm sorry I ain't been a tidier, better, an' more helpful wife to you. It's too bad what you've had to put up with. I'm sorry, Aaron." She closed her eyes, and did not open them again in this world. "I killed her the same as if I'd shot her!" said Aaron, in the bitterness and severity of his grief and remorse. "That letter o' mine—that sinful letter broke her heart. Poor Lucindy! Poor Lucindy! It wa'n't her fault that she wa'n't more faculized. Poor Lucindy!" Three days later Aaron sat alone with his sorrow in his home. The funeral was over and the friends and neighbors had gone to their homes. Aaron got up and wandered aimlessly around the house. He had put a little drawer under the mantle on the kitchen chimney. He recalled how pleased Lucinda had been with the drawer. "It'll come handy for so many little things," she had said, and Aaron remembered her words as he stepped before the mantle and drew out the drawer. A letter lay among the odds and ends of things that filled the drawer. Aaron picked up the letter. "Why," he said, "it's the very letter I sent poor Lucindy—the letter that broke her heart an' mine—the letter I'd rather have died than to have written, if I could have foreseen the life-long misery it would bring to me! an'—why?"—he turned the letter over and carried it to a window—"it ain't ever been opened!" he exclaimed. "Thank God for that! But I wonder—Oh, I see! I addressed it to Mrs. Aaron Kemp, an' the 's' part of the 'Mrs.' is so faint it can hardly be seen. Lucindy couldn't see real well even with her glasses, an' she likely thought it was 'Mr. Aaron Kemp,' an' she allus made it a p'int never to open my letters. My hand was so unsteady an' the pen so bad it don't look like my writing." She thought the letter was for me. An' she tried to tell me about it fore she died. Poor Lucindy!" He stepped to the kitchen stove, in which there was a fire, lifted one of the lids, and dropped the unopened letter on the glowing coals, saying, as he did so, "Poor Lucindy." G. L. Barbour.—Harper's Bazar.

necessarily small, for Denver is not yet two score years old, and all of them have been planted there, but they looked healthy and were thick with foliage. There are none on the business streets, but in the resident portion they are as plentiful as here in Bellefonte. As near as historians have been able to fix it Denver was discovered somewhere about 1850. The popular impression that Wolfe Londener did the Columbus-act is erroneous, for he didn't arrive on the scene until some years later, although he seems to have been there so long that he has everything in common with Denver except altitude. In 1859 Denver was 700 miles west of the nearest railroad station and had so few people that no one bothered counting them. The discovery of placer gold in the local streams began to fill the town up with argonauts and by 1870 there were 4,731 people there. With the next decade railroads reached out across the plains, coal was developed and irrigation for agricultural pursuits began in Colorado. Denver was the logical supply center and by 1880 had grown to have a census of 33,625. With natural resources unsurpassed the development of Colorado from 1880 to 1890 was phenomenal and Denver trailed along, boosting her population to 106,713. The boom boomed until 1893, when the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman act set the dread seal of stagnation on the West and progress stopped her onward march in Colorado. It was several years before Denver recovered from the shock, but finally adjusting herself to the new conditions her capital and genius found employment in other channels than silver and the result has been that to-day she has a population of 165,000 people and is as busy as a bee in clover time. As I have mentioned above no visitor would suspect that Denver is a manufacturing town, yet the product of her enterprises for 1897 was \$40,000,000, divided among three great smelters, tanneries, breweries, chemical works, clay goods works, flouring mills, paper mills, textile manufactories, and a great diversity of smaller operative schemes. Denver has been too busy in the past sending her money out after more to care much about becoming a reserve point but with all the keeping moving that has made her growth so remarkable the nine national and state banks doing business there in February had \$36,000,000 of deposits. At present the federal government is building a coinage mint in the city. This is to work up the growing gold output of the State, which naturally finds its way to Denver. The city has eight trunk lines running regular daily trains to and from all parts of the State and country and young as she is there are fifty primary schools with 22,000 pupils and 400 teachers, twenty kindergartens with over 1,000 pupils, three large High schools representing a cash value of half a million dollars and attended by 2,100 young men and women, a manual training school, where 365 pupils are learning various trades, and seven colleges and universities within the city limits. Denver has both women's and men's clubs, educational and social; she has theatres and parks and resorts of all kinds. From City park, with its 320 acres, the retreats run down the scale until that Arapahoe street corner where crackers and Manitou champagne are dispensed is reached. Denver has her Manhattan beach, where you can sit by the waters of a small lake and drink beer and listen to the bands, or you can shoot the chutes or get a girl and ride into the Alpine railway tunnel where there is no light other than that of stars made for the occasion and even they have a merry little twinkle in their eyes. Then there is Elitch's gardens, where fruit and flowers and wild animals in cages abound and a section of Market street and the dear knows what else to amuse and beguile. No visitor to the city can escape being impressed with the large, well ordered stores and, above all, the courteous people who are met everywhere. Nothing appeared to be too much trouble for a resident of Denver to do for a visitor. You might say they were treating us with exceptional consideration because we were newspaper people, but I must refute such an assumption because every time I went out to see Denver as it really is I left my association badge at the hotel and certainly could have been identified as a member of the craft in no other way. You talk about the "Wild and Woolly West," where human lives are made of such small value in the border novels and dramas, let me tell you that during an entire week in Denver I saw but seven policemen on duty and I was in all quarters of the city, at all hours of the day and night. They have plenty of officers, however, for in the labor day parade there was a squad of one hundred or more. Judging from what I saw I must be more for ornamental purposes than anything else, for during my entire visit I did not see one disorder or unseemly action on the streets. The people seemed to take pleasure in answering questions and even the street-car operatives were obliging enough to answer all manner of inquiries without that surly, monosyllabic response that you hear so frequently on eastern lines. All in all Denver is by far the prettiest and most delightful city I have ever visited. Being just a mile in altitude the atmosphere is as rare and healthful as it can be. The prospect from the top of any of the large buildings is superb. Standing on the observation tower on the Equitable you can look for miles in all directions. To the west the Rockies kias the sky forty miles away and to the south, east and north the brown prairies only end when they seem to run up and blend with the blue of the heavens. The city is located in a great natural depression in the prairie. The people of Denver are nearly all easterners. Some have located there on account of the healthfulness of the climate and having regained vigor have staid, while others have gone on the assumption that Horace Greely knew what he was talking about when he advised young men to go West. They are all contented and happy, though they are prone to talk as if home is only temporary there and some day they will strike back to spend their declining years in the East. While there are more than five thousand Pennsylvanians in Denver the only ones I met were Hon. Thomas S. McMurray, a native of Philadelphia, who is mayor of the city; Fred Bailey, of Tioga county, proprietor of the St. James, and Jerre Stott, a son of James H. Stott, formerly of this place. He is one of the owners of the Capron-Stott printing concern and both he and the establishment looked prosperous enough to make it not worth the asking to know how he is getting along. Denver is for silver, first, last and all the time. I met a number of staunch Republicans and gold-men who said they had and would vote for silver not because their personal affiliations are with that side, but because they are broad minded and liberal enough to know that the silver interest can't hurt gold and its remonetization would be like infusing new life into Colorado. Of course they say the loss of the silver market has not been without its good effects on the State, for it has resulted in the great gold finds that have made Colorado's output of the yellow metal of more value than is that of California, and the development of her agricultural resources to the extent that in 1897 her husbandmen marketed crops the aggregate value of which was more than that of all her mined products combined. Probably some of you readers will think that we were feted and entertained until we could see nothing but the gilded side of Denver, and that my impressions are biased in favor of a city in which we were treated exceptionally well. Let me tell you that such is not the case. If anything the stories that are told and written of this fair city, its realities and its possibilities, fall short of actually presenting to the mind a fair word picture of what it really is. GEO. R. MEEK.

THE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS OF COLORADO.

Denver—A Western Lesson to Eastern City Builders—High in Altitude—Impressive in Beauty—Exceptional in Order.

Westward the Star of Empire took its way and reaching Denver, straight faced to stay." If first impressions are best then there can be but one impression of Denver. It is the hub of the trans-Missouri country, so delightfully located, so substantially built and so persistently progressive that the most Utopian dream would come wide of what that fair city of the Rockies will be after forty more years have rolled by. We arrived in Denver early on Monday morning, September 5th, and were not long in getting quartered in the large hotels of the city. While the Albany was headquarters for the association, and as many as could find satisfactory accommodations went there, the Brown Palace, the Windsor, the Gilsey house and the St. James proved equally pleasant homes for different delegations during the week in the city. The Pennsylvanians went to the latter hotel, not solely on account of a tip to the effect that it was the peer of any of them, but as much because a Pennsylvania man is owner and a Pennsylvania man proprietor of the house. There we found Fred W. Bailey, a son of the late Judge Bailey, of Tioga county, and the moment we walked into the lobby of the hotel an air that seemed to make every one feel at home pervaded every part of the place. We were not long in getting located in comfortable rooms and having breakfast, after which there was a general cleaning up, so that the editorial contingent no longer looked as if it might have arrived in side-door Pullmans or on the trucks of an express train instead of in the finest cars on the road, in which plenty of soap, water and towels did not even suffice to remove the stains of the two sweltering days we had spent in getting there. That afternoon the citizens of Denver gave the party a trolley ride to the various points of interest in the city and they were so many that we began to imagine Denver a natural museum of beautiful buildings, parks and scenes before we returned. During the ride a wind storm passed over the city and many of the party caught cold. The mercury that had been playing hide and seek with the 100° mark suddenly went, McGinty-like, to the bottom of the tube and there was a general shaking out of wrinkled overcoats and golf capes, some of which looked as though they might have been made of remnants of the goods popular in the large penal institutions of home States. The first things that impressed me in Denver were the wide, well paved, clean streets. Nearly all of them are paved with asphalt and at either side of the double car tracks there is a very roomy thoroughfare. The street cars moved so smoothly that one might readily have imagined them to have pneumatic tires, the street railway system must be near about perfect, for we rode to all quarters of the city without jar or blocking. When we reached the outskirts the great rows of one-story brick cottages, with fancy little gabled roofs, and tidy side yards attracted the eye and upon inquiry we found that they were the homes of the mechanics and laboring people of Denver. So far as I could see they have no tenement quarter in the city and the cozy little, thrifty looking homes that were scattered along for miles were the happy substitutes for the gloomy garrets of our eastern centers of population. A resident told me that for the most part the occupants of the cottages own them or are paying for them on the installment plan. Were it not for the great smoke belching stacks of the smelters that lie off to the north-east of the city Denver might easily be mistaken for a great resort, or show place. Magnificent homes are to be seen in all sections, the state capitol building that cost two and one-half million dollars, the Arapahoe county court house, the Equitable building that cost two million, the Boston, Earnest and Cranmer, Cooper, Denver club, Taber Grand opera house, numerous educational buildings and sanitariums all lend to the substantial and elegant appearance of the city. I have never seen grass as green as it appeared there and since coming home I have frequently wondered whether it might have been the rare atmosphere or the contrast with the brown and red colorings of the plains over which we had passed. The trees wer

Preserving Eggs.

Take a common starch box with a sliding lid. Put the eggs in the box, and up on an oyster-shell or other suitable substance place a teaspoonful of sulphur. Set fire to the sulphur, and when the fumes begin to rise briskly shut up the lid, make the box tight and do not disturb it for half an hour. Now, take out the eggs, pack in the oats and the job is done. If the packing material be subjected to the same process it will be all the better. If a barrelful is to be preserved place the eggs in a tight barrel two-thirds full, with no packing whatever. Fire a pound of sulphur upon a suitable substance on top of the eggs in the vacant space over them, shut up tightly, let stand an hour and then take out the eggs. As the gas is much heavier than air it will sink to the bottom, or, rather fill up the barrel with the fumes. In another barrel or box place some oats, and treat in the same way. Now, pack the eggs in the oats, head up the barrel, and turn the barrel every day to prevent falling of the yolks, using each end alternately, and they will keep a year, or, according to the efficiency of the operation, a shorter or longer time. It will be seen by the above that the process is a dry and neat one, and very inexpensive, sulphur being a very cheap article. The process was sold several years ago by certain parties as "Ozone," but is an old one, and the parties were exposed, not that the process was a fraud, but because they sold a pound of sulphur as ozone for \$2.—Poultry Keeper.

Secrets of Long Life.

Eight hours' sleep. Sleep on your right side. Keep your bed room window open all night. Have a mat to your bed room door. Do not have your bedstead against the wall. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body. Exercise before breakfast. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked. For adults—Drink no milk. Eat plenty of fruit to feed the cells which destroys disease germs. Avoid intoxicants, which destroys those cells. Daily exercise in the open air. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs. Live in the country if you can. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and drains. Have change of occupation. Take frequent and short holidays. Limit your ambition, and keep your temper. A Horrible Death. Henry Sampsel, associate judge of Snyder county, while working in the saw mill at Sampsel's dam, near Lewisburg, was caught by the saw. His arms and his legs were severed from the body. He died shortly afterwards. He was 35 years old.