

OUT ON THE SEA.

Night, and the wonder of starlight waking High in the darkening dome! Night, and the thunder of waters breaking White on the prow in foam!

Dear, deep eyes, of all eyes most tender, Heart, of all hearts most true, All of the blue night's widening splendor

A RELATED FUNERAL.

The minister looked up as the gate clicked. He was shoveling the snow from his walk, and scratching the lumps of ice with his shovel from the front door to the street.

"Amos Dyer, I said," she began. "I know it's a little late in the day, but still a funeral's a funeral, and he never had one."

"No," said Dr. Marlow; "that is true enough. But he has been buried a year, and I see no reason why he should have one now. To open up that story—"

"Certainly. That's what I say. But he has to have a funeral, nevertheless. I'll tell you all about it if you will listen a few minutes."

"I've been down to New York for a week, visiting Lucy. I always go about this time, and we go around together and look at the shop windows and buy little things for Jack's stocking."

"How is Jack, by-the-way?" interrupted the minister. "I heard he wasn't well."

"Just you wait, Dr. Marlow; I'm coming to that," said Miss Caldwell, portentously. "Well, as I was saying, we have a good time together once a year, Lucy and I, just as if we were girls again."

joy of life was over, except as she could find it in her baby. And he had buried her. How significant had the words of the prayer sounded!

Yes, he could not sorrow when Mary died. It was a mercy. "Well," broke in Miss Caldwell, "when her sister was gone poor Lucy was alone. She had a hard struggle, as you know well enough, doctor. It would have been harder but for you. But they managed somehow to live, and Jack was such a comfort? But when night came and Lucy put her work away, he would cuddle down in her lap every single evening and say, 'Tell me about my father.' And what could she do?"

"Could she say, 'Your father was a thief?' No. She said she tried at first to put him off, but it was no use, and at last she just yielded—she says she knows it was weak—and told of every good or kind thing she could think of. Amos loved the praise of men, you know that, doctor, and he did give his fruit and flowers to the sick, and sent his carriage for the old ladies to ride in, and gave money to the poor. Oh yes, I'll give the devil his due! Chap kindnesses that did not hurt him and that brought applause were delightful to him."

"Perhaps, Sarah," began Dr. Marlow, "charitably, 'we do not do him justice. Possibly if we knew all—'"

"Don't, doctor!" she interrupted, almost fiercely. "I can't hear you excuse him. Swindling wasn't his worst sin. He was bad all through. His evil deeds rose up wherever his foot stepped. Norwood people weren't the only sufferers. But there! you know it as well as I do."

"But Lucy never told Jack a word of all that. And when he would say, 'Where is my father now?' she would tell him he had lost his money and was somewhere out West earning more. And that dear child would say, 'When I'm a man I'll go and help him!'"

"Little he realized how his father cared nothing for his own child, whether he lived or died. And then Amos was killed—stabbed in a quarrel over cards among desperadoes in Mexico. It was a natural enough ending for him. Lucy wanted him buried there, of course. There was no reason why his body should be brought here. I never understood why it was brought here, sternly. 'It was not fitting that the man whom I had married to Mary, whose child I had named, should lie like a dog in the sand where he died. Mary would not have wished it. She forgave him, poor child! I ought to know, for was there when she died. Lucy cannot forgive. She feels that he killed her sister and impoverished Jack; but Mary—Mary forgave.'"

"Well, anyhow, he was buried upon the hill," continued Miss Caldwell, "and no one knew when but the sexton and you, doctor. Even the townspeople did not find out for weeks. It was cleverly managed, and I dare say it was just as well, for there are some poor folks in this place who would not want him near them, living or dead."

"However, Lucy had to tell Jack his father was dead. She said she could not help being relieved to think he would gradually forget him. Her conscience had always troubled her for letting the little boy believe his father was a good man. But it was weeks before Jack got over the shock. You know how dreadfully sensitive and tender-hearted he is, and he has been so much with grown people he isn't a bit like an ordinary child. Suddenly one day he asked, 'Aunt Lucy, where is my father buried?'"

"And when she said, 'In Norwood, by your mother,' he just fixed those big eyes on her and said, as if he were a man, 'And why did we not go to the funeral?'"

"And she didn't know what to say. She felt like a criminal. And ever since that boy has just mourned and mourned. 'His dear noble father, so handsome, so grand, so good and kind to everybody! To have no funeral, when even the poor people in the city have a beautiful hearse and carriages! And his little heart is just hard to his aunt, and to you, and to all the people up here! And he is grieving himself to death—Mary's boy—and I say it's a shame!'"

"That's what I said," replied Miss Caldwell. "But nobody must know, or we may have a scene. I told Lucy I would talk to you, and I knew you would speak just as you have spoken; and so she is coming up to-morrow morning with Jack, and I'm to meet her, and we will go to the cemetery, and meet you there if you say so."

truthful, upright in word and deed. May the poor and sorrowing find in him a loving, helpful friend. So shall his life be blessed, and he shall leave behind him an honored name! Let us pray."

The minister's voice faltered as he asked for tenderness of heart, for the charity that never faileth, for earnestness of purpose, and for strength for noble living. And then he pronounced the benediction. But Jack's face was troubled.

"They always sing at funerals," he whispered to his aunt. "You sing, Jack," said Dr. Marlow. Jack paused to think for a moment, and then his clear voice began, "There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it afar, For our Father waits over the way To prepare us a dwelling-place there."

Tears had never fallen on Amos Dyer's grave. On the head below had been heaped curses by those whose lives he had wrecked. Deceit and shame had been the record he had left behind him. But as the listeners heard the voice of his little son who bore a dishonored name, their tears fell fast.

That night Jack hung up his stockings, and gleefully made his aunt hang up hers. He was a happy boy again; a great load had been lifted from his heart. His father had had a funeral!

"It wasn't a very grand one, was it?" he said, as he was tucked up in bed. "So few there! I suppose they did not know about it, we decided in such a hurry to have it to-day. Of course, if they had known, all the people would have come. But it was a very nice funeral, anyhow. I thought what the minister said was beautiful, of how good father was, and how everybody loved him. I mean to grow up to be just that kind of a man, and at my funeral perhaps some one will talk just that way about me!"

Lucy could not sleep. She sat long at the window, looking up at the stars and thinking of the past—of her sister killed in her sweet youth by grief and shame; of the boy who must grow up motherless and fatherless; of her own impoverished, lonely life.

Forgive the man who had wrought all this evil change! Just at that moment the midnight bells rung out. Over the roofs of happy homes their deep sweet tones sounded. She opened the window and stood listening. A distant hymn floated in:

Hark the herald angels sing Glory to the newborn King, Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled.

She sank on her knees and the past was forgotten. "Peace on earth, good will to men!" sounded in her heart, and Christmas had come.—By Caroline B. Burrell, in Harper's Bazar.

Meant What He Said.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, when a certain girl's name had been mentioned, "I know her to speak to, but not by sight."

"Do I?" asked Mr. Jones anxiously. "Of course you do. You have seen her so often that you know who she is, but have never been introduced to her. Isn't that it?"

"No, that isn't it. I never saw her at all to know her, but I speak to her nearly every day."

"How can that be?" "She is the telephone girl at central."

Messrs. George S. Good & Co., of Lock Haven, railroad builders and general contractors, have been awarded another big contract in New Mexico. The contract is for building ninety-three miles of railroad from a place called Alomogordo to the coal fields in that country. Messrs. Good & Co. have just completed the construction of a long stretch of railroad in New Mexico, and will commence operations on the new work at once.

The feeding of salt to dairy cows should be done regularly and not occasionally. It may be given as a seasoning to the ground grain or placed where they can have access to it. Cows have been known to fall off one tenth in flow of milk when deprived of salt. There are some who do not believe in the use of salt by allowing stock to help themselves, but it is beneficial to season their food with in which makes their food more palatable and better relished.

Carnegie's Latest Offer. Andrew Carnegie has offered to give \$250,000 to erect a building for a public library for Washington provided Congress would furnish a site and provide a suitable maintenance, not less than \$10,000 per annum. Steps will be taken at once to secure the needed legislation.

Dentist—"I see that I shall have to kill the nerve." Patient—"For heaven's sake don't! It would ruin me in my business. I'm a life insurance agent."

THE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS OF COLORADO.

Out of Denver into a Great Mining and Agricultural State—Loveland, Clear Creek Canon and Ward, the new Mining Camp.

The lapse of several months since these stories of travel in Colorado were begun in the WATCHMAN has probably had the effect of making some of our readers forget about them entirely, while others might recall the first two but do not remember the conditions under which they were written. A word of explanation will, therefore, not be amiss before the third one is published.

"The Mountains and Plains of Colorado" was begun in the issue of Oct. 1st, 1898, immediately upon my return from that State where I had spent a month in travel with the National Editorial Association, which held its thirteenth annual convention in the city of Denver during the week of September 5th to 9th. In the first story I undertook to convey impressions of a journey from Chicago to Denver, including stops at the trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, Nebraska, and at Lincoln. The second dwelt exclusively with the dream city of Denver and now I invite those who found anything of interest in the portions already published to take up the long journey of that great State with me.

Undoubtedly it would have been better to have continued the stories, weekly, after they were once begun, but the struggle for reform in the government of Pennsylvania last fall made such inroads on our space that there was nothing left for me to do but withhold this until the present time.

Having concluded our work in the convention at Denver the editorial party once more rendezvoused at the long line of Pullmans that stood waiting for us in the Denver yards and prepared for a tour that was to lay before us the varied industries and resources of a great and undeveloped State. It was Saturday morning, September 10th, when the train pulled out on the first excursion we made. If you will recall the oppressively hot wave that swept over the country the latter part of last August and was still roasting away at humanity when the first days of September were ushered in you will appreciate the discomfort we all felt about the time we were leaving Denver because the mercury had suddenly become frightened at being so high up in the world and taken a decided tumble downwards. In truth it was snowing when we started for Loveland. The snow, in itself, did not alarm me in the least, but I had expected to see it only capping the high peaks of the Rockies at that season of the year, and felt that if I got much further away from home with the straw hat I was wearing one of those "Rocky-mountain canaries" would sing out the last call for such head-gear and I would be left hatless, while the icy-breezes tousled the fringe that has become so scanty that I part it with my fingers.

Loveland is 60 miles North-east of Denver. It is in Larimer county and has a population of 698 people, according to the most recent census taken. We had been invited down there to enjoy the annual street fair and corn-roast with the people of that place who had postponed their great yearly fete in order to have us share in the pleasures of it. The idea of starting for a street fair and corn-roast in a snow squall wasn't very enticing, to say the least, but the unpropitious weather wasn't nearly as uncomfortable to us as it was disappointing to the people of Loveland who had gone to so much trouble to make their show a success. I dignify it by the use of the word show because that is exactly what it was.

When we reached the town the train was run right up to the lots on which the fair was being conducted. And if I hadn't been afraid of my face freezing with the "idiotic expression," by which I unfortunately signify delight, on it I would have laughed aloud at the sight that met my gaze as I stepped off the car. There was a great circus tent pitched on the corner of the lot and a crowd of people surrounding the entrance, as if a big show was about to commence. The promoters of Loveland's interests at once began the work of distributing dinner tickets among our party and the way we were hustled into that tent reminded me very much of the way cattle are jumped from one pen into another in the Chicago stock yards. Once inside we found the place lined with long tables and were ordered to fall too. The clatter of knives and forks had scarcely begun on the little wooden plates ere a real, genuine country band struck-up "At a Georgia Camp-meeting." If I hadn't made up my mind not to use any slang while away on that trip I am sure I would have remarked to my companion at table: "Now wouldn't that seal you?" It was one of those cornet-bass drum bands, but it was up-to-date with its music and every member of the party began to sway and bob to the tune, so that by the time it was finished you might have imagined yourself looking at a great tentful of marionettes, all worked by the magic of the composer of that devilish two-step.

ashes. Into these hot ashes the green corn was thrown, just as it had been pulled from the stalk—with the husk on—and allowed to lie there until roasted. Then it was fished out with rakes and pitched into a great wooden hopper, where it was kept warm until wanted for eating. The coffee was made in a kettle made of a section of old metal smoke stack.

The corn roasting pits were very popular during the day, for there you would see hundreds of people lined up along the hot coals trying to keep warm. A Loveland corn-roast and street fair is of annual occurrence and is an enterprise peculiarly western. Loveland is only a little place, but she is ambitious to be larger, and when the Larimer county fair began to attract great crowds of people to Ft. Collins, which is only 14 miles away, Loveland thought of this counter attraction. Accordingly, every year, the corn-roast is held and all the farmers for miles around bring in their big pumpkins, corn and other freak growths. The exhibit is made on long tables about the grounds and everything is free as air. It attracts great crowds of people, always. At dinner time they assemble at tables and are served with corn, coffee and melon. The day we visited Loveland they had about 250 bushels of green corn roasted.

In looking around the town I found every indication of energy. The buildings were substantial, the town well-planned and the people hopeful. Loveland is an agricultural centre. Though Larimer county has mining interests in its mountain areas the portion we were visiting that day was out on the plains and there farming and stock raising is almost exclusive. Loveland being the second town of importance in the county much of the country trade reaches the markets through that channel. The soil is rich and loamy, yields prolifically and things only stop growing when they get tired. There isn't much wheat grown in that section. You would be surprised to know how small the amount is. The principal crops are alfalfa, corn, fruit, melons and sugar beets. This latter product is fast jumping into favor in Colorado, for the farmers are making enormous profits out of its cultivation.

Loveland is a new town and, like every other new place, is full of possibilities. It is a good town, too. There is only one licensed place there and a diligent search of every store failed to find a poker chip for sale. Whether or not they were hiding them the editors were in town I am not prepared to say.

At 4 o'clock we bade farewell to our hospitable friends and started on the return trip to Denver going by way of Ft. Collins and Greeley. I was so cold that I didn't have the courage to look out into the snowy weather, so can't tell you anything about the country we traversed. I found out afterwards that it was just like all other Colorado farm land, which will be referred to later.

Instead of going to church on Sunday, as a well regulated Sunday school teacher probably ought to have done, I made up my mind to go on the regular excursion around the wonderful Georgetown loop, which is said to be one of the greatest engineering feats in the world. Accordingly I took the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf narrow gauge train on Sunday morning and started away. It was cold enough to make fires in the cars necessary and I must say that there was a pretty blue looking party of excursionists aboard. I mentioned having taken the narrow gauge train because nearly all the roads running into Denver from the mountains have both narrow and broad gauge systems. They have three rails on their tracks, so that standard gauge trains are run between points on the plains, but in the mountains the narrow gauge is resorted to, because the curves are too sharp for large cars and in many places the side walls of the great canons would scrape the paint off wider ones.

We ran over a fine plain from Denver, due west to Golden, a distance of 15 miles. Passing through considerable farm land that was everywhere corrugated with irrigator ditches. Golden is located at the mouth of Clear Creek canon and is right at the base of the Rockies. As we made a stop of but several minutes I had no time to find out anything more about the town than that it has a population of 2,383 and an altitude of 5,655 ft. Built as it is on the mountain slope you can see every building in it from the car windows. Two structures impressed me as being important ones and upon inquiry I found out that one of them was the Colorado School of Mines and the other was Koor's brewery. The train started before I had a chance to find out whether Koor's beer was as fine as the building looked and before I knew it the unusual rattle of the cars and the laboring puffs of the little engine called attention to the fact that we were in the canon. It was just like entering a tunnel, except there was no roof on it. Clear Creek river comes rushing out of what appears to be a great crevice in the mighty wall of rock. The railroad has been built along the wall up the entire course of the river; some places hanging out over the water; at others winding under the ledges of masses of ever towering rocks. The river is about half the size of Spring creek but the fall is so great as to make it more a succession of mountain torrents.

Words will scarcely convey the grandeur of the scenery along the road to the loop. The sides of the canon at some places are so high that it is almost a necessity to lie on one's back to see out. The average gradient of the track is 185 ft. to the mile, so that engines can take only five of the little coaches up at a time. The track is so tortuous that it crosses the river eighteen times in the run of 43 miles from Golden to Silver Plume. At some places it is so crooked that they say that passengers are not permitted to spit out of the windows of the rear car because the spray flies into the engineer's eyes. The first stopping place after leaving Golden was Chimney Gulch. The name was the first really Rocky-mountain sounding one that had yet reached my eastern ears. There is nothing more than a restaurant there, where lunch baskets can be bought at a reasonable figure. Besides containing chicken, bread and butter, fruit, pickles etc., a bottle of wine is included. In the bar of the restaurant a woman was serving drinks and all of the liquor was sold in small bottles, supposed to hold the amount of a respectable man's drink. As a matter of fact they held about two small glasses and as you paid a quarter for a bottle the price turned out to be about the same as it is in the East. The river from Chimney Gulch up to Idaho Springs is a succession of individual placer mining claims. All along its bed, wherever the water was shallow enough, could be seen the sluice boxes and water wheels of the miners. I was told on the train that men working in the stream made from \$2 to \$3.50 every day. Anybody can work who wants to, so long as the territory of another is not intruded upon. Idaho Springs is a health resort. At that place the canon ends and there is a valley about a quarter of a mile wide from there up to Silver Plume, the end of the line. The mountains are everywhere gophered out until they seem to be thoroughly perforated. Look where you will you can see nothing but holes. There is a little pile of grey dirt at the mouth of each one and each represents a mine, either being worked on a small scale or abandoned. A way up on the sides of the peaks, thousands of feet above the track, can be seen little shanties clinging to the steep slopes like the tendrils of some gigantic vine. Just when you are beginning to wonder how any one got up there to build a cabin or gets provisions up to its occupant you will see a prospector winding along a trail with one of those, sure footed, faithful, hardy little burros following with a freight pack on its back.

Georgetown, the next stopping place, is the county seat of Clear Creek county, one of the smallest in area in the State. It was constructed in 1861 and bears the distinction of being the scene of the first "pay placer beds in the State." In 1897 the mines of that county produced \$782,648.88 in gold, \$860,500.76 in silver \$54,183.57 in copper and \$177,893.32 in lead. I should like to tell you more about the great mining interests about Georgetown, now at a stand still because there is no market for silver, but want of space prevents and I must hurry on to Silver Plume, nine miles further up the road. In reaching the latter place the tracks make a perfect loop, the closed end crossing the river and the lower track on a curved trestle that is 93ft above the water; the curve having a radius of only 319 ft. The loop looks like a great snake coiled up; the track winding round and round until finally it reaches an altitude of 8,772 ft. and shoots off over the other tracks to Silver Plume.

Silver Plume is, as its name indicates, a great silver mining camp, but it is dead now. They were shoveling the snow off the side-walks when we reached the place. And while it is a town of probably a thousand population the general appearance of it impressed me in about the same way that the vicinity of Valentines iron works impresses our people. The people are all there yet, with nothing to do. They are hopeful, however. The little bit of mining that was being done was worked on the royalty plan; individual miners entering the great tunnels that have been deserted by the companies and working for themselves. After climbing up along the mountain side to an altitude of about 9,500 I entered one of the mines in which a little work was being done. The experience was very much the same as that of entering a soft coal mine in this county. I rode in a little mule car and all there was of it was a tunnel in the rock, with water dripping down on your head all the while. We passed numerous drifts where a vein had led off and been worked out, but there was really nothing of particular interest to one who had already been in an ordinary slope mine. I thought I would be able to include our trip to Ward in this installment but find that it has become too long already and will leave that for part of the next story.

Geo. R. MEEK.