

HIS AMBITION.

He longed to lead in the world's affair, But all he did was long; He feared to encounter hidden snares, Or to mix with the vulgar throng.

UNSENT LETTERS.

HIS LETTER.

If at last I break the silence of years I have excuse enough. You know why the boy-and-girl promise was broken. You know what life meant for me when I came back from India and found you Gerald Blake's wife!

HER LETTER.

PHILIP—A dreadful thing has happened. I hardly know how to tell you. The newspaper sent me a notice that marked name was not sent by you with that name. It is not Gerald Blake, but Geoffrey, who is dead.

I dare not! I will lock it back into my desk. When I am calmer—when once more I have got used to unhappiness—I will write.

For long, monotonous miles under burning suns and chilling dews, a man tramped his way doggedly, and yet light-heartedly, toward the great centre of South African civilization.

For ten years had Philip Jocelyn watched this spectacle—years enlivened by the minor accidents of dynamite explosions, native outbreaks and raids and rebellions that were matters of history.

Certainly he had not much of the appearance of a millionaire as he stood beside the wagon, watching with stolid eyes the preparations for six hours' "outing."

He stood now in the burning noonday heat, looking at the dreary red-sand waste, the low hills, the stunted karroo bushes.

He took it up, wondering what he had best do. As it was unaddressed it could not be sent to its destination. It must await the result of the writer's illness.

He could not open it, but feminine instinct again translated the desire of his exploring eyes. He saw once more the face he loved and the printed line that had cost him his life.

The journey was drawing near its end. But one day more and the town would be reached. That day he could not sleep.

Perhaps too there might be a message from her. The impossible is always the lover's El Dorado. Johannesburg was the address he had given when he had left England.

For love has only one prayer. "To be with you; to be near you, my beloved." He choked back the fear and watched the gray dawn turn to rosy day.

still lay there, chill and dark. A formless gloomy thing that had floated from the city of his desire to give him greeting as he reached it.

"Any message or letter—name, Philip Jocelyn?" inquired a voice. The postoffice official slouched lazily forward, and examined the various pigeon-holes and battered boxes.

Looks queer; down for fever I should say," was the sum of his reflections. But being no concern of his, he turned away and left him to the pursuit of that elusive letter.

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Intense Heat in Australia.

New South Wales is perspiring, groaning and gritting its teeth under a succession of violent hot sandstorms. Reports from forty-eight places show temperatures ranging from 105° to 123° in the shade.

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Violent Hot Sandstorms Doing Wide-spread Damage in New South Wales.

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like a dream than a reality to me. The browns and the reds of the mountain sides only ended where they joined the blue canopy of the heavens.

The road follows the stream along through the canon until Sunset is reached and a comparatively wide valley is entered—the valley actually is not more than a quarter of a mile wide, but it looked wonderful, as compared with the narrow gorge from which we had just emerged.

Every mile or so along the route we would reach a sort of plateau, where there would be a grassy plot and few pines. Mont Alto park is one of such places. There quite a resort has been built and no more God favored spot can be found in the world than it is.

At such an altitude the laws of cookery are all disturbed. The eastern housewife who goes out there fortified with one of Mrs. Rorer's books soon discovers her mistake and invests in the High Altitude Cook Book which has been compiled by the ladies aid society of the Union Congregational church of Ward.

After our meal was over I looked about the town and learned the following of its history: While Denver was yet a sand hill and that region was still a portion of the great undefined American Desert; while Brigham Young was battling for a foothold beyond those mountains and John Brown was fighting the cause of a free State; while the Indians were still in evidence and the exploits of Fremont were fresh in the public mind; long before Greeley had uttered his famous dictum, or the great trunk lines had reached the Missouri, Calvin W. Ward, a solitary prospector pushing his way along those mountain streams, discovered the region which now bears his name.

It is a matter of some wonder, therefore, that a district older than the State Capital, a district that has witnessed the birth of Leadville, Aspen—the whole San Juan, Creede and Cripple Creek; has witnessed the rapid rise and equally rapid fall of Caribou, Jim Town and Gold Hill, a district that has all these years been sending down its gold, should have waited nearly half a century for recognition.

In the early spring of '60 Calvin W. Ward discovered the district. The credit of the discovery belongs to him, but here the credit ends. The mine he opened was never a mine, and it is doubtful if it ever can be made one. As you swing into Left Hand gulch to-day, along the line of the Colorado and Northwestern, you'll see his shaft house on the opposite hill. The "Miser's Dream" is the name he gave it, and like many a prospect opened in the hills 'tis still a dream. Not so of him who followed in his foot steps—Cy Deardorff. Here is the man who shaped the early destiny of the camp, the man who discovered and opened the great Columbia vein, whose strength and riches has upheld the varying fortunes of the camp for nearly forty years.

The mining about Ward is done by what is known as the Big Five, or a union of five incorporated mining companies. They control the Dew Drop, the Adit, the Adit tunnel, the Ni Wot and the Dew Drop mill. We entered the Dew Drop tunnel which has been driven 1,466 ft. and is 600 ft. under the surface.

On the return trip while changing cars at Boulder, a fine-looking young man, probably six feet tall, dressed in corduroys and with a felt sombrero on the back of a perfectly shaped head, stepped up and asked me if there were any Boston people in the party. He said he had once lived in the city which sent forth the Hon. John L. Sullivan and the Hon. Joseph McCabe but turned its back on McMonie's poor Bacchante, and was heart sick to clasp the hand of anyone, only so he hailed from Boston. The young man had been an art student under Bouguereau in Paris, when tuberculosis developed. He was sent home to die and was in such a condition when he reached New York that he did not even take time to go up to his home in Boston for a visit, but struck for Colorado as fast as fast trains would carry him. When he landed in Boulder he had to be supported in leaving the train. He had been there but two years when I met him and a more robust, handsomer looking young man couldn't be found anywhere. He said he taught school in the winter and "rustled" in the summer and tried to be contented. But notwithstanding a country that God must have made especially to bring out the greatest talents of artist's souls and assurance of making a good living this young man talked of the East with a longing, wistful tone that was really pitiful. He knew that it meant certain death for him to venture back, and because of the knowledge that he could never do it and live the East seemed doubly dear to him.

THE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS OF COLORADO.

Over the Switzerland Trail of America to the Great Gold Camp at Ward.—Boulder the Beautiful.—A Panorama of Scenery, Magnificent Beyond Description.

Last week we finished the journey through Colorado, so far as the picturesque trip through Clear Creek canon was concerned, and once more those who are traveling with me in this story tour of that State are run out onto its great plains. Only for a short while, however, for it is but 55 miles from Denver to Ward and the journey is full of the most delightful surprises.

On Monday morning our train was switched onto the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf standard gauge and we started for Boulder by way of Argo and Semper. The run was made in a short time and we found ourselves in the city that W. O. Wise writes thus of.

Pure from the fountains of health far above her Balmly and healing the air of the best Boundless the wealth of the mountains that love her Boulder the beautiful—haven of rest.

We did not tarry longer in the city that has sprung up, Aladin like, at the base of the Rockies than to change cars and board the narrow gauge train that was waiting to take us up to Ward, over the Colorado and Northwestern line. The time was long enough to find out that thirty-two years ago the site of Boulder was unbroken by a building of any sort.

Gold was first discovered in that region in '59. And while it was the mineral that attracted people thither first there are boundless other resources on which the 6,000 people in the place have to live. Located just 29 miles northwest of Denver it is near the centre of Boulder county, one-half of which is a fertile valley, made so by great irrigation systems.

But we must not waste more time there, for the train is ready to start its perilous journey up to Ward. Leaving the Union depot the altitude is 5,335 feet and we have to climb to a height of 9,550 in a run of 26 miles. Soon after leaving Boulder the train ran into the narrow canon which takes its name from Boulder creek that splashes and roars through the great chasm. The canon is not as inspiring as that of the Clear Creek, but the day I made that trip was such an ideal one that the beauty of it seemed most gorgeous.