Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 27, 1899.

will write.

dear. *

to the world in general.

He stood now in the burning noonday

change.

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. He wanted to lift up fallen men, And hear them call him blest-He wanted the world to mourn him when He was laid away to rest.

But he stood aloof, for his hands were white, And he shrank from the thriving mob,

And he waited when there was a wrong to right For some other to do the job;

He longed to lead in the world's affairs. But longing was all he did, Till he led, one day, all unawares, Beneath a coffin lid.

-Cleveland Leader.

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 ! . . . I didn't say much. There was no need. You knew what you had done, and I knew why you had done it. And it all happened so long ago. Long enough for forgetfulness on either sideyet we have not forgotten. I know that- ning," that the driver and his Kaffir aswithout one word from you. But the si- sistant declared necessary. Delay could lence has been terrible. I have wondered not possibly seem necessary to a soul burnsometimes why some feared Death. I ing with impatient longing-to whom shall never fear it, for I have realized its every hour meant a wasted possibility. fullest meaning-parting, separation, silence. Separation was the grave, and silence the dead weight of earth piled upon the low hills, the stunted karroo bushes. it. And in that grave lay my dead heart. . . . and has lain for blank, uncounted His thoughts took a long journey, and years . . . But I broke it at last-at your bidding. . . . (for surely this message is from you; . . . who else could send it?). Can you guess what that breaking means for me? It means I have but slept, as Lazarus slept, and from that grave the voice of one stronger than even Death calls me forth. The cold earth breaks, the heavy stone rolls back, the sweet, glad air rushes through my prison, and I awake! . .

Beloved-I am mad with joy ! Is it any wonder? My life has been starved of everything that means life-for actual ex-It contained but two lines of print: "On istence is only its lowest form. I have worked and toiled, suffered, endured-and now-now fortune is mine-fortune that makes even the fantasies of Aladdin's lamp with Fortune, she has also sent me hope. For here, on the table before me, lies the gazed smiled back at him; and then bis paper that you sent-the paper with that eyes grew suddenly dim, and he put the one line marked. It must have been you -no other. Besides, I know your writing though there is some change in this-the such endless miles away. He sighed weacharacters are less formed, less decided- rily. The driver was asleep under the

name before-how long before your lips shade. He felt strangely tired. His head

name before—how long before your her will say it? Oh ! my sweet, not long . . pray God not long ! For life has how control to us and the years of happiness so long delayed. I am coming to coat, folded it as a pillow, and slept while you on the heels of this letter, so soon as the burning hours dragged on the day to ever my affairs can be wound up. There nightfall. is some good in diamond mines after all !

I am hundreds of miles away from civili- ple meal, and harnessed the oxen and zation. . . . This paper that I holdthis messenger that is my resurrection morn has been weeks reaching me. Weeks. Oh ! if anything has happened in those from bough to bough, and strange, cob- heart, and folded his ha

dare not! I will lock it back into my still lay there, chill and dark. A formless desk. When I am calmer-when once ghostly thing that had floated from the more I have got used to unhappinesss-I city of his desire to give him greeting as he reached it. For I feel you will not come back to me,

"Any message or letter-name, Philip Jocelyn ?" inquired a voice. The postoffice official slouched lazily for-

For long, monotonous miles under burnward, and examined the various pigeoning suns and chilling dews, a man tramped his way doggedly, and yet light-heartedly, holes and battered boxes. He drew out a toward the great centre of South African cablegram and handed it to the inquirer. civilization. He had hired a wagon, but "Been here well-nigh a month," he reits slow speed and the stolid stupidity of marked.

* * *

its Boer drivers seemed to retard, instead The face was so white, the hands so of assist, his progress. The country was in tremulous, that he looked with curiosity at an unsettled and rebellious condition. Obthe stranger.

stacles to anything like improvement or development had been the only encourage-"Looks queer; down for fever I should development had been the only encourage-ment offered, either to a government or an being no concern of his, he turned away their beds are bodies of animals that went individual. A jealous stupidity forever barred the road of progress, and party ani-mosities filled the air with strife. The en-his hand—unaddressed and unstamped. He noted that the man had a letter in his hand-unaddressed and unstamped. croaching energy of foreign intruders, both He laid it down and opened the cablegram. shamed and irritated the laissez faire ele-There was the rustle of paper-a moment of the Boer community, and the specment's dead silence-then a husky crytacle of a race obstinately desirous of its and the clerk, looking round, saw the traceable to the terrible heat. A train own destruction was complacently offered stranger stagger and fall face downward on the floor. He rushed to his assistance and For ten years had Philip Jocelyn watched called for aid. A crowd of loiterers and this spectacle—years enlivened by the min-or accidents of dynamite explosions, napostal officials were soon around the pros-trate man. "A fit !" "Apoplexy !" tive outbreaks and raids and rebellions "Heart !" "Send for a doctor quick !" that were matters of history. Now, he at The voices sounded like buzzing gnats

last conquered fortune and achieved wealth and could look at the world from a standabout Philip Jocelyn's ears when sense came back to him. He tried to rise, but all point of financial importance by way of a strength had left him; only he was conscious of some horrible pain, filling every Certainly he had not much of the apnerve centre, and throbbing in pulse and pearance of a millionaire as he stood bebrain--conscious of forms-voices. Then side the wagon, watching with sullen eyes again all grew dark. They bore him away the preparations for six hours' "outspanto the hospital in the first stage of the fatal African fever.

On the floor lay the message he had traveled hundreds of miles to receive. The clerk picked it up, and then noted that the unstamped letter the man had laid upon the counter laid there still.

heat, looking at the dreary red-sand waste, He took it up, wondering what he had best do. As it was unaddressed it could not be sent to its destination. It must showed him a land fair with woods and await the result of the writer's illness.

water, the sound of singing birds, the The cablegram he read out of that purely breath of sweet spring mornings. And irrational curiosity that always makes among the woods a woman walked, her other people's concerns so interesting. It form like the spring in its delicate morn, only said: "Mistake-not free. Am writing. her eyes dark and lovely as the wet violets DOREEN."

that nestled in the hedges. Oh ! the weary "Wonder why he fainted off like that? miles . . . the long, long days that still must pass! His hand went to his There seems no death, marriage, nor murder here," thought the astute youth; "and breast pocket, and he drew from there a I wonder if he's the Jocelyn that's got the little leather case. He opened it. The small oval contained the likeness of that big diamond mines. Didn't look much like a successful boss ! Queer if he was to face he had seen in the woods, and below die here just after making his fortune. Perhaps he was sweet on 'Doreen.' Never heard the name before-sounds foreign or the fifth of Sept., 18-, at sea, Gerald Blake, eldest son of Geoffrey and Ann Irish, or something. Well, I'll just keep these papers until I see how these things turn out. She couldn't have written, because there's no other letter here for him." a possibility. And because when Fate re-lents she deals out no half-measures, soit seemed that the lovely lips on which he no long fight for life. He had looked his a week. last on it when that message reached him. Wealth-Fortune-Success! What were little case away beside a folded packet he

they without happiness? was bearing to the post-town that seemed The fever ran its course to that last stage

of exhaustion when mind and body play an equal part. Then the mind relinquished "Philip" that wagon. The Kaffir boy was cooking roual- all part in the contest. He opened his eyes to another dawn, but there was no hope in its promise. Weakly his hand went to his breast pocket, groping for the little leather case.

Some one-a woman-dimly guessing what he sought, placed it in his failing grasp. He could not open it, but feminine in-

stinct again translated the desire of his im-With dusk they woke and ate their simploring eyes. He saw once more the face he loved and the printed lie that had cost started again. The stars were out; the him his life. With one last effort of night was glorions. They drove through a strength he tore the strip of paper into

Intense Heat in Australia. Violent Hot Sandstorms Doing Wide-spread Damage

in New South Wales

New South Wales is perspiring, groating and gritting its teeth under a succession of violent hot sandstorms. Reports from forty-eight places show temperatures rang ing from 105° to 123° in the shade. This heat is withering the grass and killing the sheep by hundreds of thousands. At Sydney with the thermometer registering 109° duststorm swept through the city, the wind blowing forty miles an hour. The entire population were compelled to shut themselves up in their houses and breathe through wet sponges. In many parts of there to drink, and, finding no water, laid

themselves in the mud and died. Bush fires have been started in many directions and many ranches have been destroyed. From all over the country reports are arriving of disastrous fires directly running into Burke was chased by a hurricane that swept the country like the blast from a furnace. A greasy tarpaulin cover-ing a car of chaff caught fire, and in five minutes the entire train was in flames while running at the rate of fifty miles an hour to escape the hurricane. When the train stopped the passengers jumped from the car windows to save themselves.

At Wagga-Wagga a hurricane blew down part of the town. The ruins caught fire and great damage was done. Between Denililquin and Broken Hill

the entire country was illuminated by elec-tricity along the steel line of the telegraph wires Balls of fire ten times more brilliant'than an arc light danced on the wires for twenty-eight minutes. According to the latest reports, the

weather was growing hotter still and it was feared that the bush fires of last year would be repeated.

A Newspaper Worth Reading.

With a circulation showing a gratifying increase as compared with a year ago, with a more extensive advertising patronage than ever before, with added press facilities which permit of enlarged editions whenever necessary. The Pittsburg Times comes to the public for 1899. It modestly claims to be a good, all-around newspaper, neglecting no opportunity to entertain its readers and sparing no effort or expense to get the news accurately and promptly While it is Republican in politics it en deavors to be fair in discussion. Overlooking no field of human interest, it is carefully edited and courts the favor of the fireside rather than the applause of sensation mongers. For reference it submits to the unbiased judgment of newspaper men anywhere in the territory in which it circulates. Three dollars a year or six cents

When Choate Was Ruffled.

An unpublished story about Mr. Choate tells of the only time his serenity was ever ruffled while cross-questioning a witness. It was during a famous will case, and Felix McClusky, formerly door-keeper of the House of Representatives was the witness. "Now, Mr. McClusky," insinuatively asked Mr. Choate, "isn't it true that you are the modern Munchausen?" "You're the second blackguard that has

asked me that in a week," roared Mc-Clusky. "An—The roar of laughter, in which Surrogate Rollins himself joined. drowned the remainder of Mr. McClusky's retort, and it was fully five minutes before business went on again.

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. On all sides the tops of mountains could be seen and five different grades of the railway were in view above us. Round and round we wound until I almost grew dizzy. Some of the curves were so sharp that the engine looked as if it was going to shoot right over a point and tumble into the valley below, but just as one imagined it doing so it would swing around and go puffing off in another direction. We were getting pretty well up toward the clouds by that time and timid souls were excused for being afraid. In fact I had been told at Boulder that an excursion party had never gone over that road without an accident and with that in my mind and feeling a little queer because of the rarified atmosphere I confess to having thought that maybe I didn't care much about going up Pike's Peak, which was scheduled for the next day.

Laboring up a grade of over 200ft. to the mile it was not long until away off to the west I caught my first glimpse of the Continental Divide and Old Arapaboe's three giant peaks, all covered with snow the year round. Looking out over what can be described only as a great sea with mountain peaks for waves breaking its surface there seemed to be banks of white clouds at the horizon. They were the snowy ranges rearing their hoary heads majestically thousands of feet above the tops we were circling about

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. The scenery it commands is simply indescribable. After leaving the park the run is made to Gold Hill Pass, where from the car windows can be seen the five tracks below you, the lowest 2,000 ft. And, if standing on the car platform, I believe a woman could throw a stone over the entire five. We soon passed Gold Hill and shot out to Klondike Point where the train seemed to be going down grade but in reality was making an ascent of 600 ft. From that point to Ward it was a journey of winding round and round successive peaks. Often going up at an angle that seemed sure would run us off into the heavens, but invariably when the top was reached another and higher peak was found hidden by the one we had just surmounted. Thus we wound up and up until we came to the great curve, 9,500 feet above the level of the sea, and swung into Ward, the gold camp that had waited the coming of that railroad for thirty years. The road was just completed last season.

The camp is only $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Boulder by air line, but $26\frac{1}{2}$ by rail. In that distance the train had ascended 4,215ft. so it is not to be wondered at that I, unused to such altitudes, felt a slight difficulty in breathing. But it was dinner time and the ladies of the camp had prepared luncheon for us in the skating rink, so there was no time to be lost. Talk about Bellefonte hills, they are but dog mounds on a great prairie compared with those at Ward. Everything is down or up there. The houses are anchored to the ground on one side and stilted away up on the other. On some of the streets the board walks on the upper side are higher than the houses on the lower and the up and down streets are only for the purpose of making corner lots, for I couldn't see how in the world they could be used for traffic of any sort.

Scrambling down one hill and up another I reached the rink, all out of breath, but not forgetful of the fact that I was hungry. There were the ladies of the town serving a most excellent luncheon and the tender meats, salads and luscious fruits reminded me that life in a gold camp is not without its good things. Had Ward possessed nothing more than the charming women who were there that day it would have been a journey well taken to meet them.

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. Up there water boils at a lower temperature than it does with us and it takes more sugar to make things sweet.

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. This was thirty-eight years ago. 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 knife blade rich tellurium veins that characterized the eastern belt of Boulder county's hills men had wasted hope and fortune, and though Ward lay far beyond, rich in its massive strength of sulphide ores-rich in the ores that have made Gilpin the parent of \$100,-000,000, it availed nothing. The shibboleth had gone forth. Boulder was a region of knife blade seams, of wrecked hopes and fortunes. But of all this, it is neither timely nor profitable to speak now. It belongs to the dead past, and like a dead Indian is best so. 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. Cy Deardorff is there to-day, you can see him-the best type of the pioneer prospector anywhere known-simple of manner, clean of habit, honest and of great courage. And yet he who made Ward possible, he who pointed the road to fortune for others has himself missed the way. After looking about the town far several hours I reclimbed to the station, having to stop to rest several times, and sat there and reflected at the wonderful scenes about me. As completely hemmed in and guarded as the towering peaks of the Rockies could make it this little camp of a thousand souls nestled there in apparent comfort and happiness. There was much more of life and hopefulness about it than was to be seen over at Silver Plume, because Ward is a gold camp and the other is a silver one. The people fully came up to the courteous, considerate types I had met in Denver and ere the train started on the journey back to Boulder I had concluded that, isolated as it is, there are plenty of places I would sooner fly from than from Ward.

weeks ! Why should I write that? What chill breath creeps over the wide, hot plain -the treeless desert of sand-over which the ghastly moonlight streams? How still the night is ! The whole camp sleeps. I-I alone am wakeful and sleepless, pouring my soul out to you; praying God that my joy will soon be mine-in reality. I could cry like a child and laugh like a prisoner released; and my heart aches and throbs as fear and delight alternate within it. This is what love does for a man!

. . You told me I should forget. -you know I never could ! One canself. The cruel trick you played us was an and I am well and sane-and I am going to be happy at last-at last! When tomorrow comes I shall take this letter to the nearest town myself. I fear to trust it to other hands, for you will expect it and wait for it. I know your true heart and your patient strength. In three weeks I shall be in Cape Town, and then-then for ship and sea and home and you-you. I find no word to call you that is sweet and tender and beautiful enough to hold what love calls you to my soul-save that, indeed, you are love and soul both-and so have always been and will be to the end; only there must be no "end" for us, beloved. We cannot part again in this world -or the next.

Your faithful and devoted, PHILIP HER LETTER.

PHILIP.-A dreadful thing has hap-

The newspaper sent to you with that marked name was not sent to you with and. She had promised to remember. was a cruel trick! . . . It was Lydia who sent it. And it is not Gerald Blake, years had kept silence because it had but Goeffrey, who is dead. She never told me till to-night, and when she did-laughing as a good joke-I know now how men fine drizzling rain was falling. The tired and women feels when murder tempts oxen panted and stumbled along. The them. I cannot speak of it, so fierce a rage driver was nodding in his seat. A great thrills my heart. . . . And oh? if you should believe it ! Pray God you won'tand yet . . . I grow sick with fear, the oxen, urging them on. He felt no faremembering how Fate has persecuted us tigue now, nor thought of it. His clothes already; yet, surely, even Fate has some were wet, and his boots slipped on the limit. I have cabled to Johannesburg. miry clay; but his eyes looked straight be-You are sure to go there-or send. You fore him to where the cloudy outline of would not come without telling me, and I the city lay dark against the slowly brightcabled I was writing. But I hardly know what I am writing, Philip.

fear that you may believe what that lying toil and the struggles ended. Here was paper says, even as I believed it—for one week. And if you believe it, you will the like of which his life had never known. come back; . . . and then it will be Suddenly fear touched him. He stood the old misery over again. I can only pray still as if an icy hand lay on his heart. it may reach you in time; for if you come have not been thankful enough," he piness has deepened. I find no words to I took as my right; I should have been tell you what I have endured, how much I humble and grateful. And now-now I have suffered. And if I saw you, what cannot pray. It seems as if words had left should I care for that frail shroud of honor me." that holds apart our martyred lives ! I For love has only one prayer. "To be could but tell you, what you know so well —that I love you—always—always you. There has never been any one else. Oh! I am mod to write like this and with cloud folded the a write like this this a write like the solution of the solution of

from bough to bough, and strange, cob- heart, and folded his hands upon it. Then roadway. There was the welcome sound of water, and they filled their vessels, and the Englishman stayed to bathe, despite good-humored warnings from the Boer. His head ached and his limbs felt strangely tired. The bath refreshed him and again they moved onward, the oxen tramping lazily over uneven roads, urged or encouraged by strange epithets from their owners The slow progress, the constant stoppages. the retarding of accidents-all these made up the sum of days and nights still intervening between the journey and its end. not forget what is more to one than life it- The Englishman ceased to fume and fret at last. A sort of listlessness rapidly came ever-throbbing wound; but now it is healed over him. He slept and ate and walked in a purely mechanical way; only sometimes under light of moon and stars, or in some

ies at the fire. Above was the blue and

burning sky, no breath of air, no welcome

gray cool dawn he would draw out the little leather case and look at the face it held and read those printed lines that had altered all his life and given him hope when he was well nigh desperate.

The journey was drawing near its end. But one day more and the town would be reached. That day he could not sleep. He bribed the Boer to shorten the hours of 'out-spanning." He was in a fever of excitement and restlessness. At dawn they would reach Johannesburg. As soon as the postoffice was open he would go there to stamp and dispatch the precious missive that sh ould tell his heart's secret and his life's fidelity.

Perhaps too there might be a message from her. The impossible is always the from her. lover's El Dorado. Johannesburg was the pened. I hardly know how to tell you. address he had given when he had left England. She had promised to remember seemed the only right thing to do.

It wanted several hours of dawn. A And oh? if you stillness was over everything, and the air was chill and damp. He walked beside

what I am writing, Philip. I am possessed by fear and longing. The At last the weary journey was over; the Philip, how could I again find thought, "not half thankful enough. I strength to send you from me? . . . How could I? With every year my unhap-

I am mad to write like this-mad with misery. God pardon me! God help me! hope in the signal; his heart beat so wildly Oh ! that something would warn you- that it almost suffocated him. He called would hold you back; . . . and yet I to the driver, and swung himself up into could kill myself for sending that cablecould not walk.

Oh, Philip ! I dare not send this letter. For the fear that had crept into his soul

-Plenty of onions for the children, webby plants and flowers festooned the the mists and the darkness rolled back whether raw, boiled or baked, three or four again and the folded hands grew cold .--'Rita'' in The American Queen.

times a week. No scarlatina or diphtheria where the children eat plenty of onions.

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. As contrasted with our last, one can scarcely believe such a change possible, for instead of winding round and round the tortuous curves of a canon, with its walls of solid rock towering thousands of feet above the little train the trip I took on Monday carried me over the summits of mountains that a few years ago were supposed to be insurmountable, except with the sure footed little burros that were the pioneer locomotives of that region.

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 Balmy and healing the air of the blest 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. Standing on the elevated Mesa above the spot at that time Bayard Taylor looked down upon it and his rapture bursted forth as follows: "This is the lovliest spot my eye has ever rested upon." Our townsman T. B. Hamilton, of Howard street, camped with a party of prospectors on that spot years before Boulder was ever dreamed of and he also followed the wagon trail up Clear Creek canon to Georgetown -described in the last story-where he helped in building the first stamp mill.

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. The valley is underlaid with coal, so that a greater diversity of interests could scarcely be imagined. The University of the state of Colorado is just south of the city and at city park are the buildings of the Texas-Colorado Chautauqua and summer school. To add to such attractions for the easterner there is a decided eastern atmosphere about the place. You can always find someone you know at Boulder. One of the largest mining operations near the place is practically owned by the Manns in Lock Haven and several of the young men from our sister town are out there. Thos. R. Mann is Treasurer of the C. and N. W. R. R. and Manager of the Pennsylvania Mining and Milling Co.

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. An artist run mad with his paints could scarcely produce all the colors that the valleys and peaks of the Rockies displayed that day. Then that singular illusion of nearness to everything, when it is really miles away, that is effected by the rare atmosphere made the scene so enchanting that, honestly, it seemed more

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 McMonnie'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.

GEO. R. MEEK.