

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 10, 1899.

WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM.

With big tin trumpet and little red drum, Marching like soldiers, the children come! It's this way and that way they circle and file-My! but that music of theirs is fine! This way and that way and after awhile They will march straight into this heart

A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that

Come on, little people, from cot and from hal This heart it has welcome and room for you

It will sing you its songs and warm you with

As your dear little arms with my arms inter-

It will rock you away to the dreamla

Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of mine, And jollier still is it bound to become When you blow that big trumpet and beat that

red drum! So come: though I see not his dear little face And hear not his voice in this jubilant place I know he was happy to bid me enshrine

His memory deep in my heart with you Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine Holdeth my boy in its keeping to-day!

And my heart it is lonely-so, little folk com March in and make merry with trumpet and

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

That Miss Foster was different from and more charming than all the rest of her sex might have been proved from any of the fifteen men to whom she had been engaged in the two years since she had come back from school, beginning with Cadet

Ferris and ending with Cady. That Captain Foster was exactly like all the rest of mankind, and little deserved the blessing he had in his daughter was manifested by his drawing from his pocket a letter, and saying as he gave it to her, did his training credit. She smiled on the 'By the bye, Kitty, this came for you yesterday while you were riding with Cady, and I forgot to give it to you.

Miss Foster looked at the postmark and at the almost feminine chirography, and knew that the letter was from Fort Bowie, and from Glocester. She laid it beside her plate and finished her breakfast. Afterward she took it up to her own room and read it. Then she sat with folded hands and looked, unseeing, at the photographs of the fifteen upon the wall before her. She

was very white: The most astute woman will frequently stake everything and play all her game upon honor in man. When that chances "Here." to fail, her calculations are set at naught, and the bottom falls out of her universe. me you are engaged to Cady. That means

little to you. But it may mean much to ters that you have written to me within the last month—four in number—that he He held the bundle out to her. She may know with what manner of woman he has to deal.'

Now, fourteen times before Miss Foster He reached out for it quickly.

"Not vet!" said Kitty. "Here," she had not been in earnest. But this time had not been in earnest. But this time she was. Unfortunately, the fact that she continued, "is a bundle of letters—six in cared greatly for Cady had not prevented number. They came in to-day's mail. her from writing to Glocester more affec- They were accompanied by a him-t'other dear charmer who was away —upon her string, so long as it would hold him without snapping. And the letters, sent while she was actually engaged to They were written by you to Miss, Fowler. Cady, were going to fall into his hands. I read, too, the note with which she re-It was a desperate situation. But, for all turned them. Here it is. You may find her blue eyes and curls, and bewildering it of interest-I did." ways, Miss Foster was the woman to

After a time she rose to her feet and set her lips. It is a peculiarity of Cupid's bow lips that they can set, upon occasions. She knew that Cady had not yet received those letters. And she determined that he never should. She would rob the

Guard mounting was just over, and the stage was not due until noon. Kitty set a big hat a-tilting upon her curls and walked fastened the blouse over them. that the post master should have left his turned and faced Miss Foster. desk. Miss Foster pushed open the gate and went behind the rail. The keys to the mail bag hung upon their hook. She put them in her pocket. When the post down steadily into their blue and twinkmaster came back she was placidly marking his clean blotter with the letter stamp. 'If you please, Mr. Jones," she said, "I smiled.

want this letter registered. the flat stretch of greasewood, and cactus write? Any one might have been deand sage. Far away a tiny speck was ceived.' crawling toward her along the white road.

It was the stage. She had been born upon did not ask what she meant. Irrelevancy the plains, and she had an unfailing eye was one of Miss Foster's many charms. for its distances. There would be full half an hour to wait. She cast about for some way of killing time and found a deep, wide fissure in the parched earth. It appealed to her daring. She put her horse to a run and jumped it time and again until he was winded. Then rode again to the crest of the slope. The stage was near. Daly, on General Miles' staff. He wrote She dismounted, felt of the girths, and sat the official report, and says that even flies down, hugging the tiny noonday shade of a shunned the beef. The following was part of mesquite bush, for the sun was burning his testimony before the war investigation down from a hard, blue sky. A big red ant was carrying a beetle's wing many times larger than itself. Kitty watched it tion of the quarter that was exhibited? until she heard the rattle of traces as the stage climbed the other side of the slope. Then she commended her soul to heaven lit on men's faces and hands, did not ligh and brought her quirt down upon the

horses black flank The stage driver drew up his stock, and The stage driver drew up his stock, and the one passenger put out his head and than that quarter?" shoulders and gazed at the stender way figure rising alone in the midst of the

stopped short. He saw the horse grazing and gave a burning sensation in my stombunch of stumpy grass, a hundred ach.' vards away. Kitty went a step nearer and men who could have resisted them were toms reminded him of beef that he on

Kitty, "and my girths were loose, so I dis- destroy digestion, cause nausea and de mounted to clinch up, and that horrid bilitate any person eating meat so pre-Dandy got away. If you had not come, served. I don't know whatever I should have

Miss Foster would not have been the woman she was if tears-the genii of the lamp General Grant, is now more than 70 years of fair femininity—had not risen at her old, and having grown quite feeble, rarely

her from the day of her birth. When he was in the first enlistment, long before he had returned to civil life, he had been her father's striker. He had held her upon a burro and taught her to ride before could walk. Therefore, he was justly annoyed. For the cleverest conspirator is apt to overlook a detail, and Kitty had forgotten that the horse of a good rider which has broken away, should have the bridle over its head.

"I'm sure, Miss Kitty," he said, "that it weren't me learned you to leave the reins hooded over the pommel when you dismounted. And I should have thought you could have mounted alone any

Kitty flushed. Of all things she was roudest of her horsemanship.
"Do you think, O'Rourke, that you could catch Dandy for me?"

"I dunno," said O'Rourke, "tain't so easy to catch a horse when the reins is over the pommel."

But he wound the lines around the brake and jumped down. The passenger was not to be outdone. He jumped down, too, and together they went trotting across the

Kitty had seen others try to catch Dandy. She climbed leisurely into the stage, and dragged the mail pouch from under the seat. She was frightened now, and cold and trembling, and she threw quick glances to where O'Rourke and the passenger were advancing and retreating, and deploying— never within arm's reach of Dandy. When she had stowed away in the crown of her cap a small package postmarked Bowie and addressed to Cady in a pointed, sprawling, almost feminine hand, she snapped the lock. She had left the keys in the bag, for she knew that the postmaster had duong drawn breath, and, gathering her riding skirts about her, walked toward Dandy olding out her hand. Dandy had been brought up to believe that this meant sugar or nutmegs. He came, with neck out-stretched, and muzzled in the little gloved

"He is, sorry he was so naughty," said Miss Foster, scratching the back of his ear, "and he is going to be good, and never, never run away from his mistress again. And then she rewarded O'Rourke by putting her booted foot in his great palm and springing to her seat in a manner that

"I hope the postmaster will not be angry with me for delaying the transportation of the government mails," and she cantered

passenger and thanked him sweetly.

Cady sat himself upon the top step of the porch of Captain Foster's quarters. Miss Foster did the same. Cady's face was stern and set. Miss Foster's was white and scared. There was a silence. Then Cady drew from his pocket a package of letters. They were in Kitty's writing. Kitty drew from her pocket another package. They were in Cady's hand. Cady age.

"Here," he said, "is a bundle of letters -four in number. They came to me in to-day's mail. They were accompanied by And Glocester's honor had failed. He this note from Glocester. I need not as wrote-Kitty read it again--"So you tell sure you that I have not read them, but I gather from what he says that they are of an exceedingly personal nature, and of very him. Therefore, to prevent his being made recent date. You may guess my opinion the fool that I have been, I have taken the of Glocester. But," he bent upon her a liberty of sending him by this mail the let- look of withering scorn, "you cannot guess

pushed it away. Then she held up before

ionately than prudently, in order to keep Miss Fowler, of Bowie. I need not assure you that I have read them. They are of an exceedingly personal-I may say affectionate-nature and of very recent date.

> Cady took the package she held out to him. Miss Foster took the one Cady held out to her. And again there was silence. Then the lieutenant spoke. "To whom, may I ask, were the letters from Miss Fow ler addressed?

"And may I also ask how, in that event, they came into your posse

Miss Foster considered. Cady put his package in his pocket and down to the post office Fate, with her sat looking over the parade ground. After partiality for the brave and fair, willed a time he put his hands on his knees and

> ling depths. "Well?" echoed Kitty. And then he

Miss Foster gave a huge sigh of relief. An hour later Miss Foster reigned up her horse on the top of a rise and looked across alike Miss Fowler and Mr. Glocester

Flies Would Not Touch It.

The bardest blow, embalmed beef has yet received, comes from Major W. H. General Beaver-"What was the posi-

Major Daly-"It was hung up full in the sun. I observed that flies, while they on the beef, or if they did they quickly left it. That struck me as peculiar."

Major Daly-"No, sir, I cut of a piece of it and put it in my pocket. Later I cooked and tasted it. It did not have a "Whatever, Miss Kitty," -- the driver natural smell or taste. It made me vomit

The witness then stated that about that laid her hand on the wheel. She had seen time some of the men who had been corthat there was no woman in the stage. A ralling horses became sick with stomach woman would have upset all the calcula- trouble. At first he thought it was due to tions. She raised her big blue eyes. The over-exercise, but afterward their sympfew. Those in the stage listened now to a analyzed and found that it contained salytale calculated to melt a heart of stone.

"I was just out for a little ride," said Major Daly declared that they certainly

-Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, widow of will. The driver looked again at the horse leaves her Washington home. Her sight and back at Miss Foster. He had known is rapidly failing.

MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS OF COLORADO.

Over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe to Colorado Springs, the Mecca of Politicians and the Foot of Pike's Peak .- 14,149 Feet Above the Level of the Sea .- Sensations While Climbing the Peak on the Cog-wheel Railway-Cheyenne Canon and the Garden of the Gods.

> Beneath the rocky peak that hides in clouds its snow-flecked crest, Within these crimson crags abides an Orient in the West. These tints of flame, these myriad dyes, this Eastern desert calm, · Should catch a gleam of Syrian skies, or shade of Egypt's palm.

Having returned to Denver on Monday night, September 12th, after the most delightful trip to Ward, the gold mining camp at the terminus of the Colorado and Northwestern railroad, we remained on our cars, because we were scheduled to leave for Colorado Springs next morning at 3 o'clock. The run to the latter place was made over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe tracks and the fact that my sleep was undisturbed from the time I retired until I woke up, Tuesday morning, in Colorado Springs is the best testimonial of the carefulness with which our train was handled by the Atchison people.

Colorado Springs is almost due south of Denver, 74 miles. It is a city of 11,140 people and occupies a site at the foot of the Rockies that is as level as a floor. Its altitude of 5,092 feet and its proximity to the Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne Canon and Pike's Peak combine to make it a popular resort for invalids and tourists. When we arrived there Tuesday morning the city showed no evidence of the belligerency that had characterized it the week before, when several Republicans were killed during a factional quarrel at their state convention-then holding. The peaceful aspect of Colorado Springs, as I walked up Pike's Peak avenue, the main thoroughfare of the city, that fair September morning, was in marked contrast with the newspaper stories of her warlike disposition that I had read in Denver the week before. The warm sunshine felt so cheerful after the snow squalls in Denver and Loveland, the atmosphere was so pure and the blue of the sky so true that I made up my mind that it could not have been Colorado Springs that had been bad. Consequently it must have been the Republicans. It was not an illogical deduction, for I knew Penusylvania Republicans and there was nothing to suggest the idea that they might be any better in Colorado than they are here—at least the ones who are doing nothing to give themselves an opportunity of setting up at the "old man's" wake.

At the head of Pike's Peak avenue stood the Antler's hotel, a magnificent house, the position of which might be aptly compared to that of the court house in Bellefonte, except that that avenue is about twice as wide as High street. I took breakfast there and it was so delectable that I felt genuine regret when I read of the destruction of the place by fire soon after my return East. After looking about the hotel for a few moments and poring over the dear old WATCHMAN, the first I had received since leaving home, a car came along en route for Pike's Peak. While I wanted to take the trip it is but honest to confess, right here, that it was only taken after a most heroic struggle. All sorts of stories had been told me about people collapsing and bleeding at the nose, mouth and ears when ascending to such an altitude, until I tasted blood in every swallow and looked at my kerchief continually to see if any signs could be found of the atmosphere's getting too thin to keep my heart from spraying it with gore. There was no more time for debate, however, as the car was moving and scarcely knowing what I was doing I was on board and rolling off toward Colorado City and Manitou as fast as well regulated trolleys could take me.

Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Maniton are three towns, separately incorporated, yet almost joined together. The former is the new town, the City the old and Manitou the place which mineral springs and over hanging mountain crags peculiarly adapts for resort hotels. Almost every building is a hotel and, I was going to say that every man I saw was a cab man crying the virtues of his horses and hack and his own ability to describe the points of interest, but there were a few others. All, like me, looking anything but pleased with the prospect of it, but bent on getting to the top of Pike's Peak or busting. After numerous rests and gasping for breath that was anything but reassuring to my disturbed nerve, we finally reached the station of the cog-wheel railroad, paid our \$3.75 round trip fare and took a seat in the one car that carries about fifty people. If you picture to yourself a railroad built from the water course in the gap below the nail works, along the side of Muncy mountain, so that it would strike the top back of the Alexander farm you will have a fair idea of about how steep the grade is on that Pike's Peak cog railroad. It requires an engine to push one car up. Oil is the fuel used in the engines and their tender ends are stilted away up to make the boiler level on such steep grades. The track is like an ordinary railroad track, except that between the rails there is a cog track into the teeth of which a cog wheel on the engine works, thus rendering slipping an impossibility and holding the ground that has been made. In order that you sit naturally in the cars the front legs of the seats are very short, while the back ones are long.

With a clang of the bell and a snort of the little engine we started for the top. I noticed several women who were too timid to go up kiss their husbands good-bye and cling to them as if the parting was for eternity. The first sensations were enough to make most anyone feel a little funny. The track was so terribly steep, the engine labored so hard and the car had a motion that made me feel very much as if I were on a camel's back on the Streets of Cairo, instead of ascending Pike's Peak.

Difficult, indeed, is the task of trying to describe what may be seen from a train ascending the Peak. A picture for the mind, of the varied tints and colors, and constantly changing panorama, can reach it only through the human eye.

The lower terminus of the cog wheel road is situated at the mouth of Engelmann's canon, whose sides are formed by the slopes of Maniton and Hiawatha mounitains. Rushing through this canon, now swiftly flowing beside us, again, far below, dashing madly on over the massive boulders and forming numberless cascades and waterfalls, is Ruxton creek, a sparkling mountain stream, whose source is the perpetual snow, and which was followed for two and three-fourths miles.

The scenes and points of interest en route were many. Passing into the canon to the left, a short distance from our starting point, were Shady Springs, hidden under the slope of the massive mountain upon which rests Gog and Magog. To the right was the Lone Fisherman, who patiently fishes from the top of the northern wall of the canon. Next entering the Grand Pass where we saw the Echo Falls, named from the Echo rocks above, from whose high walls the sound of dashing waters is distinctly reverberated. Just beyond was the Natural Creek tunnel, and arched waterway, formed by fallen boulders, through which the streams flows. Passing the stupendous Hanging Rock and Frog Rock, we were soon at Artist's Glen, from where a good view of Cameron's Cone (10,695 feet,) and the Garden of the Gods was had. Next, on the right, was the Plum Pudding, on the left, the Turtle and Punch, and passing through a natural gateway we came into view of Minnehaha Falls. There is a picturesque group of Swiss cottages, set among the pines and occupied by pleasure-seekers. Lizard Rock, Pinnacle Rock, The Devil's Slide, Woodland Park, the Elk's Head and the Fleuride gold mine were left behind, and we suddenly came upon the Half-Way House, a comfortable little hotel situated in a beautiful grove at the foot of Grand View Rock, where a short stop was made.

Up through the narrow ragged walls of Hell's Gate we steamed to enter the verdant Ruxton and Aspen Parks, over which Bald and Sheep Mountains as sentinels stand; there, for two and one-quarter miles, a comparatively level stretch was traveled, and a good view of the "Grand Old Mountain" was had; and, as we were almost directly under the summit, we gained a hetter idea of the altitude than from any other point of view.

Our train stopped a few minutes to replenish its supply of water, as we had before us the longest and steepest incline on the road, winding around the southern side of the mountains; as we ascended, the mountains to the east seemed to sink until they became mere foot hills, and our view to the east and south became more extended. From Inspiration Point we saw far below us a glacial lake covering 110 acres; glacial rocks, upon which are marks showing the unmistakable action of ice in ages past; Mount Badly, Mount Garfield, Bear Creek Canon and the Southern Mountains. After passing Timber Line (11,578 feet) we crossed a great field of broken rock, in which are small areas where enough soil is found for some small mosses and many low Alpine plants to find root; and where, in certain seasons, there is a profusion of these small flowers which one would hardly expect to find at so great an altitude.

When Winding Point was reached we got our first western view and were but a short distance from the summit, which was reached in one and one-half hours after

The world was then before us! And rare, indeed, would be the art that could picture to the soul, unaided by the sense of sight, the unapproachable magnitude of the view that greeted my bewildered eye. Spread out before us was a mighty panorama of 40,000 square miles. To the east was a gay confusion of buffalo plains, streams and flowering fields dotted over with villages and cities. Colorado Springs, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods were at our feet, and looked like flower beds. To the south were Seven Lakes, the Raton Mountains of New Mexico and the famous Spanish Peaks; the cities of Pueblo, Florence, Canon City and Altman,the highest mining town in Colorado, -and the Arkansas valley; Cripple Creek and Bull Hill appeared to be but a stone's throw, and the various mines, settlements, cabins, and busy railways were plainly seen. To the west, protruding its glistening crests above the clouds, was the Sangre de Christo range, spreading out its sheet of perpetual snow and freshening the air that you greet with the vigor it stimulates; Buffalo, Blanca, Ouray, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Holy Cross and Elbert peaks are in that direction at distances varying from 60 to 150 miles. To the north were the abyss; Gray's and Long's peaks, the furthest north of any we saw in the Continental Divide; and Denver, Castle Rock and Manitou Park.

To the commonplace man this trip is like living a chapter from one of Jules Verne's romances. He meets no antediluvian monsters to be sure, but he visits scenes where these can easily be imagined. Whatever susceptibility to grand impressions, whatever poetic fancies the dullest mind may have, are sure to be aroused and exercised by such an experience.

The barometer on the summit of Pike's Peak stands at about seventeen inches, and water boils at 184 degrees Fahrenheit. Is it wonderful that the human body and the human mind, in these new conditions, manifest new feelings?

The United States signal station buildings (the highest observatory in the country,) are of interest. The first building, erected in 1876, the scene of the late Sergeant O'Keefe's sorrow, and which afforded the first signal officers shelter, is quite small, and was abandoned in 1882 for the more commodious stone house, built in that year under the direction of chief signal officer, Gen. Wm. B. Hazen.

After a three quarters of an hour spent in picking out the various towns, streams, peaks and parks, we returned to Manitou with the feeling of having witnessed the grandest scenic panorama visible from any accessible point.

Magnificent as it was they say the trip by rail is not nearly so inspiring as to take the foot trail. We passed many people who were walking or riding on burros, but want of time made it necessary for us to make the trip as speedily as possible. I must say that in one sense the experience was a disappointment to me. I had fully expected some direful results, but noticed no effect other than an extreme weakness. Everybody was walking around with about the same spirit that a consumptive in the last stages displays. The atmosphere was so rare you felt as if you could reach out and touch everything you saw. The top of the peak is nothing more than a stonybatter about one hundred yards in diameter and it was quite amusing to watch people trying to step from one stone to another, that seemed only a step distant, when it was really several yards. The only person in the hundred or more who were up there at that time who seemed affected was an old man whom I knew had fortified himself beyond his proving record with something stronger than Manitou-champagne. He got pretty wobbly, but they get the same way right here in Bellefonte from the same cause. Our trip up the Peak was made under exceptionally favorable circumstances. It was the first day in a long time that several storms were not encountered in the ascent. The top was not deep with snow as you might expect. In fact there seemed to be very little snow in sight. All there was there was not near enough to cover the stones. It was quite cold on the top, what snow there is there never melts and a heavy overcoat is needed to make it comfortable even for a short stay.

Away up, almost at the timber line, was a little building at which the train stopped and a man got on board the car. He rode with us to the top, meanwhile taking the names of all the travelers, and when we reached that point he jumped on a little toboggan arrangement he had and started down the steep grade like the wind. When we reached the little house again on the downward trip he was on board in a jiffy with an edition of the Pike's Peak Daily News, a little paper that he prints away up there among the clouds. As it always contains the name of every tourist it is not difficult to dispose of the papers at a dime each.

It was about noon when we found ourselves safe at the bottom of the Peak again. There were the women who had given their husbands the last farewell waiting for the car's return. I didn't stop to see whether the expressions on their faces were ones of disappointment or pleasure, for both the Garden of the Gods and Chevenne Canons were to be seen that afternoon and I had to hurry. The canons are two ragged gashes ent in the red granite of Cheyenne mountain and at their deepest points are about 1.500 feet. The South canon is about a mile long, at some places is scarcely more than 40ft. wide and is threaded by a dancing little mountain torrent. At its profoundest cleavage there are seven falls. At the end of the canon there is a wall 300 feet in height down which pours a silvery flood, making seven distinct leaps. From the top of the falls the outlook is sublime. North canon is wider and longer than South, but not nearly so inspiring.

The ladies of Colorado Springs served luncheon in the canon that afternoon and received so graciously that I felt as if I could sit down there and be content for the rest of my life. What an ideal sepulchre it had been for the body of Helen Hunt Jackson, whose life-work was given to an attempt to improve the condition of Indians some of whom had probably camped between its sheltering walls long before. There her body laid in all the solemn grandeur of the place until it had to be removed to the cemetery at Colorado Springs because some Shylock was demanding his pound of flesh for the privilege of seeing her grave.

No words of mine will describe the wonderful works of nature in the Garden of the Gods. From a distance the entrance looks like a lot of gigantic red-granite rocks, standing erect as if defiant of the wasting of ages that had probably worn them down from mountain chains.

Approached from the west the entrance is through what may aptly be called a postern gate in contrast with the entrance from the east through the grand gateway. In this solitude nature has perpetrated many strange freaks of sculpture and of architecture, as if she were diverting herself after the strain of the mighty mood in which the mountains were brought forth. Solitude is here unbroken by the residence of man, but inanimate forms of stone supply quaint and grotesque suggestions of life. Here are found hints of Athens and the Parthenon, Palmyra and the Pyramids, Karnac and her crumbling columns. Many of these monoliths are nearly tabular and reach the height of three and four hundred feet. Two of the loftier ones, with a small space between, make the two portals of the famed gateway. After their form, striking feature is their color, which glows with an intensity of red unknown in any of the sandstones of the East. Standing outlined against a spotless sky of blue, with the white light of the sun falling upon them, these portals flash with the bright The inanimate forms have received appropriate designations. There is a "Statue of Liberty," a "Cathedral Spire," a "Dolphin," a "Bear and Seal," a "Lion," a "Griffin," and hundreds of other quaint and curious figures, making a list far too extended for recapitulation here. No words can describe the weird attractions of this wonderful garden, which, once beheld, however, can never be forgotten. The impression is of something mighty, unreal and supernatural. Of the gods surely—but of the gods of the Norse Walhalla in some of their strange outbursts of wild rage or uncouth playfulness.

After completing the drive through the Garden we continued on up to Glen Eyrie, the home of the president of the D. and R. G., a veritable dreamland of a place. Then we crossed the mesa and were once more in Colorado Springs. A mesa is what we would call the large flat top of a big hill and out there when one of the hills are too small to have anything more than a peak for a top they call them buttes-pronounced exactly as if you were saying beauty and left the y off.

The late afternoon and evening I spent wondering about Colorado Springs, a beautiful city, a health resort world famed, and the home of many of the wealthy mine owners who are operating in the Cripple Creek region. The city has 25 miles of electric railway, perfect telephone and sewerage systems, several costly public school buildings, churches, two hospitals, three clubs and the Colorado State College. The place of most interest to me was the Union Printer's home, a magnificent building occupying an elevated site about 2 miles from the city. It was founded by the late Geo. W. Childs and Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia. They gave \$10,000 for it in 1886 and every year since each one of the Union printers in the United States gives an hour's wages a year for its support. Those east of the Mississippi on Mr. birthday; those west on Mr. Drexel's. The home was dedicated on May 12th, 1892, and up to date has cost \$250,000. Many of its spacious parlors and entertainment rooms have been furnished as memorials. The place is maintained exclusively for wornout union printers and there they may have a home, comfortable, clean, plea ant and healthful, when they are no longer able to provide for themselves.

In the post-office building I found Will Laurie, a brother of J. Malcolm Laurie,

of this place. He was a boy in Bellefonte, but is married now and has charge of the money order department in the post-office; a very responsible and lucrative position in an office doing the immense business of that sort that is done there.

The evening was spent at a reception in Coburn library, given to the party by the ladies of the town and the members of the faculty of the Colorado State College. It was a very informal function, since our party had been compelled to leave all finery behind us at Denver, because the train was so heavy that a baggage car could not be carried, consequently we were living in hand-bags, so to speak. perturbable at all times, relieved the embarrassment of the ladies of the party by making a paradoxical speech to the hosts, in which he swore that they all had more clothes, that is gowns that were less clothes, for he had seen them and been charmed in Denver. After the reception we bade farewell to our new found friends in Colorado Springs and returned to the cars in order to get rest for the next days' sight seeing in the famous Cripple Creek region—that is, most of the party did, but I was one of a few who had contracted to sit up a few hours with the members of Kinnikinick club, the swell organization of the city. They had a real night in Bohemia and as ideal club men everyone of them seemed to the manner born. With a good orchestra, brimming bowls and everything for the smoker from an opium pipe down to a cigarette combined, what more could have been wished for. There was more, however, for Percy Hemus was there to sing and W. McK. Barbour led as fine a ballet as ever human optics rolled along. They danced everything from the stately (?) delsartian (?) wiggles of the hooche kooche to the gymnas tic contortions of Rag-time Liz. The entertainment was par excellence and the memory of Colorado Springs that I carried away that morning at 4 o'clock will hardly fade, if I live to be a thousand years old. GEORGE R. MEEK