

Bellefonte, Pa., March 3, 1899.

## THE OLD HYMNS.

There's lots o' music in 'em the hymns of lon

An' when some gray-haired brother sings the

I sorter want to take a hand-I think o' days gone

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast wistful eye."

There's lots o' music in 'em-those dear, sweet hymns of old,

With visions bright of lands of light, and shining streets of gold; And I hear 'em ringing-singing, where Mem'ry,

dreaming, stands, "From Greenland's iey mountains to India's coral

They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter

When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways:

And I want to hear their music from the old time Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the

We never needed singin' books in them old days. we knew

The words-the tunes of every one the dear old hymn book through!

We didn't have no trumpets theu-no organs built for show; We only sang to praise the Lord "from whom all

blessings flow." An' so I loved the old hymns, and when my time

Before the light has left me, and my singing lips

If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass without a "To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my pos

sessions lie!" -Atlanta Constitution.

## THE MYSTERY CONNECTED WITH MRS. JESSOP.

The sensation Mrs. Jessop's advent made at Sudbury was incalculable. There had not been a new settler in the neighborhood for a quarter of a century; there was no reason why there should be new settlers. as the community was altogether self-sufficing. No doubt there were changes that were imperative, as in vicars or doctors or curates, but the newcomers always arrived Why could she not tell the neighbors all with credentials of some sort, and were ac- about herself, as they would have told her cepted, after reflection, as a matter of course. But a strange woman, coming no derstand it. one knew whence, without even a servant with her, and taking the only vacant house of any standing in the parish, and that without consulting any one, certainly gave

scope for considerable comment. People thought Mr. Girdwood, the proprietor, owed it to his old friends not to have let his house without searching inquiries regarding the intending occupant, if it were only to satisfy legitimate curros-But Mr. Girdwood, who was really vulgar, only slapped his pocket when re-monstrated with, and said Mrs. Jessop was all right in that quarter; that she without a murmur the rent he asked (but for the gentlemen. never expected to receive), and that she was to be responsible for all the repairs. "That is credentials enough for me," man added, with the chuckle that Miss Blyth considered quite horrid.

Certainly Mrs. Jessop engaged servants at Sudbury, and these, as in duty bound, told everything they could discover about s out but that w not as good as earlier records. The lady evidently had loads of money, and such dainty personal possessions as Sudbury considered sheer waste and sinful extravagance; and she had photographs of friends. and she spoke incidentally now and then of her parents and her early home; but she received no letters as far as Sudbury could elicit, and in all the house there was no portrait of Mr. Jessop that the maid servants could discover.

That the stranger intended to be a permanent resident and not a bird of passage was obvious, for she fell on that respectable Sudbury house in a way that the neighbors considered perfectly savage, clawed the heart out of it, made one room into two or two into one as fast as not, put a hall where the parlor had been, and threw the hall into the drawing-room, filled the sensible gable windows with stained glass, and otherwise juggled with its character in a manner Sudbury had never dreamed of.

Then she did not buy a single stick of furniture at Nutford, where Sudbury had furnished for centuries, but had everything sent in vans from London, if you please, after which her correspondence began briskly enough. Sudbury was suspicious, was even indignant, but over and above all else. Sudbury was terribly curious. Who could the stranger be? What

could she be? Was she an adventuress? She had opened a banking account at Nutford, so that item was satisfactory. But the questions remained-was she respecta-

ble, and was she quite right in her head? a little touched; again there were quite mad people who had cunningly eluded suspicion for years, only rolling their eyes and wearing straws in their hair in private. Was Mrs. Jessop a criminal? Was she a lunatic, or was she merely an interesting and highly respectable middle-aged lady? Mrs. Brown, the Doctor's wife, was considered the fitting person to solve this doubt. She could pay a visit that would be regarded as semi-professional in case she decided that Mrs. Jessop was not a person whose acquaintance it would be advantageous to the ladies of the neighborhood to

Five spinsters therefore called on Mrs. Brown, and had tea in her cozy sittingroom, while they sent her forth on her voyage of discovery, most of them waiting in the window recess to watch for her return.

cultivate.

Mrs. Brown came back with a little flutter of interest in her bearing. Mrs. Jessop was quite sane-in her opinion rather nice. said; but certainly her house could only be characterized as remarkable.

"Well, you see, the walls are red, and blue and green and yellow."

The auditors asked for some particulars.

The assembled ladies expressed the ut-

most astonishment. "And there are lamps standing on the floor, and palm trees on tables, and single curtains sticking straight out from the walls on poles, and a rug in the hall, and no rug at the drawing room hearth." 'Then she must be mad," Miss May-

thorn said most positively. "She talked quite rationally," Mrs. Brown maintained; "and I must say-yes, I must say, though I never saw anything like it before--that the house is not ugly. Then all the ladies determined to call,

but on the same afternoon, because it was always possible that Mrs. Brown was mistaken, and that Mrs. Jessop was mad; in which case, if she proved violent, it would be feasible to give an alarm before she had killed more than two or three of them. But they would not enter all together, as that might render the lady suspicious, and precipitate the catastrophe; two would go first, and the others would follow at short intervals.

Mrs. Jessop was, however, quite sane; a pretty, elderly, retiring and rather nervous little woman, with somewhat deprecating manners, who, apart from her peculiar house, would have been unnoticeable. That the house embodied the newest idea in modern art furnishing was quite un-known to the ladies of Sudbury, who wanted to be patronizing and friendly, but in their profound surprise, stared and spoke jerkily.

money," Miss Grey said in an awed tone, as the ladies returned home together.

Miss Blackwood wondered how she had made it, and Miss Blyth said it had been inherited from her husband, no doubt, husbands being much the easiest means to a satisfactory income. Then the ladies began to wonder what Mr. Jessop had been, it being a foregone conclusion that he no longer was.

"She must have heaps and heaps of

From the first Mrs. Jessop had aroused interest; in the end she attained popularity for she was anxious to please, and, in spite of her possessions, had a humble and conciliatory way with her, which led the shrewdest of her new friends to opine that the late Mr. Jessop had been something of

a Tartar. Regarding that gentleman curiosity could elicit nothing, and better-class Sudbury had too much nice feeling to permit itself the liberty of direct questions. am sure he treated her badly, and she will not say so now he is gone," Miss Blyth averred, when several curious touches had found only a wall of silence in front of Mrs. Jessop's matrimonial expe-

"It is much worse to have a bad husband than to have no husband at all," Miss Grey said wisely, with the air of a discov-

Once Mrs. Girdwood had asked Mrs. Jessop if she had ever had any children, and the latter answered, "No, never!" in a tone that implied indignation at the

Now and then Sudbury was a little indignant that Mrs. Jessop made mysteries. all about each other? They couldn't un-

But impersonal indignation will wane in time if not fostered. Mrs. Jessop was hospitable, generous, and had the nicest taste in social matters. With her means, no doubt she could have entertained lavishly, but she reciprocated the hospitalities of Sudbury in the Sudbury way-a cup of tea in the drawing-room, with music, conversation and cards subsequently, and a sandwich and a glass of wine in the bedroom for ladies who stayed late and far to paid go, and toddy and biscuits handed round

> The pretty house and Mrs. Jessop's conciliatory manners made these parties very popular, so that her invitations were only declined under pressure of death or irremediable disaster. No doubt the lady had a secret and a sorrowful page in her history; but if she chose to keep it to herself the village had no right to be resentful.

Every one liked to call on Mrs. Jessop and have a chat, she was so sympathetic, so sure to be interested in any local charity indeed, not one of her tea-parties failed to be followed by several when her guests came back to tell her how hospitable she had been.

By-and-by it began to be noticed that one person called two or three times after Mrs. Jessop's parties, and stayed much longer than was altogether polite if you went by etiquette, and this was the curate, Mr. Garthorpe, a young man no longer, as curates ought to be, but a man who had somehow been overlooked when preferment went to others. It always pained Sudbury to think that Mr. Garthorpe was quite twenty years older than the vicar. but as this did not depress the good man himself, it would not have been in good taste to condole with him.

The curate was a large, fair man, with handsome features, a little coarsened by time and reddened by an outdoor life; he had an abundance of grayish auburn hair, that had a ripple in it and was worn long, and he dressed with a careless clericalism that seemed to say his dandy days were over and he did not care who knew it.

In Sudbury the curate's want of youth did not matter, because among the betterclass residents the absence of youth was a conspicuous circumstance. Indeed, there were times when the curate would have liked to be old enough to be indifferent to female society, or to be fearless of having intentions mistakenly attributed to his small courtesies.

Mr. Garthorpe would have much enjoyed an hour's chat now and then with There were many people who were not Grey or Miss Blyth; but these ladies, mad enough for incarceration, that yet were though elderly, lived at home with their relatives, and had mothers or sisters who somehow always impressed it on him that he was expected soon to declare his feel-

Mrs. Jessop was differently circumstanced. She was no older than Miss Blyth, but she had seen more, had been married and widowed, and was therefore less fanciful and emotional. She was not likely to misunderstand friendly intercourse, and she had no relatives to gossip over his civilities-the civilities he liked to confer on all women.

Therefore, Mr. Garthorpe called a good many times at Mrs. Jessop's; indeed, called so often, and stayed so long now and then, that Mrs. Jessop had got into the habit of regarding one particular seat in the elegant drawing-room as Mr. Garthorpe's chair.

"I come so often because I cannot have a chat otherwise," he explained once. "Other people can have the pleasure of entertaining you, but a single man, with a housekeeper who has ways of her own, is excluded from the delight of hospitality.

Mrs. Jessop assured Mr. Garthorpe that he was always heartily welcome, could not come too often, was really kind to take pity on her lonelinesss; she liked to feel she had real friends at Sudbury, she had been so long without that assurance. "I suppose you have not had a settled home lately?"

"Not for twenty years," Mrs. Jessop answered; whereat Mr. Garthorpe surmised privately that the late Mr. Jessop must have been in the army. Nothing else could explain a roving life so well.

"A life of continued travel must be wea-Concluded on page 6.

## MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS OF COLORADO.

Cripple Creek, the Klondike of America.- A Day Amid the Gold Crested Tips of the Rockies.-Royally Entertained by the Local Press Clubs.-A Metropolitan City in a Frontier Setting-Anaconda, Victor and Altman.

In the preceding chapter of this story of the Mountains and Plains of Colorado I told of the memorable day spent in and about Colorado Springs, Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne Canon and the awe inspiring journey to the top of Pikes Peak. All of which was brought to a delightful end by the reception and smoker at the Kinnekinick club in the former city. With the melody of one of the sweet ballads which Percy Hemus had sung that night lulling my morning sleep it is little wonder that I had the nearest thing to murder in my heart when Alonzo, our porter, wakened me just as we were running into the Cripple Creek region on Wednesday, September 14th. We had left Colorado Springs at 4 o'clock in the morning, making the run over the Colorado Midland and the Midland Terminal. The great Continental Divide was passed at too early an hour to get any idea of the scenery in crossing the main range of the Rockies. In fact, most of our runs through the mountain regions were made at night in order to give us the day light in which to see the mining camps that flourish or wither according as they mark nature's hidden yellow or white metals. It seemed strange, in passing from the inert and disheartened camps about Georgetown and Silver Plume into the bustling, expectant Cripple Creek that the mere misinterpretation of the meaning of the word "coin" by the heads of the treasury department since Dan Manning's time should cause such a blight to fall on one of nature's precious gifts, while stimulating the other to an unnatural value.

I can think of no better comparison to make of the appearance of the country we were penetrating than to say that it reminded me of the run over the Alleghenies from Vail to Osceola Junction. Except that we were 9.396 feet above sea level and there was very little timber to be seen anywhere, notwithstanding we were right in the heart of the mountains. The train was winding around the crests of knobs that had looked like billows in a great ocean, as seen from the top of Pike's Peak the day before. Tracks were shooting down the mountain sides at tangents and little camps seemed to nestle in every hollow that was large enough to hold a cabin or two. Hanging onto the sides of the abrupt hills that seemed to kiss the skies on our right were prospectors cabins, just the same as had been seen all along the Clear Creek canon. But here the signs of fresh workings and new dirt banks that marked the opening of every claim were in significant contrast with the weather bleached, abandoned ones in the silver region.

The train was met at the station at Cripple Creek by the local press club, which had been constituted a committee of reception, and from the number of people wearing badges, the impression must have been prevalent among our party that the whole population had resolved itself into a committee of entertainment. But when it is recalled that Cripple Creek is a city of 25,000 or more souls the fallacy of such a thought was apparent. Headed by a martial band of forty boys, all dressed in white duck suits and playing fife and drum like veterans, though they were merely youngsters, we went to the National hotel and had breakfast. That it was able to seat our entire section, numbering two hundred, in the dining room and serve each person as though such a crowd were an everyday occurrence will give you an idea of the kind of hotels Cripple Creek boasts. I was amazed at the place. There was a city, with great, fine looking business blocks, busy streets, trolley cars shooting hither and thither, where I had really expected to find a jumble of miners shanties. It was as if some new eastern municipality had been picked up by magic and set among the Rockies, without a stroke of preparation having been made for the site.

After we had eaten the appetizing breakfast which Col. Taylor's chef had prepared at the order of the press club I started out to take a look at the city before visiting the mines. Every turn was a revelation. It was strange to see such substantial, well appointed buildings in a place that called itself merely a camp. But when we remember that it is the largest gold camp in the world there is significance if not dignity in the name. Everything had the appearance of the East except the people—they differed only in their apparel—the streets and the endless mountains. Bennett avenue, the principal thoroughfare of the city has two elevations. One side of it is about forty feet higher than the other for several squares and to keep people from falling off the pavement on the upper side and rolling into the plate glass winows of the stores on the lower they have made the drive ways on two taining wall in the middle holding the upper one up. In all directions it is corrugated by waddies, the deep dry beds through which the melting snows from the mountains rush in the spring time. These serve the purpose of sewers and general dumps, but they are uncovered and give the place the appearance of extreme newness. It must be remembered, however, that Cripple Creek is perched on the ends of several mountain knobs that radiate from its site as a common centre and these natural drains are evidently necessaries that cannot be abridged.

We must have been just as much of curiosities to the people out there as the place was to us, for the streets were jammed with men, women and children. It was a sort of gala day and everybody had on their Sunday manners. At least, that is what I would call it, but I am not so sure about the difference of Sunday from any other day in Cripple Creek. There were hordes of fine looking, robust men in corduroys, with their trouser legs tucked into high laced russet boots and wearing the broad rimmed. low, white hats affected by the ultra easterner to-day. All typical western miners, but as none of them offered to poke a big gun under my nose while demanding the little "stuff" I had left from the "fan-tan" sharks on our car, I felt that my story of the camp, that is a household word in every quarter of the globe, would necessarily have to be devoid of any of the dime novelist's thrilling experiences. It was not to be wondered at, for, using Alexander Hamilton's words, all they had to do was to "strike the rock of national resources and abundant streams of currency" would "flow forth." The "rock" is every where about them and you need but refer to the government records of the gold producing regions to see how lavish the yellow stream is.

The committee of the whole was so obliging that every questioner had are spectful audience and information sought was cheerfully given. Even the little boys on the streets took a kindly and considerate interest in the grand inquisition that we were holding there that day. I saw five of them scramble onto a sad eyed looking little burro, merely to please a young lady who wanted to take their picture and the enduring beast didnt even kick when a sixth could no longer stick onto the root of its tail and slipped down under its heels.

A day could have been very pleasantly spent on the streets of Cripple Creek studying the heterogeneous types of its population, but the time came for the visit to the mines and I fell in with division B, which was under the patronage of Sam W. Vidler, president of the local press club, and headed for the famous Gold Hill tunnel. The tunnels are the openings that run back under the mountains and from which the various veins are worked. This particular one was exactly like the slopes in our bituminous coal mines-A small track for mine cars, props, pillars and all. Equipped with a lantern made of a tin can and a candle we penetrated to a distance of 3,160 feet. Passing, every here and there, a miner who was chiseling the gold bearing rock out of veins that ranged from three to six inches thick. The work appeared decidedly slow, but it is profitable nevertheless. Many of the reception committee were as much interested as we were ourselves, for the mines are not open to the public and some of the old residenters were that day having their first glimpse of the interior workings. Going further into the tunnel we reached the Anchoria-Leland shaft which ran to the surface, 600 ft. above. It had been the intention to hoist us on the elevators to the upper levels, which were being worked from this shaft, but there were more people than the elevators could accommodate, so we sat down at the end of the tunnel and, like Dicken's Micawber, "waited for something to turn up." Sam Vidler tried his best to make us believe we were having a good time, but, versatile as he is, he ran out of stories at length and the murmuring of the multitude was just beginning to have an ominous portent for him when there was a rattle at the foot of a ladder about thirty feet down deeper in the earth and it was announced that the elevator was ready for its first load. The tunnel ended abruptly at a well about twenty-feet square and thirty deep. At the bottom of the well the hoisting engine and pumps supplying air to the various workings are located. We scrambled down the ladder, delighted that, at last, we were to be lifted out of our underground prison, but imagine the dismay of that crowd when it was discovered that an elevator would hold only five persons. There was but one thing to be thankful for then, it was that the entire party had not followed the bell weather into the Gold Hill tunnel, for had such been the case our train would have been snow-bound while waiting for the last of them to be lifted out.

There was desperate romance in that lift. I saw it at once. The elevator was nothing more than a 4x5 platform with 3 ft. uprights at two sides and a beam across

their tops, to which the cable was fastened. The load was placed on either side the beam, the passengers facing one another, and when all was ready there was a hiss and a jerk and up we went. It was dark as a stygian night and whose business was it or who was the wiser if a frightened maiden on the opposide side of the beam grabbed someone around the neck and hung on with all the desperateness of despair until the rattle of the trap door at the surface, lifting to let the elevator out, sent her into a swoon from which she opportunely recovered, just as a flood of daylight shot down

Once on the surface we looked about the dump buildings, drank the ever present ginger champagne and then Sam Vidler carried out the tail end of the Duke of Yorkshire's famous cantico by marching us down the hill. Getting down a Colorado hill is no easy job, but we got there; having passed the famous Anaconda opening on the way. It is the largest vein in the region and has been worked out to the surface, leaving a zigzag fissure, from ten to twenty feet wide, that seems as though some

mighty monster had ripped open a great mountain to get at the bowels of the earth. The Anaconda camp lies at the foot of the hill and there we took a Florence and Cripple Creek train-all trains over that road were running free that day-for Victor, another rich camp and one that is bidding high for some of Cripple Creek's notoriety. It was lunch time and the ladies of the camp were waiting on us at the hotel, so we ate and were happy once more. There were several mines at Victor to be visited but after the experience in the Gold Hill tunnel everyone declined with assurances of having had a sufficiency, except those delegates who were hunting for something to carry off and had their car sections littered with everything from a Loveland cornstalk to a worthless Cripple Creek rock, that some joking committeeman had whispered to them was a wonderfully "rich specimen" that must be kept from the vision of the miners

Different delegations visited Altman, the highest incorporated town in the United States, Independence and Goldfield during the afternoon. All of them are flourishing camps with propositions that are keeping their owners busy clipping coupons, but I decided to stay in Victor. During the course of a conversation with a resident he remarked that he was slightly disappointed in the character of the men of our party. As near as I could follow what he was trying to convey in a very gingerly manner I concluded that he was disappointed because the crowd was sober. According to his idea such a great party of editors ought to have had the whole Cripple Creek region drunk dry by that time, instead of being cold sober. I discovered why when I started out to "look around a little" with him. Every "club" or "casino" we entered was nothing more than a well appointed commissary department for liquids, light lunch and cigars. Everything was free as air. They were hauling the money out of the hills in cart loads and wouldn't take ours at all. It was like going through a German brewery, if you didn't drink at every spigot you were guilty of a gross breach of etiquette. Don't worry, I was there only to see and tell you all about it, but the impression my "going shy" on everything must have made on my entertainer didn't carrv for the whole crowd, for he soon found a more congenial spirit. It was from the Pennsylvania car that he was hunted out, but he proved the "noblest Roman of them In fact Sam Vidler whispered as our train pulled out that night: "If she hadn't left just when she did our West Virginia friend would have had all of Victor drunk." He was a banker, a lawyer and a newspaper man all in one A gentleman throughout his seventy-three inches of stature and 250 lbs. avoirdupois. But he was too large a proposition for the quondam West Virginians who turned up to drink his health as numerous as flies in berry time.

As briefly as can be stated the origin and development of the Cripple Creek re-

ORIGIN OF CRIPPLE CREEK.

In 1859, during the Pike's Peak excitement, gold was discovered in this section, but the prospectors were looking for formation, and not being familiar with the geographical conditions, passed by these rounded hills upon their onward rush to the main range be-

Thirty-two years later again public attention was attracted to the gold that was occa-Thirty-two years later again public attention was attracted to the gold that was occasionally found in its free state in the gulches. Prospectors began to uncover rich material but the world would not believe the predictions that began to be made by the cattlemen and cowpunchers who roamed the hills with their herds. In 1891 the first practical results became manifest in Poverty gulch on the El Paso claim. The first shipment was made from this mine in this year, and prospectors began to come to this region, a townsite being located under the name of Fremont. These first prospectors, as usual, comprised the unfortunate of various sections of the country and brought no means for the development of the district, in spite of which the production of the camp for the first few months of its existence amounted in 1891, in fact, to not less than 10,000 ounces, or \$200,000. Up to this time the region had been known as an excellent grazing country, and the owners of e ranch were for some time loth to credit the fact that gold paying quantities l discovered. People began to come in from Colorado Springs, and soon the people of that city who could afford to grubstake began to operate, and hundreds of these men who were poor then are now among the millionaires of the State. Colorado Springs' faith in the future of this section contributed to its success and great mines producing millions an nually are owned by her people.

At this time the old trails over the mountains were used by the freighters, and more

Artinis time time the out trains over the mountains were used by the Treighters, and more ready access v. as had by the way of the Divide, from which stages ran. Stages also came in from Florence and Canon City, usually requiring seven or eight hours for the trip. The little community on the banks of what became known as Cripple Creek began to grow and the trend of development went west from Poverty gulch, and for the mining the trend was southeast, centering on Battle and Bull mountains. Divide was the nearest railroad station, distant twenty miles, and 101 miles from Denver. The heavy expenses of hauling supplies of all kinds from this station into the camp, and hanling out the ore, made it impossible during 1891 and 1892 to market ores that ran less than two and a half ounces, or \$50 per ton. Nine-tenths of the product was shipped to the smelting works at Denver and Pueblo, and the cost of mining, transportation and treatment ranged from \$30 to \$35 per ton. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the output advanced and showed a total production of \$87,310, or 20,360 ounces, for the year 1892.

Notwithstanding the output was estimated at half a million and over, the public was

Notwithstanding the output was estimated at half a million and over, the public was still skeptical as to the permanency of the district, so that the first six mouths of 1893 showed but little advance. In June the closing of the Indian mints to the coinage of silver was immediately responded to in the United States by closing down of the great majority of the silver mines of the western States, in which Colorado took the lead; so many experienced miners being thus suddenly thrown out of employment in their regular fields was a benefit to the Cripple Creek mining region, and the latter part of 1893 be held a large influx of population, many of whom were skilled miners and prospectors. Added to this the first discovery of pay ore in the Portland mine became known, and the Independ ence, which have been two of the greatest producers of the district. The total output for the year 1893 was estimated at 100,520 ounces, or \$2,010,400. The town of Cripple Creek began to expand and the city of West Cripple Creek began to take form. ulation was then about 800. Other towns began to spring up among the hill ulation was then about 800. Other towns began to spring up among the hills, notably Victor, and plans for electric light, water and gas systems and railroad connection with

The year following the great strike ensued, which gave a drawback to developments. nevertheless the expiration of that year saw a substantial increase in the production, the output reaching a total for the year of \$3,250,000, or 162,500 ounces. Public opinion began to change, and Denver, which had been so indifferent to Cripple Creek, began to move. It was too late, however, as the capital of Colorado Springs had already obtained a firm footbold and values within the gold belt went kiting to such an extent that investors from

hold and values within the gold belt went kiting to such an extent that investors from Denver, and the East, if they invested at all, were compelled to pay the prices prevailing. Capital that was invested in the other fields continued active, however, and day and night the railroads were pushed toward the camp, and on July 2nd, 1894, the first train was run out of Cripple Creek upon the Florence & Cripple Creek railroad.

Although this was the period of the panic, there was no difficulty in securing the needed funds for this improvement. The Midland Terminal was pushing fast to the city and was completed in December. The completion of this railroad rendered available cheaper fuel and supplies of various kinds, and a cheaper transportation to the valley smelters, so that a lower grade of ore became profitable, and the year 1895 witnessed a great advance and expansion in the mining industry and all branches of trade connected therewith. In this year also the fame of the district began to go abroad, reaching nected therewith. In this year also the fame of the district began to go abroad, reaching London and other financial centers of the old world, and asserting the right of Cripple Creek to be considered as a favorable field for mining investment, even in the heighth of Creek to be considered as a favorable field for mining investment, even in the field fit of the South African boom. Leading mining engineers of the world were sent by their clients to examine and report upon the right of this youngest of the mining camps of the West to assert such claims, and most of them returned with the report that the average value of the ore was astonishingly high and scarcely equalled by any other mining district of the world, but that the permanency of the mines and their continued values as greater depth was obtained was still somewhat uncertain. The total production for the year 1895 was 348,500 ounces, or \$6,970,000, considerably more than twice as much as the preceding

The year 1896 showed a continued increase although two great fires destroyed the city in a few hours. This was April 26th and 29th, three days apart, the first conflagation burning the east end of the city from Third street, and the second sweeping from First and Meyers in a fan-like course, destroying the unburnt portion, leaving but a few shacks and some isolated houses on the outskirts. By these fires 15,000 people were left homeless, but with characteristic energy the city began to rebuild, and the mines going on with equal persistency, the district was one of the busiest places in the country, laborers receiving \$3 per day, and the uniform rate for skilled mechanics \$5 to \$8 per day. During this year the leasing system among the miners came into vogue and the result was the development of the great mines, notably the Anchoria-Leland. The total production for the year was in round numbers \$10,000,000 or 500,000 ounces. The population of the district felt the impulse and rapidly grew to 40,000, the city of Victor becoming a community of

8,000 souls.

With the year of 1897 the remarkable output of \$1,000,000 per month was attained, with an aggregate output of \$12,000,000. This year also marked the widening area of the gold belt, taking in Beacon hill and extending to the northwest of Copper mountain. The splendid city of Cripple Creek was completed with a population of 20,000. The big mines have in some instances extended their area and almost in every instance have with drawn their property from lessees and are developing themselves. During the Gold Colu has become a great producer, although but 500 feet had been attained During the year the It was during this year that the town of Cripple Creek and the city of West Cripple Creek voted a consolidation and the two communities became one. The city election that followed confirmed this and a city of the second class was constituted, with Hon. George

Pearce, mayor. In this way the city of Cripple Creek has kept pace with the district and the two have gone hand in hand. They will thus continue their onward march.

The unprecedented yield of 1898 and the bonanza strikes of the past few months have again set the tide of argamants flowing into that territory, so that no man can prophesy what the future of its aladdin like growth will be.

We left Victor that night about eight o'clock thoroughly charmed with the people we had met, grateful for their lavish hospitality and impressed with the evidence of the wealth that underlies the hills we were surmounting. The day was not done, however, for a stop was to be made at Gillette, where the great reduction works of the region is located. The town is the first one that discovers itself to the traveler on entering and our plan had been to stop there first, but circumstances alter cases and it was long after the day had closed that we reached the spot where the gold ore is reduced for the smelters. The reduction process is very simple, when once seen, and the owners of the Gillette plant made our visit as pleasant as possible. They rewarded the climbing of innumerable steps by a wine lunch in the company's office then started us down again, through the works, keeping nothing from our view. First the cars from which the gold bearing ore was being wheeled into the crushers, then the crushers that grind the rock into dust as fine as flour, next the carriers that convey it into the roasting ovens, for this is a chlorination process and the ores have to be roasted which is not the case by the cyanide process, before being carried into the vats containing a solution of chloride of lime and sulphuric acid into which it is dumped. In this solution the pulverized ore is allowed to remain until the acids have dissolved all of the ground rock, leaving the gold to float and deposit itself on small particles of charcoal that cover the surface of the chloride liquor in each vat. A chemical test of the acid discloses the absence of all gold in it and the reducer knows that the precious ingredient has been extracted from the rock and the charcoal depositories are raked off and ready to be shipped to the smelters with their yellow freight. That is all there is to the process and, having seen it, we said good-bye to the Cripple Creek country, probably forever, and went back to our cars to continue the journey, each day of which was a revelation and delight. GEO. R. MEEK.