

THE OLD HYMNS.

There's lots o' music in 'em the hymns of long ago, An' when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by.

THE MYSTERY CONNECTED WITH MRS. JESSOP.

The sensation Mrs. Jessop's advent made at Sndbury 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.

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 curiosity.

Certainly Mrs. Jessop engaged servants at Sndbury, and these, as in duty bound, told everything they could discover about her on their evenings out; but that was not as good as earlier records. The lady evidently had loads of money, and such dainty personal possessions as Sndbury considered sheer waste and sinful extravagance.

Then she did not buy a single stick of furniture at Sndbury, where Sndbury had furnished for centuries; but his everything sent in vans from London, if you please, after which her correspondence began briskly enough.

Who could the stranger be? What could she be? Was she an adventuress? She had opened a banking account at Sndbury, so that item was satisfactory. But the questions remained—was she respectable, and was she quite right in her head?

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

"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."

"I suppose you have not had a settled home lately?" "Not for twenty years," Mrs. Jessop answered; whereat Mr. Garthorpe surprised privately that the late Mrs. Jessop must have been in the army.

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.

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 tart.

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

"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 discoverer. 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 question.

Now and then Sndbury was a little indignant that Mrs. Jessop made mysteries. Why could she not tell the neighbors all about herself, as they would be told her all about each other? They couldn't understand it.

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 Sndbury in the Sndbury 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 the gentlemen.

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 irreparable 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, and so sure to be interested in any local charity; indeed, not one of her tea-parties failed to be followed by several afternoon teas, 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 preferred to others. It always pained Sndbury 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 Sndbury the curate's want of youth did not matter, because among the better-class 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 courtships.

Mr. Garthorpe would have much enjoyed an hour's chat now and then with Miss Grey or Miss Blyth; but these ladies, 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 feelings.

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.

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"A life of continued travel must be wearying," said Mrs. Jessop. "I must say, though I never saw anything like it before—that the house is not ugly." Then all the ladies determined to call.

THE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS OF COLORADO.

Cripple Creek, the Klondike of America.—A Day Amid the Gold-Created 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.

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 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.

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.

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.

The committee of the whole was so obliging that every questioner had are respectful 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.

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.

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 opposite side of the beam grabbed someone around the neck and hung on with all the desperation 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 upon us.

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 York-shire's famous cantic 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.

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.

ORIGIN OF CRIPPLE CREEK.

In 1850, 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 geological conditions, passed by these rounded hills upon their onward rush to the main range beyond.

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.

At this time the old trails over the mountains were used by the freighters, and more readily accessible, 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 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 \$3,550,000, or 162,500 ounces. Public opinion began to change, and Denver, which had been so indifferent to Cripple Creek, began to move.

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 far ahead and was completed in December, 1892. The completion of this railway opened 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.

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 conflagration taking in 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.

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, for 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.

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 react with the acid which has dissolved all of the ground rock, leaving only 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 depositaries are raked off and ready to be shipped to the smelters with their yellow freight.