

YOU SHALL DREAM AGAIN.

Some little touch of sorrow—
Some little thorn of pain;
Goodnight, dear, and goodmorrow,
And you shall dream again.

THE ACOLADE.

Dick Dana, a strong, well groomed
young fellow, stood staring down at the
coals in the grate, taking his punishment,
if the truth be told, in rather sullen fashion.

"Of course," Rosalie Thornby was saying
in her sweet, high voice, letting her
wide-appearing eyes rest on him calmly in the
half-obscure of the room, "of course, I
don't pretend that there is anything excep-

"Now look here, Miss Rosalie," broke
in the victim, "it's hardly fair to spring
all these ideas on a fellow without giving
him a chance. I never knew you expected
so much more of a man than other girls;

"You are quite right," she replied with
spirit. "I do not demand things of men
who demand nothing of me. You said you
wanted to know my idea of a man, and I
have told you. To be the captain of toy
soldiers or even to lead a cotillion through
two seasons does not, somehow, strike my
imagination. Nothing could show better
how far apart we are than that the expres-

"I don't mean to be hard, Mr. Dana,"
she said with a caressing accent that meant
little from her, whose voice was full of
pretty inflections, "but this is not a sudden
caprice, as you seem to think. I was
fourteen when my father died, and I will
show you a silly thing I wrote then, and
that I have scarcely looked at since."

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sister. On a sunny, breezy morning, the
two women stood together at the end of
the long porch absorbed in earnest talk.
From time to time they glanced below to
where Jamie, in the shadow of the house,
threw up long lines of earthworks. As
they talked, the girl gradually moved
nearer to the mother; then at some turn in
the conversation impulsively clasped her
hand over the older woman's, as if lay on
the rail. The breeze playing upon them
caught the folds of the girl's muslin dress,
and for a moment wrapped the two figures
together. Beyond the smooth dark head
and the bright one lay the blue sea and the
surf pounding in on the white sand. An
arbor of leafy boughs, built for some festi-

"And so I have wanted to have it done
again until Dick comes down," the mother
was saying quietly. "He gets hold of
Jamie better than I can, and has helped
me before. I think the child bears it well
for such a little fellow, but he is not much
more than a baby."

"The boy, feeling their study gaze upon
him, looked up from the line of tin soldiers
he was planting behind his redoubt, and
scrambling to his feet, he called out:
'You better take care or you'll get your
heads blown off.'"

"When the doctor comes, couldn't you
let me help. I should love to sing for him
—or anything," the girl urged.

"You must eat a big dinner this time,
Jamie," Mrs. Talcott remonstrated. "Dr.
Pangry is going to put a new jacket on
you, and we want this one big enough to
hold plenty of dinner."

"The boy turned from these trivialities
and said imperiously, 'I want Uncle
Dick.' As he spoke came the sound of a
brisk step and the clatter of a sword.
Dana came in, in full-dress uniform, looking
very slim and fit in the close gray, with
white crossed shoulder-belts, epaulets, and
white gloves.

"Corporal," he said sharply to the child,
"salute!"

"The boy slid from his mother's lap,
stepped out in his bare feet from the en-
tanglement of the shawl that had covered
him, and raising his hand, palm out, to
the fun-like blackness of his soft, straight
hair, saluted his officer. He was what you
would call a rebel, you know. It is the
dirtiest, most faded old thing. There is a
bullet-hole in the sleeve, and our Southern
heroes have tried to help the story by mak-

"I have given them orders to let no one
pass the lines without the countersign."
The doctor rolled the table under the
suspended harness, examined the white
rolled bandages on a small table at his
right, felt the temperature of the water in
the basin standing beside the bandages,
glanced at his watch, and said cheerily:
"Right about face!"

"The corporal scrambled up, steadied him-
self with an effort, and stepped out upon
the table, his eyes wide and earnest. The
blue smock was unfastened and striped
down, leaving the child naked but for the
plaster jacket covering his body—a body
strangely thick through for the slender
brown legs to support. The doctor laid
the boy on his back, and with a few quick
slashes cut down the front of the plaster
case, and took the child out from the mold
that had encased his body three months
as one might take a little brood almond
out of its shell. The mother laid the use-
less husk gently aside, took from the doc-
tor the undervest he had drawn off over
the boy's head, and rolling up the sleeve
of her summer dress, plunged one of the
rolled bandages into the basin, squeezing
and working it to allow the water to pene-
trate the whole wad. A fresh seam-
vest was passed over the boy's head, and
drawn snugly down over the narrow hips.
"Attention!" called Dana. "Chest out!
Stomach in! Eyes striking the ground at
fifteen paces!"

"The collar of the harness was next fitted
about the child's neck, the leather straps
drawn close under chin and nape, and
buckled. Then the doctor pulling on the
hoisting tackle, drew the tiny figure up
until it was stretched out full length and
almost lifted from its feet. The boy's eyes
widened as he felt himself lifted by the
head; but he had been by this way be-
fore, and he only set his soft lips until the
fullness was passed away.

THE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS
OF COLORADO.

A Day Mid the Great Farms of the Arkansas Valley—Lamar, the Centre of What
is Destined to be a Great Agricultural Country—Its Development
Scarcely Begun—Irrigation Reservoirs and Canals
the Size of Lakes and Rivers—Shooting
Prairie Dogs and Jack Rabbits
on the Plains—Home-
ward Bound.

Through wondrous scenes our pleasant path has wound
From fair Denver to that enchanted ground
The snow-crowned Rockies, we've paused to hail
The many marvels of mountain and vale.
And as they slumber near the setting sun,
We sigh to think our wondrous journey's done.

The "last call for breakfast" were the reassuring words that brought us back to
scenes of activity on the morning of September 17th. It was just 7 o'clock and we
had reached La Junta, where we were to take breakfast before hurrying on to Lamar
to spend the day as guests of the gracious people of Prowers county. I was tired.
Any one would have been, for we had traveled 2,957 miles night riding and would
have worn a pedometer clear out if any attempt had been made to keep a record of
the distance we covered in our rambles by day.

I had been looking forward with so much pleasant anticipation to the time when
I would have an opportunity of personally inspecting the great irrigating systems by
which the barren land of Colorado is being reclaimed that no time was lost in rolling
out of my berth and getting ready for the day's sight seeing. La Junta is fifty-three
miles east of Lamar, our destination, and is a town of considerable importance. It is
the county seat of Otero county and the terminus of three principal divisions of the
Santa Fe, the payroll from this source alone amounting to between \$46,000 and \$50,
000 per month. Like most of the other places in the Arkansas valley its business is
largely agricultural. There are large flouring mills there, canneries and aparies.

After breakfast at another of those appetizing Harvey eating houses that can
be found all along the Santa Fe route we resumed the run to Lamar.
That town was reached at 9 o'clock and the first thing that met my eyes, as
I stepped from the "Tunis," was a gay profusion of bunting and a line of carriages and
wagons that for length and variety would pale the funeral cortege of the
most popular county squire in Centre county. The station platform looked like the
main building at an agricultural fair and the people of Lamar were running hither
and thither, lavish with their considerate attention, and thinking only of our pleasure
that day. We had scarcely arrived ere we had had personal experience of that gener-
ous hospitality that had reached its welcoming arms clear out to La Junta to receive
us, by providing breakfast at that place for the entire party.

It had rained hard the night before and the water was lying in pools in the streets,
already out in deep furrows by the stream of vehicles that had come rallying into
the townpeople in making our stay a memorable one. I felt in awe as I stepped into a
maze as the one eligible man at a seaside resort finds himself and for some unaccountable
reason got temporarily lost in the shuffle. But wandering away from the crowd
senses returned and I had an opportunity of looking over the town. It has a popula-
tion of about twelve hundred, is a well built, though new town and from all appear-
ances has a growing prospect. Lamar was staked off in May, 1886, when the first lots
were sold there. Its early growth was of the mushroom order, for only two years
later it had a population of nearly seventeen hundred. Like so many other of those
western air plants, that have sprung up in a day to find nothing to sustain them, it
collapsed and before two more years had passed the population dwindled until there
were only five hundred and eighty-six people there. They remained solely because
all that they possessed was anchored there and just as the last spark of hope was flicker-
ing and the destiny of the place seemed to be that it should remain the later day
counter part of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" a new life was wafted in from the
East; the Great Plains Water Storage company began ramifying the country with its
life giving water canals, the tide changed and a steady, healthful prosperous develop-
ment began. The floppy, shrunk sides of the mended balloon are constantly push-
ing out, this time with a substantial filling, and no one can tell what the future great-
ness of Lamar will be, for it is certainly the centre of what must eventually become
one of the greatest agricultural regions of the West.

After roaming about the streets for an hour, during which time I saw quite a
number of cosy homes—none more than a story and a half high—a Methodist, a
Presbyterian and a Christian church, a lot of substantial looking business houses, a
500 bbl. flour mill, a fine public school building and a creamery plant, I returned to
the station to find that most of the crowd had disappeared. Whether the editorial
birds had flown I couldn't tell, and I must have been looking as if I had
lost my last friend for just then some dear lady came down out of a
building nearby and told me that the men had all gone off to see the irrigation
reservoirs, but the ladies of the party were being entertained there in town and if I
wanted to be one she would be glad to take me up stairs to their club rooms. Well,
there it was, a plain question of "to be, or not to be," but Hamlet's soliloquizing
mood wasn't a circumstance to mine. Finally I wakened up to the situation, thanked
the lady who had so generously offered to transform me into one of her own kind and
headed for a bunch of men who were standing in front of a hardware store a few
paces off.

Like everyone else in town that day they were talking about their visitors and
upon approaching them I heard one gentleman remark that he had driven in from his
ranch, a distance of eight miles, to tender his wagon to the committee, but there had
been no one to ride in it. There was a ring of genuine disappointment in his voice, so
I stepped up and told him that I would be delighted to go anywhere he cared to take
me. There was room for four in the wagon and it was a matter of but a few moments
until he had invited the editor of a local paper and a young attaché of the Lamar
Milling and Elevator company to make up the party. Having heard that we would
pass through some good jack-rabbit country I suggested taking a gun. It was found
after considerable scouting around, for others had thought of the same sport, and we
were off in the wake of the great caravan that had started across the once desert plain
that is now fast becoming a perfect oasis by the irrigating system.

The roads were muddy, something unusual my companions said, but we rolled
along at a six mile gait, were soon beyond the holiday dress of the town. In a
little clump of cotton woods, just in the outskirts, there was a large camp of farmers
living in tents, who had traveled over the prairies in wagons and squatted there; to
remain, nobody knew how long. Mr. A. L. Beavers, the gentleman with whom I
was riding, explained that such wandering nomads were very numerous in the West. They
fit from place to place, taking up a section of land, but few remaining long enough
to establish a permanent home. When we crossed the Arkansas river I observed that
it had almost the appearance of the sand rivers of New Mexico and Arizona, there was
so little water in it, then one of the gentlemen explained that most of the water was be-
ing drawn off to fill the great impounding reservoirs we were to visit.

About five miles out we ran into a prairie dog town and as we approached the
curious little animals scampered in all directions. Reaching their holes, they sat up
on their haunches for a moment, as if taking a last look at us, then dodged into the
ground. A prairie dog town looks like a goose-fleshed earth. It is a group of small
mounds at the base of each being the burrow of the dog. One of the little fellows,
more curious than the rest, sat too long to see us for I had thrown two shells into the
gun and fired at it. Everybody laughed when I shot, for they said it was a hard thing
to kill a prairie dog and even when done they usually fall into their holes and can
not be secured. This particular animal didn't do it, however. It was killed so dead
that it never moved and I thought it was about the cutest corpse I had ever seen, un-
til I discovered that its mother evidently hadn't used a fine toothed comb or insect
powder on it, then things were different. At the next town we came to the peculiar
looking little objects perched on the tops of many of the mounds attracted my atten-
tion and I was told that they were owls, and that the prairie dogs, owls and rattle-
snakes all live in the same hole, being called, "The Happy Family." I tried another
shot there, but before I had had time to see the effect of it some five or six specimens
of quadrupeds seemed to spring out of the earth and dart away like the wind. I
hadn't the remotest idea what they were or where they had been and the idea of
shooting at them was furthest from my startled mind. My consternation
at such a sight must have been ridiculous for the men all laughed long and heartily at
me, but finally I persuaded them to tell me what the animals were and then felt like
kicking myself clear back to Bellefonte, for not having tried a shot. "Never mind,"
said Mr. Beavers, "we'll come back by the other road and you can have all the sport
you want shooting Jacks." I was still at a loss to know where they had been hiding,
for not a trace of anything could be seen on the smooth plain before the shot, the
Buffalo grass curled tight to the earth as a carpet and there wasn't a particle of brush
anywhere. Subsequently I learned that the back of a Jack looks just like the brown
grass and when they squat only a trained eye can discover them.

The land over which we were riding was slightly rolling. Every here and there
was a ranch, fenced off, and in an improved or developing condition, according to
the length of time it had been under cultivation. Along the horizon at either side of us
could be seen the great water canals that carry the water from the reservoirs over the
country. Prowers county, of which Lamar is the county seat, is at the widest

part of the V shaped valley of the Arkansas. It contains 1080 sections of land, many
of which are as yet untaken. All the sections that are under cultivation are fenced,
but the remainder are the virgin prairie. We had traveled about twelve miles and
reached the top of a slightly ascending grade, when a sight greeted my eyes the like
of which I never expect to see again. Try as I might no words of mine could describe
the glorious landscape that spread before us. The God of nature could not have col-
ored a more impressive canvas. It was noon in the brilliant sunshine of a perfect
September day, behind us was the plain sloping away to the river. The smoke from
the mill at Lamar could be seen curling heavenward. As far as the eye would carry to
left and right there was an apparently endless stretch of prairie and lying in a great
natural depression ahead of us was the first of the reservoirs. In places it was
smooth, looking like a blue glass mirror, at others were large moving splotches of
darker hue, which proved to be flocks of curlew, pelican, mallard, red-head and num-
berless other varieties of water fowl. Beyond its furthest shore the soft brown sloped
away 'til the blue canopy of the heavens draped down and blended it into nothing-
ness. At one place the land looked darker, as if its dark rich soil had been turned up
by recent plowing, but when we had driven nearer it was discovered to be a bunch of
range cattle, containing about eight thousand head. Nearby was a sheep herder's
camp, where a party of herders lived while the flocks they were tending clipped off
the nutritious brown grass.

Mr. Beavers told me that the local ranchmen were always opposite to the cattle
and sheep herders because the latter drove their stock over the plains, pasturing it
bare, and stopping long enough nowhere to pay taxes. Between the cattle and sheep-
men, too, there is a continual clash, because sheep are so much harder on pasture than
cattle. Having been told that I might get a shot at a coyote I naturally wondered
how the flocks were protected at night from the ravages of this prairie wolf. It was
explained when they told me that the herders kept constantly circling about the flocks
at night or some of them carry great coils of wire into which the sheep are driven
for the night.

Hurrying on we caught up with the rest of the party at the breast of a new reser-
voir that was just being put in. There the Great Plains Water Storage company had
constructed a temporary pavilion for our reception and a caterer had been brought
from Kansas City, Mo., with his corps of helpers to serve a banquet to us on the plains,
eighteen miles from the nearest town. You can imagine for yourself what an under-
taking it must have been, when you are told that there was everything from the soups
clear through an elaborate menu to the ices, fruits, wines and cigars. But such a
thing was but a trifle in comparison to the gigantic work that that company is doing
there now.

The reservoirs are great natural depressions in the prairie, dammed at the lower
ends. Into them the water is conducted by canals from the river and stored for use
in dry weather. They vary in size and there are five of them located from two to
twenty miles north of Lamar. They cover 14,000 acres of land, have a depth of 90 ft.
and a capacity of 7,955,419,428 cubic feet of water; to secure which they have the
drainage of 12,200 square miles of territory. From these great artificial lakes the irri-
gating canals radiate. The Ft. Lyon is the largest, being 117 miles, the Amity, 110,
is next and there are numerous shorter ones. The canals vary from 35 ft. to 50 ft.
wide on the bottom and from 7 ft. to 10 ft. in depth. Imagine, if you can, the mag-
nitude of such an enterprise, and the plots for yourself made waterways capable of
carrying 2,000 cubic feet of water per second and you will know at what cost of brains
and money the work has been done to make 300,000 acres of barren land in Prowers
county as fertile as any in the world.

The farmer out there can't depend on rains, for they have been known to have
had 340 sun shiny days in one year. He needs water, however, and he gets it from
the canals, whenever he wants it. Those using the Amity canal pay sixteen cents per
acre per year. All they have to do is to tack a notice on the flood gate at their open-
ing into the canal and the company "ditch riders" who drive along the canal banks,
like a track walker on the railroad, to see that everything is in good shape, opens the
sluice and gives him the flood for whatever length of time he stated in the notice.
Where a farmer lives several sections away from the canal he has a right to connect
with the ditch of his neighbor and so on to the main source. Each one has his own
openings into these smaller canals and when the "ditch rider" has turned the water
into them all that remains to be done is for the one wanting it to flood the land. Irri-
gation is all done by flooding. It varies for different crops. Alfalfa, the Colorado
hay, grows in three and sometimes four crops in a season. For it the land is flooded after
each crop is cut, then once in the winter or spring. Fall wheat is irrigated just before
it is sown, again in the spring and the last time just when it is beginning to head
out in June. Spring wheat is flooded a little oftener, so is oats, while corn land gets
its water just before the planting and twice during the development of the crop.
Fruit trees, once in the spring, twice in the summer and again after the leaves fall.

This process of flooding has another effect than that of merely supplying water.
The Arkansas river water is nearly always muddy, carrying a freight of silt and fer-
tilizing ingredients from the mountains. This deposit has a tendency to smooth up
uneven ground and fertilize it as well. In fact, no fertilizer, whatever, is used and as
the soil is thirty feet deep it will be some time before they have any "thin" farm land
in Prowers county. The depth of the soil I can vouch for myself, as I have seen some
of the excavations eighty feet deep for one of the new canals that will run through
this piece of ground and there wasn't a decent sized pebble to be seen anywhere. It
was all sand.

Most of the land in that country is under control of the irrigating companies, but
it can be bought very cheap. In fact the only way the companies can have hope of
getting back the immense sums of money they have spent is by selling the land to
farmers who will, in turn, need the water. There is no danger of the water price being
raised, either, after the land is all sold, for the contract is such that a maximum is
fixed by law.

It is wonderful, indeed, the work that has been done there and now they never
think of the paltry 15 inch annual rain-fall. The water for domestic use is secured
from cisterns or artesian wells, preferably the former, for the well water has a distinct
alkaline taste. The ranches or farms are all comparatively small, very much like our
own. There are none of those great places like they have up in the Red River wheat
belt. In truth the growing of grain is only in its infancy in south-eastern Colorado.
Alfalfa is the principal crop and it yields from 1 to 1 1/2 tons per acre at a cutting. It
is marketed baled at from \$5 to \$8 per ton or can be sold in the stack at from \$2.50
to \$4, according to the season. Some of the farmers cut one crop for hay then another
for seed, the latter yielding about 5 bushels per acre and selling at from \$3 to \$5.
Alfalfa is what is known as Spanish clover and will grow year after year without a
sign of diminution. When turned under by the plow it makes an excellent fertilizer
for any succeeding crop, whether it be corn or wheat.

The altitude at Lamar is only 3,592 ft., the lowest in Colorado, consequently it
is an excellent fruit growing section. The sandy southern slopes, warmed by almost
continual sunshine and watered when dry, are unsurpassed for orchards and the fruit
is enough to make any Centre county farmer lose faith in his integrity were I to tell
about its size and lusciousness, so I won't do it.

An Alfalfa country is a great bee raising country, consequently Prowers county
has enough honey makers to keep most of the West sweet. Sugar beets grow profu-
sionally on the soil, as high as fifty-six tons to the acre having been grown.

I am not trying to deceive you in any way about the country about Lamar, nor
am I telling this story from rail-road or real estate booming literature. It has been
a matter of personal observation with me. Having been interested in irrigation be-
fore I reached Colorado I naturally looked into the results and am practically con-
vinced as carefully as possible in the short time there was at my disposal and it certainly seems
to me that with three hundred and forty sunny days in a year, a soil 30 feet
deep that requires no fertilizer, and water ever at hand so long as the Arkansas river
flows that there can be no more favorable conditions for agriculture anywhere, than
right in Prowers county. Of course there are untoward features, but what section
does not have them?

One of the noticeable things is that the farms are all small. There are none of
those great ranches so large that the children have to start in the morning in ponies,
taking their dinner with them, to get the cows home for the evening milking. A
few of the farms run more than 160 acres and most of them are smaller. The ground
is so productive that a farmer finds all he can do in farming a few acres well. The con-
sequence is that the homes in the country district are close together, there is social in-
tercourse among them and they have the advantage of good churches and schools. Par-
ticularly did the latter impress me everywhere in Colorado. The public school build-
ings in the little towns of Loveland, Lamar and many others we visited have school
buildings far superior in style and equipment to those to be seen in most of our east-
ern cities. When I saw such evidences of an educational inclination among the peo-
ple I was forced to put more faith in the article I had seen in the Cosmopolitan some
months before showing that the average of illiteracy is far lower in the new States of
the West and North than it is in the New England and Middle Atlantic States.

A word as to the homes before starting back. Most of the country places are
primitive, because the country is only beginning its development. Though some of
the homes appeared just as cheery and comfortable as any of our Penns or Nittany val-
ley places. They nestled in the middle of fruit bearing orchards and were surround-
ed by all the comforts that could be desired. They were from three to six horses hav-
ing little stock, unless making a specialty of it, and pay nothing to blacksmiths for shoe-
ing, because none of the horses are shod.

By this time I guess Mr. Beavers thought I had gorged myself with informa-
tion and he announced that we had better start back. It was an eighteen
mile drive and we were scheduled to leave Lamar at 6 o'clock, besides we wanted a
rabbit hunting. I forgot to tell you that on the drive out we had passed Mr. Bea-
vers' ranch and there propped his three span horses, Shaggy coated, undersized
and them bounding along at our sides we rattled out over the cow paths to the main
country along the road by which we returned was just about the same as
they over which we had traveled out to the reservoirs, except that there was not so
much of the land taken up or fenced in. This gave us an opportunity of cutting in on
the plains and we had gone only a few miles when the gentlemen told me to get the
ready for game. The suggestion was scarcely acted upon when out from under
very wheels of our wagon shot a great Jack rabbit. I was a little more accus-
tomed to the sight by this time and had presence of mind enough to throw my gun to
my shoulder. Fortunately the Jack circled to my side of the wagon and was going
the wind when I fired. And—he didn't drop. Of course I swore by everything he
that it must have been the gun's fault, since I had had a dead line on him and
companions were just on the point of believing that the gun was no good—out
courtesy to me—when the rabbit tumbled over and gave up the ghost.

The next rabbit we started they told me not to shoot at so that I could see the
fine chase the dogs would give it. Surely it was magnificent. The Jack
started straight across the plains, one of the dogs fell directly behind it, while the
other two started on a wide detour at either side. With animal cunning they were
trying to run it into a pocket. They went so fast that they looked like four black
specks out on the prairie. There was not a thing but the low cactus plants to ob-
struct the view of the exciting chase and just when the dogs began to close in on
their quarry it shot into a corn section and the chase was ended, because stag hounds
run on sight, not scent.

I shot several other Jacks after that, killed an ordinary cotton tail, an eagle and
came very near blazing away at a coyote, that turned out to be some nearby ranch-
man's dog.

We arrived at Lamar barely in time to catch the train, but to tell the truth I
would not have been one whit disappointed had we been too late and I would have
been compelled to spend the night and another day with those delightful people. As
it was the train pulled out on time and there was not a passenger on it who did not
bid a reluctant farewell to Lamar.

At La Junta we had supper, again the guests of the Lamar people, then settled
ourselves on our cars for the 180 mile run back to Denver, there to say good-bye to our
companions of the grand junket and start on the 1621 mile homeward journey.

GEO. R. MEEK.

Concluded on page 5.