ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 20, 1909.

She went a few steps; then turned

A pair of scissors, long, bright and

sharp as needles. The two murder-

recognized Francis Heron.

Promptly he lifted his hat.

"Who is that girl?"

Heron answered, dryly:

to be a guest at Heroncroft.

The old man saw me also. As

"Your granddaughter, Hazel Fer

To be Continued.

E BOY WITH THE FEET.

The boy in the car sat cuddled so

neighbor she leaned over and said:

his muddy shoes."

and nugged the boy away.

looked at them deprecatingly.

hope it will brush off."

smiled upon him kindly.

"Oh, it doesn't matter,"

"Pardon me, madam, will you kindly

The woman in gray blushed a little

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was

"I'm sorry I got your dress dirty,"

The timidity in his voice took a

short cut to the woman's heart and she

upon hers she added. "Going uptown?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always

with me. Father's dead and mother's

ought to help do something for me, so

once or twice a week when she gets

tired out and wants to go some place

to get rested up she packs me off over

here to stay with Aunt Anna. I'm go-

ing up there now. Sometimes I don't

find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope

she will be home today, because it looks

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I nev-

er get lost. But I get lonesome some-

times on these long trips and when I

see anybody that I think I'd like to be-

ing that I belonged to that lady on

the other side of me and I got so in-

That is why I got your dress dirty."

t'sted that I forgot all about my feet.

The woman put her arm around the

tiny chap and "scrooged" him up so

close that she hurt him and every oth-

er woman who had overheard his art-

not only let him wipe his shoes on her

For Downs and Outs .- "A place

where the despondent and the des-

In other words.

on Thursday between 6 and 7

in this way," rather unsteadily.

There isn't anybody to go

he said to the woman on his left.

ing damp.

han and han and han and han and han and han and han and

HERON'S WIFE.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

TAR ANA MAN ANA MAR ANA MAN ANA MAN ANA MAN ANA MAN ANA

low as a wasp."

the time."

The Remains. All the same, we are

both fighting, tooth and nail, for a place

in her will. En passant, Miss Ferrers,

It was not long before the conversa-

tion around the table turned, natural-

"Gwen's aim frequently becomes pro

Our butler Collins"-

low had designs on the plate."

suddenly to me.

and unmolested."

Gwen Talcott turned her attention

"Do you read the newspapers, Miss

selves, who got safely off with their

booty, and are now circulating about

in our very midst, perhaps, unknown

"That Bullion Bank affair," said Pere

Hub a good many years ago-well, be-

fore the young people at this table

were out of their alphabet. The lead-

er of the business was an accomplish-

sel, who afterward killed himself in

iail. The booty was recovered. Lang-

troth got ten years at hard labor.

girl of great wealth and social posi-

"It was the heat!" cried Sergia, de-

"And those dreadful stories!! added

I begged Miss Carbury to take me

"Leave us alone," I said to Miss

Carbury; and she went away up the

walk without a word. I turned and

"My darling," he began, in a troubled

There was an appalling silence-how

earnestness left no room for

-was my father!"

Sir Griffin, regardless of ap-

Ferrers-she's fainting!"

Gwen Talcott.

CHAPTER XVI. Hazel Speaks Again.

Another day, and yet another passed. Miss Carbury received no tidings of looks of late-you are actually as yelher purse and ring; and I none, alas! of my lost papers. Colonel Pit Rivers had not as yet returned to Wolfsden, but was expected hourly. A new servant was appointed to watch at night of the neighborhood. with our faithful Martin, but as Sir Griffin Hopewood found him stretched dead drunk on a garden seat, before 12 o'clock had struck, we felt no addition-

al security from his presence. "A singular epidemic of crime seems abroad in this community," said the them, ran off without attempting misprofessor. "And, indeed, news of small chief. Lucky for Heron, that!—he had thefts all about us, and rumors of larger ones, filled the air. A general uneasiness prevailed in the big country houses along the river. Sir Griffin, still hiding his passion under the mask of civility, watched me with anxious Heron and that handsome parson, Mr.

had taken refuge from the after dinner small talk that was going on in the my pillow, though paw objects to its Wolfsden drawing room, "how pale you use on general principles." look, how sad! One would think some enormous burden was pressing on your miscuous," exclaims "paw," "and then spirits. Can it be that you are fright- she riddles things. Well, we, too, have ened with all this trumpery talk of had a narrow escape, here at the villa. thefts and robbers?"

"No, no," I stammered, "it is not "What then?" he urged, slipping an

curtain, and straining me to his strong ful creature!" side. "I do not like to see this shadow on your beauty. I hardly know your great arch eyes, your witching "As I was saying, Collins seemed a red mouth in this guise of sadness." I said, half in jest, half in earnest.

"How can that be?" he answered in

allegiance when-when-the truth shall discharged the man"be told?" I gasped, incoherently. Then my face drooped against his sleeve, and a sob shook me.

"What do you mean, love?" murmured my lover, in sore distress. "Are you fretting because our engagement has warning, and saved the silver," piped last, Rivers!" he cried. "Wish me joy! Hopewood dwindled to a merely comerybody at Wolfsden knows that you him my photograph." are to be my wife. Rest assured, your beauty is sufficient for anything, Hazel-it will hold me like prison-fetters, your sweet eyes, for the lustre in your an aspic of fole gras. "I, for one, dote the baronet, the other to me. hair?"-gathering a mass of crushed upon all blood-curdling things. Now. cheek and throat? What is all this loveliness but a garment through which days ago --. Is it possible that you do I see your soul, as the outlines of your body are visible through the dress you I dare say you belong to the Blue Rib-

I felt a strange relief in this foolish talk. He had no suspicion of the thoughts in my heart. The moment of confession could not be far distant; but for any respite, however brief, I was thankful.

Another besides Sir Griffin had observed my tell-tale looks. That night she came gliding into my chamber. a similar crime that occurred at the like a lovely ghost-her long, white gown spread out behind her like a fan and dropping into a seat, she extended to me her bare, shining arms.

"Confession is good for the soul, Hazel," she said. "I have not been ed scoundrel-his name, if my memso selfish in these past few days—so ory serves me right, was Langstroth. absorbed in my own affairs-that I He had an accomplice, a weaker vesand buried my face in her lap. I could not withstand her searching, loving

gaze-I could no longer conceal from her my troubles. Whatever came, I must tell Sergia: and then and there I did tell her everything that the reader already knows.

After my story, silence fell. Her shining white arms held me in a close embrace-her cheek pressed my hair She was shivering unconsciously.

"Oh, you poor darling!" she said, a ried me to a sofa. last, "it is dreadful!-dreadful! want you to be happy-you must be Why should you suffer for flantly. your father's sins? We do not know Sir Griffin very well. I fear, nor can we comprehend the full height and depth of his pride. I am wicked enough to home. suggest that you remain silent con- pearance, hurried away with us. I to the love I bear her." your family history. The knew that the hour of fate had struck baronet loves you for yourself alone. for me. In the Chestnut Walk at that you are a trifle extravagant in Keep your secret, Hazel-keep it always!

I on a garden chair and began to trace "But it is no longer my secret," shuddered; "you forgot that it has left figures blindly on the gravel with the my keeping, Sergia. My mother's let- tip of my parasol. Sir Griffin hurried ter is lost-I know not into whose to my side, his bonny Saxon face full hands it may have fallen. No. no! of tender apprehension. the whole truth must be told, but how

can I find courage to tell it?" terly tenderness. We went to sleep in looked at my lover. each other's arms, as in the old days

at school. Whatever evil might overwhelm me, in Sergia I possessed a turn?" friend who would never change. The following day the guests at

Talcott said-particularly that one Wolfsden went to lunch at a neighboring villa, occupied by a retired banker robbed the bank. It was very unpleasant, was it not?" named Talcott, who was on very friend-

ly terms with Colonel Rivers. Pere Talcott, bald-headed and pomp ous, welcomed us hospitably. Of the two daughters of the house. Proserat me! I ought to cry 'Unclean!' like are destined to be happy, in spite of pine, an ethereal Burne-Jones creat ure, wore a gown of unearthly green Lady Hopewood's ring!" and I tried and yellow tints, and her Titian-red hair in a state of mad disorder startled the table more than once with a felon. Yes, it is quite true Langstroth's accomplice-the man who killher boisterous "Ha! ha!" and her frank comments fired like hot shot, left and ed himself in jail to escape punishment posed of powder and rouge, and van-

of a whited sepulchre?" said Gwendo- ently he staggered back a step. I heard profit in the company of his friend.

ities too young for her by a half-cen-

Suddenly he turned about, he was coming back!—his step had a swift, puried his face in the folds of my dress. "Love! Love! You have conquerd!" he panted.

"Hear it all!" I urged, wildly. nave no right to the name of Ferrersthat belonged to my mother, before you have gone off horribly in your you have heard, has never acknowledged me as his granddaughter. The that you may be happy." blood of a felon contaminates the Ferrers stream. My real name"-"Stop!" he implored; "for God's

ly enough, on the disturbed condition "Bless my soul!" cried Pere Talcott, voice of prudence and judgment, I of the recent robberies. "it seems that Francis Heron received a visit from burglars two_or three should fly from you; but my heart nights ago: but in some we he got sorceress! what have you done to me? to enter my house and rob my guests? wind of their coming, and the ascals, Give you up? Impossible! I care not And no person has yet been apprediscovering that he was prepared for ford to sacrifice pride, prejudice, even time for me to be at Wolfsden again!" a good sum of money in the house at reason, if I may have you!"

This, after days and nights of doubt, fear, despair! Joy does not kill-oth-"Cowardly beasts!" said the lively Gwendoline. "Had I known of the dan-Vivian. I shot a deer in the Adiinto the recess of a window, where I lars, this season, at Blackwater? I shame and misery of the confession I am sadly careless. I cannot imagine affect my happiness. But as I leaned certained, but there is no doubt that always, sleep with a six-shooter under had made, my happiness was yet se-

My name will shield and protect you. escape," Sergia said, laughing. We will forget any shadow that may hang about your past-we will never speak again of your birth or your peowe will allow no sins, either of "He was heavenly!" interpolated Gwen, in high excitement: "equal to anything English! I could cry aloud us. Great God! as well ask my heart

must worship it!" "Don't mix your adjectives so reck-He spoke in a wild, fevered way, as lessly, Gwin," remonstrated "paw." though in answer to some protesting cheerfully. "I feel more than positive trusty fellow; but just heaven! what "You think too much of my beauty," do you think? Two nights ago, a slip there, clasping me in his strong arms, of paper was thrown into the porch, his uplifted face all pale and agitated, scrawled over with these words: 'Col- a shadow fell upon us both. We lookgood natured amaze. "It is a part of lins is a scoundrel and a traitor. Look ed, and lo! not three yards distant, in out for the contents of the plate closet the Chestnut Walk, regarding us bring instant security and peace to the "Yes, but will it hold you to your at the foot of the stair.' Of course I blankly, breathlessly, stood Colonel

Rivers and Sergia Pole. "And he swore at paw, till the air was blue!" cried Gwen, "which we bearded face. With contracted brows, made us all feel that he was, in truth, considered positive proof that the fel- he advanced a step toward Sir Griffin The latter leaped to his feet. "Thank heaven! You are here

"If I knew the party who wrote the been made in secret?-does that trou- Aunt Talcott, with her ear-trumpet Miss Ferrers has consented to become ble you, pet? 'Pon my soul, I shall re- resting rakishly on the curve of Sir my wife! I have been waiting only for your return. ment public.

Sergia uttered a little cry. the colonel's face-with his own frank, Black River neighbors have been ex-Ferrers?" she asked, as she attacked genial smile he held out one hand to ceedingly friendly and hospitable

"My dear Sir warmest congratulations!" he cried. there was that robbery of bonds and securities at the Bullion Bank a few "I always know you to be a person of give a ball here at Wolfsden, and inexcellent taste. not drink champagne?—what a prude! would capture a prize, for which old- place will contain." er and wiser women have long been bon Society? Well, nothing bolder ever plotting?" He pinched my cheek in lightful!" cried the ladies, in a breath. happened in New England, paw says. teasing way. "Like Tennyson's young "Such a pleasant change from the Thousands of dollars gobbled up, and the only wise ones, the gobblers themnan, Sir Griffin believes that

'A simple maiden in her flower Is worth an hundred coats of arms

Eh, dear fellow?" "You cannot doubt, Rivers," answer ed the baronet, in a simple, earnest Talcott, meditatively, "reminds me of

consult save yourself and Miss Pole." that moment I adored him! Sergia's Both men were well educated, well eyes grew moist and bright with apconnected—one had married a young proval. She knew the full height and depth of the sacrifice he was making. tion. Gracious heaven! Look at Miss and she put out her hand to him with

dazzling smile. The table, with its lustre of plate "I, too, congratulate you!" she said. and damask and old Nankin porcelain, 'Hazel is as dear to me as a sister. It will be my pleasure and privilege to play with him constantly." give her a suitable dowry. Do not round and round before my failing think, Sir Griffin, that you are to wed sight. I heard a cry of mingled grief a penniless bride. Half of all that and alarm from Sergia Pole, and then possess shall be hers." Sir Griffin snatched me up, and car-

Colonel Rivers looked a little blank but she turned upon him in a gay peremptory way.

"Prepare to give me a great deal of noney, guardy!" she cried. "I am very purse." rich, so you need not look so dismay ed. Hazel's dot must be in proportion

"My dear Sergia, don't you Wolfsden, where my lordly lover had your affection for Hazel?" he said, first talked to me of love, I sat down playfully.

"No. indeed, guardy! She deserves far deeper devotion that I can give." "Well, I've but just reached home you know, after an absence of several lays, and there are many things demanding my immediate attention. Let another time, my dear, and content ourselves with presenting the future door on my way to the garden, and

guests. We went up to the house. On the way, Sergia whispered: "You have told Sir Griffin every

about the scoundrel Langstroth, who thing?" "Yes," I answered met my guardian just as he was en-"Abominable!" assented Sir Griffin. "Do not touch me!" I cried, as he tering the gate. His return, at this parsuddenly stretched out his arms to ticular moment, seems doubly delight- sullen; she kept her eyes fixedly on ing him if he didn't. "Do not look ful. You see darling Hazel, that you the floor.

the lepers of old. Here-take back everything!" As we entered the drawing room, ev erybody flew to meet Colonel Riversknow that you have stooped to seek joyfully hailing his sudden appearance. A general hubbub of welcome followblushes, lifted soft, wistful eyes to the

We are all quite ready to quarrel with ong it continued I know not-perhaps that foreign friend, Dr. Bird, who moment, perhaps twenty. My kept you so long from us."

He laughed softly. By his brown doubt or question. I had told the story strong, triumphant look, we could see onel Rivers darkly, defiantly in the the attack does not come on some "Does not Aunt Talcott remind you so far as it needed to be told. Pres- that he had found both pleasure and face.

Hopewood's ring was still on my hand; know that he is missed from his own future, for sharp eyes are upon you fumbled weakly at it, but could not fireside," he said to Mrs. Van Wert. That is all-go! raw it off. As the victim waits for "Dr. Bird detained me beyond my exthe ax of the executioner, as Damiens pectations, but all the time my heart about, like lightning, and something vaited for his awful death-day, I sat was at Wolfsden!" with one of those whizzed through the air, and stuck in here, shuddering speechless, almost melting glances which had before con- the wall of the library, just behind vinced me that Colonel Pitt Rivers Mrs. Steele's head. was a confirmed male flirt.

He made haste to present me to the determined ring on the gravel. He company as the future Lady Hopeous looking points vibrated in the wood knelt at my side. With a groan he wood. I was to agitated to remember all that was said, but everybody con-er's elaborate gray puffs. Mrs. Steele gratulated me with great kindness, uttered a cry-whether of fear or an-Poor Miss Carbury, overcome with ger, I could not determine, but Jael had amazement, whispered in my ear:

"Why, my dear, whoever would have up the stair. Colonel Rivers arose to thought it? What a strange choice for his feet. she fled with my wicked father; and Sir Griffin Hopewood! The whims of "A very narrow escape, Mrs. Steele," the rich, distinguished judge, of whom men are incomprehensible! All the he said, lightly, as he pulled the scissame, child, I hope from my heart

in her veins. If I did not pity her be-I was glad to carry my confusion into a corner, while the other guests cause of her hereditary taint, I would surrounded the colonel, and began to not retain her another hour in my sake, tell me nothing more! Oh, my relate all that had happened in his abward's service.' darling, I do not deny that I am shock- sence. With mingled wrath and ed, horrified!-that if I obeyed the amazement, he listened to the story

"Good heaven!" he cried; "is it posclamors too loudly—I cannot! You sible that the Blackbirds have dared ry taint that the colonel had mention- and the stream Chicago creek. On who or what you are! I can well af- hended for the outrage? Verily, it is full of her dark, sullen looks, I strolled down to the gate at Wolfsden, and "To me it all seems like a stupend- paused there, gazing out into the ous, practical joke," said Mrs. Van brown, still twilight.

Wert, with an arch look. "Now, noerwise, I could not have looked into body has molested me, colonel, though the bonny blue eyes which he raised I am sure it is no secret that I have a gray bat's wing fanned my hair. I overland to the Fraser River diggings to mine, and lived; for by the passion great many diamonds with me at had ceased to think of my stolen pa- in British Columbia. purning there I knew that my lover Wolfsden. My room is near Miss Car- pers—the principal secret which they still loved me-that, in spite of the bury's, and about money and jewels I held was now told, and could no longer why the Blackbirds should have passed me by."

"One would think, Mrs. Van Wert, "where your story will never be known. that you felt quite aggrieved at your

"Not even a Blackbird could find it in his heart to rob you," he murmurthe dond or the living, to come between ed in the ear of the charming widow. He assured Miss Carbury that he arm about me, in the shadow of the when I think of that dreadful, delight- to stop beating as to renounce your would take immediate measures to remage! I have set up my idol, and I cover her lost property, and bring the thief to justice.

"My dear colonel," she answered voice within himself. And as he knelt that you will find the rogue, and at once! Now that you are back at Wolfsden, there can be nothing more for any of us to fear." And indeed, his coming seemed to

house. He gayly rallied the professor and Sir Griffin upon their failure to A frown darkened the colonel's protect the ladies in his absence, and the strength and safeguard of Wolfsden. In the importance of his return, even my engagement with Sir Griffin

"Ladies," he said, as he sat in the a proposal to make, as an offset to all judge, with the heart of flint-had come the disagreeable things that you have The thunderous frown lifted from suffered in my absence. You know our have received numberless attentions my for which I feel that I must make some suitable return. Now, I propose to

Who could have vite all our new friends on the river, dreamed that our demure little Hazel and as many others from town as the "A ball at a country house-oh, de

Blackbirds!" Everybody fell to discussing the matter. Colonel Rivers crossed the room to a sofa, where Sergia was sitting by my side, and said, in his kindest tone: "I depend upon you to outshine all way, "that I love Miss Ferrers most other lights at my ball, Sergia. Order deeply and disinterestedly. I wish to whatever you will, for Hazel and yourmarry at an early day, and sail for self. Miss Carbury will be only too England in the autumn. As you know, glad to assist in making you both su-Hazel has no ralatives, no friends, to perlatively lovely. The future Lady

Hopewood," patting my cheek, "will be He seemed to stand there betwixt me a very great personage, for Sir Grifand my miserable history—betwixt me fin has manors and town houses and all the want and uncertainty of and a rent roll as long as his own pedmy future—a man whom any woman igree. To be sure," dropping his voice might love-rich, titled, generous. At a little, "he has also an unfortunate weakness for cards and dice, but a wife whom he loves will, doubtless cure him of that nonsense."

If Sergia had a fault, it was her ex "Guardy," she answered, "it is said that you have won large sums from Sir Griffin here at Wolfsden-that you

He stared, then smiled. "Servants' gossip!" he replied. "Certainly I play with him, since his passion for gaming demands indulgence everywhere and at all times. But, my child, you cannot think that I, his friend and host, would keep my win-

nings. No, I return them always to his Luckily, Sir Griffin was talking with oom-out of earshot. What defense would he have made if he had heard

the conversation? I felt a little dismayed at the colonel's revelation of my lover's weakness, and a genuine a very little boy to be knocked about admiration for Pitt Rivers's amazing kindness. It was not strange that evrybody loved and admired the man. After we had dined that day, the colonel held a court of inquiry in his library, and carefully examined the long to I scrooge up close to her so I servants of the house in regard to the robbery. i chanced to pass the open

Lady Hopewood to our friends and with the curiosity of my sex, I paused an instant to look in. Mrs. Steele was stationed by the colonel's chair, her spectacles nicely adjusted to her long, thin nose, her

gray puffs all in order. Jael, the waiting maid, evidently much out of temper, stood before the less confidence looked as if she would two, undergoing some sharp questioning. Her dark face looked / pale and best dress, but would feel like spank-

"I hear bad reports of you, Jael," the colonel was saving, in a voice so stern that I hardly recognized it. "Amazing pairing may receive free treatment and perilous reports! You must change your present course at once or be sent Medicin at Geneva, under the management of a wealthy religious scienaway from Wolfsden, to the punished yourself by wooing the daughter of ed. Mrs. Van Wert, all smiles and ment which you richly deserve. I have tist, who is assisted by a sister. In instructed Mrs. Steele to watch you speaking of the enterprise the Berclosely—to keep you indoors after liner Tageblatt says: "The laudable night fall-to look well to the companions you choose; in fact, you may consider yourself under strict surveillance

> Do you understand?" Jael's lips were like a gray thread She slowly lifted her eyes—looked Col- or despondency must have a care that

"Yes, sir, I understand!"

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE GOLD RUSH OF 1859.

When "Pike's Peak or Bust" Was th Cry of 50,000 Men.

On May 7 Colorado will commemo rate the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of gold in the Rocky Mountains. At the same time occurs the an niversary of a more remarkable event. the discovery of gold that started the already darted by me, and was gone great Pike's Peak stampede of gold seekers in 1859, when in the neighbor hood of 50,000 fortune hunters cross ed the great plains in search of quick fortune

sors from the wall; "but a miss is as The discovery Colorado is about to Jackson in April, 1859, near the pres ent site of Idaho Springs, on a small stream tributary to South Clear creek. Jackson at once returned to Denve Startled, shocked, I turned from my and organized a company made up of post of observation and fled to the gar- residents of Denver and Chicago to den. What was the mystery hanging work the gold field. The concern was about poor Jael? What the hereditacalled the Chicago Mining company ed? Plainly the girl hated Mrs. Steele May 7, 1859, the company began the even more than I did. With my mind development of the first paying deposits of gold in the Rocky Mountains.

miner, on May 6 in Gregory Gulch, in The tiny lamps of the fire-files flash- the district of Clear Creek, not very ed in and out of the shrubbery. A far from Idaho, while he was bound Exactly when gold was first found

in the Rocky Mountains cannot be as against the entrance post, the lost its presence was known long before the documents were suddenly brought back dates given. A. Pike Vasques, who in to my memory by the sight of a trap 1836 was a trader in the employ of passing, just then, the gate of Wolfs- his uncle, Col. Smith, at Smith's Fort den. With a very unpleasant thrill, I on the Arkansas river not very far from Denver, declared that in those He was holding the lines. By his early days he bought gold dust from side sat an old man, ashen, feeble, but the Indians and Mexicans at \$2.50 an of distinguished appearance, with a ounce. Other discoveries of gold in costly carriage rug wrapped about his the Pike's Peak district were made on figure, as a protection from the even- Cherry creek and the Platte river in 1858 by a party of Georgia miner headed by W. Green Russell, who set-Heron—remembering how, in that same tled on the present site of Denver and vehicle, he had brought me through named the place Auraria after a little the dark to Wolfsden, after my fruit- town in the gold fields of Georgia near where the United States branch mint less visit to Sal Bagley's cottage, I drew back from the entrance post, and of Dahlonego formerly was situated.

While reports of the finding of gold in hot embarrassment, turned to fly. But he had already discovered me. had reached the frontier towns from time to time in 1858, it was not until the discovery made by Gregory in carriage came abreast of the gate, I 1859 that the real gold fever broke heard him say, in a high, imperative out. The Gregory find started the first stampede from Denver, and the news spread back to the states, and then began the "Pike's Peak or Bust" With equal distinctness, Francis migration, which caused once more the great overland trails to blossom with the life that characterized the California stampede of '49. The Pike's Peak gold fields soon had

disowned me long before, and left me no lack of press agents, and they in cheek, arm and leg, "but his face ability in the manner in which hey boomed the district. Just when ousands of adventurers on foot, with handcarts and all sorts of conveyances were setting out for the new Eldorad a line of stage coaches was established between Leavenworth and Denver by the Republican river route. The first ury of the establishment being a "matreturn coach from the gold fields arrived at Leavenworth on May 21, 1859, pearing \$3,500 worth of gold dust. On close to the woman in gray, says the the side of the coach was the legend: New York Sun, that everybody thought The Gold Mountains of Kansas Send consciously dug his muddy shoes into Greeting to Her Commercial Metrop-

the broadcloth skirt of his left-hand The Pike's Peak press agents had nothing on their contemporaries in Leavenworth. The latter met the gold make your little boy square himself laden coach at the outskirts of the around? He is soiling my skirt with city with another coach, on which was

the sign: "Leavenworth Hears the Echo From Her Mineral Mountains and Sends It on the Wings of Lightning to a Listening World!'

So optimistic were the newspapers such a little fellow that he could not of the gold fields that they irritated begin to touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front certain gold seekers, who instead of realizing their expectations of extractof him like pegs to hang things on and ing gold by the scoopful got absolutely nothing for their long and arduous tramp across the great plains. The disgruntled prospectors suggested the faith in the future of the Pike's Peak listrict and vivid description of the gold fields had drawn many on what proved a wild goose chase. Then as his eyes were still fastened

such good faith that the little shanty still further away. Then the placer which housed the Rocky Mountain News, Denver's pioneer paper, was and in Georgia Gulch, somewhat closer turned into an arsenal. The editor had to the peak. revolvers within easy reach on the stacked rifles and shotguns alongside of the cases at which they were set-

The Rocky Mountain News was first paper issued in the Pike's Peak district, but it beat out a rival outfit by only a few hours. The other pa-Mrs. Van Wert on the other side of the like it is going to rain and I don't like per, the Cherry Creek Pioneer, owned to hang around in the street in the by John H. Merrick, had arrived eight days in advance of the plant of the News, but had lost time in getting unthe News reached Denver by prairie schooner on April 21, 1859, about sun-

> Before midnight the press was up cases in place and type being set. The men worked all the first night, except for an intermission of a couple of hours, all the next day and at 10 little boy. This morning I was play- o'clock on the night of April 22, twenty-eight hours after the outfit had reached its destination, the first copies were run off in the presence of a large crowd of citizens.

The editor and printers of the News ate and slept in the one room in on the lookout only for gold. which they got out the paper, and a constant lookout had to be kept for ttacks by desperadoes. Col. William N. Byers, the editor, denounced the latter, and threats flew his way furiously. On one occasion several men rode up to the office and opened fire on it. The office force laid down their pencils and sticks, took up shotguns and revolvers and responded with a fusilade.

has been opened by the Revue de Another Pike's Peaker who also came near suffering seriously for his optimism was D. C. Oakes, who had written a pamphlet lauding the country. He had returned to the states for sawmill and on his way back to the undertaking seems to have only one mountains met a returning band of defect that is a serious one. The ofdisgusted "Pike's Peak or Busters." fice is to be open only on Thursdays They immediately talked lynching, between 6 and 7 o'clock. The peoburned his mill and other things, but ple who are threatened with despair they finally let up on him.

As Oakes got further on toward the Peak he found on the prairie a souvenir which indicated the sentiments of o'clock, can be cured; at any other the disappointed gold seekers toward New York Sun.

him. This consisted of a newly made grave dug near the trail with a head board made of the polished shoulderblade of a buffalo-in those days a favorite bulletin board for the overlanders-on which had been written this

epitaph: Here lies the body of D. C. Oakes Killed for aiding the Pike's Peak hoax Notwithstanding the fine presswork of the frontier newspapers there still lingered much doubt in the east as to the true state of affairs at Pike's Peak. In an effort to discover the actual con-

ditions Horace Greeley set out for a

tour of the gold fields and other west-

ern points in 1859. Denver City was a busy place at that time, gambling and drinking being not the least of its industries. Mr. Greeley made his first speech in the great gambling and drinking saloon of the Denver House, during the course of which, in deference to the eastern visitor, it is said the tipplers at the bar silently sipped their grog, while on the other side the gamblers respectfully suspended the shuffling of cards and

the counting of money. Mr. Greeley, standing in the midst of this assemblage, made a vigorous and characteristic address, in which he said many things against gambling and drinking, but his remarks were received by the Pike's Peakers with the utmost good humor.

It is a tradition that the boomer esolved that there should be no mistake about the first mine to be shown to Mr. Greeley. They told the boys up that he ought to be divided up and in Gregory Gulch that Mr. Greeley was on the way, so the boys took an old gun and fired gold dust into a partly worked mine favorably located in the gulch until it had the richness of

Upon the arrival of Mr. Greeley they showed him some gold that had just been panned out of this mine. Mr. Greeley called for a shovel and pan, rolled up his sleeves, and went down into the pit. He was instructed as to the process of panning, and followed this coaching with such good results that in the bottom of the pan was soon developed paying color. He was encouraged to try again, which he did with equally gratifying results. Then

"Gentlemen, I have worked with my own hands and seen with my, own eyes, and the news of your rich discovery shall go all over the world as far as my paper can carry it."

The earnestness of Mr. Greeley's recommendations that the Pacific railroad be built was no doubt developed in part by the personal hardships and discomforts experienced by him on his tour of observation. Just before reaching Denver the mules attached to his coach ran away, upsetting the vehicle on a steep bank. From the off the gilt and see what's under mass of wreckage Mr. Greeley finally neath. emerged, with blood flowing from cuts

morning." It was some time before he fully recovered from this accident, and he was compelled to stop in a bare and cheer less cabin in Denver for several days in order to recuperate, the single luxtress" resting upon slats laid across from one log to another."

Living was pretty costly in the Pike's Peak days. Eggs cost \$2.50 a dozen; flour sold at \$20 a hundred pounds and milk at 50 cents a quart. In the summer of 1859 the chief currency of Denver and vicinity was regular United States money. There was all this form of money disappeared and its place was taken by gold dust. Every counter bore a pair of scales This was carried in buckskin bags, and customer handed over his bag of dust,

of dust. While the great stampede of gold seekers headed for Pike's Peak, and the fields everywhere were known under that name, still as a matter of fact lynching of the editors whose strong gold for some time was not found within a good many miles of the famous mountain. The first discoveries on Cherry Creek were fully seventy-five miles from the peak; those in Gregory These suggestions were made in Gulch and along Clear Creek were mines were found in the South Park

The rosiest anticipations of the ear editorial table and the compositors ly boomers of the Pike's Peak gold field were vindicated in time. The gold was there, but it required more strenuous efforts to get at the bulk of it than the mere scratching of the beds of the creeks or the manipulation of a pan. On December 23, 1859, the report of the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia showed that there had been received at the establishment from the fields of Pike's Peak gold dust to the value of \$202,250.79, and side her throat and she said: "You are der headway. The printing outfit of the total production of gold in Colomated at \$10,000,000. But this amount is small in comparison with the production of the quartz mines of later years, which now yield yearly in the neighborhood of \$25,000,000.

Skilled as were the California and Georgia miners who first discovered and developed the Pike's Peak disnize the indications of any other metal than gold. It was clearly shown afterward that that they worked contained as as 75 per cent of silver, and yet this was all swept away, the

In 1860 the famous California Gulch began to yield its millions in gold, the busy miners digging up and washing every accessible portion which yielded something like \$1,000, summer. Every bit of Call fornia Gulch's entire length of 33,000 feet was developed and there was a stream on the banks of which is not The real richness of the Leadville

territory had been overlooked. A great deal of trouble had been experienced by the placer miners along California Gulch on account of the excessively stream in order to get at the pay dir

It was not until 1878 that the weigh of these boulders was found to be due to the presence of large proportions of lead carrying silver. The original verers did not make known their find until they had secured titles to a number of locations in California Gulch and the adjoining hills that covered the main lodes, one of which places was found to be ten feet hick. This was the beginning of the development of lead and silver that made the Leadville district famous .-

THE LAST LOVE LETTER.

ing More to Be Said.

Dear Jack: Yes-I will marry you t seems to be "the asiest way"-and esides I intended to all along. You work making you do it. The most difficult problem a girl has to face in these days is how to make a man force her to marry him. Yet every woman yearns to be taken in a rush to conquest-instead of just taken for granted or as a matter of course. She wants something to remind her of the fact that her husband proposed to her besides the ring and the certificate,

And yet, when I think of how beau tiful you made love to me, it does seem almost a pity to marry a fascinating man like you and transform him from an artistic lover into an orbeen such a "labor of love" from early youth that I can't help pitying all the nice girls whom I am depriving of the delicious experience of being firted with by you.

I wonder if every girl who married a popular and attractive man realizes what a cruel thing she is doing to her sex by monopolizing him. It seems or forming a love trust. A really ideal over like you is so rare in these days passed around just as far as he will go. Considering the scarcity of husban it looks almost "piggish" for one woman to have a whole live man all to herself.

Do you really want me to marry you "at once?" That is rushing into didn't grit their teeth and shut their eyes and rush into it. Getting married is something like walking a tightrope or turning a handspring in the air; if you stop to consider it you simply can't go on! It's the "Dip of Death" in Life's circus! And the only way to take it is to seat yourself in on the stars, while you go plunging down. You know you are going to get an awful jolt, but if you just hold tight and don't think about it you may land safely on the sawdust in the end and go rolling along comfortably forever afterwards.

What are we marrying for, Jack? fascinated by the glittering on love's gold brick and the shimmer on th honeymoon and they refuse to scrape

But nobody can call ours a marriage of convenience, at any rate-befor breathing room and the rugs are treading on one another's skirts and the pictures elbowing one another off

the walls. Yet just for this (and the privilege of paying bills) you are giving up a comfy bachelor flat and your independ ence and your latch key and your clubs, and I am giving up the family flirtations and most of my opinions It's a pity-but then, if I didn't marry no uncoined gold in circulation. Soon you, somebody else would-and if you didn't marry me some might. That's why we are marrying one another-that's why everybo and payment was made in gold dust. married-not in order to get a particular person, but in order to keep any after an article had been bought the body else from getting him or her; not because they can't get along betand the storekeeper weighed out the ter with somebody, but because they required amount. The regular charge can't get along without him or her. for a drink of whisky was eight grains It's the dog-in-the manger spirit in us.

A well! This is probably the last love letter I ever shall write yousince we are to be married. Hereafter. I suppose, my communications will "Do-come-home-mother-sendssick." And yours will be confined to the simple but striking expression 'Inclosed-find-check."

Good-bye, sweetheart, I hate to exchange you for a husband, but the deal is on and the bargain struck, and we'll meet at the altar and draw up the papers-and sign away our birthrights for a mess of matrimonial pottage. The scene will be set like the third act of a Clyde Fitch drama, and the orchestra will play between acts, will go through their little parts, and everybody will send us something we don't want, and they'll stuff rice in your hat and throw old shoes after us and tie white ribbons on our trunksand after all is said and done, we'll just be helpmates instead of mates.

It is very sweet of you to offer to tell me all about yourself, dear-but don't. I don't want anything to think about when I wake up nights. I don't believe in confessions between man and wife; they may be exhilarating for the moment, but they are apt to leave me with a bad taste in the memory. If you've got a past keep it, and just leave your future to ME.-Greenville News.

The Pathos Went Wrong.-Irving sacheller, the novelist, is of unusually appearance and address. Once when he was a reporter on a New York morning newspaper the Sunday editor said to him.

"I want you to write me a good story about the trials and discouragements of men who are looking for work in a big city. Get up early tomorrow, put on some old clothes and visit all the places that advertise for male help in the morning paper. Give an account of the number of applicants and the vividly the feelings of a poor devil who, perhaps, has had no breakfast and has walked miles because he appointment after disappointment. People like to read that sort of thing." At noon the next day Mr. Bacheller appeared at the office crestfallen.

"I'm afraid I can't make anything out of that story," he said to the Sunday editor. "What's the trouble?"

"I've got three jobs already and a promise of two more."