

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

"There's the stage coach," said my companion traveller.

I looked up. I anxiously scanned the horizon.

"Where?" I cried.

There had been in my mind's eye an elaborate image of the Clearmount stage coach. Something colonial—something ancient and lumbering and picturesque, bearing with it an atmosphere of barbarism and paintiveness—that was what I had looked to see. I should have accepted that high-wheeled, faded vehicle of, I am since afraid, my imagination alone, scarred by Indian arrowheads, and stained by time and exposure with the feeling I had got my romance and my money's worth. But the Clearmount stage coach is a disappointment and a pain to the sentimental traveller. It is an open, four seated carriage, and the driver a sarcastic Italian, who will not allow one the reins. I climbed in. — the same time my expectations pitched themselves a trifle lower.

The sarcastic Italian jerked the reins and the horses started. We went bowling along a narrow sand-stone road three inches thick with pine and brick-like dust. Masses of granite ascended ledge upon ledge at our right, and threw themselves sixty feet above in towers and parapets against the deep, blue sky. As we wound in and out and always up, the mountains already encircled us. Their bare, purple slopes and dim summits, crowned rarely with a thin frieze of pine trees, their dry ravines and misty ridges close against the sky, swept graciously into view and towered in tremendous silence over the little road and the un-romantic stage. All along the way, coming from the snows of Evans mountain, forty miles in the blue distance, the shallow, unrestful Bear Creek rushes below the road, between its banks of piled up rocks and boulders. The dull, green water, always covered with a gray and sparkling foam, pours over ten hundred thousand obstacles while a sound like the roar of falling rain, fills its little valley. At night I have waked to it, and drawn a curtain only to discover the hill sides dry and moonlit, and the black water throwing up a silver spray as it gallops by.

On my first evening in Clearmount I attended a country dance, given in the long room above the postoffice. A miscellaneous program opened the festivities. Three gifted young women, with elaborately arranged hair, and arms akimbo, sang "A Sweet Bunch of Daisies," in shrill soprano voices. The belle of Clearmount began a tragic tale of "rooseans," and "Roosheans," and murdered sires, with a beautiful confidence which ebbed and flowed as her memory failed her and she had to be prompted in the first two lines of every verse; and at last she retired, overwhelmed with blushes, to where a few rapturous swains received her clamorously. A young Denver violinist "played us to heaven," with her wild, Hungarian rhapsodies and at length the floor was cleared for dancing.

It was a curious scene. All the inhabitants of Clearmount were there in the dim lamp light, from the servants and farm hand, attired conspicuously for the occasion, to the city people, young and old, the girls in bicycle skirts and shirt waists and high, narrow walking boots, and the boys in ducks, and flannels, and golf stockings. Sometimes we escaped for a few minutes from the suffocating room and walked up and down the smooth white road in two and threes, singing the pickaninny songs of the evening. The rocks cast ink-like

shadows across our path, and the sombre creek rolled heavily close by, shattered into angry foam by the glistening rocks. At eleven the music stopped and for a while the night was full of voices, crying out, "goodnight," of laughter, of exclamation, and now and then a low snatch of song. It all died away at last. The couples parted, leaving the building dark and deserted. The flash of the last white frock melted into the darkness, and sleep descended upon Clearmount.

EDITH L. LEWIS.

LITERARY NOTES.

Perhaps nothing has shown the wonderful adaptability of the average American more than the way in which the men of the greatest differences in training, birth, and condition, drawn with an impartial estimate of fitness from all over the country, and now composing the already historic "Rough Riders," have been able to sink every consideration of personal preference or habit to join heartily in the spirit of discipline and daring which has brought the troop to its present condition of effectiveness. From the cowboy, whose feats in the saddle have been the admiration of a border people who have known the Apaches, to the college man who has been cheered from the "bleachers" for his track athletics, we believe a large span may be fetched; but the unanimity of spirit and high patriotism prevailing throughout the troop has brought them shoulder to shoulder, man to man. This is rarely fine, and preaches a whole religion for the success of what is best in our republic. When one inquires what centralizing force



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

has been able to bring this singleness of aim about, the answer is unavoidable that it has been the convincing personality and charm of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

Since Theodore Roosevelt graduated from Harvard in 1880 he has played many parts. In political life he has been a New York state assemblyman, United States civil service commissioner, police commissioner of New York city, and assistant secretary of the navy. In literature he is well known as the author of several historical works, and descriptions and stories of western frontier life.

When Roosevelt organized his troop the president offered to make him colonel, but he declined the commission. "I am not fitted to command a regiment," he said, "for I have had no military training. Later, after I have gained some experience, perhaps that may come." It has come now, and also recommendation for the medal of honor for gallant conduct in action.

Pictures of the Rough Riders and the other forces that took part in the siege of Santiago, from photographs taken during the engagement, will be found in the Santiago (July 30) number of Harper's Weekly.

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Skidmore—I hear that Tenspot is traveling incog in Europe.

Kilduff—That is true. He is pretending to be a count.

Tenreck—Your wife plays the races all the time, does she not?

Henpeck—Yes. She is my better half.

Madge—And the fair young bride actually trembled like a leaf.

Marie—No wonder. He is eighty-two and worth \$50,000,000. She was afraid he would drop dead before she could get him to the altar.

"Do you think that Spain can read the handwriting on the wall by this time?"

"I'm afraid not. About 70 per cent of the Spanish people can't read at all."