

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.
EDITH L. LEWIS.)

We had determined to see a Colorado sunrise. But at five o'clock on a cold, gray morning the will was not pitched to inflexibility, and when we awoke our first movement was weakly toward the window, our second precipitately toward the bed. There we sat and meditated.

"Shall we?" I said.
"Shall we?" echoed Maisie.
"Do you want to?"
"Do you?"
"What shall we do?"
"Toss a penny!"

Groping half awake in a drawer the penny was at last and with mirthful triumph brought to light. In obedience to the fate that turned it heads up we rose and dressed. Then, filling our pockets with crackers, we set out.

Maisie gasped and shivered as the first touches of sharp air caught away her breath. Then with a backward glance, she whirled away, and I followed, strewing a trail of crackers across the tennis court. The Loving Cup is a hill of rocks upon a hill of sand. Towards this Maisie headed, and up this through the chill, dank air, fresh with cool perfumes, we leaped and scrambled, until at last, standing upon the great Cup's rim, we were looking down upon a valley, drenched with dew and streaked with light. Far in the distance, through vistas of purple mountain and blue-black pine, great Evans rose with delicate distinctness, a very dream mountain, crowned and creviced with snow. The whole world was asleep and with exultation and a general sensation of chilliness we sat down.

Then the sun rose—but so flat a climax! No clouds, no rays of color, no glory of light. It was the same sun we see at noon day that slipped from behind the mountain opposite and gilded the limbs of an arrow-shaped pine tree. Disgusted, disappointed and very sleepy, we curled up on the cold rocks in the bright sunshine and fell asleep. When we awoke it was broad day, and hand in hand we ran laughingly down the hill side to breakfast.

"Oh, Thomasing had an ol' gray mule,
An' he driv him roun' in a cart.
He loved dat mule an' de mule loved him,
With all his mulish heart."

I looked up. There sat Maisie, astride a gray mare, her wide, felt hat pushed back on her head.

"An errand to Brookside," she explained imperiously. "Come with me."

So I hired a horse and we started. It was a cloudy day, a delightful day, full of cool winds and the odors of pines. The horses galloped in those short, high bounds of irrepressible spirits, up and down the windings of the road. The way lay first through tremendous gorges and ravines. Close to the road was the tumbling creek, and enclosing the water path and the ground path, sheer walls of stone sprang sixty feet in the air, sheets of sombre and splendid color, overgrown with gray-green lichens. Pale yellow butterflies fluttered over the rushing water, back and forth between the painted rocks. But a gray sky bent overhead and presently, as we lingered, a roar of thunder swept through the place and sent us hurrying on. Maisie glanced apprehensively at the sky.

"It's going to rain," she said decidedly. "Let's get out of this!"

She swung the quirt and the spirited mare laid back her ears and sprang forward. We raced over the narrow road with desperate energy,

until the walls of the gorge began to widen and lower, and changed at last into steep hill sides covered with brush and sage. Maisie pulled up with a laugh. Her small, pale face was quivering with excitement. Drawing a long breath, she looked again at the sky and laughed again as she felt light drops of rain on her mouth and cheek. Then her big eyes grew serious, and I regarded her anxiously. This little figure in its scarlet jacket and short skirt was my prophet and oracle.

"We must cross the ford," she said. "There's a big storm coming. If we reach it before it rains much, we're all right. There's a house beyond."

But the wind was rising. Clouds of mist swirled about the mountain tops and veiled them from view. Bursts of thunder rattled along the hill sides, and the sound was flung to and fro in interminable echoes. Then the rain came down.

A mountain storm is not a trivial thing. A thousand stone-filled gullies, a thousand dusty ravines, lie dry through weeks of sunshine, only to turn with the rain into small torrents that pour their burden of wood and stone and water down a mountain-side, across the road below, and into the roaring creek. The way itself becomes a bed of shifting sand, and the horses and rider are encompassed with a host of difficulties, if not of dangers.

However, we pushed on. Half blinded by rain, I yet kept that little flying figure on the gray mare well before me, and in time we stood on the bank of the ford, looking into a racing flood of black water and muddy spray.

"It's got to be done," said Maisie. So we plunged in, close abreast.

It was furious work. Urging the mare here, checking her here, coaxing and scolding by turn, my attention lay fast riveted on my horse, until a sharp cry drew my eyes to Maisie. Her horse was losing footing and the current was sweeping it down. A moment later Maisie had flung herself from the saddle and was standing waist high in water, pulling at the bridle rein. Stumbling, gasping, breathless, they reached the other side. And then Maisie didn't faint, but mounted again, and we rode swiftly to the nearest farm house. They built a fire for us and we dried our dripping clothes and drank some strong coffee, and rested from our labors. That was my first mountain storm.

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[First publication Aug. 6.] 4
In the matter of In the County
the Estate of Ame- Court of Lancaster
lia H. Howell, de- County, Nebraska,
ceased.

To the creditors of said estate:
You are hereby notified, That I will sit at the county court room in Lincoln, in said county, on the 3rd day of January, 1899, and again on the 1st day of April, 1899, to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 1st day of October, A. D. 1898, and the time limited for the payment of debts is one year from the 1st day of October, A. D. 1898. Notice of this proceeding is ordered published four weeks successively in the COURIER, a weekly newspaper published in this state.

Witness my hand and the seal of said county court this 1st day of August A. D. 1898.

S. T. COCHRAN,
County Judge.

By DUDLEY COCHRAN
Clerk.

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