

"Any kind," said the young woman, "but my work is confined pretty closely to old photographs or those that have been soiled by constant use in decorating a room. In 75 per cent of the boarding and lodging house rooms in this city the chief decoration is the pictures of the friends of the occupants," says the New York Herald. "By the time these photographs have done duty as an art gallery for a year they are bound to look a little the worse for wear. They will be grimy with dust and sprinkled with spots. Just now, too, it is the fashion to trot out all the old-fashioned photographs of your great aunts and uncles and cousins that have been dumped away out of sight and out of mind for so many years.

"All these old-timers are sadly dilapidated, and while it is not advisable to try to make them look new, thus destroying the unities of time and costume, it is well to clean off the fly specks and other unsightly blotches before placing them on view. I have made this renovation my trade. Not everybody with spotty relations has time to give them a scrubbing, for it is a task that requires considerable care and attention."

"That is a great idea," said the visitor. "We have a whole wall full of disfigured relations at home. I believe I'll have you come around and straighten them up. You can at least clear their sallow complexions. That is," she added, "if you don't come too high. What are your prices, may I ask?"

"Oh," said the young woman, "they are regulated by the number of spots. I charge all the way from 10 cents to \$1 a dozen."

**OVERFLOWING COLORADO.**

The summer of unusual heat now fading into cool and comfortable autumn, has been a great time for tours and tourists and summer resorts. With most people the summer trip is a matter of luxury. This season with many people it was a matter of necessity. The awful heat beating down upon them week after week harried their nerves and tossed them night after night on sleepless beds, and on their faces could be read the tension and weariness as they walked unsteadily up and down the streets in all the cities of this country.

In New England and the eastern states those who could find themselves in the deep woods of Northern Maine, or gathered into summer cottages and camping places on the tops of the eastern mountains, or swarmed at the watering places along the cool sea shore. From Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa they hurried away almost in train loads to the wooded lake regions of northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. For the people of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, Colorado was the nearest point, and so the passenger trains from these states converging at Denver and Colorado Springs unloaded their passengers by the thousands day after day and week after week until the whole mountain region of Colorado was literally alive with people.

A few of them settled down at once for rest in some favorite resort, but most of them hurried here and there from one sight-seeing place to another. Mostly they traveled about the state on cheap excursion trains which whirled them up and down deep mountain gorges and along by the little noisy mountain streams, but many made short trips in carriages, coaches and trolley cars. Gay parties decked out in brilliant colors could be seen waving their salutes from the high mountain roads and you could hear them shout the exultation which they felt from the exhilarating ride. Now and then from some quiet spot by the roadside, where there was a pair of tired and bony horses, an old worn out wagon and some dusty accouterments of

travel, a weary and sunken face would look wistfully out from the lonely little camp, and you could read at a glance on that face and the surroundings a story of poverty and of a desperate struggle to retain in a poor emaciated body a life that was fluttering to escape and to be free.

Wherever people are grouped for recreation, wherever they gather to escape environment of heat and cold, on land or sea, from gilded hall or squalid cabin, from palace car or dusty road wagon these weary faces look out at us with their story of lost health, admonishing us that we never realize how sweet life is and how much we are in love with it until we begin that search for lost health, that weary and pathetic search which moves from place to place, which looks and yearns and searches but never finds.

While one part of the people are seeking more life and boarding and holding on to the little that they have, the other part are recklessly squandering and wasting it; and so subtle is it that this man may not pick up and save for himself that which the other throws away.

At the best hotels in Manitou where the price was high and the service poor, you could see groups of tall, shaggy, and loose jointed-men, swarthy-faced and coarse looking, but good natured and companionable, and you would know by their dialect and the splendid stories they told each other as well as by their swaggering talk of cotton and cane and cattle, that they were from the south, mostly from Texas.

"Mighty sight o' people heah f'm ouah state," one of them said to me. Then he stretched himself up to his full height and swelled out his chest and hooked his thumbs into his suspenders and spoke of Texas as the greatest state in the union, and that it was in the union, sah, and was ready to back the union with money and men whenever the union needed it. I admitted what he said and liked him for it.

The Texans predominated at Manitou this summer. They were everywhere, and they are popular and interesting when they get away from home and are on their good behavior. The men swagger and chew tobacco and smoke and tell stories, but they tell the best and most original stories ever heard; their children are not afraid of them, and their handsome daughters have that free and independent air peculiar to the girl who is on good terms with her father and knows that he is ready to back her up under any and all circumstances.

Along the steep grade of six or seven miles on which the cog road is built from Manitou to the top of Pike's Peak, you could see if you had been there this summer a constant stream of people toiling wearily up and then shambling down again, always buoyant with expectancy before and generally very much used up and sore-jointed after taking this trip. One young German told me in broken English how he had walked up to the top of the peak in the afternoon and because the price for sandwiches up there was almost as high as the peak refused to eat, and on returning to Manitou too late for the car walked the eight miles further to Colorado Springs that same night. He told me how very tired he was when he reached the top of the peak after toiling wearily up the steep grade all the afternoon, and how hungry he was, and how he was still more and more tired and more hungry when he had walked back again to Manitou, and how keen was his disappointment when he reached Manitou to find that the last car for Colorado Springs had just pulled out, and how the still further walk of six or seven miles almost killed him. He grew animated in his talk and shook his fist and was still angry while relating all this to me a week after it occurred. When I asked him why he did not buy a lunch for himself and rest awhile on the top of

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