

LUCILLE

"It comes hard on us to take that girl!" William Hart grumbled to his wife. "When Mary ran away with that Frenchman, Dubreuil, my father washed his hands of her, and to the day of his death he never mentioned her name, not even when the news of her husband's death came to us. They've always lived in France, and I thought we were rid of them. She has no claim on us, and yet she writes to me on her deathbed, asking me to take her daughter."

"Well, she thought as you and Hiram got all the property, and she was disinherited, you ought to give her daughter a home," answered Mrs. Hart.

She was almost as cold and hard and undemonstrative as her husband, but, unlike him, she was not selfish, and beneath her unsympathetic exterior she had a strong sense of duty.

"That girl didn't give us a chance to say yea or nay!" Mr. Hart continued, angrily. "She writes that she would sail the day after her mother's funeral, and by this telegram, she must be here on the train to-day. Pretty piece of business! I've the greatest mind in the world to send her packing!"

The harsh lines on William Hart's face grew harsher, as he dwelt on his grievances. It should not have been a grievance to give a home to a poor orphan niece. He was a wealthy farmer, with three sons, two of them coarse and robust like himself, the youngest, Robert, a weakly, fretful invalid about eighteen years old.

"I don't see the use of making a fuss," Mrs. Hart said, in her cold voice. "Hiram is dead, and you happen to be Lucille Dubreuil's only relative, so you've got to take her. You can't turn a girl of seventeen out on the world. I dare say she'll give a deal of trouble—girls always do; and then she's foreign, and not used to our ways."

"It don't matter her not being used to our ways. I reckon they're good enough for a pauper; but the question with me is, how are we going to put up with her? I always did despise Frenchified people!"

"Here comes the train now!" said his wife. "And yes, there's a girl getting out, in deep black. I suppose it's she."

The station was only a few steps from the farm gate, but those few steps Mr. Hart did not take. He and his wife leaned upon the low gate, and watched curiously a little figure hurrying toward them. A lad who was showing her the way pointed to the farmer and his wife, and then returned to the station.

She ran hastily forward, her veil thrown back from her small, pale face, her large gray eyes alight with eagerness, and an appealing smile on her lips.

"Ah, you are mon oncle!" she cried, and the next moment her arms were around the farmer's neck, and her kisses on his cheek. He almost pushed her from him.

"Yes, I'm your uncle," he said, coldly, "but you needn't choke me. This is your Aunt Jane."

His voice and repellent manner jarred upon Lucille's sensitive nature. She drew back, and gazed timidly at the tall, stern-faced woman before her. She dared not proffer a caress which had already been repulsed, but she took Mrs. Hart's hand with a look which would have gone to any woman's heart. Whether it did or not, it never entered her aunt's mind to kiss the girl, and make her welcome.

"Yes, I'm your uncle's wife," she answered, stiffly, "and I hope you're going to be a good girl, and not make us too much trouble."

"Why, she isn't but a mite," her uncle said, gazing at her disapprovingly, "and Mary was a fine, large girl. But then that little whippersnapper of a Frenchman wasn't bigger than a pint cup."

"Hush!" said his wife, in a low voice. But Lucille, who had never heard the word "whippersnapper" before, and understood English but imperfectly, only gazed inquiringly at the speaker.

"Well, come to the house, and take off your bonnet," said Mrs. Hart. She led the way, Lucille following her, with all elasticity gone from her steps, and a half-frightened look in her eyes. "Was this to be her home, and that harsh, coarse man, was her uncle, and her lovely mamma's brother? Oh, why did I come to live here?"

"Here's your room," Mrs. Hart said opening a door, "and there's your trunk before brought up. You'd better have a wash before you come down to dinner."

"Merci, madame!" Lucille said. "I mean I thank you, my aunt."

"You'll have to talk better English than that," Mrs. Hart said, with a grim smile, "or you'll be laughed at. Hurry up, for I can't keep your dinner waiting; it's against my rules."

As she closed the door, Lucille sank on her knees by the bed, and burying her face in it, wept violently. "Ah," she sobbed, in her own dear language, "I don't understand their words, but their looks, yes! They do not want me. They grudge me the shelter of their roof. They despise me. Ah, why, when mamma died, did I not stay in Dinard as a servant, a nurse, anything rather than come to these cold hearts? Ah, dear Dinard! If I could go back, if I could wake up in my own little room, and find this an ugly dream!"

She closed her eyes, and before her rose the fields of Dinard, with their masses of scarlet poppies against the dull green background of waving grain. The solemn rhythm of the sea was in her ears, she was dancing the ronde with her playmates by moonlight, and her mother's beautiful eyes were smiling tenderly at her.

"Ah, she wanted me to come!" Lucille said, resolutely. "She knew what was best for me, and I will be brave and cheerful, and try to make them love me."

As she smoothed her hair before the small mirror, you saw Lucille was not pretty. She was pale and thin, but her eyes were full of expression, and her movements easy and graceful. There was refinement in the girl's every look and gesture, the refinement of good breeding and good blood on the father's side, and her pretty mother had been quick to mould her own habits and tastes on those of her husband's. The family was half through dinner when Lucille entered the kitchen.

Her uncle looked up. "You can't be hungry much, or you take too long to drink. This is your cousin Lucy, boys. That's her name in this house, for no Frenchified 'Lucille' for me."

"Lucy, that's your cousin Stephen," pointing with his knife to the larger of the tall young men, who grinned and looked sheepish, but did not rise from their seats, and extend a hand of welcome. "This is

James, and here is Bob, a no-account cripple, as you can see. You'd better sit by him, I reckon, you're both so puny." The young men stared and looked more sheepish than ever, as their cousin, with her pretty, graceful step, went to each, shook hands, and tried to say a few courteous words in English, which only made them stare harder, and giggle until their faces were red.

"If you don't talk the funniest lingo!" her uncle cried, with a rude laugh. "I tell you, Lucy, the first thing you must learn is to talk English so that folks can understand you."

She smiled good humoredly. "Ah, yes, mon oncle, I haf no English. We spik it not in Dinard. Only to strangers, travellers, are English. I will learn it bientot. My cousins will help me," with an appealing smile at them which they met stolidly.

To Lucille that dinner was a revelation of how much men could eat, and how loudly they could talk without quarrelling. Gazing at them she was reminded of a menagerie, where she once saw animals fed.

Bob alone was sulky and silent. He was offended at what his father had said about him, and leaned back in his seat eating nothing, and giving fretful answers to his mother. When Stephen and James left the table to measure a pony over whose height they had had a fierce altercation, Bob followed them, and as he took his first step Lucille saw that he was lame—a most painful lameness, where one of his feet doubled up as it touched the floor.

To Lucille's surprise, neither father nor mother tried to assist him, but his father called out roughly, as the boy stumbled: "Serves you right for trying to get along without your crutch! Folks will notice your foot just the same if that's what you're trying to hide."

Lucille did not understand the words of the boy's reply as he turned his angry face to his father, but the look and tone shocked and surprised her. Whatever may be the faults of French training, want of respect to parents and old persons is not among them.

As for Bob, blind with anger, he tripped up against a box lying on the floor and fell flat.

In a moment Lucille was beside him, and as he scrambled up, she took his arm.

"Will you not lean on me?" she said in her soft voice. "I can help you out."

"Let me alone, will you?" he cried roughly striking away the little hand.

Repulsed, and coloring hotly, the girl returned to her seat. Her aunt's manner was gentle to her that evening. Whether it was her proffer of service to the cripple, who was the only one of the family on whom the stern mother lavished anything like tenderness, or whether she felt some sympathy for Lucille's mortification, she was certainly kinder.

But what words could paint the stranger's homesickness as she bent over a piece of crochot to hide the tears that evening! She was outside the family circle. They spoke a language almost unknown to her, and they were interested in things she had never heard of. No one addressed a word or look to her, as she sat at some distance from them, feeling herself too wretched to live.

She was startled at Bob's voice in her ear. "I say, Lucy, you look awfully lonesome here!"

"Lonesome," she repeated "what you call dat? Ah, yes, seute: 'Yes, yes.' It is to break de heart to be lonesome."

"Well, it is hard, but when you can talk English you won't mind, you know."

"I will talk English nevaire, nevaire!" she cried, raising her hands with a despairing gesture. "It is too difficile. Ah, but my tongue refuse to learn."

Bob laughed. Here was one inmate of the family more wretched and more helpless than himself.

"I say, Lucy," he began, sheepishly. "You didn't mind when I hollered at you, because you wanted to help me? You don't know my ways yet, but I'd rather fall and break my neck than have any one help me."

She understood enough to know that he was making a kind of apology for his roughness.

"Ah, no!" she cried, "I don't mind notin if you will me help to learn dat dreadful English dat ties up my tongue."

"I'll do it," and the compact was sealed. Lucille did not know that Bob's English was the worst of its kind, for the Hart family were ignorant, and had known little of schools but human interest was just then what she was yearning for.

In her quiet, unobtrusive way, the girl made herself useful to all the family. To her aunt her ready, cheerful service was invaluable, and even her uncle would shout for "Lucy," when a button was wanted on his shirts, or a message must be sent to a neighboring farm. She was so gentle, so courteous, so unselfish and ready to oblige, that a household which had known nothing of those qualities before, began to find them very necessary to their comfort.

As for Bob, he often wondered how he had lived without his cousin, to interest him in her bright stories of foreign countries, to beat up his pillows and bathe his head when he was ill, and make herself a slave to his sick whims. But much as Lucille had grown into the hearts of the Hart household, they were not demonstrative, and in the next two years her aunt had never caressed her, and not even from Bob had she ever heard one word of affection.

How the poor, sore little heart longed for loving words and looks! How impossible to her emotional French nature did it seem for people to feel an affection they were neither able nor willing to express! They did not notice that the pale, thin girl became daily paler and thinner, and homesickness grew fiercer and stronger in her heart. Not so much a longing for Dinard, as for the loving words and tender caresses of her humble friends there.

There are tender, simple natures like Lucille's in the world, but, thank God they are few for their own sakes. Even Lucille's dreams became troubled by that cruel nostalgia which was consuming her life. She would be back at Dinard, and with the murmur of the waves would mix the sweet, shrill voices of her companions as they sang the ronde:

"Nous n'irons plus au bois, Les lauriers sont coupés."

Then she would wake up, her face wet with tears and her bosom shaking with sobs. But one morning she did not wake to consciousness, and her aunt, going into the room, found her muttering in a kind of low delirium.

"Typhoid fever," the doctor said, "and there is no constitution to resist it." She faded slowly away, patient and quiet, with long intervals of consciousness, until the end came. She had fallen into a kind of stupor, apparently the coma which precedes death, when she suddenly opened her eyes, to see her aunt's face bending over her bathed in tears. Bob was sobbing on his knees by the bed, and her uncle's hard face was working convulsively.

"Oh Lucy, Lucy, don't leave us, my dear!" sobbed her aunt. "What shall we do without you?"

She looked at them with surprise, and then her pale lips parted in a charming smile.

"You love me, you want me," she cried, "and I did not know! Kiss me, aunt, oh, kiss me once!"

Her aunt raised her head, and with that farewell caress, the loving tender soul went forth to find its kind.

No one can say Lucille's life was lived quite in vain, for Mrs. Hart became gentler and more womanly because of it. As for Bob, poor Bob! He never forgot his sweet, patient cousin, and he was a better and worthier man for the lesson of her life.

Worth Knowing.

A chamois skin can be washed in such a way as to make it as soft as when new, but everyone does not know the secret. Wash first in a weak solution of soda and warm water, rubbing plenty of soap into the leather, and letting it remain in soak for two hours, then rub until clean. Rinse in a weak solution of soda, warm water and a little soft soap, and then wash in pure water until free of it. Use the small particles of soap left in the water that give the leather its silky softness. Wring it in a rough towel, and dry quickly, pulling and brushing it well.

Old corks make very pretty fancy work to interest the boys. Cut into cubes, or small bricks, they bear a close resemblance in miniature to certain kinds of stones abounding in brown or brownish-gray spots and little holes and indentations which resemble old masonry. They may be fastened together with glue, or by means of a small wire passing through them, and fashioned in models of castles or houses which will make a pretty gift for some younger brother or sister. Broken up into small, irregular bits, and strewn thickly over the frame of an old salate, which has been spread with hot glue, they make a pretty picture frame. This can be afterwards gilded if one prefers.

The New York Board of Health, a few years ago, decided that the prevalence of diphtheria was to be attributed to the fumes of kerosene from a lamp turned low, more than to any other single cause. This disease usually makes its attacks at the season when days are short and nights long. It is a sadly mistaken kindness on the part of an indulgent mother to allow a lamp to remain in a child's bedroom with the flame turned low. "A turned-down kerosene lamp is a magazine of deadly gas that the strongest lungs cannot be safely exposed to."

AUNT MOLLIE.

The recent sale of Frank E. Daggett's share in the Amulet silver mine, near Prescott, Ariz., recalls the manner of its discovery. In June, 1886, Daggett was climbing the side of Lynx Creek mountain with a prospector's outfit on his shoulder. He was on his way to a gold-bearing quartz claim on the other side of the mountain. Half way up he stooped to rest and after a nap poked up his tools and was about to start. Just then his pick slipped from his grasp, and in falling struck his leg, hurting him extremely. He grabbed the pick and struck it into the earth with all his strength swearing that it might stay there forever. After a while the sharp pain ceased, and Daggett changed his mind and thought he'd take the pick. He pulled it from the earth with difficulty, and with it some shining metal. He had struck the pick into a blind ledge, which is now the Amulet mine, and from which thousands of dollars of ore have been shipped.—[Ex.]

A Prospector's Luck.

The British surveying ship Egeria, under the command of Captain P. Aldrich, R. N., has recently made two very deep sea soundings. According to Nature, these depths were 4,295 fathoms and 4,430 fathoms (equal to five English miles). The latter was in latitude 24 deg. 37 min. south, longitude 175 deg. 8 min. west; the former about twelve miles to the southward. The greatest known ocean depth, 4,655 fathoms, was obtained by the United States steamer Tuscarora, off the north-east coast of Japan. The Challenger expedition found an abyss of 4,475 fathoms south of the Ladrones Islands, and the United States ship Blake discovered one of 4,661 fathoms north of Porto Rico. But the depths sounded by Captain Aldrich exceed by more than a mile any previously found in any of the Southern oceans.—[N. Y. Herald.]

Not the Offering he Wanted.

An English clergyman and his clerk once called on an old Quaker, who was under no obligation to the church, of course, for an Easter offering. He politely asked them in to dinner and they accepted the invitation. After dinner he set forth the home-brewed ale, and then provided pipes for a smoke. The clergyman and his clerk enjoyed the dinner hugely, but as they rose to go the former ventured to ask his entertainer again for the Easter offering. "Friend," replied the old Quaker, with a solemn twinkle in his eye, "I have given thee a meat offering, a drink offering, and a burnt offering. Dost thou tempt me also to give thee a heave offering?" Springfield Union.

Thought It Was Satan Himself.

One of the crew of a Nova Scotian vessel, a native of the Green Isle, expressed a wish to visit the dime museums the other day, and having been directed by the captain where to find one took his way thither, saying as he left the vessel:

"I never saw wan afore an' I expect to enjoy myself."

He had never seen one before, had never seen even an orang-outang and was greatly astonished on beholding one of these animals. On his return to the vessel the captain asked him if he had enjoyed himself.

"Enjoy myself! I never better."

"What did you see?"

"What did I see? Why, cap, I saw the devil himself, wid hands like fate and fate like hands!"—[Boston Courier.]

Why Teeth Decay.

Decay of the teeth (caries) is exceedingly common, especially so among civilized people. The lack of power to resist this disease may be due to the depression of vital vigor through over-tiring the nervous system, or through sedentary habits and luxurious living. In this, as in other matters, there are inherited tendencies, and the children of those whose teeth decay early themselves suffer the same evil.

But what is the immediate cause of dental decay? A paper on the subject was read by Dr. George S. Allen, of New York, before a meeting of the Dental Union, lately held in Boston.

According to this paper, the credit of solving the question belongs to Dr. W. D. Miller, an American residing in Berlin, Germany. The solution is found in the germ theory, which has already settled the origin of so many infectious diseases.

The microscopic germs, which are called bacteria, the smallest of organized beings, so small that it takes one hundred thousand of them placed length-wise to measure an inch, belong to the plant family. They multiply both by division and by the formation of spores. The spores—which correspond to seeds—have great vitality, and are unaffected by the temperature that would destroy the parent plant. The multiplication by division is exceedingly rapid.

Thus the total eradication of the germs is almost out of the question, and in even a short time, if the pest be neglected, it becomes difficult to limit the harm they can do. That harm may be effected either by the growth of the bacteria at the expense of the cells of the body, or, more probably, perhaps, by developing a poison in their waste products.

It must be remembered, however, that many kinds of bacteria are perfectly harmless, while it is possible that some aid in the vital processes of the organism.

The mouth is infested by several forms of innocent bacteria. The saliva is never free from them. Therefore, in order to ascertain if dental caries is due to bacteria most rigorous tests were necessary. The bacteria must be found in the decayed matter of the teeth; be isolated from every other kind; cultivated outside of the body, and the pure cultivation must produce a similar caries when introduced into a healthy tooth, and this caries must show the same form of bacteria.

Dr. Miller's experiments have conformed to these tests. He found bacteria filling the tubules of the decayed teeth; obtained pure cultures from them, and, placing the latter in tubes with pieces of sound teeth, the microscope in from two to four weeks showed a similar caries, and the tubules distended with similar bacteria.

The Bagging Trust.

The Bagging Trust is in trouble and receives no sympathy. Controlling the market for jute bagging, it has about doubled the legitimate price of the product during the season, at an expense of over \$2,500,000 to the cotton-raising industry of the South, although the sales of bagging by the monopoly have been far below the usual fall average as planters have used up a great amount of old bagging and various substitutes for jute bagging, buying the latter only when absolutely compelled to do so in order to market their staple. Worse perhaps than the fact that a large number of jute bagging factories are likely to start up independently after New Year's. There are, in all, 24 such factories in the country and of these 16 were shut down, having been leased to the "combine" and closed to lessen the production and thus advance prices. The leases of those expire after the first of January, and all threaten to start manufacturing at once, unless again leased by the Trust. The latter has a great amount of bagging on hand to be carried over until another season, and it is very likely it will have to be disposed of at low prices so that most of the unscrupulous gains of this season will be lost next. "Sic semper tyrannis"—may it always be thus with monopolistic tyrants.—[Rural New York.]

The House Cellars.

Hugh T. Brooks, in a communication to the New York Tribune, concerning the importance of ventilating the cellars of the house, says: More innoxious than all (if such crimes can be graded) are unventilated house cellars. Not infrequently are they "banked up" with no opening except through rooms occupied by the family. Containing in larger or smaller quantities potatoes, apples, cabbage, beets, turnips in every stage of decay, they send up their poisonous exhalations to be inhaled by the family. Firstly, vegetables, except in small supply, should not be kept in the house cellars. Secondly, a fine or ventilator should extend from cellar to the roof. Thirdly, windows of ample size, on opposite sides, hung on hinges should be opened and kept open whenever "the weather will permit," and when it doesn't permit, a cheap boxstove, on a castaway cookstove put in the cellar, and five cents' worth of fuel, will make it safe to ventilate any day. Cellars are often damp as well as foul. All competent doctors agree that damp, foul cellars are the breeding places of fevers, rheumatism and other human ailments; when they don't originate, they aggravate. Drainage and cement improve damp cellars, and so does thorough ventilation.

Begged off the Jury.

A demure, sombre-dressed jurymen claimed, in a melancholy voice, exemption from serving and his lordship asked, in kind and sympathetic tones, "On what ground?" "My lord," said the applicant, "I am deeply interested in a funeral that takes place to-day, and am most anxious to follow."

"Certainly—your plea is a just one." The man departed, and a moment after his lordship learnt that he was the undertaker.

What Her Age Was.

At the registry office. Clerk: "Your age, please." Woman voter (facetiously): "A woman, you know, is only as old as she looks." Clerk (gallantly): "Oh, but surely, madam, you cannot be so old as that."

Crushing a Calf.—A stout elderly lady was hanging by a strap and casting black looks at an unoffensive but ungallant dudo who sat sucking the head of his cane. A sudden lurch of the car flung the lady upon him with great force. "Say, dash it, don't you know," exclaimed the youth, "you've crushed my foot to a jelly!" "It's not the first time I've made calf's-foot jelly," retorted the woman, severely, as he vanished and she prepared to sit down.

A Very Considerate Man.

A minister from the interior of this State engaged rooms at the Oriol Hotel the other night, and was probably told about the folding bed in a casual way, but probably also he was absent-minded and forgot all about it. He went away after dinner to attend a ministers' meeting, and did not return to the hotel till long after midnight.

"Oh, dear!" he said, looking about, "they have forgotten to put a bed in my room; but they are probably all abed long ago, and it would be too bad to disturb them now, so I will write on my next Sunday's sermon until morning."

He did so; though, on trying to open what seemed to be a desk, he could not find a keyhole, and muttering "They've even locked the desk so I can't get into it," wrote on the cold marble-topped table until morning.

Early in the morning he punched the electric bell; and said to the waiter who answered the summons:

"Ask them to have a bed put in my room, please, as I am very tired, having been obliged to sit up all night because of their forgetfulness."

He was considerably amazed when told that the desk he had tried to unlock was a nice new bed, with mattress, springs and everything else requisite inside; and when the story leaked out in the Oriol there was but one straight face in the house, and that was the minister's.—[San Francisco Call.]

A Warm Discussion.

Benevolent Citizen—"Bab, why do you stand out on the doorstep shivering! Why don't you go into the house?"

Small Boy—"I darsent, mister! Pa and ma are discussin' the question 'Is marriage a failure?' and ma has got pa's head down in the ashpan and she's givin' it to him. There! Don't you hear him yellin' 'Police! You'd better move along, mister. When ma gets into a discussion she makes things warm, and don't you forget it!'"

What She Wanted.

The lawyer was sitting at his desk, absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So bent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open, nor see the curly head that was thrust into his office.

A little sob attracted his notice, and turning he saw a face that was streaked with recent tears and told plainly that the little one's feelings had been hurt.

"Well, my little one, did you want to see me?"

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Yes. What is it you want?"

"I want," and there was a resolute ring in her voice, "I want a divorce from my papa and mamma."

They Oozed.

Scene on the parlor sofa, half-past eleven Saturday night.

Cholly (looking in her soulful eyes by the gaslight dimly burning)—"Oo's oo is oo?"

Chippettina—"Oo's oo."

Cholly—"Oo!"

Chippettina—"Oo!"

Old Man (at the door)—"Oo-g-h-h! Oozs out o' here, ye young goosins!"

They oozed.

Satisfactory.

He (with evident agitation)—M—Miss Grimes, do you sing?"

She—A little.

He—And play?"

She—Yes.

He (sighing)—Paint, too, I suppose?"

She—Some.

He—Recite any?"

She—Once in a great while.

He—Do you cook?"

She—No!

He—Thank! heaven! Miss Grimes, will you be my wife?"

She Confused Him.

Climbhigh (inclining to sentimentality)—Oh! my dear Mrs. Schley, would it please you if I were to absent myself for an indefinite period from my native land? Mrs. Schley—Far from it. She said it in such an arch way that Climhigh turned red and seemed lost in meditation on the exact meaning of her words.

A Relative by Marriage.

A jolly Englishman, now a clergyman in this country, shortly after his marriage to a country girl in old England, was walking with her on the streets of Liverpool when suddenly a large donkey stepped up on the pavement in front of them. Mr. B. stopped, threw up his hands, and exclaimed, "My dear, is that any relative of yours?" "Oh, yes," she said, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "but only since my marriage." Subject dropped.

Waiting for the First Three.

"It requires no great intelligence to pick out the boy that threw that spitball," exclaimed the teacher. "William Slasher, comes forth!"

Not a boy moves.

"William Slasher, do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why don't you come forth, as tell you?"

"Cause I'm waiting for the other three fellows to go first. How can I come fourth less they go first?"

He Got the Glass.

A teetotal minister who was very particular about his toilet went to preach one Sunday for a brother-minister in a parish church in Kinross-shire. On entering the vestry, he looked around in search of a mirror to see that his toilet was all right before entering the pulpit; but, failing to find one, he said to the beadle, "John, can I not have a glass before entering the pulpit?"

"Certainly, sir!" replied John. "Jist bide awee, and I'll got one for ye immediately;" and he left the vestry at once. On his return the minister said, "Well, John, have you succeeded?" "Yes, sir," replied John; "I've brocht a gill. That'll be a glass for the forenoon and another for the afternoon."

"Western Society" is the name of a weekly newspaper, devoted to literature and metaphysics, which has appeared in Denver. Mrs. Agnes Leonard Hill, spoken of as the most talented female writer in Colorado, is the editor.