

# IT IS COOL IN COLORADO

FOREST SHADES AND ICE COLD STREAMS  
DELIGHTFUL.

## AT THE FOOT OF MT. STEVENS

A Picnic Dinner Beneath the Beautiful  
Mountain Peak, the Pride of Sa-  
lida People.

Each town and city in the mountain regions of Colorado has a mountain or peak which is considered especially belonging to the people of that place. While Salida has ten or more snow-capped mountains in sight including Mt. Ouray, its particular elevation is Mt. Shevna which rises with three peaks twenty miles to the southwest. It is not possible for me to climb this majestic mountain having an elevation of 14,400 feet; but I could at least ride to the base and actually set foot on its rocky formation, drink of the water, which not twenty minutes before was melting snow in the crevasses on its sides; gather moss off its rocks moistened by the falls of "The Little River" of the Arkansas having its source between Shevna and Mt. Etna.

It was with much satisfaction that I set off one morning with my young friend, Robert Plimpton behind his fine mare, Flora, to see the falls of the river at the foot of Mt. Shevna. Our way lay to the southwest along a fine smooth gravelled road for seven miles. We went past the Poncha station on the narrow gauge branch of the Denver & Rio Grande which runs over Marshall's Pass. Later the road for three miles was somewhat elevated above the valley. This gave a good view of the irrigated fields and the people out looking after their market garden crops. We came to a large building which was the "city hall" forty years ago of a now deserted town. It was two stories high with a tall tower. The building was now vacant with every glass in the windows broken out, a monument to blasted hopes of the earlier days.

From this point we left the good road and began the climb to the foot of the mountain. We picked our way among rocks in the valley of the fork of the Arkansas, the falls of which we were to see. The grade at times was steep. Often there was hardly room in the valley for the rushing water of the river and the wagon road. It was in this valley on the smooth bark of an aspen tree that I cut my initial in bold letters. The tree stood not far from a then deserted house—C. K. M.—June 30, '09. At intervals the

branches of the trees were so low that the buggy could hardly pass. The climb for the horse was so long that I must have walked fully two of the eight miles of the way. The creek went dashing along at the left over a rocky bed, often striking huge boulders and tumbling about white with foam. There were many rapids and the scene was indeed picturesque. There had been quite an amount of rain on the mountain and the grass was green and the trees looking thrifty. In places where the valley widened out, and there was pasturage, ranchmen had cattle feeding. Most of the animals were of the white faced variety.

Of course my eyes were constantly raised to the grand mountain, and as we neared it, it seemed as if I was "looking straight up." The road we were on led around the base of the mountain and in between it, and Mt. Etna. We were constantly crossing little rushing brooks filled with snow water making its way to the fork of the river at our left. We had started at nine to go twenty miles and it was getting to be 1:30 and we began to be hungry. Mrs. Foss had provided us with a fine lunch and Robert had supplemented it by luscious selections of fruit at the whole's house which his father is conducting. But we must see the falls before even stopping for so important a thing as eating.

Robert said we had come to the place to tie and proceed on foot. The sound of rushing waters told me that we were not far from the falls; We left the road and pushed out over the rocks to the right, and there in a confined space not over eight feet wide rushed water in a fall of forty feet. The water came down over huge rocks, and striking others at the foot, the spray was sent broadcast in the air. It need hardly be said that I fully appreciated what I was doing and seeing. The air was pure and soft for my lungs and I breathed in it with all the force at my command until it set my blood tingling to every part of the body.

We were just at the place on the mountain where it began to rise perpendicularly for heights of seventy-five and two hundred feet of bare rock, and the sight was awe inspiring. It must have been seven thousand feet to the summit from where we stood. Many huge boulders hung from the mountain side and if by any means these had then become detached they would in falling, have crushed us, if in the way of the tremendous mass. Pine trees were growing here and there, where there was sufficient earth for one to gain a foothold. For the last 1000 feet to the summit there was a shem face of grey rock, in the center of which there was a stain where melt-

ing water found a runway to reach the valley in the early days of spring. From a huge rock so near the falls as to be wet with spray, I detached two specimens of moss which I brought back to Denison, I cut branches from overhanging pine and spruce trees and gathered up some pieces of rocks near at hand. Those who had occasion to handle my big telescope grip declare I had in it a specimen from every mountain in Colorado.

We sat down near by to eat our lunch, and drank from a rushing brook overflowing with water freshly melted up on the mountain. The great valleys of the mountains gather snow during the winter and so store it up seemingly for the use and benefit of man in the summer. The surface of the snow becomes a hard crust and does not melt rapidly before the rays of the hot sun, and so the snow usually remains all summer at some places, affording water for irrigating the plains below all the growing season. It was indeed a notable event in my life, this meal with Mount Shevna to shade from the hot sun.

Soon it became necessary to begin the return trip, and with reluctance I climbed into the buggy turning my back on the striking scenes about me. Of course Mt. Shevna is in sight for one hundred miles on a clear day, but the delightful valley between the mountains; the exhilarating air, the sound of the falling waters, must be left to be recalled only in memory. It was "down hill" going home. I did not fail to note whether my initials on the aspen tree could be seen from the road. We were caught in a rain storm before we reached Salida, but Flora flew along and in a little over two hours I was unloading my specimens at the door of the Foss home. The visit to the foot of Mt. Shevna was certainly one of the best of the many side trips I made while in Colorado.

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## Sunday School Column

Side Lights on Next Sunday's Lesson for Teachers and Pupils.

By CHAS. K. MEYERS.

August 22. Paul's Third Missionary Journey—The Riot in Ephesus. Acts 19:23-30: 35 41.

The scene of our lesson this week, like that of the last, is at the great city of Ephesus, noted for having within its borders the remarkable image of the Goddess Diana, and thus the center of a religious sect having thousands of worshippers. The Apostle Paul spent a long time at this city. He had strong helpers and together they induced so many to become christians that some of the heathen who worshipped Diana became alarmed and took means to drive Paul away. The leader in the talk against Paul was a silversmith named Demetrius. He and many others were gaining a rich livelihood making small idols representing the large one and selling these to pilgrims. Because it would hurt their business, they raised a riot claiming that Paul and his followers would destroy the greatness of the city if allowed to go on teaching unheeded. How this riot rose to great proportions and then was quieted by the cool words of the town clerk is told in the lesson verses. Paul wanted to address the crowd, but his companions urged him not to.

It will be remembered that when Jesus the Christ was on earth and was entering a town where He was prepared to heal the sick, help the suffering, and teach of better living, many of the inhabitants protested against His remaining, because what He might do would hurt the value of their property. It will further be called to mind that the chief reason for Paul being put in the jail at Philippi was that he had cured a half witted girl who was making money for her owners by fortune telling. Now at Ephesus comes the cry, "This christian religion will ruin our business."

On this point we will dwell. In our day one of the chief things which the religion of Jesus has to contend with, is the thought that if people believe it, and act on this belief, that certain lines of business will be interfered with. Men who run bad houses, who make or sell intoxicating liquors, own gambling dens, who are fattening on the misfortunes or weaknesses of their fellow men, do not like to see vital, christianity spread. There is a very strong declaration from the pen of the Apostle Paul which says, "Happy is he who condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

There are thousands of men and women who would be christians at once, if they were not doing something which their consciences tell them is wrong, and they feel that if they were true christians these practices would have to be given up. They are letting some questionable pleasure some love of money keep them from obtaining blessed eternal life with God.

The fearful declaration of Jesus, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" should be kept well in mind. When looked at from this standpoint it seems utterly foolish to throw away one's soul for money, business, place in society, alleged sinful pleasures. This is a serious practical matter. Every man and woman has to face a question sooner or later. It is, "Shall I give up a business that christianity condemns, stop doing things contrary to the teaching of Jesus, or will I keep doing these things and thus run the risk of not pleasing God when the time of accounting comes?" I hope the readers of this column will not be like the heathen idolators of Ephesus and declare war on the bible because its teachings might interfere with their business, but rather will follow the commands of Jesus no matter what the cost may be, looking to the recompense in heaven to those who serve God here on earth.

**Notice of First Meeting of Creditors**  
In The District Of The United States  
For The Southern District Of Iowa.

In the matter of  
**William F. Schmidt, Bankrupt**  
In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of  
Wm. F. Schmidt of Otter Creek Twp. in the county of Crawford and District aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the  
**13th day of August,**  
A. D. 1909, the said  
**William F. Schmidt**  
was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at my office in Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the  
A. D., 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

W. S. MAYNE,  
Referee in Bankruptcy.

## Afraid of Ghosts

Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost is a fancy and the germ is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink.

The germ can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish itself and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, restlessness, a sallow cheek, a hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so that the germ finds no weak or tainted spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whiskey or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum but a medicine of known composition and with a record of 40 years of cures. Accept no substitute—there is nothing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.



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