

about two o'clock we reached home. This was about March 20. (May).

About nine days after our arrival my little daughter was taken severely ill with the measles, which soon proved fatal and my baby which was only several months old was also taken with the measles, which took him from this wicked world to the home where he will never know sorrow, but the sorrow of loosing my two dear babes was more than I could endure.

I seem to ask the spirit
Which through their faces once shone
What of that world celestial
To which thou now has gone?
Dear went thou to the loved ones,
Who kept thee here below
Can kindlier welcome bless thee
In homes thou now dost know.

Though not our own sweet treasures
We loved that life of things,
And those for whose parental joy
Its light was made to shine,
And since they have departed
We still would keep they name
And hold their new lifes mysteries
In sacredness the same.

Third Trip to Denver

My husband and brother William decided to take another trip to Denver, accompanied by our friend, Mr. Peck. The grief of loosing my two children had so affected my health I was unable to travel.

On the 20th of April they arrived in Denver. It had rained so hard previous to their arrival that Cherry Creek had overflowed and about one third of the town had been washed away, and several lives lost.

They decided not to travel any farther westward and returned home in June. We remained in Sidney until the latter part of July, when my husband and I decided to freight to Denver. Again my