

SHE AND HER PARENTS.

There's a house a few miles from the city I frequently linger outside; 'T's the home of a maid who is pretty, A maid I would like for my bride. I fear that I never shall win her, My passion is hopeless and mute, I'm sure that her parents would skin her If they thought that she smiled on my suit.

Her eyes are the purest and brightest That ever encouraged a hope; Her skin is the softest and whitest That ever shed luster on her; Her hair is the richest and goldest That ever a hairdresser dressed; And her parents are surely the coldest A heroine ever possessed.

Her voice, it's a mezzo-soprano, Would make even Patti afraid, And the way that she plays the piano Puts Rubinstein quite in the shade. More perfect she is than perfection; Resign her I can't and I won't! And she looks upon me with affection. But her parents—oh, bother them!—doubt.

They intend her to marry a title; They want to address her, "Your grace."

They've made up their minds this is vital,

Which scratches me out of the race.

Nor do I, in theory, blame them;

She's worthy a duke, I aver;

It's true I'd be puzzled to name them

A duke who is worthy of her.

Oh, I know she's beyond and above me;

I deserve to be hung, I'm aware,

For presuming to think she could love me,

But I don't altogether despair.

For my heart undergoes an expansion

When I think, what I'll tell you about,

Of that night when I called at her man-

sion

And her parents, God bless them, were

out.

When I think of the way she received me, Of the way and the words that I spoke; Of the way that she blushed and believed me;

Of the sixpence we solemnly broke; Of the mutual hopes we confided,

As we blended our voices in song,

And that rapturous kiss we divided—

Well, her parents can go to Hong Kong!—Idler.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Dragging itself westward across the dreary plains of Utah, the overland train, from a vantage point in the sky, looked like a small horsehair snake crawling over the earth's surface. The earth—almost the air—was white with the heat of the summer sun. All was vastness, immensity, silence, loneliness; above, the flawless blue; below, those seemingly illimitable plains of reddish yellow, streaked with alkali white, that swam back and forth before the eyes in parallel lines until far off they melted into a long, low stretch of shivering light, the mocking water mirage at the base of the mountain range hundreds of miles away. Encompassed within that horizon there was no sign of life except within that desolatory moving train.

Stocked in the emigrant or third-class car of the train was a crowd of tired, miserable and dirty people. They looked out listlessly at the passing landscape, or stupidly at each other, or twisted themselves into all sorts of uncomfortable positions on the hard wooden seats in vain efforts to secure a little sleep. Perhaps the most unprepossessing of them all was a dark-haired, roughly dressed man. Beside him was a very little girl in a blue dress. His lowering, repellent face had a scowl upon it which suggested the convict or the desperado, but he was neither. The scowl and the unconscious sneer about his ugly mouth were born simply of a long and thoroughly fruitless struggle with misfortune.

Although pretty, it was easily to be seen that the little girl was his child. She was the solitary ray of sunshine in that railway steerage. Even the dull faces of the people in the car took on an expression of tenderness when they looked at her, for she had cheered them during the last three weary days with her joyous laughter and merry play. Just now she was lying asleep on the breast of the ill-favored looking man, one chubby hand pressed against his rough, unshaven cheek. It was unnecessary to ask if the child had a mother.

She was a momentous factor in a mighty problem to the man whose arm was about her and whose knit brows and troubled face showed how hard it was he studied it. A crazy letter had come to him across the continent, and he had left the tenements of New York to try and reach the golden land of California. He had started with hardly sufficient money to take himself and child more than half the distance, but he had a confused sort of an idea that he would in some way reach his destination. Better it was, at all events, than to remain in the noisy Hester street den, where, without work or the prospect of any, his little sum of money would soon be gone.

The station to which his scanty purse had enabled him to buy a ticket for himself and child had been passed hours before, and he was wondering how soon the conductor of the train would discover the shameless imposition he was practicing upon the railway company. He had not much longer to wait, for presently the autocrat of the train, in a hurried passage through the car, stopped suddenly before him and glanced at the check in his hat.

"Hello! Where are you going?" The man looked up in what was intended as an humble, respectful and piteous appeal, but his lip curled up until it became a dot in the plains—until it vanished—and he knew he was alone.

He stretched himself on the baked ground that night to sleep, but could not. Two little stars in the firmament—modest little stars very near together—reminded him of the eyes of his

the not too even temper of the railway official.

"You are, eh? Well, where's your ticket for the rest of the way?"

"If you would please let me go through the train with my little girl," replied the unfortunate one, falteringly.

"I think I could raise the money."

The baby girl was now wide awake, her big, round, dark eyes fixed wonderingly upon the conductor.

"Go through the train? Not much. Third-class passengers stay in this car. You get off at the next station," said the conductor in a voice of fierce warning as he passed on.

The man looked despairingly around at his fellow passengers. There was a glimmering of sympathy and pity for him in some of their woe-begone faces, but there was little money in their pockets even if they desired to help him.

In about an hour the conductor came into the car again and gave the bell rope a vicious pull. The engine responded with two short whistles and gradually the train slackened its speed and stopped.

"Come, now, you get off here," said the conductor roughly; "we're behind time already, and you want to hurry about it."

Again the man's lip curled in an ugly way, but he made no answer, except to gather up the few paper bundles of bread and meat on the seat before him. Then taking his child in his arms, he followed the conductor to the platform and stepped off the train. Before it was under way again, however, a human brakeman on the last step called out to him:

"Say, partner, ther ain't nothin' here. This is only flag station. The east-bound'll be along in a few hours. Stop her and board her. The conductor on that train'll let you on. It's a — shame to put that kid off in such a place!"

In truth, little about the place indicated a railway station. There was a little closed sentry box looking affair beside the track, and fifty yards behind it the remains of an old dugout. Not even a trail showed when it was out of Lake Michigan. He perhaps got it out of some clear spring in the rocky hills of New England, and that is very different.

But this advice to drink it down hardly goes far enough. This merely touches upon the affection and effeminacy of a race of men who are such craven, cowardly fellows as to want pure water narrows the advice to a pitiful point. The true-born Chicago man should be taught the same contempt for many other modern ideals that he is thus taught for the pitiful notion that water is better when it is clean.

For instance, why not teach him that he has his knee shot to pieces in a little dispute with pistols the right thing to do is to lie down and have it cut off, but not to let any fellow come fooling around him with chloroform and such modern nonsense. Just make him lie down and have it hacked off and never mind. For that is what the great-grand-daddy did at the battle of Monmouth.

And then if there is any small pool around, kick out of the house all important fellows that come on vaccination errands; but just emulate your granddaddies and have a good old honest New-pox, and die with it, as he did—New York Journal.

child, and he tried to fix his thoughts on them and of her, but it was in vain—he could not forget his thirst.

The terrible sun rose the next day and looked down upon him as its victim. He endeavored to eat some of the bread he had saved, but the dry crumbs were torture to his throat. One thing only was there to do—to follow the track until an inhabited station was reached. It might be fifty miles—it might be more—but there was no salvation away from the railroad.

He started off bravely enough, his longing eyes fixed on the ever-receding point where the glistening rails met in the far perspective. But sometimes his gaze wandered even further on to where it surely seemed that blue-green trees were bathing their feet in cool, still waters.

At noon, when resting for awhile, he heard the rattle of an approaching freight train. Hope welled up within him as he stood on the track and made frantic motions to stop the train. The trainmen merely laughed at him. He did not know he had employed the favorite ruse of tramps. Freight trains were not for the accommodation of such gentry. Nor was it a susposable case that a wayfarer in the desert was provided with food or drink.

After this his progress was very slow. On the third day he came to the end of his journey. He may have been delirious or he may have been quite sane. A train stopped for him and took him on board. This they always do when they kill a man.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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With a string he placed the placard around the neck of the little girl. This done, he took her in his arms, kissed her again and again, pointed to the smoke that was becoming blacker and longer, and told her that water was coming. When the rails began to sing of the approach of the coming train, he placed her near the track, and then ran and hid himself in the dugout. From this hiding place he looked out and eagerly watched the child, while the rattle, and clatter, and thunder of the train grew louder in his ears. It came with a rush and roar, and flew past the station in a gale of wind and dust. The man's heart died within him, and then it beat wildly again. The train had stopped several hundred yards past the station and was coming back to the sentry box. The engineer had seen the tattered flag.

As the long train rolled slowly backward curious and inquiring heads protruded from the car windows. The gold-emblazoned conductor stepped off and looked about him in wonder. Not for several moments did he discover the child. Immediately there was a crowd about it, and the placard was passed from hand to hand. A white-jacketed porter came out of a Pullman car and placed a wooden step on the ground before it. He was followed by a lady in black, who descended from the car and joined the throng. A pair of yearning, eager, beseeching eyes watched it all from the dugout. To the man in hiding it seemed that the determination of his child's fate never would be reached. Finally, he saw the lady in black take the child in her arms, kiss it and re-enter the car with it. The passengers scrambled back into the cars, the conductor waved his hand and the train moved on.

Then the father came forth and gazed longingly at the departing train—gazed at it until it became smaller and smaller—until it became a dot in the plains—until it vanished—and he knew he was alone.

He stretched himself on the baked ground that night to sleep, but could not. Two little stars in the firmament—modest little stars very near together—reminded him of the eyes of his

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A NOVEL INVESTMENT.

STRANGE COMMERCIAL FAITH.

How Bread Cast Upon the Waters of Trade Comes Back After Many Days
Formous Investments in Modern Business Methods — "What's in a Name?" — Trade Marks and Their Defense.

It is a simple solid cake of scouring soap, but the sun never sets upon its sale. From New York to San Francisco it is found in every household, lightening the housewife's care, and like the great men of the world, wasting itself to make everything around it brighter. In Honolulu, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Bombay, Ceylon, Calcutta and Alexandria it forms a chain which binds the world of civilization with its Eastern edge; while over Australasia, the African colonies, and the countries of South Africa its sales are very extensive.

This slight record of its successes and systems is a good proof of the value of modern advertising, and we have coupled it with some facts relating to the disasters of those who have not followed the broad road of advertising and created name and reputation for something distinctive that we may not be able to paint a tempting picture of success lure thoughtless people to make the mistake of supposing that servile imitation would lead them to the same thing. Josh Billings covers the ground, "Never oppose a success. When I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I say that hole belongs to that snake, and I go about my business."

A UNIQUE TOWN.

Probably It Doesn't Exist, but It's Perfectly Feasible.

"I live in a town," said the gentleman at the hotel to the reporter looking for an item, "that is unique in its way."

"What's the town?" inquired the reporter.

"It doesn't make any difference what the town is; it is unique."

"In what does its uniqueness consist, then?" asked the reporter, seeing that he was balked on the previous question.

"It is self-supporting and there are no taxes."

"Geewhillikins!" exclaimed the reporter, "give me its address. I want to go there right away."

"No," said the inhabitant of this Arrian village, "I shall not do anything of the kind. We don't want any more people there at present. We may after while, but as yet we are not ready for an increase."

"What kind of a town is it?"