

## THE MAIDEN OF TODAY

Look at the maiden of today  
To see the ocean roar and fret.  
The only thing that maiden said  
Was, "My how disagreeably wet!"  
And when upon Mont Blanc she gazed  
Her soul knew not the slightest awe,  
And by this comment I was amazed—  
"The cutest thing I ever saw!"  
But when I took her to the play—  
A play with laughs in every line—  
"Was then I heard that maiden say,  
"Now this, I think, is mighty fine!"  
And when I wrote a rousing light  
And in her white hand placed my rhyme,  
She seemed to be overpowered quite,  
And as she read it cried, "Sublime!"  
—Harper's Bazar.

## WEALTH.

"Laura," said Mr. Cyrus Merivale to his wife as he drew a close fitting pair of kid gloves over his large, fluffy fingers, "Jack Hoberton has been paying our Catherine considerable attention of late, and I shouldn't be surprised if something came of it."

"I hope so," returned Mrs. Merivale, languidly, "for he has lots of money, people say."

"Oh, Hoberton is a bright young man and will make his mark yet, there is no doubt about that, and he may be able to help us out of our miserable debts," said Mr. Merivale.

Kate had many admirers, but Jack Hoberton was the favorite. Jack was a steady young man, good looking, well educated and the possessor of a nest egg that in the minds of Kate's worldly parents would be sure to hatch unbounded wealth.

The parents were gracious and paved the way to an excellent understanding between the young people, so the next winter when Kate went away to boarding school and Jack went to seek his fortune in the great west matters were eminently satisfactory all around.

"Yes," said Mr. Merivale to his daughter, "Jack Hoberton will make a model husband, one that will tend to elevate the family station. That's how it always should be. I would be very much pained to have you marry any one poorer than ourselves."

"Why, papa," said Kate in reply, "I am not going to marry Jack because he has a little money. I am going to marry him because I love him."

"That's right," laughed her father, "but the money is a requisite that must not be despised, for without it love would be a very tame affair indeed. If Jack were below you in worldly station, there would be a grotesqueness about love that would soon destroy it. In marriage the social equilibrium should always be maintained."

About two years after Jack's engagement to Kate and a year previous to the proposed celebration of the nuptials Mr. Merivale startled the bosom of his family one day by suddenly entering their midst greatly flustered and perspiring from every pore.

He threw himself into a chair, and after prolonged silence that nearly frightened the mother and daughter out of their senses informed them that at last "the goal was in sight."

"What goal?" they cried.

"At last," said he, "we shall rise to our proper station. Henceforth we have no need to envy Robertson. The creditors who have dogged me for the past 10 years shall be relegated along with bills marked 'paid' back to their miserly level. In fine," he added, "we are rich."

"Explain, pray explain," they gasped.

"It's the Arapahoe mine," said he. "We are worth a cool hundred thousand, and people will think it a million."

The news of Mr. Merivale's sudden acquisition of wealth spread rapidly, and people exaggerated the reports, as he had anticipated. New friends sprang up on every side. Wherever Kate appeared she was more than ever the center of attraction.

Mr. Merivale began to plan changes on a grand scale. A lot was purchased next to Robertson's and preparations were made for the erection of a magnificent mansion.

There were to be carriages, servants, graveled walks, horses, dogs, fountains—in short, all the attributes of aristocracy.

One day, after a long interview with his wife Mr. Merivale summoned Kate, "I wish to talk with you about that fellow Hoberton," said he. "You do not suppose, now, that he will try to hold you to the engagement, do you?" he inquired, nervously.

"What?" exclaimed the daughter, reddening; "do you mean that he should forsake me because we have been fortunate?"

"I mean," returned the father more coolly, "that since our circumstances have materially changed we should regulate ourselves accordingly. My principle is the same as I have always endeavored to inculcate. No one should ever marry below his or her station. Our station has risen, and those who were once our social equals are no longer so. Personally, Hoberton is an estimable young fellow, but I must insist that the projected alliance be broken off at once."

If Kate gave her father a look of scorn, it was lost to him, for he continued without looking up:

"You have always been a dutiful daughter, and I have implicit confidence in your obeying my wishes. We have a social status to maintain. It would be 'tying in the face of Providence' to disregard the advantages which our altered circumstances present. This you would be doing were you to marry a poor man."

"Why, father," exclaimed the daughter, "Mr. Hoberton is by no means poor. He has, as you know, over \$10,000, and with the assistance that you might now afford he could easily add to it."

"Ah," said her father, "you forget that while he has \$10,000 you will have 10 times that. He is altogether too many rounds in the ladder below you, and the sooner he is informed of the change the better for all concerned. No, no," said he, interrupting her as she was about to continue the argument. "I can assure you that the marriage, I should judge, would be a disaster to both of you."

to allow the equilibrium to be thus disturbed. After you have thought the matter over candidly you will see that my position is the only one tenable."

The daughter sat for some time after her father had left the room, overwhelmed with grief at his proposition. Finally she gathered up sufficient courage to write to Jack, and in a wretched, tear stained scrawl she confessed her father's disapproval of the marriage.

While she was penning this letter, full of endearments and protestations of constancy—constancy, she declared, that would endure even if her father "should acquire ten millions"—the paternal Cereus was seated in his private office writing a letter of a contrary sentiment.

Mr. Merivale wrote two letters, one to John Hoberton, politely requesting the discontinuance of attentions to his daughter, the other to Joel C. Hoberton, president of the Arapahoe Mining company, Denver, stating that he would have the pleasure of calling upon this official the following week on business relating to his mining interests.

Mr. Merivale arrived in Denver on a Thursday afternoon and took apartments at a hotel.

Early in the evening, while inspecting his person in the mirror after the completion of a careful toilet, he was startled by a knock upon the door.

He opened it and stepped back in unfeigned astonishment, for who should be standing there but his once presumptuous son-in-law, young Jack Hoberton.

"I saw your name in the register," said Jack, "and have taken the liberty to seek an interview."

"Step in," said Mr. Merivale, and with cool composure he waved him to a chair. "Now," said he as he seated himself, "my time is precious. I suppose you wish to confer concerning your unfortunate relationship with my daughter, but upon that point I have nothing more to say than what I expressed in my letter. I have duties to perform as a parent that you will doubtless understand, and I hope you will not dwell upon a point that must necessarily be painful to us both."

"I did call for the purpose you suggest," said Jack, "for I hoped that after all the circumstances were made known you might possibly not be so much opposed to our union. In the first place, you know, Kate and I love each other, and, in the second place, I have acquired sufficient property to maintain a wife."

"Yes, yes, all that is true, no doubt," broke out Mr. Merivale, "but 'sufficient' is only a relative word. My daughter's prospects are not what they were. I believe I made you aware of that in my letter, did I not?"

"Yes," replied the young man, continuing his argumentative manner, "but my prospects are good. I have made some money, and what I have is safely invested."

A frown settled over Mr. Merivale's brow, and he rose and walked rapidly up and down the room.

"The subject annoys me," said he, "and I must beg you to close this interview. I have always considered you a promising young man, and if things were different I would say, 'Marry my daughter and receive my blessing,' but as it is, never, and I must ask that the matter end here."

He opened the door and Jack took leave—the perfect picture of a broken spirited youth. When well into the hall, however, he broke into an uproarious fit of laughter.

The next morning, on repairing to the office of the Arapahoe Mining company, Mr. Merivale found the president absent and took a seat in the reception room.

After he had waited for some time the door suddenly opened, and Jack Hoberton entered.

Mr. Merivale rose to his feet with an angry scowl.

"Young man," he blurted out, "I cannot have you following me about like this. What do you mean?"

The office boy stood staring at the two men with eyes and mouth wide open with astonishment.

At a motion from Mr. Hoberton he disappeared into a side room, where he sat for some time with eye and ear alternately at the keyhole.

"Mr. Merivale," said Hoberton, "you are laboring under a mistake. This is my place of business. I had no intention of following you, although, to be sure, I expected to meet you here in accordance with your letter of last week. Here it is now," said he, picking out a bit of correspondence from a pigeonhole.

"Do you mean to say that you are Joel C. Hoberton, president of the Arapahoe Mining company?" cried Mr. Merivale.

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Hoberton. Though somewhat chagrined, Mr. Merivale made no further opposition, and the nuptials were finally celebrated amid all the pomp and dignity apposite to such an occasion.—Exchange.

## Modern Heroes.

The great conquerors of the world who have plunged their nations into cruel wars for the sake of their own glory and aggrandizement were pre-eminently the heroes of a past age, but we are gradually learning that the true hero of his country is the man who seeks her best welfare, who defends her rights and consults her interests, and who for this great purpose is ready to take praise or blame, to govern or to forbear, to live or to die. Our own Washington and Lincoln were men of this stamp, and we are justly proud to have them head the list of our country's heroes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Shears For Barbers.

A pair of novel shears for barbers is a recent invention. The pivot between the blades is extended to carry a comb, which is parallel with the shears. By means of a nut the distance between the shears and the comb can be varied at will and the hair cut at any desired length.—New York Telegram.

## A Practical Game.

At an evening entertainment in a Maine town lately one of the features was a book contest by seven boys, who tried to see who could put on and lose up their shoes first. Now, here's something real practical.—Lewiston Journal.

## A Daring Woman in Tibet.

Amateur photography is not in high favor in Tibet. The residents of Tachewo were lately thrown into a great state of excitement by the arrival of a European woman with a camera. She made her appearance riding down the dirty, narrow, winding main street astride a diminutive pony, followed by her cavaliers clad in flannels and straw hats and seated on sorry mules.

When she came to an imposing looking building, the town house of the superintendent, she dismounted and tried to set up her camera, but in vain. The crowd so harassed her that she found it impossible. Then she endeavored to induce some native priests to have their portraits taken. But the very idea terrified them, for they are the most abjectly superstitious people in the world, and taking their picture means to their minds robbing them of their souls.

But the artist's ambition had been fired by the knowledge that two years before an Englishman visiting the country had failed to take a single photograph, although he had made several attempts. At length she got her stand fixed in a corner of the courtyard, and her companions having driven off the rabble she managed to secure a good view of the Buddhist temple. As she was moving off half a dozen fierce Tibetan dogs, let loose meanly, rushed up, seized her staff with their teeth, wrested it away from her, and she was only saved from further molestation by her companions, who succeeded in keeping the dogs at bay and escorting her through the gateway. The scowling priests stood round like statues, draped in their crimson scarfs, and never moved a finger to call the dogs off or render assistance.—Buffalo News.

## St. Peter and the Boston Woman.

This is a story that was once told to St. Peter by a woman sitting outside his gate. He had objected to her entering, although she had answered most of his questions straightforwardly and satisfactorily enough. "I do not like," said St. Peter, surveying her critically, as doubtless was his duty under the circumstances, "I do not like that fretful pucker between the brows. I do not like that deep grooved line of mockery that runs crescent wise from the nostril to the lips. Such lines are not popular over there," with a gesture toward the shining gate. "As a rule, we suggest to their owners a temporary sojourn where—well, where it's warm enough to insure their melting out, so to speak," said St. Peter politely.

The woman smiled wanly. "I know as well as you do," said she, "that those lines mean impatience and fretfulness and ill temper and much unloveliness of the sort that is not welcome beyond the white gate. But what I want to know is, are we judged by the lines alone, regardless of how we came by them? Do we all fare alike—those of us who are born fretful, who achieve fretfulness or who have fretfulness thrust upon them?" St. Peter resignedly settled himself for a colloquy. "This comes," he murmured resentfully under his breath, "of the higher education of women! When they were kept in their places in the lower world, they went to their places in this without boring a saint with argument!"—Boston Commonwealth.

## Where Women Often Fail.

The private individual and the public official are two separate and distinct individuals. The woman who stands upon the platform, or who speaks from the floor of a convention, is the representative of a principle or an idea, and she is nothing more. It is of paramount importance to her audience and to the presiding officer that her enunciation should be distinct; that her views be strongly, clearly and concisely presented; that her rhetoric and her grammar should attain the highest standard of established usage.

But her private idiosyncrasies, her physical infirmities, her tendency to emotion or hysteria, bear no rightful place or consideration in any phase of the proceedings of a deliberative body. It is not worth while to resort to spectacular effects or melodramatic methods for the purpose of emphasizing and making apparent distinctions of sex. No well bred, well dressed woman who speaks and conducts herself with dignity and modesty will ever be mistaken for other than she is.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Musical Living Chess.

A recent musical living chess tournament showed the kings and queens in gorgeous costumes—exact reproductions of the Tudor period. The kings were in crimson satin and gold and white and gold respectively, with gold crowns and scepters. The queens wore petticoats of gold brocade with court trains of white and of crimson. The bishops were in white and red satin, with long copes and miters and bishop's crooks. The castles and pawns were in similar style, crimson and white with gold and silver caps.

As a spectacle living chess is more attractive than living chess, the intricacies of the latter game not being so amenable to representation as those of the former. Slow, stately movement to minut music is permissible at the chess delineations, making a succession of beautiful tableaux entirely intelligible to the progress of the game. Actually to follow the play at a living chess game would take the skill of Hoyle, Pole and Cavendish combined.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

## Bound to Come.

Among the important subjects that will come before the Massachusetts legislature is municipal suffrage for women. This is one of the measures about which the public mind is undergoing some, as yet, unregistered changes of opinion. Women read the newspapers. They are in all the schools, in the colleges as students, as professors, as college presidents. They carry on business to an extent undreamed of 20 years ago. They are in all the professions. They form an intelligent portion of the community. There is no reason why they should not have municipal suffrage, and every reason why they should.—Boston Transcript.

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

## A Little London Singer.

Little Miss Evelyn Hughes is only 9 years old, but already she is famous in England as a singer and mimic. She has scored success after success during the past two years upon the stage, and at select private entertainments. At the Drury Lane theater she is announced as "Tit Bit," and it is by that name she is best known to the people of London.



She was the principal feature of a recent entertainment given in honor of the tenth birthday of the little Prince Alfred of Connaught, when she not only delighted the young folks by her singing, but the older members of the royal family were greatly pleased by her imitations of well known men and women.

The accompanying portrait is from a photograph taken but a short time ago.

## The First Toy Balloon.

"Perhaps in old time days the children had playthings which nowadays are quite unknown. There may have been many toys at which we cannot even guess now, because not even a remnant is left for us. But one thing is certain, and that is that the children now have the benefit of a great many little contrivances for their amusement which were not known then, although there may have been other ones to take their places. For example, there is the toy balloon, which is so much enjoyed by the little lot of 2 or 3 who has never seen anything like it, and who cannot understand why the gay little colored ball should float in the air without apparently anything to keep it up."

It was only 100 years ago or a little more that the art of making the air castles, as they were then called, became first known. The first one was constructed at Paris in 1783, by a certain M. Montgolfier, who did many wonderful things in the course of his life, but the most wonderful of all was the invention of the balloon, which has brought pleasure not only to thousands of children, but has also added much to the researches of science.—Exchange.

## A Puzzled Little Youngster.

A little boy went to his mother one day and said: "Mamma, I want to ask you a question. Will you answer me the truth, mamma?" "Certainly, dear. What is it?" "You are sure, mamma, you will tell me the truth?" "Why, of course. What does my little boy want to know?" Then the little boy looked up with his great brown eyes and said, "Mamma, won't you tell me whether I am really your own child?" "Why, to be sure you are mamma's own dear little son. Why do you think otherwise?" "Well, mamma, all the rest of the family have curly hair and are Democrats, and my hair is so straight, and I am a Republican."—Youth's Companion.

## How She Would Tell.

A little 7-year-old girl living in Denver was very fond of "Saratoa crisps." She had an aunt living in one of the suburbs, on Saratoa avenue. The similarity had evidently struck Janet, for one day when going alone on the electric cars to visit this aunt the nurse said to her: "Now, Janet, where will you tell the conductor you want to get off?" "Oh," was the quick reply, "I don't know; I can't remember the name of the street, but I'll just say it is some kind of potatoes."—New York Tribune.

## A New Version of an Old Game.

Tell each one of the company you will name each one for some animal, and at a given signal each one shall shout his or her name aloud. You whisper in each one's ear (after telling the first to shout elephant) to keep perfectly still. Then the signal is given, and amid profound silence the unlucky "elephant" shouts his name aloud.—Grange Homes.

## Johnny's Reflections.

I-A MYSTERY.  
My baby brother is so small  
That what I cannot see is  
Just where he keeps his wondrous  
voice—  
'Tis thrice as big as he is.



## II-A DISCOVERY.

The reason why trees do not walk  
Away from woods and farms  
Is that they haven't any legs  
For all their limbs are arms.

## III-A FAVORITE.

There's lots of things in this big world  
To please us little boys,  
But of them all the thing I like  
The best is just plain noise.

## Liked Monopoly.

First Boy—That there coal combine works bully.  
Second Boy—How?  
First Boy—Makes coal so high priced that you carries it in himself cause it's better it—Good News.

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