



## AN IDYL OF THE WEST.

I sing of a sturdy frontiersman, who had a  
Fine home 'midst the tall, waving pines of Allada,  
Just outside of Utah and into Nevada.  
He had a fair daughter, the pride of the prairie,  
With face like an angel and step like a fairy;  
And she had a lover she wanted to marry.  
Alphonso, her lover, of course, wished to marry her,  
And to his hearthstone he longed for to carry her,  
And her sire's disapproval was the only barrier,  
For the youth could not cast with the wealthy his lot.  
Cruel poverty threw on his life a dark blot;

The girls had smiled on him, but fortune had not.

Her father was rich, for he had on his hands a  
Large share in that great mine, that extravaganza,  
Which, out in that region, they call the "Bonanza."

But Alphonzo's manly spirit he could not be derided for;

He plucked up his courage, and her father he glided for,

And he said Angelina should still be provided for.

He is poor, to be sure, but that need not impose a  
Restraint to their marriage, for ere long he knows a  
Good opening for him down in booming Tarcoosa.

But the parent was firm and said: "Young man, beware, sir!

I'll not trust my daughter to any such care, sir,

And your visits to this house must henceforth be scarcer."

This plunged the poor lover in fathomless gloom,

He vowed this decision decided his doom,

And the flower of his youth was cut off in its bloom.

He prayed that the thunders of Jove might be hurled

To take them both out of this miserable world,

Where the banner of discord is ever unfurled.

He wished in his halcyon days he had died.

He'd no love and no business, and Fate would deride

All his efforts—he'd go and commit suicide!

Oh! What would man do without woman to lighten

His heaviest woes, his darkest hours to brighten!

Especially if it's some one that he thinks a sight on.

Angelina consoled him, and moved that they flee

To a justice's office and there married be.

And she said: "Never fear; you'll be happy with me.

"Am I not your darling, the joy of your heart?

I have plenty of money and you shall have part,

And we never, no never, no NEVER shall part.

And no one need say there is nothing to do—

You can go be a preacher in far Timbuctoo,

Or else be a poet in Kalamazoo."

Result of her counsels: Ere another day's sun

His course in his chariot had fairly begun

The service was read and the two were made one.

When this report came to the stern father's door

He swore that her bills he'd endorse never more,

Which left the young couple exceedingly poor.

Way down in this planet's remotest confines,

A thousand feet deep, where the sun never shines,

They sought them a home in one of the mines.

No house rent to pay in that region divine,

No agent to call with malicious design;

And the young man felt proud, for he said: "It's all mine."

Then their hearts were at peace; the happy days rolled on

The swift wheels of time, and the moments were golden,

Like those which first came into Paradise olden.

But, ere long, came a miner, let down by the ropes

A keg of gunpowder on one of the slopes—

And, with one charge he blasted their mine and their hopes!

Up, up, through the dark, murky air they ascended,

Until with the limitless ether they blended—

And their mission on this earth was pretty much ended.

The moral is plain: Though youth hopeful and rash is,

Beware of a marriage where not any cash is.

*Requiescant in pacibus. Peace to their ashes!* G. L. Conn.



## ETCHINGS.

A man is the loosest when he is tight.

The sun must be a suspicious character to be  
so often spotted.

Keep hope in your heart, but don't neglect to  
keep something to work with in your hands.

In asking for many newspapers it would be  
quite proper to say, "Please pass the plate."

Newspapers are peculiar things—you found  
one this year and next year it can't be found.

The *Burlington Hawkeye* is said to be about to  
change its name to the *Weekly Cyclone Expositor*.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that inde-  
pendence means dependence upon the bar room of  
an inn.

Distance lends enchantment liberally, but it  
takes it back with compound interest when you  
get there.

The female bather is quite a noticeable figure  
on the beach this season. She seems to entirely  
suit everyone but herself.

President Harrison is doing police duty at Cape  
May. He learned to "keep the crowd back" the  
first month after he was inaugurated.

A count in Chicago—not Count de Boeuf—has  
been rawhided by a woman whose husband had  
pummeled him a few days before. The first whip-  
ping evidently didn't count.

There is no use looking for game if you have  
no gun, and yet hundreds of men stand on the  
corners talking about real estate who couldn't buy  
enough dirt to plant a potato in.

Russia is evidently trying to put her army on  
a war footing. She has offered \$25,000 to Jacques  
Alexandre, the Frenchman who has just fasted  
forty-two days, for the secret of his power to sus-  
tain life without food.

Many a man has fallen into trouble by having  
a type writer, but it is the type writer he did not  
have which ruined Captain Miltmore, who has  
been dismissed from the army for charging the  
government with a machine he never bought.

The castle of Chapultepec, that was so gal-  
lantly captured by the Americans during the Mex-  
ican war, has again surrendered to an American.  
Jay Gould has captured it with \$5,000,000. His  
conscience must be bad, indeed, if he thinks such  
a fortress as that necessary for his safety.

The Portland drummer who was enumerated  
with his entire family three times in Seattle and  
twice in Tacoma but not at all in Portland, where  
he lives, is anxious to know where he is to vote  
next election and if he can vote as many times in  
each city as he appears on their census returns.

Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" has been de-  
clared "indecent," and has been denied circulation  
through the mails. The postal authorities have  
passed over a mass of immoral and degrading  
trash to condemn a book which, though speaking  
plainly, is a literary classic, written by an enthu-  
siast and for a moral purpose. Possibly the weak-  
ness of censorship could not be better illustrated  
than by this incident.

W.