

**A LOVE SONG.**

When Love comes to my garden  
He walks with dainty tread,  
The lilies blaze before him,  
The moss-rose lifts its head;  
The trim-kept lawns grow greener,  
The borders blush with pride,  
The buds burst into blossom  
When Love walks by my side.

When Love leaves my sad garden  
The roses' petals fall,  
The jasmine's scented clusters  
Fade, dying on the wall;  
The lawns grow dark and thistle,  
The paths are rank with weeds,  
And all the dainty borders  
Are strewn with fallen seeds.

Sweet Love, stay in my garden,  
Rest in its rosy shades,  
Bask in its scented sunshine,  
Dream in its leafy glades;  
Sing to the strings of pleasure,  
Through all life's purline;  
Make every season summer,  
Let every month be June.

-Pall Mall Gazette.

**Fate's Caprice.**

**J**OHAN VAN STYVER pushed the swinging door of the postoffice, went in and dropped his letter in the box marked "Pacific coast."

"The little woman will be glad to get it, and if a big duffer like me can't earn his dinner somehow, why he don't deserve to have any," he mused.

The letter he had just dispatched was addressed to Mrs. John Van Styver, 204 Front Bay street, San Francisco, Cal.

It contained, besides an extensive collection of terms of endearment, which proved that Van Styver's collegiate education had been good, and that he possessed a considerable amount of enthusiasm and warmth of feeling, a check for every available cent he had in the world, sent to a violet-eyed young woman and a baby girl, living at the other extremity of the continent.

Of recent years all things had conspired against John Van Styver. First a savings bank failure, then the protracted litigation over a mine, which John persisted was rightfully theirs, and could be worked at a profit, had swallowed up their remaining small capital, and now required more funds if the fight was to be kept up.

So when an offer came from a publishing house in New York to Van Styver to illustrate a new and promising periodical, he telegraphed his acceptance, packed his valise and took the night train east.

That was one year ago. Of course, it would have been absurd to bring the two away from their cottage home to so trying a climate as that of New York, where the child would have sickened, possibly died.

Van Styver had not made a very profound art study, but there was a dash and spirit about his etchings and pen pictures, and his landscape scenes on the prairies and American Indians were so strong and original and full of life that his reputation had reached the big cities, resulting in the offer which brought him east.

After a six months' struggle the magazine collapsed, went down in failure, as did the salaries of those connected with it.

Determined and naturally buoyant, he threw himself heart and soul in the work, got a position of sketch artist on a big daily, dashed off an occasional reminiscence of California days, obtained occasional work from art dealers and had obtained an order to fresco the ball room and hallways of a millionaire's palatial residence, just completed, when persistent and nagging fate felled him in the shape of a protracted and desperate attack of typhoid fever.

Van Styver thought he had his foot in the stirrups and would mount and rise to success when obtaining the contract to decorate the ball room panels and arched gallery of the white marble house on Fifth avenue. He had completed his preliminary work, had received his first payment, had eagerly dispatched it home, when stricken down.

Two months of constant fever in a hospital, however skillful the nursing, leaves him a pretty sad wreck of his former self. Add to the shabbiness inevitable to garments worn unremittingly summer and winter, the broken and patched shoes, and weather-beaten hat, and the disguise is quite complete between a man in easy circumstances and a poor devil on whom the world looks askance and shows neither mercy nor favor.

Going to ascertain, Van Styver found his place taken on the newspaper and the mural decorations of the white marble house all completed.

A dogged determination seized hold of him to recuperate quickly and get an inning in the game, and his anger at the kicks and cuffs of fate gave him a revived pugnacity of infinite value to him just then.

A windfall in the way of some illustrating to be done hurriedly gave him the check he inserted in the letter he dropped in the postoffice box before going to see if there was nothing to be had in the way of extra work at the office of the Herald.

There was nothing that day, and he went slowly back to the shabby dark hall room in a shabby and poor boarding house.

A letter had been brought by the postman during his absence, and was thrust under the door. Tearing it open, Van Styver read an agitated entreaty that he come back as fast as steam could take him. Their rosebud and joy lay ill—ill unto death, and her one cry was for him.

The manager of one of the departments of an enormous trunk line, a road having ramifications all over the Union, sat in his office in a dissatisfied

brown study. Fainter Davidson had great responsibilities resting on him, which his big salary could not cover.

On the wide desk before which he sat lay a confusion of sketches, showing in more or less elaborate form and hackneyed style the route of the main line, from east to west, to be used as advertising cards by the road.

"Here, Dick, chuck these things in the fire, will you? They are not worth the pasteboard they are drawn on. Not one of 'em will do," said Davidson, turning to a young clerk who was checking up some books across the room.

"It seems d-d queer that there's not a single artist in this town who can catch my idea. Why, I explained what I wanted fully to at least fifty of them, and not one seems to have caught the faintest glimmer of what I want. If I could draw I'd do the thing myself."

"And yet, hang it all," said Davidson, rising and walking up and down his office, his hands in his pockets, "the road must have the cards out in a month's time for the spring traffic. There are those prairie lands out in Texas. It's got to be shown in a clever and novel way, what are the sections the road covers."

John Van Styver, gaunt, poorly clad, with bloodshot eyes and tumbled hair, a look of haggard wretchedness on his worn face, his hand trembling from weakness and anxiety, was not a prepossessing figure. Nor could Davidson distinguish between the ravages of typhoid fever on his once splendid physique or those which long habits of inebriety would have produced.

"What do you want, my man?" he asked, scanning the wan appearance of the figure before him with growing disfavor.

"To work my passage from New York to San Francisco on your road," said Van Styver.

"Ever been connected with a railroad?" asked Davidson.

"Never."

"This road doesn't take tramps. It has all the men it needs, and only employs honest, sober fellows," said Davidson, turning and taking up a letter to end the interview.

John staggered a little and sat down on a stool.

"Besides," continued Davidson, moved somewhat by the man's deep and intense disappointment, "I'm not the one to see about it. I have nothing to do with that department. But I may as well tell you at once you need not apply. We are turning off, not taking on hands."

John sat still and drew a long breath between his set teeth. The vision of a wan little face tossing on a pillow, of dark curls falling around two sweet, brown eyes, of a little voice calling incessantly for one who could not come, while the shadow of death was stealing steadily in, brought the dew out on his forehead.

"Hello! This one looks all right, sir. This one's good," said Dick, pausing before consigning one of the condemned sketches to the flames. "Why, it's fine."

"Let's see," said Davidson, interestedly leaning over to look at it. Dick spread it out on the desk before him with one other his youthful experience thought good.

"Bosh!" was Davidson's contemptuous criticism. "Why, it's old as the hills. I want a design which will show the line stretching from the dawning east to the setting sun in the west, without all this rubbish, with the light so arranged as to produce a novel and striking effect, a chariot driven by Progress, Development and Wealth, and—"

The drawing was the best of those submitted. Davidson turned it from side to side to see if anything could be done with it.

During the pause which ensued John Van Styver, taking a blank sheet from his pocket and a pencil, dashed off a design, weird and bold and beautiful.

A vast, fair country, over a continent, the stars and moon glimmering in the west, and a resplendent burst of the rising sun in the dawning east; a chariot driven by three figures, horses whose mad rush was the embodiment of his own wild desire to reach that land where the waves of the great Pacific laved the seashore, stood out in splendid lines, and a great rush of prosperity was pictured as following the straight line of the great road as far as it ran from one ocean brink to the other.

Slipping the drawing over Davidson's shoulder, John placed it silently before him on the desk.

"Phew!" exclaimed Dick, with a violent start, looking on in astonishment at Van Styver.

Davidson said nothing, but looked long and hard at the splendid drawing before him. Getting up, he held out his hand to John.

"I don't know your name, but you are a great artist," he said with energy. "And what's more, you are the only one who could come near interpreting my idea, and you have executed it far finer than I had thought it out myself. I'll be glad to give you a pass to San Francisco, and I'll buy your sketch for \$500."

A mist came before John's eyes, and without one word he wrung the hand which extended him a check and went out. "Be hopeful. Leave on train in hour's time, bringing money," he telegraphed.



**J**UST seventy years ago something in the nature of a "boom" struck Chicago, gave it a start towards the great metropolis it has become. Before that, its history was practically that of a frontier village, a trading point. In 1830 a canal connecting the Illinois River with Lake Michigan was under consideration. Congress set



CHICAGO IN 1830 FROM THE LAKE.

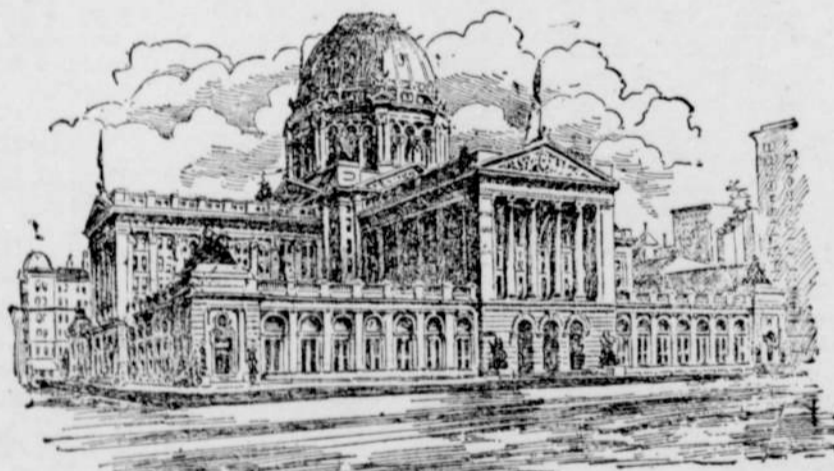
apart land to aid the project. A portion of the allotment fell within the limits of Chicago. An auction sale was made, the lots bringing an average of \$34. Deals in the same became brisk. A "boom" was started, settlers came in, Chicago began to make metropolitan history, and the years since then have been simply forward strides of majestic progress.

It is pleasant and interesting to note what occurred to bring all this about



FIRST COURTHOUSE, 1832.

prior to 1830. The first permanent settlement was made in 1833, when a sturdy Scotch-American named Kinzie followed in the tracks of French missionaries and explorers, and took possession of a rude squared hut, erected by a San Domingan negro named Jean Baptiste, who had drifted into the northwest twenty-six years previous. Kinzie established an Indian trading post, and as the pioneer merchant and business man laid the foundations of the greatest commercial city in the West. The government at once built Fort Dearborn, and here arriving visitors and settlers sought



NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

protection, and the Indians exchanged skins and pelts for trinkets, general merchandise and whisky. In 1812 the savages practically destroyed the fort, and massacred fifty-two persons. In 1816 it was rebuilt. Within the next ten years churches, ferries, stores, hotels of a primitive character appeared on the scene, and the settlement became a town. Nearly all the new arrivals came to start in business. Competition became an immediate element, and as early as 1825 there was evidence that keenness and foresight which made commerce the keynote of one of the greatest manufacturing and distributing cities in the world. In 1820 the government rewarded a resident for services rendered in negotiating peaceful relations with the Pottawatomies by building for him free the first frame house erected in the district. Chicago's most lordly cloud-grazer does not to-day attract such universal attention as did the owner of this princely structure. Up to that time everything was imported, and some idea of the progress attained during the past seventy years may be gleaned from the circumstance that the clapboards, sash, nails and brick used in constructing this modest little house were all brought from Cleveland, then a much larger city than Chicago. Four years later the first bridges across the river were constructed—one of these was made of floating logs tied together, and the Indians in its vicinity voluntarily contributed one-half of its cost, which was in the neighborhood of \$400.

The Saganash was the grand hotel in those early days. Here a half-breed kept a tavern, now within the memory of many a living patriarch of the West. He was the town's great musician, and just as Nero fiddled while Rome burned, he played for his guests while Chicago grew up. It is related that in those days such things as white sheets and table linen were a rare commodity, and that after a guest was asleep the specious landlord would invade his room with a hideous yell, suggesting "Indians!" whip away the sheet from the frightened stranger—who would prudently burrow in the blankets—

careful capital and hard, energetic labor. Some idea of the way these roads were built up may be gained from the fact that the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad of the present day consists of a consolidation of no less than forty-five separate and distinct lines. By 1855 eleven trunk lines centered at Chicago. In 1857 panic again struck Chicago, and a great many banks failed. During this year Chicago's first great fire occurred, thirteen persons losing their lives in the conflagration.

Two years later the first street railway made its appearance—a single-track affair, quite primitive. A strong disposition was now evinced "to lift Chicago out of the mud," and paving was the order of the day. Now the city began to be the center of important political events. It was in the Chicago Wigwag that Lincoln and Hamlin were nominated, and at the same structure many momentous war meetings were held. The city became the recognized center of the West. Its progress was now all along the line of rapid advancement, balked only by the great fire of 1871, a conflagration overshadowing any in the history of the world. Then came the years of reorganization and rebuilding. With 1890 the prospering metropolis had reached the 1,000,000 mark. The most imposing structures in the world were designed and constructed. The year 1893 saw the World's Fair open and close, after scoring a brilliant success. Great

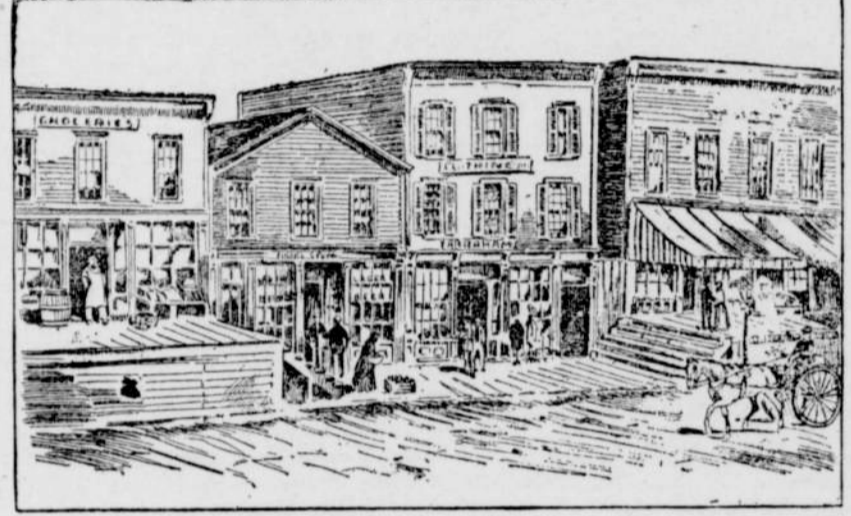
began to "Feel Its Oats."

By 1836 the "Garden City" began "to feel its oats!" The first vessel built in Chicago was successfully launched, and ground was broken for the long talked of Illinois and Michigan Canal. The Galena railroad was chartered. Speculation became rife, and real estate reached figures that discounted the wildest previous speculations. Chicago was now the largest town in the State, the question of incorporation was constantly agitated, and in the following year a charter was secured from the Legislature. The population had risen to 4,180 souls, there were 4 warehouses, 398 dwellings, 29 dry goods stores, 5 hardware stores, 19 groceries, 17 lawyers' offices, and 5 churches.

The young city, organized and ready for business, prepared for an immediate influx of population and wealth, but was doomed to suffer serious disappointment. A great panic presented itself, and waves of disaster and collapse swept over the entire land, from which Chicago suffered in common with other cities. A passion for investment had carried the people away, and a lack of money now led to no end of business failures. "Hard Times" held the city in its grasp. Retrenchment was necessitated, and 1838 followed gloomy as a continuous funeral. A severe drouth and a most serious epidemic visited the city. Amid this

crowds came to view the city for the first time from all quarters of the world, enormously swelling the already great population of the city. Electricity was advanced in its highest form in all the industries. Mechanics of every class here found the ideal field for progress. The social, literary and commercial interests had reached the highest typical plane. The city entered 1890 with a marvelous history not only astonished the world, but surprised its own people.

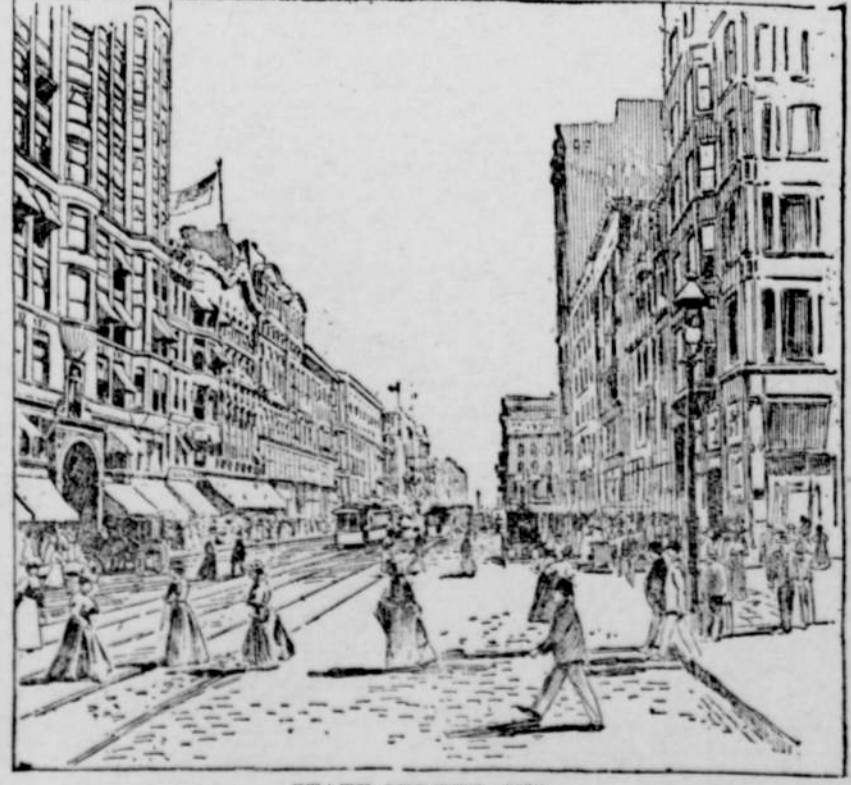
**Is To-day a Wonder.**  
To-day Chicago is a wonder to survey. Its vast area, immense population, magnificent buildings and enormous industries are known to and appreciated by all. The city comprises in its limits about 190 square miles of territory. It is twenty-five and one-half miles from its extreme north to its extreme south limit.  
From absolutely nothing to a city of 2,000,000 people within the narrow limits of a single century, it has come to lead the world in many things—as a railway center, port, lumber market, grain market. In live stock of all kinds Chicago takes the preference. All this is not the result of chance or fortune. Good luck seldom has a run of sixty-one years. Chicago's present and prospective greatness rests upon her location at the gateway of a fertile country as large in extent as Europe. All outside territory has been tribu-



VIEW ON CLARK STREET, 1857.

study abroad to a correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I remember when I first went to Paris, Sergeant, who is probably the greatest master in his special field that America has ever produced, was just beginning to attract attention. He had painted a portrait of his preceptor, Durow, that was generally applauded, and the str it created led to his getting a commission from the Baron Rothschild. It was his first big job, but he went about it with exactly the same nonchalance that characterizes him at present. During the last sitting, when the picture was receiving its finishing touches, it chanced that one of the Baron's ears became unusually red, a circumstance probably due to the heat of the room. Sergeant seized on it at once as a good bit of color and made the painted ear redder, if anything, than the original. When Rothschild inspected the portrait he was greatly pleased. 'But of course,' he said, 'you will tone down that left ear.' 'Oh, no!' replied the painter promptly. 'I think I shall leave it just as it is. I rather like that red.' The banker was astonished and very angry, and while he paid for the canvas he never hung it. Of course, the incident raised a laugh and the artist's obstinacy was admired in bohemias, but it really did Sergeant a great deal of harm, and was one of the things that eventually determined him to move to London."

**Mosquito Bite Pain.**  
The pain of a mosquito bite is caused by a fluid poison injected by the insect into the wound in order to make the blood thin enough to float through the mosquito's throat.



STATE STREET—1890.

tary and helpful to Chicago, and the Iowa farmer, the Michigan miner, the Indiana merchant, the Wisconsin lumberman, have all helped to build up

the metropolis in a way. A century ago the advantages Chicago utilized were counted trivial, but close application and shrewd enterprise have annihilated distance, bridged rivers, and tumbled mountains, until, for all prac-



SECOND COURTHOUSE.

tical purposes, Salt Lake City is nearer to Chicago than Boston was to Philadelphia the year Fort Dearborn was built.

**AN OBSTINATE ARTIST.**

He Painted a Red Ear on the Baron de Rothschild.  
"A portrait painter can't afford to be entirely independent unless he has a tremendous vogue," remarked an artist who has spent a number of years in