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IN SLEEP.

Not drowsihood and dreams and mere idless,
Nor yet the blessedness of strength regained,
Alone are in what men call sleep. The past,
My unsuspected soul, my parents' voice,
The generations of my forebears, yea,
The very will of God himself are there,
And potent working, so that many a doubt
Is wiped away at daylight, many a soil
Washed cleanlier, many a puzzle riddled plain.
Strong, silent forces push my puny self
Toward ungnessed issues, and the waking man
Rises a Greatheart where a Slave lay down.
—Richard Burton in Harper's Weekly.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The train was pulling out of Trinidad when the corpulent man in the plaid suit who was occupying much of the available space in the smoking compartment of the sleeping car Silas remarked cheerily, "It looks a bit like rain."

So obstrusive and commonplace a statement under similar circumstances on the New York limited or Boston special would have been received with merited contempt. But Trinidad is in the heart of a particularly arid and uninteresting part of Colorado, where a sense of companionship in suffering puts travelers on easy and agreeable terms. The young man who sat in the corner with his traveling cap pulled dejectedly over his eyes brightened up and replied, "Very."

Thereupon emboldened, the stout party entered upon a monologue of a meteorological nature, and passed by easy and graceful stages through a diversity of topics, displaying a large fund of information and a creditable fluency of expression. Noting the listless and apathetic demeanor of the young man, he said brusquely: "Ain't you well? Coming down to New Mexico for your health?"

The young man reddened and smiled. There was something in the stout man's manner that cheered and attracted him. Corpulency always carries with it a measure of comfort and reassurance and invited confidence. "Oh, yes, I'm well enough," he answered. Then as the genial warmth of the stout man pervaded him, he asked abruptly, "Did you notice the two ladies in section eight?"

"The old lady and the girl?" with an emphasis on the "girl." "Well, I should say I did."

The young man hesitated. "I don't know that it will interest you. I used to know those ladies back east."

"My boy, it does interest me. I congratulate you."

The young man laughed, not a very hearty laugh, but for the first effort in that direction since the train had left La Junta it was a success. "I believe I'll tell you about it," he went on desperately. "I've corked it up so long that I'm tormented inside. The plain truth is that I was once engaged to that young lady."

The stout man gave him such a look of encouragement and approbation that he continued:

"It's rather a commonplace story after all and follows the conventional lines. The girl is an orphan, and, for some unheard of and impossible reason, the aunt—that's the she dragon with her—wouldn't listen to me on any pretext or at any price. Her only idea seemed to be that I was dissipated and worthless, something between a dude and a pirate, and she so worked on the girl that she sent me a letter saying—well, you know, the same old story, would always love me, would never marry, part forever, and all that sort of thing. That was a year ago. I packed up, came out to Denver, went into business, and am getting on first rate when this horrible meeting came to spoil me. Here I am on my way to Los Angeles, and whom should I stumble upon at La Junta but the very woman I am trying to forget!"

"What the devil do you want to forget her for?" asked the stout man warmly. "Why don't you brace up and talk to 'em?"

The young man gave his companion a quick glance of horror. "What! Talk to that old lady? You don't seem to know her."

The stout man threw his cigar away, buttoned up his coat and said, with determination: "My boy, you have excited my sympathy, and, hang it, I'm going to see you through. I haven't been engaged to the young lady. I haven't made any fatal plays with the old woman. I ain't afraid of dragons, male or female, and I'm the champion of beauty in distress every time." With this he opened a capacious grip.

"What are you going to do?" asked the astonished young man.

"I am about to produce my letter of introduction—my credentials for good society. Do you see these views of the Pacific coast? Never knew 'em to fail. Will guarantee a speaking acquaintance in five minutes, intimacy in ten, undying friendship in fifteen. Good on all trains west of Kansas City. Stick to me, my boy. I'm enlisted for the war."

The ladies sat in their section, apparently oblivious of their fellow passengers. The day was hot despite the breeze that was beginning to blow from the mountains, but the eastern woman doesn't thaw rapidly on a railway train. The girl was looking despondently out of the window, and the older woman, very stern and hard, was pretending to read "David Grieve." Everybody with an atom of respectability pretends to read "David Grieve."

The stout man came gayly down the aisle and dropped into the opposite section, humming a sentimental melody as only a fat man can. He glanced carelessly over his picture, and then, as if a bright idea had seized him, he leaned over with a most engaging air and said: "I beg pardon, ladies, but perhaps these views may interest you. As you are in the San Diego car I conclude you are going through to the coast. You are certainly from the east—no disguising the eastern air. Allow me to put these pictures at your service."

The surprised matron glanced haughtily over her eyeglasses, but before she could frame a fitting rebuke the young lady said eagerly, "Oh, anything for diversion, Aunt Mary; let's look at the pictures."

"This," said the stout man, "is the 'Coronado.' Observe the surf rolling madly on the beach. No, on second glance it's the 'Del Monte,' but the surf is there just the same. A fine sight, Mrs. er-r."

The elderly lady looked stonily at the picture, and the unabashed man continued: "Here is a view of the finest orange grove in the southern country. Let me call your attention to the magnificent oranges that grow on the most glorious of fruit trees, Miss ah-h."

"Really," said the young lady coolly, "I never knew before that grapes grew on orange trees. What a remarkable country!"

"Grapes? Bless my soul, so they are. That's what comes of losing my glasses. I must have left them in the smoker. Excuse me a moment."

"Do not hasten back on our account," interposed the elderly lady discouragingly.

"A great pleasure, believe me," returned the stout man gallantly. A moment later in the smoker: "Why the devil didn't you tell me the names of your friends? How do you suppose I can make headway without a pointer?"

"You never asked me," said the young man humbly. "The aunt is Mrs. Van Dorn; the young lady is Miss Myra Clancey. My name is Jobson."

"Jobson!" groaned the fat man. "No wonder they sent you west. But we're coming on famously. Give me about ten minutes more and then drop along as if by chance. Don't wear that hollow eyed look, but try to be unconcerned and cheerful. Hum a little if you can. Nothing stirs up the slumbering passion in a woman's breast like the careless hum of a lover."

When the stout man re-entered the main body of the car the young lady was gazing out at the foothills, the elderly lady was deep in her book and the pictures had been significantly placed in the adjoining section. The stout man was not to be bluffed.

"This country," said he tentatively, "must possess no end of interest to people from Boston. Dear old Boston! I'd give a good year of my life to be there for one month just now, Mrs. Van Dorn."

The lady looked up sharply. "I don't care for Boston," she snapped.

"What! Not care for— Oh, I see, you are mentally comparing it with New York. New York! My old home. Couldn't be untrue to it. But then, you know, we always leave New York out of the question, as Liszt said of himself when he named the next greatest pianist."

"Then you have lived in New York?" asked the young lady.

"Lived in New York? My dear girl—pardon me, I'm old enough to be your father—I was born in New York. Went to Yale; graduated in the famous class of 1853 with George Shiras, The Bromley and Chauncey Depew. Good fellow, Chauncey, but talks too much. Had that same impediment in college. Suppose he cultivates it to keep from having dyspepsia."

"What induced you to leave such excellent society?" said Mrs. Van Dorn, relaxing a little.

"Well, you see, ma'am, I was in England, settling up the estate of a deceased uncle, and I met Lord Hawkesbury. Through him I was thrown in with the Earl of Dorchester (who subsequently married my youngest sister) and Lord Dartmouth. 'Major,' said Hawkesbury, 'we must make some money in America, and you're the man to show us how to do it.' The upshot of the matter was that we made up a syndicate and bought ranch lands in New Mexico. Dorchester—that's my titled brother-in-law—just left us last week in Chicago—my nephew and myself. By the way, you must know my nephew—charming fellow, young and impulsive. Ah! here he comes now. Charley, my boy, I want you to meet the ladies. What! You know them and never introduced your old uncle? There's gratitude from the heir to the finest ranch in New Mexico! Well, boys will be boys. We're just beginning to ascend the Raton mountains. Take Miss Clancey out on the platform, my boy, and show her the finest scenery in the territory. Now, now, my dear Mrs. Van Dorn, not a word. There's not a bit of danger, and Charley will hold her tight."

Some women rise with an emergency. Miss Clancey was of that kind. She arose, and, rising, failed to note the eloquent, protesting looks of the elderly lady. The stout man continued:

"I haven't introduced myself. I am Major De Forrest. You will see our ranch down near Wattrous, right next to Steve Dorsey's property. You don't know Stever A wonderful man. Was United States senator as long as there was anything in it. Major McKinley built up his tariff bill just to protect Steve and me. We own sheep. Right between our properties there is a dry run. Rains come up suddenly, and in fifteen minutes it's a howling torrent. Three weeks ago a young Mexican and his sweetheart were eloping from a cruel and unforgiving aunt, who was in hot pursuit. As they reached the run, just after a storm, the water swept down upon them and they were drowned. The aunt became a raving maniac—the judgment of heaven."

The major thoughtfully wiped his glasses and the elderly lady shivered a little. "About your nephew, major?" she said. "David Grieve" had already slipped to the floor—a very common occurrence with "David."

"My nephew, ma'am, is the finest young fellow in the west, and he has prospects too. The other day Dorchester said to me, 'St. Clair, we must look after Charley when we go.' And I said: 'We'll start him now. There's a fortune in mules. New Mexico needs mules. We'll send up to Kansas City and Chicago and buy up a lot of worthless mares and'"——

"Pardon me, major. My interest in mules does not extend to details. I am content to know that your nephew has such distinguished indorsement."

The apologies of the major, which were offered with an air of the highest courtliness, were interrupted by the porter, who, entering, proceeded to close the windows and transoms. "Pray," said Mrs. Van Dorn, "what is the meaning of this?"

"We are approaching the tunnel, the dividing line of the Raton range."

"In that event I think I must summon my niece."

"Now, my dear Mrs. Van Dorn, don't be alarmed. I have assured you that my nephew will hold her tight."

"But I don't want him to hold her tight," cried the lady indignantly.

"A mere figure of speech, ma'am, for my nephew is not the sort of man to take advantage of a helpless woman. Ah, we are in the tunnel now—a magnificent piece of work, a great triumph for the Santa Fe. They call it the Atchison in Boston, which is one of the few privileges the stockholders in that town enjoy."

The train shot out of the tunnel, and Miss Clancey entered the car, very rosy and very happy. Young Mr. Jobson followed, and in passing he gave the major's hand a grateful squeeze.

"Such a charming ride!" cried Miss Clancey. "Such exquisite scenery and such lovely wild flowers! It seems to me that I could live in this country forever."

"And you shall—shan't she, Charley?" said the major facetiously. Whereat everybody laughed, and Mrs. Van Dorn, still thinking of the Earl of Dorchester, gave the young man a kindly glance that racked him with remorse.

"Now that we are so pleasantly acquainted," said the major, and his face clouded, "I regret more than ever the receipt of this telegram that compels me to leave you at Raton."

"At Raton? Why, that is the next station!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Dorn. The young lady said not a word, but trouble looked out of her eyes.

"Yes," said the major with an effort, "I have an engagement with Dorsey and Tom Catson, and $100,000 engagements can't be put off like a dinner. My nephew is going on to Los Angeles, however. I commend him to your care, Mrs. Van Dorn."

"We'll watch him," answered the lady cheerfully. Already she was revolving what she would say when presented to the Earl of Dorchester.

"Raton! Twenty minutes fo' dinner!" cried the porter.

Young Jobson caught the stout man in the vestibule and wrung his hand. "Major," he began, "I can't begin to tell you how grateful"——

"Major nothing," returned the stout man. "I enjoyed it. Don't mention it. Here's my card, and if things don't pan out write to me, my boy, and I'll help you all I can."

Dinner was over and the train was flying on to Las Vegas. The elderly lady leaned back on the pillow and fell asleep. "David Grieve," as usual, had been kicked and otherwise projected under the seat. Young Mr. Jobson and Miss Clancey sat comfortably in section 12. They conversed in low, delightful whispers. In the disengaged hand of the young man was a card. In a momentary lull he glanced at it. Then he groaned.

"What is it?" inquired the young woman anxiously.

"Nothing, darling," replied Mr. Jobson, "a momentary spasm, the altitude perhaps. You know," he added with tender facetiousness, "my heart is affected just now." And his hand closed on the card viciously.

As the porter was making up section 12 he picked up a crumpled card that imparted this specific information:

PETER D. BAXTER,
Kansas City,
Missouri.
Agent Kiefeimeyer Brewing Association.

—Roswell M. Field in New York World.

ABOUT THE ORIGIN OF WOMAN.

A Story That General Horace Porter Tells of Ancient and Modern History.

At a New England dinner General Horace Porter was asked to reply to the toast of "Woman." Of course a story was expected from him. He selected one that was familiar to everybody, and this is, to a degree, the way he told it:

"Woman's first home was in the Garden of Eden. There man first married woman. Strange that the incident should have suggested to Milton the 'Paradise Lost.' Man was placed in profound sleep. A rib was taken from his side; from it woman was created and she became his wife. Evil minded persons constantly tell us that this man's first sleep became his last repose, but if woman be given at times to that contrariety of thought and perversity of mind which sometimes passeth all understanding, it must be suggested in her favor that she was created out of the crookedest part of man.

"The Rabbis have a different theory regarding creation. They go back to the time when we were all monkeys. They insist that man was originally created with a kind of Darwinian tail, and that in the process of evolution that caudal appendage was removed and created into woman. This might better account for those caudle lectures which woman is in the habit of delivering, and some color is given to this theory from the fact that husbands, even down to the present day, seem to inherit a general disposition to leave their wives behind. The first woman, finding no other man in that garden except her own husband, took to flirting with the devil.

"The race might have been saved much tribulation if Eden had been located in some calm and tranquil land like Ireland. There would at least have been no snakes there to get into the garden. Now women in her first efforts after knowledge showed her true female inquisitiveness in her cross examination of the serpent, and in commemoration of that incident the serpent seems to have been doubled up into a kind of knot and used in nearly all languages as a sign of interrogation. Then came the exodus from the garden. Our first parents had to change their whole manner of living. We are painfully reminded of it to this day every time the tailor's or a dressmaker's bill is handed in.

"Adam and Eve were no doubt the originators of the Fenian organization, the first people that ever resorted to the wearing of the green. But then their domestic troubles began. The woman's favorite son was killed with a club, and married women even to this day seem to have an instinctive horror of clubs. The first woman learned that it was Cain that raised the club. Woman has since learned it is a club that raises Cain."—New York World.

Ancient Worship of Animals.

The figures of the gods in ancient Egypt were represented on the monuments for ages in animal form. The organization of the local population ran on totem lines. Each city had different beast gods. In the royal genealogies, beasts are named as ancestors, showing that the early Egyptians actually considered themselves descendants of animals. The primitive element in the early Greek religion has been preserved in the "sacred chapters," fragments of which have been given us by Herodotus, Pausanias and others—proving that the oldest images of the Grecian gods were represented in animal form, and that the different royal houses claimed descent from animals, as do the savages of America and Australia.

Mr. J. McLennan, in his papers on "The Worship of Plants and Animals," calls our attention to many evidences that the early Romans as well as the Greeks worshiped totems. —Mrs. Clara K. Barnum in Popular Science Monthly.

The Mecca of Visitors.

That New York is a mecca for all America and the resort even of foreigners must be impressed upon any man that frequents the clubs. There is no conspicuous club in town that is not visited every month by men from nearly all the states and territories and by strangers from remote foreign parts. The visitors' list of one club for a single week shows the names of persons from Boston, New Orleans, Chicago, Cleveland, Paris and small cities in North Dakota, Maryland and New Hampshire, while one name is that of a Chinaman.—New York Sun.

Her Marriage Experience.

A New Zealand lady reports on her experience and observation of matrimony that "marriage is just this: You have a beautiful wreath and veil on your wedding day. The first week passes well. The second week you have your mouth full of clothespins. The third you are trotting two miles with a basket looking for cheap meat. And after that you are looking for cheap meat all the rest of your life."

Amenities.

Mrs. Hautton (maliciously)—You were such a charming debutante, my dear, fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Iglefe—Was it I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out.—Chicago News-Record.

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