

## ST. PAUL.

I.

I see above a crowded world a cross  
Of gold. It grows like some fork'd cedar  
tree

Upon a peak in shroud of cloud and moss,  
Made bare and bronzed in far antiquity.  
Stupendous pile! The grim Yosemite  
Has rent aside his granite wall, and  
thrown

Its rugged front before us.....Here  
I see

The strides of giant men in cryptic stone,  
And turn, and slow descend where sleep  
the great alone.

II.

The mighty captains have come home to  
rest;

The brave returned to sleep amid the  
brave,

The sentinel that stood with steel breast  
Before the fiery hosts of France, and gave  
The battle-cry that rolled, receding wave  
On wave, the foeman flying back and far,  
Is here. How still! Yet louder now the  
grave

Than ever crushing Belgian battle-car  
Or blue and battle-shaken seas of Trafalgar.

III.

The verger stalks in stiff importance o'er  
The hollow, deep and strange responding  
stones;

He stands with lifted staff unchid before  
The forms that once had crush'd or fashion'd  
thrones,

And coldly points you out the coffin'd  
bones:

He stands composed, where armies could  
not stand

A little time before.....The hand  
disowns

The idle sword, and now instead the grand  
And golden cross makes sign and takes  
austere command.

—Galdry.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## A Love Affair.

Miss Midy Morgan, who has become widely and prominently known as one of the best live stock reporters of the present day, writes as follows from the *Times* office, New York, under date of February 20, to the secretary of the Colorado stock-growers' association:

"In the latter days of April, or early the following month, I hope to be at St. Louis, Mo., when I would gladly run up to Denver, procure myself the honor of an acquaintance with the stock men of Colorado, and have a small talk about the prospects of this industry in the West. Raising stock is a subject full of interest to me, and I have carefully studied, now for nearly four years, the requirements of the Eastern markets, as well as the difficulties and obstacles that beset the way of producers of beef, mutton and pork.

I am most anxious to become a western land owner, but I fear to do so until I can perceive a rent in the clouds that now overshadow the cattle trade. Etc., etc."

I read the above extract from the *Denver Daily News*, in a store at Las Animas, to a number of leading stock men—all bachelors—and they were very attentive to the reading of it, and grinned and blushed and seemed perfectly delighted. Then came the comments.

"If," said one, "that Midy Morgan is only kind of pretty, girlish, you know, coquettish-like, lovely, dashing, sort of modest and tender-looking, with her lively interest in stock matters and her intelligent views of the situation, hang me, if I wouldn't rather see her—the fairy Queen of the Stock Market—than any queen that ever sat upon a throne!"

"Fudge!" said another, "all but the girlish! I'll bet you a new hat that she is an old maid, with lots of crows feet about her eyes. I'll bet you another new hat that, instead of being a fairy-like creature, she has a big broad foot and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. This is one of the strong minded sisters—you may go your bottom dollar on that; a masculine head and brains on tapering shoulders. Midy wouldn't be writing live stock articles for the *New York Times* for a living if she was pretty; some enterprising chap that wants a wife who has the rare combination of feminine beauty and masculine sense would have gobbled her up long ago. No use talking, Gam, if it is a pleasure to you to conceive of Midy—the Queen of the stock market—as a fair girlish creature, I advise you to avoid seeing either herself or her picture."

"I don't care a snap," chimed in another back, "whether Midy is pretty or not, I'd marry her, if I

had the chance, at the drop of the hat, just for the sake of having a woman to whom 'the raising of stock is a subject full of interest,' and who has 'carefully studied the requirements of the Eastern market.' We'd have many a lively chat, you bet. I'd oppose her, you know—take the opposite side; I'd argue in favor of the long-horned Texas against the short-horned Durham; I'd oppose the notion that Western stock men are 'fleece' by Eastern stock men. I'd let her know they weren't sharp enough for that; that Western men could trade them blind, and get the advantage of them in every department of the stock business—buying, selling or shipping. I'd get Midy mad—make the hot blood mount to her cheeks and the fire flash from her eyes; in fact, I'd make her do as I've made many a homely woman do—talk herself pretty. And then, you know, I'd like to have Midy for a partner in the stock business. She could lift an obscure Colorado stock man right up into the thrilling atmosphere of wealth and fame. If I thought that I could get her—that she'd have me—though she be as strong-minded and as homely as Cady Stanton, I'd go for her. I'd leave no stone unturned. I wouldn't rest, until she was mine and I was hers, and we were partners in the stock business."

"Guess you'll have no trouble about that," said one of the former speakers. Doesn't Midy say she "is most anxious to become a western land owner? And you've got more land than any of us: you've cabbaged a small sized land grant down there on the lower Arkansas, and all you've got to do is to let Midy know that, if she owns you she'll be the owner of a Western land grant and one of the finest looking stock men in Southern Colorado. Fair sailing, Bill, go right in and win."

"But how'll a fellow set about it?"

"That's easy enough. There's A. Bach—he's a poet, you know. Get him to write some touching lines to Midy for you; that'll give the thing an air of refinement—a sort of literary polish; mix business with sentiment, old fellow, if you would carry your point with such a girl, or old maid, as the case may be, as Midy Morgan."

"How about that, Bach? won't you grind me out a few rhymes to send to Midy?"

"Certainly. Here goes:"

## LINES TO MISS MIDY MORGAN.

BY WILLIAM I. WEBSTER.

I'm a western stock man, aged thirty years;  
Own a little land grant, and lots of Texas  
steers.

All I lack's a partner, and from what I see,  
You're a live stock woman—and you're the  
girl for me.

My cabin's by the river—no other cabin's  
near;  
A romantic desolation only lacking woman's  
cheer;

I've a rough-and-ready table—a three-legged  
stool—

A coffee-pot and skillet, and am living like  
a fool!

When I lay me down to sleep, the coyotes  
wildly bark;

I'm wakened in the morning by the tuneful  
meadow lark;

I rise to see the antelope with their tails so  
white,

And a monster herd of buffalo—what a  
splendid sight!

As you're fond of stock, Mid, come and live  
with me;

A woman in this wildness—how charming it  
would be!

Pleasure is in contrast—true, Midy, as the  
Book;

In contrast with the buffalo how pleasant  
you would look!

Then leave the crowded city for the roomy  
Plains;

Lay aside your stock pen and rest your busy  
brains;

Come and see my land grant and my "precious  
dears—"

I mean my gay and lively herds of long-horned  
Texas steers.

I'll furnish you a "broncho" to "round up"  
stock with me;

To "herd" with Midy Morgan—how pleasant  
it would be!

I'll train you, dear, to lasso a bawling Tex-  
as steer,

And make the savage creature walk off upon  
his ear.

And you shall help me brand them, that's so  
funny, too,

To have a long-horned Texas a-chasing after  
you!

We'll drive the cattle in the "shute"—Oh, it  
will be so grand!

I'll hold and twist the Texas tail, and Midy,  
you may brand.

Now though I've got a land grant, and  
many a Texas steer,

One thing, you know, is lacking yet, and  
that's a "precious dear,"

And you're the one I'm after—the subject of  
these rhymes—

Charming Midy Morgan, of the *New York  
Daily Times*.

After I had finished the reading of the above effusion, there were many expressions of enthusiasm and delight, only a few of which I remember, such as "that's splendid, Bach," "that'll fetch her down

from the *New York Times* like a shot," "sure as you're born Bill you'll soon have a woman on your hands—a partner in the stock business," "that poetical lasso will fetch her the first throw, right around the neck—going to send it, aint you Bill?"

"You bet your life I'll send it."

"That's business."

I am sure if Miss Morgan wants to marry, she could not do better than accept the suit of my friend, Mr. Webster. His soft brown hair lies loosely but gracefully every which way. He is tall, finely formed, and as straight as an arrow. His face is sun browned, and tinged with a deep rich poppy red, and his large black eyes are eloquent of love, and a lively interest in the stock business. He dresses splendidly—a fine business suit, a jockey cap, a gold watch chain, trousers nicely tucked in his boots, large spurs, a sweeping mustache, and the handsomest long-stemmed meerschaum I ever saw. He has rich eastern parents, is a graduate of Yale, very interesting in conversation, loves stock, is attentive to business, and drives a splendid trade. I think my friend Bill Webster is in every way worthy of an alliance or partnership with Midy Morgan, the Queen of the Stock Market, and shall wait the result of his suit, with a great deal of anxiety.

—Colorado Chieftain. A BACH.

## The Cause of Hard Times.

We are fast becoming a nation of schemers to live without genuine work. Our boys are not learning trades; our farmers' sons are crowding into cities, looking for clerkships and places in the post office; hardly one American girl in one hundred will do housework for wages, however urgent her need; so we are sending to Europe for work men, and buying of her artisans millions worth that we ought to make for ourselves. Though our crop of rascals is heavy, we do not grow our own hemp; though we are overrun with lads who deserve flagellation, we import our willows. Our women (unless deceived) wear European fabrics; our men dress in foreign cloths; the toys which amuse our younger children have generally reached us from over the sea. Hence it is that we plunge deeper and deeper into debt in the Old World. We are like the farmer who hires his neighbor's sons to cut his wood, feed his stock and run his errands, while his own boys lounge at the grog-shop, playing billiards, and then wonder why, in spite of his best efforts, he sinks annually deeper and deeper into debt, till the sheriff cleans him out, and he starts West to begin again. We must turn over a new leaf. Our boys and girls must be taught to love labor by qualifying themselves to do it efficiently. We must turn out fewer professionals and more skilled artisans, as well as food-growers. We must grow and fabricate two hundred millions worth per annum, that we now import, and so reduce the foreign debt that we have so long and so successfully augmented year by year. We must qualify our clever boys to erect and run factories, furnaces, rolling-mills, tanneries, machine shops, etc., to open and work mines, improve and fashion implements, and double the present product of their father's farm. So shall we stem that tide of debt that sets steadily against our shores, and cease to be visited and annoyed by hard times.

—Ex.

## The Denver Arabs---What should be Done with Them?

Denver is certainly not lacking in the matter of the "small-boy" element. Considering our somewhat limited population we are not sure but that we might claim, for our city, a certain pre-eminence in this essential feature of a modern metropolis. The boot-black brigade always rejoices in full ranks, and there are other juvenile gangs and organizations which pride themselves on excessive and peculiar raggedness, unparalleled impudence, profanity of the subtlest character, and conspicuousness, by day or night, in and about all public gatherings and crowded thoroughfares.

All these classes of juveniles are *sui generis*. But few have the slightest knowledge of the ordinary relations of father or mother, or the faintest idea of "a home." To be certain of enough of anything edible to satisfy the gastric juices during the day, and to have on hand

"a bunk" for the night, constitute, with them, the great ends of life.

They assimilate naturally to the sunny side of the street, are certain adjuncts of all rows, fires and every kind of social disturbance. They have a dialect of their own, in which blasphemy is the most prominent ingredient, and slang the next. Dogs and policemen are their special abhorrence.

The ages of these Denver Arabs it would take a Niebbur to determine. They run from seven to seventeen, but all ordinary guides, by which such things are determined, are set at defiance in their case. With them, clothing is more a matter of accumulation than taste or adaptability. A six-year old is as likely to have, for head-gearing, dilapidated relics of a masculine tile, as the elder portion of the gang are to have the jackets of striplings. It's all one so long as nakedness is barely concealed and a certain degree of warmth generated.

As to the occupations of these Denver Arabs, much might be said. The boot-blacks represent the more aristocratic portion, but there are innumerable other gangs which have no apparent mode of life—whose very existence seems close on to the miraculous. As to the future of these semi-outcasts it embodies little of hope or sunshine. Passing through such a boyhood, we have little right to expect a worthier manhood. And yet among these rowdy juveniles, there could be found much that is noble—much that, if developed, would make honorable and useful men.

Is it not within the reach of society, of philanthropy, at least? The question is now being most seriously considered in the larger cities of the Union, and we trust that Denver, prominent in so much that is good, will not be behind in a project embodying consequences of such a far-reaching character, involving the destiny of a large portion of a rising generation.—*Denver Tribune*.

## Material for Paper.

The German paper manufacturers have of late been very successful in the production of paper and cloth from corn husks, the machinery required for the manipulating process being essentially the same as that originally employed in American paper mills working on rags.

The husks, it appears, are first boiled with an alkali in tubular boilers, as a result of which the fibres of the husks are found at the bottom of the boiler in a spongy condition, filled with a glutinous substance or dough, which latter is pressed out from the fibres by hydraulic presses, leaving the fibre in the shape of longitudinal threads, interspersed with a dense mass of short fibre.

Lines that is made from these long fibres is said to furnish a very good substitute for the coarser kinds of flax and hemp, while it is superior to jute, gunny cloth, and the like. The paper—for which mostly the short fibres are used, the long fibres constituting the material for spinning—is stronger than papers of the same weight made from linen or cotton rags.

The hardness and firmness of grain characterizing the paper thus made, are said to exceed that of even the best made English papers. Its durability exceeds that of paper produced from any other substance, and it can be made extremely transparent without sacrificing any portion of its strength. The fibre is easily worked, either alone or mixed with rags, into the finest writing or printing papers, and it readily takes any tint or color that may be desired. The yield of the husk employed for this purpose is said to be thirty per cent. of fibre, ten of gluten, and sixty of dough.—*Printer's Circular*.

## American Railway Securities in London.

On the 15th of March a London firm of stock dealers, Messrs. Biscoffsherm & Goldschmidt, offered for sale the first mortgage bonds of the New York, Boston and Montreal railroad company to the extent of \$8,250,000. They were all taken on the same day, and at a premium of two per cent.

English capitalists have been swindled outrageously by American railroad stock-jobbers. The Erie, the Atlantic and Great Western

and several other corporations have been the means of robbing them of many millions, yet they seem as eager as ever to place their money in American railroad bonds. The explanation is worthy of note.

In England the railroad companies are restricted in their authority, while here they claim absolute sovereignty and so far their claim has not been successfully disputed. No corporation created by law in England is above law. The United States is "the land of the free." Yet this country, and no other in the world gives to corporations sovereign authority. The people may pass laws; they may adopt constitutional provisions designed to break this corporate sceptre, and place the railroads under reasonable restraint in their charges; but so far nothing has come of it. The railroad interest looks with contempt and apparently without the least alarm upon the efforts now being made to dethrone King Rail. They look to the courts to protect them from the people, and not having been disappointed in a single instance, so far, they rest easy under the agitation now going on upon this all-important subject. It is natural that British financiers should be favorably disposed toward the bonds of railroads located in such a paradise of transportation monopoly. Unless there should be herein a radical reformation, the railroads will have it in their power to absorb the greater part of the profits of the country for all time to come. The prospect of thus virtually ruling with an iron hand the United States, and taxing its people at pleasure through the ownership of the greater part of the stocks of its railroad, is tempting in the extreme.

When Rome held imperial sway over the world, she found ordinary roadways of invaluable importance in maintaining her supremacy. For a long time the turnpike system (for such it really was) served as fetters and handcuffs for the subjects of Rome. There is imminent danger that the railroads of the United States will be prostituted to the same use. But British capitalists would do well to "go slow." The end is not yet. The reign of railway despotism may be long, or it may be short; it is surely limited. The people certainly have control of every branch of the government, the judiciary as well as the legislature and the executive, and the longer they are tricked out of their rights, the more complete will be their final triumph. The London money bags need not suppose that the absolute authority of the people has been transferred to the corporations of the country.—*Chicago Journal*.

CHANGE IN THE TRANSPORTATION OF ENGLISH MAILS.—The Postoffice Department at Washington gives notice that, in consequence of the withdrawal of the direct line of mail steamers running on the route between San Francisco, New Zealand and Australia, correspondence for New Zealand and the Australian colonies can no longer be forwarded via San Francisco, but must be prepaid for transmission by British mail, via England, at the following rates, viz: First—by British mail, via Southampton; letters, sixteen cents per half ounce or fraction thereof; newspapers, four cents each, if not exceeding four ounces in weight; other printed matter and samples, four cents, if not over one ounce, eight cents if over one, but not over two ounces, fourteen cents if over two ounces, but not over four, and fourteen cents for every additional four ounces or fraction thereof. By British mail, via Brindisi: letters twenty-two cents per half ounce or fraction thereof; newspapers eight cents each, if not exceeding four ounces in weight; printed matter and samples, twenty cents per four ounces or fraction thereof; register fee, sixteen cents, by letter rates, in addition to the ordinary postage.—*Sacramento Union*.

Two other French trials are announced which will, no doubt, excite a good deal of interest. At Paris four women and two men are to be tried on the charge of maintaining an establishment in the Rue des Suresnes for the systematic corruption of young girls from the departments and abroad, and Madame Milliere has announced her intention of suing Captain Garein for 50,000f. for the wrongful execution of her husband during the Commune.