

THE RUSTIC MUSE.

At last the founding carrier bore
The village paper to our door.

Two Gems.
WHAT IS LOVE?
'Tis a lovely, enlivening and beautiful dream.



Looks Further into the Open Letter
Business, Addressing Epistle No. 2
to the World in General, and
to You and Some Other
Hillsboro Folks in
Particular.

Oh, the beauties, the hopes that such visions
unfolds,
Ere the head has grown gray or the heart has
grown cold!

Enjoy the false dream for it soon will depart
And the head shall control the once passionate
heart;

After Sedan.
Fallen is the throne of empire, while afar
Rests crimson waves, there sinks a blazing star.

Indirection.
Gay is the laugh of a girl,
But the girl who is laughing is gay;

The Old Man's Christmas Reverie.
'Tis Christmas eve; the shadows fall;
The sun is sinking in the West;

Save the Children.
They are especially liable to sudden
Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough,

Allen O. Meyer says that John Mc-
Bride is one of that kind of workmen
who earn their bread by the sweat of
their mouth.

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As I ever endeavor to seek the society
of my superiors, the reader will not mis-
take these few incidental remarks for a
bid for recognition from any one who
kicked, nor the "for value received"
defense of disregarded etiquette of my
friends.

As for the distinguished youthful
party who was heard to express his
opinion of my worth I have only this to
say: I should blush my boy, to imagine
that my qualifications for admission to
good society were only equal to yours.

Humble and worthless as I am, such
prices are too low to purchase me, and I
shall never aspire to any circle of society
where, as passports, cut-away coats take
precedence over brains and respectable
American citizenship.

Not Afraid of the Cop.
The Cincinnati Telegram hath pluck-
ed us:
There is a red-faced, top-eared idiot
named John Kratz on the police force

These people are lead quarters trying
to pass for half dollars; drones in the
social hive; whitened sepulchers full of
rattling bones; still, if you could buy one
of them at his real value and dispose of
him at what he thinks he's worth there
would be a larger margin of profit in the
transaction than Vanderbilt ever realized
or Mulberry Sellers dreamed of!

Of all the bigoted, narrow-minded
snobs that cumber God's bountiful foot-
stool, these fellows are the most offens-
ive, with their upstart pretensions to
superiority based upon assumptions of
'family' prestige. Humbled out of the
way of practical, common-sense people
their insignificance finds refuge in the
obscurity of what they delight to term
the 'best society,' composed of 'our set',
a small, very small mutual admiration
clique, the aristocracy of wealth inher-
ited from some worthy tailor, or honest
pack-peddler and scions of the 'blue
blooded,' who trace their pedigree back
to the finny of some Duke or Earl of
the effete despots of Europe, who left
his country for his country's good in
the days when many such gentlemen
found the colony of Virginia a safe refuge
from the minions of the law at home."

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consciously broken up by the appear-
ance of a hooded candidate. Mr. Brown
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as above, and finding the store full of
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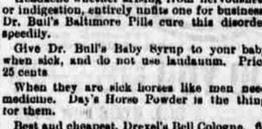
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One of Highland's Noble
Romans

Reflects Upon the Events That
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Death has claimed its victims from all
ranks of society. Arthur, Adams, Til-
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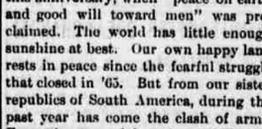
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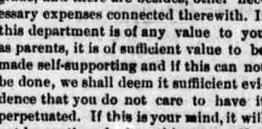
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ABOUT MINING.
Written by "A Woman Who
Knows."

The Ups and Downs of Miner
Life in the Mountains.

The following pretty bit of writing is
by Mrs. Olive Ennis, formerly of this
city, a lady whose talents have given her
a prominent reputation. Some of her
allusions will be recognized by Highland
county readers. She writes:

I saw recently a query in the mining
columns of a daily newspaper: "What
would these tri-millionaires do with their
money?"

I have seen all the various stages of
the mine fever. Away back in '40 I was
a wee bit of a girl, supposedly too young
to know anything but doll babies, and to
hear nothing save fairy tales and bear
stories, but the departure of Farmer Van
Winkle's son for California was an epoch
in our quiet old county, and "Pete Van
Winkle" became one of the heroes of my
childish day dreams. Occasionally I
would hear dear old Aunt Eve, his
mother, tell of "Weldon's" name—Monte
Cristo adventures, and I expected daily
to see him return on a white ass, and was
prepared to wave my green twig, in lieu
of a palm branch, before his triumphal
entry into old New Market.

Many years after I saw this wandering
knight. He had not brought back the
golden fleece, nor had he found even a
golden apple; but I suppose he had an
experience which offset any lack of lucre
in the eyes of the simple country folks.

From time to time since then I have
seen the miner in all his glory and all
his tatters. I have seen him come down
from Los Cerillos, flushed with the vic-
tory of placer mining, and listened to
his Alladin tales; have had him present
me with 500 shares of the Bay State Min-
ing Co., of Pinos Altos, where the Govern-
ment kept 100 soldiers to scare off the
Navajos from twenty prospectors, and
with a flourish of importance befitting
the fortune I was supposed to be receiv-
ing; have seen him come down from the
Apache range, black skinned, hollow-
eyed and starving from starvation and
bleeding from many an arrow wound in-
flicted by resentful Apaches; have seen
him with eyes aglow and heard him with
eloquent tongue, telling of a pocket over
in El Sangre de Christo range, the while
every word was beating a knell over a
lying woman's broken heart; have seen
him and heard him and know him out
in the fastnesses of the grand, eternal
hills, in the dimples of the lowlands,
and in cities; and in all my knowledge
of him, he usually had no money to
spend.

I have seen Denver when pay-dirt
was struck up among the carbonates;
have seen Leadville when the lightest
air was too heavy for Tabor and Sullivan,
and from afar heard Senator Tom Bow-
en's Commanche yell when they struck
gold down at Del Norte.

But St. Louis stockholders are like
none of these, nor is their wealth, so far
as seen, put to such use as is that of the
Westerner. There is a sad story con-
nected with two of its present gold kings.
Less than two years ago he was down to
the tailings, peculiarly, and desperate
enough for any move to help him out.
He came to St. Louis and haunted Third
street in a vain effort to dispose of his
stock. He was not a pretty fellow, no
more will he be if he gets a halo, feather
wings and golden slippers; but he, by
some means, was introduced to a pass-
elle of reasonable good family—one of
his mouvant riches, however—and snug
fortune. Here was his opportunity. He
improved it; he courted, he married the
passe belle, and his happy path glided
over the acute angles and aggressive
joints of the withered daughter with
such precious metal. The wired order
to stop work on the lode was rescinded,
and the arduous Rufus of the far West
went in heavy for a good time.

One day Nessus left his shirt outside
and Rufus put it on. It was the day
that the tollers in the heart of the stony
mountains "struck it rich." Heavens!
what a blow to Rufus! A few weeks
ago poor and a bachelor; a few weeks
more a millionaire and riveted indisso-
lably to a shadow of a shadow of a bygone
age. O, tempora! O, mores! O, hadest!
a billionaire in a few weeks more, and
ever, ever at his side, in his wildest day
dreams, in his night visions, ever, ever,
that amber-haired passe belle. I don't
know what this especial rich miner is
going to do with his money, but I dare
swear he'd give a neat pile of it to free
himself from the golden collar he forged
for himself, and the chain by which he
is led round by the quondam belle.

What is education? asks a graduate.
Well, it is something a college graduate
thinks he has until he becomes a news-
paper man.—Chicago Tribune.