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HER LITTLE HEART.

Her little heart is like an inn Where only transient guests may stay, Who happy there their way may win. Her little heart is like an inn—Ah, sweet, to leave must I begin. 'Tis this little heart that bids her go! Her little heart is like an inn Where only transient guests may stay. —Harpur's Bazar.

A MATTER OF ENVIRONMENT

She Thought Her Sitter Was a Mere Dancing Man—Afterward She Changed Her Mind.

BY W. R. ROSE

When Roger Hendricks suggested to his only daughter that she might find it pleasant to accompany him on a journey across the continent she eagerly agreed with him. When he added that she would have to rough it for a week or more she was delighted.

"I must stop at our new Midas mines in Nevada, and there'll be a wagon ride of 35 miles from the railway and no telling what rude accommodations after we get there."

"Don't say another word, daddy," she cried. "I'm just dying to get away from all these commonplace luxuries! I want a change. I'm sick of the effete east. I want to lose myself somewhere beyond the odor of factory smoke and the glare of electric lights."

"You'll be glad to welcome both," said Roger Hendricks a little grimly, "when you find yourself where there isn't the slightest tint of smoke on the distant horizon and where your electric light is an evil smelling lamp or a sputtering tallow candle."

"Trust me," laughed Grace. "You'll find my romantic views have a very practical background. And we are to visit the mines, are we?"

"Yes," replied Roger, "the new Midas. I want to look them over myself. They are the coming wonders of the mining field and I'm anxious to see just what shape they are in. By the way," and he looked at her narrowly, "an old friend of yours is our assistant superintendent at the mines."

"A friend of mine? Who?"

"Robert Conklin."

"Robert! I knew he was going away, but had no idea where. It's certainly a strange environment for the price of the german. Daddy, I want to tell you something. Robert asked me to be his wife just before he went away."

"Did he? Well, there are worse young men than Robert."

"Are there, daddy? I thought they were all monotonously alike, the same clean shaven faces, the same dress suits and white ties and patent leathers and languid drawls and inane small talk. Robert was a charming fellow—of the conventional type—and he had beautiful white hands and a lovely complexion, but he was too much like all the others to please your fastidious child."

"What did you tell him, my girl?"

"When he popped? Oh, I told him bluntly that he wasn't my ideal, and I sent him away."

Roger smiled.

"And he came to me," he said, "and I sent him away still farther. But it will not embarrass you to meet him at the mines?"

"Not in the least, daddy. Why should I?"

"I don't know." He laughed and turned away.

He did not tell his spoiled darling that he was Robert's sworn ally or that he was plotting at that very moment to secure what he thought was her happiness.

Three weeks later a two-seated wagon drawn by a team of stout, though very tired, horses mounted the last hill that intervened between the railway station and the Midas mines. In the wagon were Roger Hendricks and Grace and an extremely taciturn, though highly skilled, driver, who had been sent over to meet them.

As they mounted the crest of the last long hill Roger Hendricks turned to the driver.

"Is Superintendent Ingersoll well?" he asked.

"Dunno," said the driver.

"Don't know!" echoed the capitalist. "Isn't he at the mines?"

"Nope. He's across in California."

"What for?"

"Health."

"I didn't know he was ill," said the capitalist. "What's his trouble?"

"Knife in ribs. Couple o' fellers from Skinner's Flat came over an started a fuss. Superintendent tried to stop 'em an' got jabbed. Bobsy run in an' floored the fellers biff bang! an' then he toted superintendent over the line to a doctor, an' sent me to Carson City with the fellers."

"And the mines?"

"Mines is runnin' all right. Bobsy's runnin' 'em."

"Who is Bobsy?"

"Dunno his other name. That's him comin'."

He pointed with his whip at an approaching figure.

It was the figure of a tall young man in a slouch hat, a coarse flannel shirt, rough breeches and long, clay stained boots. He had a plentiful crop of hair, a face extremely sunburned where it wasn't covered by a brown curly beard, and his arms, exposed by his rolled up shirt sleeves, were brown and sinewy.

He took off his hat to Grace and extended his hand to her father.

"By George," cried the latter, "it's Conklin—it's Robert!" And he leaned over and vigorously shook the young man's hand. Grace gave a little gasp. Was this rough young Adonis, bearded and tanned, the white handed darling of the ballroom?

Then Robert quickly stepped to the wagon, and reaching up swung her lightly to the ground.

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J. A. Wilson

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"Glad to welcome you to the mines, Miss Grace," he said in an easy manner, with no trace of self-consciousness. And what astonished Grace most of all was that he made no excuses for his decidedly unconventional garb.

"Hold on," cried the capitalist as they walked toward the superintendent's cottage. "Are you Bobsy?"

"That's what the Chinese cook calls me," laughed the young man, "and I believe the rest of the camp has adopted the title. We all have our nicknames out here, you know. But this is the superintendent's cottage. Miss Grace will take my room, and you, sir, will take Mr. Ingersoll's. The Chinese servants will serve your meals here."

"And will you not join us?" asked Grace in her sweetest manner.

"I should be pleased to," he answered simply and stepped away to talk with her father.

Robert came to supper and the only changes he had made in his toilet were the removal of his slouch hat and the addition of a rough sack coat. But he was nowise embarrassed. He certainly talked well, and Grace saw that her father was greatly taken with him.

Robert went away early, knowing they were tired and presumably sleepy. As the sound of his footsteps died on the gravel walk the capitalist turned to his daughter.

"Seems a little different, doesn't he?"

"Different from what, daddy?"

"Why, from the whole tiresome lot of conventional young men."

"He does," said Grace lightly. There was a pause.

"Aren't you just a little sorry now you refused him?" chuckled the old man.

"This isn't the man I refused," said Grace softly.

The ten days of their stay passed rapidly. Thanks to the preparations made by Robert for their coming the roughness of camp life was greatly softened. He had worked like a Trojan to make them comfortable. He had actually brought water in sluice pipes from a spring in the mountain side and fitted up a rude but very serviceable bathtub in the cottage for the use of Grace. In fact, she heard of his energy and industry on every hand. And she noticed, too, that her father leaned upon him more and more.

Once she took her parent to task a little for absorbing so much of Robert's leisure time.

"The boy is full of business," said her father shortly. "He's carrying a big load here, and there's no shifting it till Ingersoll comes back. I've been doing what I can to lighten it a little."

Whenever she saw Robert he was in his rough and ready mining garb—stout, sunburnt, sinewy. He never alluded to his clothes, and Grace came to believe that he never thought of them. He was always at ease in her presence.

Yeuknow

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—AT THE—

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ence, and yet, strange to say, paid her no compliments. A fact which seemed all the more remarkable when she glanced in her little mirror and saw the pleasing effects of the pure mountain air and the simple, wholesome diet.

She couldn't understand it. Had he—had he ceased to care for her? and she whispered this contingency with a sinking heart. Had she, like the ignorant Ethiope, thrown away her pearl? Had this splendid, unconventional fellow quite outgrown her earlier fascinations? It sadly looked like it.

Then came the day of their departure, and still Robert hadn't spoken. But along in the early morning he said to her:

"Shall we take a farewell look together at the happy valley?"

So they walked up the hillside path a short distance to a wooded plateau that overlooked the valley and its foaming stream for many miles. Robert had made a little seat just within the thicket, and they sat down. For a moment both were silent. Then Robert spoke.

"Well," he quietly said, "have you reconsidered?"

Grace looked up with a start. There was a masterful air about him that fairly paralyzed her tongue. She could only stare and wonder.

"Time is slipping by," said Robert as he consulted his watch. "I must seize the first opportunity to speak to your father."

Grace tried to say the cutting things that surged in her mind. But when she caught Robert's eye looking down upon her with a tenderness of expression that altogether belied the businesslike form of his speech she gave a little gasp and incontinently surrendered.

Fifteen minutes later Robert and the capitalist clasped hands warmly.

"All right, eh?" queried the latter, with a broad smile.

"Yes, sir," replied Robert. "It worked just as you wrote me it would. But it has been a hard part to play."

"But you played to win," it was the old clothes and the brusque manner and, above all, the environment that served to clinch her affection, for I'm sure my little girl has loved you for a long time, my boy."

He took Robert's arm affectionately and walked with him to the company's office, and Grace, watching at the cottage window and quite unconscious of the plot that had brought her happiness, knew that all was well.

"I'm coming east as soon as Mr. Ingersoll returns," said Robert when it came time for the adieu, "and then I can enjoy the luxury of a change of wardrobe." He watched her smilingly as he spoke.

She laughed softly.

"I learned to love you, dear," she murmured, "in that garb. Bring it with you, lest I forget."

"It shall be my negligence," he laughed. "And another thing, Robert."

"Yes, Grace."

"There mustn't be any razor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PROTECTED BY ARMOR

Many English Officers Wear it Under Their Tunics.

A Strange Battle Between an Otter and an Eel—The Former Won.

Many officers of the British army are wearers of armor. As a general rule the mail is inclosed in a leather casing, which is sewed inside the tunic, so as to be invisible unless the garment is picked to pieces. And the same with helmets—a similar device is fixed in the lining, so as to give additional protection in case of need. Some officers are not above wearing mail vests underneath their tunics and perfectly oblivious of their comrades, who, although they may scoff in times of peace, would only be too glad to don one themselves when in the middle of hostilities. The majority of the maker's customers are officers, because the suits are very expensive, costing about 10 guineas each.—Regiment.

A Curious Battle.

An interesting spectacle was witnessed the other day on the banks of the river Soar, near Hathern, by a gentleman resident in the district. Being attracted by a peculiar cry, he turned aside and came upon a young otter and a huge eel engaged in a deadly struggle. The otter had evidently caught the eel, which had retailed by winding itself tightly round the former's neck. The fight lasted several minutes, the otter eventually freeing itself and making off with a part of the eel, which it had bitten in two.—London Telegraph.

A Shock to Boston.

An English woman, a visitor, grieved all Boston by irreverently asking a citizen, as she walked through the Common and saw the cherished gilded dome of the statehouse, "Beg pardon, sir, but what building is that with the brass top?"

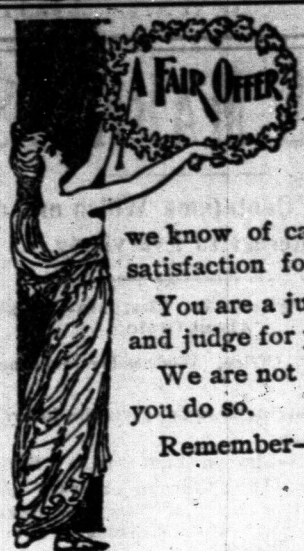
Accommodated.

"You haven't any smokeless tobacco, have you?" asked the smart young man.

"Lots of it," said the matter of fact person behind the counter, producing a box of snuff. "How much do you want?"

We give new names to old things, that we may persuade ourselves to be their discoverers.

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