

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling;
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the air of the household;

THE TRAMP.

I had a talk the other day with one
of the damsels whose business it is to
stand on their toes and whirl around
upon the stage with giddy velocity for
the amusement of the general public.

world for myself at 21 without a penny
to my name and with but limited
advantages in the way of education?"
"Yes, sir."
"You also know that my father had
previously died penniless and that I had
nothing to depend upon except my
individual energy and perseverance?"

"You bet!" the youth blurted out
with more energy than he had pre-
viously displayed.
"Ever see me smoke a 25-cent cigar?"
"N-no, sir."
"Do I break any considerable number
of bottles of champagne at \$2 50 per
bottle?"

rattan upon which he was accustomed
to rely for support.
"Don't you sometimes hate yourself,
my son, while reading or gazing upon
grand specimens of manhood?"
Robert looked ashamed but ventured
nothing in reply.

One is a dressmaker, the other a book-
keeper, the latter from a comfortable
country home. For a year she endured
life in a boarding house at \$4 a week
for board and room. It was all she could
afford out of her salary of \$25 a month.

Millions of china, wax and other dolls
are sold in this country, yet none are
manufactured here. From Germany,
England and France, where labor is
cheap, the supply emanates, and the
men who control the market are so few
in number that they can manipulate
doll fannies and corners in any quarter
of the globe, and enrich their pockets
accordingly.

Nine-tenths of all the dolls produced
are manufactured in the provinces of
Thuringia in Germany. This comprises
but thirty-five square miles, and
belongs to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.
The central market of receipt is Sonne-
berg, a city of some 12,000 inhabitants.

zed. The imperfect ones are separated
by themselves and sold to "fairs" and
"cheap-John" concerns, which dispose
of them to people who infest such
places. One German factory has been
running about one hundred and thirty
years, and has produced one billion
dolls. Some of the manufacturers are
enormously rich. All attempts at
manufacturing dolls in this country
have failed owing to the cheap labor
abroad. Congress, however, levies
thirty-five per cent. duty on those toys
(which make women of our girls), in
expectation of future manufacture here.

Many experiments have been made to
measure the height of waves in all
conditions of weather. One authority
gives as high as 64 feet, and another as
low as five feet, giving it as his reason
that the penetrating power of wind cannot
reach below that depth. Of this philo-
sopher it may be presumed that he was
a martyr to sea sickness, and that he
must have contented himself with mak-
ing his calculations in his study. On the
other hand, a height of 64 feet is almost
as absurd, though it is more in corre-
spondence than five feet can possibly be
with our conception of the altitude of
the impulsive surges which roll under
the surface of the great oceans. It is
true that the earthquake wave has been
known to rise 60 feet; yet surges of this
kind are happily scarce, since when they
occur they are not only in the habit
of razing whole towns upon the coast line
where they break, but of carrying some
of the vessels they may encounter at
anchor in the neighborhood to the dis-
tance of a day's walk inland. Practical
experience, however, will look with sus-
picion upon most of the scientific theo-
ries touching the altitude and velocity
of the waves. Professor Airy's table
coupled speed with dimensions, and as
a sample of his calculations, it may
be shown that a wave one hundred
thousand feet in breadth will travel at
the rate of 33 1/3 feet per second in water
that is ten thousand feet deep. This is
possible, but it is difficult to accept
such conclusions as exact. At all events
there is nothing more deceptive than
the height of waves. The tallest seas
in the world run off Cape Horn, where,
whether the wind blows east or west,
they have a holiday ground within a
belt of eight or ten degrees that com-
passes the globe without the interven-
tion of a break of land. Any man who
has run, say, before a strong westerly
gale round the Horn will know the
magnitude of the seas which follow his
ship. Viewed from the stern, when the
vessel sinks in the trough, the oncom-
ing sea that is about to overrun the
ship, and lift her scaring to the flying
summit, will seem to have its rushing
surge, in its height to the mizen top;
but when the summit is gained by the
observer, and the waves viewed from
there, it will then be seen that those
crests which from the deck looked a
long way up, will now appear to be a
long way down. It is a common shore
guy phrase that the seas run moun-
tain high. The idea implied is not very
generally accepted by sailors, though
the term may be sometimes used by
them for convenience. The truth is, if
waves were as tall as they are popularly
supposed to be, no ship could by any
possibility live in them. They are lofty
to a spectator on a low freeboard, but
usually surveyed from low freeboards.
To a spectator on a steamer, with a six
foot height of side, an Atlantic or Pa-
cific surge would necessarily appear as
a mountain compared to the aspect it
would take from the deck of an old line
of battle ship, with a thirty foot dip, or
from one of those lofty, glazed, castel-
lated structures which in former times
took six months to jog soberly from the
Thames to the Hooghly.

The Return of Gold-Miners.
In the crowd at the Lake Shore
Depot was a big fellow wearing a fur
overcoat and a broad-brimmed hat.
He walked up and down the great plat-
form with his hands in his pockets,
smoking and singing, apparently in the
best of humor. One of those inquisi-
tive men always to be found near a
railway train, who had been watching
him for some time, finally ventured to
address him.
"From the West?"
The individual in fur removed his
cigar and replied: "You bet."

"You bet?"
The inquisitive man became interest-
ed. He was going East too. It was
eleven years since he had been east of
Lake Michigan, and he was going
down to see the old folks in Pennsylvania.
"That ain't a marker to me," said
the Westener, with great vehemence.
"I went West in '49, and this is my
first appearance this side of the Rocky
Mountains since. I live when I am
home in Maine and that's where I am
going now. When I left there I was
a boy of 22 or thereabouts. Do you think
they will know me now?" and he
stroked his gray beard thoughtfully.
"Will they if you've got rich in the
meantime," said the inquisitive man,
making an effort to appear as if he did
not care whether the question implied
by his remark was answered or not. He
was equally surprised when his com-
panion responded:
"That's just it, stranger. I've been
on the coast these thirty-five years.
Jerusalem! but think of it—a lifetime
almost. I've had more'n a thousand
prospects that were considered immense.
I've been chasing something, nothing,
all these years. Sleeping or waking
I've seen the glitter of gold. Did you
ever get that way? No, of course you
didn't. I have seen gold everywhere
and yet could not find it. The moun-
tains with their snowy peaks, the glis-
tening ice, the sparkling frost have all
filled me with wonder, avarice, greed.
Everything that shone has tempted
me. My eyes have been strained so
long, my whole being has been so ab-
sorbed in this cursed search that it tires
me to look anywhere or at anything. I
like to smoke and close my eyes and
think. A wasted life is not pleasant
for reflection. The hardships that I
have endured, the things that might
have been haunt me and disgust me
with myself."

"Realtives down East?" inquired the
man by his side, who was getting inter-
ested.
"Ye, sir, my mother, and that's
what's taking me over the divide, stran-
ger. A curious thing about that.
Mighty curious. For 35 years I hardly
gave the old lady a thought. She wrote
frequently and I wrote when I had time
but not like I ought to have done. I
was absorbed in gold hunting when one
day I received a letter from her con-
taining her photograph. She's more'n
75 years old. It struck me like an
avalanche. 'Poor old mother,' says I,
and as I looked up I saw myself, wrink-
led and gray, in a glass, and observed,
'Poor fool, boy.' Well, sir, from that
moment I lost interest in gold, quartz
and placers. When I looked at the
snowy peaks I saw my mother. I
dreamed of her at night. Her eyes
were always before me, swimming in
tears as they were the day we parted.
Finally I gave up, converted what little
property I had into dust and determin-
ed to go home. I don't care who knows
it. Here's a 49er who has been lured
from the gold country by a mother's
tears. It will pay me richer dividends
than the things that I have been chasing
so long."

A Pigeon Ranch.

Mr. Ryan has returned to Austin,
from a trip to San Antonio.
"Did you see Dave Miller, the
pigeon man?" asked Monroe Miller, on
meeting him. "Did you see Dave Pul-
siver?"
"Ye, I saw Dave. He is getting
rich, making money hand over fist. He
has got the safest thing you ever saw.
He has got a pigeon ranch."
"A pigeon ranch! Why, there can't
be money in that."
"But there is a bonanza in it the way
Dave manages. I wanted to buy a half
interest in it, but he wouldn't sell."
"Does he get so many pigeons
over at San Antonio?"
"Ye, he don't eat any more pigeons
over there than we do here in Austin,
but you see Dave has a contract to fur-
nish the San Antonio Gun club with
pigeons. The Gun club is practicing
every day, in order to get up a match
with the Austin Gun club."
"I don't see how he can make so
much money at that."
"Ye has never seen those San An-
tonio marksmen shoot. They only hit
one pigeon in ten. Dave has those
pigeons trained so that as soon as they
are shot at and missed, they fly home,
and next day, Dave sells them over
at San Antonio."
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A FASHIONABLE dude who had been
spending the summer at St. Albans
became acquainted with a pretty coun-
try lass on an excursion, and received an
invitation to call upon her at her home
in East Swinton. Hiring a nobby
couche he drove up there one day last
week and drew up at the farm house
door in great state. No one making an
appearance, he reached out and tapped
on the door with his cane. Presently
a woman appeared with her arms cov-
ered with flour up to her elbows.
"Aw—is Miss Blank at home, may I
ask?"
"Ye, she ain't—not to callers."
"Will you kindly inform me where
she is?"
"Wall if you must know, she ain't a
hundred miles off. But she's busy."
"Ab! watering her roses, I do not
doubt—or perhaps twining her vines?"
"Ye, she is n't. She's out on the
barn roof helping the old man to shingle."

Two Tollers.

One is a dressmaker, the other a book-
keeper, the latter from a comfortable
country home. For a year she endured
life in a boarding house at \$4 a week
for board and room. It was all she could
afford out of her salary of \$25 a month.

How They Vote in Germany.

A striking feature of the German mu-
nicipal system is its entire independence
of national politics. No issues but those
arising out of municipal questions are
allowed to influence the city elections.
Every male inhabitant 24 years of age
has a right to vote on municipal elec-
tions provided that he has his own
household and is not dependent upon
father or mother; that he has not re-
ceived alms from the funds for 12 years;
that he has paid all municipal dues; that
he pays an income tax or class tax. Under
one or another of these five conditions
all industrious persons in the city are in-
cluded. That all votes should count
equally is regarded as unbusiness like.
The arrangement adopted to meet this
point of view is this: Voters are divided
into three classes, each of which elect
one-third of the city council. To the
first class are assigned so many of the
largest taxpayers as pay one-third of
the taxes assessed; to the second so
many as in the aggregate pay the sec-
ond-third of the taxes; to the third
class belong all not included in the
first and second. Each of the three
classes elects forty-two members of the
council, its influence upon questions
of finance being kept in strict equality
with its tax payments. The City
Council of Berlin has long been con-
spicuous for the educational and fi-
nancial standing of its members.
Election to it is accounted an honor,
to which the ablest men of the city
aspire.

Mrs. Polk.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who is now
eighty-one years of age, recently speak-
ing of the time when she was lady of
the White House, said that she enjoyed
that period of her life, and looked
back upon it after forty years with
pleasure. She is fond of recalling
incidents of Mr. Polk's administration,
and is proud of his career. She says
she regards the annexation of Texas
and the results following the Mexican
war, that is, the acquirement of the
California, New Mexico, and all those
Territories so rich in mineral ore, as
some of the most important events in
the history of this country. In fact,
she thought Mr. Polk's administration
was second to none, and she would not
even except the results obtained by Mr.
Jefferson. She says history is now pro-
ving the advantages gained by these
accessions, all due to Mr. Polk's ad-
ministration.

"I want you, my darling, my darling;
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love and contentment;
But I am alone.
I call you, my darling, my darling;
My voice echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.
I need you, my darling, my darling;
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up before me;
Old doubts my spirit they own.
Oh, come through the darkness and save
me,
For I am alone.