SIBERIAN EXILES.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

Russia! Russia! Art thou thy brother's keeper?
Are these thy children, ever wandering deeper
Into that gloomy land,
A faint, heart-broken band?
Answer! Are these thy children, these shackled ones?
Claim they from thee the heritage of sons?
Didst thou e're nurse them at thy iron breast?
Were once their infant locks by thee caressed?
And thou canst see them famishing for rest!

Who thinks at midnight on this somber land,
Its punishments dealt out with iron hand,
Must see a phantom train
That comes not home again,
Marching in painful file to living death!
With hope, with all crushed out of life but breath.
Art thou thy brother's keeper? Russia! Russia!
Are these thy children? Hast thou naught to say?
And yet they fall and die beside the way.

How long that bowed procession looks to those
Who, dreaming, hear the groans and feel the throes—
To those born happy, free,
Cradled in liberty,
Seen from the West, how black that awful goal!
How terrible for even a hardened soul!
We shudder at those grim, entombing mines;
We mark how brief the welcome summer shines;
How like funeral sentinels, Siberian pines.

Oh! Russia! Russia! 'Tis a blacked page
To scan in our enlightened, lenient age;
When hearts have softer grown,
Even on the loftiest throne;
When man no longer to his God replies:
"Am I my brother's keeper?" When the skies
No longer smile and bend above La Bastile!
And nations show a growth of tender zeal
For all who suffer, all who live and feel.

Far, far from the millennial day to come,
When earth will be one universal home,
Siberian dungeons seem!
And yet the Christian's dream
Time may fulfill. Black Russia! Frowning Dread!
Haunted by fearful shapes! Land of the dead
Whose confines make en everlasting duress!
May blossom like Isaiah's wilderness,
And, wearying of curses, yearn to bless.

NEW YORK CITY (Station A).

FANCY VERSUS FACT.

An Old Sailor's Yarn.

"IF I was in your place, Cap'n, I would keep that little old well-worn Bible as long as I lived," said the lubber when the sailor rounded to in the usual resort.

"Bible!" echoed the Cap'n in a puzzled voice; "what *Bible is it* that you are talking about?"

"Why, the one you carried under your arm when you was a boy going onto the ship to be a sailor."

"Did you ever hear me say anything about mine or any other seaman's Bible?" asked the Cap'n with forced calmness.

"N—o," replied the lubber, slowly, "but I've been led to think that all the boys who went to sea took one along. At least, they did in the Sunday-school books I used to read. The boy's mother was usually a widow, and he had to go to sea to support her, and he always took a Bible with her name on the fly-leaf. I have often wondered since why the boy didn't get a job ashore, but I suppose work was scarce that summer, and he was stuck on the sea anyhow. Another thing that bothered me some was the fact that he was generally gone three years, while his penniless ma was waiting for him to come back and support her."

"And he always shipped a Bible with the rest of his dunnage, eh?" ventured the Cap'n, with the evident intention of drawing the lubber out.

"Yes, the boy generally had a Bible tucked under his arm with a bookmark sticking out of the back end of it, in the picture where he is bidding his mother good-by before going to sea. She has her hands over her face and is weeping bitterly, poor woman, while he gazes manfully up at her from under his glazed cap-brim. And they always have his clothes-chest showing in the picture. This is a small, square box with a rope handle in each end, and contains besides his clothes a number of healthful tracts for the sailors.

"It has been so long since I read one of the books that I've forgotten just how the story goes. But there is another picture where the boy is marching up the gangplank into the ship with his Bible, while a sailor follows him at a respectful distance, carrying the chest on his back. On the voyage the boy refuses to drink grog or chew long green tobacco, which the sailors kindly offer him. And every night in the forecastle he reads a chapter from his Bible and then kneels down beside his bunk to pray, while the sailors heave rubber boots at his head. But the noble boy perseveres, and after awhile manages to steer the sailors into a religious train of thought. He then passes among them with his tracts and leans on the taffrail moonlight nights telling the rude but large-hearted sailors of a better and purer home beyond the skies. When the voyage is over he comes home with curly whiskers and a big bagful of gold just in time to save his mother from the cruel landlord who is about to foreclose the mortgage and throw the unhappy lady out of the house. I've often thought I would like to be a sailor myself," concluded the lubber, "but I'm afraid I'm not religious enough, am I?"

"Hardly," replied the Cap'n, seriously. "But then it isn't necessary for a boy to be ordained for the ministry in order to ship before the mast in an American man-of-war or any other vessel I know of, except Cap'n Bundy's Gospel Tidings, which was launched here last summer The Sunday-school sailor is all right in the book, but he has never showed up on shipboard to my knowledge. I've seen hundreds of boys come over the gang-plank, and if any of them had Bibles they took pains to conceal them. They all had a hankering for government rations instead of spiritual food, and as for missionary work, why, they could give a pirate pointers on profanity. I have often wondered myself why sailors pay so little heed to their spiritual welfare. They probably feel that the worst deal they can get in a future state will be a soft berth compared to their natural lives.

"But we once had a religious chap aboard, one Cyrus Bilger, of Ohio. Cyrus brought no Bible along, having absorbed the good book all but the covers, and he was very polite as well as religious. Bilger had never seen a ship before and didn't know a bobstay from a spanker brail, and he always alluded to the vessel's hold as the cellar. But he could quote scripture by the yard, and what he didn't know about seamanship he tried to make up in politeness. That was his best hold. When a man isn't good for anything else he makes a big spread on politeness or religion and sometimes both.

"Young Bilger's chief duty aboard the ship was sweeping gangways and dumping out spit-boxes. Whenever the boatswain's mate piped, 'Clean, sweep down fore an' aft, an' dump out all yer spit-boxes,' Bilger would say, 'Certainly, with the greatest of pleasure.' Then he would stack up half a dozen spittoons and juggle them up forward, where he would give them a bath. The sailors often guyed him about this job, but he would only smile and say, 'We should never weary of well-doing.' But Bilger came out strong later on and showed us that he had the making of a seaman in him in spite of his milky ways.

"He went ashore one day, dressed in his best suit of clothes. Sailors have to wear their best clothes ashore, and even aboard ship they are compelled to dress to order. Every morning the

THE PROFANE BOY AND THE SEA PIRATE.

word is passed forward regarding the uniform to be worn that day. One day it will be all blue, the next all white, and then white and blue mixed. When there is work to be done the order goes, 'Hear, there, the uniform for to-day will be working clothes,' and everybody must be dressed alike at quarters.

"Well, Bilger went ashore with the liberty party, and they got him drunk. I had charge of the launch that went in to fetch the party off to the ship. On the first trip we brought them all off but two, Bilger and a fireman named Price. Price was a Welshman, whom we nicknamed Taffy for short. He was a short, thick, dumpy little fellow, who always wore trousers intended for a full-grown man. He never had the pants altered to fit his short legs, consequently they looked like a pair of accordions. All his fingers were gone at the second joint, owing to an accident he met with in the fire-room. They were taking up the iron deck-plates one day. One of the men with a crowbar got a pinch between the joints, and raised a plate which weighed about 600 pounds. Taffy was standing on the plate at the time, and, stooping over, he put his fingers in the crack and began to lift. But the crowbar slipped, the plate came down with Taffy standing on it, and broke his fingers off."

"Very sad accident," murmured the lubber.

"Yes. Well, when we got back on the second trip Taffy and Bilger had been having a h—l of a time. They were both drunk, Bilger having the biggest load and Taffy was kindly taking care of him. While we were away on the first trip Bilger concluded that it would be a good idea to swim off to the ship—about two miles. So, without saying a word to his guardian,

HE COULDN'T GET THE SHIRT OFF.

Taffy, he plunged off the dock with his clothes on. Bilger couldn't swim a stroke, and, as his head ports were open, he filled, and would have gone to the bottom had a native not jumped in and pulled him out."

"Where was this, Cap'n?

"On an island in the South Pacific. Of course Bilger felt uncomfortable with his wet clothes on, and as soon as he got his breath he proceeded to strip, Taffy helping him. All went well with Bilger till he got to his shirt, which he pulled off over his head in the usual way. He forgot, however, to unbutton the cuffs. The cuff of a man-of-war shirt fits tight to the wrist, and is fastened with three horn buttons, sewed on with waxed thread. So when Bilger skinned his shirt off the sleeves turned wrong side out and clung to his wrists closer than a brother. He was too drunk to know what was the matter, so he got excited. Taffy was helping him, but he broke away and went galloping along the beach, howling like a wild man, and waving the wet, soggy shirt in the air.

"When we reached the dock Taffy was pursuing the unhappy Bilger. But as he was short-handed on fingers and Bilger's body being wet and slippery he couldn't hold him. Two or three of us started to help Taffy, but he waved us back; said he was sailing that craft himself and didn't want any help. So we sat down and waited while they went ahead with the performance. Up and down the beach they flew, Bilger in the lead, with Taffy close behind. Sometimes one and sometimes both of them were standing on the shirt or tearing at it with tooth and nail. Then Bilger would break away and lash the trees with his shirt, in the meantime shrieking and frothing at the mouth.

"At last they wore the shirt out and Bilger was free, except for a pair of nice, warm flannel bracelets. Then we tried to load him into the boat, but he clutched the iron stanchions on either side of the gang-way and hung back. He wanted to swim. We hauled and jerked, while Taffy got behind and prodded Bilger with his finger-stumps. This scheme wouldn't work, so Taffy suddenly grabbed his friend by the legs and turned him a forward somersault into the bottom of the boat. Then we started for the ship. On the way Bilger made a wild break and got half-way over the side, but Taffy hauled him back. Then Taffy laid on his back in the bottom of the boat and, clasping Bilger around the middle with both arms, hung on. But Bilger was so stuck on swimming that day that he kept striking out with hands and feet all the way to the ship.

"On reaching the vessel the swimmer was hoisted aboard and placed in a cell to cool off. When sober he was taken to the mast clad only in his flannel bracelets. The captain eyed the young man sternly, and harshly demanded:

"'Well, what have you to say for yourself?'

"Bilger blushed all over, but bracing up he threw off a graceful salute and said:

"'Please, sir, what is the uniform for to-day?'

"The captain broke down at once and sent Bilger forward, where he received the hearty congratulations of the entire crew."

HOW HORN COMBS ARE MADE.

BY EMMA VILO.

COMBS are made from horns gathered in Australia and South America, and from buffalo horn brought from various quarters. Each market supplies a horn of a distinct character, and the characteristic is closely maintained in the production of the combs. The processes adopted in manipulating the horn are, however, one and the same for all kinds. The first operation is to cut the horn in several different ways, so that when it is opened it shall be of rectangular shape.

This cutting involves the loss of several large pieces, and also of the tips so far as comb-making is concerned; but the pieces are sold to manufacturers of other commodities, so that the total loss is comparatively slight. To assist the action of the knife, the horn is heated to a certain degree over the fire, by the side of which the operator sits. When cut, the horn is often softened and opened by tongs and placed between screw plates, wherein, under the influence of a strong pressure, the pieces are flattened out.

It is a characteristic of the horn to remain when cold just as it is shaped when warm; so that, when the pieces are removed from the screw plate, they do not warp or curl up again. Such pieces as are intended to be used for imitation tortoise shell are subjected to an enormous pressure between heated and oiled iron plates. This heavy pressure, however, weakens the horn and renders it liable to split. Omitting the drying stage, the next process is to cut the pieces into suitable sizes and shapes for combs, and after that the teeth are cut. Originally this was done by hand.

Now it is done by circular saws, some of which are so fine and thin as to cut from seventy to eighty teeth per lineal inch. They revolve at a very rapid rate; but, instead of traveling up to the horn, the horn travels up to the saw. After each cut the horn is automatically moved forward the exact breadth of a tooth, and it is possible to arrange that a fine or a coarse tooth shall be cut at pleasure. This in itself is sufficient to stamp the machine as a most ingenious piece of work.

After the tooth cutting, the combs are next thinned or tapered down to their outer edges. This is done on grindstones, and in due succession the teeth are rounded, pointed, or beveled, as the case may require, by a special kind of file, or rasp.

If from this stage it is necessary to treat the horn, to make it an imitation of tortoise shell, the object is effected by first applying a dilute nitric acid, which imparts a light-yellowish tinge, and afterward by dropping over certain spots a composition containing caustic soda, litharge, and dragon's blood.

After some time the blood is washed off, but the spots beneath it are found to be slightly swollen up, and stained to a deep orange tinge. It then only remains to polish the combs, whether they are in plain horn or in imitation of tortoise shell. This is done by first sandpapering, to get a smooth surface, then buffing on leather wheels, and finally polishing on wheels made up of circular pieces of calico, with frayed edges, which, though so soft in themselves, present a hard face when being rapidly revolved.

A Fair Railroad President.

Mrs. Haines is the first woman ever chosen to the Presidency of a steam railroad, but in her case there can be

no doubt of the wisdom of the selection, her qualifications for the position being conceded by all who know her. She is the wife of Mr. C. D. Haines, senior member of the well-known Haines Brothers, brokers and owners of the street and short-line railroads in several States. They own a number of railroads, steam and street, in the Lone Star State, the Medina Valley being one. Mrs. Haines, the fair President of this line, is said to be a most efficient officer as well as a most beautiful woman.

What the Matter Was.

"What is the matter with that baby?" growled an irascible husband as the little one persisted in howling and kicking to the extent of its little might.

"The matter is, sir," calmly replied the wife, as she strode up and down the floor, "the matter is that this baby inherits your temper."

And the husband returned to his paper with a gloomier look than before.

She Followed the Fashion.

Sergeant Bagnet—Yes, my boy, this old musket's been through three wars with me. She's changed, though, from what she was once. She wore powder when in her prime.

Grandson—The fashion has changed since then, hasn't it?

Sergeant B.—Yes; and now the old lady has taken to wearing caps.

MAKING MAPLE SIRUP.

THE OLD-TIME WAY CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF TO-DAY.

Progress in Its Manufacture Has Kept Even Pace with the Times—The Sugaring Season—Sugar Parties in the Woods—The Old and Young Make Merry.

A AGE ago the Vermont farmer and his boys, in the fall of the year when harvest was ended, would take their axes and hie to some hard-wooded locality well stocked with maples and lay out for a spring sugar campaign. Headquarters would be established near some mammoth rock; ofttimes this was so located that it furnished shelter in time of storm and gave a bed for the night. A plan of operations was then decided upon. Young trees about one and one-half feet in diameter were cut down, cut up about two feet in length, and then dug out, making troughs holding not far from four or five gallons. When 200 or 300 of these had been manufactured, large maples were selected, and by the side of each was placed one of these troughs. Then a cord or two of wood was gathered and piled up against a rock, two big logs—called back-logs—were placed in position to support the kettle, and some large tree near by was cut down and that dug out into one immense trough for storage. This work would use up the best part of a week, one of the number going home at night to look after the stock and to bring back in the morning the brown bread, pork and beans.

About the middle of March the old "five-pail kittle" was unearthed; the hand-sled which had been doing service all winter was ordered up; pork, beans, a few potatoes, and several loaves of home-made bread, with a few dozen of eggs, were gathered together, placed on the sled, and the kettle turned over them; and two young men, with snow-shoes, an ax, two or three pails, the family flint-lock, some powder and shot, and a good supply of "punk"—an article found in decayed wood, which is about as combustible as

STARTING FOR THE WOODS.

tissue paper or young oratory—and two blankets, started out for nearly two months of "sugaring." Upon reaching the rock the first thing in order was a fire, but there were no matches then, so the old musket was brought into service. One man held the "punk" near the flint-hammer and caught a spark. This he nursed, and soon had shavings from a shingle ablaze, and later a big fire, which was never allowed to go out until of no further use. At once the old troughs were looked up, an ugly gash was made in a fine maple, then "gouged," and a spout was driven in to carry the sap to the trough, and when the sun shone sufficiently the tree gave forth its sweetness. Then the manufacturers of sugar saddled their neck-yokes and gathered in the sap, ofttimes walking one-half a mile to secure two pailfuls, which made about one-half of a pound of sugar, such as it was. An early breakfast, dinner as near meridian as the eye and stomach could judge, and "tea" when work was done, comforted the inner man. For Java and Mocha sirup was a substitute, for sirloin of beef a fine slice of pork or the best of ham broiled on coals, and an ample supply of brown bread and roasted potatoes made up a repast that would do the stomach of royalty good. For dinner a few boiled eggs broke the monotony, and "at tea" most anything that was left was eaten. At the end of six weeks, when the party took account of stock, they usually had, all told, 200 pounds of sugar as black as Ethiopia and flavored with snow, rain, everything that came off the trees, and now and then the body of a forlorn mouse or daring chipmunk who ventured too near the trough. This was pure Vermont maple sugar something like 100 years ago.

Another generation realized that the world moved, and we find a shanty in some fine grove of maples filled with 300 or 400 buckets, and sometimes more. Outside is an arch for a kettle, not built of cut stone, but of material

BRINGING THE DINNER.

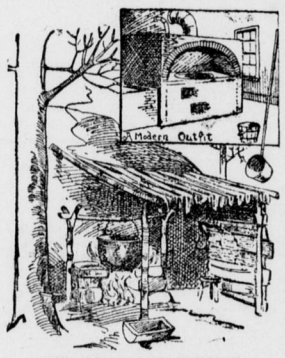
easiest at command. This is not an isolated spot; people here come and go; the "sugar place" is near-by home; the wife or daughter at noon time brings up the dinner, and a good dinner it is; there is a small kettle at command and a "sugar off" is then in order, and an hour's sport that king, prince, or potentate might envy, but not covet. To the assuming daughter of papa, to say nothing of the complacent manipulator of the type-writer, the idea of a girl tramping a mile or two in the woods, carrying dinner for men dressed in coarse woolens, may not be pleasant, but could they see that girl with her dinner-pail or "waxing sugar" with honest, hardy men, they would realize that there is such a thing in life as enjoyment. Ofttimes it is found necessary to boil sap all night in order to catch up with the flow of sap, and during a "big run" this sometimes lasts for a week. Then nearly the entire family moves to the bush. The head of the house gets a little sleep while the wife or some of the children keep the kettle full and the fire "a-humping." A "humping fire" is what the sugar-maker always

MAKING SAP TROUGHS.

enjoys. Ofttimes these sugar orchards are near each other, and family visits are in order, and some love-making is indulged in. Lads and lasses play "high-low-jack," and watch the fire, kettle, and each other.

In the old days a very respectable quality of sugar was made, but only a little more than was necessary for home use, although 100 pounds or so sometimes was exchanged for store pay. The farmer who then controlled a sugar orchard of 300 or 400 trees was recognized as one of the biggest men in town. At the present time the farmer is not content with less than 1,000 trees, and he holds them as precious as the owner of an orange orchard does his fruit trees. Every young maple is carefully looked after. If there is a scrub oak, beech, birch near by to impede its growth it is cut into firewood. Many an orchard to-day is so cleared of fallen timbers and underbrush that in the summer months one can drive over nearly every portion of it with a horse and buggy. The small streams are bridged and good roads are found on all sides. If there be a cheerful spot on earth during the summer months it's the farmer's sugar place. Here are the finest songsters in the world, and the squirrel is the prince of the field. Many farmers will not allow a gun to be taken into a sugar-bush and ofttimes in the spring they place in easy reach of the squirrels near the sugar-house a few ears of corn, because they enjoy the company of the lively creatures, which often are quite domestic.

To-day the maple sugar-bush is in every way truly homelike. Near the center of fifty or more acres of hardwood timber land—mostly maple, a few beech and birch—you find a commodious sugar-house, one room of which is much larger than the entire house of seventy years ago. In this well-floored room are stored the buckets during the summer, and in the springtime it is used for kitchen, reception-room, parlor, or dance hall. In it you will see a



THE OLD-TIME SUGAR-HOUSE.

fine brick arch, an evaporator, and ample storage-room for the sap, while outside is a thrifty pair of oxen yoked to a gathering sled, on which is a tub holding from twenty-five to forty pails. Like the rest, the oxen take their dinner in the woods, and five or six "rounds" are considered a good day's work. Three hundred pails a day is called good work. This sap is drawn to the sugar-house, and from a long spout is conveyed to large storage tubs, and thence to the evaporator, or pan, kettles having long since been discarded. The evaporator is of malleable iron partitioned off. The sap, entering at the head of the arch, meanders across the pan a dozen times or so, and on reaching the foot a heavy, clear, and pure sirup is produced. This is carefully set aside until "sugaring-off" day comes, when it is cooked still more and is ready for the tub or caking.

About twice each week the owner of a sugar bush has a sugaring-off party. First all the old folks for miles around come in on ox-sleds and on foot, and a good old-fashioned time is enjoyed. No one seems to realize that they are growing old. Later on the coming generation are on hand and buxom girls, hopeful young men, maidens, and boys gather at the sugar-house. They are in for a good time. First there may be a tug-of-war, with snow-balls, in which the girls take an active part, and a Vermont girl can throw a snow-ball with hitting effect. She uses more precision firing at a young man for whom she has no admiration than when she tries to "shoo a hen" off the garden patch. When the war is over the manufacture of paddles is in order. To eat sugar with a spoon in the woods would be regarded as a violation of all the rules of etiquette. So the young man takes his "best girl" one side, and selecting a sofa—usually a large log, or if lighter furniture is required two buckets are inverted—they sit down and commence work on their paddles. The paddles being made, down to the sugar-house they go, secure a pint or more of the sirup, and start for a snow-bank, upon which they pour it. This at once hardens and furnishes a sugar repast that can not be excelled. For a quarter of a mile about the sugar-house you will see these pairs cooing and eating maple sugar in its primitive state.

General Nelson Appleton Miles.

The promotion of Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles to the rank of Major General is a matter of greater interest to Chicago than to the rest of the country, as the impression is general that he will succeed the late Major General Crook as commander of the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters in this city. But it is noteworthy chiefly as the promotion to the highest rank in the army of an officer who was never at West Point.

A WOMAN'S strange gait may not always be caused by her gaiter.

Dom Pedro in Exile.

Dom Pedro's mode of life at present, as he informed the writer in a recent conversation at Nice, differs little from that which he was accustomed to in Brazil. His chief pleasure seems to be derived from literature. His study, which is on the second floor of the Hotel Beau-le-Jour, commands a full view of the Mediterranean, and is embellished with handsomely bound volumes of many of the famous authors of ancient and modern times. His favorite among the latter is Victor Hugo. The Emperor rises every morning at 6 o'clock, and, after partaking of his cafe au lait, reads the newspapers, many of which are published in various languages. At 9 o'clock he has a genuine Yankee breakfast, a taste and habit he acquired while visiting the United States. He then goes out for a drive, in the course of which he visits places of historical interest. Returning to his apartment about noon, he partakes of a light luncheon, then spends two hours in his library. At 2 o'clock he has his dinner served in French style. After dinner he sometimes receives intimate friends, to whom he devotes an hour or so. Later he takes a walk for about a half hour. Returning to his study, he gives himself up to writing until 7 o'clock, when supper is served. After supper an hour is devoted to the society of the members of his household, who entertain him with some favorite games; finishing this, he returns to his library, where he communes with his chosen authors until 9 or 10 o'clock, when he retires for the night.

The World's Fair Boom.

Mrs. Clerk—Why, Aunt Jemima!

Aunt Jemima—I like your environments, except that upholstered furniture and large-figured carpets are out of fashion; but they can be changed. Take my hand baggage while I give the hackman orders about my trunks.

Mrs. Clerk—Your trunks! Then you——

Aunt Jemima—Design to make you a nice little visit. I hear that Chicago is a great place to get married. You must introduce me to all your rich bachelor and widower friends.

Mrs. Clerk—But—Uncle John——

Aunt Jemima—Has treated me awful. I hear, though, that Chicago is a good place for divorces.

Mrs. Clerk—But you live in Iowa. It will take a year to gain a residence here.

Aunt Jemima—That's the beauty of the arrangement. I'll have lots of time to get bids—I mean, make a selection. By that time the World's Fair will be along. The minute I heard it had been located here I laid out a nice little programme. I'll tell you the details after lunch. We owe everything to Columbus, and I'm going to help get up a boom for him. Lend me a dollar to pay the hackman, that's a good girl!

Time Works Wonders.

One of our *nouveaux riches*, who was desirous of having his father's portrait sketched, went to the painter and made known his desire. The artist asked to see him who was to be painted, but was informed that it was impossible, as the old gentleman had taken up his permanent residence in the cemetery.

"Well, you have a photograph of him, haven't you?" was the next question.

"Got a photograph of him? Well, I guess I wouldn't be a comin' 'round here to get his portrait painted if I had a picture of him already," was the reply.

At that moment a portrait of Moses that was hanging in the studio caught his eye, and he said:

"Who's that?"

"That's a picture of Moses," was the reply.

"Well, if you could paint that old fellow, who lived centuries ago, I don't see why you can't paint my father, who died only a few years ago."

The artist immediately seized upon his prey, so he said:

"Well, come around here in a week, and I'll have your father's portrait painted."

The artist for the following seven days busied himself in constructing an old man after his own ideas, and when the customer arrived at the studio he disclosed the result of his ingenuity and said:

"There, sir, is your father."

The Crœsus was amazed. He looked aghast at the picture and only found breath to say:

"Lord, how the old man has changed!"—*Buffalo Express.*

A Bold Stroke for Fortune.

Young and struggling M. D. (glad to get a small fee)—Now, madam, you will not need me any more. Take care of yourself and you are all right.

Convalescent—Then allow me to pay you, Doctor.

Doctor—Let me see. Ten visits. Well, say $10.

Convalescent—Only $10! Why, Doctor——

Doctor (seized with a happy thought)—Ten dollars a visit.

Convalescent—Ah, that is more like it.

[Receives his check and his fortune as good as made.]

A Dog's Fad.

Mr. Jaeger of Rochester, New York, was frequently puzzled by the absence of his dog. The animal was frequently absent half a day at a time, and recently was missing for two days. His owner advertised for him, and on the following day he was returned by a man who had discovered his peculiar mania. It was for riding on street cars. He will get aboard of any car he sees and ride until he is put off. Mr. Jaeger proposes to get a season ticket and attach it to the dog's collar, that he may indulge his street car propensities in a proper and legal way.

THERE is said to be a tree at Monticello, Fla., which bears three kinds of fruit—quinces, pears and apples.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF EDITORS.

Few People Have as Many Trials—Like Preachers, They Are Poorly Paid.

AN there be any greater mistake than to suppose journalism is devoid of trials and tribulations? A great many people imagine that the life of an editor is a very pleasant one. This is a grave mistake. Few people have as many trials and tribulations as the average editor. There are so many drawbacks in the editorial carer that we have only time to touch lightly on a few.

As a general thing the editor, like the preacher, is very poorly paid, says *Texas Siftings*. If he is on a political paper and his candidate and party are successful the editor is forgotten in the hour of rioting. The political

THE POLITICAL EDITOR AT WORK.

bummer gets paid for his services during election times in actual cash. The editor gets paid for his services in thanks.

But a life of poverty would not be so bad if the editor's feelings were not being continually plowed up by unfeeling persons, when, for instance, the office boy announces that a gentleman outside has a bill he wishes paid. It is painful at times to decline manuscript, but in such cases it should be done.

It is very trying to an editor's feelings when a supposed friend says: "I saw an excellent thing in your paper the other day;" and when the editor imagines it was one of his editorials, he adds with a cruel, cynical smile: "It was a recipe for making lobster salad." But about the meanest thing to do to an editor is to ask him where he is going to spend the summer.

Very frequently journalists are unkind to each other. Not long since the following appeared in a country paper: "We do not desire to be personal, but if the lean, lank, liver-colored lump of lunkheadativeness—we refer to the thimbleful of alleged brains that edits(!) our esteemed contemporary, etc."

How painful it must be to the editor's wife, when asked by the rag man if she has any rags for sale, to be obliged to reply: "No; my husband is down at the office, and he has all his clothes on him."

Then the editor has ofttimes trouble in the manipulation of the mechanical department of his paper, when, for instance, the chuckle-headed new press-

"WE DO NOT DESIRE TO BE PERSONAL."

man greases the forms to make the roller run slick, thus causing the paper to look as if it had been chucked together with a shovel.

And as for having leisure hours, that is something about which the editor has no ideas whatever. If he has any he spends them in catching up with his work.

An Absent-Minded Farmer.

A Scotch farmer who was a little absent-minded was one day going into Perth with a load of hay. He led the horse out of the stable, but instead of backing it into the trams of the wagon he absent-mindedly led the animal along the road and never as much as looked behind him till he walked into the yard, leading the horse, where the hay was to be delivered. "Whaur will I back into?" he cried to a stableman standing by. "Back in what?" asked the man. "The hay, you stupid idiot." "Whut hay? Ye've nae hay, ye daft gowk." Turning round, to his consternation the farmer for the first time apprehended the fact that he had left the wagon at home and brought the horse alone. In his hurry to repair the error he started off at a trot and was half way back to his own farm before he realized the fact that he had left the horse behind.—*Scottish American.*

As Loving and Sentimental as Ever.

"I don't think Jones has been indulging too much," said his kindly believing spouse, "but still I thought it rather odd of him that he should wrench the knocker off the front door and bring it up to me as I sat in bed, saying that he'd gathered another rose for me out of the garden. Poor, dear, simple boy! He's just as loving and sentimental as ever he was."—*Troy Press.*

Bring Your Name with You.

Among the well-known servants of a well-known house in Lewiston is one young woman of native "old country" wit, who never is at a loss for an expedient. She attended a call at the door the other day, where a stranger presented himself and asked to see the lady of the house. "What name shall I say?" "Mr. Stiltzenheimer," said he. "Beg pardon, sir," said she. "Stiltzenheimer," repeated he. The girl hesitated at the name, which was evidently beyond the intricacies of her speech, and then, opening the door of the parlor, said with a laugh: "Step in, sir, if you please, and—and bring the name with you."—*Lewiston Journal.*