

MY RIVAL

Somewhat last then the drowsy smile o'er-
 came
 The restless dimple midway of her chin;
 And sleep's moist linger quenched the hazel
 flame
 Her curling lashes jealously hedge in
 How sweet her slumber is, my thoughts di-
 vine
 I'm sure a yellow love-lock strays athwart
 The coverlet, as if it sought to shine
 Close to the happy beating of her heart.

She dreams—but not of me. To well I know
 Whose image sways her sordid little soul:
 A stalwart gentleman, this favored beau,
 Not young, and rather stout upon the
 whole
 His head half white of many winter's frost,
 His beard is hoar, his brow is marked of
 time
 But in good stead of grace he has lost,
 The beauty of his treasure is sublime.

In fact I had some worthy gifts of him
 Myself, in days not passed beyond my
 mind:
 'Tis true his kindness now looks somewhat
 dim
 As bygone favors often do, I find—
 Yet on this Christmas eve they give me pause,
 And lend me grace his triumph to survive.
 Reign over her in peace, friend Santa Claus,
 She'll flout your claims next year when she
 is five!

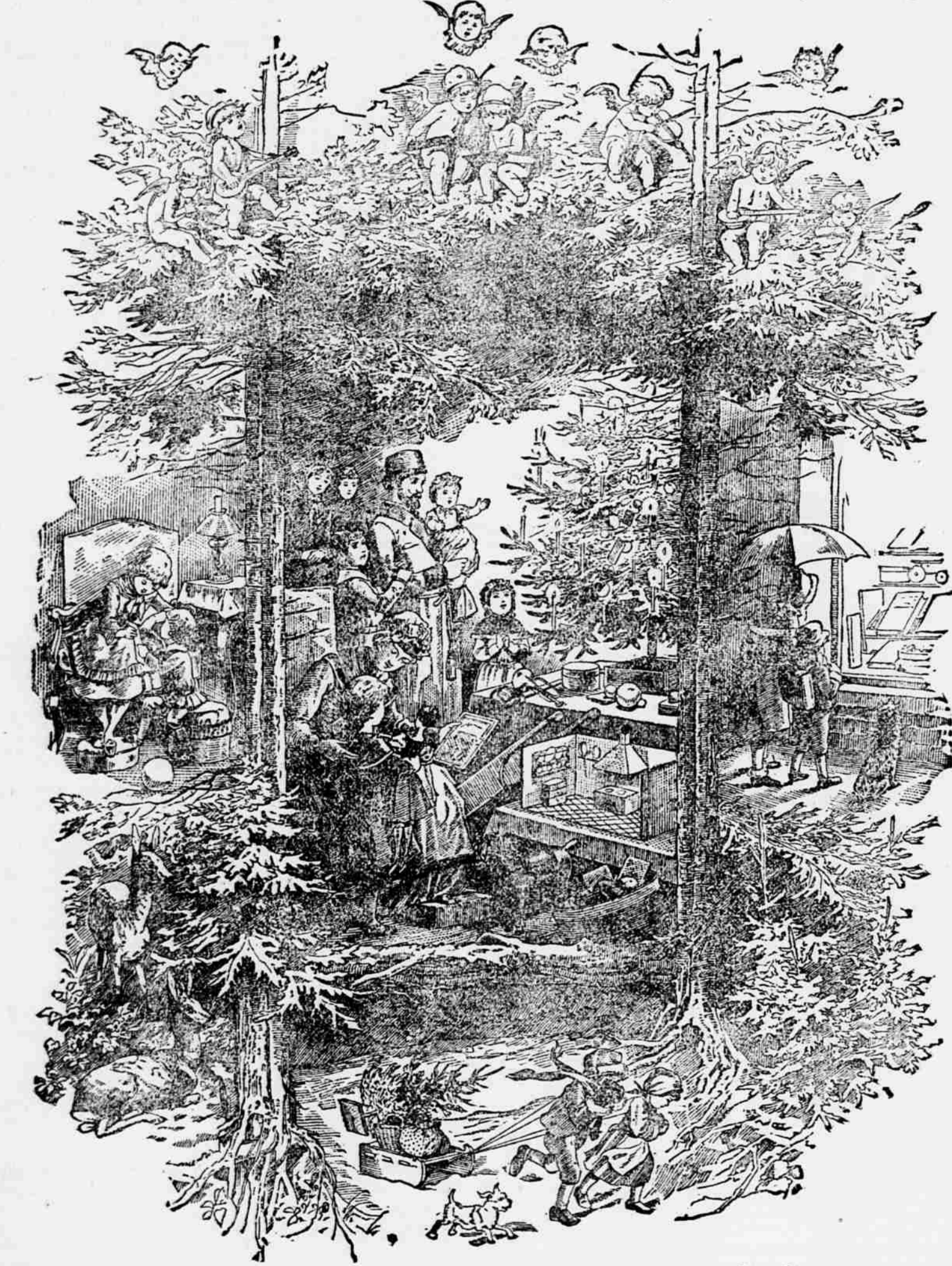
—Eva Wilder McGlasson.

THE EVIL JUMPING-JACK.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Christmas Eve the old clock stood in
 the corner and sang "tick-tock, tick-
 tock," until everything else in the
 room had gone to sleep—everything
 except the jumping-jack.

"Tick-tock," said the old clock,
 and then it looked at the jumping-
 jack and asked, "Why haven't you
 gone to sleep, too?"



"I'm waiting for Santa Claus," an-
 swered the jumping-jack.

"Waiting for Santa Claus!" laughed
 the old clock; "why, you don't sup-
 pose Santa Claus is going to bring
 you anything, do you?"

"I need it bad enough," said the
 jumping-jack; "I fell into the wash-
 basin three weeks ago, and by the
 time I was pulled out and dried I
 lost all the beautiful red stripes and
 yellow buttons off my coat; and this
 left eye of mine faded from a lovely
 purple into a dirty lavender. I have
 been the sickest jumping-jack in town
 ever since."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the old clock;
 "handsome is that handsome does;
 tick-tock!"

"But I shall be all right in the
 morning," said the jumping-jack,
 "for my little mistress Bertha put me
 here by the fire to-night, and whisker-
 ed up the chimney, please, Santa
 Claus, bring a new eye and a new
 suit of clothes for jumping-jack, and
 please, Santa Claus, bring me a nice
 big box of candy."

"So you like Bertha, do you?" asked
 the clock.

"No, not very much," said the
 jumping-jack; "she dropped me in the
 wash-basin, you know, and then, too,
 she makes me jump when I don't
 want to. Last week she pulled me
 so hard that the string broke."

"Squea-en-ca-k!" said another
 small voice, and the little blue mouse

peeped out from under the wardrobe.
 "Squea-en-ca-k! and I don't like
 Bertha either!" she said.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock!" said the old
 clock, "and why don't you like Ber-
 tha, Mistress Blue Mouse?"

"She frightens me," answered the
 little blue mouse, "and she pets the
 horrid old cat. No, I could never
 like a child that keeps such bad com-
 pany. Depend upon it, no child that
 keeps company with a cat ever came
 to any good end—squea-en-ca-k!"

Now, while the old clock and the
 jumping-jack and the little blue
 mouse were still talking, and Bertha
 was still fast asleep when there came
 the sound of sleigh-bells and then
 the noise of some slipping down the
 chimney.

But instead of Santa Claus there
 came out of the chimney and stood
 on the hearth a very fat and very
 sleepy-looking boy. He wore fur
 clothes and a fur cap, and the first
 thing he did was to yawn.

"You're not Santa Claus, are you?"
 asked the jumping-jack.

"Of course he isn't!" said the old
 clock. "I know Santa Claus for I've
 seen him twenty times!"

"No, I'm Santa Claus' boy," said
 the boy; and then he yawned again,
 for he was very sleepy.

"What on earth are you doing
 here at this time of night?" asked
 the jumping-jack.

"Why, father was so busy," said
 the boy, "that he sent me down here
 with this box of candy and this box
 of paints. One of them is for—let
 me see—he said to give the candy to

good joke. "Now, I have got even
 with that child," said he: "she wont
 make me jump—no not for another
 year at least!"

The little blue mouse laughed, too.
 Of course, she got all the candy, and
 she ate so much of it that for the
 next week her doctor did nothing but
 give her paregoric, and he told her
 that if, in the meantime, she tasted
 any cheese it would be the death of
 her, sure!

As for Bertha, she got the worst of
 it, of course, for there she was—all
 painted up like a jumping-jack with
 a big purple left eye. She couldn't
 speak or do anything else unless
 somebody pulled the string, and she
 had to stay that way a whole year,
 until Santa Claus came around him-
 self and fixed things. When Santa
 Claus did come back he took the evil
 jumping-jack away with him and
 changed him into a nut-cracker. So
 now the evil jumping-jack has to work
 harder than ever before, and nobody
 is a bit sorry, I'm certain. But the
 old clock sings "tick-tock, tick-tock,"
 just the same as before, and once when
 I sat listening to this strange music,
 which will go on long after you and
 I are done with Christmas times' the
 old clock paused in its solem singing
 to tell me the story I have just told
 you, and the old clock knows many
 other pretty stories which I may at
 some future time repeat.—Pittsburg
 Bulletin.

The Electric Piano.

I have been asked dozens of times
 if the new invention that plays the
 piano by an electric attachment will
 not decrease the number of students of
 piano playing when it comes to be gen-

erally known. I think not. The elec-
 tric piano plays just as well as can
 possibly be done with hands and fin-
 gers, and all the expression and all
 the accuracy are there. But never-
 theless it is not the skilled pianist
 with intelligent fingers and sympa-
 thetic face who is producing the music,
 and one listens to it with a dis-
 tinct feeling that something is lack-
 ing. One wants to see the person
 who is making the music. The in-
 vention, I suppose will be used large-
 ly in concerts, where several pianos are
 needed and good time must be kept,
 and it may do much good in teach-
 ing. But nothing mechanical can
 ever take the place of the trained pi-
 ano musician.—Pianist in St. Louis
 Globe-Democrat.

SAW HIS OWN SHADOW.

And What is More He Took Her Photo-
 graph—A Queer Miscalculation.

You may smile when I tell you so,
 says a New York letter, but there is a
 man living in a fashionable apartment
 uptown who has actually gazed upon his
 widow. I don't mean some one else's
 widow whom people call his, but actually
 his own widow. This favored mortal has
 not only seen his widow, but has pho-
 tographed her. Nay, still more aston-
 ishing, on the back of the photograph
 you may read four obituary notices out
 from New York papers and pasted
 there by the man himself. Mr. Carl
 H., a prominent art dealer and impor-
 ter of paintings, finds it necessary to
 make several trips west every year to
 visit his rich customers in Chicago,
 Cincinnati and St. Louis. While on
 such a journey last spring a train which
 Mr. H. had come very near taking,
 playfully skipped the track and rolled
 down a hundred foot embankment.
 Several were killed, and Mrs. Carl H.,
 the young wife, was terribly shocked
 to read her husband's name in the list.
 She telegraphed to the company to
 cause the body to be embalmed and
 shipped to her, she being physicially
 unable to withstand the fatigue of
 the journey.

Now Mrs. H. is a charming blonde,
 with hair of rich gold and a skin like
 mother of pearl. To be sure she would
 look lovely in widow's weeds, and
 forthwith betook herself to Mme. M.'s
 and ordered a complete mourning
 costume to be ready in two days. Scarcely
 had the dress, bonnet, etc., reached the
 house when a telegram arrived from
 her lord and master, detained at Chi-
 cago, announcing that he would start
 on the limited that morning.

Great heavens! Carl had not been
 smashed up at all. It was some wrong
 man that had been embalmed and she
 now had the corpse on her hands, to
 say nothing of the widow's outfit.
 Fortunately just as the railroad people
 were about to ship the smashed up Carl
 to her, his own people appeared and
 proved property. But the widow's
 outfit? It had cost \$200. She hadn't
 the money.

What was to be done? At any rate
 Carl must not know of it; so, posting
 down to Mme. M.'s she gave strict or-
 ders to send no bill to the house, and
 promised to call with the cash in the
 course of a few weeks. This was en-
 tirely satisfactory, but Mme. M. forgot
 to warn her bookkeeper, and that ma-
 chine-like person not only sent a state-
 ment on the 1st of the month, but was
 as her custom, directed it to Mr. Carl
 H.

"In heaven's name, Blanche, what
 does this mean?" he asked.

"Why, dearie, you know when they
 telegraphed that you had been smashed
 up, and the newspapers all said that
 you were dead. I went and—and—"

"Where is it?" stammered the sur-
 prised Carl.

"Hidden away in one of my trunks,
 dearie."

Did Carl fly into a passion and accuse
 the poor girl of being a cold-hearted
 and calculating woman? Not he. He
 merely said, "Get it out, darling, and
 put it on. I want to try a new lens,
 and you'll make a delightful subject in
 a widow's rig."

"Bless your heart, dear, may you
 live a thousand years."
 (Kiss-kiss-kiss-buss-smack-smack.)

Rev. Mr. Baxter on Fishing.

The last sermon by Rev. Whang-
 doodle Baxter is thus reported by
 Alex E. Sweet in *Texas Siftings*: Ber-
 lubbed Bredderen and Sistern: De in-
 spired psalmist said that a fishin'
 pole has a fool at one end and a fish
 at de odder end, and from what I
 knows about fishin' I ain't prepared to
 dispute his word.

I hears a great deal of talk about
 catchin' black bass, and some mem-
 bers of dis heah brilliant assem-
 blage spends most of der time when
 dey hain't loadin' around de saloons
 hunting for black bass, and when dey
 comes home dey hain't got none. Dey
 don't seem to understand how easy it
 am ter find black bass. If dey had
 any sense dey would know dat you kin
 generally find a black bass in de cul-
 tured church quire. Heah! heah! heah!

Goin' fishin' am berry dangerous.
 Dar's no tellin' how many perils you
 encounters when you goes fishin'. In
 de first place dar's de danger of being
 drowned, or gittin' sunstruck becase
 de bate am too strong. But de danger
 don't stop dar. Dar's de danger ob
 eatin' de fish. Most ob de fish am full-
 er ob bones den dar am discrepancies
 about Sam Johnson's. De most won-
 derful ding about de fish am how de
 meat ebber got between de bones.
 Eatin' fish am more dangerous den
 eatin' a perliceam a liar in New
 York.

De's lots ob fishin' goin' on all ober
 dis country durin' de summer months.
 I read in a paper one day last week
 dat no less den one million fishing
 poles am imported inter this country
 every year by one firm alone, and also
 dat in Ohio, where dar's prohibition
 until yer can't rest, no less den five
 million jugs am manufactured every
 year, all of which shows what a mania
 dar am ter pull fish out de water.

De gubermant at Washington en-
 courages de stockin' ob de streams
 wid fish. Hit's a mighty easy job for
 de gubermant agents ter put ten mil-
 lion small trout or German carp inter
 a small lake or creek, but Lawd, how
 debblish hard it am ter pull one ob 'em
 outwid a fishin' line.

De quire will now sing in B flat dat
 oratorio beginnin':

My son, go catch de fishy tribe,
 And bring home a plenty,
 But should one weigh five or six pounds,
 Don't swar it weighed jest twenty.

Russia's Grain-Exporting Port.

Russia is the leading grain-exporting
 country of the world—the United States,
 India, and Roumania following in the
 order named. Odessa is the leading
 grain-exporting port of the Russian
 empire, and may be considered as the
 principal business city. The export
 trade has for many years been almost
 exclusively in the hands of foreigners,
 and Odessa might equally well be called
 a French, German, Italian, or even a
 Hebrew city, as far as the languages
 spoken on the wharves and in the
 habitations are considered.

ABORIGINAL LIFE.

**INTERESTING NATIVE AMERICAN
 RACES IN SOUTH AMERICA.**

Suggestions that the Managers of the
 Coming Columbian Exposition Should
 Consider.

In a recent article in the Chicago
News, some interesting facts are stated
 in reference to the inhabitants of our
 neighboring South American republics.
 It says:

If there could have been some George
 Catlin in Columbus' time, what a world
 of trouble it would have saved future
 generations who have only scattered
 relics, dug from the soil, from which to
 construct a picture of the past.

The tradition is that the Caribs, who
 were such a terror to the milder tribes
 of the West Indies, had their origin in
 our own Rocky mountains. Perhaps
 those Florida warriors who played such
 havoc with the schemes of Ponce de
 Leon and De Soto were of the same
 blood. The few descendants of the
 Florida and the southern Indians of the
 United States constitute the civilized
 nations of the Indian territory. The
 once numerous Caribs, who, in the fif-
 teenth century, were virtually confined
 to the Lesser or Southern Antilles, have
 dwindled to a few hundred savages near
 the Orinoco river. By going to the up-
 per waters of the Pomeroon some enter-
 prising agent of the exposition might
 capture just such a Carib as slew the
 Columbian Spaniard.

MEXICAN CARRIER.

A FUTURE ARACUANIAN HERDSMAN.

America east of the Andes, and are
 found, also, as the bold Patagonians of
 the south. Their language is spoken
 to Cape Horn and east to Buenos Ayres.
 By all means let the Columbian expo-
 sition contain a complete picture of this
 most hardy, proud, virtuous, and brave
 race of Indians.

A WOMAN EDITOR.

She Calls All Her Staff Plain, Simple,
 Sweet, Short "Dear."

The editors of the *Woman's Penny
 Paper*, a London publication, is a true
 lover of her sex, says the *N. Y. World*.
 She and her staff work together on the
 most friendly terms. Not only are all
 the articles written by women, but the
 compositors are women, the office
 boy is a woman, and so are the janitor
 and telegrapher. The editors has but
 one name for her staff—"dear." The
 assistant editor is called "my dear,"
 but the rest of the help answer for plain
 and simple but sweet and short "dear."
 At home the *Penny* editress employs
 a maid-of-all-work, a woman cook, and
 two "lady helps" in the "preservatory,"
 who put up the jellies, jams, marmalades,
 and fruit butters, from which
 she realizes half the profits of her
 journalistic work. Disgusted with the
 laziness and general worthlessness of
 her gardeners, she advertised for fe-
 male labor, and an avalanche of horti-
 cultural loveliness swept down upon
 her. Many of the applicants for the
 position of gardener were daughters of
 clergymen. She made her selection,
 and has since openly declared that wo-
 men make the best gardeners in the
 field.

One of the dreams of Edward Bel-
 amy is about to be realized by a so-
 ciety of English people who are build-
 ing in aesthetic Bedford park a block
 of houses for the exclusive use of pro-
 fessional and artistic women. There is
 to be a common dining-room and one
 staff of servants, thus solving the do-
 mestic problem at one fell swoop. The
 tenant can have as many rooms as she
 wishes to sleep in, work in, bathe in,
 or receive in, and when once estab-
 lished the kitchen will give her no
 concern than her bath or study. Busy
 brainworkers will hail the scheme with
 delight, and the whole world of wo-
 men will be interested in the results,
 for it is generally admitted that the
 real cause of so many marriage fail-
 ures is to be found at the kitchen door.
 Try as they will, women can never
 make lovers out of dyspeptics nor har-
 mony out of indigestion and disorders
 from which three-fourth of society is
 suffering. The Bedford apartment
 house will be so managed that women
 of small means can be comfortably lo-
 cated and amply provided with fuel,
 light, and wholesome food.

Garfield's Respect for Hancock.

General Garfield came into my studio
 upon my invitation one morning,
 wearing a soft hat and smoking an
 enormous cigar. He tossed the hat on
 a chair, and placing the cigar on the
 mantel said he was ready to begin
 operations. He was a very easy sub-
 ject to photograph. He spent some
 minutes in examining the pictures on
 the walls, until finally he came to a
 portrait of General Hancock, that I
 had just finished. I should have said
 before that Garfield had not yet been
 elected president; in fact, at the time
 I mention, the nomination had not
 been made more than one week. He
 liked the picture of Hancock, and
 turning to me in a familiar way, said
 that he should be pleased to have one
 for his own study table, for he ad-
 mired the man in many ways. I
 placed one of Hancock's pictures in
 the package of photographs that I sent
 to Mentor, and during the campaign
 the two pictures stood side by side on
 the mantelpiece in Garfield's home.
 Such was the tribute that a manly man
 paid to his opponent.—A. Bogardus, in
Ladies' Home Journal.

President Roberts, of the Pennsyl-
 vania Railroad, started life as a track
 hand thirty years ago. The combined
 salaries he receives now amounts to
 \$100,000.

MEXICAN PEDDLER.

If the order of historic discovery be
 pursued the Mexicans of the Cortes con-
 quest should next be grouped. The in-
 dustrious farmers of Nicaragua are pure
 Indians—many of them Aztecs. The
 skilled mechanics of Guatemala, the in-
 telligent and independent bulk of its
 population, are descendants of a great
 nation, which raised 200,000 warriors to
 oppose the conquest of their land by
 one of Cortes' lieutenants. Of the five
 Central American republics Nicaragua
 and Guatemala may particularly be
 called Indian nations, and their prospe-
 rity is, therefore, an index of native
 capabilities.

On the upper Orinoco river, in Colum-
 bia, are a few bands of an Indian nation,
 which at the time of the Spanish con-
 quest numbered 2,000,000 people, and
 held a large domain north of the empire
 of the Incas. The ancient language is
 still spoken by them.

As you enter Ecuador and the ancient

