Somehow just then the drowsy smile o'er-The restless dimple midway of her chin;

And sleep's moist tinger quenched the hazel Her carling tashes jealously hedge in. How sweet her slumber is, my thoughts di-

I'm sure a yellow love-lock strays athwart The coverlet, as it it sought to shine Close to the happy beating of her heart.

She dreams!-but not ofme. To well I know A stalwart gentleman, this tayored beau, Not young, and rather stout upon the His head hath white of many winter's frost,

His beard is hoar, his brow is marked of But in good stead of graces he has lost,

The beauty of his treasure is sublime.

In fact I had some worthy gi'ts of him Myself, in days not passed beyond my

'Tis true his kindness now looks somewhat 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

-Eva Wilder McGlasson.

## THE EVIL JUMPING-JACK.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Christmas Eve the old clock stood in the corner and sang "tick-tock, ticktock," until everything else in the room had gone to sleep-everything here at this time of night?" asked except the jumping-jack.

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

Bertha either!" she said.

clock, "and why don't you like Bertha, Mistress Blue Mouse?"

keeps company with a cat ever came her, sure! Whose image sways her sordid little soul; to any good end-squea-ea-ea-eak!" As for Bertha, she got the worst of

the jumping-jack and the little blue had to stay that way a whole year, mouse were still talking and Bertha until Santa Claus came around himwas still fast asleep when there came self and fixed things. When Santa the sound of sleigh-bells and then Claus did come back he took the evil chimney.

thing he did was to yawn.

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

seen him twenty times!"

for he was very sleepy. "What on earth are you doing the jumping-jack.

"Why, father was so busy," said with this box of candy and this box piano by an electric attachment will the boy, "that he sent me down here of paints. One of them is for-let not decrease the number of stationts of

peeped out from under the wardrobe. good joke. "Now, i nave got even Squea-ea-eak! and I don't like with that child," said he: "she wont make me jump-no not for another

"Tick-tock, tick-tock!" said the old | year at least!" The little blue mouse laughed, too. Of course, she got all the candy, and "She frightens me," answered the she ate so much of it that for the little blue mouse, "and she pets the next week her doctor did nothing but horrid old cat. No, I could never give her paregoric, and he told her like a child that keeps such bad com- that if, in the meantime, she tasted pany. Dependupon it, no child that any cheese it would be the death of

Now, while the old clock and the it, of course, for there she was-all jumping-jack and the little painted up like a jumping-jack' with blue mouse talked together, a big purple left eye. She couldn't Bertha lay fast asleep in her speak or do anything else unless little crib, and the old clock and somebody pulled the string, and she the noise of some slipping down the jumping-jack away with him and changed him into a nut-cracker. So But instead of Santa Claus there now the evil jumping-jack has to work came out of the chimney and stood harder than ever before, and nobody on the hearth a very fat and very is a bit sorry, I'm certain. But the sleepy-looking boy. He wore fur old clocksings "tick-tock, tick-tock," clothes and a fur cap, and the first just the same as before, and once when | She telegraphed to the company to I sat listening to this strange music, cause the body to be embalmed and which will go on long after you and shipped to her, she being physic-I are done with 'Christmas times' the ally unable to withstand the fatigue of "Of course he isn't!" said the old old clock paused in its solems singing the journey. clock. "I know Santa Claus for I've to tell me the story I have just told you, and the old clock knows many "No, I'm Santa Claus' boy," said other pretty stories which I may at the boy; and then he yawned again, some future time repeat.—Pittsburg forthwith betook herself to Mme. M.'s Bulletin.

The Electric Piano.

I have been asked dozens of times if the new invention that plays the

me see-he said to give the candy to pianoplaying when it comes to be gen-

swered the jumping-jack.

the old clock; "why, you don't suppose Santa Claus is going to bring you anything, do you?"

"I need it bad enough," said the jumping-jack; "I fell into the washever since."

"handsome is that handsome does; tick tock!"

"But I shall be all right in the blue mouse. morning," said the jumping-jack, of clothes for jumping-jack, and ble. big box of candy.

ed the clock.

jumping-jack; "she dropped me in the low buttons all over poor little dragged the conveyance through the wash-basin, you know, and then too, Bertha, and, having done that, he town himself, When he had got she makes me jump when I don't painted one of her beautiful blue eyes clear of the boundary of the town-

"I'm waiting for Santa Claus," an- the jumping-jack, and-to, that erally known. I think not. The elecwasn't it! I am to paint Bertha-no, tric piano plays just as well as can derful ding about de fish am how de "Waiting for Santa Claus!" laughed I'm sure I don't remember what he did tell me to do, but here is the candy and here are the paints!"
You see that he had forgotten all

that just like a boy?

to the jumping-jack. He winked his tinct feeling that something is lack- dat no less den one million fishing basin three weeks ago, and by the time I was pulled out and dried I lost all the beautiful red stripes and lost all right lost all the beautiful red stripes and lost all right l yellow buttons off my coat; and this with you." Then the jumping-jack ly in concerts, where several pianos are said to the boy, "I know all about needed and good time must be kept, left eye of mine faded from a lovely this, and I tell you what to do. The and it may do much good in teachpurple into a dirty lavender. I have box of candy is for me, and you are ing. But nothing mechanical can been the sickest jumping-jack in town to paint Bertha. You'll find her in ever take the place of the trained pi-"Oh, pshaw!" said the old clock; stripes and yellow buttons on her, Globe-Democrat. and don't forget to give her a new

purple left eye." "That's right!" squeaked the little

The old clock was so surprised that "for my little mistress Borthaput me it could only say "tick-tock, tick- Paris in a conveyance drawn by a here by the fire to-night, and whisper- tock," over and over again, and these "tick-tocks" were so sad that | ing through Louvroll, a small louned up the chimney, 'Please, Santa tears of sorrow filled the eyes of the try town in the department du Nord, Claus, bring a new eye and a new suit | needles in the work-basket on the ta- | when the mayor, on the strength of

please, Santa Claus, bring me a nice | The boy was foolish enough to be- elty to animals, forbade him to prolieve the wicked jumping-jack. Sohe ceed. Mr. Nautet thereupon had re-"So you like Bertha, do you?" ask- handed over the box of candy, and course to a capital expedient for then-oh horrible!-he went to the overcoming the mayor's scruples. "No, not very much," said the crib and painted red stripes and yel- He packed his dogs into the cart and

small voice, and the little blue mouse. The jumping-jack thought it was a hindrance.-French Exchange.

possibly be done with hands and fin- meat ebber got between de bones. gers, and all the expression and all Eatin' fish am more dangerous den the accuracy are there. But never-callin' a perliceman a liar in New theless it is not the skilled pianist York. about what he came for. Wasn't with intelligent fingers and sympa-Just then a wicked thought came sic, and one listens to it with a dis- I read in a paper one day last week the crib over there. Put some red ano musician .- Pianist in St. Louis wid fish. Hit's a mighty easy job for

Difficulty Easily Surmounted.

Francis Nautet, the Belgian, who undertook to travel from Brussels to couple of handsome dogs, was passthe Grammont law against cruwant to. Last week she pulled me (the left one) an awful purple! Then ship, the Belgian exchanged places he tied a string to her, and climbed with the dogs, and completed his up the chimney again.

SAW HIS OWN SHADOW. And What is More He Took Her Photograph-A Queer Misunderstanding.

You may smile when I tell you so, says a New York letter, but there is a man living in a fashionable apartment up town who has actually gazed upon his widow. I don't mean some one else's widow whom people call his, but actualy his own widow. This favored mortal has not only seen his widow, but has photographed her. Nay, still more astonishing, on the back of the photograph you may read four oblinary notices cut from New York papers and pasted there by the man himself. Mr. Carl H., a prominent art dealer and importer 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.

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 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 Chicago, 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 orders to send no bill to the house, and promised to call with the cash in the course of a few weeks. This was entirely satisfactory, but Mme. M. forgot to warn her bookkeeper, and that machine-like person not only sent a statement on the 1st of the month, but as was her custom, directed it to Mr. Carl

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

"Why, dearie, you know when the 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 surprised Carl.

"Hidden away in one of my trunks,

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-buss-smack-smack.)

## Rev. Mr. Baxter on Fishing.

The last sermon by Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter is thus reported by Alex E. Sweet in Texas Siftings: Berlubbed Bredderen and Sistern: De inspired psalmist has said dat a fishin' pole has a fool at one eend and a fish at de odder eend, 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 membrums of dis heah brillantine assemblage spends most of der time when dey hain't loafin' 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 cultured church quire. Heah! heah! heah! Goin' fishing am bery dangerous. Dar's no telling how many perils you encounters when you goes fishin'. In de fust place dar's de danger of being drowned, or gittin' sunstruck bekase 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 fuller ob bones den dar am discrepancies about Sam Johnsing. De most won-

Dar's lots ob fishin' goin' on all ober thetic face who is producing the mu- dis country durin' de summer mumfs. until yer can't rest, no less den five million jugs am manufactured ebery year, all of which shows what a mania

iar am ter pull fish outer de water. De guberment at Washington en-courages de stocking ob de streams de guberment agents ter put ten million small trout or German carp inter a small lake or creek, but Lawd, how debblish hard it am ter pull encob 'em outtwid a fishin' line.

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

My son, go ketch de finny tribe.

And try bring home a plenty.

But should one weigh five or six pounds,

Don't sw'ar 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 and Odessa might equally well be called a large domain north of the empire of the Incas. The ancient language is spoken or the characteristics of the inchaster of the Eucas.

As you enter Ecuador and the ancient habitants are considered.

## ABORIGINAL LIFE.

INTERESTING NATIVE AMERICAN RACES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Suggestions that the Managers of the Coming Columbian Exposition Should

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 there could have been some George Catlin in Columbus' time, what a world



MEXICAN CARRIER.

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. Perchance 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 fifteenth 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 upper waters of the Pomeroon some enterprising agent of the exposition might capture just such a Carib as slew the Columbian Spaniard.



MEXICAN BUTCHER

The Arawaks, who disputed the mainand with the Caribs, inhabit a strip of Gulana back from the sea coast. They are now a tribe; they were then a nation. Fragments of the tribes, whom Cabral and Vespucius saw, are now in the interior of Brazil, living in their fortified villages along the upper Amazon, or gathering rubber and drugs for the English agents, who for years have had an established trade with them. They are most expert boatmen. The warriors use gigantic bows and arrows, and their war trumpets are enough to blow down their houses. The more degraded tribes place large pieces of wood in their ears and under lips, and roam along the river banks, eating snakes, lizards, and monkeys; but it would be too much to ask for living specimens of these monsters. The broadchested Fuegians, with their weak and emaciated lower limbs and their wonderful powers of mimicry, who have been trying to get warm since Magellan's time, as they tried beforethey should succeed the Amazonian Indians, and be covered with a guanaco skin large enough and warm enough for the Chicago public and the Chicago



MEXICAN PEDDLER.

If the order of historic discovery be pursued the Mexicans of the Cortes conquest should next be grouped. The industrious farmers of Nicaragua are pure Indians-many of them Aztecs. The skilled mechanics of Guatemala, the intelligent 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 prosperity is, therefore, an index of native capabilities.

On the upper Orinoco river, in Columbia, are a few hands of an Indian nation, trade has for many years been almost which at the time of the Spanish con-exclusively in the hands of foreigners, and Odessa might equally well be called held a large domain north of the empire

empire of the Incas you strike the hardy tribe of Quitus, which give their name to the capital of the republic. Their forefathers are said to have been the foremost painters and architects of the empire, and even now they are the bridgebuilders of Ecuador; they compose, in fact, her farmers, miners, manufacturers, and industrial classes.

The Quichung of Peru and Bolivia have aquiline noses and fine mouths and teeth, are low of stature, but broad and brawny. Their appearance stamps them as of the royal race and worthy of associating with the best of modern times. The agriculturists inhabiting the districts around Lake Titicaca are descendants of that ancient people whose massive ruins have been studied in the Museum of Antiquities. They were conquered by the Incas, who absorbed many of their agricultural and astronomical

The Araucanians have their homes in Chili and Patagonia. It was a confederacy of the Araucanian tribe of Chili which checked the Spanish advance southward. The natives have broad and heavy features, but bright and piercing eves. They have a republican form of government, and are intensely national. As has been remarked-"the constitution of Chili is far less democratic than that of Araucania," the native state lying between the Biobio and Valdiva rivers. The long lances, the slings, bows, pikes, clubs, and bolas (stone balls fastened to a thong) represent the weapons employed by the brave Araucanians to successfully resist the Spanish armies for more than a century. They are splendid horsemen, their chief wealth being their cattle, and their domestic life is of a high order. The center of the national and tribal life is in this compact Chilian state; but members of the race range the pampas of South



A FUTURE ARAUCANIAN 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 exposition 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,

The editress 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 editress has but one name for her staff-"dear." The assistant editor is called "my dear," but the rest of the help answer fo 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 "preservery," 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 female labor, and an avalanche of horticultural 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 women make the best gardeners in the

One of the dreams of Edward Bellamy is about to be realized by a society of English people who are building in æsthetic Bedford park a block of houses for the exclusive use of professional and artistic women. There is to be a common dining-room and one staff of servants, thus solving the domestic 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 established 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 women will be interested in the results. for it is generally admitted that the real cause of so many marriage failures is to be found at the kitchen door. Try as they will, women can never make lovers out of dyspeptics nor harmony 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 los 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 eigar. 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 subject 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 admired 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 Pennsylvania Railroad, started life as a track hand thirty years ago. The combined salaries he receives now amounts to \$100.000.