AMONG THE WITS AND WACS.

Varied and Vigorous Assaults on the Humbuggery of the World.

EPITAPH ON WIGGINS,

A Pageant of Paragraphs on Skipping Cashiers, Life in Colleges, Crusoc as a Hustler, Slang and Fast Life in Dakota.

> Epliaph on Wiggins. Pani Pry in Savannah News.

His name is Wiggins, as it rhymes with Spriggins, and the Milesian Higgins and such like fry; He could beat an Ozeechee nizger in scienti-fic figgerin' on the social status of a quad-

In solar science be could bid defiance to Sir Humphrey Davy or Guy Lussas; He could form conjunctions or other, func-tions, without compunction, with Mars and Venus, that would beat Medina's, and other planets in the solar track.

His stock commercial was Hind and Hers chel, Humboldt, Strabo, Keplar, Marius. Astrology, Biology, Demonology, Cycloneology, and the nebula in Saggitarius.

With well planned fictions and shrewd res trictions he'd make predictions of wind and weather; But all his guessing turned out distressing, and as distressing as a much-soaked feather.

Now, heat teiluric and gas sulphuric, and throes usuric rend earth and rock. So, Wiggins trying his prophesying, his long tongue lying, sets women crying and strong men flying to avoid the shock.

But this seismologist, this Perkiniteologist has now no apologist for his foolish prank. His egregions blander is a nine days wonder. He may go to thunder, the Canadian

A Young Financier. Robert Ainsley in the Rambler: He was a youth, although not very old. One day his father brought home a little bank

to keep his savings in.
"Now, Willie," he said, "we'll start a 'I choose to be eashier," interrupted

the boy. "Very well, you can be the cashier, and I will be the board of directors. Then you and your two sisters and your mother

and I will all be depositors. Now I will put these five new nickels in to start What will you do?" "I'll put in my seven pennies and a two-cent piece." he responded.

His mother dropped in a couple of dimes, and each of his sisters a nickel. During the next two weeks numerous deposits were made and all ran smoothly Then one morning pater familias found himself short of change, and abstracted a dime from the bank for car fare. But e engle eye of the young cashier detected the shortage, and he promptly The next morning, the young financier's

father, wishing to instill a little more business knowledge into his head, said:
"Now, Willie, suppose one of the depositors wished to draw out some money what would you do?"

"The boy simply pointed to the bank on which was the following placard:

PAYMENT SUSPENDED.

"Why, Willie, what does this mean? Inquired the father.
"Directors overdrew their accounts, so the cashier skipped out with the rest, was the loconic response. You don't mean that you have taken the money that was in there, do you?" in a tone of painful surprise.

"But don't you know that that is not "Huh!" exclaimed the boy scornfully, "did you ever hear of a cashier letting the directors get ahead of him? Well, I guess not. You bet I know a little busi-When the directors begin fooling with the finances the cashier 'guts' the

bank every time. "My boy," said the father admiringly, "some day you will be a great financier; but first you have a few things to learn. Never wait for the depositors to prose-cute. Now come with me to the wood

"Father," replied the youth, persuas ively, "cant we compromise this matter in some way? If you won't prosecute I'll see that the bank resumes payment, and won't say anything about the directors drawing out money on the sly." It was compromised on that basis

The Paragrapher. O, this funny paragraphing, This facetiousness and chaffing, Filling pages all for wages to arouse a Getting bilious and rheumatic From exposure in an attic, Always busted, dunned, and trusted, write it on my epitaph-

"Here a moldy wit is lying,"
Which the callous critic eyeing
Asks, "Will ever end in never?—why the the duffer's at it yet! And he's tickling the hereafter With demoniscal laughter

In contrasting everlasting with his earthly, brief regret."

Now for the Truth. Free Press: "Say, Jim." he began, as they shook hands, "how do you stand on this Gettysburg dispute?" "Well, I've favored Sickles all along."
"So have I. Now see here. Right here

on this paper is Gettysburg." 'Along this road is where Hancock

"I see." 'Howard came up by this road." 'He did.

Sedgwick and his sixth corps traveled right along here, and swung into action over there on the second day." "You just bet they did!"

"Let's see? Sykes must have come up by this road."

"Yes, I'm certain of it."

"Now, then, Jim, where were you?"

"Well, our sutler wagon was way off here, say about twelve miles. Where were

"I was with the wagon train off this way, about seven miles. Say, we've got this thing down to a dot, and we ought to write a letter to some newspaper." "Zactly Jim, and we can't do it too soon. It's left to us to straighten out this tangle, and we are the men to do it.

The Rambler: "Where is the college building, John?" asked an old man who was visiting his son in one of the college towns. "Right over there, father," replied the

youth, pointing to a large stone building. "Handsome building, isn't it?"
"Very. Would you mind taking me over? I'd like to look inside."
"Certainly not. I guess some of the daughters will find Washington a cheap place to reside. After they get intro-duced into good society they will not reboys are at work there now. Come right along, and I'll show you Bill Jones, our "I see that they advertise 'a large and full orchestra.' I wonder who that fat girl is on the right." "That's one of the

champion oarsman. The old man wandered about building for a while, and then said "This doesn't seem to me much like a college, John, it seems more like a gymnasium. Is this all there is to it?"
"Well, this is the principal building.
Of course, we have a few other minor

'Haven't you any recitation and leeure rooms? I want to see those."
"Um—ah—yes, I believe there are some somewhere. If you want to see those I'll ask some one to show us the

way. I thought you wanted to see the

In being badly "mashed.

Another's "half seas o'er.

A chippy fellow's "up to spuff," Another's a "dead beat," While still another dudish "swell"

Comes airing down the street.
You rate a certain friend "a trump,"
Another's called "a bore,"
Another one has lots of "tin,"

One asks his chum to "shoot that hat."

Or else "pull down your vest;"
"Two sharps" are followed by a "flat,"
You say 'give us a rest."
Death sends his victim "up the flume,"
His watch is "up the spout."

Your mother knows you're out?"

Back.

pointing to the bright eyed youth, said:

"Well Jimmie, who was he?"

'No he wasn't, neither.'

was only a Mormon, anyhow.

Getting Along Fast in Dakota.

Needed an Earthquake.

prietor, too much accustomed to criticism

to mind it now.

"It might establish a readjustment of the crust," was the reply.

Six Months Without Eating.

St. Paul Herald: "I notice by the papers lately," said Dr. Black to Sprig-gins, "that Miss Louisa Cash fasted for

hree months in Tennessee. What do

"That's nothing," replied Spriggins 'Do you remember old Sam Huideck

oper, who used to live out West Seventh

"Impossible! You don't really mean How on earth did be do the thing?

"Why, he died last spring and hasn't

A Hot Evening.

"Say, Carton, who is that awfully homely girl at the end of the piano?" "That?—that's my cousin." "No, no!

Carton; I mean at the other end of the

knew that was your sister there; but J

nean the frowsy old thing back of her.

"Ah! back of her? directly back? ivory fan? white feathers in her hair?" "Yes, that one." "Looking this way now?" "Yes, you tumble! that's the one!" "That's my mother." "Don't it strike

you it's awful hot here this evening, Mr

The Time.

Boston Courier.

When polities are getting hot

Resolve to advertise.

chestnut bell?" said his girl.

tells an old story."

And rife are campaign lies

Concerning plot and counterplot, Of most gigantic size, The papers sell like hot cakes then And all far-seeing business men

Sly Girl.

New York Sun: "Charley, what is

"Oh! it's a bell that rings when any one

"Well, they couldn't call me a chest

nut belle; I have no ring."
It succeeded, and they are to be man

ried when Charley has his salary raised

The Great Man's Autograph

The lecture done they crowded round To take him by the hand—

The man whose eloquential words Had sounded through the land,

When, undismayed by man or place, Came up a boy with daring face,

Who held within his dirty hand A dwindling pencil's half, "Mister," he said, "I wish you'd please Gimme your autograph." "I will," the great man kindly said, And rightly touched the urchin's head.

Then wrote a wild chirography, And mused that this was fame, When little lads from off the street

The coming voter viewed the man With something like surprise, And answered with a business look

About his sharp young eyes, "Why, sir, I sells 'em, don't you see; I gits ten cents for yourn!" said he.

The new Fall bonnets they say will be V shaped. The bills will be XX shaped

Did you ever see a man with a dia-mond collar button who did not think

the neckties were going out of fashion?

Johnson says it is mighty hard to be

Christian when a man has a boy who will ring a chestnut bell on him at family

prayers, when it is impossible to resen

quire any clothes to speak of.

A poor man' with a large family of

girl is on the right." "That's one of the large chorus." "And the cornet player there seems to be the worst for liquor."

'He's no doubt one of the full orches

the deacon of an up-town church during the examination of an applicant for that

pulpit. "Well, no-not exactly," hes tated the applicant; "I preach for notes-

bank notes." He was summarily ex-

"Do you preach from notes?"

"What will you," asked he with a laugh,
"My child, do with my autograph?"

Desire his written name

"Oh!-that's my sister."

"Yes. Well, what of him?"
"Why, he has gone six month

you think of that?"

eaten anything since."

e tried to bite into it and failed.

some vile urchin asks you if

Slang. Chaster News. He bought and sold and swindled In oil and railroad stocks; Had then he lived retired with

His "pockets full of rocks,"
While others not so fortunate,
With margins blotted out, A TRAIN DISPATCHER'S STORY. n common slang "went under," Or else went "up the spout."

Responsible Positions in the Service -Railroad Men Who Study-You designate a man "a brick,'-There's nothing wrong in that; But 'tis no compliment to say "The brick is in his hat." The Only Pass Refusal on Record. Tis very commonplace to say
A certain one was thrashed;
While thousands feel a sweet delight

RAIL YARNS RUNNING-WILD.

in a Snow Pile-

How a Spotter Was Treated. Chicago Herald: "The weather getting a bit cold reminds me of a story I heard out west the other day," said a drummer. "For a long time the conductors, both passenger and freight, running between Omaha and Lincoln. Neb., have been bothered by spotters. A favorite method with the spotters was to climb aboard a freight train on a cold, stormy night and beg to be carried free to a certain station, telling tales of hard luck, siekness and so on to play on the conductor's sympathies. Of course, if a conductor happened to be kind enough to do the man a favor he Crusoe Was a Hustler from 'Way was promptly reported and bonneed. The boys had so much trouble in this way Chicago Journal: I stolled into the that they swore vengeance, and one cold ewsboys' home one day while the boys night last winter when a spotter, dis were undergoing an examination in the scriptures: The teacher asked: guised as a tramp, got aboard a freight Who was the wisest man that ever train at Ashland and begged for a ride to Plattsmouth, the conductor told him he Fifty hands shot up. The teacher might ride. So the tramp snuggled down into a seat near the stove in the "Solomon, of course," was the reply. Before the teacher had time to confirm caboose while the conductor and his brakemen were putting their heads tohis statement, the "kid" alongside of Jimmie shouted: gether, concocting a scheme for reveage. Down between Oreapolis and Plattsmouth "Well, who was he Pete," asked th where there are some very deep gulches by the side of the track, the conductor "Robinson Crusoe," answered Pete.
"How do you make that out?" asked gave the tramp a lively punch in the ribs and told him that he would have to go up on top of the cars for the rest of his jourthe teacher.
"Well," responded Jimmie, "Crusoc ney, as he would get the conductor into wuz a hustler from 'way back, he wuz; a daisy of a hustler, too. He hustled when he had nothin' to hustle wid. Solomon trouble by remaining in the caboose when the train entered Plattsmouth. The tramp had no sooner climbed to the top of the ears than the conductor and his men sejzed him and threw him from the train, flinging him into a gulch about They get along fast in Dakota, and to thirty feet deep. In the gulen was about prove it a story is told of a recently-elected judge. He had been a sort of free lance in his profession, and had in-curred the enmity of a certain lawyer. This lawyear came before the judge the lifteen feet of snow, and the unfortunate man was buried out of sight but not hurt. The train men knew the fellow wouldn't be injured, and they supposed that he would in some way manage to climb out other day with an ordinary motion which should have been granted in due course of law. But it wasn't. "Motion denied," yelled the judge. "But, your honor—" "Motion denied, I say." "Your honor, one word, if you please," "Not a word." of the gulch and walk to shelter. Imagine their surprise on returning next day to see the spotter still in there, securely imprisoned by the great walls of snow rising on all sides of him, and through which he had vainly attempted "Your honor seems to have a prejudice against me." "You're d-d right, I have," said the judge. "I've been laying to force his way. The train boys threw him a couple of old blarkets and the remnants of their lunches, but they for your for the past three years, and you don't get any motions in this court." didn't help him out. In fact, as the story was told me by a reliable man who was then running a freight train there, the luckless spotter was kept in that prison for ten days, feeding all that time on the Texas Siftings: "An earthquake would improve this pie," said a crabbed passcraps of lunches thrown him by the senger at the railroad lunch-counter, as train men as they whizzed by, howling and dancing with delight. At the end of "In what way?" asked the bland pro

> hired out as a railroad spotter. A Train Dispatcher's Story. Detroit Free Press: Several years ago was employed as train dispatcher on a Southwestern American railroad. As usual there were three of us in the office. I had what is called the "second trick," my hours of duty being from 4 p. m. to till 8 a. m., was a particular friend of mine. He was a young man of high char acter, a fine dispatcher, and very popu lar; and when, during the burning days of July, it become known among the men that he was confined to his room by a severe attack of malignant fever, many

the ten days the fellow narrowly escaped

drowning in a sudden thaw, and came

out of the siege weighing about fifty

pounds less toan when he involuntarily

began it. I'll wager that he never again

were the expressions of regret and of hope for his speedy recovery.

During the trying days of Charlie's illness I spent all the time I could spare by his side, but on account of his absence from the office it was necessary for the remaining two of us to "double up" hat is, work twelve hours each, my watch

being from 8 p. m. to 8 a, m.

I came on duty one evening feeling very bad. The weather was so warm could not sleep well in the daytime: be ides, I had spent a considerable part of the day with Charlie, whose allness had now reached a critical stage and seemed o show little prospect of improvement Hence, as you may imagine, I was not at all pleased to find that I was likely to have a busy night of it. A wreck on the road during the day had thrown all the egular trains off time, and besides the usual number of special freights there was a special passenger train to leave Linwood, the eastern terminus of our division at 11 p. m., with a large party of excursionists returning from a picnic For several hours I had my hands full There was a special train of live stock bound east which had to be kept moving out was being delayed by hot journals nevertheless I hoped to get them into

inwood before the excursion train started west. As usually happens in such cases, the excursion-train did not get ready to leave on time, and it was 11:40 p. m when they reported for orders at Lir wood. I fixed up their orders, got the report of their departure from Linwood at 11:45 and entered it on the train-sheet. Then, hav ing for the first time that night a few minutes' breathing time, I rose from the table and went over and seated myself by the window, where it was cooler than under the heated gas-jets over the table. I was alone in the office, and s I sat I was alone in the office, and as I sat there enjoying the cool breeze which came in through the open window a neighboring church clock rang out the hour of 12. From force of habit I glanced at the door, almost expecting to hear Charlie's light footstep on the stair and see the door open to admit him as of old. "Poor fellow," I thought, "it will be a long time before he enters that door long time before he enters that door again, if he ever does." Just at the last sgain, if he ever does. Just at the last stroke of 12, and waile my eyes were still fixed on the door, it opened and Charley Burns entered. My astonish-ment may be imagined better than I can describe it. My first thought was that in the delirium of fear he had escaped from his nurses and made his way to the of-lice, but when I left him a few hours before I could not have believed that he had strength to get out of bed. I sat and watched him in speechless surprise,

Instead of his usual hearty greeting he took no notice of me at all, but walked directly to the table and sat down Placing his hand upon the key he began ealling "Q," which was the signal for Elm Grove, the first station, six miles west of Linwood. "I, I, Q," came the response. "Put out signal for special passenger west and copy," "Ro," "Ro," "Ro," "Ds." rang out the sounder, with Char lie's numble fingers upon the key. "Ro," was the call for Rosedaie, the second sta-tion from Linwood, eight miles west of Elm Grove. "I, I, Ro," same back the

which was increased by his strange

"Is special east coming? Ds. Then as I sat by the window as one paralyzed the awful truth flashed across my mind. I had overlooked the stock train, thundering eastward twenty miles an hour, and made no provision for its meeting the excursion train. My blood

seemed turned to ice as I heard the re-

"They are at the switch. Ro." Another minute and it would have been A B. & M. Spotter Treated to Ten Days too late. Still apparently oblivious of my pres

ence Charlie reached for the order-book with his left hand, while his right continued to manipulate the key and I heard the sounder click;

the sounder click:

"Out signal and copy Ds.
"Order No. 734.
"To C. and E. Eng. 34 Ro.
C. and E. Eng. 19 O.:
"Special east eng. 34 will take siding

and meet special west eng. 19 at Ros dale. "12 J. W. M." Quick as a flash came back the respons from each station and in less time than it takes me to write it the order had been repeated and signed by the conductor and engineer of each train, while Charlie copied it into the order book and re-

turned his "O. K Then, as I realized that I was saved and a great disaster averted, the revulsion of feeling was too much for my overstrained nerves and I lost consciousness.

An hour afterward I was awakened by a familiar noice and looked up to find Frank Dwyer, one of our conductors, who had volunteered to watch with Charlie, standing over me. "Wake up, Charlie, standing over me. "Wake up, old man," said he, "I have bad news for you. Charlie died just as the clock was

striking 12. I roused myseif and went to the table. There on the order book was the order, just as I had heard it clicked out by the sounder, and "Ro" was calling me to re-port the two trains safely by. Had I been dreaming and sent the order in my sleep, or had my friend redeemed his

The writing in the order book was in his hand and I have never been able to account for it.

The Train Despatcher's Terrible Re-

sponsibility. Chicago Mail: Mr. E. D Chandler, now agent of the largest manufacturers of fire-clarm aparatus in the United States, and Mr. Marvin Hughitt, general manager of the Northwestern railway system, were once telegraph operators in the same office. Mr. Hughitt accepted an offer from the Illinois Central company, became a train despatcher, and soon rose from that position to be its general superintendent. After he had begun to rise he urged his old office mates

o "catch on" to railroad business.
"If you will go at train despatching, be said, "It is only a question of tim when you will get up to something Chandler wouldn't do it. He had tried

t for a short time, but found the strain on his nerves too much for him. He was in constant terror of running two trains tegether, and he says his hair would have nraed gray years ago if he had kept at

"Every train dispatcher gets two trains started toward each other sconer or later," he claims. He may be able to stop one of them in time to save a wreck and loss of life and property, but sconer or later both will get away from him. want none of that kind of responsibility.

Railroad Men Who Study.

Texas Siftings: A Chicago paper tell of a young brakeman who for two years read law on the top of a freight ear, and at the end of that period he had acquired such an amount of legal lore as secured his admussion to the bar. Sitting on the head car next to the locomotive would have assisted him better in getting familiar with Coke An old railroader, on reading of the

above circumstance, said to us:
"That's nothing at all. I was once braking on a passenger train where the entire crew were most industrious students in one line or another. There were two brakemen reading law. 'Were they admitted to the bary"

"They were admitted to every bar on the road, and if there was any hesitation about it they kicked in the door and 12 p. m. The third man, Charlie Burns, thrashed the barkeeper. As for myseif," e continued, "I studied civil engineer

Did you ever lay out a township "I tried to do it once, when I had: load on, but I got laid out myself in "What was your conductor studying?"

"He was studying the manly art-"How do you know?"

"Cause he 'knocked down' every chance he got. The baggageman was studying painting." What did he paint?" "His nose. You see there was always

more or less liquor in the baggage car. "But the engineer was too much engaged in running his locomotive to give any time to study, was he not?"
"No, indeed; he was a great mechani-

cal genius, and was always studying to make something." 'Did he make anything?" "O, yes; he made \$60 a month."
"I mean did he make anything out

"Often." "What was it?" "A mash But our fireman was a gen-tine musical prodigy. You ought to

ave seen him play. "The piano? "No, keno!"

"A wonderful smart erew you must have had?" "Yes, indeed; even the candy outcher who sold papers could pick—"

"No, a pocket." The Only Pass Refusal on Record. Mrs. Ray and daughter, of Patrick county, who walked from that county to

Richmond, a distance of 240 miles several weeks ago, with a petition signed by hundreds of the citizens of Patrick county, for the pardon of Mrs. Ray's son, who is sentenced to the penitentiary for house breaking, called upon the governor yes-terday regarding her appeal. Governor Lee has sent to Patrick county for the papers in the case and has not heard from them yet. He informed her of the fact, and told her he could take no action in the matter until he received the papers The governor then told her that thought it useless for her to remain, and offered to pay her way back on the train.

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Ray, very emphatically, "I am afraid of them things, and prefer being upon the ground and walking to riding in them."
"Haven't you ever ridden upon one?" asked the governor.
"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Ray

When I see one a comin I always get as far from the road as possible. I wouldn't like to ride on one of them for nothing." He Was a Conductor.

St. Paul Globe: "I want to match any body in a knock-down contest," said a delicate-looking man as he stepped into a newspaper office and addressed the sporting editor. "Feather weight, I suppose," remarked the sporting editor
"Don't make any difference how big or

how little he is, I can do him up."
"How much a side." "Anything from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side; make it \$500 forfeit.

"Certainly; how could we work with gloves on g 'Queensbury rulesy' 14"I don't know anything about the Queensbury line. Where does that run

"There is evidently a misunderstanding. Didn't I understand you to say you to make a match for a prize

"Never thought of such a thing. "You said a knock down contest?" "Certainly." "No; I am a conductor."

FIVE FIELDS FOR WOMEN.

Stenography, Type-writing, Telegraphy. Teaching and the Stores.

Teaching of the Young the Most Important of All, While Literature is a Good Second-Women in Newspaper Offices.

Joe Howard in Boston Globe: It is

gratifying to note that among the pro-

THE SPECTRE OF MARRIAGE

gressions of the day, in fact, of the age, is the labor of women, and in various realms of occupation, for self-support and therefore self-respect. Those which occur to us at the moment are, first, stenography; second, type-writing; third, telegraphy, fourth, teaching, fifth, the last and worst of all, stores. A thoroughly good woman stenographer it is hard to find, and I really believe it is because women as a rule are brighter than men. A man, studying stenography, reduces himself so far as he can, he being intelligent enough to see the necessity for so doing, reduces himself, I say, so far as he can, to the position of a machine, his ear, sense and hand acting as a barmonious whole. It is a very rare gift when he can follow with his mind a train of thought, the mere words of which he is expected correctly and absolutely to transcribe in shorthand page of paper. 1 upon have had thirty years' experience with stenographers, and I have found that the moment a man attempts to understand the matter he is writing, so as to enter at times, at moments of leisure, into a discussion of the subject, he becomes of no special use. Women, as a rule, ex-pect to understand what they are about, and my experience is that if they drop a word or a part of a sentence they attempt to supplement it from their own flind of knowledge, and in the process of supple-menting they ignore the present and soon become inextricably embarrassed.

Then, too, practice is what is needed most of all, after the rudiments of the science are mastered, for stenography is science, and a hard one, and a woman ho expects to devote her life to the practice of stenography is a rara avis in-deed. What does she expect? She expects to get married. A man goes into it for his life work.

He says to himself, "I will in time beome a court stenographer, and will get two or three thousand dollars a year for that, and with a perfunctory service, to which I will add what I can by occasional jobs, or by work obtained regularly from the newspaper office. That spectre of matrimony stands before every woman alive, and the few exceptions but prove

I have had occasion to write of women as telegraphers before. If they will de right themselves to it, as a business, all right they are just as good as any man who ever attempted it. The difficulties in the way are mental and physical. Mainly the woman thinks, "sooner or later dear Charley or George will come dong, and off we will skip to the MERRY MEASURES OF THE MARRIAGE

BELLS." The physical requirements of an active, conscientious stenographer, type-writer and telegrapher, are such as tax the average woman's strength. Her head, her back are liable to ache. Sitting in a cramp-ed position causes her pains in the chest. No snow storm is ever pleasant to go out in, and exposure to the rains and under a burning sun is likely to give her a a burning sun is likely to give her a thousand and one ills to which her particular kind of flesh is heir to, and that makes trouble in the office. In my judgment the highest work per-

the young. Everything in the future de

are high and in paths that are noble, is fit to stand among kings and dine with queens. Yet the drudgery of the work can never be exaggerated in words. The pay is poor, the compensation, so far as reputation is concerned, is next to noth ing, and the great sordidness of the world shows itself in no place so con-spicuously as when it deals with the teachers of its children. Well, if it is not a good idea for our girls to take these various roads to success, or to become teachers, what ought they to do? into stores as shop-girls, and parade themselves as "salesladies," little thinking of the ridicule they bring upon themselves by ealing themselves names, which, if applied to their brothers and museuline friends would be to heap contempt upon them? Who ever heard of a "sales-foreman" or "sales-gentleman?" Why not say "sales woman" as well as "salesmen?" It seems to me that one glance at the girls stand-ing behing the counters of our great retail stores ought to satisfy any person that it is the last ditch into which they could get by any possible tumble. In these places the work has nothing stimulating about it. It stirs no latent energy it acts in no sense as a tonic to the brain. It is physique-wearing, patience-exhaust-ing. The average pay of these poor girls is \$3 per week. Out of that they must pay their board, clothe themselves - and clothe themselves respectably, too-pay their car fare, the doctor's bills, and for what little pleasure they get in the way of amusement. Now, I do not intend to preach morality, but I simply open the door and ask you to look in yourself at

the 10,000 girls in this great city, whose average COMPENSATION IS \$3.50 PER WEEK, with an enforced vacation in many of the arger stores of from six to eight weeks duration, during which they get no pay whetever, and then tell me whether this is a school for virtue, whether this is a promenade on which can be safely placed the tender feet of girls too young to understand the meaning of the snares that eneircie them, but old enough to wish to dress as well as their compan-ions, and weak enough to follow any example, however pernicious, that they may get on.

Now, all this leads up to the question,
Where shall they go? What shall they do?
It seems to me that, outside of the fac-

tories, where children are little better than slaves, there are fields of labor in which the unquestionable intellect and marvellous adaptiveness, physical, of women might be utilized. I am not very familiar with spinning and the varied cognate employments connected with but I believe there is a realm in which women could do an immense amount of work, and for which they would receive pay (they would hate to take "wages," I suppose) commensurate with their achievements. Household service, mental service, of nece occupy the time and attention of thou-sands. So far as cities are concerned that class of work is monopolized almost entirely by foreigners, but throughout the great country, on New England farms, on western ranches, there are opportunities where self-respecting and self-reliant girls could find congenial em-ployment. The great picture dealers of this city tell me that they sell with won-derful rapidity, and at most gratifying prices, crayon sketches and water-color pictures, done by men or women, so long as the subjects are unique and sympa-

thetic. Women's intentions are quicker,
THEIR SENTIMENTS ARE FINER,
and so they ought to be better able to
select subjects, which, being pleasant to

them, would be agreeable to purchasers.

A portion of our city churches have women organists. Some of our largest concerns have women accountants. The

best proof-reader I ever knew was a Women in a newspaper office, as a

rule, are a nuisance.
The reason of this is two fold: First, they insist in terms and in manner upo they insist in terms and in manner upon being treated as women. They want their little episode of forgetfulness passed over very lightly, not because they were ill, but because they are women. The ordinary woman writer seizes almost intuitively upon fashions as her topic, as though dress and its idiosyncrasies were the chief thought of their readers, and therefore of themselves. They are unwilling to be directed. They are often petty and small in their comprehension of affairs. They are, as a matter of course, obviously precluded from certain phases of newspaper work but in the composing room I have always found them as serviceable as a

man, and in the proof room, as I say, the best reader I ever knew was a woman. Laterature, the world around, seems t e a fair field for women. If they would be content to enter before the mast and work their way up, irrespective of their sex, or of any special domestic trouble that might be annoying them. In other words, if they wish to stand shoulder to shoulder with their brothers, receive a man's pay for a man's work, they should be content also to take the risks and to expect the inzards, precisely as their brothers are compelled to, so that, after all, it seems to me the first thing our girls should be taught, as a necessity of self-reliance for their own support, the necessity of a training to some special end, precisely as a boy is trained to some special end, and then go shead with the understanding that their work is a life's work into which matrimony, if it comes at all, comes as a divertant and an aid, and a help.

The Lost Souls of Siberla. London Post: A graphic picture of the

condition of those unfortunates who are titly described as "lost souls" is drawn in the work on Siberia by the Russian writer Jadrenzeff, a German edition of which has just been published by Professor E. Petri, of Berne. But few of the exiles ever attain to the possession of a house, by which is meant a miserable but. Most of them are in reality the bondsmen of the Siberian peasants, by whom they are hired; that is to say, they remain in their debt as long as they live, and are satisfied when they can get money for drinking on holidays from their masters. But as the majority of the exites are rogues and vagabonds by profession, who are afraid of work, the number of fugitives are constantly increasing, who steal, rob and plunder whenever a chance offers. and thus intensify the natural antipathy of the settlers against the class of the deported. The peasants have every cause to be incensed against them. for, besides suffering from the malpractice of the onvict class, they have to bear the cost of the crection and preservation of pris ons for the exiles, organize hunts for the capture of runaways, provide guards for them, and find the taxes which cannot be raised among the deported class. But the greatest gaps in the ranks of the exiles are caused by the almost systematic essape of the latter from forced labor and from the convict settlements. No less than la per cent of the deported escape during cansport. Many of them are shot down ike wild beasts by the peasants and natives, and an observer of Sibertan life made a very true remark when he said able to overpower the runaway exiles if the peasants had not annihilated them. The most extreme measures to check

he system of escape are the hunts by the natives, organized by the Russian gov-ernment. The native receives three roubles if he delivers the prisoner "dead or alive," to the authorities. The people are provided with good aims and ammuniprisoner a success. One of those few who managed to escape was seized in his nands upon the teachings in the present. tive village, and when brought before the court he said: "For two years I have The man or woman competent to take a child, to impress upon his mind what he wandered about, have swam through should know, to mould his morals so that rivers and seas, have crossed Siberian his feet will naturally tend to planes that forests, passed through steeps and mount nins-and no one has touched me, neither man or beast; but here, in my native vil lage I have been seized and cast into chains." The escape from forced labor had become so common that the admin istrators of convict establishments were in the habit of calling out, when receiv ing prisoners, "Whoever wishes to stay let him take clothes; he who wants to run away will not need them." It should be observed that the clothes left behind by escaped convicts, so as to guard against capture, are the perquisites of the

Whilst the statistics show an incredible increase in the number of crimes committed by exiles, proving the efficiency of the system of deportation as a correct tive defusion, they are equally condemn natory of its much vaunted cheapness to the state. The cost of transport of a Si berian deporte is estimated at 50 roubles. (\$37.50.) But in this estimate are not included the cost of transport to the main route (steamers on the Voga and Kama). and thence to the place of destination the maintenance of his family if he is ac companied by it, the maintenance in prison till the spring, as trantsports in winter have been abolished, as well as the cost of the military guard, so that the expenses of transport for each convict to his place of destination amount to about 300 roubles (\$225), a sum that would be sufficient to keep him at least four years in the dearest prison of European Russia. But this sum is raised to 800 roubles (\$000) by the expense attaching to the maintenance of etappe routes, escorts, prison along the route, and etappe houses, not to reckon the burdens im posed upon the population, who have to provide vehicles and hospitals, and their osses through theft and crime of all de

scriptions. simple calculation, consequently ought to be in favor of those in Russia who raise their voices against degrading Siberia into a receptacle for "lost souls." Jardrazeff says: "The system of depor tation has converted Siberia into a sewer; deportation has been the cause of much injustice and harm done to the country By mixing the deported with the popula tion, crime was accorded a wider scope The exiles are at present in an extremely miserable and objectionable condition, and Siberia receives, instead of useful workers, a numerous, homeless, and lazy proletariat. By the present deplorable condition of the banished the punish ment inflicted does not lead to reform, but yields a result quite the reverse, con-sisting in the demoralization of the exiles and an increase in vagabondism and crime.

Garland Doesn't Read.

Boston Record: "Dan'l, how stands
my cabinet this morning?" "All present or accounted for," sponded the faithful aide briskly.

"Art sure?" inquired the president ear nestly. "Sure," was the reply. The president bowed his head for moment over his desk, and then upturned his sad face to the light, with the words: "I see but one gleam of hope, Dau'l. Touch my Pan-Electric bell."

The nide observed in silence . page appeared and tood with b "I pray the sternly, attach the phaeard to the post-culls of mine house, and mind you use

Now the inscription upon the placard was as tollows: "Resignation has fallen into noxious

DEGENERACY OF THE DANCE

Expressive Evolutions of Ancients Compared with the Modern "All-Hands-Round."

IMPRESSIVE FEET OF EXPERTS.

The Joys and Sorrows of the Romans Pictured in the Dance-The Parent of the Modern Ballet-Figures of Speech.

The Stage: In a primitive state of ervilization, when only faculties developed are sense and emotion, it is easy to see how dancing would become a usual means of communicating and expressing the joys and sorrows of a savage tribe. The almost habitual state of warfare would natural suggest an excited lance as the best means for stirring up the young braves to courage and actiona custom, indeed, existing still in a modi-fied form in the loud chorused patriotic songs of England.

From the frantic war dance of the American Indian, with its weird associations, to the modern ballet there seems little natural sequence, and yet it will be found that one and the same essential is, or should be, characteristic of both.

In both the central idea is a suitable expression of emotion, and hence dancing became in process of development a distinet adjunct of the worship of the gods The original Greek chorns signified a company of singers dancing in a ring about the altar of Dionysius. Plato, too, declared that all dancing should be an act of religion, whilst among the Romans it was considered an indecency to dance

All this goes to prove that a definite intention was always understood, and that dancing was not regarded as mere pos-turing or posing, but that it had an intel-

ligible language of its own.

Adam Smith tells us that dancing is much more expressive than music, and that the minuet, where the woman, after passing and repassing the man, gives him first one hand and then the other and then both, was originally a Moorish dance, representing the passion of love The Pyrrhic dance of Sparta represented real warfare, and the dance of the Eumenides is said to have been so fearful as to terrify all the spectators.

The Roman funeral dances would natually arise from the religious senti-ments associated, though it is hard now to realize the appropriateness of having a buffoon in attendance to dance an mitation of the character of the deceased In the reign of Augustus two remarka-ble men brought about a complete revolation in dancing. Their names were Pylades and Bathyllus, and to them must oe ascribed the invention of the panto mime ballet. From the accounts of the time performances seem to have been wonterful, the spectators being able without difficulty to follow the most elaborate olot, and even to understand the most minute allusions. A writer of the day says: "Their very nod speaks, their hands talk and their fingers have a

voice. A memorable trial of strength took place between Pylades and a rival by name of Hylas. The latter dancing a hymn which closed with the words, "The great Agamemnon, 'to express that idea stood erect, as if measuring his size. Pylades exclaimed, "Ah, you make him tall, not great." The audience begged tall, not great." The audience begged Pylades to dance the same hymn, and when he came to the words collected himself in a posture of deep meditation. silent pantomimic language, we are told,

So highly were these pantomines esteemed that many of them were child ren of the graces and virtues, and such an influence had they over the Roman people that when a quarrel occurred be-tween Pylades and Bathyllos the emperor himself interfered to bring about a re-newal of friendship.

For a considerable period, owing probably to Gothic and Vandal invasions, pantomime ballet became almost extinct n Italy, but in the fifteenth century it revived, and has maintained vitality ever

Female dancers were first introduced in the ballet at an entertainment given at the court of Louis XIV, in 1681, and at length the art was brought to its greatest perfection by the celebrated Nouverre, who was connected with several of the royal courts of Europe as maitre de ballet during the latter part of the last century. According to him the qualifications of a ballet master are terribly exacting. A right knowledge of mythology is absolutely necessary; ancient poetry, chronology and painting are also requisite, not to mention the trifling addition of geometry, anatomy and music, a pretty good dose for the modern tersichorean

But Nouverre had the right principle at heart, and we cannot do better in clos ng this brief inquiry than by quoting his own words respecting the true aim of what was, to him, the bighest art. He says: "The ballet should be complete pantomime, and, through the eyes, speak as it were, to the very soul of the spects-

Grant's Horse.

Ben: Perley Poore in Boston Budget: General Grant was particularly proud and fond of his stud of horses. His war charger was an especial favorite. He took great delight in exhibiting his horses to his friends with whom he was intimate. Once at his stables with a friend he said: "Perhaps you would like to see the horse I rode during all the campaigns I commanded?" The animal was ordered to be prought out. The gentieman was surprised to find the horse no larger than a lady's palfrey—small, slender, agile-limbed, black as coal, intelligent, mild. an eye like a hawk, and a lick on the mane for all the world like a boy's cowlick. It was such an animal as women and children would make into a family The gentleman pronounced the ani nal a beauty, but expressed a doubt as to

its endurance.
"Endurance?" said the general: "this mimal exceeds in endurance any horselesh I ever saw. I have taken him out at daylight and kept in the saddle till dack, and he came in as fresh when I dismounted as when he started in the morning. There isn't gold in America to buy him. He is an imported horse of line breed and was once on Jeff Davis's plantation." This was just before Davis was caught, and the visitor said: sume you would exchange the horse for Jeff Davis." "You have said it," claimed Grant; "I would exchange for his old master, but for nothing else in the world.'

1886 Trotters.

New York Sun: In one respect this has been a great trotting year, and in another it has been the reverse. There has been a great number of fast

horses our than ever before, but the fastest veterans have not repeated their feats of past years nor have any new ones appeared to take their places; 2:15 has been benten but once, by Harry Wilkes, and he improved this record, which belonged to him last year, by a quarter of a second only. Maud S, the brightest star, has not shown in public, and her 2.081 is a long way off from the capacity of any of her rivals. Then the pacers have done nothing. We do not think 2:14 has been beaten, and Johnson, the champion of

2.661, has not shown up at all.
Still, the trotting turf is in a very healthy state. It has, no doubt, been building a foundation broader and more substantial upon which some years bence more brilliant light than ever known before shall shine.