WHY IS IT SO?

[Father Ryan.]

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best;
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night-hours go.
Some hearts beat, where some hearts break;
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some hands fold, where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so thro' ages and thro' lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek, when others shun the fray.

Some [illegible] on while others keep
[illegible] vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name, above a grave.

A "Bad Man's" Amusement.

[Denver Tribune.]

Allison's amusements, like his mode of life, were of a decidedly rough nature. One of his greatest delights was to "take down" the late arrivals from the east, who were of the idea that they were "hard men." He never did this except some provocation was offered. On such occasions he would arouse the whole town and make life a burden to his victim. One night at El Maro, while drunk, he walked into a saloon, and, after putting a hundred dollar bill on the bar, found diversion in shooting out the lights and breaking whole rows of glassware with a single bullet. A little further up street was a fancy bar, which had just opened by an importation from Kansas City—Jim Burns,—who prided himself upon having been considered a very "tough citizen" in his native place. When Burns heard of the affair down street he boldly proclaimed that Allison would not cut such "didos" in his place; Allison knew better than to brave the Kansas City lion in his den. Of course Allison heard this, and he determined to teach the man from the Kaw valley a lesson. Walking into the saloon, he stepped up to the bar with a pleasant "good evening."

"Are you Mr. Burns?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," and Burns, who was a large man, drew himself up to his fullest height.

"Well, Mr. Burns," quietly returned Allison, "will you please stand up straight against that mirror? There you are. Now don't move, for I'm not going to hurt you, but just for luck. I'll clip that curl off the left side of your head," and out came his revolver. By this time Burns knew whom he had to deal with, and he was so badly frightened that he could not speak. It is needless to say that he obeyed the command, and for a few minutes Allison amused himself by planting bullets within an eighth of an inch of the barkeeper's head, besides demolishing all the glassware in the house. Then, for diversion, he made the Kansas City dude bow to the spectators, hold up one hand, then the other, then both, etc. It was glorious fun for every one but Burns. The next day Burns received a check for $400 to compensate him for his glassware, spilled liquors and broken spirit.

The Cheap Book Factories.

["Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.]

Several of the factories for making cheap books are immense concerns. Relieved of all expense of recompense to authors, they devote themselves to the perfection of machinery with which to put the stolen matter quickly and cheaply into printed pages. A foreign volume can be thrown into the hopper of one of these establishments at 7 o'clock in the morning and twenty-four hours later it emerges multiplied by the ten thousand. Much of the type-setting is done by machinery, the printing is done by presses about as swift as those used by newspapers, the folding and binding are the work of iron and steam-impelled hands, and nowhere in the entire process is there any use of brains, except those of the producers and rightful owners of the literature. Six different editions of the Bernhardt book will be in the market by the end of the week. One concern got a little ahead of its rivals by hiring forty translators, and thereby turning the original French into English—or alleged English, for the quality of the work done under such circumstances may be imagined.

Nothing better illustrates the superiority of original talent over acquired knowledge, even in the sordid view of it, than the translation of matter from foreign languages for New York publication. Good linguists are plenteous. They are to be stumbled over in the schools, the newspaper offices, and every other place peopled by educated persons. Their services can be had for the nearest to no pay at all of anything in the whole range of literary employment. The rate in the cheap book concerns is generally 50 cents per 1,000 words. Compare that with the $5 paid by the leading news journals of the city for original matter of the ordinary sort, and you can realize the greater value of creative ability. The translator gets no more than does a good amanuensis for taking matter from dictation, or the operator on a typewriting machine for merely copying from manuscript.

The Shears and the Cockroach.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A Pair of Shears which had long Occupied an Editorial Table one day Observed a Cockroach going for the Paste-Pot, and promptly called out:

"How, now, you Vagrant!"

"Who's a Vagrant?"

"You are, and I Warn you to take Yourself off!"

"See here," said the Cockroach, as he came to a sudden halt, "I don't want to crowd Anybody off the Editorial Staff, but I must Warn you that, while plenty of Editors never have any use for Shears, no Newspaper Office in this country can be run without Cockroaches!"

The Right of Relatives.

In its comments on the trial of young Nutt for the so-called murder of Dukes, The Chicago Inter Ocean says:

"The modern criminal law, in its rigidity and inflexibility, has gone entirely too far in ignoring the natural and inherent right of relatives to aid personally in the punishment of the great criminals by whose crimes they suffer.

"Society has no desire or right to demand or take the life of a just, honorable and worthy person who vindicates natural justice by punishing a great criminal whom society itself ought to have punished. The criminal statutes of every state in the union ought to be modified forthwith that such an act should hereafter be indictable only as a usurpation of judicial functions, not as a murder."

No Hope of Getting Out.

[Wall Street News.]

A Boston man who was coming east over the Northern Pacific a few days ago, rode for a day at the rate of twelve miles an hour, was side-tracked at night, and "stalled" in a snow bank all next day. When night came again he asked the conductor:

"Will you push through to-night?"

"We may make twenty-five miles," was the reply.

"See here," said the Bostonite, as he lost his placidity of mind, "I've got $8,000 in stock in this line."

"RUN ALONG NOW."

[Texas Siftings.]

The evening was bitterly cold. Two children—a boy with a manly face, and an expression of matured concern, as though some one had been dependent on him, and a pale-faced little girl—wandered around the streets of a western city. They had been left by an immigrant train, having fallen asleep in the barn-like waiting-room, and, among the hurry, incident upon departure, no one thought of them. They begged the station-keeper to allow them to remain by the fire, but he discredited their story—declared tkat they had not been left by a train; that they lived in the city, and were only "hanging around" to steal something. Everybody hurried along. No one had a kind look for the waifs. They went into the warm corridor of a hotel, but a man said:

"Run along now. You don't want to be stopping here."

"We are nearly frozen," the boy replied, "and we want to get warm."

"Children ought to be at home such weather as this. Your mother ought to know better than to send you out."

"Our mother is dead, sir. She died two weeks ago, and we came away with people that are going south, where it's warm, but the train has left us, and the man won't let us stay in the depot."

"Very good story, young fellow; but run along home. Parents that would send their children out to beg such weather as this, should be punished."

"We are not begging."

"Run along with you," and he opened the door and they passed out into the cutting wind. The fierce blast seemed to blow the darkness close up to the lamps; the tired teams seemed to blow chilling mists from their nostrils; and the heavy wagon wheels seemed to sink deep into the darkness and pulverize the gloom. The children went into a drug store.

"Run along there."

They went into a restaurant.

"Run along there."

They went into a saloon where merry revelers sang wild songs, and where the maudlin man dropped a tear in his glass.

"Run along there," said the bartender. "This is no place for children."

"Let us warm ourselves," implored the boy and he repeated his story.

"That's all very well, young man, but haven't I seen you around the streets begging, many a time?"

"No, sir."

"I think I have. I'll bet you haven't taken no less than $10 home to-day. Run along."

Again they were in the freezing gloom.

"Oh, where will we wake in the morning?" came from the saloon and died on the cold air, as the boy and his sister turned a corner.

"Don't cry, my little pet."

"I'm so cold."

"Yes; but we may find some place. Let us go back to the depot, and may be we can get on a train."

They wandered around in the blinding sleet.

"We are a long time getting there," said the girl.

"I believe we are lost," the brother replied. "Let us turn in here," and they went into a narrow alley and crouched down by a wall.

Ah, Mr. Humanity, because you have been a few times deceived; because you have sometimes shown pity, and afterward found that it was ill-bestowed, you have hardened your heart.

Ah, Mr. Churchman, whose knees press the soft velvet at the time of prayer; you who see suffering with dry eyes, and read, with moisture, the "simple annals of the poor," scratch from your Bibles the heart-warming sentence, "Suffer little children to come unto me"—scratch it out or you are a hypocrite.

"If I could smell the dog-wood blossoms by the porch, I wouldn't be so cold," said the little girl.

"It will be a long time before they bloom again, my pet."

"Will this cold weather kill the tree?"

"No, but it will be a long time before summer comes."

"Can people in Heaven look down and see people on the earth?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I wish they couldn't."

"Why, pet?"

"Because if mamma looks down and sees us, she wouldn't be happy any more."

He drew her closer to him. The neighboring lights went out one by one. The sleet seemed to be conquering everything. The dog that had barked over on the hill was silent.

* * * * *

A cheerless, freezing morning broke. By an alley sat two rigid forms. The boy was in his shirt sleeves. He had put his tattered jacket around his little sister.

Mr. Gladstone's New Ax.

[London Standard.]

Late on Saturday afternoon, says a Flint telegram, the following incident occurred at Hawarden: Just as it was growing dusk the police, who are in constant attendance upon the premier, were surprised to see a man walk rapidly up the approaches to the castle, carrying under his arm a mysterious-looking parcel, and from his manner it was inferred that the man was either laboring under very great excitement or that he was insane. He was speedily taken charge of by the police, and removed to that part of the castle in which they are quartered, and on his being interrogated by the officer in charge he said he was a workingman from Birmingham, and had made an ax, which he intended to present to Mr. Gladstone. He would present it personally, no matter what the cost. The man was kindly treated by the officer, and after he had somewhat regained his composure a message was sent to Mr. Gladstone, who came out of the castle and received his admirer on the lawn, where he was presented with the ax, much to the satisfaction of the man, who afterward walked to Chester and returned to Birmingham.

The Current: After the opera in Chicago: One hundred thousand dollars spent and only a memory.

How Sankey Sings and Looks.

[Olive Logan in Philadelphia Times.]

The third figure on the platform is Sankey, who sings while Moody preaches, and is to the eye of one who has seen much and suffered much—yes, even myself, if you will—the most interesting person of the trio. He is a tall, slim young man, still in his twenties. I should say, dressed in clerical garb, hopelessly plain, red-haired, afflicted with a gigantic mouth, which has the effect of cleaieng his face in twain when he opens his lean, lank jaws to sing.

There is that in this poor lad's demeanor, in his dress, in his entire aspect, which proclaims him the curate, the creature, the theological slave of all work, of the comfortable celebrated preacher of whose exhortations we are soon to have the surpassing benefit. Sad starveling of the church, one's heart is moved to pity by the mere sight of him! Thin to emaciation, plain almost to repulsiveness, his cheeks so hollow one wonders if they "interfere" inside, his mouth a survival of the Saurian epoch, he turns to Heaven a pair of great, soft, soulful, gray eyes and joins in the hymn with a voice that thrills the listeners' souls and shakes his feeble body as though it were a reed.

Father above us, what a voice! With heartrending pathos it wells forth, swelling through the spaces of the empty church, ringing richly through the open windows, floating out upon the pavement, so that passers-by (bound perchance to the beer and bottle shop opposite) stop suddenly quite still to listen to the unseen clerical Orpheus within. "There is a gate ajar for me!" So pours he forth his melodious canticle. A gate ajar? Ay, sweet singer, who can doubt it? You must be a lost chord from the celestial harmonies and in the eternal rehabilitation full surely will the gate be open wide for you to enter, there to take your place in the silvery choir of the great Jehovah.

Factory Laws in Russia.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

The attention that is being paid to social legislation just now is one of the most gratifying features of the new reign. Hitherto, owners and managers of mills and factories have been free to deal with their workpeople, without let or hindrance, as they pleased. But on the first day of this year a new factory law came into operation for the regulation of the work of children. A complete staff of inspectors has been appointed to enforce the following stipulations of the new law: 1. Children under 10 years of age must not be allowed to work in factories. 2. Workers from the age of 12 to 15 years must not work more than eight hours a day. Night work for children can only be authorized in establishments where the process of manufacture cannot have a bad influence on the health. Even if allowed, the work must not exceed four hours. 3. The work of children must be regulated in such a way as not to prevent their going to schools three hours every day. 4. The owners of factories are obliged to admit inspectors and their assistants into their works at any hour of the day.

Diogenes' Tub.

[Marion Calvert in Courier-Journal.]

The antiquarian finds by a picture upon an earthen lamp exhumed from the walls of old ruins that the famous tub of Diogenes was no tub at all, but an immense earthen pot called a python—the largest specimen of Greek pottery, used when new and whole as a sort of cellar for all sorts of provisions, especially fresh meats. The Athenian soldiers during the Peloponnesian war found shelter in such vessels when they became useless for their legitimate purposes. The poor vagabonds about the Greek cities also used these vessels for shelter during the most inclement seasons of the year.

Upon this lamp so full of purely domestic history we see the philosopher among cynics seated at the mouth of one of these huge earthen-cracked pots extending his hand in greeting to the Macedonian conqueror.

Shiloh Battle-Field.

The scene of the battle of Pittsburg Landing was visited the other day by a correspondent of The Call, of Peoria, Ills. He says that farmers still gather lead and iron in the field, and that one merchant shipped over 3,000 pounds of old bullets last year. The other day a child found a shell that exploded after it had been buried for twenty-one years. Of the 3,000 soldiers whose remains lie in the cemetery, 2,361 were unrecognized. Two large iron cannon serve as columns at the gate of the cemetery. The grave nearest them is that of the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh." Albert Sidney Johnson died under a large tree that stood near by; but of the tree there is only the stump remaining, and the spot is marked by a young evergreen.

A Minister Who Hadn't.

[Inter Ocean.]

"I have the very best evidence," said an observant north-sider on Monday, "that preachers do not read the Sunday papers on Sunday—at least not early in the day. The Rev. Dr. Little spoke in his sermon on Sunday of Wendell Phillips lying at the point of death, and enlarged a little on the point that a dispatch might come before night announcing the great philanthropist's departure. The interchange of glances between the people who read in the morning papers the particulars of Phillips' death was as funny a bit of pantomime as I have ever seen. Nineteen of every twenty in that congregation had read the Sunday morning papers, but the minister hadn't."

Sale of Relics.

At the recent sale in Baltimore of the effects of the late W. W. Carter a hair from the head of Henry Clay was sold for 30 cents, a piece of the towel used in stanching the blood from Abraham Lincoln's death wound for $1.35, and an autograph of Chief Justice John Marshall for 55 cents.

Chesterfield: I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.

A MODERN RESURRECTION.

A Miracle that Took Place in Our Midst Unknown to the Public.—The Details in Full.

(Detroit Free Press.)

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan Avenue in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to rise in the morning and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly; I had a faint all-gone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to bloat fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep impressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said: 'It is an animated *something*, but I should like to know what.' In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony.

"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead; my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I then thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life; have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Crombie," said the writer who had been breathlessly listening to the recital.

"Yes, I think I have," was the reply, "and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people, to-day, than any other complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham *Eccentric*, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

"I knew about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the *Eccentric* that he could not live until its next issue. It was certainly a most wonderful case."

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, at Birmingham, and now of Schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:

"Mr. W. A. Crombie, was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on two different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physicians as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle."

No one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end, are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be the most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it.