LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.

The skies cannot always be clear,
My dear,
The merriest eye must still have its tear,
My dear;
The clouds that are frowning above us today
Will presently break and go floating away,
And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray,
My dear!

We can't have just happiness here,
My dear;
You would never be glad if you ne'er shed a tear,
My dear;
The sorrow that lurks in your bosom, today,
Like the clouds, when you've wept, will go floating away,
And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray,
My dear.

If it's going to rain, it will rain,
My dear,
No matter how bitterly we may complain,
My dear;
There are sorrows that every good woman must bear;
There are griefs in which every good man has a share,
It is only the fool who has never a care,
My dear.

The skies cannot always be clear,
My dear,
Sweets wouldn't be sweet were no bitterness here,
My dear;
There could never be joy if there never was sorrow,
The sobs of today may be laughter tomorrow,
And there's sadness as well as vain trouble to borrow,
My dear!

—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

The True Story of a Sauce.

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

This is a true story of low life and also of a great sauce. What his real name was no one ever knew. He had come into Rivington street in the arms of a drunken woman who inexplicably had considerable money. On this account, and also on account of her generosity, she was welcomed by the society of that downtown district.

Her name was Mary. Her family name was somewhat obscure. Once when arrested she gave it as Jones, another time as Schmidt, a third as Bonaparte and a fourth time as Washington. This variety showed her to be a woman of some information, if nothing else.

The baby was a bright-eyed little thing, which was lame. The woman was kind enough to it in her own rough way and left the child largely to its own resources.

It was clever and soon found out which of the neighbors were kind and liked children and which did not. Jamsey, for so it was called by its mother, managed to get along like thousands of others in the submerged Tenth. He grew, but on account of his infirmity grew in a different way from the other children of the neighborhood. He did not care much for playing, but liked housekeeping, dolls and other girlish recreations. When he was four he could make himself quite useful in the kitchen and was so careful that he could be safely intrusted with plates, tumblers. When he was six his mother died.

No one ever appeared to claim the body, and the city buried it without ado. The kind-hearted policeman talked of taking the boy to a nice orphan asylum, where the children are all dressed in uniform and are trained to walk alike, talk alike, eat alike, read alike and think alike and very often to misbehave and die alike.

He found to his surprise that even down in Rivington street there was an invincible antipathy to asylums. Mrs. Mueller, a childless German woman, said that the baby should stay with her as long as she lived and that no Irish policeman should take it away and have it ruined in an asylum. So Jamsey became a member of the Mueller family, which consisted of the lady in question and her husband, who was employed in an uptown brewery.

Mrs. Mueller, like all German housewives, had a mania for cleanliness. In her particular religion it preceded godliness. She had the same reverence for a scrubbing brush that a poor Hindu has for Juggernaut, while a bar of soap gave her more pleasure than the heaviest black silk dress.

Undoubtedly the cornerstone of her love for Jamsey was his taste for household pleasures, and they made a fine pair.

Although lame, he would lend a fair hand to her scrubbing up the floors and polishing the windows and in doing the family ironing. He was invaluable in washing and wiping the dishes, and by degrees he came to cook all her favorite dishes as well as she herself did.

Once or twice she let him cook by himself, when he surprised her by the tastiness of his finished work. After that, when she had what she considered leisure, she would teach him all the secrets of old German country cooking as she had learned it in her youth, of fashionable Berlin cooking, where she had been a cook some eight years before marrying and coming to this country.

Jamsey made wonderful progress, and at 13, as Mrs. Mueller fondly admitted, was almost as good, if not very much better, than herself. The old lady had not neglected Jamsey's education. He had gone to the public school and had made fair progress. He had learned German from Mrs. Mueller and her husband and picked up a capital smattering of French from Monsieur Bonhomme, the poor little cobbler in the basement of the tenement.

About this time Jamsey heard of the cooking school. It was conducted by some charitable ladies who lived uptown and was held one evening a week.

He obtained Mrs. Mueller's consent and applied for admission. He was a pretty boy; though poor, was as clean and neat as if he had been a millionaire's son. Although older than the other children, he was admitted to the class.

Before the first lesson was over the teacher found in amazement that in many respects the boy knew more of cooking than she did. After three months had passed, she said to him one day:

"Jamsey, you better go to a higher school."

Jamsey knew of none.

"Didn't his friends know?"

Jamsey had no friends.

The teacher thought herself and gave him a letter to an eminent teacher of cookery uptown. He was very well received when he presented the letter, but was broken hearted when told that the instruction cost $25 a quarter.

Jamsey had never had more than as many cents in all his life. He mused a little while, and then he said:

"Please, ma'am, I want to learn cooking with you, and I haven't got any money. But if you'll teach me what you know I'll teach you what I know, and I'll wash your dishes and clean your kitchen besides, in the bargain."

The professor of culinary art laughed very heartily and being a good-natured soul took Jamsey in upon these terms. One day a pupil desired to learn how to make two or three German dishes. Her husband expected to entertain some friends from Berlin and wished to surprise them. The professor was at a loss to answer, being, at a matter of fact, utterly unfamiliar with Teutonic cooking. Jamsey, seeing the dilemma, whispered to the teacher:

"I know how. You let me teach her."

The professor said: "Thanks, Jamsey," and told the pupil that her assisant had made a specialty of German cooking and would be only too glad to give her the requisite tuition.

The lady accepted, and Jamsey was unspeakably happy. He gave three lessons and did it so well that both professor and pupil were deeply pleased. Better still, the pupil, who was very well to do, gave the little cripple a $5 bill. He thanked her, chuckled, and then went home as fast as his lameness would permit. When he burst into the room where Mrs. Mueller was scrubbing the underside of the table, and handed that astonished woman a clean, crisp bill, she could not find words to express her feelings.

She went to a closet, unlocked and opened an ancient trunk and took from it a Dutch cap, black velvet, with a band in which red, yellow, blue, orange, green and violet were massed in crazy style, and put it on the boy's head.

She said: "My boy, you have earned your first money, and you are now a man. You shall wear a man's hat. That hat is what my husband wore when he got out of his apprenticeship and became a brewery man, free and independent himself."

The professor was very well pleased with Jamsey's tact and gave the boy a very thorough training. Two years he remained there, at the end of which time the professor said that Jamsey mastered the profession. Jamsey was sorry to hear the news, because he was ambitious to learn everything there was in regard to the kitchen.

He had made a little money during the time, and he had bought cookery books under his teacher's advice. The latter had also presented the boy with foreign books, especially those in French and German, which were unknown tongues to her, but not to Jamsey.

He had also secured a number of implements and had refashioned many to suit his own ideas. He was going on 15, and, though small for his age, he had already the soul of a man. About that time Mr. Mueller was taken sick.

Ere long the sickness ended, and Mrs. Mueller was a widow. What money there had been put by had been largely consumed during Mr. Mueller's sickness, and his insurance was very small.

At the furthest there was but $1200, and out of this came the expense of the funeral and the cemetery. In Rivington street they follow the ancient Irish practice of robbing the living to honor the dead. There was a fine hearse and many carriages, a coffin, which the neighbors called "perfectly illigant," a lot and a handsome tombstone.

There were the usual funeral festivities, and when this was over about $700 remained. Mrs. Mueller, the evening after the funeral, said: "Jamsey, we'll have to go to work very soon. We have only a little money, and it won't last two years if we are well, nor one year if anything happens to us."

Jamsey said: "I start out tomorrow, Frau Mueller, but you are too old to work at all. I'll get the work and take care of you," and so Jamsey started.

He tried one restaurant, and the proprietor, with an oath, said he didn't want any children around. "Get out!"

He tried another, and there was no vacancy. He answered 12 or 15 advertisements, but received no reply. He then secured employment in a Bowery restaurant, where on the third day he was brutally beaten by a waiter whom he detected robbing the owner.

He was a plucky boy and was not disheartened. It was very hard, however, and it became doubly hard when Mrs. Mueller one morning could not get up, and the doctor said she would have to remain in bed for many weeks.

The new burden acted as a stimulant upon the boy. He was up early in the morning and made the breakfast and cleaned up the rooms. He then arranged medicines and a cold luncheon on the table alongside of the bed and then went up into the street to look for employment. An entire month passed, and then inspired by a happy thought he presented himself one morning before the proprietor of one of the great restaurants of the city.

The proprietor said: "I'm afraid you're too young, my son, but you might go down stairs and see the head chef. He attends to that part of the business." Jamsey was encouraged by the manner if not the matter of the speech and went to the great kitchen beneath the dining hall. The chef had just come in, a handsome, black-mustached, rosy-cheeked Alsatian, who looked at the boy and said: "Well, what is it?"

Jamsey said: "I'd like to be a cook here, sir."

The chef smiled and said in his own language: "What a dear little fellow." then in English, "Can you cook?"

Happily for Jamsey he responded in French, "I think I can cook as well as most men, sir. I'd like to have you try me."

His native tongue aroused the chef's interest. He said, "You speak my language."

"Yes," said Jamsey, "I speak some French."

"Do you speak German?" asked the chef.

"Yes," said Jamsey.

"Can you cook in French and German styles?"

"Yes," said Jamsey, proudly.

"Well, you are a brave boy, and I'll try you, anyhow. You go over there to that stove and cook me some lamb chops in some French way and also in some German way, and if they are all right I'll engage you."

Jamsey went to work in a hurry. The other cooks looked on amused by the boy's enthusiasm. He picked out a German sauce which he had learned from Frau Mueller and improved upon himself. For the other dish he made a special sauce which the cooking professor had taught him.

They were about finished, and he had raised the saucepan containing one, when a clumsy scullion going past, either by accident or through mischief, ran against him, and the contents of one saucepan went into the other.

It had no more than happened when the chef reappeared from some other part of the great establishment below stairs. He walked over to where the speechless boy stood and said:

"Hallo, that's a handsome sauce. I don't remember ever having seen it." He took the large spoon which was in it and stirred it. The stirring gave a finish to the mixture, which made it very attractive to the eye. It was of a rich green, with a wonderful perfume and a smooth, velvety exterior that was very appetizing. The chef raised the spoon and tasted it, smacked his lips and said:

"My son, that is the best sauce I have tasted in ten years. You can put on your cap and apron and go to work now, and I am very glad to get so promising an assistant in my kitchen."

The sauce has been made many hundred times in that restaurant since then and is as popular as ever.

Jamsey has risen to be the second in command and is looked up to by all the other employes of the house, and Frau Mueller has left Rivington street and presides over a very pretty flat near Central park, where Jamsey makes his home.

Really Unkind.

Chollie—Do you know, one of those phrenologist fellows told me that my head was almost an exact reproduction of Henry Clay's?

Maud—What a hollow mockery!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Simple Cure for Gout.

Potatoes, it seems, are a cure for gout. The working people in Ireland, who live chiefly on the potato, never suffer from this dreadful complaint.

THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY OF RACES THE SULTAN MISRULES.

Because of Clashing Creeds It Is Doubtful Whether It Is Possible to Make Turkey a Land of Peace and Harmony—Albanians Dress Richly, but Hate Soap.

Owing to the extraordinary variety of races and creeds over which the Sultan of Turkey rules, his difficulties are almost insurmountable; and it is doubtful whether he or anyone else will ever succeed in making Turkey a land of peace and harmony.

There are no fewer than seven main divisions of races in the European and Asian provinces. In Europe both the Greeks and Albanians are as numerous as the Ottoman Turks, each contingent numbering about 1,300,000, according to the best authorities. Constantinople itself has just as diversified a mixture as the kingdom generally; and only 385,000 of its 875,000 inhabitants are Mussulmans, the Greeks numbering 153,000 and the Armenians 150,000. But in Asia there are twice as many Ottomans as all other races put together. The Turks proper consist of Ottomans, Yurouks and Turkomans. The names have something terrible in their very sound to us; but travelers unite in describing the Ottomans as honorable and humane men, although they can fight when it comes to blows. The Turkomans live a pastoral life, while the Yurouks are nomadic and therefore not easily subjected to law.

Although the Greeks and the Albanians are regarded as belonging to the same Graeco-Latin race, the latter are, for the most part, Mussulmans. Some of the Albanians are Roman Catholics and others are of the Greek church, and the two slightly divergent sects hate each other as cordially as Parnellites and anti-Parnellites. But, whatever the form of faith, they prefer robbery as a means of livelihood to any other industry. At the same time they are of a fine physical type and make splendid soldiers; but they treat their women like oxen, and, although they dress in rich clothes of the fashion of the Scottish Highlands, they have a horror of soap. In fact, it is said that they put on their clothes once for all and never take them off. In the event of war, the Albanians would probably fight for the Sultan. The Greeks have not penetrated very far inland, but have scattered themselves along the coast of both European and Asiatic Turkey, where they are always on the look-out to put money in their purse. Together with the Jews and the Armenians, they do nearly all the trading and banking of the country and make a very good thing out of it. In spite of the Sultan's misrule, the Greeks immigrate in increasing numbers every year, which makes one think that they must be a singularly imprudent people.

Armenians and their exterminators, the Kurds, are both sprung from a Persian stock. The Kurds live in the mountains, and are not precisely the kind of people one would care to set about reforming. Some say there are an even million of them; others say there are over two millions. They keep the Sultan in perpetual hot water, being very bad Moslems. But they are very entertaining, chiefly in slaying Armenians and stealing their neighbors' goods. When not thus engaged they rear cattle, sheep and goats; and they differ in no way from their ancestors, as described by Xenophon. Armenia was a portion of Western Asia, between the Caspian sea and Asia Minor, but it has suffered the fate of Poland, and the Armenians are now almost as scattered as the Jews. They number about two and a half millions, and are intelligent people, with a particular talent for trade and banking. The Kurds would probably fight on the side of the Turks, and we all know what side the Armenians would take.

The Semetic race has many families in Turkey. There are the Hebrews, who, persecuted everywhere, took refuge in Turkey; the Greek church Maronites, who are the deadly foes of their neighbors, the Druses; the Druses, of the Mahometan faith, brave and temperate men, who take neither wine nor tobacco, and who detest the Maronites; the Chaldeans, who detest the Maronites; the Chaldeans, who are Christians of a sort; the Arabs, of whom there are four or five millions, and who, though holding the same religious views as the Sultan, are his inveterate enemies, and the Syrians.

Then there is the fine race of Circassians, who are differentiated from most of the other inhabitants by the fact that they work for a living; the Lazes and the gypsies. It is supposed that, in the event of war, the Lazes and Circassians, as well as the Tartars, Yurouks and Turkomans, would support the Sultan and his Ottoman subjects, while the Albanians and the Kurds might, but probably would not, oppose him.—St. James Gazette.

Hope Deferred.

"I'm afraid," said the Arctic explorer, "we won't find the North Pole this trip."

"Guess not," replied his shivering companion. "we'll have to state that the discovery has been postponed on account of the weather."

Time for Surgical Operations.

In regard to the best time for capital operations, a writer in Gaillard's Journal states that in following the course of such cases and of various operators for a number of years in the hospitals of a large city, it seemed that the early morning hour presented many advantages—that is, a good night's rest, attained artificially if necessary, an empty stomach, the patient all ready for anaesthesia upon awakening, the fear and dread of what is coming being crowded into the fewest possible moments, the whole day with active attendants constantly moving about and alive to every demand of the patient, etc., are a few of the points which seem to recommend an early hour; on the other hand, it is not to be denied that it may be a source of greater task upon the surgeon's powers, especially if he be concerned and anxious, as conscientious men always must be in regard to capital operations, and if this anxiety interferes with the operator's sleep. Even with this disadvantage, however, the operator is capable of doing really better work before he has become tired and annoyed by the various demands upon him during the early hours of the day. Consequently, those who have operated extensively in the early morning hours never volunteer any afternoon operations.—New York Tribune.

Water Can Hit Hard.

Landsmen who are slow to realize the tremendous force of the sea had an object lesson ashore in New York the other day when five large tanks, built to contain 120,000 pounds of soap, but temporarily filled with water, and situated on the fourth floor of a large building on West Fifty-second street, New York, collapsed and completely wrecked the whole structure, killing three men and doing a large amount of damage. The tanks were each fifteen feet high and about thirteen feet diameter, and contained 161,703 pounds of water, but the floors and supporting beams proved inadequate to stand the strain. A wave of the dimensions of one of these tanks is not at all unusual at sea, and when such a wave breaks on a vessel's deck the force of the blow can only be estimated by the amount of damage it does in spite of the elasticity of the water beneath the vessel to ease her in receiving the shock. When the city firemen state that a stream from a hose under fifty pounds pressure will cut through any ordinary brick wall, the force of the sea in a gale may be, perhaps, better imagined.—Marine Journal.

A Big Panther Which Screamed.

Farmers residing in the vicinity of Livingston Manor, N. Y., are in fear of a big "panther" which has been roaming about the hillside for some time and has developed a foudness for spring lamb.

His last appearance shows a more depraved taste. While Milton Ward, Charles Rose and Wesley Edwards were riding through the woods near the Eastman estate a few evenings ago the animal, they say, sprang in front of the team of horses uttering, they say, a "blood curdling scream." The animal crouched in the road for a few moments, lashing the ground with its long tail. Then it leaped over a barbed wire fence and hid in the thicket.

The horses ran away and were closely followed by the beast, which every once in a while gave "unearthly screams." Just as the team neared the Eastman place and were being subdued the panther, which was following close upon them, uttered another terrible scream and vanished up the mountain.—New York Herald.

Costly Ballast.

Five hundred dollar ore is not commonly used for repairing railroad grades, but $40,000 was dumped on the Gulf track near the Arkansas river, near Pueblo, a few days ago, says the Denver Post. The ore was in three carloads consigned to the Pueblo smelter from Creede, and was turned over to the Philadelphia smelter because the former plant was undergoing repairs.

A carload of cinders and these three cars of ore were hauled out on the Gulf tracks, and a section foreman, mistaking the entire four for refuse, proceeded to strew it along the right of way. A day or two elapsed before the loss of the ore was discovered, and the excitement that resulted may be readily imagined. When it was found that the ore had been put on high ground and that water had fortunately not reached it and washed it away, the rejoicing of the railroad and smelter men was pleasing to behold. Practically all of the valuable stuff was gathered up and saved.

Boycott in Many Languages.

A Petersburg newspaper, The Petersburgskaya Gazeta, in referring to the captain's recent death, remarks that not only have words derived from his name been adopted into French, (boycotter); Dutch, (boycotten); German, (boikottiren); and other European languages, to express a systematic "cold shouldring," but that the term has even made its way into Russia in the shape of boycottirovat, (to boycott), boycottirovanie, (boycotting, substantive).