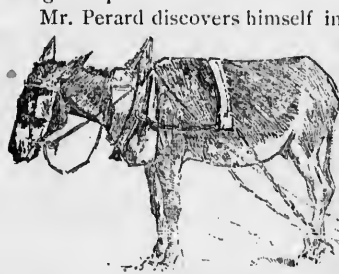




MINIATURE MEN AND WOMEN.

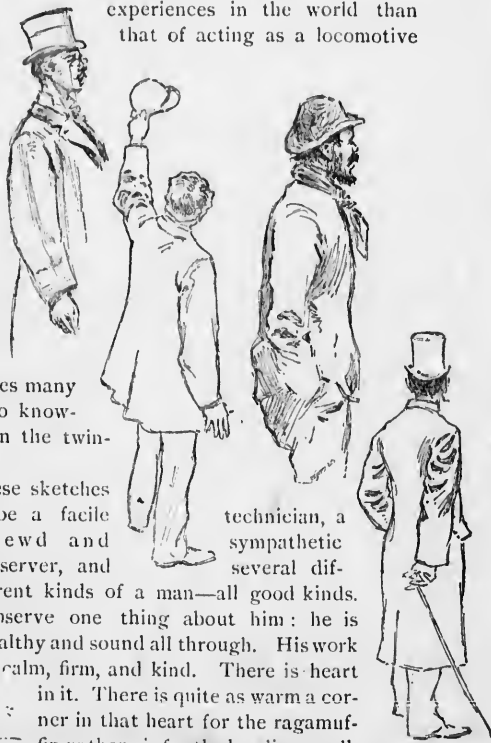
to a cart. The dashes of the breeze, the transports of the sun-bath, the pull at the water-bucket, the nourishment in the manger, all yield him tribute in a certain amount of pleasure; he has no responsibility upon his mind, excepting that he is to pull when told to; and although occasionally suffering maltreatment from the superior race in which he recognizes many of his own characteristics, there is no knowing how soon he may revenge it all, in the twinkling of a pair of heels.



WAITING ORDERS.

the "she" referred to is a lady; it may be and probably is, a ship, upon which all of our captured gazers have friends. Each one takes his own peculiar posture of observation; and their characters can be read from them.

"Waiting for Orders" is a faithful and almost pathetic presentation of that patient, long-suffering, but unreliable beast, whose lack of pride and hope have passed into a proverb. One is curious, seeing him standing there, how life can ever manage to wheedle him into the idea that it is worth living; but the same curiosity arises in regard to some men. We often find that these have stowed away upon their persons certain grains of comfort, concerning which we at first failed to take note. Our utterly opaque friend here has pleasanter experiences in the world than that of acting as a locomotive



technician, a sympathetic several different kinds of a man—all good kinds. Observe one thing about him: he is healthy and sound all through. His work is calm, firm, and kind. There is heart in it. There is quite as warm a corner in that heart for the ragamuffin as there is for the howling swell.

BON VOYAGE!