

THE ECHO.

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STEPS.

The child alone the first time stands
With tottering limbs and outstretched hands,
Looking at Mama's smiling face,
Daring him to commence his pace ;
" Ho ! " says midget to himself,
" Though I'm but a little elf,
" These folks, I'll show that steps though small
" Are better than no steps at all."

One step he takes ; how good it feels,
Another, how his poor head reels,
Another, and oh dear, how sad,
He staggers back and falls, poor lad .
His Mama, scared, quick comes and cries :
" Baby are you hurt ? " He sighs !
" Hurt ? not quite," says he with scorn,
" But my frock is badly torn ;
" Lift me up, Mama, once more,
" I'll show you how to walk this floor."

Manfully his steps are, too ;
Very short, but quite a few.
And it pleased him very much
When e'er his feet the floor did touch,
And he crowed and laughed with glee,
" What a darling baby I be."

So, when 'tis our lot to fail,
Let's think of this, my humble tale ;
That if at first to fall we're bound
We'll soon stand up all safe and sound,
And show that every step though small,
Is better than no step at all.

—France is now building 17 new iron-clads
England 10. This will give France 53 and
England 57

DOWNFALL OF A NEWSPAPER.

The Calamity Which Overthrew a Prosperous Metropolitan Journal.

Denver Tribune.

It was morning. The sun shown cheerfully in through the windows of the *Figaro* office. Ten clerks—neatly dressed and natty—were writing at the carved oaken tables. The *Figaro* was the oldest, wealthiest and most influential journal in the metropolis. It was the organ of the political party in power and had successfully issued from a vast number of libel suits.

Pierre Buisseant enters. He is the editor and proprietor. He is very rich in intellect and pocket. He has just fought a duel with an envious rival and has killed him. He looks happy.

" Good morning, monsieur," say the clerks rising and bowing deferentially.

Pierre Buisseant makes no reply, he lays his gold headed cane on a mahogany dressing case, throws himself upon a raw silk settee and lazily glances over the columns of the *Figaro*.

How proud and scornful he is ! Little does he suspect the dreadful storm that is about to burst over his devoted head. But wait.

A man enters the *Figaro* office. It is Jean Jacques Lecouvier, the haberdasher. He appears excited. He approaches the counter.

" Stop my paper ! " he mutters in husky tones that tremble with emotion.

The thirteen clerks drop their gold pens
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