SALARIES OF EDITORS. Some of the Men Who Have Drawn Prizes

in the Journalistic Lottery. "I think every young man and

woman in this town wants to go into journalism." The speaker was one of the best

known managing editors in New York got up and hid behind the door." city, and he passed his hand over his troubled brow as he spoke.

"I get about forty applications per a day from men and women who want to become journalists and the proprietor of this paper gets twice as many more. A young man whom I know to be making \$100 a week in the dry goods my personal courage! Your object is business came to me this morning and to humble me! You knew I was after offered to work for \$25 per week as a reporter. It makes me a trifle weary. If these young men and women knew how many blanks there are in this lot- Christmas presents. I shall think no tery and how few prizes drawn they would quit."

This managing editor was in a bad humor, but he was all right as to facts. There isn't a newspaper office in town that isn't flooded with applications for work. The prizes in New York journalism are few. You are reasonably sure of drawing a blank pretty nearly every time. There are more than 1,000 hard-working newspaper men in New York City. Outside of their own offices and the New York Press Club, not a dozen of them are known to the general public. Those who are known outside of New York could almost be counted upon the fingers of a single hand.

The men who have drawn prizes can not themselves tell how they did it. All they know is that they started at the bottom and got there somehow. Three of the brightest working newspaper men in New York to-day-and, singularly enough. their proper names begin with the same letter "C"-John A. Cockerill, Amos Cummings, and Foster Coates, started from the printer's case. The latter, just about the time when his trade was learned, and while still a boy, was insulted by a superior, and in an unconscious but happy moment, threw about a pound of lead type in his face. He was discharged, became a reporter, and is now a leading managing editor.

When asked the other day how he came to succeed he said laughingly: "I hardly know, but I think that handful of type did it."

This is not intended to encourage printers' devils to threw type around, but as an illustration.

Charles A. Dana is perhaps the most famous of the men who have drawn prizes. As editor of the Sun he draws a salary of \$25,000 per year and from other sources his income is swelled to about \$150,000 per year, upon which he manages to live very comfortably, aided by a French cook whose income is bigger than that of a Congressman. Dana began on the New York Tribune at a salary of \$12 per week. He started in a small way trom a town in the interior of Ohio.

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth ails you?" I demanded.

"Where have you been?" "Down stairs after the paregorie." "Did you upset a chair?" "Yes. I do believe you thought

burglars were in the house, and you

"You believe that, do you?" he shouted, as he bravely walked around and looked over the banister.

"Well, there is something very queer about it."

"Mrs. Bowser," he said, coming back to me, "you have cast reflections on my revolver, but you chose to cast a sinr where another would have praised. I was thinking of diamonds for your more. You won't even get a hair-pin from me!"

Three or four weeks passed away, and one evening he came home with a couple of tickets for the theater and n disted that we go. We went, He a d not like the play; somebody stole his gloves, and we missed the last car and had to walk a mile and half. He restrained himself for the first half mile, and then the explosion had to explode.

"Mrs. Bowser," he began, "this is of me!"

"Why, what have I done?"

"Done! Didn't you drag me off to the theater and bring this result about?"

"No, sir. It was you who first suggested our going." "It was, ch? That remark settles

you, Mrs. Bowser. I was thinking of no more-no more! If you get even a paper of pins you may be thankful." About the first of December Mr. Bowser went down cellar one evening after a scuttle of coal. On coming up one ear of the bail gave way and upset thrown off his balance and went to the foot of the stairs. I was in the second until he came limping up stairs and

shouted: "Why didn't you tell me that ear

was loose?" "Because I didn't know it."

"No, you didn't know it because you

haven't the least interest in what goes on about this house! Here I've gone your carelessness? "I'm very sorry."

"Oh, yes. I presume so, but that won't count. Don't expect any Christmas gift from me, Mrs. Bowser-not a one-for you won't get even a shoestring!"

A week before Christmas Mr. Bowser suddenly flung down his paper one evening and ran to the back door to railways, the traveler could circle the count the strokes of a fire alarm. He

Joseph Pulitzer, of the World, is said the steps, and the result was he got a moon is quite possible to the passento clear \$2,000 per day. He is not a tumble which tore his coat, emptied gers by our celestial railway, but that working journalist now, but not many his pockets and skinned his shanks. equal and even greater distances are ears ago he was an ordinary reporter He didn't say a word, much to my sur often traveled on earth. But a trip to Venus would be a very different matter. in St. Louis, and they say he was a prise, until he got back into the house hustler, too. Venus, as already stated, is about 26,and looked to see if all the doors were 000,000 miles away; or, at sixty miles Whitelaw Reid, as a matter of form, closed. Then he stood before me and draws a salary of some \$14,000 per sternly said: an hour, without stopping, she is distant a journey not of three weeks, or year from the Tribune, but his income "I believe that was a plot to kill me six months, but of some fifty years. from his stock in the paper is several off. "Pshaw, Mr. Bowser!" times this amount, and he is the son-On the imaginary railway, such a "Oh, you can 'pshaw,' and 'pshaw,' journey would be possible, for a great in-law of D. O. Mills. These are about until doomsday, but I know what I many persons live longer than fifty the only editors-in-chief who are know. You knew that ice was there years. But in real life no one ever has known outside of New York. There and you knew I would meet with a are three or four more who draw good traveled, and no one ever will travel, salaries, but they are not known to the fall. any thing like so far. No human being "Did I ring that fire bell?" ever has traveled 5,000,000 miles; and general public. "Did you try to stop me as I went John A. Cockerill is one of the workit is safe to say that no one ever will. out? I had looked around a little to To complete this measure of journeying managing editors and newspaper see about a watch for a Christmas gift. ing would require an average of 100,men and draws a salary of \$15,000 per but this settles it. Don't expect any 000 miles a year for fifty years. Some year from the World and has an interthing from me, Mrs. Bowser.' few, perhaps, in all their lives, may est in it besides. Cockerill was a typo And yet Santa Claus brought me lots have traveled 1,000,000 miles, but and fought his way up from the ranks. of nice gifts, and Mr. Bowser was as these are probably very rare excep-Amos Cummings is said to have an happy as anyone in the house over the tions. So we see that no one ever has income of \$15,000 per year. He was fact. Indeed, he put his arm around traveled more than a small part of the a compositor and a private in the me and said: distance to Venus. Yet, compared Union army during the rebellion, and "I'd like to have bought a lot of with other bodies in the system, this he, too, came from the bottom up to other things, but money is a bit tight star may be said to be almost a nextwhere he is now. just now, you know." door neighbor .-- D. C. Robertson, in Chester A. Lord, the managing editor The dear old soul! but I wonder St. Nicholas. what sort of a club he is going to hold

A JOURNEY TO VENUS. How Long It Would Take a Fast Express

Train to Reach the Planet. Let us for a moment suppose certain

ailways to be built: one around the world in a perfect circle, others to various points in the solar system. And we will further suppose that the trains on the railways could be kept going at the rate of sixty miles an hour for any equired length of time. that their ussengers could do without food or ould be supplied with an abundance of it: that the bodies of such passengers could be made capable of enduring the various changes of air, temperature and other elimatic conditions o which they would be exposed.

And on our world this kind of travel would be comparatively easy, and would take next to no time. In twentyfour hours the passenger could travel 1,440 miles, or considerably farther

than from New York to Chicago. In forty-eight hours he could travel as far as from Boston to Liverpool; and in less than seventeen days he could go round the world. But, as regards the journeys in space, a difficulty in most cases insuperable would stand in the way. In order to visit any but a very few of the nearest bodies in space. the travelers on our celestial railways would need to have their lives very the last time you will ever make a fool greatly prolonged. Were they to set out for any distant part of the system,

they all would die before they had fairly begun their journey. A voyage to the moon, to Venus or to Mars would, under the above conditions, be

possible; to any other body in the system it would be impossible. The journey to the moon would be

comparatively short. Our companion a pair of bracelets and a sealskin is distant about 240,000 miles; or, in sacque for Christmas, but I shall think round numbers, its distance contains ten times as many miles as are contained in the earth's circumference.

Traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and never stopping, it would take between 166 and 167 days to reach the journey's end. Compared with the scuttle, and Mr. Bowser was other heavenly distances, this is a mere nothing; but compared with the distances actually traversed by the story and knew nothing of the mishap average man, it is very great indeed. Few ever travel at sixty miles an hour, and then only for short periods, and at considerable intervals. Many, probably the majority, of those who live to

n good old age cover less than 240,000 miles during their whole lives. A great traveler might do it in, say, fifteen years. For even a conductor or and almost killed myself on account of engineer of an express train, it would require several years.

Let us now take a trip to the planet Venus, our next nearest neighbor. This will be a much more formidable undertaking. We have seen that a succession of the longest journeys over this earth would form but short and

passing episodes in a lifetime. We have seen that, on one of our imaginary world in less than three weeks. We

was in a rush, and there was ice on have seen, not only that a journey to the

SPEAKING NEWSPAPERS.

Edison's Latest Idea and Emile Berliner's The Work Attending its Redem, tion at the New York Sub-Tressury. The latest development of the phon-

ograph is a project of Thomas A. Ed- bill?" ison, the inventor, to produce a masubscribers.

acid bath, and in a few minutes the record is etched into the metal and will last as long as the plate. For commercial purposes a medium of sealing wax can be used, upon which treat-

ment with nicohol fixes the record in fifteen seconds. At the exhibition here reproduced

playing of a German band filled the room. Mr. Berliner said that at an exhibition given in Washington it was distinctly heard by five hundred persons. The accuracy of pitch was somewhat unpleasantly evident. It must have been toward the end of the day when the strains of the German band floated into the mouthpiece, and the leader was probably weary, for his tone was undeniably flat and spasmodic. But the fidelity of the reproduction was beyond question, and all the shakes and gradations of tone were distinctly given. "Marching Through Georgia" was rendered with

tine effect. A test was made by Mr. Berliner to show the accuracy of reproduced language, and the history of Humpty Dumpty's great final catastrophe was immediately heard and recognized word for word.

The striking characteristic of the instrument is power. In some cases, however, there was a slightly burring sound. When Mr. Berliner's attention was called to this, he explained that this was the fault of the medium. Detaching the stylus from the instrument, he drew it over the back of the metal record disk. The sound lacked distinctness. He then passed the stylus over the window pane, and the difference was striking; the sound was now clean cut, soft and almost musical.

"I shall soon have a plate of vitreous material," he said, "and then my machine will be perfect.'

Though the gramophone is intended for commercial use, its immediate mission, Mr. Berliner thinks, is to provide a means of amusement for concert halls or parlors, which will be always available. The hostess "has a few friends," and has no one to sing for them. A disk of Patti in La Sonnambula, or Gerster in Lucia, is put into the instrument, and every one is delighted. If a little instrumental music is wanted, Joseffy, on a Liszt rhapsodie, will probably fill the bill. If the young people want a dance, the latest waltz, rendered in the most approved fashion, may be reproduced.

MUTILATED MONEY.

"What shall I do with this te a-dollar

The speaker held in his hand a legal chine that shall tell the news of the tender note isaued some time during be in effect a talking newspaper. Con- of time-honored wear and tenr. The densed reports of interesting events latter was even more completious, as will be "talked into" the instrument, the numerous creases made by its many which will record what is said on the holders had worn themselves through wax cylinder or phonogram. The and even the edges of the note had beuted and used in the phonographs of that is required close observation to dediffers materially from the phonograph ment for goods. Yet it was a good until after dackness settles down. and the graphophone. It is the inven- representative of value resolved by the By following a pair of this sort the tion of Emile Berliner, who recently United States Government, which prom- other day the reporter became congave a private exhibition of its pow- leed on it to pay the amount of ton dol- vinced that the street gamins, who, ers in this city. In this machine a ros lars on demand. After repeating the some moralists say, are the bursting tary motion is given to a thin disk of above question more than ones, a by- seed whence criminals grow, have metal, eleven inches in diameter, cov- stander suggested that it should be gentle, noble impulses, which would, ered with a very delicate etching taken to the Sub-Treasu v on Wall II properly nurtured, bring them to ground, on which a stylus presses street and there the owner could find better things. The boy was the regulightly and traces the waves of speech, out if it could be released. The sug- lation gamin-ragged, dirty, with or other sounds, that enter the mouth- gestion was followed. There the holder pinched features, but withal as merry piece. The plate is then put into nu was tendered, without hesitation. denomination in exchange.

A reporter, who was standing near, asked if such exchange was a common mutilated money department, Mr. George W. Marlor, sald:

"It would almost seem as if all the through this Sub-Treasury. We never receive less than about \$150,000 worth in a day and often the amount exceeds | tioning. \$200,000. The notes, or 'bills,' as they are more frequently called, are presented in all stages of mutilation, caused by hard usage in handling. Merchants and bankers send us the largest amounts. They receive them, if any-way decent, from their customers and then send them here for redemption."

"Do you get many in as bad condition as that just presented?"

"Yes, very ofter. But they generally come as this one did, singly. Notes that have been saturated with water from some cause are often presented. for redemption. There is no occasion for any person to lose money through mutilation or other damage if the notes are only distinguishable. When presented for redemption they will be always exchanged with new United States notes of such denominations as the owner may desire.'

"What do you do with mutilated notes?"

"They are sorted and done up in packages of the different denominations. A thousand notes usually form a bundle. If one-dollar bills, it will represent \$1,000; if two-dollar bills, \$2,000, and so on. The work of sorting is done by clerks specially assigned to the duty. Should they detect, as they occusionally do, counterfeits in any package sent by a bank or merchant, they are thrown out branded and sent back to the person from whom they came. When the mutilated notes are done up in the bundles they are packed solidly in a large, covered basket and sent to Washington to undergo the prowas of maceration."

HELPING ONE ANOTHER. How the New York Newsboys Assist Their

Blind Comrades

All the milk of human kindness is not to be found in the hearts of the great and prosperous. Down among the little gamins of Newspaper row preceding day by word of mouth, and the recent war. It bore all the marks exists a charity as sweet and springing from as pure motives as is any carried on by the great incorporated institutions and societies which grace this city. If the busy throng which crowd text thoroughfare had time to notice phonogram will then be duplicated in come badly frayed. Its color was so any thing, they would see several times electro plates, which can be distrib- disguised with the dirt of handling each day some poor blind unfortunate being led through the intricacies of termine what it was. It had been of- the crowd by one of those grotesque, The latest development of talking fered to many tradesmen. Ed they had ragged urchins whose ery of "Las machines is the gramophone, which one and all refused to account it in pay- tordishun" is heard there from sunrise

as a cricket. The blind man looked bright, new and crisp bills of a smaller like what he was-a poor outcast, perhaps made so by his infirmity. Through the crowd the boy led him down into the delivery room of one of the daily occurrence. The superintendent of the papers, and, after placing him in a position in the line of "newsies" waiting for the next edition to come off the press, he ran out. At the door he was mutilated currency of the country came stopped, and under the potent influence of a bit of silver stepped into a doorway and submitted to a little ques-

> "Who's de blind feller? Why dat's Blind Charley. Is he me farder? Naw. He's a poor bloke wot lives down here on Park row. So's 'e kin git de coin ter live on he has to sell papers. Wot wus I leadin' 'im fer? Does yer tink he could git tro' de crowd hisself widout any oyes? Does I tink I'm good to load him? Naw. Why, any newsy 'ud help blind Charlie or any of der blind fellers wot's in der bisness. Is dere odders like Charlie? Dere's tree or four of 'em wot live down 'ere on Park row and gits up early likes we do. Den dey comes out onter de street. and any newsy wot sees 'em 'll lead 'em to de office fer papers. When dey gets a stock 'nuther newsy who has a stand near where de blind feller locates 'll lead 'em dere. When he sells out nuther newsy who sees 'im 'll lead 'im back, and so dey scrape along. We'se all willin' ter help 'em, except der Dagos, and dey's too mean ter help anybody."

Inquiry of the delivery clerks proved the boy's statement to be true. There are a half dozen blind newsboys, or rather newsmen, in this city who owe the fact that they are not sent to the workhouse simply to the kindness of their little co-workers. As the boy said, the "newsies" all know them, and whenever they see one of the unfortunates wanting to get to the newspaper offices for a stock, or at the newspaper office wanting to get to a favorite corner, some "embryonic criminal" always volunteers as a guide. Another incident showing the generous impulses of these out-door waifs. It occurred just in front of the Times building the other evening. "Hello, Stumpy," said one gamin as he met another, "have yer fed yet?" "Naw," replied Stumpy, "I guess dis is de eve I don't eat." "No coin," asked the other. "Nixey red," was the response. "I owed Gimpey tourteen cents and paid him so's 'e could git some shoes." "How's yer appetite?" was the next query. "O, dere's never any trouble on dat line," was the laconic response. "Well, Stump," said the little fellow. "I tell yer. I got twenty cents and I was going to have a scrumptious feed. but I reckin I'll have to let Del's slide ter-night. Let's adjourn ter de beanery.'

of the Sun, has a salary of \$7,500 per year. He started on a small paper in the interior of the State and had to work hard for success. But he is little known outside of New York.

George F. Spinney, as managing editor of the New York Times, has a salary of about \$7,000 per year. But he has been a hard-working journalist all his life and the salary is not so much. He, too, is little known outside of New York.

Foster Coates, of the Mail and Express is one of the youngest but best known of New York newspaper men, and as has been before stated, he started as a printer's devil. He gets about the same salary that the other managing editors do. There are probably fifty or sixty men who are simply writers like Blakely Hall and Julian Ralph, who earn anywhere from \$50 to \$150 per week, but with the exception of the men named and four or five more they are never heard or spoken of, except in their own homes and circles.-N. Y. Cor. Chicago Times.

-The total wool production of the world is estimated at 2,000,000,000 pounds. Australia is the heaviest producer, coming to the front with 455,-570,000 pounds; then the United States, 307,588,000 pounds; the Argentine Re-/ * public, 283.047,000 pounds; Russia, 252,966,000; Great Britain, 135,000,000. All the other countries range each below 100.000,000.

-The small boy whose unwise father has given him a drum and a tin horn for Christmas, somehow or other never seems to be the boy that breaks through the thin ice when he goes out skuting - Somerville Journal.

over me from now to the Fourth of July!-Detroit Free Press.

-"How much will you give me on this overcoat?" asked a seedy-looking man of the functionary in the pawnbroker's shop. "Fifty cents," was the reply that followed a glance at the garment. "You ought to give me a couple of dollars, anyhow. The coat ain't worth less than \$15." "My friendt, I vouldn't give you \$6 vor dot ofergoat. It ain't vordt it, so hellup me gracious." "Would you take \$6 for it if it was yours?" "My friendt, I would take \$5 for dot ofergoat. "All right, here's your five. It was hanging out in front of the store, and I brought it in to see how much it was worth."-Merchant Traveler.

-We have been repeatedly asked why we did not open on the G. & S. railroad for its slow time, miserable old cars, rough road, high rates and generally incompetent service. It is because we have been expecting an annual pass from the road. We applied for it three months ago, but have heard nothing as yet. We are nearing the limit. If that pass is not here inside of a fortnight we shall sound our

bugle in a manner to make the officials of the road wish they had never been born.-Arizona Kicker.

-An Allegheny man who found a pearl in the oyster soup showed it to his wife and asked: "Isn't that prets ?" "Yes," she replied, "souppearl-ative so."-Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

-Woman's sphere-that she won't get a rich husband.

Bees in New Zealand.

A considerable quantity of German red clover is annually imported into New Zealand, where it flourishes, but has not hitherto ripened sufficiently to yield seed for reproduction. This has been explained by the absence of those fructifying insects which, it is well known, contribute so much in Europe to the propogation of many kinds of plants. In 1885 a parcel of one hundred wild bees was imported from England, and set free in the neighborhood of Lyttleton. They multiplied greatly, spreading over a considerable district, and already the farmers near Lyttleton were able last season to gather and make use of clover seed from their own fields.-London Times.

-A story is related of a raw Highlander, fresh from the heather, who put up at an inn at Perth, and shared his bed with a negro. Some coffee room jokers having blackened his face during the night, when he was called, as he desired, very early next morning, and got up, he saw the reflection of his face in the mirror, and exclaimed in a rage: "Tuts, tuts! the silly body has awakened the wrang man.

-General George A. Sheridan, the lecturer, political orator and wit, has a superstition, at which he laughs and scoffs, but which is as inflexible as law in its regulation of his habit. If its happens to don a stocking or garment wrong side out he will wear it in that manner until the close of the day, or, if it be an outer garment, exchange it for another.

No turning of the handle is necessary, as a small electric motor can be used, and the gramophone will go on playing as long as it is wanted.-N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Quotable Lines From General Lew Wallace's Play "Commodus." Some watchful god may pity take, and show

ACT L. Scene L. An angry woman never won a man. ACT L. Scene 9

A way to triumph yet, and better hope.

Gods, how the minutes stretch Themselves to lingering hours in plague of such As wait at great men's doors, and on their moods

Expectant hang! ACT IL, Scene 1. Ay, give it thought, But cap the thinking with the instant deed. ACT IL, Scene 1.

I've picked the bones Of labor white. ACT IL, Scene L.

Then there is such thing as love? ACT IL, Scene 2.

True love, as you will find, has gone to blue the sky and sait the sea. ACT IL, Scene 2.

Once I heard it said, does one Begin a lie, his tongue the truckling used, The doors of hell with knockings ring for him But does he worse-takes he a pen to write A lie that it may live, why then of choice He sits already on a devil's bench. Bnd plies a trade to suit his company

ACT III., Scene 1. "Tis very bad

When out of folly good can not be had. ACT III., Scene 1.

The Northman's hand is hard: not so his heart. ACT IIL, Scene 2.

a wife, if only she ----Be good and loving, bides near Heaven's gate To let her husband in. ACT IV., Scene 1.

The meed of a fool's tongue Is a fool's death. ACT IV., Scene 1. So it is

With men. They will not learn that love is most A woman warts, and give her that, and change

Is what she prays against. ACT IV., Ecene 2. You know there are

Who dash you with their doubts, and crawl ing go To tasks heroic, I do stamp them vile.

For look you all, my brethren, they have want Of minds resolved; and in the heated seeths Of action, when the winging chances all The flercer fan their pinched and fear-washed

cheeks, O And comes the crisis with its thunder-clap. They stop to think, and with themselves debate: And then the gods do hiss, and slip their dooms, And shoot them swift into the weaking a hell AUT V., Scene I. -Harper's Magazine.

"Do you take any account of the mutilated notes by their numbers?"

"We would have no time to do that. When it is considered how many are handled each day, it will be easily seen that such a process would require a larger force of clerks than could be spared for the purpose. This may, however, be done in Washington, before the notes are destroyed."-N. Y. Mail and Express.

THE BLACK FOREST.

Where It Is Situated and Why It Received Its Peculiar Name.

The Black Forest is the name given to the wooded mountain chain in the southwestern part of Germany, traversing the provinces of Baden and Wurtemberg, and forming the eastern boundary of part of the basin of the and in it a number of important rivers have their source, the largest of which are the Danube, the Neckar and the Wiessen. The chain consists of elevated plains or tableland, the summits of which are covered with snow during eight months of the year. Below this are scattered groves of pines and beach trees, and these are succeeded by the dense forests of fir, which cover all the middle and lower parts of the mountains, from whose dark aspect was derived the name of the range-"Black Forest." The greatest elevation of the range is near the source of the Wiessen, where is the famous defile called Holle (Hell) pass, a narrow valley shut in by lofty mountains, which is celebrated in history and legend. Through this pass General Moreau led his army in his masterly retreat in 1795, in the very face of two powerful armies. The highest point of the Black Forest is the Feldberg, which is 4,850 feet above the level of the sea. The mineral springs of the Black Forest are very famous, especially those of Wildbad and Baden-Baden. There are also mines of precious metals in the moun tains. The soil on the mountain side is generally sterile and the climate severe, but the lower western slopes are studded with vineyards, and there are many picturesque and fruitful valleys. The inhabitants of the Black Forest are largely engaged in the rearing of cattle. and the manufacture of articles of wood, clocks, music boxes and toys of all kinds.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

- A prominent citizen of Fresno, Cal. has started a possum farm. He has Missouri.

He took Stump's arm and the two walked off. The beauty of the act was that it was done without the least con-Rhine. It is about ninety miles long, descension, but with a frank, I-may-bethere-myself-some-day air that was delightful.-N. Y. Times.

Mary's Little Lamb.

I sing of sheep, and of the great wool industry; likewise of the lamb, the descendant of the sheep;

Animal diminutive, woolly, its exterior covering being as devoid of color as the crystalized vapor which falls in flakes

Upon the Alpine mounts, and other spots which come high but we must have them.

Mary was the owner of the lamb I sing,

Owner in fee simple, unincumbered by chattle or other mortgage.

Wherever Mary perambulated, the lamb also manifested an uncontrollable inclination to perigrinate likewise:

An inclination profound, inextinguishable, unconquerable. Instinctive, necessitated, constrained, irrevocable, inexorable, irresistible.-Drake's Magazine.

Well Supplied Already.

"Any news in the paper this morning, Samantha?" inquired Mr. Chugwater as he came down to breakfast.

"Not much," replied his wife. "Seems to be hardly any-yes, here is a Strange Story in Regard to Mme. Patti.-Readers of the Morning Paralyzer will be surprised to learn that this gifted prima donna----"

"Samantha," interposed Mr. Chugwater, "before you become too deeply interested in that item of news permit me to remind you that we don't need has started a possum farm. He has procured a carload of the animals from In the house already."-Chicago Tribuna