

TODAY

Be swift to love your own dears,
Your own who need you so;
Say to the speeding hour, dears,
I will not let this go...

A STUDY IN JOURNALISM

At first, when she came out of her house, she walked quickly, with flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling with an unaccustomed light.

"Will this story take?" she muttered. "I have put into it so much soul, so much passion! I cried over it as I wrote, I remember, and when I came to the place where Lea dies in her grandmother's arms, the sobbings choked my throat as if it had been a question of a real fact!"

"Oh, if they would take it, if they would put it in the newspaper! If—the cheeks of the young girl flushed—"If they would pay me well! How much? Fifty lire? That would be too much. Let us say forty, or thirty. Poor mamma! Obligated to go out with nothing over her dress waist in this cold weather! I wouldn't even take home the money. I would go at once to Forti's, in the Piazza della Signoria, to buy a new market ready made. There are pretty ones for twenty-five lire! Imagine mamma in it!"

The young girl smiled with a knowing air. But she soon became anxious again. She had arrived.

She must enter without loss of time, for at 11 o'clock the lesson in Italian literature began at the high school of the Majestero, and was to whoever was absent!

The great door, with its handsome plates of shining metal, was open, as if it expected her.

Over the top was the famous sign at which she had so many times looked with infinite longing:

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE CREPUSCOLO.

She entered, mounting the stairs slowly and looking doubtfully ahead. What should she say when she went in? In the first room, the professor had told her, were the editors, all men, all young! And in a little separate parlor he, the chief editor, the handsome man with the short auburn beard, the mocking smile, that she had looked at so many times, furtively, through the window blinds.

She must take courage, turn the door handle with a firm hand, and enter—enter with reserved manners, as became an honest girl, but frank and natural. Then, after all, she was not going into those rooms from a bad motive, from vanity or coquetry.

She was going to sell her work, to give a proof of her love for her dear little old woman. Oh, for shame! She had been capable of hesitating so much! She could think so much of herself, of her sensitiveness of a timid child! She turned the door handle and entered with a firm step, saying, "Good morning." At first, near sighted as she was, and blinded by the smoke of the cigarettes, she only perceived at the end of the room a large table, with several men seated around it writing.

They all raised their heads, and one of them, a very young man with large, weary eyes, went attentively forward to meet her. "The chief editor?" asked Annina, with a thread of voice.

The editorial staff began to write again, dissembling an equivocal smile, fortunately unnoticed by the girl.

"He will be here in a moment," replied the young man. "If you will wait for him!"

And as Annina looked around her, frightened, he added hurriedly, preceding her: "Come into the chief editor's room; it will not be so cold there." And he opened the door of a little parlor, richly furnished, where in the fireplace was crackling a beautiful, lively flame.

The young man made a low bow, then returned to his task of cleaning up the correspondence, saying to himself: "Where the deuce have I seen that little face and those pleading eyes?"

No one permitted himself the slightest comment in regard to the morning visitor. They had seen others very unlike her.

The young girl meanwhile—whose breath had constantly grown shorter—looked around her with ingenuous admiration. How warm one felt in that beautiful little room, with a carpet on the floor and heavy plush curtains at the window! And to think that all those furnishings, all those expensive trifles, one could earn them by work with the pen, inventing beautiful romances, writing poems, making critical articles upon fine books, foreign and Italian. Oh, if she could succeed in all that! Then mamma—

The door opened softly, and Anderol, with a glass in his left eye, entered with a free movement, placing on the writing

table a great packet of letters and newspapers.

"In what can I be of use to you?" he then asked the young girl, who had risen precipitately at his entrance.

"I came," she said, trembling and growing still paler, "I came by the advice of my teacher of Italian literature, Unwaller Valiani. I have written a story that might, if you think best, find a place in your beautiful newspaper—in the appendix, of course."

Anderol was not bad hearted, but that morning he felt ill disposed and irritated. His uncle had refused him the two thousand lire which he could not do without, considering the severe necessity of his trip to Berlin.

The girl who stood before him was rather plain, pale as a ghost, and badly dressed; no doubt she belonged to the inhuman phalanx of women who write romances and wear mourning as to their finger nail. Auff! All her hopes must be crushed at once, and at one blow.

"I am sorry," he answered slowly, tearing open nervously the envelopes of the letters and wrappers and newspapers. "I am sorry, my dear young lady, but the Crepuscolo has pigeonholes full of stories which perhaps it will never publish. Yours—excuse me, what is it about? How is it entitled?"

The young girl felt her throat compressed as if by a hand of iron, and blushed a hundred times over the hour and the moment in which the idea had come to her of presenting herself to that discourteous man, yet, since now there is no turning back.

"It is a moral story," she stammered; "a story where it is shown—" "That virtue is its own reward?" asked the journalist, laughing, while he began to make notes in regard to the letters which he was arranging in an elegant letter file. "The theme could not be more amusing. And the title, please!"

"The Last Love," murmured the unhappy girl, in a spent voice. "Believe, signor, that I have written it with soul—and with feeling. There are none of the usual descriptions of things not honest, as are too much the fashion nowadays; but you will see that in my story there is truth from the first to the last page, and—"

"I am perfectly convinced of what you tell me, dear young lady," said Anderol, absent mindedly, without noticing the visible physical sufferings that changed her pure little face. "But, you see, yours is just the sort of story that does not suit a newspaper."

"Then you take away every hope from me?" said the girl, swaying, placing instinctively her hand upon her heart.

"For pity's sake, don't talk in that sentimental way! We will see it some other time. These young ladies! All with the mania to write, while so many hands are needed in trades—in woman's work! Moreover—" He could not continue. The young girl stretched her arms toward him as if in search of aid, stammered one word—only one—the first that we learn as babies: Mamma! And turning quickly, she fell stiff upon the same divan where, a few minutes before, she had dreamed of comfort for her poor old woman.

Anderol gave a stifled cry, and rushed to her. The poor girl breathed no more; her eyes were wide open, glazed, and her lips contracted.

"Quick!" he shouted, opening the door. "Quick, a physician!" All the staff hastened into the little sanctum, and the young man with the weary eyes ran to the girl, raising her poor lifeless head upon his shoulder.

"She is dead," said Adolph Lewis, after having felt her pulse. "At any rate, I will run for the doctor."

"She is dead! she is dead!" they all exclaimed, shaking their heads. Only the young man with the tired eyes did not speak, but bowed himself with composure decently the dress and damp hair of Annina.

"Come!" cried Anderol, turning to Fabio Leoni, the reporter of The Crepuscolo. "Don't stand there spellbound before the girl. Take this manuscript and send it to the composing room. It would be better that you should take it there yourself. Have it set up at once, with a paragraph about it. Tell the facts briefly."

And as Fabio Leoni remained dazed, looking at the girl: "Look here!" cried the chief editor, agitated, convulsed. "This girl has brought me a work of hers, 'The Last Love,' and has died while handing it to me. Do you take in the importance of this fact? It is a solemn, mysterious thing. We must get out a double edition of the paper. You can announce the story at once as a refined, honest thing, destined to interest our fair readers—but make haste—the deuce! Ah, here is the physician! Doctor!"

All gathered again around the corpse, and the word aneurism passed from one mouth to another.

"It is necessary to inform the corner and the Misericordia at once," said the doctor, beginning to write.

All returned, more or less affected, into the editorial room to prepare the number which was to come out at noon. Only the weary eyed young man staid, unobserved, to contemplate the dead girl. Out at last he recollected. The little waxen face that was before him remembered that of his only sister, dead of consumption a year before, when he had gone on The Crepuscolo at fifty lire a month.

The brethren of the Misericordia came, in midst of a crowd of idlers who wished to learn what the facts were. But no one knew, not even a poor little old woman in Via Pantesca, who had heard the three strokes of the bell of the charitable company, and had crossed herself with devotion, praying for the peace of whoever, at that moment, was dying, perhaps alone, on the street, unkissed.—Translated by E. Cavazza for Short Stories.

To Suit All Tastes. Passenger (arriving in the station)—Can I have a coupe all to myself? "I suppose the gentleman wants to sleep."

"No, but I am a misanthropist." "Oh, so! Then just step into this coupe car."—Fliegende Blätter.

A Tough Insultation. Crusty (to his nephew)—Well, here's another check, but remember to take care of it. A fool and his money are soon parted. Bill (Snapping aside)—That's so; it only took me half an hour to coax this out of you.—Lamson's Weekly.

SERIOUS DANGER

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular, irrefragable of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria; but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretions are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constipation and dyspepsia are thus defended against the torments of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

Small Boy—Papa, what makes you so bald? Papa—Oh, that's because my mother used to put me so much on the head for being a good boy.

ALL REFORMERS

In Art, Religion or Science Since the World Began

Have at some time been called bigots, fanatics, renegades. And a people have stoned a prophet to whose memory the next generation has raised a monument for the greatness of his deeds.

SEASIDE, Wash., Aug. 19, 1891. Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR DOCTOR: Will have to write you that I am surprised to find myself so greatly improved in so little time, and am pleased to say that I could not give your medicines too great praise. My health was gone. I felt that medicines could do me no good. I was hopeless of ever recovering. I thought too late to try your medicines, but with death staring me in the face I determined to do so. I am pleased that I did it, for at this date I have received tenfold the price of the medicines. If I should say one hundred fold, it would not be overvaluing the difference in my health. I feel like another man. Yours respectfully,

JAMES H. HYSON.

EAST BOUND, Wash., Aug. 13, 1891. Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR DOCTOR: It has been some time since I have written to you, but I have been getting along so well that I did not think it necessary. I have stopped taking your treatment now, and I believe I am entirely well. Your medicines have done what you told me they would do—they have made a new woman of me. I now feel like myself again, after suffering for eight years with various kinds of the head and neuralgia, and that very painful thing—neuritis of the stomach. I took three months' medicine. Both my husband and myself feel as though we cannot be thankful enough to you for what you have done for me. I hope that every one who is suffering as I was will hear of Dr. Jordan and his most valuable medicines. Yours most respectfully,

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The railway pool and fifteen-ball pool are somewhat alike; the man who pockets the most gets the best of the game.

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TELEGRAPHER'S PARALYSIS.

Following is an interesting letter from W. S. Cassell, one of the managers of the Western Union Telegraph Co.:

"Bloomington, Ind., Jan. 12, 1886. 'I have been in the telegraph business for more than twenty years, and for the past five years have been troubled with what is called Writer's Cramp, or Telegrapher's Paralysis. At times my arm became so weak that I could not use it in sending dispatches, and had to use my left. Have spent many restless nights, the pain reaching from my hand up into my shoulder. Tried everything I could hear of, but with scarcely any relief. Having strained my left side a few weeks ago, I got one of ALL-COCK'S PLASTER, as I usually do in such cases, and accidentally happened to see where some one had cured a weak wrist by using one of these Plasters. I got another at once, and cut it in two and put one-half around my wrist. In less than two days after the pain had entirely left my wrist and arm, and in two weeks I could send nearly as well as ever. I write this hoping it will reach the eyes of others who may be afflicted as I was, as I know there are scores of them."

Judge—How old are you, madam? Witness—I've seen eighteen summers. Judge—And eighteen winters—thirty-six, Mr. Clerk.

Use Keaneline Move Polish: no dust, no smell.

TRY GERBERA for breakfast.

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