

MIGGLES' SPEECH.

Griggs was washing himself, and was in a hurry. The telegraph had run heavy all afternoon; unusually heavy. "Nothing startling," Griggs said, when the editor asked him how the wires were working, "only the news seems to pour in from all quarters." Griggs was glad when supper time came. He had an engagement that evening and anticipated pleasure.

Suddenly a change came over Griggs' face. His hands, dipped into the water to wash his face and neck, were withdrawn suddenly and placed on the edge of the basin, as he listened to the voice of the editor, who was standing at Griggs' desk.

"Are you there, Griggs? Here's a dispatch from Ground Hog's Glory. From Miggles. On his way to Pompey Smash. Look here a moment, Griggs."

Griggs matched at the towel, dried himself as he approached his room and faced the editor.

"Griggs, this is of the very first importance."

Griggs' manner indicated earnest attention.

"I may tell you—in confidence, Griggs—that Miggles' speech must go in tonight. No matter what else is crowded out, on no account must you permit Miggles' speech to be abbreviated by so much as a line. I would remain myself, but I have an engagement that can't be broken—as important, in fact, as this speech of Miggles', which is the turning point in the canvass for the district. A change of forty or fifty votes—yes, twenty—at Pompey Smash, will elect or defeat him. Griggs, I predict it will make Miggles'."

"All right," said Griggs as the editor left his room. He was putting on his coat when Simmott returned.

"Put a good head on it, Griggs—something that will catch the eye." Simmott was moving away the second time when he halted, turned back, and dropping his voice said: "I may as well tell you. It will be known soon anyhow. Miggles' election means a good deal, a vast deal, to me. So keep a sharp lookout. See that the speech goes in all right—no mistakes or ridiculous errors."

"All right," said Griggs. He glanced at the dispatch Simmott had laid on his desk as the editor and proprietor of The Morning Star hastened away. Then he whistled up to the composing room and inquired if Dagg was there. Dagg was there, and in answer to Griggs' request hurried down, as by previous agreement.

"See here, Dagg; we've a dispatch from Miggles. He has ordered us to print his speech—the speech he will make at Pompey Smash this evening. Here it is." Griggs pulled a drawer out, brought out three proof slips and handed them to Dagg. "Now, as you are going to run this thing tonight for me, I want you to be sure there are no errors in it. I guess I'd best crack a head on it for you before I go—the main thing is to see that it goes in. That is Simmott's imperative order. No matter what is left out—if the president dies you mustn't leave Miggles' speech out. I'm sorry it so happens I must be off tonight, but it's all plain sailing. You've run my desk often enough to know just what to do. That's all, Dagg. I'll send the head up—take the speech and give it to the foreman to get in hand at once."

When Dagg withdrew, Griggs sat down, dashed off a few lines, looked at them, whistled them up the elevator and went out. He was engaged; was to be married in a fortnight, and as a matter of course dismissed The Morning Star, Miggles and his speech from his mind before he reached the corner. What young man would not who was on his way to his supper, with the certainty of enjoying an evening with his affianced at the theater?

"See here, Burton," said Dagg, as he re-entered the composing room hastily, "Griggs gave me imperative orders—from Simmott—to get this in hand at once. Best run it out first thing. Mind—no matter what else is left out—Miggles' speech goes in."

"All right," answered Burton. The foreman took the proof slips, clipped them up into twenty-one pieces, lit a fresh cigar, and inside of ten minutes Miggles' speech was in the hands of twenty-one printers. The foreman was enjoying a minute's rest, when a whistle disturbed him. He rose and answered the call.

"That you, Burton?"

"Yes—what's wanted?"

"It's me," said a voice from the counting room. "In a hurry—going out of town a few miles unexpectedly—won't be back. Get Griggs to look after things for me. Ta-tal!"

"All right," Burton answered, in blissful ignorance of the arrangement Griggs had made with Dagg.

Almost at the same moment the night clerk, who was in the rear of the business office, was calling by the telephone: "Hello, there, Star office!"

"Well," said the clerk, fumbling for his pencil, and making ready for a new advertisement.

"That you, Baker?"

"Yes, sir."

It was the proprietor's voice. He had popped into a drug store to speak to the night editor.

"Parker there?"

"No, sir."

"Well, tell him when he comes to see Griggs at once. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have given Griggs special orders. Tell him. Got that?"

"Yes, sir. To tell Mr. Parker you've given special orders to Mr. Griggs, and for Mr. Parker to be sure and see Griggs."

"That's all."

The night clerk went to his desk and was soon immersed in his labors. In the upper story of The Star establishment the foreman was discussing in a desultory way Dagg's chances against Miggles' for the congressional plum.

"What sort of a place is Pompey Smash, anyhow, Dagg? Ever been there?"

"No; but Griggs has. There's a lot of moss backed Democrats over there—the sort that vote for Jackson and Van Buren, and opposite there is another lot of straight laced, stiff backed Presbyterians—non-reverend writer, all over 'em."

"Anything in this speech of Miggles'?"

"Blest if I know."

"What's the point—what makes him go out to Pompey Smash to fire off?"

"Oh! Why, it's a mighty close vote, you know. As near as I can make out, the idea is to tickle the people there—to honor them with the opening speech—to have the people talk about the speech Miggles made at Pompey Smash. A hundred votes, one way or the other, will settle it; everybody knows that."

"I see," said the foreman.

Then he turned around, and lifting his voice said in tones that could be heard by all in the composing room:

"Boys, pull out on Miggles' speech. I want to get it in early."

Then there was silence in the composing room.

The wires worked well that night. The night was a repetition of the day. Dagg was up to his eyes in news from all quarters. "Nothing stunning," as he called up to the foreman: "just a steady glut of slush from all sources that could be chopped off any place and never be missed."

When a newspaper office is in order it's surprising how smoothly everything runs. The Morning Star was run on a sound system; so thorough that although the proprietor and editor, business manager and telegraph editor were absent they did not seem to be missed.

Along about 2 o'clock in the morning Dagg thought he would run up stairs once more and see how the speech looked in type.

"Looking for Miggles' speech?" asked the foreman. "There it is—three columns."

Dagg glanced over the form. It was all right.

"You read the proof—I sent it down to you—or, rather, the revise."

"I looked at it—I guess it's all right," and Dagg returned to his desk, whistling.

Just then a messenger laid a fresh dispatch on his table. Dagg glanced at the clock. "Two fifteen." He handed the boy back his book after acknowledging the receipt of the message, and began to whistle again as he tore it open. Dagg's lips retained their position, but no sound escaped them. The message was from Pompey Smash, and contained four words:

"Don't print Miggles' speech."

Dagg was dumfounded. He rushed to the pipe; he was going to call to the foreman, when he bethought himself. He turned the dispatch up to the light. It was filed at 8:30. What did it mean? There was an initial appended—what it was he could not make out. Possibly it was a ruse—a trick of the opposition.

He ran up stairs and laid the mysterious message down before the foreman.

"What do you think of that, Burton?"

"I don't think anything. There's only one meaning—it says plainly, 'Don't print Miggles' speech'; and here we are printing it."

"Well, but Griggs' orders were to print it. What made Simmott be so particular about this speech? Why, he must have suspected a trick. Anyhow—my orders are imperative."

"Take my advice—no, I'll have to consult Parker. He's night editor, and he is the man to decide."

The foreman whistled to the counting room:

"Mr. Parker there! Send him up at once."

"Not here."

"Where is he?"

"Haven't been here tonight. Thought he was up there."

"Do you know anything about this speech of Miggles', Baker?"

"No; never heard of it."

"Look around—see if there's a note or message there for me—anybody?"

A minute elapsed.

"Nothing here."

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said the foreman, turning to Dagg. "What am I to do. You've got precious little time to decide. In or out—which is it? I can chuck the form full of miscellany and stuff lying over here—in or out?"

"Obey orders if we break the owner" said Dagg, with Napoleonic decision.

Ten minutes later the forms were in the collar, and twenty minutes after that Miggles' speeches were thrown out on the folders by hundreds. Dagg went down to the pressroom, brought up a handful of papers, returned to the composing room and laid them down before Burton.

"Looks all right, Burton."

The foreman picked the paper up, held it in his hand a moment, glancing over it with a critical eye, then laid it down.

"A pretty good first page. The head looks first rate. You can pop a head on with Griggs, Dagg."

"It's Griggs', 'Taint mine."

A footstep sounded near. It was Dagg.

"In fact, I was detained later than I expected, Dagg, so just stepped around to see how you were getting on. That confounded speech of Miggles' has run in my mind all night."

"Nothing else?"

Burton and Dagg laughed.

"Oh, I see it's in all right."

"What's that, Griggs?"

"It was the night editor."

I got back earlier than I expected, and run up to see if everything is right. What's this?"

"Miggles' speech, delivered over at Pompey Smash. Mr. Simmott gave me special orders to get it in tonight."

Griggs held a paper up and read:

ZIP! ZIP!! ZIP!!!

FIRST BALL OF THE CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN SET IN MOTION BY THE HAND OF ALONZO ADOLPHUS MIGGLES. POMPEY SMASH IN A BLAZE OF UNPARALLELED ENTHUSIASM.

A Masterly and Lucid Analysis of the Momentous Questions involved in the Issue of the Seventy-seventh District.

"Reads all right, Griggs," said Parker, "but if I had been here I'd have left that 'and' out. If it was masterly, of course it must have been 'laid'—see?"

"No, I don't see," said Griggs. "I've—"

What Griggs was going to say is lost to the world, for at that moment Editor Simmott looked over their shoulders.

"What is it, Parker?"

His gaze was riveted—double riveted, in fact—on The Morning Star. His eyes were held by the type as the poor bird is said to be fascinated by the snake before it devours it. Then he slowly lifted his hands. His mouth opened—but no words came from it. His emotions overpowered him, rendered him speechless. Then there was a sound like the cracking of heavy paper, and the torrent came. For at least two minutes and a half—possibly a second more—not one of his auditors knew what Simmott said.

Then the blizzard of adjectives lessened to a gale, from a gale to a spanking breeze, from a steady breeze to the gust that tosses the leaves between the fitful raintrops.

"Didn't you get my message, Parker?"

"I was not here; was away all night."

"You—you got it, Griggs?"

"No, sir. I was off, too—I got Dagg to run my desk."

Simmott groaned. Dagg looked like a boy caught in the act of stealing a melon.

"Did you get my message, Dagg?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Stop! I won't hear a word," said Simmott.

"Yes, you will, Mr. Simmott," said Griggs, with a white face but resolute eye. "Your orders were imperative. I told Dagg so. No matter what came, he was to print Miggles' speech."

The calm that ensued was much more impressive and disagreeable than the blizzard that preceded it.

"Let me see the message."

Dagg brought it out, and Simmott turned it over in an absentminded way in his hand.

"What is wrong, Mr. Simmott?"

The editor gave the night editor one glance. It spoke volumes.

"Nothing—nothing—only Miggles was delayed; did not get to Pompey Smash at all. Consequently he did not make a speech. His cousin, Bill Carruthers, met me and told me he telegraphed us not to print. This will defeat him. The papers will never let up on it. The people at Pompey Smash will never forgive Miggles for making them ridiculous. It's bad enough to assume that his bald-headed could influence them or turn a vote. It's worse to palm off a speech on the public he never made at Pompey Smash or anywhere else. Miggles is ruined now and forever."

It was true. A hundred Morning Stars were flying to Pompey Smash with Miggles' great effort as the editor spoke.

There was war along the line for three ten days. Not a man in Pompey Smash voted for Miggles. There was war in The Morning Star office, but peace came over it speedily and calmed the disturbed elements like a dose of soothing sirup.

The editor, Parker, Griggs—everybody had the good sense to see and acknowledge it was a concatenation of circumstances unavoidable in the best regulated families, and today, when anything whimsical or humorous stirs The Star, Simmott or Parker or Griggs, his partners, will refer to "Miggles' Great Effort."—David Lowry in Pittsburgh Bulletin.

One Form of Marriage Ceremony.

The following is a southwestern Missouri form of marriage ceremony: "By the authority vested in me as a squire in the state of Missouri; by the golden fields of corn and wheat that wave to and from the gentle summer breeze; by the great droves of stock that are continually finding their way to the different markets of the world; by the monotonous song of the cat on the backyard fence, and by the pumpkin vine whose climbing tendrils shade the entrance of a summer kitchen; by the whole earth and sea and all that is in them, I pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."—Yankee Blade.

A White Negro.

One of the strangest wonders in the way of a man that we have been permitted to see was in town recently, and is a citizen of this county. He is Ebenezer Long, and was born, black, in Georgia sixty years ago. He is now perfectly fair, except a few dark spots that may be discovered by looking at him closely.—Mariana (Fla.) Times.

THE THREE WISHES.

Once to a man a goblin came And said to him: "If you will name Three wishes, whoso'er they be, They shall be granted instantly. Think of three things you deem the best. Express your wish—we do the rest."

"O goblin!" cried the man, "indeed You're just the kind of friend I need. Hunger and want I've known thus far. I fain would learn what riches are."

"Then," cried the goblin, "learn it well—Riches are title deeds to hell! Now wish again."

"Alack a day!"

Exclaimed the man. "I've thrown away. And all for naught, a chance immense. I only wish I had some sense!"

The goblin waved his wand—the dance To his surprise was wise for once. And being wise, he laughed and said, "I am a fool—would I were dead!"

"Granted!" the goblin yelled. "It's plain You'll never be so wise again."

—Oliver Herford in Life.

Verdi's Lack of Self Assertion.

On the occasion of the first presentation of his last opera so devoid was Verdi of all self assertion that he even expressed his regret that he had taken the trouble to come from all parts of Europe for the premiere and declared that he preferred the days of his earlier career, when his operas were accepted or rejected on their merits alone, and when the test was independent of any considerations of personal popularity. A glance at his honest eyes was enough to satisfy the hearer that these were his true convictions and no affectations of humility.

Such men are at all times rare, but living as Verdi does at a moment when the younger Italian school, which he has so long fostered almost single handed, is rapidly coming to the fore and is reaching an important crisis of its development his influence for good cannot possibly be overrated, nor can it fail to be productive of the highest results.—Fortnightly Review.

Detecting Guilt in Liberia.

The brown skins of the natives in Liberia are often daubed with red and white clay, the effect of the latter being rather startling. This is called dressing. Sometimes a vertical blue mark is seen across the forehead. This is a sign of freedom. The Kroomen have it more than others. They are largely employed as extra hands on the steamers. When a man is suspected of murder, theft, etc., he is made to drink "sauce wood." This being deadly poison, his innocence is declared by the draft not proving fatal. I am told, however, that this is only a form. When the fatal moment arrives, some expedient is generally adopted, or else it is considered that only an innocent man would be willing to approach the deadly draft.—Cor. Goldthwaite's Magazine.

A Hint to the Ladies.

A real estate gentleman, who is also a Sunday school superintendent, was trying to sell a lady a lot in town, notwithstanding she wanted to buy one in the suburbs.

"But, my dear madam," he urged, "a woman is practically forbidden by the Scriptures from owning suburban property."

"I don't see what the Scriptures have to do with it," she protested.

"That's because you are not conversant with them," he said. "Don't you know of the lady who had a lot in Sodom and as soon as she went in to the suburbs was changed into a pillar of salt!"—Detroit Free Press.

All He Could Do.

A man noted for his quarrelsome disposition and love for the ardent came into the postoffice a few days ago and said, "El, have you any of the new Columbian stamps?" "Yep. Wait any?" "Yep." He looked at them a few minutes and threw them back, saying, "Don't want 'em."

"Why?" "Well, 'twixt the old woman, boys and schoolteacher, I've got about all I can lick."—Billings Gazette.

Andrew Carnegie's Shooting Grounds.

The shootings at Cluny castle, which Andrew Carnegie has rented from Cluny Macpherson, extend over 12,000 acres and afford excellent sport. The old castle, in which Sir Robert Peel lived at the beginning of the century, has been altered and enlarged.—Chicago Herald.

Near Liskeard in Cornwall is a strange natural phenomenon. A pile of rock 32 feet high, shaped like a top, is balanced on the smaller end. It is quite immovable, though apparently a very slight effort would upset its equilibrium.

It is said that when Benjamin Franklin proposed to start a newspaper his mother tried to dissuade him from it because she said there were already two papers in America, and there was no room for another.

A vocabulary is not gained in a day or a week. It is the slow accretion of many days, the development of many weeks.

SUNDAY MORNING OCCUPATION.

What Some Girls Do to While Away the Time on the Seventh Day.

What do girls do Sunday mornings? How do they spend their time? In church? Yes, they go to church if they have nice gowns and are feeling in the mood or if they are naturally good. But I went around the other Sunday morning to see some of my girl friends, and I had my eyes opened to a thing or two. The first place I stopped was Madge's boarding house. She is the head stenographer for Brownjones & Co., you know, and when I reached the inner vestibule I heard her call: "Is that you, Mag? I thought I recognized your voice. Come right up, dear. I'm busy." So up I went to her little 4 by 6 room, with its folding bed, Japanese screen and other concealing, folding and adjustable articles common only to a boarding house hall bedroom. A strong odor of gasoline and Madge in a faded Mother Hubbard wrapper greeted me. The room was so full of fumes that I gasped.

"I'm cleaning my gloves," explained Margaret, and her appearance showed it. Her brown curls were all on edge—"tousled" would be the right word. White gloves, tan gloves, gray gloves, mauve gloves, all were spread out on the chairs and bureau in various stages of wet and dry cleaning. A pair of white gloves, full length mousquetaires, covered her hands and plump arms, and she was manipulating a tin basin of gasoline, several rags and a nailbrush to clean them. Her roommate, Grace, was perched on a stool sewing buttons on her shoes and interspersing that occupation with stirring and beating a jar of cold cream which had been brought up from the kitchen a few moments before. Grace said pathetically, "It simply will not get white, no matter how hard I stir it. I must have got too much sperm acetate in it."

"Grace thinks it's going to cure her freckles," sniffed Madge scornfully, and she opened the window a little wider, observing that I was almost overcome by gasoline fumes.

"Young ladies," said I sternly, "this is a wicked way to spend the Sabbath."

"Well," responded Madge, "Sunday is the only day I have to repair my wardrobe. I can't afford to work them, and if I stay home in the evening I'm too tired to clean and mend and sew. When I've been at work all day, I don't feel like coming home and going to work again after dinner, so I must fix my clothes Sundays."

When I left, Madge had finished the gloves and had dumped the entire contents of her top bureau drawer out on the floor preparatory to a good "straightening up." I know what that means, so I fled.—Chicago News-Record.

The Growth of the Canning Industry.

Less than 50 years ago a man in Pennsylvania began putting up tomatoes in cans at 50 cents a can. In 1887 the total output reached 73,000,000 cans, and today it is \$2,808,000 cans, of which considerably over half are put up in the south, Maryland being the largest producer. The production of canned corn has reached 84,000,000 cans, but in this branch the south is not so large a producer as it should be. New York ranking first in production and Maine second.

Tomatoes and corn lead, but nearly everything else eatable is canned, and not only is the home demand of the United States supplied, but we exported in 1892 over \$17,000,000 of canned goods.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Counting Gold Coins.

The counting of the money in the vaults of the treasury at Washington is not so troublesome or tedious a task as might be imagined. In counting \$20 gold pieces experience has shown them to be so uniform that only one pile is counted, and the rest of the money is stacked and measured by this pile until the last pile is reached, when that also is counted. In this way the counting proceeds rapidly. Gold in smaller denominations is always counted or weighed. Silver is much more troublesome to count than gold.—New York Tribune.

Taking the Circus Seriously.

If the circus is to be taken seriously, what an era of dullness will follow. In a certain southern state a bill has been introduced into the legislature by the provisions of which circus companies are to be forbidden in that state to exhibit pictures of feats which they do not perform.—New York Ledger.

The rain is playing its soft, pleasant tune fitfully on the skylight, and the shade of the fast flying clouds passes with delicate change across my book.—N. P. Willis.