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**How British Authors Organized.**

It is now nearly eight years since a small body of men, fifteen or twenty in number, met to discuss the question whether anything might be done by union to remedy abuses which were strongly felt, but had never been formulated, proved or defined. This was the origin of the society, which now numbers 120 members, and is every year increasing in strength, in reputation and in the clearness of its aims. It must be acknowledged that at first these aims were almost as vague as those of the former society. There was blind indignation, there was snuffling fire among the great body of the literary craft, but when one came to examine into the facts, so far as they had been ascertained, there was little but suspicion to go upon. We therefore set ourselves at once to the acquisition and accumulation of the facts as connected with the practical business of managing literary property.

We speedily discovered enough to enable us to take a first definite step, and at a public meeting to be held at Willis' rooms we claimed the right of the author, as one party in a joint venture or partnership, to examine and audit the accounts furnished by the other contracting party—a modest step, apparently, in reality, a most important step, a step which leads to everything else. Because, when two men are engaged in the same venture, if one of the two is excluded from the sight of the books, that one occupies an inferior position. He is dependent. He is like the man who humbly brings to his master the produce of his own labor and goes away making his salarum for any pieces of silver which may be tossed him. How this claim was resented—how it is still resented—by certain publishers shows that they have always understood very clearly what it would mean to them and to what it would lead.

This claim advanced and kept boldly before us, we returned to our research, which was nothing less than learning the whole of the business of publishing—from the publishers' side. We were enabled to follow up our investigation by all kinds of materials—publishers' agreements, letters, and the evidence of printers, bookbinders, advertisement agents, clerks, travelers, publishers themselves—until at last we found ourselves fairly in a position to understand the methods pursued by every publishing house of any importance. —Walter Besant in Forum.

**Why Susan Peery Died.**

"What complaint was it that carried off Susan Peery?" inquired one of the residents of Apple Ridge, who had been away for six weeks, during which time the death he mentioned had occurred. "I don't call it th' Susan had any real complaint," replied Cyrus Peery, uncle of the deceased, in a meditative tone. "Et ye was 't see aut I give it any name, ye'd be pooty well put to 't, seems 'e ef; that is, 'bout ye was 't say th' she died 't sympathizin' friends. That's 'bout my idee."

"Lawsee, Uncle Cyrus!" exclaimed his astonished listener. "What do you mean?"

"I mean jest 'bout as I say," replied Mr. Peery dryly. "Susan had kind o' shakin an' fushin' spells, what the doctor called 'intermittin' fever.' I b'lieve, but there wa'n' much th' matter w' th' her, except th' hot weather'd made her kind o' sillin an' drugged out."

"Well, th' fast day th' doctor come—m' wife was stoppin' there, 't kind o' hearten Susan up, an' she set Susan was set on havin' th' doctor, so she had him called—he found that whole posy o' women folks fr'm th' 'corner, settin' an' standin' round in Susan's bedroom."

"Ann Hancock she was sayin' as th' doctor went in, 'Bary's husband's cousin was took precisely this way; he died in less'n a week fr'm th' day he come down w' th' it.'"

"Poor Susan!" says Hetty Fitch. "You've got jest th' look in your eyes th' my husband's brother-in-law by his first wife had; he passed away 'fore anybody realized 'twas a serious sickness."

"Th' doctor, he tried to hush 'em up, but sakes alive! Susan had got her mind jest chock full o' what they'd told her, an' she was downright vexed when th' doctor spake hopeful o' her case, seems 'e ef. They'd come in ev'ry day, them women would. M' wife wouldn't let 'em int' th' room wher' Susan was; but they set in th' fore-room an' talked 's loud 't Susan couldn't miss 'em hearin' what they said no ways."

"She seemed 't feel real pleased 't know how they all spoke, an' I call 't 'twas an' much 't show 'em 't she had 'preciated their remarks as anythin' th' shoulded. She was alius an obligin' creature, Susan was, an' grateful. I call 't 't she hadn't 'e had quite 's many neighbors an' 's much sympathy, she'd 've been alive 't day!"

**French Politeness.**

Suppose French politeness is a myth, it is one to be cultivated the world over. Even the humblest peasant in the smallest province is endowed with an all conquering courtesy that is brought into play in the most commonplace matters. If our men could only be taught some of it, how much more easily would run the wheels of life's machinery. Business is business, of course. The rub and worry of money getting dwarf the real nature, yet at the same time stocks would act no more irregularly, bills would be no less ready to be paid, panics would occur no more frequently if the arbitrators of great affairs would but remember to tangle into their business life a little more

**A Vilanelle.**

Love in the dawn is honey sweet—  
Sweet to the taste and fair to the sight;  
Kisses are balm when young lips meet.

The heart in the throes of its first white heat  
Burns, a meteor shining bright;  
Love in the dawn is honey sweet.

Enjoy while you can such moments fleet—  
These transient spells of a fond delight;  
Kisses are balm when young lips meet.

Glad as the morning, Marguerite,  
Are your girlish face and your bosom white;  
Love in the dawn is honey sweet.

The lilies smile at our very feet.  
The roses blush to our left and right;  
Kisses are balm when young lips meet.

Welded today in this bowyer discreet  
Our lives shall fall upon lines of light;  
Love in the dawn is honey sweet—  
Kisses are balm when young lips meet!  
—Eugene Davis in Kate Field's Washington.

**Met With a Serious Fall.**

"You are very late this morning, Mr. Baldwin," said a dry goods merchant recently to one of his clerks. "Do not let it happen again."

"Very sorry," said the clerk humbly. "I met with a serious fall."

"Indeed," replied the merchant, relenting. "Are you hurt much?"

"Principally, sir, in your estimation," answered the clerk respectfully.

"Oh, never mind that," said the merchant kindly. "I am very sorry and had no intention to be severe. We are all liable to accidents. How did you get the fall?"

"Well, you see, sir," said the clerk confidingly. "I was called quite early this morning—earlier, in fact, than usual."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir; but somehow or other I fell asleep again."

"Go to your desk, sir, and don't try that on again," exclaimed the merchant, with an air of severity which was belied by the twinkle in his eye, which denoted that he enjoyed the joke.—New York Herald.

**Lightning's Strange Selection.**

Probably one of the most remarkable lightning accidents of the period was that which took place in one of the eastern counties lately. A man was shearing a sheep. Another man, passing on a pony, stopped to exchange a few words with the shearer and watch the clipping operation for a minute or two. He had been standing there but a very short time when a sharp crack of thunder was preceded by a blinding flash of lightning. The shearer was startled almost out of his senses by seeing the pony and its rider suddenly collapse in a heap, but in a second the man was up, quite unhurt. Then the shepherd, happening to glance at the animal beneath him, found that the lightning had served it as it had served the pony. The sheep was stone dead! This, it may be as well to state, is a perfectly true story.—London Tit-Bits.

**The Best Language for Telephoning.**

The French language, it appears, is better adapted to the purpose of the telephone than the English. It is stated that the large number of syllable or hiss syllables in English renders it a less easy and accurate means of communication. Some English words are especially difficult of transmission by telephone. The word "soldier" is cited as one of these. Proper names frequently occur in the midst of an otherwise perfectly audible and intelligent conversation which the ear cannot possibly catch. These must be spelled out, involving delay.—Electricity.

**Considerable Mutuality.**

Mrs. Lakeside—You are Mr. Porkchop's second wife, are you not?

Mrs. Porkchop—Yes, he was married once before.

"That's unpleasant. Whenever you have a little row, he can bring up his first wife and brag about her goodness."

"He never tried it but once, and then I told him about what nice men my three other husbands were."—Texas Siftings.

**An Illustration.**

"There," said Miss Frances E. Willard, closing her fist and presenting it as an object lesson to her interested audience, "is union—and that"—suddenly letting every separate finger fly limply apart, "is diversity. Which is the stronger?"

**A Diary of Three Centuries.**

A diary begun more than three centuries ago by the Hosaka family of Japan has been kept up continuously by the various heads to whose charge it was committed until the volumes now fill eight large chests. It was no New Year's experiment with either the original Colonel Hosaka or his successors.—New York Press.

**The Reason for It.**

Chop up green apples, raisins, bananas in quantities to suit; stick them in dough.

**THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.**

Yang Yu is a Person of Considerable Importance at Home and Abroad. A very influential personage in the Flowery Kingdom is Mr. Yang Yu, the new Chinese minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the United States, Spain and Peru. Besides belonging to a family of distinction, he has great wealth in city real estate, mining property and rice plantations and is altogether a man whom the authorities of his native land delight to honor. As minister to three countries he possesses great power, appointing all his official subordinates, subject to the confirmation of the emperor.



MINISTER YANG YU.

Minister Yu is of distinguished appearance and bearing, comporting himself with the easy air of a man born to authority. He is 33 years of age, rather above the medium height, stoutly built and weighs about 190 pounds. He knows no language but Chinese, but that fact is not expected to interfere with his diplomatic usefulness, as he has had much experience in statescraft and will be assisted by very able interpreters—Chinese graduates of our own best universities, one of them, Mun Yew Chung, having been cookwain of the Yair boat crew.

The minister brought with him the most numerous and most gorgeously attired staff that ever attended a foreign functionary in this country. Besides his wife and three children, it consisted of 40 officials of various grades, several of them also accompanied by their wives, and 30 servants. The diplomats are assigned by the minister to posts in the various countries under his jurisdiction. They come from all parts of China and are all of influential families and well educated. None of them knew in advance to what post he was to be sent.

Mr. Yu is credited with entertaining a very friendly feeling for the United States and is said to be anxious to maintain cordial relations between our government and his own. He possesses the complete confidence of the Chinese court, and having had charge of some of the most important customs districts in the empire has been brought more or less in contact with consuls and other government officials from all parts of the world.

He Wanted to Be Sure. "I went down to Indiana not long ago," said a Michigan Central engineer to the reporter, "to see my folks, who live in a small town on a branch road that is about the worst I ever saw. At a way station a flooser came aboard, and a few minutes after he had curled up in the corner of a seat the conductor came along."

"I say, conductor," he inquired, "is this train running now?"

"Of course it is," said the conductor, taking his ticket.

"Then he relapsed again, and in about fifteen minutes he beckoned to the conductor."

"Is this train running now?" he asked as before.

"Course it is. What's the matter with you?" said the conductor angrily.

"Don't get mad about it," urged the passenger mildly. "I don't mean no insult. This yer train runs so slow that I can't tell when it's goin and when it ain't, and I've got to git off at the next station er the weddin that's set for 6 o'clock won't take place, that's all. I hain't nothin' ag'in you ner the road, but I'm jist a little mite anxious about landin in time for the occasion, you understand."

"The conductor apologized and the passenger was duly deposited at the appointed place."—Detroit Free Press.

**Bought Old Pipes.**

A valuable pipe that belonged to the late Lawrence Barrett had carved on its bowl an ideal head of Ophelia. The collecting of pipes was one of Barrett's hobbies, and he was often seen in some of the New York establishments looking up what he could find in the way of old pipes. The pipes he usually bought were old ones that had been colored by other people.—Collector.

**Therapeutic Electricity.**

The ordinary electric bath is one of the best means of stimulating and refreshing a patient in a debilitated state of health. One singular result is the removal of metallic poisons from the body. This is effected by electrolysis. The metallic poison will be found in the water after thirty minutes' sitting.—New York Telegram.

**Dist of the Guachos Indians.**

The Guachos of the Argentine Republic live entirely on roast beef and salt, scarcely ever tasting farinaceous or other vegetable food, and their sole beverage is mate or Paraguay tea taken without sugar.—Gentleman's Magazine.

**Sunflower Ashes as a Fertilizer.**

The ashes of the sunflower contain a high percentage of potassium. The experiments of Hermitstedt have proved that 1,000 pounds of dried stalk yield 57.2 pounds of ash, and from 1,000 pounds of ash are obtained 349 pounds of the best potassium. An entire ripe sunflower plant without the root contains about 23 grams of mineral substance, whereof about 13 grams are potassium. The farmers in Russia sell their ashes to the soap works for a very low price instead of using them for the field.—Exchange.

**Angel Cake.**

Chop up green apples, raisins, bananas in quantities to suit; stick them in dough.

**An Astonished but Considerate Prince.**

One of the leading families in Stuttgart gave a supper party to which the prince royal had been invited. His royal highness arrived a little before all the preparations for the feast were completed. Observing that he had arrived a little too soon, he decided to take a short stroll in front of the house while daylight was fading into dark. Suddenly a trim servant maid bounded out of the house and ran up to the prince, to whom she handed a parcel containing, as it afterward turned out, a large piece of sausage and some money, and exclaimed under her breath:

"You won't have to come today; we're having a large party; the prince himself is coming; so goodbye till tomorrow!" and with that she gave his royal highness a couple of hearty kisses and disappeared before he had time to get a word out.

A moment later he perceived a soldier in his cloak, who was casting wistful glances at the lighted windows of the house, and asked him if his sweet-heart lived there, and on the man's replying in the affirmative the prince continued:

"Then this parcel must be intended for you. The person who brought it sends you word that you are to come tomorrow, for she has no time today on account of the party."

"Much obliged; it's all right, I'll come tomorrow," said the soldier.

"She gave me something besides," the prince went on to say, "but I can't deliver you that."

"Oh, you may keep it and welcome," rejoined the soldier. "I've plenty here for today."

Everybody at the party noticed that his highness was more lively and good humored than usual. He narrated his adventure over the cigars and wine, but exacted a promise that neither the servant girl nor the soldier should suffer in consequence of the disclosure.—Leeds Mercury.

**Heirs Apparent and Presumptive.**

There seems to be a good deal of confusion in the minds of the public and the press as to what constitutes the difference between an "heir presumptive" and an "heir apparent," and one gentleman who has been informed that there is no "heir presumptive" to the throne at the present time, writes to inquire of me whether Prince George of Wales is not entitled to that designation. I should say certainly not. In point of law, the heir is the party who succeeds to an estate or a dignity by the demise of the previous holder; and a man can only have during his life an "heir apparent," or an "heir presumptive."

The Prince of Wales is now the heir apparent to the throne, and while he lives there can be no other heir. Prince George is the heir apparent to the principedom of Wales, and he is not heir to the throne at all, except in the loose and inaccurate sense in which all persons who may by any possibility become entitled are spoken of as "heirs."

The difference between an heir apparent and an heir presumptive is that the heir apparent must succeed if he survives the present holder of the dignity; while an heir presumptive, although the heir at the moment, is liable to have his right to the succession defeated by the birth of another heir. There cannot, therefore, be at the same time an heir apparent and an heir presumptive. Should the Prince of Wales succeed to the throne, Prince George, if then living, will become the heir apparent to the throne. Should Prince George succeed to the throne before he has children the Duchess of Fife would be the heir presumptive, her right to the succession being always liable to be defeated by the birth of a direct heir to her brother.—Henry Labouchere in London Truth.

**Popular belief in India still credits Sanyasis and other holy vagabonds with miraculous powers.**

Even the native journals often chronicle marvels like the instantaneous cure of incurable diseases, or the feeding thousands out of a small measure of rice. One of these prints gives a description of how a saintly Sanyasi saved the lives of a certain rajah and his escort from a wild elephant. As the party was proceeding through the Lower Himalayas a monstrous tusker broke out of the jungle and set to trumpeting. The rajah and his followers were considerably scared, and were giving themselves up for lost when a noble looking Sanyasi appeared, and, standing in front of the travelers, told them to shout a certain order to the elephant. This done, the animal bolted into the jungle, while the savior of the rajah and his party vanished without waiting to be thanked.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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**"German Syrup"**

JUDGE J. B. HILL, of the Superior Court, Walker county, Georgia, thinks enough of German Syrup to send us voluntarily a strong letter endorsing it. When men of rank and education thus use and recommend an article, what they say is worth the attention of the public. It is above suspicion. "I have used your German Syrup," he says, "for my Coughs and Colds on the Throat and Lungs. I can recommend it for them as a first-class medicine."—Take no substitute.

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