

The publishers say that the publication of a work in cheap form lessens very little the sale of a better edition. At first authors were averse to the experiment, but the result was both surprising and gratifying.

Miss Cleveland's novel furnishes this admirable addition to the number of mixed metaphors: "He felt the magnetism of his conjectural passion at his side, and many wavelets of emotion played upon him as they walked."

A countrywoman went into a store at Sparta, Ga., one day last week, when the merchant smiled benignly upon her and inquired if he could sell her any goods. "Oh, no," she replied, "I just thought I'd come in and monkey around a little until John 'ud weigh his hogs."

General Boulanger served under the Duc d'Aumale in Algeria. The Duke, in one of his reports, appended the following note: "Boulanger, good, intelligent officer, but ill-bred." Now that Boulanger commands the army the Duc d'Aumale is turned out of France.

Thomas Edison, the father of the inventor, lives at Huronia Beach, Mich., is a remarkably well-preserved man of eighty-two years. The *Detroit Free Press* says that he has six children, three by his first and three by his present wife, and that the youngest child is but four years old.

Strictly literary ventures do not seem to flourish in the atmosphere of Chicago. That go-ahead town has no time for æsthetic relaxation. Between the ups and downs of the pork and grain market, the tumults of propagandists who use the boycott and propagandists who throw bombs, and the vicissitudes of the base ball business, the Chicagoans manage to get on without any literature to speak of except the literature of their vivacious newspapers. — *Philadelphia Record*.

"When a man drowns himself in the river at Minneapolis," said a Minneapolis man the other day, "he floats off down to St. Paul, and when he gets within the limits of that city they fish him out and put his name in the directory to swell the population." "No," replied the St. Paul man to whom the Minneapolis man was talking, "you are entirely mistaken. The idea is the authorities in Minneapolis want to get rid of paying the burial expenses, and so let the cadaver float over to St. Paul, where they know it will be taken care of." — *St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

The base ball audiences at Oshkosh, Wis., are largely composed of ladies, who are struck on the game, and the audience makes the point never to cheer a good play of the opposition. This silence was broken, however, on a recent trip of the St. Paul club to that place, by a traveling man from Chicago, who seemed to think that St. Paul was not getting a fair show, and showed his sympathy for the under dog by giving vent to the funniest cackling laugh ever heard whenever the visitors caught a swift grounder or made a good hit. Finally St. Paul made a fine double play. The usual silence followed, broken into by the shrill clarion crow of the Chicago man. His neighbor, a fair Oshkosh virgin, turned upon him with "I hate you, there!" In relating the incident she concluded with the remark: "I died right there."

Liszt and Paganini compared: Both indulged in tricky effects calculated to lessen their dignity as artists by their yielding to the promptings of an egotistical nature. In spite of this, paradoxical as it may seem, beneath the artificiality of mere technical acquirements of each, lay a deep poetic power of expression, which ever and anon asserted itself to an extent sufficient to move their auditors to tears. The strong personal magnetism of both, although of widely different types, also served to enhance the impression produced by their interpretation, during inspired moments, of phrases pregnant with emotional charms and sensuous beauty. On the other hand, Liszt, although exhibiting a predilection for his own compositions, was perfectly acquainted with the works of all schools, and in his earlier days won abundant renown by his masterly treatment of a most varied repertoire. Paganini, however, restricted himself absolutely to his own productions. — *The Keynote*.

Mistreated Him.

One day, several years ago, while Addison was sitting in his "garret" room, revising his *Cato*, he received the following note from Dick Steele: "My darling Addison: I am in that cavity profanely known as Gehenna's excavation. My morning hours are disturbed by collectors and my evening moments are made harsh by the footsteps of the man I owe. Addison, we have always been good friends. I am a whig and you are a whig, in this kingdom by the sea—as Edgar Poe will in the future express it—but can't you help me out of this fix?"

Addison had but little money. In fact he owed the grocer, the barber and the candlestick manipulator, but he pawned his gold spurs, his richly ornamented sword, his silver tea-pot—his all, and raising a hundred pounds, sent the sum to his distressed friend. Several days afterwards, when Addison found himself in Steele's neighborhood, he decided to go up and see if there were any other way in which he could help his poor friend. As he approached the door leading into Steele's room, he heard music and dancing and sounds only befitting the abode of those who felt the weight of many nickels, but halting not, he shoved open the door and entered. Steele, dressed in a suit of tawdry clothes, stood in the middle of the room. On the sofa sat a young woman with a discolored eye; beside her reclined a woman with bad teeth; while at the right stood women who were not grand-motherly in appearance. Dandies and hilarious bucks stood around, and upon the whole, the scene was one of fashion and excessive refinement. When Addison entered, Steele, who had been turning the crank of a musical instrument, arose and said:

"Hah, here is Mr. Addison. We are all glad to see him. Addison, how do you find yourself?"

Addison was disgusted. He looked at the table, loaded with ham sandwiches and said:

"I thought, sir, that my donation was intended to keep you from prison?"

"Correct you are, cully," exclaimed Steele, "but now that I am out, we should enjoy ourselves. Henry," addressing a boy, "bring Mr. Addison a glass of beer. Ah, my dear essayist, you do not seem to be enjoying yourself. Had to soak your household goods to keep me out, eh? Glad to hear it. Fine thing to have friends, Addy—fine thing. Hadn't been for you, I would have been in jail. As it is, I am giving a dinner. Say, can't you lend me seventy-five cents?"

These are historical facts, yet there are literary historians who say that Addison mistreated Dick Steele. — *Arkansas Traveler*.

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