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A CARD.

To the Editor of The Easton Star:

SIR: Please inform my friends and the public generally, that I am still in the Sewing Machine business, and am selling the well known

Royal St. John Sewing Machine,

which is very simple and light running, and will sew equally as well if run backward as forward. I give with each machine a full set of attachments. I have also taken in connection with it, the

New White Sewing Machine,

which is a favorite among a great many ladies who have seen it in use. It is a very fine made machine, and a very light running one. I can furnish almost any kind or style that may be preferred. I keep a good assortment of needles, and the

BEST OIL FOR SALE.

I make cleaning and repairing Sewing Machines a specialty. If any lady has a machine that won't work right, if she will send for me, I can doctor it so as to make it go; or if she will bring it to my office in Easton, I can put it in complete order.

Very respectfully yours,

H. S. COOPER,

Harrison street, Easton.

aug23,87tf

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For flavoring Ice Cream Custards, Puddings, Blanc Mange, Jellies, &c. As we use the best Vanilla Beans in making this extract, families can be sure they are getting it pure and free from Tonca Beans and other impurities For sale by Henry & Brother, opposite the bank.

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Go to Henry & Bro.

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An elegant and refreshing Tooth Wash, for cleansing and preserving the teeth and hardening the gums. It imparts to the breath a delightful fragrance. Try it. Prepared and for sale by HENRY & BROTHER, Druggists, opposite the bank.

ALL OF THEM STATION.

In Court, said the card on the lawyer's door;
Back in his office, so many more;
Gone to the house of the doctor's date,
I'm another, 'tis down the hall;
Gone to the bank, on the notary's sign;
Arbitration, that young client of mine;
Back soon, on the banker's book;
Collecting rents, on my agent's door;
They were all too busy, a matter quite sure,
Very sorry was I, I had nothing to do;
Then I hied me home to the base ball ground
And every man on the grand stand found.

Worcester Spy.



BY CLARENCE CHADWICK.

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DITOR HOLMES was worried and his wife Dolly was quick to perceive the cloud that rested upon her husband's brow as he sat down to her supper table and proceeded to help the visitors to the assortment of delicacies she had prepared for them. The visitors were only two, Mary Hepworth and Charley Johnson, old attaches of the Herald. Both were residents of New York City, now staying with the Holmses for a few weeks.

Editor Holmes loved his kind, and one of the things that the share of milk of human kindness in his heart did was to feed remembrance of the people who had been associated with him in making his paper a success, and almost every summer the Holmes cottage was the resting place for some one whom the editor and his wife had fraternized with both as employe and friend.

But this was the first time the editor and Dolly had been able to bring Charley and Mary together as visitors, and it chanced neither could come until well along in the chilly days that immediately precede Thanksgiving. Ruddy-faced little Mrs. Dolly, by the way something of a match-maker, could see little likelihood of awakening mutual interest between the young people, both of whom she had always been particularly partial to. However, she had been glad to notice that in the few days preceding the opening of this story the couple had been much together, and she inferred from their conversation and greetings on arrival that they had not drifted entirely apart in the great whirl which the editor's wife had been led to believe pervaded every circle of life in Gotham.

Part of this interest in their affairs was caused by the great esteem Mr. and Mrs. Holmes had always felt for the two young people, for Charley had been compositor, foreman, superintendent, local editor and general utility man of the McGuireville Herald establishment years before, and, in fact, had learned his trade there side by side with Mary, who had been one of the Herald's best girl "comps." And the familiarity the two had with the Holmes household, for the young fellow and girl had boarded with the family all their years of apprenticeship and service, led the chirrupy wife to thus inquire in their presence the cause of her husband's disturbed face.

"Why, I declare John," said the good wife sheerily, "one would think from your gross looks that I hadn't made arrangements today for ever so many good things for Thanksgiving, or that you had the dyspepsia and knew you couldn't appreciate 'em. I have taken time by the forelock and ordered some of the edibles a whole week ahead, and Farmer Jones tells me I am to have the finest turkey ever brought to McGuireville. What has gone wrong today?"



The editor smiled. He was not given to moods as a rule and his wife's cheerful ways always dispelled any unpleasant reminders of irksome work in sanctum or office. A jolly and social sort of man Editor Holmes believed himself to be, also a pleasant and polite figure at any dinner table, but particularly so at his own, so the frown on his brow was quickly banished.

"Well, the facts are, Dolly," he said, "that I have only been stewing my brains a little, and the trouble will be overcome, but I have been thinking about one thing for some time and at last am nearly crazy over it. But I have had much more serious trouble and always found a way out of it."

The visitors looked up as if expecting a tuller explanation, and Dolly's eyes opened wide. "What in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

The interest shown brought a broader smile to Holmes' face. "Why," he said with a chuckle, "I am simply in distress to find something good for Thanksgiving. No reflections intended, Dolly, it's not in the culinaryline, but I haven't paid much attention to Thanksgiving in the Herald heretofore and it seems to be expected now-a-days that that number of a paper must be something unusually good. One week from today will be Thanksgiving, and the Herald's day of publication, too, and the only line of copy I have sent to the composing room is an editorial about the things the nation should be thankful for, the people of McGuireville particularly. I want some stories that have a relation to Thanksgiving, and have thumbed over every old magazine and paper in the office, but blessed if I can find a thing. McGuireville talent don't run in the direction of writing stories, so I am at a loss what to do. That is all there is to my trouble."

"And Charley and Mary in the house," replied Mrs. Dolly, a trifle reproachfully, "Charley a live New York reporter at that and Mary one of the best compositors McGuireville ever turned out. Charley can write all the stories you want and Mary can help set them up if you get the copy late. Isn't that a splendid arrangement, Charley?"

Everybody looked at the young man who was not at all nonplussed. "I don't know about that, Mrs. Holmes," he replied, "it might be easier to set the type than to write the stories. But I'll try to do my share of either."

"Oh, I say, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Holmes, so excitedly bounding in her chair that she **almost spilled some of the tea she was pouring**, "here's a way out of your trouble Write some experience of yours as an editor—something that refers to Thanksgiving time. Charley can write about some of the exploits of reporters, and Mary can represent the printers and write up an incident in the career of some compositor. Now, that will be grand. I, of course, am counted out, because I must feed all of you and that will be my contribution to your Thanksgiving number.'

"Good! Your plan is an excellent one, my Dolly," said the editor, "and I agree to it if you can press our friends to do the share you have mapped out for them."

The eyes of the younger people met for a moment and there was something in the quick glance Mary Hepworth gave the young man that made Mrs. Holmes think they would indeed make a charming couple if they could only be brought together—the girl so earnest, straightforward and womanly, yet charming, vivacious and engaging withal, perhaps twenty-four years old, and he some older, plain, yet not homely, whose appearance told of that that he was a man up at the Fifth Avenue from Arizona, Gen. Stillman, He is interested with some New York capitalists in mining properties somewhere in that country. Suppose you go up and have him talk about the resources of Arizona, and all that and get anything you can about mines and mining that won't be puffery of his enterprises. He is quite a character, I understand, was from New England originally and is very rich, has been a delegate to congress from some of the territories and governor of one of them. I think, perhaps, you can get something out of him about politics, too, but make the most of him in some direction."

I had for several months been an attache of this New York evening paper, first as a reporter on general routine assignments, but had gradually worked myself up until at present it was my fortune to be of the class that might very properly be called special writers for the daily press, for, although having assignments at times, much of the work I did was mapped out or suggested by myself and I was held accountable for national and state political matters that had local bearings of interest. For these reasons my superior at the city desk made the assignment noted in such general terms.

Mr. Stillman had breakfasted and I found him only too happy to talk for the benefit of the community about every possible aspect of Arizona, of her politics, religion, trade and what not. A shrewd-faced, swarthy, bo whiskered man was Mr. Stillman. His military title, I afterward learned, was one given after the manner of some localities without that military service or learning which is supposed to have earned it.

It was easy to see that the general's conversation, which was as uncontrollable as a Dakota blizzard, all tended to the glorification of himself. Every turn I could give the interview was diverted to that end, much to my surprise for the man did not show by his bearing and personal appearance the tendencies that usually indicate the canonization of first person, singular number. Could the conversation have been reproduced verbatim, the cap I'm necessary to record his remarks would have exhausted the largest type fonts of any printing office on earth. But not easily discouraged, I kept at him persistently for nearly two hours, and from the mass of things discussed thought it possible that I then had enough data to construct an intelligent article. The mail was full of information of every sort—the only trouble was to keep him from telling of his personal exploits so as to get what I wanted.

It was with difficulty that I got away from the general. As I arose to go and he took my hand I felt something soft pressed within my palm. "Good day, good day, young man," he said brusquely, "I would be glad to have you drop in any time. I will be here several weeks."

I opened my hand to find within it a ten-dollar note. It was the first time I had been insulted in that way by people whose views I had intended to print, always a matter of compliment, for their standing and influence in some direction is of course assumed to be an understood thing. I was so angry that my other hand clenched as I threw the bill in the face of the man, and that I did not strike him was a wonder to me afterward.

"What do you mean sir?" I exclaimed hotly. "I did not come here to black your boots or to take a fee like a servant."

The general's bearing was as wonderful as his insult had been deliberate. An amused twinkle was at the corner of each eye and he did not flinch, though I towered far above him and knew that a pretty savage expression must have shown itself in my face.



"Well, well, young man," he said, in a drawly way that he had once in a while dropped into, "you do not scare me at all, for, to be candid, although not as young as you are, I can wipe the floor up with you. I am something of a student of human nature and not at all surprised that your dander came up. Good day," and turning quickly, thrusting the note in his waistcoat pocket as he did so, my strange acquaintance walked out of the reading room in which we had been chatting,

Men and women had tried a thousand times perhaps to make me their tool but never before had a direct offer of money been made for some real or fancied service. I had been wined and dined and smiled upon by beauty and all that, and had, like most of my craft been wholly indifferent to these evidences of human frailty, trying as best I could to get at the truth through all the glamor and subterfuge of my surroundings. Heretofore much of this sort of thing had been amusing but the directness of this Arizona fellow was so insulting that my ruffled plumage required much smoothing down by sheer strength of will before I felt in a mood to write out the information obtained with such difficulty that morning.

Personally, I had a consuming desire to carve General Stillman's character into as many fragments as possible, but professionally I felt that the ten-dollar note incident was very little different from hundreds of others with which I had been concerned. In going to the man for information and receiving his courtesy to the extent of obtaining an audience it was not to be supposed that, when the public had no special concern with it, I should seek to analyze his character. Come to think of it, every man or woman I had ever interviewed had betrayed personal characteristics which newspaper ethics would not permit the use of in description. How full of egotism had this or that actor, actress, senator or politician been, how impressed with her own prettiness Miss Concert Singer, and what an appalling amount of "taffy" could she stand about her voice; how Peter Piety had betrayed so much hypocrisy and Mrs. Literary Bore-Bits so much affectation and silliness that both were as disgusting in their way as Stillman in his assumption that reporters are to be bought, but none of them had found their way into print, so I decided that Stillman should not be an exception to the general rule of suppression.

The article was printed in our last edition. Had it not been for an incident of the following morning Stillman and his interview would soon have been forgotten. As I seated myself in the city editor's presence he handed me a note addressed as follows:

CITY EDITOR ——

I have forgotten the name of the young man who came to the Fifth Avenue hotel to interview me yesterday. Will you kindly say to him that it would please me much if he will call at 4 p. m. any day this week. I wish to see him about a personal matter.

Respectfully,

THEOPHILUS STILLMAN.

"Perhaps he wants to urge you to accept the money," my superior said with a smile "Better go and see him, Jones. There's some mystery about it, for if I am not mistaken Stillman is not the kind of a man to offer money in exchange for puffery. After your interview was printed I learned by accident that Stillman was a newspaper man once too, first as a reporter then as an editor on a New York paper."

The mystery thickened. I read the interview again to see if anything offensive to the Arizonian had appeared therein, but found nothing. Perhaps to use one of the general's own figures of speech, he wished to "wipe the floor with me," but that could not be since there was nothing in the matter printed to stir up his indignation, unless it be the fact that I had omitted all the self glorification. I resolved to call on him that day, convinced that I had been more than charitable in reporting his utterances.

The general was writing rapidly at a table in the center of his room, as the servant ushered me in.

"Come in, Mr. Jones, sit down, glad to see you," he at once exclaimed, and dropping his pen came forward to greet me. "Oh, don't be afraid of my hand; I am not half so bad a fellow as you are trying to think me. You made capital work of that interview. Now, I will write and talk at the same time, and you will excuse me, I am sure. Used to interview people myself, and once had just such an experience as you had yesterday, too."

By this time he was writing furiously again and kept on talking without giving me an opportunity to say a word.

"Now, Mr. Jones," my strange acquaintance went on, "I think you were somewhat surprised yesterday at the tone of my conversation, and I was vividly convinced of your surprise when I offered you money. You were able to do what every true newspaper man should do and sunk all your personal feelings when it came to putting news before the public. When you understand the cause of my conduct and hear an offer I have to make, I am sure you will pardon me for my conduct yesterday. The facts are that a number of citizens in our city have made up their minds to establish a daily newspaper there. The field is an excellent one, and to induce some one to conduct such an enterprise we have concluded to make an unusual offer, and to me the task was given of finding a suitable man to take hold of the work. A company has been organized and everything is ready for this man to go ahead and buy a good newspaper and job plant. So satisfied was I, by my own newspaper experience, that more depends on the man conducting a public print than on any combination of circumstances that all the stockholders of this company have agreed that we will pay the man we select for editor, liberally, and give him such opportunity to secure stock, that, as we figure it, he, in five years, will control the property. I had drifted entirely out of newspaper acquaintances, and when you called yesterday it occurred to me that you might be the very man I had been delegated to find. The incident that I referred to in my own career as a reporter led me to offer you money as a test of your experience. I indulged in a great deal of foolish conversation which, to an inexperienced reporter, would have been fatal. I knew from the questions put that you are intelligent, and from your manner that you are a gentleman. Now, sir, how would you like to be the editor of an Arizona newspaper?"

To warm over an old phrase my astonishment would be better imagined than described. It is the dream of most newspaper men's happiest hours to imagine themselves in control of a paper, and to shorten my narrative I can only add that, after a full discussion of terms and conditions I left Mr. Stillman that day under contract to begin the new year as an editor, a branch of the business that I was not unfamiliar with, and as I had learned the printer's trade at one of the best country offices in the world and, in fact commenced a career in New York by working at the case, I flatter myself that the chances for success are good. And as a kind fate had it this was only a few months before Thanksgiving and I expect to be married on that day to one of the best girls alive.

As Charley laid aside the last page of his manuscript he remarked that although the Thanksgiving leanings of his tale might not be strong he would later give the editor some facts which might enable him to improve on the narrative.

"Now, Mary," said Dolly, "let's hear how you have succeeded." Mary's voice was so sweet and sympathetic and her enunciation so perfect that I fear some of the charms of that evening's entertainment are lost to the readers of her story.

SLUG TEN.

S the foreman entered, his hard little eyes covered every frame in the composing-room with a sweeping glance.



"Slug Ten's late again, I see," he said sharply to his assistant.

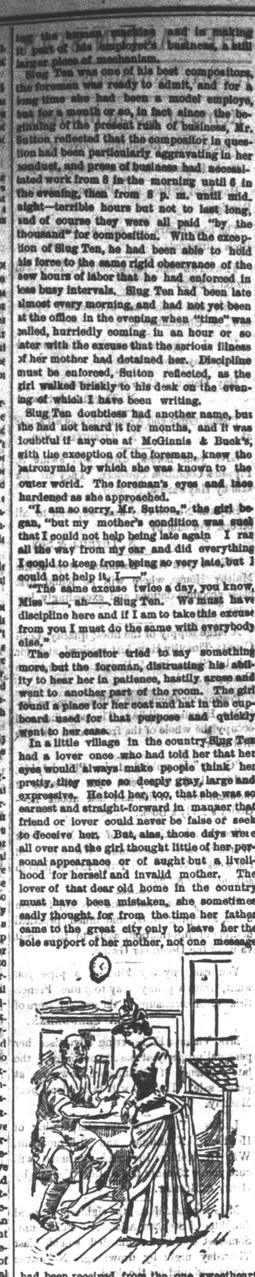
"Hasn't showed up yet," the assistant replied, without raising his eyes from some work. "Same old excuse, I s'pose."

The foreman looked at the smudgy little clock over his desk.

"A full hour this time," he muttered. "Confound that girl; she'll have to walk the line if I can find somebody to take her place after this rush. Has anybody seen Ten," he called out to the girl workers busily setting type at the cases further down the room.

Click, click. There was no reply and the bits of metal lifted by the deft fingers of the compositors fell into place in the sticks rapidly. Although it is understood in most composing-rooms that answers will only be made to questions when they will contain needed information, the silence, as customary at such times, annoyed the fretful interlocutor more than the most vague reply possible would have done, and he flung himself into the chair at his desk and began inspection of a pile of copy, reflecting that all he could do at that time would be to chide the delinquent for tardiness. Work in the establishment of McGinnis & Buck was in too much of a rush to discharge anybody at present, just before Thanksgiving, when several of the papers the firm printed for publishing houses were getting out special numbers and they were working night and day.

Most of the compositors working that night were girls. In fact McGinnis & Buck employed only a few male printers, for the firm was addicted to paying as little as possible for composition, and Typographical Union No. 6 had not yet admitted women to membership, and the best printers to be had at less than scale rates were girls. Twenty or thirty of them were perched on high stools around the composing-room, not an unpleasant sight, for many were pretty and all of them were by far more intelligent than most New York working-women. There were a few pallid faces to which the yellow gaslight gave an uncanny look, a few racking coughs were to be heard and a few frivolous giggles, but, all told, this hard-faced little foreman was proud of the appearance and character of his co-workers. True, he looked on them as so many machines, to be valued entirely by the work they did and its cost. Some of them had worked under his direction for years but it would never have occurred to the man to assist such were they to become destitute, or to even inquire after their health were they tossing on beds of sickness away down in the darkness that precedes the dawn of that day when all men, as equals, He would recognize his helpers on the street and commend them for good work as freely as he would condemn carelessness or ignorance, but it was all a matter of business with Foreman Sutton. Praise and censure he considered essentials to work-



ing the human machine and in making it part of his employer's business, a left larger piece of mechanism.

Slug Ten was one of his best compositors, the foreman was ready to admit, and for a long time she had been a model employe, but for a month or so, in fact since the beginning of the present rush of business, Mr. Sutton reflected that the compositor in question had been particularly aggravating in her conduct, and press of business had necessitated work from 8 in the morning until 6 in the evening, then from 8 p. m. until mid-night—terrible hours but not to last long, and of course they were all paid "by the thousand" for composition. With the exception of Slug Ten, he had been able to hold his force to the same rigid observance of the new hours of labor that he had enforced in less busy intervals. Slug Ten had been late almost every morning, and had not yet been at the office in the evening when "time" was called, hurriedly coming in an hour or so later with the excuse that the serious illness of her mother had detained her. Discipline must be enforced, Sutton reflected, as the girl walked briskly to his desk on the evening of which I have been writing.

Slug Ten doubtless had another name, but she had not heard it for months, and it was doubtful if any one at McGinnis & Buck's, with the exception of the foreman, knew the patronymic by which she was known to the outer world. The foreman's eyes and face hardened as she approached.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Sutton," the girl began, "but my mother's condition was such that I could not help being late again I ran all the way from my car and did everything I could to keep from being so very late, but I could not help it, I—"

"The same excuse twice a day, you know, Miss —, ah— Slug Ten. We must have discipline here and if I am to take this excuse from you I must do the same with everybody else."

The compositor tried to say something more, but the foreman, distrusting his ability to hear her in patience, hastily arose and went to another part of the room. The girl found a place for her coat and hat in the cupboard used for that purpose and quietly went to her case.

In a little village in the country Slug Ten had a lover once who had told her that her eyes would always make people think her pretty, they were so deeply gray, large and expressive. He told her, too, that she was so earnest and straight-forward in manner that friend or lover could never be false or seek to deceive her. But, alas, those days were all over and the girl thought little of her personal appearance or of aught but a livelihood for herself and invalid mother. The lover of that dear old home in the country must have been mistaken, she sometimes sadly thought, for from the time her father came to the great city only to leave her the sole support of her mother, not one message had been received from the one sweetheart of her childhood. She felt that she was a woman now, and wondered sometimes as she looked at her plain face in the glass, if the lover of old would recognize her now. Had he forgotten her entirely? was he dead, married or wooing? Nobody at the old home knew, for he had left that neighborhood an obscurity which he has remained a mystery.

Slug Ten never felt bitterly towards him, somehow. Their courtship had been so informal and protracted that she could not recollect even that any promises had been made between them but there had been some sort of understanding that they were to be married some time, she was sure, an agreement that might have originated in childhood, for the two had known each other almost from the cradle. This was her romance, no doubt, but Slug Ten had not shed bitter tears nor wasted away with the pining that story-tellers are fond of attributing to love-sick girls. She was a working girl, and had earned more than a livelihood for herself from her earliest recollections. Perhaps that was why she had not wasted nights and days in sad and fruitless repining. She had worked a little harder no doubt, had occasional reminiscent moods that were tinged with sadness, and had felt none of the inclinations common to young people to affiliate closely with those of her kind. But she did not intend to die because a boy-lover had forgotten all the pretty things he had said to her and did not care enough about her to seek her out when poverty and trials came.

Yes, our heroine had learned something about hard times. Her mother had been an invalid for years and Slug Ten had managed one way and another so that in their little flat up in Harlem the dear one had missed few of the comforts to which she had been accustomed in better days. Had it not been for the mother's extremely delicate health Slug Ten would have insisted on an immediate return to the New England village from which they came, but most of the time the invalid was confined to her room and the doctors said moving was not to be thought of.

Perhaps it was their utter loneliness that drew the two together in closer relations even than those that usually unite mother and child. As disease fed itself on the parents frail frame the girl's great longing to be with the mother more bore heavily upon her. The necessity of work lacerated her young spirit and she knew that the brave words of encouragement from her mother hid deep regrets that they were so much separated. Mary, the nurse, housemaid and woman-of-all-work generally of their little establishment was envied by her girl mistress the pleasure of being so near the loved one, and Slug Ten scarcely allowed herself sleep and food when at home, so anxious was she to do all that it her power lay to lighten the hours of gloom that she was sure her mother experienced.

Alone, all alone in the great city, in a world of strife—one weak woman fighting for bread against an army of traditions, of adverse circumstances, of human caprices and all her kind. Sadness rested on Slug Ten's young spirit like a pall as she trudged through the silent Harlem streets from her car that night. She was accustomed to the leers of men like those she had several times passed on these deserted streets, accustomed to the impudent ogling of dudes and drunken loafers in the late cars, accustomed to the stares of fat, heavy-cheeked policemen, for she was a working-girl and not entitled to the respect and courtesy of the world as its canons are practiced, she sometimes thought. No, it was not these things that saddened her, but an awful sense of loneliness and weakness Long hours of work had no doubt depressed her, and that her place at McGinnis & Buck's was insecure, she felt convinced of. The expenses of the little household had permitted of very little saving, and were she to lose the place, Slug Ten was afraid privation would follow. And Thanksgiving was coming, too, she reflected, an event the family had always celebrated in its true spirit. What would she, a poor working-girl, be thankful for this year were she to lose her place? What could her mother, a helpless invalid, be thankful for?

"If Slug Ten is late tonight give the new man that frame," Sutton said to his assistant as he left the office the next evening. "When the girl comes tell her we will not want her any more."

Slug Ten was late again that night, only a few minutes, to be sure, but late. Neither foreman or assistant were visible as she neared the composing-room, and in hope that her tardiness had not been observed the compositor hu ried to her place to find a stalwart young man at work there.

Slug Ten was not an emotional sort of girl but she clutched nervously at the case for support when she saw her successor, and her face must have been very white.

"What," she exclaimed, scarcely above a whisper, "you here?"

The man was startled, too, and dropping his stick upon the case, stood with intense surprise pictured upon his face, gazing upon the young woman.

"You—you—is it possible I have found you at last?"

A great deal of hurried talk followed that will never pass into recorded history. Slug Ten's boy lover had secured the place from which she had been discharged, and by the irony of fate was at work at the very case she had so long held.

"Don't worry, little woman," the strapping young fellow said to her with a smile so happy that Slug Ten's heart bounded in sympathy with it. About six I will come to your house tomorrow, and 'I am sure that you will agree that everything has been for the best. Your mother will think so too, and oh," bending over her with face and eyes so shinze that Slug Ten flushed and paled in rapid succession under the pressure of her emotions, "I have so much to say to you, so much to say to you!"

The boy lover came, a new Slug Ten, and many explanations followed. The sad-faced invalid on the couch in the sitting-room heard them all, too, and smiled her approval, but before "time" was called in the composing-room of McGinnis & Buck there could be no question in our heroine's mind about her being an affianced wife. "Two Slug Tens," she said with a blush, as her lover left her at the door, "how queer it seems."

It had all been arranged that the new Slug Ten was to make his home with them forthwith. "Why," he had said, "I would sooner board with you and have an attic for a room than to stay where I am, and I pay $10 there every week as a penalty for living. That would help you along, I am sure, till mother is well enough so you can get to work again."

Thanksgiving day was duly observed in that Harlem home, and a happy, happy day it was. There the two Slug Tens were together for months and months. Then death came and carried away the little mother whom neither of them can ever forget, and the ties of familiarity were, for the time, broken. But this Thanksgiving day, if all is well, the two Slug Tens will be one and all the "takes" that may come in life will be divided between them to be placed and proved on the same galley.

ABY'S story ended and the lips of the editor and his wife framed similar remarks simultaneously, for both called attention to the coincidence that each writer had arranged to have hero and heroine married on the approaching Thanksgiving day how so near and for which they were preparing.

"Although I do not want to be critical, my dear," the editor said to Mary, "it seems to me your story could be improved by introducing the real name of Slug Ten and letting the name of her lover crop out too."

Mary blushed and looked at Charley.

"Some improvement, might be made in my story on the prosaic name of Jones as well," the reporter said. "But, dear friends, the time has now come for a confession. The facts are that the Mr. Jones of my story is your humble servant, Charles Tecumseh Johnson, at your service, and the incidents related are true. With the new year I begin the publication of the "Arizona Advance," and if a quiet wedding will not disarrange the affairs of this household too much, the 'Mr. Jones' of my story and 'Slug Ten,' of Mary's, for this little woman was its real heroine," with a glance at Mary's blushing face, "nothing could please us more than to be united here in our own old village home with two of the best friends either of us have ever had as witnesses to the marriage ceremony."

Dolly's face was a study. After all her fine plans to bring these two together judge of her astonishment to learn that everything had long before been arranged as she had wished it and without consulting her. She professed great displeasure for a while, but that was all explained away and the little woman cried with pleasure over the arrangement.

The turn affairs had taken was so exciting that the young people almost forgot that they had not heard Editor Holmes' story, but when they called his attention to the omission, Mr. Holmes said he wanted time to revise his plans.

"You rascals," he said, "I will simply add the missing links of explanation and the introduction necessary to tell your own story and the whole will be printed on the day that you first eat one of my Dolly's best dinners as man and wife. My trick will make Dolly and I square with you for keeping us in the dark so long, and I have the advantage in another way, for although a reporter and printer have the most to say I will make the title of the whole 'The Editor's Story,' and say that it was hastily written for our Thanksgiving issue, so as to let myself down easily when criticism is heaped on my share of it."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

In the Sunday school:

Teacher—What is the wages of sin?

Johnnie—Workin' on Sunday, mem.

"Mamma," said little Willie, inspecting a porous plaster, "are them holes where the pain comes through?"—Drake's Magazine.

Sunday School Teacher—What is Jacob sometimes called?" (meaning Israel).

Little Boy—He is sometimes called Jake.

Mrs. Ransom—So your little brother is sick, eh?

Herbert—Yep.

Mrs. Ransom—What's the matter with him?

Herbert—He's got chicken coop.—Judge.

Little Willie, who is still in dresses, went to Washington with his mamma. On his return all were anxious to hear what his first impression of the city was. To the query of "Willie, what did you see?" with a very wise look and important air, he answered, emphatically: "Pants!"

Two little boys were at the circus, looking at the elephant.

After the elder boy had given the animal several peanuts, the little fellow cried out:

"Oh, pa, can't I give the other tail some peanuts, too?"—Epoch.

Minister—I hope you are a good little boy, Robby, and always mind your father?

Robby—Yes, sir, I always do what he tells me to when he begins to call me Robert.—New York Sun.

Another small boy of three, who is decidedly irreverent, on praying, "God bless papa," added, "and make him a good boy; if you can't, just warm him up."—Babyhood.

Our little boy, six years old, was sent to school last week for the first time, and on his return home asked his papa: "Who taught the first man his letters?"—Boston Globe.

The Melancholy Man.

Black—Who is that man over there? He is one of the most melancholy looking beings I ever saw.

White—He is melancholy. Always in the blues.

B.—Do you know him personally?

W.—Oh, yes, I know him very well. His name is Jones. He's an author.

B.—An author? What has he written?

W.—A book; entitled, "How to Be Happy" —Boston Courier.

Wife (tenderly)—Do you love me as much as ever, Dear?

Husband (affectionately)—Of course I do. Have I not always proved myself so?

W. (carelessly)—If I were to die would you marry again, darling?

H. (emphatically)—Oh! what's the use of asking such foolish questions? Wait till you're dead first.—Boston Courier.

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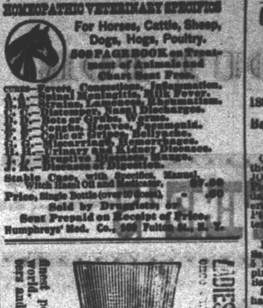
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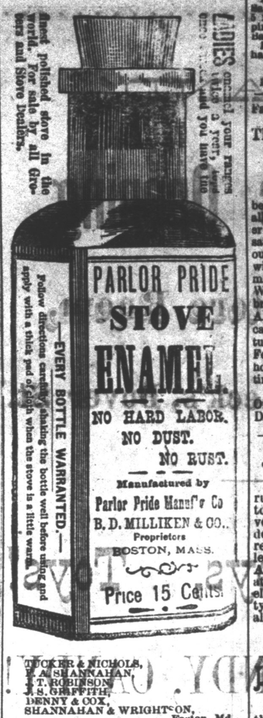
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