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BELVA ANN LOCKWOOD has begun to take up campaign collections. She has learned that in running for office the candidate needs a check-rain.

A PARISIAN Duchess has bettered Sarah Bernhard's tiger cub by adopting a real panther as a pet. She keeps it in a long cage, and gives it sun and air on the veranda, where she feeds it herself, stroking it through the bars of the cage as she does so.

A NEW YORK man missed $45, including his luck-penny, and told his room-mate, who offered to take care of him while he had a cent left. The room-mate, in the generosity of his heart, bought the drinks, and, when he pulled out a handful of change, lo, the luck-penny! He went to jail.

UPON land of Tyron Reynolds, in Lancaster County, Pa., stands a black heart cherry tree planted in 1816, and now bearing fruit for the sixty-eighth time, which has, on a big fork eight feet above the ground, a healthy cedar five feet high and three inches across that has grown there for the last twenty-five years.

A YOUNG woman on her way home from church in Mentone, Ind., the other night, was caught in a thunder shower and struck by lightning. It is reported that, though terribly frightened, she managed to reach home. On examination she found that the fluid had bent two of the hairpins on her head and actually melted one, but the skin was not abraded and she was not injured a particle.

PHILADELPHIA brewers say their business has increased 20 per cent. since the high-license law that abolished nearly four-fifths of the saloons went into effect. They explain that the great increase is due to the demand for bottled beer. There is also a great increase of the sale in large quantities, saying nothing of a demand that is made for small kegs of lager, called sechtels, and holding one-sixth of a barrel. One feature of the license law provides that the license shall expire with the death of the owner.

ONE night John R. McLean, editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, was seated at his desk up to his eyes in business, when a bumptious young reporter strolled in from the city editor's room, and seating himself familiarly near the editor-in-chief, inquired in an off-hand way: "Well, Mac, how does the news pan out to-night?" Not in the least disconcerted by the extraordinary conduct of his subordinate, who, by the way, was a newcomer on the paper, and hardly known to him, Mr. McLean responded in an apparently pleasant way: "Don't call me 'Mac,' it seems too stiff; call me Johnnie."

PEARLS have been discovered, it is just announced, in several of the Irish rivers, and a gentleman who is Chairman of the Omagh Town Commissioners has arrived in London within the past day or two, bringing with him a packet of the gems which have been found in fresh-water mussels of County Tyrone. Some of these pearls are said to be of fair size, measuring over a quarter of an inch in diameter, while others range downward to the size of a small gun-shot. They are asserted, moreover, to be of fine quality, and to abound in the stretches of water where the pearl-bearing mussels have now been discovered.

MRS. ERNESTINE L. ROSS, who was one of the first to advocate the cause of women's rights, is still an interesting figure in the American colony of London. She lived in Michigan, and as early as 1836 addressed the State Legislature in person on the subject of women's enfranchisement. As long as she remained in this country she was foremost in the movement, and even now, when too feeble to move from her home, sends letters of encouragement across the water to the women who are in the van here.

THE Dominion of Canada, in order to stimulate the development of its iron deposits, offers a bounty of $1 per ton on all pig made in Canada. In the coming session of the Dominion Parliament, an effort will be made by the companies owning Canadian copper deposits to secure similar legislation for the encouragement of copper smelting in Canada. It is intended to ask for a bounty on every ton of copper matte produced assaying fifty per cent. copper or less, an increased bounty for higher grade mattes, and still more for bar copper, with a subsidy per mile for any railway built to connect copper mines with smelters or tide water.

AT the National Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies, at Chicago, the Connecticut delegation presented to Illinois a magnificent floral standard, which, when its full significance was understood by the convention, was received with the heartiest cheers and applause. The upper portion of the standard is a disk of white flowers about two feet in diameter. A wreath of green surrounds the words, "One Cent," picked out in red. Beneath this representative of the smallest American coin is a cross-bar inscribed "Connecticut to Illinois." At the Saratoga Convention a year ago subscriptions were called for to carry on the work of the united societies, Connecticut pledged herself to furnish $300 for the work. Illinois "went her one better" by subscribing $300.01. The one cent was plated with gold and sent forward to the treasury. Now, Connecticut was not to be outdone by Illinois, and returned the cent.

POPE LEO is said to be at a loss how to dispose of 100,000 bottles of wine and 30,000 pairs of slippers which he received as jubilee offerings.

ACCORDING to statistics compiled from the records of the Internal Revenue Department, more than 2,000,000,000 cigarettes were sold in the United States during the year 1887. If the remainder of the present year fulfils the promise of the first six months, the record of the year 1888 will exceed that of the previous twelvemonth.

A WATCH dial now being made at the Waltham Works has, it is said, instead of the twelve Roman numerals on the dial, twelve small silhouette figures. One o'clock is represented by a young woman with a babe in her arms. At two o'clock the child is larger, at three it is in short clothes, and so goes on until at eight o'clock the babe is a schoolboy and the woman disappears. At nine he wears a college gown and mortar board, and at ten he is parting from the woman at her deathbed. At eleven he is a middle-aged man, and at twelve he is old and decrepit.

APROPOS to the recent commutation of Chiara Cignarale's sentence, the New York *Sun* publishes an interview with Roscoe Conkling at the time the verdict was rendered many months ago. In the course of this interview, which, in accordance with Mr. Conkling's wishes, has been suppressed lest "it might have some influence in deciding Cignarale's fate," the eminent jurist said: "At no time should a woman's life be legally put in danger. Our civilization is surely too far advanced to permit the killing of a woman by process of law. It is bad enough, God knows, to hang a man. A woman's life life should never be taken, even though she has been found guilty of the awful crime of murder. The hastening to eternal judgment of a woman's soul by order of a civilized judge, in a civilized court of a civilized country, is a blot upon the manhood of this nation."

HENRY GEORGE'S single tax idea has many supporters in Washington. It is said that about thirty Congressmen believe in it and would be willing to make an experiment. As the power of Congress over the District of Columbia is absolute, Washington would be a good field in which to put the theory to a practical test. This notion has taken hold, and petitions are in circulation for signatures among business men of the District, to be presented to Congress, praying that all taxes be abolished on personal property and improvements here and that a single tax be levied on ground values. The names of the foremost business men in the District are being secured in numbers.

A VERY original election bet has been made between two well-known business men of New York. One is a wealthy contractor, the other is a prominent banker and a member of the Stock Exchange. In case of Cleveland's election the banker is to wear a straw hat with red bandana band during the entire months of December and January. He is to have the privilege of purchasing a new hat as often as he sees fit, but he is to wear the hat during the transaction of his usual business. In the event of Harrison's election the contractor, who is a Democrat and a member of Tammany Hall, is to occupy one of the bathing houses on the beach in front of Leland's Hotel during the months of February and March. He may furnish it with a folding cot, one chair, two kerosene lamps, a cooking-stove, and is to cook his own meals. He can spend two hours each day at any place he chooses in Long Branch, but is not to go to New York, except in case of his own sickness or that of some member of his family, which must be certified to by a physician. He can have the daily papers and one novel each week. One thousand dollars is to be forfeited if either person refuses to live up to the conditions of his bet, and the money has already been deposited.

IT is estimated at the Postoffice Department that the deficiency in the revenues of the postal service for the last fiscal year will be about $4,000,000. Last year the deficiency was something over $5,500,000. Owing to the cheap rates of postage, especially for newspapers, the bulk of mail matter has increased at such a rate that the cost of the service has grown immensely. The force of employes, especially in the large offices, is taxed to handle the quantity of matter that daily comes pouring in. In some instances the newspapers are not sent to the postoffice at all, but are weighed and stamped at the office of publication by some one authorized to do the work, and the bags are sent directly to the railroad depots. If this were not done it is stated that some of the large postoffices would be overwhelmed, and that it would be impossible to handle all the matter with any dispatch or accuracy. It is thought by the postoffice officials that the statistics for the year just ended will show a large increase in the number of letters mailed. At present England is the greatest letter-writing nation in the world. The annual ratio of increase in this class of mail matter in this country is much greater in this country than in England, and, if the present rate continues, in a few years the United States will stand at the head as writing more letters per capita than any other nation. The bulk of mail matter, or the number of pieces handled by the United States postal service, is now greater than any other country, but this is mainly due to the extensive circulation of the newspapers.

THE DEPOSED PRIEST.

BY CHAS C. HAHN.

"At close of day I wandered to this church,
Whose crosses high tower upward toward the sky.
Within is silent peace. On each side hang
The prints which show to faithful ones the marks
Of Jesus' feet to Calvary. And here
And there, beside a dusky column, stands
An image which, upon the walls or o'er
The pews, its deeper shadow casts. So dark
Is it that angels in the stained glass
Have disappeared beneath the great world's night.
'Tis evening darkness, when one loves to pray,
And, far above, the long ribbed arches bind
The holy stillness in. Away beyond,
The same still darkness holds the chancel deep.
A lonely place! And yet the red light clear
Which hangs, star-like, beneath the altar arch,
Gives tokens of the Presence with which none
Can lonely be.

"And I, a priest, yet not
A priest, 'neath cover of the dusk slip in
To gaze upon that gentle light and kneel
Before that altar at which, years ago,
I stood with unbound priestly powers—God's priest,
To elevate the Body of my Lord
For men to kneel and venerate.

"The power
Is with me still, for I, deposed, am still
A priest. But use it—that I may not now.
And so, when all the church is dim at eve,
I slip in at the open door to kneel
Where once I stood!

"The darkness deepens. None
Will see me now. The dust upon the floor
Is fitting token of my humbleness.
The priest before his God! The priest deposed!
Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison—will
He hear? O, Jesus! loose these bands which bind,
And grant that once before I die, some act
As priest I be allowed to do. For price,
In Thy sight, know I that I am, tho' man
And church have said their ban upon me.

"Hark!
What sound is that? Another supplicant?
The door was opened while I prayed, and one—
A poor, decrepit beggar—has come in
To kneel.

"He falls beside me, and he says: 'Father,
The priest is gone, and I am near to death.
O shrive me of my sin!'

I hasten to
The sacristy. The priest is truly gone.
I hasten back. The man will soon be dead,
I see. And is his soul all stained with sin,
Unfit to meet its God?

Is not mine own?
I must not think of that! Is he prepared
To meet his Judge? That only must I ask.
None else is near. Shall this soul pass away
Without the peace which only Holy Church
Can give? My duty I must do.

"Here rest thy head upon my arm and tell
Thy grief, O lonely man, for I am poor
And lonely, too. Yet I can help thee. Tell
Me all that burdens thy poor heart, and I
Will help thee.

"Prone upon the dusty floor,
Beneath the clear red light, he lay, and told
His tale of sin and sorrow, and when done
I rose and gave him absolution, and
He died.

What was my prayer? To die a priest!
I am a priest, and God has given me what
I sought. *'Christe eleison, eleison Christ.'*"

"When morning came two corpses lay within
The chancel gate. The one, the beggar, and
Beside him lay the priest—a priest deposed:
But God had heard his prayer.

CLASS NUMBER SIX.

BY LETITIA BROWN.

It was a lonely and rather a dreary life that Mildred lived, day by day, in the small New England city which was her home. Lonely, because she was an orphan without near relatives, and with few friends, so few that she could count them on the fingers of one hand. Dreary, because, teaching forty ragged and unwashed children in the public school of a poor district was not an ideal way of earning one's daily bread.

Mildred was twenty-two and pretty. That is, she was pretty when her cheeks were not too thin and colorless, and her eyes dull from overwork.

She had been, one year before, the petted, only child of loving parents. The father, James Manson, was the book-keeper in a large dry-goods firm, and had provided for his wife and daughter all of the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. This mutually loving and contented little family of three were the possessors of a cosy home, where no thought of care entered until, one darkly memorable day, Mr. Manson came home, and, with despair in his face, told of the utter ruin of Locke Bros., his employers.

Through two long and weary months this honest and capable man sought, in vain, for another situation. Times were hard. Many applicants stood ready for every place, and nothing could be found to do.

The rest of the oft-repeated story is soon told. A chill, taken while tramping about in a March storm, turned to pneumonia and ended in death. The mother, always delicate, in two months followed her husband in his journey to the unknown land, and Mildred, with the weapons of two hundred dollars, good health, and a modest education, was left to fight alone and single-handed the battle of life.

During the first few weeks of helpless grief Mildred prayed only for death. Then the stern necessity of doing something to satisfy the wants of the body deadened the needs of the soul.

A cheap but most respectable boarding-place was found, in the poorer part of the city, and Mildred, with the few small treasures remaining to her, began her new life in Mrs. Raster's third story back room.

After numerous unavailing attempts to obtain employment, Miss Manson found her name in the list of those who had successfully competed for a position as teacher in the public schools. A primary class in the big "South School" was assigned to her, and the dull, unvarying round of tedious tasks succeeded each other through many weeks.

When the first vacation, at Christmastide, broke the monotony of correcting sums in addition and writing long lists of one-syllabled words, the black-robed teacher of "Class No. Six" was almost bewildered by her enforced idleness. What should she do? Christmas no longer meant joy to her. A flood of heart-rending memories were awakened by this season of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

Her friends of former days had not been cold, only forgetful. She had been too busy to keep up old habits of friendship, and her new home was so far away as to be quite out of the question for informal calls from her girlish companions. It is so easy to be forgotten when one drops out of the beaten track of accustomed duties and pleasures.

Once in a while some venturesome soul would climb the long hilly street leading to Mrs. Raster's boarding-house; but even these occasional visits were getting infrequent enough to be chronicled as events, and Mildred's fellow boarders, with the teachers in the South School, were now almost her only acquaintances.

"No one to make Christmas presents to, and no one to receive them from."

Christmas eve! And in the chilly back room a pathetic figure leaned against the window pane, looking with tired, strained eyes out into the wintry twilight. A desolate view of back yards heaped with snow-banks, and of one or two feebly lighted windows met the watcher's gaze.

Suddenly a window in the nearest house was thrown open, and in the lighted space appeared a small head.

"Dicky, Dicky, where is oo? Oo tum straight in! Oo're a bad, bad pussy. Please tum in, Dicky."

The child's shrill voice was audible to the solitary watcher in Mrs. Raster's back room, and a quick look of interest came over Mildred's face. The picture framed by the window was homelike and comfortable. A bright, warm-looking room was its background, as the baby, with tumbled yellow hair, leaned out into the night to call with eager tones for his playmate.

The lonely watcher thought: "Oh, dear, why doesn't the baby's mother come? He will certainly fall out. If he only wouldn't lean out so far!"

Just as her excitement was getting intense, and she had raised the sash to speak to the child, a door in line with the window was quickly opened and a tall man hastened forward, and in a moment had the child in his arms, saying as he closed the window:

"How could papa's Charlie be so naughty? I'm afraid Santa Claus won't come to-night. Hasn't papa told you never to open the window?"

This was all. The sash was lowered and the shade pulled down, shutting from the watcher's view the picture of a tall dark man clasping in his arms with loving care a golden-headed child. What would not the lonely girl have given to clasp that babyish figure in her arms?

Presently she heard a soft, scratching noise. There on her window-sill was a large gray cat, with a collar and a blue ribbon, having evidently climbed to the window from a neighboring shed. In a moment Mildred had drawn the cat within and had read "Dick" scratched on the collar.

"This must be Charlie's playfellow," was Mildred's instant thought. With a little pink spot of excitement on either cheek, a shawl was hastily put on, and the girl, with Dick in her arms, ran down Mrs. Raster's two flights of steep stairs, and around the corner to the house where "Charlie" lived.

"If Charlie's mother will only let me give him Dick, myself," she was thinking, as she rang the bell of the third-floor tenant.

The door was opened by the tall man of the window tableau. A little confused, Mildred explained that she had heard the little fellow calling for his cat, and then related how she had found "Puss" on her window-sill, and had hastened to restore him to his little owner.

The tall man, in rather shabby clothes, courteously thanked the visitor, and asked her if it would be too much trouble to step in and let Charlie thank her in person. Mildred, slightly embarrassed, but very grateful for the fulfillment of her wish, preceded the tall man up-stairs, and was ushered into a neat and bright living-room, the one she had seen from her window.

"You will forgive Charlie and me for receiving you in the kitchen; I'm preparing a little Christmas surprise for my son, and the other room is the scene of the tranformation," said the tall man, as he opened the door.

Charlie, wrapped in a pinafore, was seated in a high chair at the table eating bread and milk, and said, as Dicky made a dignified descent from Mildred's arms: "O, oo, bad, naughty pussy! I dess oo tan't have any supper," presenting his milky mouth to be kissed. "T'se much obliged, lady, 'tes you bringed him home. Where'd oo find him?"

Mildred again told the story of the discovery of Dick, and in so sweet and bright a way that the tall man said:

"We must lose Dick again if Charlie and I can persuade you to bring him back to us. Would you wait a few minutes and join us in our celebration? Two are such a small Christmas party." This was said in a slightly pleading voice, and its owner went on pleadingly: "I'll not be long lighting up, Charlie, entertain the lady while I'm gone."

Charlie did entertain the lady, and on coming back shortly, the tall man found his son snugly ensconced on the lady's lap, and prattling as fast as his baby tongue could go.

Mildred had discovered that there was no mother, for Charles' chatter was all of what "papa" did for him; of how "papa" went away early in the morning; and how he, Charlie, stayed down stairs with Mrs. Berry, or played in the yard till his papa came home; and of what good times he had after supper when "papa" told stories and cut things out of wood; and then of what a lovely day Sunday was when the two went for a walk.

The disjointed baby talk had become very confidential when the tall man announced that the "party" was ready, and what Charlie called "the most boofullest Kismuss tree" stood revealed in the other room.

In reality the tree was a scrawny little evergreen, sparsely decorated; but the few toys and glittering tinsels were arranged with careful tact, and sufficed to fill Charlie's heart with delight. He insisted on dividing his small stock of candies with the kind lady who had brought back his "Dicky," and at each new treasure discovered he rapturously hugged his papa.

Mildred reluctantly announced her departure. She felt how dreary it would be in her cheerless room after the brief brightness of this home scene. But a sense of propriety allowed no excuse for further lingering. Charlie was bidden to be a good boy while papa should go around the corner with Miss——"

"Manson," was the low reply to the involuntary question.

"Charlie and I haven't much of a name," said the tall man. "It's Kent. And the list of our friends is about as short as our name. Are you going to let us add you to their number, Miss Manson? I feel sure we shall be good friends."

Mildred's blush was delicious, as she said, "I, too, am rather a solitary and friendless individual, and if you and Charlie want me for a friend, I can't tell you how glad I am."

While going around the corner, Mr. Kent learned enough of Mildred's history to guess at the rest. She begged that he would let her have Charlie for a little time on Christmas Day, and Mr. Kent promised to take him to her the next morning.

The boarders at Mrs. Raster's wondered that night what good news had come to the sad-faced Miss Manson. At supper she talked more than ever before, and she seemed to have lost the dull, tired look from her eyes.

Later, Mrs. Raster asked her to go out and have a look at the shops, and, to that worthy lady's surprise, Mildred eagerly accepted. She had decided to buy a Christmas present for Charlie. Life once more offered the pleasure of doing something for one she loved. The winsome touch of Charlie's babyish fingers had already twined itself about her heart.

In the morning she waited impatiently for him to come. When he appeared, in one small mittened hand was a Christmas rose, and in the other a note. Charlie, the rose, and the note being safely landed in her room, Mildred was happy enough to cry. The note said:

MY DEAR MISS MANSON: Charlie brings you the rose as a thank-offering for the safe return of Dick. A long time since I promised my boy a sleigh-ride on Christmas Day. The weather being fine, I am going to fulfill my promise this afternoon. Would you think me impertinent if we should ask you to join us? Charlie would be made happy by your acceptance, and we both should be grateful to you for going.

Earnestly hoping for a favorable answer, I am, with respect, yours truly,

RICHARD KENT.

Charlie, when he went home to dinner, enthusiastic over the pretty lady and the nice things she could do, had in his hands a "favorable answer."

At the end of the Christmas holidays



Mildred dared not think how attractive a dark grave face could become when brightened by a smile. She told herself, meanwhile looking critically in her mirror, that Charlie's father was kind, indeed most kind, but that the kindness meant only gratitude to her for her love to his motherless little one. As for Charlie, he had grown very fond of his new friend during the many walks they had taken together.

Day by day Mildred indulged her fancy a little in these innocent musings, sometimes ending them with a happy glow upon her face, and forthwith beginning a vigorous brushing of her soft brown hair, and again turning her thoughts as vigorously back to some subject connected with the routine of her school duties.

One evening she brushed and mused longer than usual, and then made her toilet with more than usual dainty feminine care, and finished by adjusting a freshly made little black and white bonnet, the making of which out of almost nothing, had occupied her during several happy hours, at intervals, of the little leisure that she had from her school work.

She was going that night to the theater with Mr. Kent. He had told her that he had not been to a play for seven years, and then had begged her to go with him to see "Hazel Kirke." She had demurred at first, but finally accepted.

It was a picture fair to look upon that came slowly down Mrs. Raster's green carpeted stairs, and met Richard Kent in the dingy hall. Not a gorgeous figure; only a slight, girlish form, in a neatly fitted black dress, and a lovely, glowing face crowned by a pretty bonnet.

"Enough to make any man's pulses quicken," said the man waiting for the picture, to himself. And perhaps some of his heart's excitement got into his eyes, for those of the fair girl dropped quickly on meeting them, and she listened very quietly to what was said on the way to the play.

On reaching the well-lighted theater, Mildred noticed with a tiny glow of triumph that in his best clothes and with a fashionable tie and collar, Richard Kent, the foreman of a machine shop, looked as much like a gentleman as any man in the audience.

Mildred was excited by the play. But although Mr. Kent seemed greatly moved, it could not have been wholly by what was acted on the stage, for his eyes were constantly turned toward Mildred. Once his earnest look so frightened her that she forgot the play for a time.

On leaving the theater he put Mildred's hand through his arm with such an air of proprietorship, that she again felt a little nervous and timid, yet glad to have such a sturdy, strong arm to lean upon. There was to be a change in her life soon, and yet she was unconscious of it.

As soon as they were out of the crowd and in a quiet street he placed his disengaged hand over the trembling little fingers on his arm, and made a bold venture in his own brusque way:

"Mildred, I love you, and have loved you since the night you came like an angel to my door. I have tried to hide it, dear, but cannot. It's mightier than I am. I know, dear love, that I haven't much to offer you, and I'm fearfully afraid you think me too poor and too old, yet I am only thirty-one. But, darling, if you just want love, I've got enough to give you. Won't you let Charlie and me make you happy? You would make a small heaven on earth for us. Precious little girl, won't you say something to me?"

Bending low to look in the downcast face, he added in a hearse whisper "Oh! it *can't* be I've lost everything in telling you."

The reply came in a very low voice "I'm afraid,"—here there was a great trembling of the arm on which she leaned—"I'm afraid I do love you."

Mrs. Raster's porch had been reached by this time, and in its friendly shadows Mildred suddenly found herself folded tight within two strong arms, while hot kisses rained upon her bright sweet face.

"Tell your pupils, to-morrow," said her lover, "that you are going to be married next week." He went on, in answer to a slight gasp from the trembling, rosy lips: "No, I won't hear of any objection. I'll be around to-morrow morning, and we'll go to walk together, and get it all planned. How can you object, dearest, when you know Charlie wants you. Of course my wanting you isn't of any account. You must be thinking dear, of what you will require done to our home. Charlie and I mean to be as happy as kings the rest of our lives. You are coming to be our good angel, my love."

In the morning Charlie, resplendent in his Sunday clothes, and with excitement and joy beaming all over his small countenance, appeared at Mildred's door. His congratulations were expressed in this manner:

"Oo's my new mamma, and please tum home des as twick's oo tan, 'tos I love oo orfuller."

Mildred, the orphan teacher, no longer sits, dreary and alone, in Mrs. Raster's third-story back room. But over, within the lighted window, where on Christmas Eve she saw a home picture, her form flits about, followed by loving eyes. And Dick, the cat, is a privileged member of the Kent family.

The Publisher's Generosity.

A well-known local author came out of the office of a publishing firm looking black as thunder.

"What's the trouble, old man?" asked a friend. "You look as if your mother-in-law had just arrived for a six months' visit."

"Trouble!" echoed the gloomy author. "Why, what do you think? Here I've worked night and day for three months on a 300-page story—a good, lively yarn, with an interesting plot and innumerable exciting incidents—just such a story as the depraved tastes of the times demand and get. I took it to that wretch in there (pointing scornfully toward the publisher's office); he read the manuscript, pronounced it excellent and timely, and asked what I'd sell it for. I am a little hard up for ready cash, so I thought I would be easy with the fellow and replied $300.

"'How much?' he screamed.

"'Three hundred dollars,' I repeated.

"'My dear sir,' responded the heartless scoundrel, 'you have extravagant ideas as to the value of literary work. Why, that is a preposterous figure. You must step down a little before I deal with you.'

"'Well, make me an offer,' I said, desperately, 'and be as liberal as you can.'

"'I'll give you $75 for the story,' he said, coolly drawing his checkbook toward him.

"'Seventy-five dollars,' I cried in amazement.

"'Yes, that's very liberal these times.'

"'Of course you will allow a royalty as well.'

"'Nary a royalty,' said the publisher. 'Seventy-five is for an out-and-out sale.'

"'I grabbed the manuscript indignantly, and asked him how he could expect American literature to thrive under such beggarly rates.

"'My dear sir,' he said blandly, 'I am not the conservator or promoter of American literature. I print and publish books to make a living. You turn up your nose at $75. Why, I can get the plates of works by popular English authors all ready for the press for $150, and those books command a ready sale at cheap prices. So you see I'm really dealing liberally with you. Come, you'd better take a check.'

"Of course you spurned the money."

"That's where you are wrong," answered the disconsolate scribbler of fiction. "I owed two months' board and wanted money. Besides I knew what he said about those foreign works is true—that publishers get the plates for a mere song and are callous to the claims of native authors. He's got the manuscript, and I'm going to acquire a Milesian accent, join the hod-carriers' union, and shoulder bricks and mortar for the rest of my natural life."—*Chicago Herald.*

Shad That Are Musical.

The singing shad has been seen and heard in lower Delaware Bay this spring, says the Baltimore *American*. It hasn't been seen in large quantities of course, for the appearance of this odd fish in these waters is a rare occurrence. But few of the singing shad have enchanted the fishermen since the season began. They come from the south, and only when the wind has died down and the water is quiet. They come in schools, emitting musical notes as they swim along. The sounds they make are soft and something like those of an æolian harp. It is hard to express, or rather to imitate, on paper, the melody they sing. It runs something like this:

Wee ho, he hi do do; wee ho, de di dum.

This sound cannot be made with any effect except when the shad travel in schools. The singing of a single shad is too feeble to be heard above the ripple of the water. This year has been the first probably for a decade that the singing shad has favored the fishermen of Delaware Bay. Captain Arnold, one of the oldest and most truthful of South Jersey fishermen, said the other day that he had heard the singing shad a number of times in his piscatorial career. "They are rare, of course, so far north as this. Even when they do come only old fishers are apt to hear and distinguish them. We know about them and are more or less on the lookout for their occasional arrival. They really belong off the coasts of Bolivia and Chili. There they are quite common. All sorts of fairy tales are narrated about them by South American fishermen. The singing shad also breed in Japanese waters. The fishermen of Japan are delighted when they strike a school of singing shad. They follow them up reverently, because they believe the fish are inspired. They throw them food and never catch or eat them."

The singing shad is different from the common-back or roe shad. It is not so large and there is a slight difference in the formation of the mouth. Only an expert fisherman can tell when he has caught one of the finny songsters. Old fishermen regard the musical shad as prizes and do not send them to market unless they are paid a very high price for them. It is estimated that they travel in schools of about five hundred. The singing is pleasing at first, but soon grows monotonous, owing to the fact that it is a constant repetition of the same few sounds. Whether many of these peculiar fish ever go on up the Delaware or move on to New York and mingle with the plain every-day Hudson River shad is not known. They lose their identity when they get in with other fish, and it is doubtful if they ever sing alone.

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Leave Piedmont	6 30 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 25 "	12 42 "
" Mt. Savage	7 55 "	1 07 "
" Barrelville	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C. and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 35 "
—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C. and P. Junction	9 30 "	3 50 "
" Barrelville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt. Savage	9 46 "	4 09 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 52 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 56 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 32 "

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