ONLY A NEWSCAPER MAN.

We are nobody, then, it is envious Only the slave of the pen ; The place which we designate "sanctum" Is the lair of a beast, or a dea. Our work any one could accomplish? Just try it. dear six, if you can; You'd find that in one thing you're lacking 'The the enup of the newspaper man

I have stood to the parvenu's parlors, Where wealth to the eye is unroll'd. Where mankind is put in the balance, And weighed by the standard of gold; The creatures of beauty and fashion, Whose life is a frivolous span, Drew aside, as if there were contagion

In the touch of a newspaper man ! And tholt, are my hands red with murder

Nay, enrely I must be a leper, All marked with the hideous stain But, no, there are more potent reasons For putting me under the ban . The sneer and the look say I'm only-

Only a newspaper man!

Do I morit the signet of Cain?

Is it wrong to use paper and scissors? Is it crime to get bread by the pen! Would intellect shine like a diamond. If newspapers never had been! The man who abscoods with a million. Is soon welcomed back from Japan While whose page sparkles with beauty Is only a newspaper man!

I'm proud of my rank and my st tion, As a monarch is proud of his throne; I've kindred a every nation. And brethren in every some The high, the rich and the haughty. (Deay it to-day if you can,)

At the feet of a newspaper man-I wonder some times in my sanctum, When slone with the work of the day If we have a right to the haven, Beautiful, bright, far away.

Will fawn, for the sake of a "notice,"

Will the angels who stand at the portals, To welcome, who ever they can, if Turn saide when they see us, and whisper, "He's only a newspaper man?"

GORDON.

She came on toward me, her trailing draperies falling round her with the soft grace she gave to all she touched Sunshine was on her beautiful hairevening sunshine, which turned the wreath of plaits she wore into a crown of burnished gold. She came floating on, through the flower and fruit gemmed orange trees, through the crimson and white camelia bloom; violets grew beneath her feet, and she seemed to me part of the glory and the fragrance of the sunset and the blossoms.

Below the terrace where I stood lay the sea, where blue faded to green, and green to opal, melting into one deep far-stretching mystery of purple and light and banks of golden cloud. Palaces and domes of stately spires shone white against the dark back-ground of distant mountains. Suddenly the music of many bells rung out on the still air. their chiming softened by distance into low, faint sweetness. They were the bells of the stately marble city that shone so fair across her gleaming bay. The first bell notes were taken up and echoed by the bells of chapels in villages you may find it a more difficult task." along the shore; of convents hidden e air was full of lingering prayerful sound. Through it, through the magical Italian twilight came the woman I loved. She came and stood beside me looking across the water to where Genoal's palaces glimmered against the sky; but I do not think she saw or thought of them. There was a dreamy look in her eyes, a cold, set weariness about her mouth, which is only seen in those whose thoughts have drifted far from where they stand.

"Are you tired of this place?" I at length ventured to ask her.

Not particularly," she answered "you know I never care where I am. The words sounded petulant; but said as she said them, they were only weary. I should have been glad if she had ever shown impatience; anything rather than the cold quiet which ever lay upon her beauty like a pall. At first, in my triumphant happiness at having won her promise to be my wife, this coldness had not chilled me—as it sometimes did now-to the heart. I so longed, so hungered for a word of love, for a tender look. All her stately beauty would soon be more, and it seemed still as far from me as ever.

We leaned on the low parapet of the terrace, while the music of the bells died away, till only the slow beating of the waves broke the stillness. It was an hour of wonderful peace and beauty. yet a strange sense of unrest took possession of me, and jarred the music of the waves and the restful quiet of the

Standing there close to her, with the certainity that soon she would be my own forever, a vague thrill of fear came over me, a fear lest all this feverish joy of knowing she was mine might vanish away and leave me a lone mortal. This love for her had become to me an allabsorbing passion; and yet she never for one moment allowed me to think that my love was returned. Perhaps it was the might of her beauty that filled my senses; yet I have seen beautiful women since, and had seen them before I first saw her on the walls above the old Etruscan gateway at Perugia.

One morning the week before, I had strolled out from the dull hotel; and leaving the street with its tall bouses and quaint old fountain, glowing in the and quaint old fountain, glowing in the moving from place to place ever since.
day's first freshness. I sauntered on to Her body regained health; she was now he walls, and there I first saw her Betow in the valley the silvery olive leaves trembled in the sunshine; wreaths of broad-leaved vines clung to the gray Yet as I listened I did not despair. I old trees, clothing them with a borrowed beauty of youth and freshness. Hundreds of flowers blushed in the ight, and varied odors from herb and ossom filled the air with a subtle languor. Above, on the lichen-covered wall, with a background of purple mountain, a fitting frame for her stately loveliness, she sat, looking out across the sunlit land, with the dreary far away look in her great deep eyes, and the haughty coldness upon her coincied face. I lingered about, drawing draughte of beauty; fancying it was my artistic sense that got me there watching her face, till she rose wearily, and slowly walking down the street, entered slowly walking down the street.ent

I found on inquiry that a Mrs. Vere- fell around us as a mantle, only the my question, she sprang with a low ery ker and her nices. Miss Mayne, had throb of the sea below the terrace broke from my side and laid her head upon on the fountain in the square, I saw her and my vision of the morning standing on the enthedral steps. Mrs. Vereker eame forward with that friendliness we feel for a slight home acquaintance whom we may chance to meet when abroad. So I joined them, and we strolled on, chatting over home news. Miss Mayne seldom spoke, and yet that walk seemed to me a strangely happy one. Mrs. Vereker told me they and only been a day in Perugia, and had intended going on at once to Rome; but the mountain air and mountain views were so delightful that they had changed their minds, and intended remaining for some time at Perugia.

I had come to the old town to study art; to search the blazoned manuscripts lying hidden in the sacristy and convent, and learn from them their secrets of color and design; to wander through frescoed church and palace, where walls and ceilings are brilliant still as when the hands that wove their gorgeous stories first laid the pencil down and thanked God for the great consoler art. I had time to watch the mists rising from the valleys, and wrapping the mountains in soft mystery of cloud -cloud which changes and shifts. and melts at last into the golden and purple, the opaline green of the sunrise; so that I might try to wrest from nature a faint touch of her magic of shadow and light, of color and form. and lay it at the feet of the one mistress I had ever known art.

What I was now studying was a woman's heart and what I learned was nothing. I do not think mine is an impressionable nature. I had spent 30 years in the world, and had never loved any woman until I saw Mary Mayne in the morning light sitting above that old gateway; yet in one short week I had grown to love her well, as few

women are ever loved. At the end of that week there came t letter from Willie Vereker, saying his vacht needed some repairs, and he would put in at Genoa for a few days if his mother could meet him there. He had been to the East, and she had not seen him for sometime; so she decided upon going back to Genoa, hoping the Gwendoline might need more repairing than Willie thought, and keep him there longer than he expected The evening of the day Mrs. Vereker received that letter I told her of my love for her nicce, and asked permission to accompany them to Genoa.

She regarded me with an odd look of compassion. "Have you spoken to Mary yet?" she asked.

I told her I had not; I wished to wait until we had known each other longer

I feared being too precipitate.
"Then," said Mrs. Vereker, "! have no right to tell you anything of her story. It is a sad one, poor child! and I warn you, you have little chance of success. If you choose, you can come with us to Genoa; but if I were you. I should not do so. Save yourself while you can. You have known her a very short time. If you leave us now, you will soon forget her; later I shook my head. The advice came

away in country dells and valleys, till too late. I went with them to Genoa. for us all. Mrs. Vereker had her son, and the two found marvelous attractions in the quaint, narrow streets with their palace portals, their courts and halls, where fountains sparkled and flung diamonds of spray round the brows of pure, fair statues; where in the coolness and the shadow, golden orange trees and thick masses of crimson blossom gleamed with sudden start-

ling glory.
I had my idol. Day after day I was by her side. It was a fool's paradise, perhaps; but I suppose there is such an Eden in every life; and looking back, when we have left its short-lived peace. we vainly long for a single throb of its rapture. So, during those quiet days at Genoa, each of us, except Mary Mayne, had our heart's desire. Willie, the life, the color, the loveliness he and his Gwendoline sought in voyages to many lands: Mrs. Vereker, her son; I. my new delirious joy. There on the terrace where standing. I first spoke to Mary, and heard her tell me my love was hopeless. She told me her story. Her wedding day had been fixed. In

year she was to have been married to a man she loved with her whole heart; when the war with Russia broke out, and Gordon Frazer's regiment was or dered to the Crimea. He and Mary wished to be married before he left, but family reasons prevented it, and so they parted. He had never returned to Engand. A soldier brought Mary a little locket which she had given to Gordon. The ribbon it hung upon was thickened here and there with deep, dark stains; and the man said Gordon Frazer had given it to him to take to Mary, when the young officer lay dying after the charge at Balaklava. It was only the story of many an English and many a Russian girl during that dreadful time. When a strong, self-contained nature breaks down, it is almost utter collapse; so it was with Mary. For months she lay silent, tearless, listlessly unable to make the slightest exertion, to take the smallest interest in life. Her friends thought her brain had suffered from the shock, and when she recovered sufficiently to travel. Mrs. Vereker had taken her abroad, where they had been quite strong; but the girls heart and soul seemed dead; as she said, dead, and buried in Gordon Frazer's grave. had no living rival; he was dead, this man she loved; while my heart was beating, living, and strong with its worship of her. If I could only win her to be my wife, the dead love would pale and faint before my real and passion-ate devotion. So I hoped, as day by day I watched her every look, forestalled her every wish, until she grew accus-tomed to my presence and to rely upon my care. My hopes were answered;

until their return to England the next

ere long I won her reluctant consent to

be my wife, but on the condition that

arrived there the previous evening. I the intense quiet. Out on the sea shone had sometimes met Mrs. Vereker in the white sails of a fittle racht. Near-London; and later on in the day, white er, within the harbor, rose the maste I was carviously examining the carving and spars of many ships, mysterious, specterolike, as ships always look at night. As we were wated in calm enjoyment of the scene, a small boat shot out from the rocks beneath our five. where lay some hidden cave or landing place. It was rowed by two men, third was wrapped in a large cloak is the stern. They rowed well, and the beat was nearly a mile from us, leaving a bright line of light upon the shining water, when a cry broke the calm of the night—a wild, weird cry, with ago-ny in its tone. "Gordon" I never have heard its like since, and I never shall again. In its agonised tone I could scarcely recognize the voice of Mary so changed was it, so shrill with long pent-up yearning, as it sailed out that one word "Gordon!" The cry seemed to be repeated again and again, though softened by the echoes, while the little boat sped on its way, and its passenger mere dark specks as they seemed climbed into the yacht. The white sails gleamed against the horizon, and then, phantors-like were then lost in its dim

I turned and looked at Mary She stood with her eyes fixed on the dark ness which hid the yacht from sight her hands clusped upon her heart. face drawn and coloriess. I feared the fate her friends dreaded for her had stricken her as she stood beside me there in the still, buyurious twilight. 'Mary, my dearest, my own! what is it?' taking her hand and drawing it

She drew her hand from mine, and, shuddering away from me, leaned against the stone parapet, resting her head on the cold marble coping

You are iil; let me take you home. darling," I said.
"No," she murmured, "not ill. But

oh," she exclaimed, "Harry, Harry' my good, kind friend, help me! Gordon war near us just now. I felt it; I am sure of it. You will help me to find him, will you not?"

Help her to find him! help to break my own heart to bruise this new found sweetness out of my life! The very thought struck me with a sudden shill What if this fancy of hers, coming so close upon my sure foreboding, should be a reality? What if Gordon Frazer were still in existence? I thrust the thought from me as I should thrust a temptation. "I will help you in any way I can, my darling." I said; "bu come in now; the night air is chilling, and you are giving way to feverish fan

"No," she said; "it is no fancy." Drawing herself up wearily, she turn d without looking at me, and I follow ed her down the terrace and across the markie court of the old palace which was our some in Genoa. I watched her giide, stately, pale and quiet, up the broad white staircase.

It was months before she recovered from the brain fever in which she awoke next morning such awful months, du ring which we often feared the worst. Yet, when they were over, and she was among us again, paler, stately, more fragile, but still her own beautiful self. self-possessed as usual, I was almost thankful for the terrible illness, which proved that her cry and wild words on terrace were but warnings o ing illness, the mere wandering of a brain diseased.

The Roman season was nearly over, yet Rome was full-full of English sightseers, like ourselves; full of Americans, on rapid flight across Europe; of Eastern prelates, in flowing Eastern robes, with olive-hued Eastern faces of eager-faced French ladies, and solema-eyed peasants from lonely villages on the Campagua, and of Italians from city and from plain; for it was Easter-time. We were only waiting until the conclusion of the festivities to set out on our journey home. Home: never until now felt half the meaning of that word.

When we got home Mary and I would be married. I should give up wander ing, and settle down into a country gentleman. I thought with a pang of self-reproach of the grand old home which called me master, shut up in desolate state since my dear father died. How a fair young mistress would brighten and beautify the old rooms. I could see it all now the oaken hall with its quaint old pictures; spring sunshine pouring in at an open door, redcoated sportsmen grouped under the beeches, horns ringing from the copses, children playing under the shadow of the avenue of limes the loveliness of joyous life, where for so long had been the silence left by death. It was a supny dream of home -home in fair England-into which I had fallen; standing there upon the Pincian, under the deep

dark bine of Roman night. Below lay the city, its narrow streets dimly mysterious, no light visible in their tall houses; the fountain murmured its sweet monotonous music in the Piazzi di Spagna, the wide white marble steps gleamed along the hillside tall palm trees cast weird shadows across the graveled walks; nightingales answered each other in low, rich trills of song, echoing from tree to tree, through whispering palms and odorous night flowers. Beside me. cold and silent, was the woman whose charmful spell woke within me this new sweet longing for home home musical with the soft rustling of women a garments; with the tender voices of little children suppose such a dream and such a longing come to all men at some time of their lives; it came to me that night as I stood above the city of vanquished

giories, of dead and buried dreams. It did not last long. Suddenly above the city roofs a cross of silvery light shone out against the sky. The illum-ination of St. Peter's had begun. Above the winding, narrow streets, above palace roofs, above paim and cypress, above triumphal arch and mouldering temple, over the palace of the Casars, over capitol and forum, the silvers cross shone glad, triumphant; and from it the light spread from window to window, from pillar to pillar, till the vast pile was one glory, changing rapidly from soft, silvery radiance into a glow of our marriage should not take place golden fire.

"It was worth coming to see; was it not, Mary?" A stranger's voice echoed

The rosy clouds were fading into the "Mary" A stranger's voice echoed and or deep purple of Italian night. Silence her name; and, instead of answering cent."

my question, she sprang with a low cry a stranger's breast. "Hid you not get my letters? I have been looking every where for you," I heard him say

She did not answer, nor raise head; as if at last she had found he

"You are not alone here!" he won Who are you with?"

Then with a quiver as of pain shraised herself, and looked from me to him with beseeching eyes and trembring classed hands.

Before she spoke for even in all the agony of my cruebed out hopes, an eve for her bore down all other fuclings. and I tried to save her from the pain o telling me what I already knew I said You have found an older friend than I am. Mary Shall I leave him to take you to Mrs Vereker?" "An older friend?" he repeated. "B

Jove! I should think so. Then raising his hat, he shook hands

with me as I turned away. I turned into the darkness, but not before I had seen that until now I had never known her, my love, my promised wife. I had known a beautiful statue, not the beautiful woman, who, with eyes upraised to his, stood in the subdued light looking up to Gordon Frazier. All the coldness, all the state ly calm had gone, fallen from her as a mantle fails a mantle which had hidden the fullness of her loveliness, and had concealed from me a tender grace and beauty I had never tiltnow beheld.

Some time afterwards I met a friend who had seen a good deal of the Frasers. He was loud in admiration of Mrs. Frazer's beauty and her devotion. to her husband

have never such her since.

"He was out in the Crimea, and was reported dead, but he was only woundd Some Russian family, to whom house he had managed to be sent, had tended him with kindly care after even his own doctors had given up hope, and had pulled him through his danger. Mrs. Frazer told me," continued my friend, "how one evening, when stand ing on a tarrace at Genoa, she heard his voice; and thinking it was a represely from the grave (for she was going to marry another fellow) she got brain fever and was frear dying. The fact was, the yacht in which a friend had brought him from Constantinople touched at Genoa, and he had actually spent the day doing the palaces! Who she heard his voice he was returning to the Peri, which lay about two mile from the shore. Romantic story, isn' it? But Gordon takes her devotion coully enough; the lave seems more on her side than on his: I cannot under

stand that." Understand it? Yes, I could Here was one of those great souled nature who like to give rather than take, to pour out all the wealth and beauty of their being on the idea which they have clothed in all the glory of their own im aginings. God grant she may live on to the end, happy in her womants

idol-worship! As for me, the dream I dreamt upon Pincian Hill, before the cross of golden light shone over the city roofs, wa never realized. No rastle of woman garments makes low music in the old oak paneled rooms, no children's voice wake the echoes under the avenues of arching limes. The old Devon manor house stands as yet without a misjress

Josh Billings.

I hav finally sum to the konklusion that if I kant prove a thing without betting \$3 on it, the thing has got a dredphul weak spot sumwhere. Q. -What is the best religious kreed

A .- Charity. If a man will awop off all the religious kreed he has got on hand, and invest the proceeds in charity, he will always be proud ov the job Q -Will yu pleze define an enthusi-

A .- An enthusiast is a party who be lieves about four times as mutch as he kan prove, and kan prove about four times as much as ennybody else be leaves.

Allmost enny phool kan prove that the Bible aint true; it takes a wize may to beleave it. It iz a wize man who profits bi hiz own

experience but it is a good deal wiser one who lets the rattiesnake bite the other phellow. Yong man, set down, and keep still;

yu will hav plenty ov chances yet to make a phool ov youreself before yu

Take all the phools out of this world, and there wouldn't be enny phun nor proffit living in it. I would as soon think ov pulling the

feathers out ov a peakon's tale as to interfere with the inosent vanity of a

Marrid life iz a little game, in which the woman, if she iz called, iz alimost sure to hav a strate flush. The man who knows a thing, and can

tell it in the fewest words, iz the hardest kind ov a man to beat in a kross examinashun.

The things that I kant prove I beleave the most; I beleave that one apple iz sour and another sweet, but I will give enny highly eddikated man a span ov matched mules who will tell me what makes them so.

The smartest thing about enuy man iz his conschience he may outargy his reason or stultify his faith, but he beat his conschience.

The best thing I know ov iz a fust rate wife, and the next best thing in second rate one.

There sint nothing that a man will thrive so well on az abuse that aint merited When yu cum akross a man who distrusts everybody, yu hav found one whom it is safe for everybody to dis-

trost. It is the surprises of life that add most to our plexzure; one man iz surprized with a legacy from a ritch unkle, another that the old speckled hen haz just cum off the nest, with twenty-seven

chickens. Gamblers nor infidels havn't faith enuff in their profeshions to teach it to their children.

A reporter of a California free fight says: "Colonel -- was shot once in the left side, once in the right shoulder, and once in the drinking saloon adja-

A Former "Corn King" New Pennilson.

One of the subbest and most complete Snancial wrecks of the day is that of the great Sudivant estate. The assigner's sale of the personal property tool pince Thursday and Friday, the landhaving been surrembred to the mort gageon. Everything was disposed of and to day M. L. Sullivant, the gree sorn king of the world, is without lands and without a roof to shelter his family that he can call his own. Under the enforced sale and foreclasure, we learn, the estate failed to realize enough to pay the indebtedness by \$100,000. seiting awas of this once kingly estate is a remarkable example of "how riches take to themselves wings." Mr. Sullivant's farming operations were on the most colorsal scale in the country, and his failure only emphasises the leason taught by repeated smaller fullures on the part of others, that large farms do not pay in this country. It is not likely that farming on the scale carried on by Mr. Soliivant will ever again be attempted in this State, and his magnificent domain of 40,000 seres will doubtless be cut up into numerous small farms. And while we sympathize with Mr. Sullivant in his failure, we cannot but regard this as the best disposition

happy families - Wheen / El / Courier The Lecture Abemination.

to be made of those fine lands. They

will furnish homes for several hundred

Some of the Kastern papers are going after the charlatan lecturers with a sharp stick. The New York Times says the class is made up of broken down lawyers, baffled literatours, masuccossful actrosses, sham philanthropiats, heroines of breach of promise cases, expleded clarivoyants, seedy adventurers, tainted politicians, windings, and scheemers generally.

It is curious to read the annual cirplars that some of the "bureaus" put forward. Their galaxy of talent, as they love to style it, embraces a few names well-known and respected; but these are fairly smothered with distinguished personages of whom nobody has over heard. Col. J. Leonidas Boosle, the great traveler; Wiggins Weathersek, the celebrated orator; Peter Puff Priggins, esq. the world renowned hu-morist of the Prairie Dog Herald; Miss Mand Margold, the beautiful and accom, sixhed recitationist, from (very far from) the metropolitan theaters; By con-Grubstreet, the famous poet; Miss Oilivia Artichoke, the best dressed woman in America; Mr Murray Muttonchop, the noted Engilish novelist, and so on to the highly colored end. How do these quacks secure andi-

mees? Ask their agents and the bureaux. They do get on somehow; they flourish while their betters droop and despend, showing that common rewards and uncommon impudence have a motual affinity. No wonder, when we have so many lecturers of this stamp, that lecturing is getting to be regarded as the first infirmity of ignoie minds.

A Favor for Lorne.

In sending him to Canada as Govern tieperal, Lord Beaconsfield has real done Lord Lorne the greatest favor s could do him. He has relieved him from the burdens of the iron bound etquette which weighed him down at some. As Governor-General he is the and takes rank at last so I am toldabove his wife. At the same time, her royalty makes the appointment a more cilliant one, and more welcome to that oyal people, the Canadians. All of the good things that have been said of the Princess Louise have been well said. She is a woman of unusual force of character as her story, to those who know it, proves pretty, accomplished amiable. In no sense is she responsible for whatever of irksomeness may have accrued to her husband from his marriage. He, too, is credited with good addition, and although he has to follow Lord Dufferin, his friends beseve that he will prove himself equal to the task laid upon him. Imperialquis of Lorne and his Princess may nake it not only fashionable, but popuisr in one of the most important dominions of the crown. - The N. Y. Trib-

The Press.

Our minister to the court of St. James n the year 1817 wrote, concerning the London press, as follows:

"I have been told that some yield a rofit of \$75,000 per annum. The profts . f the Times are said to have exceeded \$90,000 per annum. The cost of a duily paper to a regular subscriber is about ten pounds sterling; they are circulated by agents at a penny an hour in London. When a few days old, they were sent to provincial towns and thro' he country at a reduced rate."

What Englishmen now say of our pa-pers, this Minister said of those of Lon-

"Everything goes into the newspapers. In other countries, matters of public nature may be seen in them; nere, in addition, you see concerns of individuals. Does a private gentleman come to town, you hear it in the newspapers; does he build a house or buy an estate, they give the information; does he entertain his friends, you have all their names next day in type; in the drapery of a lady's drawing room changed from red and gold to white satin and silver, the fact is publicly annonneed. So of a thousand other things The first burst of it all upon Madame de Stael led her to remark that the English had realized the fable of living with a window in their bosome."

Valtaire's Remains.

Voltaire's sentennary has lately be colabrated in Europe, but how many know how his rumains have fared. A surgoon preserved his shull and brain in alcohol and successively offered them, but in vain, to the National Liyeary and the French Academy. In 1870 the surgeon's daughter, who at his douth was intrusted with the railes. died and becomeshed the skull to a druggist, at whose death it was sold among his effects and knocked down at anction to an nuknown bidder, who has nover since been heard of. In 1816 Voltaire's and Rosman's bones were taken from the Pantheon by a crowd of fanatic legitimists, dumped into a bole and destroyed by quick-lime, and the graves of the two great writers which are shown to their admirers are empty.

After the the pre-transport of Wat N Indiana to the

It very often kappens return. But by all disapplets.

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