

# THE TRUSTFUL EDITOR

## A Painful Episode at the Outset of a Most Promising Career.

BY J. D. CALHOUN.

At the request of a rich aunt for my biography, I have written a sample which I will submit upon the public. It does not prove fatal I will try it upon my aunt. I make my experiments in this order, not because I like the public less than I like my aunt, but because I think it is safer. If the public doesn't approve, nobody will make it her or his particular business to acquaint me suddenly and violently with the fact, but I betray no family secret when I say that when my aunt is displeased—but it is unnecessary to proceed. The reader knows how it always is with fellows and their aunts.

I may preface my remarks with the statement that the incident I am about to relate was the first shock I ever received to my

### FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

I was an ambitious youth and had early advantages. One of them was that I learned to set type. The remaining one was that I learned almost everything taught in the schools of the town where I was raised. If there is a creature on earth more to be puffed than the callow fledgling with these accomplishments, I cannot conceive it.

I can look back down a long vista of years—periods full of horse downs than I look—a vista adorned with the liveliest sort of widely varied recollections. I can not only look down it, but I can do it with the mellow consciousness that neither in nor about it does there is a record of having fooled with the business end of a rattle in active motion. But grey-haired and pallid as is this end of the vista, between it and the other end is nothing to compare with the sort of young man I have vaguely indicated. A pitiless destiny is foredoomed him to be an editor. Not a reporter or an editor who shall teach the world the great truths that seethe and bubble in his somewhat manly and divinely impassioned bosom. He is not fit to be an editor, but congealed fate carefully conceals the knowledge from him at first and allows it to be broken gradually to him. As it is large and stubborn fact, it breaks into very small and very hard pieces and he generally dies before he sees the core of its naked simplicity. This disposition is tiresome, but necessary. All necessary things are tiresome, and so is this, it is, too. And, of course, everybody will agree that all unnecessary things are tiresome. All things are either necessary or unnecessary—hence all things are tiresome. When this great truth shall be fully learned, all mankind will be much wiser and much lazier.

### BUT TO RETURN.

At a tender age I skipped away from the parental roof with a handkerchief full of clothes, a bosom full of burning ambitions, a will to conquer the world and a determination to be good to it after I had conquered it. I have compared notes with many men and they all were as like me as other peas in a pod—except, perchance, in the slipping away.

After a large number of appalling disappointments, I was at last disappointed in a freight car that was dropping to majestic repose at Hagensport, Ind. I had more experience and fewer clothes than when I had gone out to conquer. People engaged in collecting statistics had cut me down in the column of those who do no good for more worlds to come. I was hungry and cold and I stepped into a saloon as the only place where I could get warm without being an intruder.

Rather a curious thing isn't it, that the saloon was in that town, every where, and is now in many places. A sole resort of a cold, hungry and half-dazed youth in search of warmth in a strange city.

The hour was early and as I modestly sidled up to the stove I saw a man at the bar talking to a woman evidently a habitual He-opener. He was conversing with the bartender in a loud tone of voice and on terms of friendly confidence. I caught a remark to the effect that he needed a printer, and I caught also at the idea involved in the remark. I was a printer. From my subdued manner the man or the bartender or the stove could either have appropriated the information. But the man did not give the other two a chance to put in any claim. He instantly turned, came up to me and grasped me by both hands, exclaiming:

"My dear young friend, you are a visitor of Providence. I am the editor and proprietor of the World-Reformer. A sordid printer as you would call me, I should say, was helpless. You should come and share my glorious mission and the great fortune that will be mine. You shall be my friend, my disciple, my support, my alter ego. Come with me."

He turned to the bar, took another very solid drink of whisky, and I had a chance to inspect him. He was tall and seedy and had a dark and swarthy face. His nose was purple, his hair long and his hat a plug of the Andrew Jackson regime. His voice was loud and changed like the circular saw at a charivari. But his manner was kind. I followed him from the bar room, happy in the prospect of work, for that meant food and clothes—articles that had, by their comparative absence, raised themselves in my esteem from the previous few months. These staples are but a few of the things that are rendered more valuable by not having them.

My employer, whose name was Hugh Jackson Stabbs, promised to give me six dollars a week and a fine board. I ate with the family and had mackerel for breakfast every morning, usually supplemented by boiled potatoes and bacon gravy. My reduced condition led me to become candidly fond of these delicacies. Mr. Stabbs soon discovered my condition.

### EDITORIAL ASPIRATIONS.

and it affords me pleasure to do him the tribute of saying that he encouraged them. The World-Reformer was an organ of the labor party, of which the Hon. Hugh Jackson Stabbs was a prominent apostle. His circulation was less than 300, but it had at the head of the editorial page a double-headed assurance that it went into other homes of the people than any other paper in that section of the state. The editor defied his competitors to dispute it, and challenged

# A YOUNG HERO.

## Bravery and Patriotism Was His Expiring Inspiration.

How a Young Soldier, Almost With His Last Breath, Fulfilled His Vow—There is a Never-Forbidden Inspiration in Such a Death.

Col. Henry Jordan retains clearly many recollections of his army experience, and no one is more entertaining in telling them, says the Indianapolis Journal. It is the out-of-the-way incident that gives his stories a zest; the incident that would be forgotten and crowded out of the record by those of greater historical importance.

"Soon after Wilder's Brigade," said the Colonel to a reporter recently, "had been armed with that important and destructive the Spray repeating rifle, the confederate women whom we chanced to meet along the line of our expeditions told us that John Morgan had determined to arm his forces with repeating rifles captured from Wilder's brigade. This taunt had its desired effect. It enraged our men, and consequently delighted our fair tormentors. But it had another effect, unforeseen by Gen. Morgan and his female allies. It made our men solemnly resolve never, under any circumstances, to surrender a gun to the confederate forces."

"But there was a danger against which provision had to be made. Often our line, moving toward our point of destination, would be ten miles long, sometimes even longer. Such a line could not be maintained unless the men were widely separated, and wide separation made easy communication and rapid concentrations impossible. Capture of single men or small detachments was not only possible, but probable, and that provision had to be made. How to save our guns in the event of capture, and thus defeat Morgan's design, was the problem that confronted officers and men alike. The latter, grouped around their campfires at night, discussed the matter with great earnestness, but their deliberations were without result. Finally it was suggested by one man that, as their guns would have to be given up in the event of capture, all that could be done was to destroy the effectives. In some way or other, before surrendering them. Investigation disclosed the fact that by removing a single screw the whole loading apparatus could be removed in a single piece, and this piece thrown away, the powder would remain nothing but a stock and barrel of the gun to be surrendered. This discovery made, the men gave, each to the others, a solemn vow that, in the event of capture, the effectiveness of their rifles should be thus destroyed.

"Wilder led the advance of the army of the Cumberland, and sweeping through Hoover's Gap with his horsemen, carrying everything before him, stood at bay at the further end. He held it against overwhelming numbers until the morning dawned, and then left far in the rear, came to his support. Standing in the ranks of the 17th Indiana that day was a young soldier, beloved by all his comrades for his intelligence, manliness and splendid courage. He was a girl, with a womanly expression upon his face. He could only regret that the war should have dragged him away from his home to be sacrificed on the field of battle. Unmindful of everything but duty, he stood there, that day, bravely fighting against the oncoming pieces. Suddenly he was seen to fall, and lie motionless upon the field. After awhile, in a lull in the battle, he raised himself upon his elbow, took out his little screw-driver, removed the screw and threw the piece away. Not content with that, which his fast-falling strength he emptied his cartridge-box and scattered his metallic cartridges among the leaves. Then, looking up at the comrades who had gathered around him, he said: 'Boy, they have killed me, but you can whip them yet. Don't give up the fight!' And then, as he sank back to the earth, he saw that the spirit of that brave boy had ascended to the God of battles."

"Thus died Christopher C. McKinney. There is inspiration in such a death; and, in the dark days that followed this event, when one disaster to our arms was quickly followed by another, when discontent and avowed rebellion were seen to be seen in many of the states of the north, and when foreign intervention, which meant the success of the rebel cause, seemed almost inevitable, and when, discouraged by these things, many of our men went to sit down and give up all as lost, it seemed to me that I heard that little blue-eyed boy still whispering, 'Col. Jordan, don't give up the fight.' The highest reward I ask for the poor service rendered by that boy is that it shall be remembered that I did not give up the fight until the flag which that young hero died waving in triumph above his lonely grave on the mountains in Tennessee."

He looked at me with evident curiosity and asked:

"There have you been?"

"To the office with the mail."

"He paled as he said: 'You haven't got out the paper?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see it, for God's sake!" he fairly shrieked. I went hastily to the office. He snatched a copy, glanced it a few minutes and then sank into a chair as if paralyzed. My heart almost stopped beating as I gazed at him and a horrible fear of some unknown horror cramped my soul. He revived sufficiently to stand up and clutch his arms around me, exclaiming:

"Finally he recovered his voice and roared at me, 'You infernal idiot! You unholy greenhorn! You concentrated simpoleon! You've ruined me! Didn't you know, you picnicer's worth of turnip greens, that a labor party editor then nor expected to support the party ticket? You everlasting fool, look at that!'"

And he piled down a fist full of greenbacks. "That was the collection I had made from the men on the other tickets to not hoist the labor flag and to support the party ticket."

It is a small town in Baden a minister closed his sermon the other day with these words: "We would be pleased, moreover, to have the young man who is now standing outside the door come in and make certain whether or not he is here or not. That would be a great deal better than opening the door half an inch and exposing the people in the last row of seats to a draught." —Frankfurter Zeitung.

Watermelon seeds were found in an Egyptian tomb that was 8,000 years old.

# DR. TALMAGE IN JOPPA.

## The Eminent Brooklyn Preacher Talks on the Charities of the Needle.

He Arrives at the Birthplace of Sewing Societies, in the Course of His Pilgrimage, and Entertains a Company of Christian People.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage reached ancient Joppla in time to preach to an appreciative company of Christians last Sunday. His subject was "The Birthplace of Sewing Societies." He took for his text Acts 3:2, and all the afternoon stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them. The preacher said:

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