THAT WIFE OF MINE.

She met me at the door last night,
All dainty, fresh and smiling,
And threw her plump arms round me tight,
In manner most beguiling.
Then, in her sweet, impulsive way,
She hugged me as she kissed me,
And told me how the live-long day
She thought of me and missed me.

She helped me off with coat and hat,
And led me, still close-clinging,
Into the dining room, and sat
Down at the table singing.
The meal was perfect; fresh-cut flow'rs,
The firelight warm and rosy,
Made all seem bright; swift flew the hours,
And we were, oh! so cozy!

Then, after dinner, she and I
Sang all the old songs together
We used to sing in days gone by—
My heart was like a feather!
Our happiness made earth a heaven,
And now, as I review it,
I recollect 'twas past eleven
Almost before we knew it.

We sat there on the sofa then,
She nestling close beside me,
Softly she smoothed my hair, and when
I kissed her did not chide me.
She fondly pinched my cheek, and so,
Her dimpled hand upon it,
She whispered: "Darling do you know
I need a new spring bonnet?"

—*Somerville Journal.*

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

BY LIZZIE LYONS.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning in October, one of those delightful days in the lovely autumn, which brings an involuntary, cheerful smile to the lips of even the most unappreciative, who can scarcely ever see anything to be commended in this fair world. The fashionable people had mostly returned to town, after their long vacation spent among the sands at the fashionable seaside resorts, and the Fifth avenue mansions were again resonant with gayety.

In one of the most stately residences of all, in an elegantly appointed boudoir, Mrs. Landmere, a lady, one would judge of about fifty years, paced back and forth, impatiently. She was reputed to be very wealthy, owning a mine worth several millions. Her proud, patrician face wore a care-worn expression; her tall, slender figure, with its long, clinging dress of some soft, black material, once so graceful, seemed bowed with care; and in her large, dark eyes there was a look as of great longing. Her hands clasped, her whole attitude one of supplication, she breathed a prayer that she might see her son, her boy, but once again.

Just five years ago he had been with her—her joy, her pride, the very lion of elite society. On his entrance to a ball room dozens of gentle hearts would beat more quickly, dozens of bright eyes grow brighter at his coming; anxious mammas with eligible daughters smile approvingly at the slightest attention from him. Handsome to a fault, and courted by all, he was, as would naturally follow, wayward and self-willed, but he had never asserted it to any very great extent until, having imagined that he had fallen in love with his mother's seamstress, he vowed he would marry her in direct opposition to his mother's wishes; in fact, her most earnest commands. When he announced the fact she held up her hands in holy horror at the idea of such a mesalliance. Her son—a Landmere—to marry a seamstress. Preposterous! All her commands, her pleadings, were to no avail. His will was as indomitable as her own. She at last resorted to discharging the poor girl in his absence, thinking he would soon overcome his foolish affection. Not so, however. On his return a stormy interview ensued, in which he vowed he would search for her in the four corners of the earth but that he would find her. So saying he had gone from her without the clasp of the hand, without a word of parting, without even a single glance except to throw her a look of defiance as he went from the room; and five years had passed away on leaden wings; to her five years of weary waiting and longing, of hoping against hope, for just one word from him. Was he sick and suffering? Was he carrying on a miserable existence, or, horrible thought! was he dead, occupying some unknown grave, with nothing to mark his last resting place? were the harrowing thoughts that had thrust themselves constantly upon her. And why did she think so much of him to-day, when five years had elapsed; time, one would think, to have almost healed the wound. Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a servant with the morning mail. It consisted of the Morning Times and a business-like looking letter. Taking the paper and glancing at it carelessly, her eye was arrested by a long column, headed, "Trouble in the Mines." She read it through, with a sigh of sympathy for the poor miners, who were being treated so unjustly and laying it down, she broke the seal of her letter.

It was just a brief note from the overseer of her mines, stating there would be no profit from them that month, owing to the exorbitant demands of the miners following in a few minor explanations. As she read it a dark suspicion flashed across her mind. Could it be that he was defrauding her—perhaps grinding down those poor, unfortunate men? Her mind was soon made up; she would go to the mines. Here she had been brooding over her trouble when she was needed elsewhere. With her, to decide was to act, and the resolution was no sooner formed than she set about making preparations for her journey.

* * * * * * *

A dull, leaden, threatening sky overhead, cold and disagreeable all around; the miners gathered together in little knots, talking excitedly and angrily, showing plainly by their scowling looks that some evil was pending somebody.

A man known among them as Jack Lorley, stepped from among them and raised his hand as though to speak to them, and all hushed into silence. Under ordinary circumstances, one would turn and look curiously at the handsome, intelligent face, refinement and good breeding written on every lineament of the perfect features, despite the miner's garb. There was a look in his handsome eyes of defiance—one could almost say of disgust—with the world, as though it had used him roughly; his nonchalant air saying plainly that he cared not what he did since he seemed doomed to misfortune. Although but about thirty, he was evidently a leader among them, and a favorite, for as he started to speak, each one removed his hat and prepared to listen in respectful silence.

"My brave men, if such you are, and you have heretofore proven yourselves to be, now is the time to assert your true courage. We are being ground down to starvation. Not only we, but our wives and children, are being unjustly treated, and it is cowardly to endure it. Will you thus stand idly by and see the very bread taken from their mouths? I say down on the woman who would thus rob us of our rights, almost our very life, that she may grow richer. Scarcely ever seeing daylight from one week's end to another, we are paid a mere pittance, and sometimes nothing, for unremitting, life-destroying toil. Let us assert our manhood, defend our rights, and strike."

Loud shouts rent the air as he finished speaking, and after three hearty cheers for Jack Lorley, they dispersed toward their various cabins for the night.

Soon after their departure a woman contrasting strangely with the surrounding scenery, made her appearance and going to one of the cabins tapped lightly on the door. It was immediately opened by a poorly dressed woman. "I am Mrs. Landmere, the owner of these mines. Can you give me lodging for to-night?" The door was rudely shut in her face. She went to another and still another, meeting with the same signal failure and scowling, forbidding countenances. It was commencing to rain and night was coming on. What would she do?

Tired, weary and travel-stained, she resolved to try once more. She was met by a neat, kindly-looking woman who looked surprised at seeing a so finely dressed woman at the mines.

She dreaded disclosing her identity lest the kindly expression would harden as the others had done. She ventured to do so, however, and there was a look of sympathy in the woman's face as she said respectfully, "Madame, it is very dangerous and daring for you to come here. They have vowed to kill you if they ever came in contact with you. I scarcely dare do it, but you can not stay in the rain, so come in."

She entered a poorly furnished but cleanly room, and the woman placed a chair for her, blushing painfully as she said, "I can not offer you any refreshment, for I have nothing to eat."

"My poor woman, how is that?" asked Mrs. Landmere, sympathetically.

"It is the old question of Capital against Labor," said the woman. "My husband gets very poor wages, and sometimes nothing, and the overseer has done his best for us, but it has been of no avail;" and she looked at her accusingly.

Mrs. Landmere's vague suspicions were now confirmed as to the overseer's duplicity. Holding out her hand to the woman, she said: "I assure you your wrongs shall be righted, and now will you allow me to retire; I am very weary."

The woman led the way to a ladder leading to a loft in the top of the cabin. "It will be safer for you here," she said apologetically, as she assisted her guest to ascend.

Mrs. Landmere was soon sleeping peacefully, oblivious of all danger. The rain, which had commenced early in the evening, was now pouring down in torrents; it increased its fury; but still the sleeper slumbered peacefully on.

A great clap of thunder made her stir uneasily, and awakening with a start, she felt a consciousness that some one was in her room. She lay awake nervously for several minutes. Suddenly a flash of lightning revealed to her startled vision a man bending over her bed, a knife grasped tightly in his hand; plainly he intended to kill her. In him she had recognized her long lost son! After that one flash all was again dark.

"My son!" she found strength to say, breathlessly.

"Mother!" came in a scarcely audible tone from the darkness.

Striking a match and lighting the lantern which he carried, and coming nearer to the bed, he sank on his knees at her bedside and implored her forgiveness saying remorsefully with a shudder that "he had almost been a murderer, and his victim—his own mother." All the time he had been at the mines he had never heard the name of the owner.

She rained tears of thankfulness down upon her restored son, and after their emotion had somewhat subsided, he told her of his wanderings; how he had left her; tried to get work, but in vain; had searched for the girl of his choice, and had almost given up in despair, when he found her, sick and alone, he had married her and gone out West to the mines to try to make a living, for he was too proud to appeal to her for help. "But, mother," he said "why have you treated the miners so ruthlessly, so heartlessly. Many of them have suffered so that they are on the verge of striking."

"My son this is the aim of my visit, which has terminated so happily for me, in the restoration of my son. It is my injustice. I too have been deceived. It is the overseer who has been grinding them down and defrauding me. But I shall let him go and will not prosecute him, but his own conscience be his punishment."

Many were the blessings heaped upon Mrs. Landmere by the miners for her generosity to them, for she more than doubled what they had thought of striking for; the old overseer was discharged, and his place filled by the husband of the woman who had been so kindly hospitable to her.

The Fifth avenue residence is no longer somber and dull, but gay with childish prattle and laughter, while Mrs. Landmere, as she looks proudly at her son, wife and children, who have returned with her, says: "My prayer was answered, and my last days are indeed blessed."

LAFAGAN'S LOGIC.

A fool who can conceal his folly is at least a philosopher.

It is human nature to commit sin first and learn its penalty afterward.

Success is a proof of ability. Success not abused is a greater proof, however.

Success corrupts about as many as it benefits, unless it appeals to one's better nature.

Wit that comes natural and sudden, like powder out of a gun, is the most irresistible of all wit.

Man is not born with character. His ancestors' good name is his only as long as he honors it.

The very best that many persons could do that I know of would be to forget half they know.

We look into the present or future for our encouragement when we should be studying the past for it.

The true logic of living is to enjoy life if you get a chance, and, if you do not, not to hinder others who can.

I do not see any object in jealousy, for ten to one if those we are jealous of are not equally jealous of some one else.

After all, beauty is like a fast horse—it has its day. Take beauty out of some people and there is little left to brag of.

I will bet my last dollar on tenacity. It is a legitimate persecution. It will even make Canada thistles pine for death as a release.

It is not creditable for a dog even to bite the hand that feeds it. How to excuse man for the same thing is what puzzles me just now.

I am not in favor of writing obituaries. In my mind they are foolish. Good people do not mind them, and bad ones do not deserve them.

The pleasing ceremonies of polite people are liable to be about two-thirds show, yet are about as near the golden gate as mankind ever gets.

All begin at the bottom and work for the top round of the traditional ladder, but I have never seen a person yet who knew when the top round was reached.

A truth of much embellishment is necessarily weak. Truth alone and simple is beauty in the rough. In fact, it is all the virtue necessary for any one person.

When on earth the Creator taught truth in simple and homely phrases, yet the simpleness of the language rendered His words eloquent and more convincing.

At sixteen all young men know more than their sires. This is natural. But if they still claim to wear the medal at twenty-five they are gone beyond redemption.

There is not much genuine happiness in the world, but those who do not mourn over what they have not got, and do not make fools of themselves over what they have got, give happiness a close shave.

Being either way up in the attic of ecstacy, or way down in the cellar of despair is bad policy. Any fool can become comparatively happy in life if he will take a position on the fence and stick to it.

No one ever fully comprehends the world's nature, but many a man who has had the bottom of his hopes and aspirations knocked into oblivion by the unfeeling world has caught a faint glimmer of humanity.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Boycott in Slavery Times.

The London *News* in an article on the boycott idea insists that the principle or the system was born in America and not in Great Britain. Ireland gave a name merely, the *News* contends, to a practice that was originated in slavery times in the United States. This is in answer to the charge made by papers in this country that the idea is un-American and is of foreign importation.

The *News* calls attention to practices in vogue in the United States before the war when one section attempted to boycott the other, when one State attempted to boycott a section, and when communities went to extremes in putting in force the boycott system against school teachers and preachers, and other people from the North who went to the South. The *News* insists that the objectionable features of the system were more prominent in those days and in this country than they ever were in Great Britain.

This may be true, but the *News* is reminded that when the American people had their attention called to this violation of the fundamental principles of the Constitution they were at some pains to correct the evil. What is now known as the boycott system has not succeeded for any great length of time. Wherever and whenever it has been employed public sentiment and something more violent in the shape of public prejudice has grown up against those who practice it. This has been the uniform rule, and the Trades Assembly was wise to pronounce against the indiscriminate use of what has been so much abused.

The truth is that the boycott has been quite as often employed by corporations and associations against the laborer as it has by the laborer against corporations. It may be said that the labor associations are justified in fighting fire with fire, but as corporations that resorted to the boycott have lost public sympathy and have as a rule been driven to the wall, is it not probable that labor associations, following the bad example of those who have been unmerciful, may excite a public prejudice against themselves. We suggested some weeks ago that a test case be made on which the statutes of the several States and the National statutes bearing on this question might be reviewed and receive authoritative interpretation in their application to the circumstances now existing in the country. This ought to be done in the interest of all parties, and without any irritation and without anything savoring of resentment or bitterness.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Bob Ingersoll.

Up to 1876 Ingersoll had been simply a reasonably successful lawyer of Peoria, Ill. He was one of the republican delegates to the Cincinnati convention of 1876, and a strong Blaine man. He arrived in Cincinnati with several other Illinois delegates several days before the convention assembled. The city was full of people, and they were having a high old time. The Blaine men had meetings every day, and did everything in their power to "boom" their candidate. It was finally decided to have the nominating speech made by some Illinois man, and the Illinois delegation settled upon Ingersoll.

There was present in the city Bob's favorite brother, who died a few years later, and at whose grave the great atheist delivered his world renowned oration. He immediately told his brother of his selection, and that he had promised to deliver the speech. The brother, who was somewhat nervous, tried to persuade him not to try it.

"You are not famous enough," he persuaded. "You are getting along and making a reputation, but this is too big a thing for you. I fear you will make a dead failure of it."

But Bob had promised and would not back out.

"Well, if you are determined to do this, you must do your best. You must make a success. To do this you must get at it immediately. Don't wait a minute. Go into that room and lock the door, and begin the speech."

"Oh, to-morrow will do," urged Bob, "and besides, I have promised to go with the boys to-night."

And away he went. The next day passed, and although his brother spoke about the speech several times, Robert did not touch it. And so the time passed till the night before the convention. The brother, meanwhile, had got nearly frantic. Robert came in late that night, and, in answer, to his brother's solicitation, said:

"Oh, bother; let's get a good night's sleep."

And so they retired. Ingersoll says he never slept so soundly in his life as he did that night. Finally he woke up suddenly, and felt perfectly refreshed. He got up hastily and looked at his watch. It was three o'clock a. m. He went to the adjoining room very quietly and closed the door, so as not to disturb his brother. He turned the light down, and, closing his eyes, imagined the convention hall, and his audience before him. Then he began to think of Blaine. Finally he began to say his speech over to himself. When he had finished he took pen and paper and wrote it out carefully as he had said it. He laid it away in the drawer to the bureau, and went back quietly to bed. He very soon was fast asleep again, and did not wake up till past eight, when his brother was standing over him, vigorously shaking him.

"Rob, get up, get up! It's 8:30, and the convention assembles at 10:30. I thought you were going to get up early and get your speech ready. It will be a dead failure, and you will be disgraced. Blaine will not be nominated. It is too bad, too bad."

Bob slowly waked up, and rubbing his eyes, urged that it would be best first to get their breakfast. But the brother insisted that he should not leave his room until he got down to business on the speech. By this time Bob had donned his pantaloons, and remarked:

"Well, you be the audience and sit over there, and I will see what I can do."

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the brother was completely captured. When Bob had finished he rushed to him, and putting both arms around him, embraced him in the most enthusiastic way.

"It is simply sublime," he cried, "but when did you prepare it?"

"Oh, I scratched it off last night when you were asleep. Go to the drawer there and you will find the manuscript. While I dress please read it over and see if I delivered it correctly."

The great point with Ingersoll is that he is always self possessed. He never gets rattled. Some of the greatest orators in this country have trembled before so great an occasion as this. Bob Ingersoll never said anything that gave him so much reputation as that about the "plumed knight." It has been quoted ever since, both by Blaine's friends and enemies. The convention went wild over it. But it could not make Blaine president.—*Exchange.*

Peers That are Pensioned.

It is stated that relatives of peers have received $500,000,000 of public money since 1855. Each Duke also has at present fifty-six relatives in public office. The 402 hereditary peers own an average of 35,000 acres each and draw a total annual rental of $69,000,000. The Duke of Richmond has made a specially good thing out of his ancestors. A perpetual pension of £19,000 was granted to one of the dukes. To commute this consols worth £633,000 were purchased when consols were below par and the bonds were put aside for the Duke. These consols rose above par, were sold, and the proceeds invested in land, which now gives the duke £50,000 a year in place of £19,000 a year to which he is entitled. To reform the present House of Peers there are some persons who advocate the Chinese hereditary system, by which a duke's son would be a marquis, the grandson an earl, and so on until the family either entirely lost its title or was re-enobled for fresh services to the State.

Running a Locomotive.

It costs a little more than 20 cents a mile to run a locomotive, on an average. Nearly 8 cents of this is for fuel, 7½ cents for pay of engineer and fireman, a half cent for oil and waste, and a little more than 4½ cents for repairs. A ton of coal will run a locomotive 24 miles, a pint of oil will run 11 miles, and a pound of waste 123 miles. The locomotives of a railway like the Northwestern run 500,000 miles a month.—*Chicago Herald.*

PASTEUR'S METHOD.

Cruel Treatment of Rabbits in the Great Doctor's Laboratory.

M. Pasteur's laboratory, writes a Paris correspondent of *The London Telegraph*, is a long, narrow, low-roofed building, which fringes the ground stretching before the entrance portico of the Ecole Normale. It is divided into three comtarpments. In the center is the place devoted to trepanning operations, a large space being reserved for the laboratory proper, where the virus and the sterilized bouilon, or beef tea, with which it is mingled are prepared. The rabbits and other animals are kept in the cellars of the establishment. The first proceeding witnessed this afternoon was the extraction of the virus from a diseased animal which had died in a high state of rabies. The carcass was opened from the skull downward, and the whole of the spinal cord from the medu a oblongata, or brain bulb, as the French call it, to the lower parts was laid bare. Then commenced the delicate operation of taking it out whole and entire. This was neatly performed by the assistant, who with pincers placed the long strip of marrow on a saucer. The bulb was then separated from the strip, and the matter contained in it, which was the most potential virus that could be extracted, was used for inoculating the living rabbit. The strip of marrow, containing less powerful, but equally useful virus, was cut with a scissors in to several parts, each one of which was tied with thread, and placed in a glass bottle, where it was suspended over a bed of caustic potash to undergo the drying process. The potash, of course, does away with the necessity of using the ordinary and less desirable mode of heating in ovens or otherwise. The marrow, after having been dried in this manner for a certain number of days, is pulverized with a pestle and mortar and then mixed with the bou lon. After this it is ready for use on man, the different degrees of virulence being regulated by the condition of the rabbit from which it is extracted at the time of the animal's death, and the longer or shorter period during which it was dried. The virus is obtainable from the nerves of the animal's body, but is strongest in the spinal cord and the medulla oblongata. The operation of "trepanning" the rabbits and injecting them with the virus is a painful one to witness. M. Pasteur's opponents in England and elsewhere are loud in their denunciations of the cruelty to animals which is daily perpetrated in the laboratory of the Rue d'Ulm; but they can hardly be too often reminded that M. Pasteur has a lofty and noble object in view, and that the sufferings inflicted on animals will be more than counterbalanced by relief from pain and the terrible danger which his philanthropic efforts will bring forth for humanity at large. It must also be remembered that the rabbits before undergoing the "trepanning" are put under chloroform. This afternoon two fine, fat, well-conditioned rabbits were taken out of the cages in the cellars. The first animal operated upon had its head clipped bare to the bone, and was then placed upon the trepanning board, its forepaws and legs being strapped to the table. A small, bag-shaped piece of white blotting paper soaked in chloroform was placed over the animal's head and well against its nose. The skull was then incised and the virus injected near the brain. The animal struggled slightly and heaved, but the chloroform soon made it completely insensible and dazed. In the meantime its companion came near the sufferer and licked its sides pitifully, as if filled with sympathy. The operation finished the poor animal presented a hideous spectacle, with the ugly red gash in its skull, and its eyes heavy and dull from the effects of the chloroform. The other rabbit was then subjected to the same process. Owing to the many cases which are now being supervised by M. Pasteur, it has become necessary to inoculate fresh rabbits daily. During the period of the incubation of the virus the animals remain in a listless and drowsy state. Then the first symptoms of rabies show themselves by a general paralysis of the limbs, and the animal dies.

A Mining Camp in '49.

The mines put all men for once upon a level. Clothes, money, manners, family connections, letters of introduction, never counted for so little. The whole community was given substantially an even start in the race. Gold was so abundant, and its sources seemed for a time so inexhaustible, that the aggrandizing power of wealth was momentarily annihilated. Social and financial inequalities between man and man were together swept out of sight. Each stranger was welcomed and told to take a pan and pick and go to work for himself. The richest miner in the camp was seldom able to hire a servant; those who had been glad to serve others were digging in their own claims. The veriest greenhorn was as likely to uncover the richest mine in the gulch as was the wisest of ex-professors of geology; and, on the other hand, the best claim on the river might suddenly "give out" and never again yield a dollar. The poorest man in the camp could have a handful of gold dust for the asking from a more successful neighbor, to give him another start and help him "hunt for better luck." No one was ever allowed to suffer; the treasure vaults of Sierra were too near and seemingly too exhaustless. "To a little camp of 1849"—so an old miner writes me—"a lad of 16 came one day, footsore, weary, hungry, and penniless. There were thirty robust and cheerful miners at work in the ravine, and the lad sat on the bank watching them a while in silence, his face telling the sad story of his fortunes. At last one stalwart miner spoke to his fellows, saying: 'Boys, I'll work for an hour for that chap, if you will.' At the end of the hour one hundred dollars' worth of gold dust was laid in the youth's handkerchief. The miners made out a list of tools and necessaries. 'You go,' they said, 'and buy these and come back. We'll have a good claim staked out for you. Then you've got to paddle for yourself.'" Thus genuine and unconventional was the hospitality of the miners' camp.—*Mining Camp.*

STODDARD'S MULE.

A Nevada Story of How It Broke Ferryman Daggett's Business.

Many years ago down in Idaho, during a gold excitement, a good many men went into the country to make money outside the gold-hunting industry. Their idea was to make the other fellows delve for the gold while they appropriated it afterward. Rollin Daggett, afterward Nevada's Congressman, established a ferryboat on a small creek and named the place "Death's Ford," at the same time inventing a musty legend to the effect that it was thus named because so many lives had been lost in the attempt to cross it. The stream was not over a dozen yards wide, and the water nowhere over two feet deep; but he rigged up a flatboat, and pulled it back and forth by a rope contrivance. Whenever the prospectors crossed he regaled them with horrible tales of the treachery of the stream, and the remorseless quicksands which had drawn so many men and mules to terrible deaths.

In the night when he ferried people over he would caution them not to get too near the edge of the boat, as a fall overboard was certain death. By letting the old lantern go out just when in the middle of the stream, and making slow time he frequently impressed the passengers with the idea that the stream was half a mile wide. For night trips he charged $5, but if the wind was high and the weather bad he struck sanguine prospectors for much larger sums. In the daytime $1 was his modest charge.

He did business in this way for several months, the men who rushed to the hills looking upon him as a benefactor to his race by this conquering of so formidable an obstacle to travel as "Death's Ford." One day Charlie Stoddard, the promoter, appeared on the bank with a mule and boarded the flatboat to cross. In the midst of the excitement, just when the ferryman was telling how dangerous the place was, the mule grew restive and fell overboard. One leg caught on a rope and he got his head under water, and, unable to extricate himself, was drowned. When he was cut loose he lay there in the middle of "Death's Ford," half out of water, so that all who came along saw what a miserable sham the ferry was, and that any four-footed animal could walk across. Daggett tried to get the mule away, but he was too heavy to budge, and so he lay there in plain sight for weeks, until Daggett's business as a ferryman was ruined. That's the reason old Dag hardly ever speaks to Charley Stoddard when he meets him.—*Carson (Nevada) Appeal.*

Editing With the Scissors.

The above remark is frequently made in connection with newspapers, and is too frequently meant as a slur. On the contrary, under proper circumstances, it should be regarded as a compliment of a high character. The same paper may be ably edited with the pen and miserably edited with the scissors. A mistaken idea prevails that the work of the latter is mere child's play, a sort of hit or miss venture, requiring hardly any brains and still less judgement; that the promiscuous and voluminous clippings are sent in a batch to the foreman, and left to that the editor's duty ends and that of the foreman begins.

Instead of this, the work requires much care and attention, with a keen comprehension of the fact that each day's paper has its own needs. The exchange editor is a pains-taking, conscientious, methodical man, always on the alert, quick in appreciation, retentive in memory, shrewd in discernment. He reads closely, culls carefully, omits and amends, discards and digests, never ignoring the fact that variety is a great essential. There are sentences to recast, words to soften, redundancies to prune, errors to correct, headings to be made, credits to be given, seasons to be considered, affinities to be preserved, consistencies of the paper to be observed. He knows whether the matter is fresh or stale, whether it is appropriate, and whether he has used it before; he remembers that he is catering for many tastes; he makes raids in every direction; he lays the whole newspaper field under contribution; he persistently "boils down," he is a genius. This is not a process of re-writing, but a happy faculty of expanding without destroying sense or continuity.

His genius is exhibited in the departments, the items of which are similar and cohesive—in the suggestive heads and sub-heads, in the sparkle that is visible, in the sense of gratification which the reader derives. No daily paper can be exclusively original; it would die of ponderosity. Life is too short and hence an embargo must be laid upon the genius of its rivals. A bright clipped article is infinitely better than a stupid contributed article. The paper that is intelligently and consistently edited in its departments, whether by pen or scissors.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Woman's Courage.

"War is a terrible thing. The first fight I was in was the battle of Shiloh. I tell you, boys, my heart was in my mouth when the rebels commenced firing on us," said old Tommy Hayfield to visiting neighbors.

"You were a coward, Tom," remarked Mrs. Hayfield. "It would have frightened me if I had been a soldier in that battle, but it wouldn't have scared me till my heart jumped into my mouth."

"Oh, I don't doubt it," retorted the old man. "You are a woman, and you never lets her heart get in her mouth."

"Humph!" ejaculated the old lady. "I suppose you think that the reason a woman never gets her heart in her mouth is because she hasn't any heart?"

"No, my dear," replied the old warrior, between whiffs of tobacco smoke; "it's because if her heart were in her mouth she couldn't talk.—*Tid-Bits.*

A Dakota lawyer-editor announces that he "can not live on wind." Of course not. No manufacturer can use his finished product as raw material.—*Albany Argus.*