The Chatham Record.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Songs of Spring.

WILD GEESE.

These are the songs of spring,
Of spring, the flower of time and truth
Of silence and of sound,
The waters of eternal youth,
Long sought and never found—
Yet who, yet who shall sing?

These are the songs of spring,
Of spring, the month of coming birth
Of all things born again;
The inspiration of the earth,
The morning light of men—
Yet who, yet who shall sing?

These are the songs of spring,
Of spring, the season of desire,
Of passion, and of pain;
Of heat and cold, of frost and fire,
Of sun and wind and rain—
Yet who, yet who shall sing?

While the storm once more may break through the gray,
And the frost strike sore ere the promptings of the May,
With the clang of sleet and the clash of rain,
To the northward fly the geese again.

Clenched in the fingers of March the forests stand,
Held in his gauntlet of ice and wrung in his sinewy hand,
And now, with the clangor of bells in the frosty sky,
The wild geese follow the storm-wind back with a strong, discordant cry.

This is the note they bring,
The harsh, conflicting prelude of the spring;
The wild, forbidden March-bird sending forth
The bugle-call to April, who waits to follow north.
Still to northward, wind and frost following sore,
To the tempest-beaten coast of Labrador.

BLUEBIRD.

'Tis a morning all in the April weather,
With the April cloud and sun,
When spring and winter are near together,
And you know not either one,
And once again from earth or sky,
The windy distance answering,
I hear the bluebird's subtle cry,
The magic voice of spring.

My window, that looks to the uplands yonder
In the russet vines is bound;
And here of an April day I ponder
To the rhythmic April sound;
Her changing pulses beat for me,
Her chilly languors touch me here
With all the wine of ecstacy,
The coming of the year.

Bird of the magic April weather,
And the distant April sun,
Bringing the earth and sky together,
To belong to neither one;
The sun is strong, the wind is wild,
The blue at variance with the gray,
Your broken song has reconciled
The conflict of an April day.

ROBIN.

The wheat is not yet sown,
But half the field is plowed,
And I hear, with the promise of summer,
The voice of a blithe new-comer,
The robin, singing loud.
Sing where the eager winds are blowing,
And in the waiting furrow
Sing while the border woods are bare,
And pattering rains are on the air;
You may not sing to-morrow.

The robin's flight is strong,
Or be it storm or sun;
With the favoring May wind follows
The first of the tardy swallows;
But he shall follow none.
The hope of harvest rules the sowing,
Let pass despair and sorrow;
Sing on—I knew you in the wood,
Among the last year's robin brood;
Sing on—to-day, to-morrow.

I knew you in the nest,
With yellow, gaping throat.
Had I crushed you, as one crushes
With the heel the sweet-fern bushes,
You had not sung a note.
he mother was beyond our hearing;
Yet who would license borrow?
thought, if I should fling you by,
Your yellow beak would scarcely cry;
Her storms to-morrow.

—*Dora Read Goodale, in the Independent.*

The Fisher's Daughter.

High tide, with beautiful white-crested waves breaking on the shingle, a blue sky reflected on the bosom of the waters, and the honest, bronze-faced fishermen busily mending their nets and smoking their pipes after their mid day meal.

One of the oldest and most respected of them all is Matthew Golding, whose genial countenance and cheerful good humor renders him a general favorite among his comrades, and he was looked up to and esteemed by one and all. He had been a widower for many years—his wife slept in the churchyard on the top of the hill, and within its sacred walls Matthew Golding worshiped every Sunday, his honest face lighting up at the good old rector's words, that told him of the home of peace and rest after his earthly toil was done.

A girl is standing near the breakwater and looking out at sea, her eyes shaded with her hand. A girl with a pretty, graceful figure, and simply yet tastefully clad; her hair, worn in two thick plaits, reaches below her waist, and her whole appearance is worthy an artist's study.

She is Matthew Golding's daughter—the pride of her father's heart and the belle of the little fishing village.

Her father, as he sits mending his net, lifts up his eyes ever and anon to gaze at his pretty daughter, and with the glance a shade falls across his usually pleasant face.

Seated near him, busied in the same occupation as himself, is a young man, dressed also in the garb of a fisherman, and to him Matthew turns and speaks of her who is leaning on the breakwater.

"She is as love-sick as she can be, I tell you, Mark, and I don't like it at all, for I don't believe as Mr. Carleton means any good to her."

"She is certainly very much changed," replies the younger fisherman, with a sigh. "I know she cared for me once, but it don't seem to make much difference to her now whether I am ashore or not."

"Ever since last spring he's been a dangling at her heels," continues old Matthew, "and I don't see what's to come of it. She has never been a willful lass, or acted contrary to my wishes; but it seems as if she had lost her head as well as her heart, too. There, don't be down-hearted, lad, she'll come to her senses by-and-bye, and see her folly; rest well assured of that."

Mark Fenton made no answer, but his fingers trembled once or twice as he went on with his work; and a drop of salt water, to which he had long been a stranger, fell upon his hand.

From his earliest boyhood he had learned to love his pretty playfellow, Hetty Golding, and for nearly two years now she had been his promised wife. But in the early spring of the year of which we are writing, Dudley Carleton—a youth with more money than brains—had come to spend a few months in the little fishing town, where the sweet, graceful figure of Hetty Golding had enchanted him.

Nothing was pleasanter to young Carleton than to flatter this simple maiden, and whisper love-words in her ear, as meaningless as they were subtle.

To ready a listener proved Hetty Golding, and she, inflated with the notion of soon becoming "a lady" and Dudley Carleton's wife, turned her back upon her faithful lover, Mark Fenton, and for the last few weeks had hardly given him a word. It was a great trouble to her honest father, for of all men of his acquaintance there was not one so worthy of her as Mark, nor one to whom he would so readily have given her in marriage. In vain he had advised and counseled her. Hetty, formerly so gentle, so ready to comply with her father's wishes, hung her head in sullen silence, and sought, more persistently than ever the society of Dudley Carleton. On this particular morning on which our story opens he, with a party of friends, had gone forth on a boating excursion, and Hetty, as she knew the time was drawing near for their returning, had taken up her station at the breakwater where the pleasure boats were usually drawn ashore. Carleton was not alone in the village; some cousins of his own age had accompanied him thither with their sisters, and Hetty had observed that on one, young and prettier than the rest, Dudley had begun, within the last few days, to bestow more than ordinary attention, and her young heart was hot within her as she stood shading her eyes and watching for the returning boat.

"You seem out of sorts to-day, lass."

She recognized Mark's voice, and it brought the crimson blood in a torrent to her cheeks.

She gave her shoulders an impatient twist, while her pretty forehead wrinkled into a frown.

"Oh, do go away; you are the plague of my life," she said, angrily.

With her eyes fixed on the ocean, she did not see the look of pain that came over the swarthy face of the fisherman.

Presently she felt her little white hand—fair and delicate enough for a duchess—seized somewhat roughly in his own, and she struggled in vain to draw it away.

"You shan't tell me that twice, Hetty," he said, in tones of sorrow rather than anger. "I will go away; but before I go I'll have it out with this young gentleman that's changed you so, and ask him whether he means to act honorably toward you or whether he's only fooling you, as I suspect he is."

"You dare to say one word to Mr. Carleton!" exclaimed the girl, indignantly. "It is no business of yours, He—"

"Oh, no business of mine, eh?" interrupted Mark. "I should like to know what is my business then, considering that your father gave you to me months and months afore this chap came here. We might have been married now if it hadn't been that you are so changed. If it hadn't been that—"

"Oh, don't preach, Mark; I hate it," cried Hetty, impatiently. "I am very sorry if you care for me, because really I—I don't think I care for you quite as I ought—and as I once thought I did."

"How long have you found that out?—only since he came to the village, with his soft blarney and honied tongue," retorted the young fisherman. "Well, we shall see," he added, in quieter tone. "If he marries you, well and good; I wouldn't stand in the way of your happiness, even though it—it broke my heart to part with you. You're pretty enough to grace a crown—and all the village says so—but that ain't the thing. If he so much as hurt one hair of your head—I'd break every bone in his body."

And the strong hand of Mark Fenton clenched as he spoke, and he looked at that moment powerful enough to fell an ox with one blow.

Hetty turned away, not altogether at ease; but, affecting an air of the most supreme indifference to all her lover had said, she resumed her former position, tapping one dainty foot impatiently on the shingle.

Mark left her without another word; and at that moment the boat, bearing the form of him she imagined she loved, came in with a dash of spray as it reached the breakwater.

Mark stood watching the ~~party land~~, while a rich flush of color mantled Hetty's cheek. She stood with her bosom heaving, expecting a look or even a word, but she received neither.

Dudley Carleton appeared utterly unconscious of her presence, and passed her as if there had been no such creature as Matthew Golding's daughter in existence.

The color faded from her cheek, leaving her white to her lips, and no sooner was the boating party out of sight than she turned and walked slowly toward her father's cottage.

But the feeling of disappointment did not continue with her long. Dudley, doubtless, had not seen her—no, she was sure that he could not have done so—and at their next meeting he would be the same as ever. She had appointed to meet him on the morrow, away from the busy fishing town, at a little nook in the cliffs, the spot of many a former tryst; and she was almost counting the hours until the time should arrive.

She hardly remembered how she dragged through the day, almost sick with anxiety, lest Dudley's love had waned. Mark Fenton, usually their guest at supper, did not appear that evening, and her father was gloomy and silent, so that Hetty crept away to bed as soon as she was able.

The morrow dawned, bright, fair and sunny, as the previous day had been; and at the appointed time and place Hetty, looking wonderfully pretty in her fresh Sunday attire, with the daintiest of straw hats, trimmed with sprays of pink heather, stood awaiting the arrival of Dudley Carleton.

For more than an hour she waited, burrowing tiny holes in the earth with the end of the fringed parasol that had once been her mother's, and walking up and down until she seemed familiar with every blade of grass and weary of the sound of her own footsteps.

Dudley Carleton came not.

Suddenly she bethought herself of her father's tea, and not until then did she seem to be aware that her lover had broken his word. She had little time to question herself, however—she must hurry home, get her finery laid away, and the table spread in readiness for his return from work.

She was hot and flushed from the haste she had made, when the old fisherman entered, and looked a little guilty too; but she talked cheerfully to him throughout the meal, and made a desperate effort to appear as though nothing out of the ordinary way had happened.

More than a week passed. Mark had taken her at her word and kept out of her way, and so had Dudley Carleton, for the matter of that, for she had seen and heard nothing of him either.

In vain she waited for him on the beach, trusting that ere each morning was out he would be down there with his boat; but he never came, and she began to fear that he had left the little fishing village, and that all her "castle building" was gradually crumbling to pieces.

She never suspected how narrowly in these days Mark Fenton watched the girl he loved; he could almost read her thoughts by every change of her face, so closely had he studied it of late.

One evening, wending his way homeward to his solitary lodging (for by the death of his mother, some years back, Mark Fenton had been left alone in the world), his heart and mind oppressed with anxious thoughts of Hetty, a figure came out of the gloaming and advanced toward him.

A second glance was all that was required to enable him to recognize Dudley Carleton, and when once the recognition had been made, Mark slackened his pace and waited for the young man to approach him.

They were alone on the cliffs, those two men—patrician and plebeian—and as the light of the moon fell upon the face of the former, the latter saw that it was slightly paler than usual. Dudley Carleton knew him to be Hetty Golding's lover; for the girl had on more than one occasion pointed him out as the man her father wished her to marry.

He stopped because Mark stopped, although his glance somewhat quailed beneath that of the stalwart fisherman.

"Mr. Carleton—is that you? We thought you had left the village," said Mark, somewhat sternly: "and so does some one else, whom you have basely deceived."

"I—what do you mean?" exclaimed Dudley, angrily, the hot blood rising to his smooth cheek. "How dare you accost me thus? I have no feelings in common with you; I don't even recollect your name—that is to say if I ever knew it."

"Never mind what my name is," retorted Mark, fiercely. "I know who you are. You are one of those men who go about the world and call themselves gentlemen—who steal a simple lassie's heart with their lies, and, when they have grown tired of it chuck it away, like children play with the shingle."

"I am not going to bandy words with a fellow like you," cried Dudley, livid now with stifled passion. "I suppose I can converse with a pretty girl if I like, without being brought to accoutn by a low-born fisherman."

"Low-born you call me, do you?" repeated Mark Fenton, in tones of withering scorn. "If I am low-born, I am honest, which is more than some folks are; and I would rather have to beg for my bread than call myself a no truer gentleman than you!"

An angry oath, followed by a still angrier blow, was all the answer vouchsafed to Mark Fenton's unpalatable speech, and the two men closed together in a fierce and desperate struggle.

They neared the edge of the cliff, but in their mad anger they were utterly forgetful of their perilous position.

A moment more and they had both reeled over together—over the great, rugged cliffs of old red sandstone—on to the beach below, that made one dizzy to look down upon.

In the morning their bodies were found by some fishermen who had missed Mark Fenton's presence from among them, and had immediately be gun to make anxious inquiries. Mark, though senseless, was alive. His fall had been broken by a piece of projecting earth, and he was carried home with a broken arm and a wounded head.

The graceful, youthful figure of Dudley Carleton lay crushed and dead upon the beach, and one of the fisherman—who had known him best, through having sometimes accompanied him and his friends on their boating excursions—went and communicated the sad tidings to his relations.

Meanwhile Mark was borne away to the cottage where he lodged; and the worthy housewife, who had become terribly alarmed at his absence, proceeded to dress his wounds with all a mother's tenderness.

Her only son had been drowned a few months previous to Mark Fenton's coming to make his home among them, and she had learned to look upon the young fellow in the light of that son she had lost.

One hour later and the news had reached Hetty, who entered the cottage with a wild despairing cry and threw herself by her lover's side.

"Mark—oh! dear Mark—live for my sake!" she ejaculated, in accents well-nigh choked with emotion. "I never knew how dearly I loved you until now. I never knew that all the world is as nothing compared to you. I have been a foolish, wicked girl, and I want you to forgive me!"

Mark Fenton opened his eyes, and fixed them on the white, haggard face of Matthew Golding's daughter.

"My poor lass," he murmured, faintly pressing the delicate fingers which lay in his open palm, "I knew you'd regret it before long. Don't take on, my darling; I am not going to die yet; I feel so much better now that I have seen you, and heard your own sweet words. I am sorry Mr. Carleton's dead; I shall always feel that I had something to do with it and yet He who is one day to be my Judge knows that I meant him no harm. Don't take on so, lassie—don't take on so."

"Oh, Mark! I am a great deal more to blame than you," continued Hettie, still weeping. "I can never forget what a wicked girl I have been."

"Yes you will, dear; wait till I come down on the beach again," rejoined Mark, "and we shall be so happy together. Kiss me, Hettie, and let me see you bright and cheerful every day; that will do me more good than all the doctors in England."

* * * * * *

And it was as Mark Fenton had said. He did grow better every day, although his recovery to health and strength was a more lengthy affair than either he or Hetty had ever anticipated; for it was not until the following spring that he was seen at his work again, and during that time the frequent visits of the worthy rector had cheered and soothed him, and he went about his business at last like the Mark Fenton of old. A change, however, had come over Hetty, and perhaps for the better.

A magisterial inquest was held respecting the discovery of Dudley Carleton's body, and his death was asserted to have been occasioned entirely by his own passion.

Hetty could not do too much for Mark to prove the affection that he once had feared she had bestowed upon another, and in the early summer, to the infinite satisfaction of old Matthew, they were quietly married in the little rustic church.

Their children may now be seen playing upon the beach, for they love to listen to the song of the waves, or climb on "grandfather's" knee when tired of their gambols and listen to his wonderful tales; but there is one spot on the cliffs which Hetty can never pass without a shudder, or recalling to mind events in the past to which her husband has never once alluded.

Illustrious Cobblers.

No one but a shoemaker could have thought Coleridge serious in his strange saying that the shoemaker's bench had produced more eminent men than any other handicraft. The *Shoe and Leather Reporter* has, however, compiled a "bill of particulars," in the shape of a list of famous cobblers, which seems to act as an effectual estoppel on all jealous craftsmen. Hans Christian Andersen, who needs no introduction, may head the list, and Hans Sachs, of Nuremberg, who though he made shoes all his life, yet made 6,000 poems, plays, farces and rhyming fables, may be put next. Sir Cloudesly Shovel was a shoemaker until he enlisted in the navy, and so was Sir Christopher Minns, another English admiral. John Hewson, one of Cromwell's colonels, and a signer of Charles I.'s death warrant; Samuel Bradburn, the "Demosthenes of Methodism," as well as a bishop; James Lackington, whose catalogue of publications reached the total—enormous for that time—of thirty-seven volumes in 1787—all these were cobblers at first, if not at the last. Continuing the English list, William Gifford, whose memory is preserved by a complimentary allusion in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and whose body is buried in Westminster Abbey; George Fox, the arch-Quaker; William Cary, a missionary famous a century ago, and who read the proofs of the Bible in twenty-seven Oriental languages; Samuel Drew, "the Locke of the nineteenth century," whose experience as an author led him to formulate the sad truth that "the man who makes shoes is sure of his wages, but the man who makes books is never sure of anything;" Thomas Holcroft, whose name is not nearly so well known as that of a single one of his plays, "The Road to Ruin;" the Bloomfield brothers, whom Byron thus apostrophized:

"Ye tuneful cobblers, still your notes prolong,
Compose at once a slipper and a song;"

John Pounds, whom school children cried at being turned away from—all these and lesser lights too numerous to mention were English shoemakers. Coming to our own country, Roger Sherman, one of the "signers," leads the list in time, but Vice-President Henry Wilson in rank. Besides these were Congressman Sheffy and Noah Worcester, founder of the Massachusetts Peace society. And ex-Governors H. P. Baldwin, of Michigan, and William Claflin, of Massachusetts, if they never made shoes, at least dealt in them largely enough to be named here. Altogether the list is sufficiently imposing and convincing to justify a verdict in favor of Coleridge's saying.

Vitiated Air and Intemperance.

A workingman writes to the *Christian Register* concerning the connection of bad air and intemperance. He says that working in a large room in a shoe factory, with from fifty to a hundred others, the fumes of tobacco mingling with the sickening smell of leather, he found it useless to try to ventilate the room by the windows. Every morning he lowered them an inch, but in half an hour all would be closed. The door had a spring which prevented its being left open a minute, and there was no way of securing fresh air. When he left his work at night he felt so faint and lifeless that he longed for a stimulant. Many of the men went at once to the nearest saloon when the day's work was ended. The men think it is hard work that makes them feel so tired, but in reality it is the breathing and rebreathing, hour after hour, of air which has been deprived of its oxygen and is loaded with poison. Of course, ill-health is general among the workmen, and it is not strange that the fifty drink-shops in the town are well supported. It is much to be wished that employers understood the importance of securing an abundant supply of pure air in their shops and factories. To do so would serve their interests, as the workmen would perform their tasks with more vigor and speed. There would also be less time lost from drunkenness. Smoking in the workroom should be prohibited. No intelligent person will deny that tobacco-smoke in an unventilated room is not only sickening to many persons but dangerous to all.

For earache take about the size of a walnut of raw, fresh mutton, burn it on a red-hot iron plate, till it is reduced almost to a cinder; then put it into a clean rag, and squeeze the moisture out into a silver spoon. Heat the spoon well in boiling water, and dry it well before you drop the expressed juice of the mutton into the ear, as hot as it can be endured. This remedy has been known to prove efficacious after laudanum has failed to afford relief.

It is a wise man that knows on which side his bread is oleomargarined.

Earthquakes.

The most notable and disastrous earthquakes on record, it may be said, are those of Italy (526), when 120,000 persons perished, and of Sicily (1693), when 60,000 lost their lives. According to Gibbon, toward 542 each year was marked with the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople was shaken above forty days—of such extent that the shock was communicated to the whole surface of the empire. At Antioch a quarter of a million persons are said to have perished. This period of earthquake and plague (542-7) was the period when the superior planets were in perihelion, as they are now. Arabian and Persian chronicles record 111 earthquakes between the seventh and eighteenth centuries, some lasting from forty to seventy days, and nearly all accompanied by winds or floods, or terrible storms of lightning and thunder. Readers of the "Relations des Jesuites" will remember the great earthquakes of 1663, which shook and tossed the earth for six months from Gaspe to Montreal, the rival of our own earthquake of 1811 in the Mississippi valley. The severest of the earthquakes felt in this region was that of November, 1755, an echo of the convulsion that tumbled down Lisbon—and saved the Pompay ministry, through the fact that the minister's house was almost the only one left uninjured and his family one of the few not bereaved of a member. Hein, in his interesting work on earthquakes, estimates that on an average two earthquakes a day occur on the earth. In 1870, though there was no severe single shock, 2,225 houses were destroyed or greatly damaged in Italy, ninety-eight persons killed and 223 wounded. The same shock may last for years; instance that of Viege, in the Valais, which endured from July, 1855, to 1857. At Cabul thirty-three severe shocks have been felt in one day; at Honduras, in 1856, 108 were counted in a week, and at Hawaii, in 1868, 2,000 shocks occurred in one month. Hein, it may be said in conclusion, opposes the theory of a connection between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions and considers that of their coincidence with atmospheric phenomena as better supported by facts; for they are occasionally preceded or accompanied by thick and widespread fogs at seasons when fogs are not frequent, by sudden falls of the barometer and equally sudden changes of temperature. Their occurrence, however, in the majority of cases coincides with normal meteorological conditions. Earthquakes are more frequent after sunset than in daytime, in autumn and winter than in spring. The influence of the moon is insignificant.

Ostrich Farming.

The *Arizona Citizen* thinks that ostriches could be reared with great ease and profit in that Territory. There is no place, it says, better adapted for ostrich farming than the Lower Gila west of Tucson and along the Colorado river. This country is dry, hot, and otherwise fitted for ostriches, dromedaries, Bedouins, cassowaries and the other products of Sahara and Arabia the Blessed. Ostriches have been naturalized in South Africa in regions similar to Arizona, and enormous profits are annually made from this source. There are several thousand ostrich farms there and over 120,000 birds. The would-be ostrich farmer incloses a large tract of land, the same as our large cattle men do in the Western States, with a three-board fence. This they were compelled to do, as the ostrich is a very fleet bird, and cannot be controlled by herders as cattle and sheep. Many of the men who engaged in the business in South Africa have amassed fortunes in a few years. They produce five broods of about twenty chicks at a brood in a year. The young ones may be plucked when eight months old; the first plucking is worth $5 per bird. At sixteen months old they may be plucked again; this and all subsequent pluckings are worth $25 per head, and they may be plucked every eight months. They commence breeding at four years old. Full-grown ostriches are worth from $500 to $800 per pair in South Africa.

Umbrella Language.

To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over the woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To carry an open umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies "I am a woman."—*Boston Transcript.*

The last, best fruit, which comes late to perfection, even in the kindliest soul is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the misanthropic.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Germany has put 2,500 miles of her telegraph system under ground.

One gallon of neat's-foot oil mixed with four ounces of lampblack makes a good harness oil.

Minneapolis claims to have wrestled from Chicago the proud distinction of being the largest wheat-handling town in the West.

When reduced to extremity by hunger, the wolf will swallow mud in order to allay the uneasy sensations of his stomach.

A Boston authority says that a good and complete series of autograph letters of signers of the Declaration of American Independence is worth about $2,500.

The United States now has ten times more acres of wheat than the United Kingdom; it has twice the number of horses of both England and France, one-third more cattle, and four times more hogs than both.

About 600 inventors have sent models or plans of improved stock cars in compliance with the offer of the American Humane association of a prize for the best. The judges find themselves overwhelmed with the work of examining.

A Maine man has invented a scarecrow, to be placed in corn-fields, which consists of a box seven feet long and two feet square, with horizontal barrels arranged inside. The barrels are to be loaded with powder, and at regular intervals exploded by means of clock-work within the box.

"How do you like my new clothes?" asked Leander. "Pretty well," replied Hero, doubtfully, and then added, "but I think I should like you better in a walking suit." He sat wrapped in silent thought for about five minutes, and then got up and walked slowly away in the suit he had on.

To take a drink in Oregon costs a man so indulging $5. The rum is not worth that money, but the city requires a license costing that sum before a man can get any bitters at any hotel or saloon. It is a penal offense for the proprietors of these establishments to sell to any person who is not armed with such license. Every six months the local papers publish the names of all who have applied for such documents, and the public thereby know who are the drinkers.

About Editors.

Every editor loves to have his friends, and particularly his readers, call on him. They belong to the same family, as it were. But when you call to see the editor don't stay too long. Editors are generally very busy in business hours. If you have any suggestions to make or news to communicate, state it in as few words as possible. Don't offer any excuses or indulge in a long preface to what you have to say. Blurt it right out; tell the editor you wish him well, and bid him good-day. Editors dote on such men as that; they love to receive calls from them. Don't argue with them; don't try to do it; he has no time for argument while at his work.

When you write to an editor for publication, make it short—boil it down. Pitch right into the middle of your subject, and be sure to stop writing when you are through. Editors always like something fresh and original in the way of communications, and are especially fond of news. But the editor must always be the judge of what is worthy of publication. Of course every writer thinks his own production the best, just as every mother thinks her baby the prettiest that ever was born. But the editor may be so stupid as to have a different opinion. If so, it can't be helped. Don't try to argue him out of his notion. If he is too stupid to appreciate a good thing, you can't expect to remedy his dullness. You may think you are a good deal smarter than the editor, and that may be true, but the editor may be responsible and you are not. There is no class of people so covetous of the good opinion of others. It is well to remember that fact—*Printer's Circular.*

She Was the Wrong Woman.

The days of romance are not past. A Cuban planter visiting New York saw a charming woman on a Brooklyn ferry-boat and fell in love with her. He traced her to her home and learned that she was a widow most respectably connected. He was called to Cuba, and wrote her a letter full of affection and giving references. Her friends inquired and found that he was a desirable match She replied to the letter. He responded. She wrote and he wrote until there was an offer of marriage and an acceptance, and the wedding-day was fixed. She prepared her bridal robe and he returned to New York. They met at the house of one of her friends, she wondering how he looked, he anticipating a second vision of beauty. She saw a handsome man; he looked and screamed, "You are the wrong woman!" And so it was. They had neglected to exchange photographs. She remains a widow, and he haunts the Brooklyn ferryboats for another vision.