

PREFACE.

IF, in these volumes, I have made some joke at a friend's expense, let that friend take it in the spirit intended, and—I apologise beforehand.

In America apology in journalism is unknown. The exception is the well-known story of the man whose death was published in the obituary column. He rushed into the office of the paper and cried out to the editor :

“Look here, sur, what do you mean by this? You have published two columns and a half of my obituary, and here I am as large as life!”

The editor looked up and coolly said, “Sur, I am vury sorry, I reckon there is a mistake some place, but it kean’t be helped. You are killed by the *Jersey Eagle*, you are to the world buried. We nevur correct anything, and we nevur apologise in Amurrican papers.”

“That won’t do for me, sur. My wife’s in tears; my friends are laughing at me; my business will be ruined,—you *must* apologise.”

“No, si—ree, an Amurrican editor nevur apologises.”

“Well, sur, I’ll take the law on you right away. I’m off to my attorney.”

“Wait one minute, sur—just one minute. You are a re-nowned and popular citizen: the *Jersey Eagle* has killed you