

A MODERN TITAN.

AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST'S EXPERIENCE.

There she stood, not five feet two. Pretty? Well, that's a matter of taste. Little, alert head, eager eyes, well dressed, dainty figure, movements not ungraceful, but resolute to a degree. There was something not defiant, yet military, in her aspect. She reminded me of a little female soldier, though, to be sure, I'd never seen one, but we all know there's plenty of fighting ability in the sex. I was wading through a pile of proof, with the faded brain of an overworked journalist, when she made her appearance. Two of my staff were down with typhoid, and an evening contemporary had basely taken advantage of the breach in my ranks to draw public attention to the fact by remarking that "the *Standard* was falling behind the times." I was deep in a pen and ink warfare—a two-columned editorial, which annihilated my mean antagonist—when she entered my private office. It was an inopportune visit, I thought, and I did not dissimulate. I looked up with the glow of battle still upon my cheek and its fire in my eye.

"Madam, I have nothing to-day for the 'Prisons Flower Mission,' or for the 'Society of Art Needlework to Elevate the Masses'; not a cent, even to contribute to the 'Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children'; but if you are forming a 'Society for the Protection of Men in Office Hours,' I'm your man. My subscription shall be sent in to-morrow, and I promise you it shall be a handsome one."

My lady atom laughed in my face, but so prettily I forgave her.

"I'm not a collector for charitable objects," she said.

"Oh, you're not?" I answered; and then a deadly suspicion grew upon me, causing me to resume my faithful old weapon of sarcasm in my hour of peril.

"I am a plain civilian; have never occupied the position of a colonel, much more the distinguished one of a private soldier. Deplorable, is it not? But I have no 'Army Reminiscences.' Fortunately, the nation's already sufficiently accoutred, but I've no book on the "War" to foist on an insatiable public. I state it positively."

Again she laughed.

"I am not a canvasser," she said.

A yet darker possibility loomed before me.

"Talk not to me of 'Wheeler & Wilson,'" I cried, desperately, "nor of a 'Singer.' I wouldn't give an old song for the whole crew."

"I am not a sewing machine agent" was her calm reply.

"Nor a spiritualist, nor a faith cure, nor a W. C. T. U., nor a Salvation Army captain?" I went on, skipping from alp to alp. "To what, then, am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"To a business proposition for our mutual advantage," she answered, briskly.

"Proceed," I said.

"I will. You wouldn't guess my last stopping place. Florida; just come from there this morning. I keep three 'weeklies' supplied with matter on that subject. But what specially brought me here to-day's that I'm on my way to Mexico."

I remembered a story I'd read in my boyhood called 'The Travelled Ant,' and I looked at her with new interest and reviving confidence.

"I'm good for three articles a week for the 'Railway Guide' and one a month for the 'International'; three prominent periodicals pay high for occasional contributions on Mexican scenery. Now, the manners and customs of that country will go a long way, and, if you like, I will keep these for the *Standard*. Skilfully handled, the subject could be made useful as popular reading, and would suit a paper that is always up with the times."

She had seen that villainous slander of the *Tribune*, then, for she looked at me and audaciously smiled.

"How many papers do you write for?" at last I said.

"Well, over thirty a month," she answered; "some East, some out West. I am quite cos-

mopolitan, you see. Travelling takes up a good deal of time. Sometimes I go by stage out West. But should my route be by rail or steamer, I can do my work for the press as easily as in a private room at an hotel."

I looked at this new order of beings, the female journalist, standing before me, a strange specimen of pluck, energy and ability, and I felt a deep business admiration stirring within me.

"You seem to think nothing of running over the continent," I ejaculated. "I presume you like it; but your expenses must swallow up all the profits."

"Not a bit of it," rejoined she; "I get passes on all the railroads. They open up the country, and the railway companies are glad enough to get some one to write it up, too. I do real good work for every inch they carry me."

"That goes without saying," I answered, bowing.

Then, after a little business arrangement, my strange visitor departed, first mentioning a name well known to the press East and West. When and where we may meet again I know not; those little feet may have traversed the snows of the wild Northwest or the vast prairies first. But of one thing I am sure: those regular contributions to the *Standard* will never fail. My female journalist is indeed a Modern Titan.

Montreal.

AKAN ADIAN.

MARIAN.

A PROVENÇAL FOLK SONG.

"Mount' as passa ta Matinado.
Mourbieu Marioun."

O where have you spent your morning, tell,
Yes, you, Marian?
Why, drawing water down at the well,
'Tis true, good man.
Who met you and whispered in your ear,
Yes, you, Marian?
'Twas one of the village girls, oh hear,
'Tis true, good man.
Ain't a girl in breeches a novel sight,
Say you, Marian?
Well, perhaps her skirt was a trifle tight,
'Tis true, good man.
A girl with a sword! I've ne'er seen one,
Have you, Marian?
Well, her distaff hung down as she spun,
'Tis true, good man.
Has a girl a mustache? Come, that's a good joke,
For you, Marian!
She was eating mulberries as she spoke,
'Tis true, good man.
I never knew mulberries ripen in May,
Did you, Marian!
A bunch might be left from last year, I dare say,
'Tis true, good man.
Go gather a basketful, then, for me,
Yes, you, Marian!
But the birds may have eaten them since, you see,
'Tis true, good man.
Come, say your prayers now, I'll cut off your head,
Yes, you, Marian.
But what will you do with the body when dead,
Tell true, good man?
Oh, out of the window I'll fling it, you beast,
Yes, you, Marian.
That the cats and dogs may all come to the feast,
Tell true, good man?
I'll do for you this time, though for it I'll swing,
Yes, you, Marian.
But a rope around one's neck is an unpleasant thing,
'Tis true, good man.
You bad, lying scratch cat, I'll blacken your eye,
Yes, you, Marian.
'Twas my cousin, the conscript, who bade me good-bye,
'Tis true, good man.
What, Jean? Then why couldn't you say at once,
Yes, you, Marian?
'Cause I like to tease you a bit, you old dunce,
'Tis true, good man.
You tease me too much, 'tis a shame and a crime,
Yes, you, Marian.
Well, just keep your temper another time.
I'm true, good man.

—M. R. WELD in the Academy.

As the annual local consumption in France of brandy is 12,000,000 gallons, and the yearly product only 13,000,000 gallons, American lovers of eau de vie are wondering what the stuff is which comes across the Atlantic labeled as French brandy. Scientific experts say that most of it is cheap German spirits, flavored with cunningly devised extracts and cordials.



Philadelphia girl (at the sea shore)—"Do you ever find bottles which tell of wrecks?" Native—"Yes, mum, often—empty ones."

The facetious father of a pair of twin babies complained that although they filled the house with music, he could not tell one heir from another.

"Yes," she said, "the waves in a storm remind me of our hired girls at home." "Hired girls, madame?" "Yes, they are such awful breakers."

"Robbie," said a visitor, kindly, "have you any little brothers or sisters?" "No," replied wee Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."

"How many deaths?" asked a hospital physician. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes; but one would not take it," was the startling reply.

Young mother (to butcher)—"I have brought my little baby, Mr. Bullwinkle. Will you kindly weigh him?" Butcher—"Yes, ma'am; bones an' all, I s'pose?"

Man is awfully smart in some things, but nobody has yet discovered one that could jam a hat pin clear through his head and make it come out on the other side, as the women do.

"Hillo! where are you going at this time of night?" said a gentleman to his servant. "You are after no good, I'll warrant." "Please, sir, mistress sent me for you, sir," was the response.

A cynical man says that there are two occasions when he would like to be present. One is when the gas company pays its water bill; the other is when the water company pays its gas bill.

"Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet?" "Yis, sorr." "Have you seen him?" "No, sorr." "Then how do you know he's home?" "'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."

At Coney Island—He: "Do you see that peculiar cloud in the horizon?" She: "I don't know which one you mean." "I mean that one that looks like a dog." "O, yes, I see it now. It's a regular sky terrier."

Advertisers often give us amusing specimens of composition, of which this is an example: "Lost by a poor lad tied up in a brown paper with a white string a German flute with an overcoat on and several other articles of wearing apparel."

First Scotch farmer, selling—"It's a guid horse, but I maun tell ye it's got a fault—it's a wee g'ien tae run awa' wi' ye." Second Scotch farmer, buying—"If that's a', it'll dae fine. Man, the last horse I had was g'ien to rinnin' awa' without me!"

The lecturer put his foot in it when he prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with, "I must beg you to give me your united attention; indeed it is absolutely impossible that you form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

"Yes, boys," said old Bellows, proudly beating his breast, "I've been a soldier in my time, and, if I do say it myself, like the war-horse of Scripture, I could ever scent the battle from afar." "I s'pose," ventured young Paperwate, "that on very many occasions that saved your life."

A gentleman said to the waiter of his club: "Michael, if I should die, would you attend my funeral?" "Willingly, sir," was the hasty answer. "Well, Michael, that isn't very complimentary." "No, sir, I didn't mane that, sir; I wouldn't be seen there, sir," was the waiter's consolatory reply.

"My son, John," said Mrs. Spriggins, "is a-doin' very well. I didn't know that the boy had any literary tastes, but he's gone square into the writin' business, and I suppose he'll be a great author some of these days. He's only an underwriter now, but he expects to be promoted before long."

It is not surprising that foreigners sometimes fail to catch all the shades of meaning belonging to our words. A Frenchman translated Shakespeare's line, "Out, brief candle," by "Get out, you short candle." And the expression, "With my sword I will carve my way to fortune," was rendered, "With my sword I will make my fortune cutting meat."

"What is it that makes the rich man richer and the poor man poorer?" shouted a Socialist orator the other evening. The proper answer to this question should have been "monopoly," and the orator waited for some one to give it. He was therefore very much disgusted when a newly-fledged member, who had not been properly posted, got up and yelled, "Beer!"

Cholly—"You look tired, old fel'; watcher been doing?" Dolly (briefly)—"Literary work." Cholly (surprisedly)—"Don't say! What branch, old man?" Dolly—"Well, you see, I know a man who writes for papers, and this morning he asked me to help him count the words in an article he was going to send down town. Mighty hard work, I assure you. Almost as hard as writing, don't-cher-know?"