

yards from shore. That was nothing. For a quarter a boatman pulled Bill out to the yacht and left him swinging on a rope ladder that was hanging over the side. When the boatman was gone, and his bridges thus burned behind him, Bill mounted to the deck. The whiskey blanc was having its effect by this time and his gait was not as steady as it might be, but he made his way to the first man he saw,—Sir George's butler—and informed him that he had come "to interview Mark Twain." The butler was greatly incensed and ordered Bill to leave the boat instantly, threatening dire consequences if he didn't do so. But the reporter assured him that there was no way of leaving. Besides, he had "come to interview Mark Twain." Sir George heard the loud talking and came along. Bill told him as he had told the butler, that he had "come to interview Mark Twain." Sir George, in his anger, threatened to have him flung in the river. Bill didn't mind; simply told the knight he couldn't swim, and again expressed his intention of interviewing Mark Twain. Some more words followed, and then the famous humorist came along. He had worked for a newspaper himself in his young days, and he took in the situation at a glance. Bill's daring appealed to him, and he took the reporter down into the cabin and wrote out a short interview with his own hand and signed it. That was Bill's "scoop."

#### TRIMMING MURPHY'S BEARD.

In addition to gathering news, the reporters on most papers are expected to secure photographs of persons, places and incidents concerned with the news stories they turn in. Every paper has a collection, more or less extensive, of cuts made from these photographs. These are filed away, ready for instant use. But mistakes sometimes occur. It chanced a few years ago that a once prominent Montrealer named Joseph Murphy died. The city editor of a certain daily decided to publish a half-tone with the obituary notice, but on looking up his index he discovered cuts of two Joseph Murphys. One Murphy wore a beard, the other did not. No one in the office knew which Murphy had died, and as this was rather an important point, a reporter was dispatched post-haste to find out. When the time for making up the page arrived, and no word had been received from the reporter, the city editor decided to "take a chance." The page was stereotyped with the cut of the bearded Murphy in the centre. The plate had been firmly bolted on the press and there was no longer any possibility of changing the cut, when the 'phone on the city desk rang, and the breathless reporter at the other end of the line informed his chief that "the deceased Mr. Murphy never wore a beard." Here was a rather pretty complication. The dead Murphy, of course, would acquiesce in anything, but his friends might not be so easily pacified. The living Murphy, too, might object to having his portrait published as that of a man finished with this world. It might injure his business. Anyway, it would raise unpleasant visions of friends sending flowers, or gathering for the "wake." Something had to be done and done instantly, and something was done. In less than a minute after receiving the message the city editor was in the press-room and the foreman was hard at work with a cold chisel, frantically shaving off Murphy's beard. It is safe to wager that none of the bewhiskered gentle-