

The force of habit, rather than a very clearly defined purpose, led him to walk to the corner of the street, just below his dwelling, and to pause there, as usual, to await the coming of the horse-car which should carry him down town. Following a custom, too, he took from his waistcoat pocket two or three pennies (which, to his surprise, had swollen to the uncomfortable dimensions of the old copper cents), and looked around for the news-boy from whom he bought, every morning, the daily paper.

The lad, however, was not to be seen; and Ephraim was somewhat vexed at his absence, because he was especially anxious upon that morning to observe the quotations of the Chicago and Liverpool grain markets, and to ascertain what steamers were loading at the wharves.

The horse-car was delayed much longer than he expected, and, while he waited, a man passed by, dressed oddly, Ephraim noticed, in knee-breeches and very old-fashioned coat and hat. Ephraim said to him, politely,—

"Can you tell me, sir, where I can get a morning paper in this neighborhood? The lad I buy from, commonly, is not at his post this morning."

The stranger, stopping, looked at Ephraim, with a queer expression, and presently said,—

"I don't think I understand, you; a *morning* paper, did you say?"

"Yes, one of the morning papers; the *Argus* or *Commercial*—any of them."

"Why, my dear sir, there is but one newspaper published in this city. It is the *Gazette*. It comes out on Saturday, and this, you know, is only Tuesday."

"Do you mean to say that we have no daily papers?" exclaimed Ephraim, somewhat angrily.

"Daily papers! Papers published every day! Why, sir, there is not such a newspaper in the world, and there never will be."

"Pshaw!" said Ephraim, turning his back upon the man in disgust.

The stranger smiled, and, shaking his head as if he had serious doubts of Ephraim's sanity, passed onward.

"The man is cracked," said Ephraim, looking after him.

"No daily papers! The fellow has just come from the interior of Africa, or else he is an escaped lunatic. It is very queer that