

Still there is a fascination about running a country newspaper; a strong fascination. The more cordwood subscribers you secure, the more arrearages accumulate, and the oftener you get your paper-mill notes renewed, the more fascinating the business becomes. I have known editors to be so fascinated and oblivious to the outside world that they couldn't see when the time was opportune for them to throw up the sponge and skip the country; then I have seen the bailiff walk in, lock up the concern, and leave the editor without enough money to pay his railway fare to the next town. Bailiffs are inexorable. I know it. When I resigned my editorial labor into the hands of a bailiff there was one little memento I wished to retain. That was a due-bill for enough to purchase a good pair of boots. I had to walk out with the old pair.

It was a hard struggle to leave that musty old office, with all its distressing associations and starvation memories—the battlefield of my brain and muscles; the ground where I had struggled for three years with relentless poverty, in the vain hope of getting an under hold, but the old warrior had at last landed his force below the belt and I dropped. But the hardest thing of all to tear myself away from was six cords of fine hardwood nicely piled in the back yard. I mourned that loss all one winter.

I once heard of a man who became rich in the newspaper business. I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance, but I venture to affirm that it wasn't a country newspaper he ran. There was one man of my acquaintance, though, he owned large paper mills, and who had a country newspaper thrown upon his hands for a bad debt. He hired an editor and ran it for all he was able. He was worth \$100,000 when he tackled that paper, but in six months his mills were sold out by the sheriff and he died a bankrupt. There may be money in the business, but it costs more to mine for it than the face value of the bullion.

Editors never attain to a great age. The eldest one died when he was forty, yet he looked so aged and careworn that his friends, through compassion, emphatically declared him to be a centenarian. I do not wish to say anything disparaging of editors, for my sympathies are with them. When I see one dodging back and forth across the street, running through alleyways, with hat pulled down over his eyes to prevent recognition, I recognize an old character of my own and mentally exclaim: "God-speed! You have a tough row, old fellow, but you'll hoe it in a very few years; you're hoeing it fast now; but kind Providence won't prolong your miseries beyond 35 or 40."

A corpulent editor is a rare bird. The party who bought out my paper at the bailiff's sale was the finest specimen I ever saw. He was extremely corpulent, but he died three weeks after coming into possession. The doctor said it was too sudden a change for him, poor fellow. Then after his death they wanted me to take it again and run it on a good salary, but I didn't; I preferred to grovel along in a hum-drum sort of way, getting odd jobs now and again which brought me in a few dollars a month, and finally I secured a situation as collector for a mercantile firm, in which position I have found ecstatic bliss. The tables are turned. I find overpowering delight in running down delinquents, and gloat over their terrified attempts to evade me. But I never dun an editor.

STUBBS.

TEACHER—Name three beasts of prey. Pupil—One tiger and two lions.

## TEN DOLLARS.

I CAN'T describe the X-tasy I feel  
When gazing on thy crisp, x-pressive face;  
Let me x-tend my hand to prove thee real;  
Let me x-plain why I thy form embrace.

Oh; powerful x! all masterful art thou  
To ward off foes of mine who x-ecrate,  
Because I could not x-ercise my brow,  
And pay x-tortioners who would not wait.

But here I have thee! Thou art mine at last,  
Yet still a bright x-cuse I will submit--  
I'm in-x-orable; I'll hold thee fast,  
And creditors may grumble at my wit.

Mayhap they think my logic is compl-x  
When placed in this x-temporizing form;  
Thou'rt destined to buy coal! Readers will x-  
Culgate, x-onerate—I must keep warm!

W. H. T.

## THEY TOOK CHANCES.

A FUNNY story comes from an up-country town where the final voters' list court was held before the county judge a few weeks ago.

The name of one whom we will call "John Smith" for short was finally reached in a list of several whom the Tories were endeavoring to have put on.

"Have you any objection to this person?" queried his Honor of the lawyer who was representing the Reform interests.

"The only objection I have, your Honor," was the reply of the champion of the Liberal cause, "is that the person has periodical crazy spells, in the course of one of which he might possibly vote against us were an election on. But perhaps it will be during a sane interval he will have to go to the polls, in which case we are sure he would vote right. We'll take chances, anyway, and let the name go on the list."

And as the Court passed to the next name the Conservative lawyer was heard to mutter despairingly:—"By George, what a chance I missed when I didn't head that fellow off with an explanation from our side of the house on the same tack!"



*Grip's Comic Almanac for 1887* is out, and in the opinion of all who have seen it, far surpasses any previous issue. It is greatly enlarged, and brimming full of good things, literary and pictorial. The price is still the nominal one of 10 cents, for which the *Almanac* will be sent to any address, post free.

THE *Brooklyn Magazine* is a welcome visitor at our table every month. Besides an excellent spread of literary wares, the *Brooklyn* always contains half-a-dozen sermons by Beecher and Talmage, which alone are worth more than the subscription price, \$2 per year.