

upon Jinny. She had eaten her daily bread seasoned with such spice since her infancy ; for her dead father, old Bill Dinch, had the reputation of being able on occasion to swear such an oath as would "make the dead turn in their graves." So Jinny said very quietly, when Jake paused to take breath :

"I hate ye, and, ef ye go down there to-night, I ain't a-goin' te marry ye—never !" and Jinny compressed her lips firmly.

Jake looked down at her for a moment in silence. This quiet stubbornness enraged him more than any abuse, so he said again bitterly and tauntingly :

"You're an ugly thing anyhow."

This roused Jinny.

"I ain't ugly," she retorted.

"Yer're. Yer're 'tarnal ugly ; but it won't hurt yer fer work."

Jinny, infuriated, flung out her strong right arm and fetched him a ringing box in the ear, and then turned and sped away up the marsh, never pausing until she was inside her own home.

Jake was subdued, for he knew he had gone too far, and in his mean little Muskrat heart he knew he really loved the girl, and didn't intend to give her up. But this love was not great enough to induce him to grant her request that he would let alone this detestable business, which offended her so much ; for, although she said she hated him, she trembled lest he should get into difficulty.

But strong is the power of whiskey and it prevailed.

*Hélène E. F. Potts.*

*(To be Concluded.)*



## THE EVOLUTION OF THE VOLUNTEER CONTRIBUTOR.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

**I**N spite of the announcement frankly made by some important periodicals that unsolicited manuscripts are not desired nor considered, and the brusque statement of one of the best-known editors in England that he has hardly ever been repaid for the labor of examining volunteer contributions, the unsolicited manuscript and the volunteer contributor will continue to form important factors in literature so long as there are periodicals to be published.

How, indeed, could it be otherwise ? Let us suppose that for the next five years no writer, not already favorably known to the editorial guild, should submit a story, poem, descriptive sketch, or literary essay—what would be the sure consequence ? Simply this—that the reading world would rise up in revolt, and one of the first victims of its

righteous wrath would be the very editor who has declared himself so superbly indifferent to unsought contributions.

The reason of this revolt would not be far to seek. Notwithstanding the independence, not to say arrogance, of editors who will accept, and periodicals which will print, only such articles as may be ordered of their producers in much the same fashion as groceries or dry-goods, there is no gainsaying the truth that it is the volunteer contributor who keeps the stream of literature rippling, bright and refreshing. Were it not for him it would soon become stagnant, turbid and stupifying.

Without any disparagement of the writers of varying degrees of distinction that fill the pages of our ever-multiplying host of periodicals, it is a perfectly safe thing to say that we would inevit-