

A LITERARY SUCCESS.

An honest—therefore poor—young man, just cut adrift from college. Was driven to devise a plan for bartering his knowledge. He thought and thought a weary while, then off his coat he stripped. And in one heat reeled off some seventeen pages of manuscript. Note size, and written only on one side, from which you'll guess That it was meant for nothing less than "copy" for the press. Naught meant about this youth: He quoted French, and Greek, and Latin; He pressed ancient and modern history into service; and, though he had only a small stock of metaphysics on hand, he didn't hesitate to work that in.

Then straightway he concealed the article upon his person. And went on publication day (he couldn't have chosen a worse one) To the office of a weekly, where he somehow found the editor. Who eyed him with an ugly glare, as though he were a creditor. The editor clutched the manuscript; fumbled it half a minute. Looked at the first page, then the last, and knew all that was in it. He gave it back. "It's very good," he said, "but we can't use it. We should have to plow up several acres of flowers of rhetoric, translate, boil it down, and put a bead on it; and, as there is no news in it, anyhow, though it is a capital article, I fear we must refuse it."

The young man went away and pondered. "It's quite plain," said he, "That what I've written is too good. What a genius I must be! Ergo, if I could but contrive to write a little badly, The editor, undoubtedly, would take my matter gladly." He set to work again, and all his powers he put a tax on. Until he had produced a piece of rough hewn Anglo-Saxon. He tried to make it seem abrupt, and to have the language terse. "I've got along without quotations and metaphors," he said, "and tethered myself to plain statements, and have used only two or three kinds of epithets; on the whole I couldn't write much worse."

He went again to the editor, with a kind of sense of shame. "If you should see fit to publish this," he said, "don't use my name." The editor turned the pages over with evident interest. "It's better than the last," he said, "though hardly in request." "I won't give up," the young man said, as he sadly walked away. "I've got to harness my genius down, if I want to make it pay." So he tried once more, and, after nights of labour, he succeeded. In writing such a shockingly bad thing that he didn't dare look it over. He broke away from every cherished tradition; crammed whole paragraphs into a short sentence; hunted up slang and spattered it about; and put the whole together in such an uncouth way that his old teachers would have said a First Reader was what he needed.

He didn't like to go with this. His heart began to fail. So he borrowed a dozen postage-stamps and sent it through the mail. He waited tremblingly. An answer came that very night. Which said the editor had found the article all right. He sent a check in payment, and he hinted at the end, That he'd take as much of that sort as the young man chose to send. From that day forth the said young man has prospered more or less. And he always tells his friends that a careful cultivation of bad taste, total abstinence from college rhetoric, and a tight muzzling of the genius that is in him, are the secrets of his success.

HENRY TERRELL, in *The Century*.

STRAIGHTENING THE ACCOUNTS

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "if you'll bring me the pen and ink, I'll look over your accounts and straighten 'em out for you. I think your idea of keeping an account of the daily expenses is the best thing you ever did. It's business like, and I want to encourage you in it."

"Here's the ink," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, growing radiant at the compliment. "I had the pen day before yesterday. Let me think." And she dove into her work-basket and then glanced nervously under the bureau.

"Well, do you suppose I'm going to split up my finger and write with that?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where's the pen? I want the pen."

"I put it somewhere," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Ah! here I have it now. Now, you see," she continued, "I put what money I spend down here. This is your account here, and that is the joint account. You know—"

"What's this?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke.

"That's your account; this—"

"No, no, I mean this marine sketch on the second line?"

"That? Oh, that's a 7."

"Suppose I ever spent seven dollars with a tail like that to it? If you're going to make figures, why don't you make figures? What d'ye want to make a picture of a prize-fight in a column of accounts for? What is the elephant doing here?"

"I think that's a 2," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, dubiously. "Maybe it's a 4. I can tell by adding it up."

"What are you going to add up? D'ye count in this corner lot and that rose-bush, and this pair of suspenders? D'ye add them in?"

"That's a 6 and that is a 5 and the last is an 8. They come out all right, and during the last month you have spent more than I and the joint account together."

"Haven't either. When did I spend this broken-down gunboat?"

"That ain't a boat. It's \$42 for your suit."

"Well, this tramp fishing for a rock—when did I spend him?"

"It ain't a tramp. It's \$50 cash you took,

and I don't know what you spent it for. Look at my account now—"

"What is this man pulling a gig for?"

"It's nothing of the sort. That ain't a gig it's \$1 for wiggins. You see I've only spent twenty-two dollars in a month, and you've spent a hundred and eighty-four."

"You can't tell by this what I've done," growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "What's this rat-trap doing in the joint account?"

"That's fourteen cents for fruit, when you were sick."

"And this measly-looking old hen, what has she got to do with it?"

"That's no hen. That's a 2. It means two dollars for having your chair mended."

"What have you charged me with this old graveyard for?"

"That's fifteen cents for sleeve elastics. The fifteen ain't plain, but that's what it is."

"How do you make out I have spent so much? Where's the vouchers? Show me the vouchers."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but you spent all I put down."

"Haven't done anything of the sort. Show me some vouchers. Your account's all a humbug. You don't know how to keep an account."

"Yes I do," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and I think it's all right."

"No, you don't. What do you mean by getting up engravings of a second-hand furniture store and claiming that it's my account? You're a great bookkeeper, you are. All you want is a sign hung up between you and the other side of the street to be a commercial college. If I ever fail in business, I'm going to fill you up with benches and start a night-school. Give me that pen." And Mr. Spoopendyke commenced running up the columns. "Two two's four and eight twelve and four sixteen and carry one to the next and three is four. Here it's wrong. You've got an eighteen for a twenty here."

"Eh?" jerked out Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"This is 204, not 184. I knew you couldn't keep accounts. You can't even add up."

"That makes your account even bigger," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I didn't think it was so much."

Slam went the book across the room, followed by the pen, and the ink would have gone too, but Mrs. Spoopendyke cautiously placed it out of harm's way.

"Dod gash it!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he tore off his clothes and prepared for bed. "You ain't fit to have a pen and ink. Next time I want accounts kept I'll keep 'em chained up in the yard, and don't you go near 'em; you hear me?"

"Yes, dear," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she slipped the obnoxious book into the drawer.

CORNWALLIS'S BUCKLES.

I am not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favourite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps urged now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party, was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general can not be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I cannot stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general!"

"But, my little girl, I can not let you pass until you tell me whence you come, and what your business is within these lines."

"I come from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!"

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighbourhood, with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of

the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to head quarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the general," was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the general; and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her, Cornwallis in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented only the power that could save her favourite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the general severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well, you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow! And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.—*St. Nicholas*, for February, 1882.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MRS. LANGTRY is to have a rôle in the English version of "Odette."

A PAPER by the Duke of Argyll on the land laws will appear in the *Contemporary Review* for February.

MR. TENNYSON was so satisfied with the receipts of "The Cup" at the Lyceum that, it is said, he has just written two short plays.

HOLLYHOOKS and thistles are the whim of the moment for screen embroidery. The thistle-panel is placed between two hollyhocks, the sober hues of the former making a pretty contrast to the brighter colours of the side panels.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Prince of Wales has accepted the invitation of the Savage Club to their grand annual dinner, to take place on the 11th of February. Sir Cunliffe Owen will, it is expected, preside.

THE *Daily News* likens Colonel Stanley to a bottle of champagne, which "never effervesced," but is now "stiller than ever." Stillier than ever if it never effervesced! There is something Irish in this.

WE have been requested to contradict a report which appeared in some newspapers recently that the Duke of Westminster is about to be

married. There is no shade of foundation for such report—moreover the lady mentioned was lately married herself!

THE Princess Louise is about to contribute to *Good Words* a series of drawings illustrative of Quebec and its neighbourhood. They will be published immediately, with historical and descriptive notes, and a poem on Quebec by the Marquis of Lorne.

THE æsthetics are carrying their style of description further than heretofore, and now describe persons in the same way that they do blue china, terra cotta, flower pots, lilies and daisies. In speaking of Mr. Irving, a lady æsthete says: "Mr. Irving's legs are limpid and utter. Both are delicately intellectual, but his left leg is a poem."

THE Duke of Connaught has been married for nearly three years, and those who take interest in these matters had long since placed him among the probable childless children of the Queen. It is, therefore, an agreeable surprise to the large body of English men and English women to-day to know that he is likely to be blessed with children.

IN view of the proposal to grant a marriage allowance to Prince Leopold, a motion will be made, it is said, asking Parliament to agree to the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the whole question of future annuities and allowances to members of the Royal Family.

IN the list of sworn brokers in the City of London, which occupied seven advertisement columns of the *Times*, recently, were the names of Lord Walter Campbell, Hon. Albert Petre, Hon. Edward and Henry Bourke, Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, Hon. Kenelm Pleydell-Bouverie, Hon. Richard Strutt, and Sir Hector Maclean Hay.

IN Scotland-yard they have a horrible collection, the arms with which suicides have met their deaths, the pistols and poisons used by murderers, cords, cups and poignards—quite a "creepy" lot of property. Always, when there is a murder or a suicide, the police capture the means of death, and what they take they keep.

THE valuable service of plate displayed in one of Sir Christopher Wren's churches during the "watch" ceremony on New Year's Eve had a narrow escape of being stolen. At the close of the proceedings a body of twenty roughs made a dash towards the valuables, but fortunately many of the congregation in front were on their way to the door, and the blackguards, unable to make their way through the press, had to retire.

THE *Daily News* has made a joke that ought to be given the widest circulation. It compares Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote to brandy and soda, and as this beverage is sometimes used to quiet the morning's reflections of the previous evening's dissipation, it is to be hoped that when taken politically by the country it will act as a specific against the political intoxication that led to the return of Mr. Gladstone to power.

THE preparations for the electrical exhibition at the Crystal Palace—though incomplete—are sufficiently advanced to show that it will be a most complete illustration of the perfection to which the utilization of electricity has been brought. Mr. Fawcett has praiseworthy permitted the Telegraph Department to take a prominent part in the exhibition, and his example has been followed by all the principal telegraph companies as well as by the companies and persons who are engaged in developing the electric light.

WHAT EVERY ONE SAYS MUST BE TRUE.—And every one who has tested its merits speaks warmly in praise of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam as a positive cure for all throat and lung complaints, coughs and colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and incipient consumption.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discovered. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A REAL NECESSITY.—No house should be without a bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil, in case of accident. There is no preparation offered to suffering humanity that has made so many permanent cures, or relieved so much pain and misery. It is called by some the Good Samaritan, by others the Cure-all, and by the afflicted an Angel of Mercy.