

gossip. How much stronger must that temptation be to men who can make their argument tell, their gossip spread, over the whole country, and whose anonymity protects them from any other punishment than such as lies in the consciousness of having uttered an uncandid retort, or ventured on an unwarrantable intrusion, or inflicted a cruel and needless pain. (Loud cheers.) In the struggle of competition, in the haste of composition, it must be hard to avoid entirely such causes of self-reproach. But as the press rises in dignity and responsibility these blemishes tend to disappear, and I feel sure that you will agree with me that an institution such as this which we are met to support to-day is potent not only to relieve those who need its material succor, but to give a sense of unity and stability to the whole profession. (Cheers.) From every point of view, then, we, who are not personally connected with your body, may well feel it a pleasure and a privilege, gentlemen, to advocate the claims of the Newspaper Press Fund in your presence to-day. We would ask you not to neglect your own essential interests in the excitement of dealing with the interests of the world at large. We would beg you to allow us to counsel you to habits of foresight and providence, and to support our counsel by some small practical token of the sincerity of our goodwill. For we cannot but think that your interests are intimately bound up with those of the nation. And we recognize that you are not the representatives of mere private aims and private ambitions, but that you constitute a body of public functionaries not less important than any of the established departments of the State, being, as it were, the uncovenanted servants of the whole progress and civilization of mankind." (Loud Cheers.)

THE FRAY.

BY AN AMATEUR POET-PHONO.

The old man sat in his easy chair
Smoking his clear Havan,
And he called aloud for his stenographer,
And in came the requisite man.

"Ho! ho!" he shouted, in merry glee,
As he reached for the top of the pile;
And poor steno. felt an inward pang,
And he smiled a ghastly smile.

For well he knew in the old man's heart
Were things of vile intent,
Big words that near took his breath away,
With outlines long and bent.

Now thick and fast, like the fog-horn's blast,
Came the speech of the merciless foe,
And fast flew the sparks from the steno's pen,
But he saw it was no go.

"Adjudicate" nearly broke him up,
"Indefatigable" came on top,
"Commensurate" and "degenerate,"
And "whirligig" came with a flop.

"Delinquency" took longer to write
Than a sentence the old man said,
"Dexterity" mortified him much,
And "deputative" struck him dead.

That night in the silent hours of the watch,
Like the Arab who stole away,
He gathered his notes and his pride in a box,
And lit for a land far away.

And he bought him a book on the heathen
Chaldee,
And one on the Hebrew and Greek,
And he saith, "Go to, give me something eas-ee,"
No short-band that's learned in a week!

BLIND AS A BAT, DEAF AS A POST, YET A POET.

One of the most remarkable products of humanity known to this generation is Morrison Heady, of Kentucky. He is blind as a bat, and deaf as a post, and laboring under such disadvantages that it would be wonderful if he could do anything, or had learned anything; he is a marvel of mechanical dexterity, of inventive genius, and of clear and quick cogitation. On seeing him walking the streets of Louisville with head erect and strong tread, holding a little boy by the hand, one would not suspect his disabilities, nor watching him at the counter of a hardware shop purchasing a knife, would an observer think anything of the matter, unless he happened to note that the dealer spoke no word, but only touched the hand of the customer. Among his inventions is a leather glove, with the letters of the alphabet painted on it. You can talk to him as fast as you can touch those letters with the end of your finger. Another of his inventions is a mechanical writing machine, with which he can write and others can transcribe. The machine pricks its way along the paper, and he can read his own writing by the sense of touch. Others can use the machine to write out for him anything not procurable in blind type, and he can read it with his fingers, and indirectly have access to the literary gems which would otherwise be a sealed book to him. Usually a blind man can hear, but it is useless to read to Heady. His speech is as clear and sharp as that of a man of education combined with great force of will and perfect faculties. Since he cannot hear himself speak, the fact is a remarkable physical puzzle—for the best of us learn accuracy of pronunciation and distinctness of enunciation, by dint of long practice and study, educating ourselves by the aid of our ears and eyes. Among his other accomplishments this man numbers the art of poetry. Several years ago he published a volume of poetry. At every point he is master. Iambic pentameter rolls from his machine as easily as iambic tetrameter rippled from Scott's pen. The reader who has never seen this man's poetry would be incredulous, but a glance down a few pages of hexameter will convince any one that Heady can write any sort of poetry he likes.—*New Orleans Picayune.*