

**An Editorial Ghost.**

Stephen S. Jones, aged sixty-five, the free-love editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, a publication devoted to spiritualism, of Chicago, was shot dead in his office by Dr. W. C. Pike, who immediately gave himself up. Pike alleges as the reason for killing him that Jones seduced his wife, and he produces a confession signed by his wife to that effect. Mrs. Pike confirms her husband's story, but the friends of the deceased declare that he was incapable of the alleged crime. All parties involved are spiritualists. Pike was held without bail. Jones has announced through a spirit medium to his assistant that he will continue to manage his paper, which he does not want changed in tone, size or price. A contemporary of the *Journal* gives it a first-class notice in regard to the ghostly editorship. "An industrious ghost," he says, "is the editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, a publication devoted to the advancement of spiritualism. The name of this ghost is S. S. Jones, for thus he signs his communications from the spirit land. Before he emigrated to the realm of shadows, he was editor of the paper named above; and it was thought that he resigned his position when he gave up the ghost. How much mistaken the public were may be inferred when it is stated that Jones, without the aid of a telephone, has frequent, if not daily communication with his subordinate in the office, and has informed his 'dear Francis'—the subordinate just referred to—that he 'can do twice, if not thrice, as much work for the paper as when with him.' For this ability to do double service he is indebted to a man named Pike, who hastened the editor's exit from the world, little thinking that instead of inflicting an irreparable injury upon the irrepressible Jones, he was conferring a lasting blessing. This ghost-editor has several advantages over the old-fashioned scribblers. No matter how hard Jones works, he cannot complain of bodily fatigue; he may abuse his foes with impunity, and, exercising his ghostly prerogative, can enter their presence unobserved, and enjoy their mortification as they read the hard things he has written about them; he is not forced to obtain credit for paper, rent, board, or clothing; he cannot be jawed or cowed. He has a very peaceful occupation; all that is required of him is to lie quiet in his grave, and permit his subordinate to lie as much as he can out of it."

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**Editorial Cares.**

The editor of a Texas paper gives the following figures of a statistical memorandum of his every-day life, and still people will think that editors have but few cares to disturb their slumbers, and start into the newspaper business to enjoy life:—

Been asked to drink, . . . . .	11,392
Drank, . . . . .	11,392
Requested to retract, . . . . .	416
Didn't retract, . . . . .	416
Invited to parties and receptions, by parties fishing for puffs, . . . . .	3,337
Took the hint, . . . . .	34
Didn't take the hint, . . . . .	3,393
Threatened to be whipped, . . . . .	162
Been whipped, . . . . .	0
Whipped the other fellow, . . . . .	4
Didn't come to time, . . . . .	170
Been promised whiskey, gin, etc., if he would go after them, . . . . .	5,640
Been after them, . . . . .	5,640
Been asked what's the news, . . . . .	300,000
Told, . . . . .	20
Didn't know, . . . . .	200,073
Lied about it, . . . . .	99,997
Been to church, . . . . .	20
Changed politics, . . . . .	23
Expected to change still, . . . . .	50
Gave to charity, . . . . .	\$ 5.00
Gave for a terrier dog, . . . . .	25.00
Cash on hand, . . . . .	1.00

A GOOD THING FROM A JOURNALIST.—They tell a good thing which A. F. Pirie, of the *Toronto Telegram*, got off at the Credit Valley mass meeting a month or so ago. The friends of the road refused to listen to any person who spoke against it, and its opponents refused to listen to any person who spoke in its favor. The "handsome and talented young editor," after several ineffectual attempts to get a hearing for himself, endeavored to induce the audience to listen to Mr. Hay, the great furniture man. This was also in vain. Totally disgusted, "Alex." exclaimed, "Well, then, this is the first instance on record where jackasses refused Hay," which seemed to give him poetic satisfaction, and he subsided.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT.—A newspaper editor in the mining regions of Pennsylvania philosophically observes: "When a man gets both of his legs mashed, rendering him unable to work for three months, there's nothing that cheers him up so much, and so effectually keeps the wolf from the door, as for his fellow-workmen to pass a series of resolutions praying for his speedy recovery, and ordering an engrossed copy of the same to be presented to his family."