

\$10 per day and twenty cents a folio; or \$2 an hour and twenty cents a folio.

Nebraska.—A State Stenographer's Society has been formed. Rate of admission, 140 words per minute.

New Hampshire.—All reportorial work is done through and for the lawyers. There are no "officials."

Pennsylvania.—Additional courts are employing reporters.

Tennessee.—An attempt to pass a stenographer's law at the last session failed, but it will be tried again this year.

Texas.—There is one "official," although the law does not provide for the regular appointment of stenographers.

Wisconsin.—Judges of county courts can now employ reporters.

Utah has no stenographic law.

A REPORTER'S DEATH.

A young man while gunning in the woods a few days ago near Foxboro, Mass., discovered the skeleton of a man lying in a clump of scrub oak. A medical examiner was notified, and on searching the clothes, still well preserved on the skeleton, and which were of fine material and well made, found among other things a reporter's note-book, several pages of which were covered with phonographic characters, a medical book published in St. John, N. B., a pocket case of pins, a pearl-handled penknife, and a bunch of keys with a check attached, stamped J. V. B. Wilton. The body was that of a man connected with the *Montreal Herald*, and had probably lain where it was found for two years. The man was probably thirty years old, 5 feet 10 inches in height, and the first right lower incisor tooth, which is missing, had been taken out a considerable time before his death.

Mr. Wilton was for several years in the employ of the *Montreal Herald*, and as a shorthand reporter had few equals. He was well-known to the members of the city press, and his ability was highly valued by the journal he served. He left Montreal for Boston, and though many enquiries were made about him no word came to his Montreal friends as to his whereabouts, and it was at one time rumored that he sailed from Boston for England. He belonged to Bristol, Eng.; had been on the English press, and leaves many friends in the Mother Country, who, in common with the acquaintances he made while in Montreal, will be horrified to learn of the unfortunate young journalist's sad fate. The information at hand thus far as to the cause of death is very meagre.

A new use for the type-writer has been developed. A style is now made which weighs but 15 pounds and is as easily carried as a piece of hand baggage. A gentleman on the Toledo train the other day improved the three hours spent on the train by answering a large batch of letters, the jolting of the car in no way affecting the operation of the machine.

"COSMOPOLITAN."

BY MISS LOUISE HOUSTON, CHICAGO, ILL.

The shades of night had barely cleared
When in a northern town appeared
A stranger, who, in accents strong,
Shouted as he went along—
"Cosmopolitan."

A Grip-sack in one hand he bore
With manuscript of ancient lore,
And those he passed on either flank
Whispered, "he's from some U. S. Bank—
"Cosmopolitan."

His brow was moist—not so his throat,
"A carpet-bagger going to vote,"
They said, and still he wildly swung
His shorthand, and likewise his tongue.
"Cosmopolitan."

"Take the old road," the grandsires hail,
"Ike changed the sign-boards head and tail,"
"The new road's best, *Benny* graded well,"
But fainter now they hear the yell—
"Cosmopolitan."

"Take *Munson's* path around the hill,"
"No, *Graham's* route is shorter still."
Yet straight ahead the stranger goes
And snickers loudly through his nose—
"Cosmopolitan."

"O wait for me," the maidens cry,
"My heart it *Burns* for an ally."
"Have you a *Cross*? I'll share it too,"—
He whispered softly as he flew,
"Cosmopolitan."

A hunter found at close of day
A stranger prone on Death's highway,
Who whispered with his latest breath,
(The ruling passion strong in death.)
"Cosmopolitan."

LITERARY FACTS AND FIGURES.

Charles Lamb used to get sixpence apiece for paragraphs in the *Morning Post*. Ordinary writers now get sixpence a line for notes in the *Pall Mall*, and Tennyson receives a guinea a line for his verses in any magazine he may choose to honor with his contributions. Mr. Oldecastle says George Eliot received \$40,000 for "*Romola*," and the publishers have not yet seen half their money back. Mr. James Payne receives \$12 and more for a magazine page of fiction, but only \$5 for the *Nineteenth Century*. The highest general pay on the regular monthly magazines is \$5 a page. When the late Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor wrote, in *The Gentleman* they were never paid less than \$10 a page. *Punch's* miniature pocket-book, with a page about the size of the hand, is paid for at the rate of \$25 a page. Eight or ten years ago one writer was paid at that rate for some burlesque verses on "The Bell." Poetry, like fiction, has an exceptional experience. Until last year Tennyson received \$20,000 a year for his copyrights; but Mr. Oldecastle says, "there is only room for one Tennyson at a time." Walter Scott received over \$10,000 for "*The Lady of the Lake*," but Scott had to abandon poetry when Lord Byron appeared; and while Lord Byron was calculating one morning that he had made \$120,000 by poetry, Shelley was complaining of the printer's bill, which he had to defray