

The Editor's Dream.

It was one of those dreamy, sultry summer days, so characteristic of June. The editor sat listlessly among his exchanges, now dipping his pen in the mucilage and mechanically wiping it in his hair, now gazing at the blue bottle fly which buzzed monotonously on the window, now seizing his scissors with determination, and letting them slip from his fingers into the wastebasket, now turning again to the fly as it flitted away through a broken pane and was lost to sight. Slowly his head dropped forward until it rested on the bundle of papers before him, and, becoming oblivious to things about him, he seemed to be borne away on the wings of a giant bottle-fly, far, far beyond the fleecy clouds that floated in zenith, on and on till he reached the gates of a beautiful white city, where throngs representing all nations of the earth were moving in the ecstasy of joy. Calmly he approached the keeper of the gate, and, presenting his card, demanded admittance to "the Fair." "Mortal," responded a voice sweet as music, yet full of power, "this is not a wicked city of the earth: thou art at the gates of Heaven." Slightly abashed, yet cheerily, the editor responded, "You do not deny the usual courtesy to the press." St. Peter, for he it was who guarded the gate, extended his hand, and said, "Welcome, child of the earth: thy trials have been many, but thy reward is great. Long hast thou labored for humanity, and many blessings brought them, though they knew it not. Enter thou the joys of Heaven: but, lest lack of occupation make thee lonely, sit on the right of the portal for a time and take note of the disposition made of those who approach." The editor had scarcely seated himself within the walls when one whom he recognised as having been a subscriber on earth approached. He had taken the paper three years, and without paying what he owed marked it "Refused." He no sooner saw the editor than he hung his head for shame. Peter, who knew him from afar off, branded in scarlet upon his forehead the word "Refused," and sent him to the hottest place known to men or angels. Next there came a man who owed for subscription and changed his address to evade payment. He could not look St. Peter in the face, and when he asked that he might enter, the gates closed, and on them were written "Not Here." Then there came a careless delinquent who had taken the paper for years and kept the editor from his due. St. Peter looked him in the face and passed judgment, "Mortal, thy sin is great, yet thine inclination good.

Thou mayest enter within the walls, but will for the first thousand years set type in the office of the Celestial Post until thou hast learned that on earth thy paper cost the editor labor and money, that thereby thou mayest be brought to know how grievous was thy sin." The great guardian of the gate then turned to the editor, who sat bewildered at this display of justice, and said, "Mortal, thy work is not yet done. Return to earth and write what thou hast seen as a warning to mankind." The editor awoke, rubbed his eyes and wrote his dream.—North-western Review.

When to Stop Advertising.

WHEN the population ceases to multiply and the generations that crowd on after you and never heard of you stop coming on.

When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.

When you perceive it to be a rule that men who never advertise are outstripping their neighbors in the same line of business.

When men stop making fortunes in your sight solely through the discreet use of the mighty agent.

When you can forget the words of the shrewdest and most successful business men concerning the main cause of their prosperity.

When every man has become so thoroughly a creature of habit that he will certainly buy this year where he bought last year.

When younger and fresher houses in your line cease starting up and using the newspapers in telling the people how much better they can do for them than you can.

When you would rather have your own way and fail than take advice and win.

When nobody else thinks it pays to advertise.
—English Trade Journal.

—Bret Harte is so frequently complimented as the author of "Little Breeches" that he is almost as sorry it was ever written as is Col. John Hay, who would prefer his fame to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing lady who prided herself upon her literary tastes, said to him once: "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote; but, of all your dialect verses, there is none that compares with your 'Little Breeches.'" "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man."