

Sunday Work on Daily Newspapers.

One of the Detroit *Evening News* staff writes to that paper:—Several years ago, when the writer was employed upon the staff of the *Toronto Globe*—a paper which enjoys, or did enjoy, the proud title of the "Farmer's Bible," and of which the late Senator was managing editor—there appeared in its editorial columns one Monday morning a scathing denunciation of the Sunday railroad traffic. A few hours later, an evening paper, published in town, very pertinently took exception to a newspaper which fulminated against Sunday labor on the railroad, in an article which owed its appearance to the desecration of the day in question. Next morning an order came from the sanctum of the managing editor that none of the editorial writers should hereafter pen a line, none of the compositors set a stick, before 12 p.m. on Sunday. The order was felt to be ridiculous, for all hands were in the habit of leaving the office at 7 on Saturday evenings, and this arrangement it was not proposed to disturb. But the old man's word was law. Accordingly, next Monday, the paper missed the morning mails and there was a general confusion. But it was the first and last time. Mr. Brown had issued the order and quieted his conscience; Sunday work was resumed, and the distinguished Senator carefully avoided the office on the first day of the week; and thus once more the liberty of the press to fling consistency to the winds was gloriously vindicated.

The Good Reporter.

A good reporter is always first cousin to a necromancer, and can introduce himself to you in such a genial way that for the time being he seems like your long lost brother, who is anxious to show you the strawberry mark on his left arm in proof of his identity. You talk with him about the inner secrets of your life in a profuse sort of way, give him your opinion about the resumption of specie payment, and, as the conversation flows, freely unfold yourself on various other matters. He sits a silent and admiring listener, encouraging you by a nod when you are hunting for the right word, or possibly supplying it himself, and gives you the impression that he wouldn't disclose what you have told him—no, not for worlds on worlds. The next day you take up the paper and while carelessly looking over its columns see your own name in capi-

tals which seem to your astonished gaze as long as Bunker Hill Monument. Every word you have said is there. That man with the strawberry mark on his arm was the small end of a speaking trumpet through which you unconsciously told the whole world all about yourself. He had no pencil or paper, and didn't evince any desire to write in shorthand. Oh, no; that is the clumsy way in which beginners work. His skill is not in his finger-tips, but in his memory. He memorized every word you said and reproduced it with perfect accuracy. The accomplished reporter is as nearly ubiquitous as a merely human being ever becomes, and is beginning to be regarded as a moral restraint in many respects superior to the Decalogue. A man in the olden time might possibly break the Decalogue and hide the pieces, but nowadays the moment a law is broken the quick ear of the reporter catches the sound and his persuasive lips compel you to tell him all about it. He is an animated interrogation point; a human corkscrew, who gets a deeper hold on your secret every time he turns round. His mission is summed up in the short but terrible sentence, "If you do it, I'll tell." What religion can't do the fear of the reporter will accomplish.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

Dr. Robert D. Unger claims to have discovered a remedy, that not only cures intemperance, but leaves the drunkard with an absolute aversion to spirituous liquors. Mr. Joseph Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, is a strong endorser of the new remedy, and has devoted many editorials to further its general circulation. It is claimed that the doctor has cured 28,000 persons of the worst form of intemperance with it, and that this is the first remedy ever discovered that kills the disease and the inclination to drink at one and the same time.

REMEDY.—Take one pound of best, fresh, quill red Peruvian bark, powder it, and soak it in one pint of diluted alcohol. Afterwards strain and evaporate it down to half a pint. Directions for its use: Dose—a teaspoonful every three hours the first and second day, and occasionally moisten the tongue between the doses. It acts like quinine, and the patient can tell by a headache if he is getting too much. The third day take as previous, but reduce the dose to one half teaspoonful. Afterwards reduce the dose to fifteen drops, and then down to ten, and then down to five drops. To make a cure, it takes from five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases thirty days. Seven days are about the average in which a cure can be effected.