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ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

Bill Nye Gives a Few Points—His Backgammon History.

The following letter, written in a nervous, cramped hand, on an empty stomach, with red ink, was received some months ago, but politics and other matters of greater importance, yielding more money than literature, have crowded out an earlier reply. I do not use the full name, which is that of a young woman, I judge. At least, her first name is Jennie, and, as nearly as one may be able to approximate one's age by simply knowing one's name, I should say that she was no doubt 16 years of age on the 1st day of last April.

HUMBOLDT Minn Aug 12 1888—DEAR SIR—Will you pleas to tell me what would be the price for a good sized book not to large nor not verry small now this is Just one that I have commenced to write myself and i think it is going to be a verry good one Pleas to tell me where I could get it printed and also all you know about it as I am verry proud of this one pleas be so kind as to not mension this in closed find stamp for a nanswer pleas to obledge me I am Yours truly Pleas to address it to me at St Vincent in care of Mr Tho's Brown as I am here now Yours Should I write it on both sides of the paper it being so you can tear it out and turn it over P. S. The name of it is The Folly of Blackeyed Nell—
The Second Daughter
ORO
The Brenett Flirt.

Replying to this long neglected letter, I would say briefly, yet succinctly and even tersely, that much would depend upon the size of the book. There is a tremendous call this reason for an eight ounce book, with small flecks of foam on it.

Can you write such a book? Can you write a book full of implied and expressed passion? Can you churn up the great depths of human nature and shorten the longing which one may have for another heart against which to throb? Can you do this and still go on with your primary studies at Humboldt? Can you prepare such a work and still get your spelling lessons every day?

I do not know why you should have referred the matter to me, however. I would rather refrain from giving advice in matters of literature as a general thing, for I am not a regular litterateur. I could not write a book about "The Brenett Flirt" to save my life. Writing passionate things in red ink, on both sides, I regard as a gift. I cannot do it.

I once published a work in two volumes which sold well and is still meeting with an excellent sale both in this country and in Europe. It was also well received by the critics; at least nobody said anything disparaging of it, and it has helped many a one to pass a pleasant evening, as I know. It consisted of two large volumes of history, being a history of the war, in two volumes. Struck with the wonderful paucity of war history, I prepared these two volumes in neat black and gold muslin and beveled boards. When closed the work was ornamental, and when opened it became a backgammon board.

Where others had been in the habit of putting word painting, and October haze, and the odor of crushed watermelon, and the lull of being miles and miles away from the parents of one you deeply love and who is with you in the heart of the forest and all that, I did not put anything at all. Where a modern author might have written things which might have caused the rather questionable career of Don Juan, by contrast, to read like the loves of a snow man, I just left the reader to insert his own wicked thoughts as he went along. In this way, and by reinforcing the corners by means of zinc shanks on the inside, I knew that when the critics jumped on it they would not hurt it.

To this I attribute what little literary success I may have attained, and that is the reason I speak of it to you. But times are changing and you must keep up with the times. See, for instance, how the smut has been eradicated from comedy and humor, and how it has been gently but firmly retained by romance. Even the bright but doubtful jokes of war times, twenty years ago, could not find a place in print or on the stage now, and further back than that we find many, many little bon mots which could only be found now in a congressional committee room or a late novel.

I congratulate comedy, Jennie, and I am sorry for you literary people. But you can do just as you think best. If you are writing a book for the market, you have got a good subject. It conveys the idea of just enough wickedness so that, if properly handled, the book will be very much talked about and therefore sold in great quantities. I sincerely hope that your name will soon be a household word and that your book will not only be a great success here in New York, but that every farmer in Minnesota will be using it on his potato bugs next summer.—Bill Nye in New York World.

A Discriminative Taste.

Tom was reading a book in which each chapter was headed by a quotation from some poet. Many of these quotations were marked "Shakespeare" and others "Old Ballad." These scraps of poetry interested Tom greatly, and he remarked that "Shakespeare could beat Old Ballad writing all to pieces," thereby showing that his discrimination was ahead of his information.—New York World.

A Fatal Time.

Maud (who has answered the door bell herself)—George, you must not come into this house to-night! If you love me, darling, fly at once and do not let my father discover your presence.

George (tragically)—Oh, Maud, my darling! What serpent has entered our Eden to wreck our happiness? Speak, girl, speak!

Maud (tearfully)—Father has just come home with the gas bill.—Lowell Citizen.

Reduced to a System.

Two vagrants called on a kind lady in the suburbs of New York.

"To which of you two shall I give this nickel?" she asked.

First Tramp—Give it to him, madam. He has purchased the route from me, and I am just taking him around to introduce him to the customers.—Time.

The Pump Was Out of Order.

"Beg parsion, sir," he said as he stopped, a citizen on Michigan avenue, "but does this avenue lead to Dearborn?"

"It does."

"And to the poorhouse?"

"Yes."

"Got to go out there as a pauper."

"Yes. I shall probably die out there, as my spirit is broken and my ambition gone."

"Very likely; but they have a nice cemetery there."

"If I had a dollar I think I could keep myself until I found work, and would not be obliged to go," continued the man.

"But you haven't the dollar?"

"No, nor even a penny."

"I thought not. Just keep right on walking and you'll get out there by night. Very nice place. Part of it is an insane asylum, and then there's the cemetery I spoke of. Good day."

The citizen walked on, and the other shuffled around a corner, where a companion in waiting asked:

"Well, did he play?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Played me for a fool. We'd better try some other dodge. This is no crowd for sympathy."—Detroit Free Press.

Asking Too Much.

Dumley (to Brown)—I say, Brown, did you chip in $5 with the rest of the boys for the charity fund?

Brown—No, I can't afford to give away $5.

Dumley—Well, that's the way I feel. By the way, Brown, can you lend me a V for a few days?

Brown—Can't do it possibly, Dumley. Didn't I just tell you that I can't afford to give away $5?—New York Sun.

Easily Located.

News Editor—Here is a dispatch about a terrible crime, but there is nothing to show where it comes from, and it is nearly time to go to press.

Managing Editor—Were any of the perpetrators caught?

"No, sir."

"Date it Buffalo."—Lowell Courier.

Mistaken Identity.

A passenger on a train from New York the other day stepped from the overheated car to the platform and filled his lungs with the fresh, pure air. "Ah," he exclaimed, "isn't this exhilarating?" "No," returned the laconic brakeman, "this is Berlin!"—Hartford Courant.

For Economy.

Hostess (of swell Thompson street soiree, to guest)—Don' yo' darnce, Mista' Ba'sgrease?

Mr. Bearsgrease—Well, to tell de truf ob dis matter, I yused to darnce a great deal, but mo' recently ob late I only darnce in de berry coldest weather to keep me warm.—Life.

Making Them Sweat.

The colonel had been jawing all the forenoon about "the durned lazy niggers," who were idling about in crowds, and when he found about 200 at the depot to see the train come in he boiled over. I told him it was the usual sight of every southern town, and that it was none of his business whether they worked or played, but he went over and sat down on a barrel and conspired with himself how to make them sweat. By and by he came over, and climbing upon a bale of cotton he said:

"My friends, in coming up from Calera I lost my wallet out of the car window. Whoever finds the $150 in it can have half."

He had hardly ceased speaking when a hundred shouts arose, a mob moved down the track, and in another minute we were alone. Next forenoon we passed some of them twenty-one miles away, heads down and eyes searching the ground, and the colonel went to the rear of the car and encouraged them by calling:

"I think it was about six miles further down, and you can have the whole of it if you find it."—Detroit Free Press.

Pitching a Curve.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To the Harvard Annex," Cleo said;
"And, by the way, Mr. Harvard man,
Just try to beat us girls if you can!
We're going to be lawyers, doctors, and, bless
Your heart, sir, we'll soon be running the press."

The senior smiled as he passed her by,
An a semi-triumphant look blazed in his eye.
"You may do all you say, my confident maid,
But still we men will be far ahead;
For the time when you girls will lose your nerve
Will be when you try to pitch a curve!"
—Cambridge Press.

And They Are, They Are.

Now is the season
When men of reason
And common sense are prepared to swear
The girls are prettiest,
The girls are wittiest,
Who at the play low crowned hats wear.
—Boston Courier.

It Is His Singing Season.

He's put his instrument away
Who used to mow the lawn,
Upon the fence the Thomas cat
Now sings from night till dawn.
—Boston Courier.

Just the Same.

Old Jenkins happened to meet his three young nieces, and asked them to have a little refreshment.

"Girls are just the same," said the old man, as he stood at the cashier's desk and picked up $2.85 out of a $20 bill; "very little change!"—Life.

One Advantage.

The Chinese baby knows no cradle, and its father therefore never trips over such a receptacle when he jumps out of bed at midnight and goes groping about after the paregoric bottle. If there is any other advantage in being a Chinese father we have never heard of it.—Norristown Herald.

A Question.

Sarah Bernhardt now says she will be cremated. As to whether she will burn easy it is difficult to say, but we have an idea that she will Bernhardt.—Rochester Post-Express.

The Fatal Fire.

Many a man has been burned in the final heat of the races.—Life.

A NOVELETTE.

THE SILENT SECRET; OR, ROE REGINALD'S PRAYER FOR SUCCOR.

Helene Rogermere sat upon the silken divan in the palatial residence of her father, the plum'er, on Fifth avenue. Beside her, his cow lick drooping gracefully over his alabaster brow, sat Roe Reginald Rosecranft, the poet and litterateur. The night was waning. Through the parlor window shone fair Luna, about three-quarters full, at times coquettishly dodging behind a fleecy cloud as she carried on a nocturnal flirtation with Jupiter. 'Twas a fit hour for the communion of souls. Roe Reginald's attenuated arm encircled the tapering waist of Helene, and her fair head rested upon the shoulder of his threadbare coat. Roe was uneasy.

"Is thy soul restless this night, my love? Has the divine afflatus seized thee in its inexorable grasp? Gaze upon yonder effulgent orb, and methinks in her quiet beauty thou shalt find surcease of sorrow, love."

And still the poet was restless.

"Will no word of mine relieve thee, dearest?" said Helene.

"Hardly," was the reply, in a hoarse, cadaverous tone. "Words will not suffice."

Then Helene leaned over her poet lover and pressed a burning kiss upon his alabaster brow. Looking into the azure depths of his soulful eyes with an arch smile she queried:

"Will kisses suffice, love?"

"Alas! no," was the heart broken reply, "for these are evanescent."

"Shall we walk upon the balcony, dearest?" whispered Helene in melliffuous accents.

"Alas! no, my love; I am too weak," murmured Roe Reginald with a consumptive sigh.

Helene was perplexed.

"Tell me truly," she pleaded, "hast thy love for Helene grown cold? Has another usurped my place in thy affections? Art weary of me, love? Speak, I implore you!"

Driven to frenzy by these piteous appeals, Roe Reginald leaned over the fair woman soon to be his bride, and clasped her to his breast in a passionate embrace.

"Would'st thou know," he hissed between his clenched teeth, "what is it that gnaweth at my vitals which no poetry, no kisses, no love, no moonlight, no affection can assuage? Then list and I will tell thee."

Roe Reginald Rosecranft, the poet, placed his thin and trembling lips close to the shell like ear of his inamorata, and in a tremolo pizzicato voice shrieked:

"I'm hungry. Have you got any cold ham in the house?"—New York Evening Sun.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Truant Who Made a Nice Trap and Got Caught.

He had been in the habit of playing truant from school, and he had been moderately lucky in getting out of the scrape. But he was caught one day and brought before the teacher.

"You're late. Where have you been?"

"I've been sick."

"You don't look sick."

"Well, I'm better, but I've been sick, all the same."

"You go right home and get a note from your mother, or I'll punish you severely."

He went off and was gone about ten minutes. It was pretty quick work, and when he handed the note to the teacher she thought that the handwriting did not look altogether like his mother's. She kept her eyes on him as she opened the note, but he was as bland and as innocent as the best boy in the world. The note read:

Miss ——: Please excuse John this mornin fur bein late, cos he broke his leg. Mas ——.

—San Francisco Chronicle.

Easily Understood.

Mr. Keely (explaining his motor to committee of experts)—You will readily see, gentlemen, that the acoustic relation of this etheric vibrator to the vaporic functions of the generophonic resonator is based on the sympathetic sphericity of the positive and negative vibraphones. It is unnecessary, of course, to explain to gentlemen of your intelligence that the vibratory force of wave plates varies inversely as the square of the propulsatory impact when etherically polarized by the force of the vaporic sympathy. This is perfectly plain to you?

Committee of Experts (feebly)—Y-yes, of course.—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted to See Him Do It.

"I tell you," said a traveling man to a companion on the train, "you'll never catch me playing seven up again with Bill Scriven."

"Why not?"

"Because I saw him turn up a jack off the bottom of the deck."

"Well, I'd rather play with him than Jerry Spader."

"Why?"

"Because when Jerry turns a jack off the bottom you can't see him do it."—Omaha Bee.

The Nail and the Hammer.

A Nail which was About to be Driven into a Board complained to the Hammer:

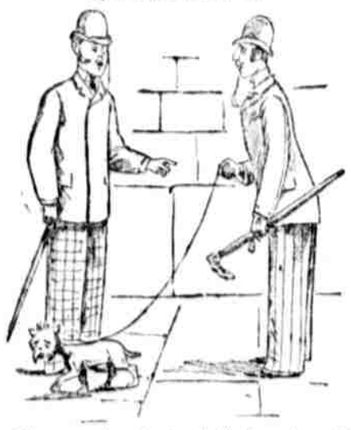
"Ah! but have you no Feelings? Behold how straight and smooth and handsome I am, and then think of the Fate to which you would consign me?"

"My Friend," replied the Hammer, as he made ready to Drive, "as a Nail lying about loose you will be kicked Aside by all, and in a short time Rust would deprive you of your Strength and Beauty. As a Nail helping to hold this Board to the House you have a Mission and are Depended on."

MORAL.

An Idle Man is of No Account, even to Himself.—Detroit Free Press.

A Valuable Animal.



Clarence—Aw, by Jove! Cholly, where did y' get such—aw—bweastly cur?

Cholly—Bawght him of—aw—blind fellah—leads me wight home and I—aw—don't have the dweadful wesponsibility of wemembering where I live, y' know.—Life.

A Mere Acquaintance.

Philadelphia Girl—I hear that Mr. Goodfellow is quite attentive to you.

Chicago Girl—Oh, not at all. He only comes five nights a week.—Philadelphia Record.

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