

WASHINGTON CRITIC

TURNED UP.

Old Grimley was sitting by the fire half asleep. He was getting too old and rheumatic to throw things at his wife, but he could still abuse her with his tongue. Near him sat his stepdaughter, Mahala, a pretty girl of 18, and the poor woman he had made miserable all her life.

Grimley was in an unusually amiable mood that day, so he consented that they might go to church together.

On the way there the two women began to talk about Phil, a brother of Mahala's, who years ago had been driven from home by Grimley's cruelty. The boy's sin was in going to the circus against his stepfather's wishes, and having been beaten in punishment he ran away to make his fortune.

The mother and daughter felt very happy to be alone for a few moments and free to talk of the boy who had once been the pride of the village.

The girl, who was very young when he ran away, was very anxious to know all about her missing brother, and Mrs. Grimley found pleasure in telling her, as they trudged along the dusty highway.

"You can't remember him, Mahala," the mother said, speaking as she might of one dead, "you were so young. But he was such a pretty boy. Last night I dreamed he came back; but that will never be now. I guess he's dead. Don't you think so, Mahala?"

"How can I think, ma? I wish I knew," said Mahala. "It would be better for you if his grave were here in the churchyard."

It was early, and they went into the churchyard and walked about among the tombs.

At last they got down on a bench under a great willow, waiting for the bell to ring, and a young man, who had been walking about among the graves, paused near them.

"Excuse me," he said. "I am the preacher you will have to listen to today. May I ask your names?"

The elder woman gave hers, and added: "This is my daughter, Mahala. Will you sit down, Dominie?" She made room for him on the bench beside her.

"You're quite a young dove, she said, gently. 'I hope you've got a mother. She must be proud of you. I had a boy once to make a minister of, but—he's gone!'"

"You are very kind," said the young man, "have a mother, but he has not seen me for years. I do not know who you will think when I tell you I ran away from her."

The poor woman put her hand to her bosom and looked at him anxiously.

"I ran away," she repeated.

"Because I was whipped," he said. "My stepfather whipped me."

"Oh!" cried Mahala, turning pale.

"I went to join the circus, if I could," said the young minister. "That was what I was whipped for—going to the circus."

"They were good to me and let me travel with them, but when we were far West a kind, good man talked to me as no one had ever talked before."

"He told me that I had better take his advice and let him put me to school, and would be even at education and fitted for some other calling. I believed him, and had sense enough to know he was right."

"In a Western home I grew to manhood, and those who were my Mother, don't you know me now? Don't you know Phil? Mahala, are you really my dear little sister? I shall take care of you both in the future."

The bells began to ring. The mother embraced her son and he left her for a while. When she was alone she sat in her seat and listened to the sermon with strange feelings, and joined in the singing as they had never joined before.

"Phil! that was Phil!" the mother kept saying to herself.

The end of the dreadful story had come, and all was happiness, sweetness, peace.

Phil had returned to her, and her dream was realized. He stood there in the pulpit, preaching, and preaching well. He was a good man—a true son of his father. He was a true son of his father. He was a true son of his father.

"Fears of joy coursed down her cheeks. It seemed to her that life could have no more troubles for her."

It was in the paragon that old Grimley spent his last days.

Perhaps he was grateful; perhaps he had some sort of change of heart. But he stopped scolding altogether, and always declared that he "knewed Phil would turn out all right, and would spoil the child," he would add. "You understand, I fetched him up on that principle."

"So he comforts himself; but he does not deceive others. Phil is too good a Christian to contradict him."

Was He Poisoned?

"Be careful how you sit down" might be the moral of the following story, supposing it to be true. It is related that a certain Count de W., who had once upon a time been aide-camp to Kosciuszko, was attended in his last illness by a lady who is called Georgette. In the month of July last she appeared upon the scene a distant relative of the old man. The individual is said to have much amused himself by denouncing her in the month of August, the count, in the act of sitting down in his arm chair, was hurried by a need. An hour afterward he expired a number which specially developed into general paralysis and a few days later he died. The relative inherited the fortune of the deceased and the attendant took up her abode with a friend, but she denounced her late master's relative on the ground that the individual was poisoned. It is reported that the individual is wanted.—Paris letter.

A Daring Horseback Rescue.

The report of a very heroic adventure of a young man in the town of Kingston was received to-day. Richard West was out with his sweetheart, homeward bound, when her horse became frightened and dashed away at great speed. The young man, seeing her perilous condition, at once lashed his horse and, although her horse was several feet ahead of him, he soon overtook him and called out to her to loose her foot from the stirrup, in an instant, while both horses were rearing at breakneck speed, he caught her about the waist and sprang to the ground, saving her from death. When he had stopped his horse the young lady was completely overcome with fear and medical attention was necessary. Otherwise she was not injured.—Richmond Dispatch.

An Interesting Statement.

The following story was picked up near one of our East River docks on New Year's Eve:

Serial pin to Pa. \$100 Cash from Pa. \$25.00
"How to be happy" Muffin from Ma. 1.00
Through married. Embroidered. 1.00
To Ma. 2.00 band from Em. 1.00
Monogram. 5.00 Sister Emma. 1.00
Diamond ring to Co. Cecilia. 25
Cilia. 1.00

\$107 \$27.75

It is believed the writer has committed suicide.—[Clarke's Weekly.]

Spanish Theatres in Hard Luck.

Theatres in Madrid are in a bad fix. They have been compelled by law to use the electric light only. The electric service is very bad and the light becomes so dim at a recent performance that the audience compelled the manager to return their money.—[New York Times.]

Beecham's Pills cure bilious and nervous ailments.

PRIZES OF THE PRESS.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE CHIEF EDITORS OF NEW YORK.

The Fortunes Won by the Leading Daily Papers—The Men Who Have Risen Through Their Ink Bottles—A Letter on the Subject by John Swinton, the Well-Known Editor.

The glittering prizes that may be won by ambitious writers for the new York papers can be seen to-day by looking into the embellished quarters of the leading editors of the city. Almost all the men who enjoy fame and fortune hereabout, as masters of the press, have risen from the ranks of poorly paid scribblers, whose notes are so often recounted in long meter and short. I venture to say that the proportion of our aspirants in this vocation who secure success is as great as it is in any other line of life whatever, including stock jobbers, land speculation, railroad building or tenement raising. I am aware that this assertion will be challenged, but the more fully it is looked into by those who know the peer of New York, the more surely will it stand beyond dispute.

Take but a few facts like unto many others of the kind that might be given. I knew Whitelaw Reid when, in his maturity, he lived on a small stipend as the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette. He is now owner of the New York Tribune, proprietor of its "Tall Tower" in City Hall Square, and a millionaire who dwells in a palace that is higher than that of most of the lords of Ireland.

I knew E. L. Goodkin, a man of Irish birth, when he drew his pittance of \$30 a week as a writer for the Times. He is now a proprietor editor of the New York Evening Post, and enjoys an income from it higher than that of most of the lords of Ireland.

DANA'S YOUNGER DAYS.

I first saw Charles A. Dana when he was a writer on the Tribune under Horace Greeley. He is now the dictator of the New York Sun, the owner of a lovely island on the sound where he resides in the summer, the proprietor of a city mansion in which he lives like a prince, and had the happiness a few days ago of interviewing the pope of the Vatican.

I knew Joseph Pulitzer ten or twelve years ago when he was getting but a limited reward for the manuscripts he sent to the Sun. He is now the owner of the New York World, a millionaire many times over, and the author of newspaper projects that are bewildering in their range and magnitude. From the time that he was a private soldier in the Union army till he became a writer for the press and up to this time his career has been lively.

I knew the younger brother, Albert Pulitzer, when he was a clever reporter for the Herald. He is now the owner of the New York Morning Journal, which has enriched him far beyond the hopes that grew in his brain ten years ago.

I knew George Jones, who, however, did not boast of his manuscripts when he had no notion of the fortune that has enabled him to raise the grandest newspaper edifice in the world. In the New York Times he now possesses wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Two years ago Robert P. Porter was a writer who had no conception of what the fast revolving sun were to bring forth for him. He is now the owner and editor of the New York Press, a daily paper that bears the impress of a powerful hand, and is surely the beginning of a great career.

Then there is Oswald Ottendorfer, who formerly made lean bills as a reporter, but who is now the owner of the New York Staats Zeitung, through his marriage to the wealthy widow of its founder.

As to the New York Herald, that came to its present all-potent proprietorship through the energy of a man who began his career in New York as a poor slave of the pen.

Here, then, is the roll of the names of the leading daily papers of this city. It shows that nearly all of these papers are owned by men who were once, and some of them not long ago, "mere scribblers," anxiously looking for the means of life in the ink bottles. Surely, they have won prizes as glittering as any to be seen in this great city. Surely the editorial business here affords attractions to its devotees not less alluring than those of any other. Surely there is fair hope of success for the young writers who arrive with secure wealth and power through the press.

Surely it is not necessary for every big wigged father who is ambitious of wealth for his posterity to shake his head when he sees the son cultivate a literary taste. The press, at least in this locality, has been a good mine, with veins that yielded rich returns to the hands of many endowed with the skill to work its machinery.

I do not know the press of all our cities as well as I know that of New York, but it is probable that the foregoing sentence is not less applicable elsewhere than it is here.

And yet there is need of new daily papers in this city, which is growing like a mushroom, but I must leave that fact to be found out by those who would like to provide them.

JOURNALS THAT HAVE BEEN WRECKED.

As a matter of fact, fortune does not wait upon all the men, or a tithe of them, who try their hand in the daily press of New York. In past years I have known, alas, how many journalists, the peers in ability of any of those here spoken of, have been shot down by the jaws of their newspaper ambition. Some of them died from grief, and others yet live in despair. It were hard to tell what are the vicissitudes of a reporter, and it is not a profession for an editor, and it is not a profession for a writer, and it is not a profession for a man who is not a man of letters, and it is not a profession for a man who is not a man of letters.

What has been here said of the dailies of the city might be applied to a large proportion of its weeklies. I could name far more than 100 of our weekly papers that are mints to their owners.

From Bonner's Ledger to Jove's Dreamer's Journal, and nearly all of them were started as these two were, by writers or printers of very narrow means. The story of our monthly magazines is of a very different kind, for all of them were established by the capital of wealthy publishing firms.

Not a few of the tyros of the periodical press here have won prizes in other fields, like Henry Villard, whom I once knew as a reporter for one of our city papers, or Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager, who had many years of experience in reporting, or Steieman, the poet, or Howell, the novelist, or Stanley, the African explorer, or others too numerous to mention.

ENCOURAGEMENT IN PLENTY.

There is plenty of encouragement for the young fellows who are to-day climbing the lower rounds of the ladder of journalism, though it holds true that the profession is degraded by those who follow it for the sake of pelf, and elevated

CHATS WITH ARCHITECTS.

What is Being Planned for Erection in the City.

A second stroll among the architects' offices to-day elicited the fact that the building boom in Washington and its vicinity is of wonderfully large proportions.

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The relations between landlord and tenant in Washington are the most cordial, and it is a gratifying fact that notwithstanding the great demand for good houses, rents remain at a very reasonable figure. Yes, sir, the county is prosperous, and the District naturally feels the good effects of the general prosperity."

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and the best remedy for diarrhea. 25c a bottle.

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The Salvation Army. But no sooner had they made a clean breast of it than they seemed airily to regard the murder as quite a venial peccadillo, simply atoning for it by a few good deeds. Never mind the blood on their hands. They had received through their connection with the "Army" Gower, in particular, while he was awaiting trial, wrote him a letter to the effect that he was sure he would be divinely assisted through all his trials and temptations; that the officers and wardens and the chaplains were all very kind, and that he was quite certain that all his sins would be forgiven him. "Both me and my mate had a very happy journey. We kept our ups and downs to ourselves, and as to the bottles, no sooner did we get into the cells than we began to whistle prayers to God for preserving us this far. But we soon got stopped. The chaplain came and prayed him all the same." This exceptionally cheerful fellow assented on to write that his cell is furnished with a Bible, a prayer-book and a bound volume of hymns, and he returns "your truly, the happy gal bird, William Gower."

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