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LIVING AND DEAD.

Crape on my neighbor's door,
Windows barred from the light;
And I know it is hushed for evermore.
The voice that I heard last night—
Heard as I sat apart,
With my own grief at my heart.

For the night was far, far spent,
The dreary dawn was near;
And no one of the steps that came and went
Was the step I waited to hear;
Waiting, heart-sick, in vain,
I could hear that voice of pain—

Inarticulate cries
And along-drawn wailing moan,
That brought the sudden tears to my eyes
For the neighbor all a-known—
The tears that would not flow
For my own unuttered woe.

Only a wall, ah me!
Between two souls distressed—
Two souls on their hour of agony,
And whose was the bitterest
God only knows. For mine,
It was dumb and made no sign.

Crapeon my neighbor's door
Tells the end of his pain
But, as for mine, as it was before,
So it will be again.
The saddest tears we shed
Are not, alas! for the dead.

—Appleton.

The New Army of France.

In order to assure the French army an ample and constant supply of recruits, and gradually to expand it to the full strength which it is to possess in the course of time, the law of general military service—the conscription, in a word—of the first republic is to be restored in its fullest vigor; all permanent exemptions are to be abolished; and, subject only to dispensations of a temporary kind and strictly determined, every Frenchman capable of bearing arms is to be liable to serve in the ranks for periods deemed sufficient to make the national forces of adequate power. The elements of an enormous military array will, by such means, be fully secured; and care is taken that these shall form the component parts of a finished product, not rude and almost worthless material. For this purpose the liability to serve is to be real in all cases. Every Frenchman who is enrolled as a soldier is to join the army for a specified time, depending on certain and fixed rules, and all those who have left the ranks are to be held in readiness to return to them during the whole time of their prescribed service. In this way two of the worst vices of the old French system are to be got rid of; the whole mass of the forces of France will be composed, in the main, of trained men, and an immense reserve will be formed by degrees, made up of troops nearly as efficient. Finally, the methods are to be definitively given up by which the French army was marshalled for war; it is no longer to have its elements scattered, and therefore slowly collected and moved; it is to be kept together in organized units, at all times prepared for speedy action and capable of being quickly enlarged to their fullest strength, and its whole mechanism is to be so contrived that celerity of "mobilization" and readiness for the field shall be a certain and easy result.

Let us now see how these leading principles are to be embodied in actual facts. The rule of general military service, the conscription without lasting exemptions, will give France every year a contingent of about 150,000 young men, without counting the "dispensed with" class, liable to be called out on important occasions. Every man enrolled in each yearly contingent will be obliged to serve for twelve months at least, omitting certain exceptions made in favor of aptitude and education; and a large number, to be selected by lot, will have to serve a much longer time, in order to supply the special arms—artillery, engineers and cavalry—which require a long professional training. The yearly contingents so distributed will be liable to serve five years in the first main divisions of the armies of France; and though the period of actual service for great part of the men will, as a rule, be shorter, they will be all held ready to join the ranks at a summons from the minister of war. When the term of five years shall have passed, each contingent will fall into the first reserve; and here every man will again be liable to serve a further period of four years, and to be recalled to the army at a moment's notice. After an actual or potential service for the two terms of five and four years, each contingent will be drafted in turn to the second reserve of the national forces, and it will be held to service for five or six years—that is, during eleven years—in the two divisions of what is meant to be the last great support of the French army. Each contingent will thus, in different ways, be subject to serve for twenty years, and consequently, at the end of that full period, the forces of France raised by conscription will amount to the immense aggregate of twenty contingents of 150,000 men each, all, or nearly so, trained and effective soldiers, with deductions, of course, for deaths and casualties, and even in ten years they will be formidable in no mean degree. The age of service, it should be added, will be from twenty to forty, and thus the flower of the youth and manhood of France will be all enrolled in the national ranks.

This immense mass of military forces will not, however, represent the whole of the power and resources of France for war. In addition to the conscription levies, she will have a "permanent army" of 120,000 men, composed of "officers, staff, administrative corps, gendarmes, veteran and re-engaged soldiers;" and besides these, of the "foreign auxiliaries," the legion *etrangere*, and similar bodies, who have often added to the renown of her arms. This permanent army, we need not say, will be an extremely valuable force. It will largely contain the most precious and important elements of military strength; it will be animated by a high professional feeling; and it will give consistency and force to the arrays of contingents. Taken altogether, the forces of France, after making allowance for all losses and non-effectiveness of various kinds, would ultimately, under the intended scheme, reach the enormous total of 2,500,000 men, according to calculations by no means sanguine; and far the greater part of the warlike multitude would, we repeat, be expert soldiers, not worthless recruits, or troops on paper. Let us now consider how it is proposed to combine and generally distribute this colossal whole, the most formidable organization for war which has ever been designed by a vanquished nation. The permanent army and the first nine contingents—that is, those of five and four years' service—would, it is believed, yield without difficulty about 1,350,000 men; and these are to form the active army, composed of a first line and a first reserve. The active army is, in time of peace, to have a strength of 480,000 men—men present with the colors and in the ranks; for a considerable portion of each contingent, though liable to serve, would be sent on furlough when it should have been sufficiently drilled; but, on a declaration of war, it would quickly expand into a force of 780,000 men, by calling in at once the mass of the trained contingents belonging to the first line and the first reserve, these contingents being eight, it should be observed, in number; for the ninth contingent, that of the existing year, would, it might be assumed, be, as a rule, unformed. The 780,000 men would thus immediately form an imposing army, made up, without exception, of excellent troops; but this would be only the first front of war which France would possess the means to present. Over and above the 780,000 men, the eight trained contingents would in a short time be able to yield nearly 300,000 more; to these should be added the ninth contingent, about 150,000 strong, and the "di-pensed with" class, which it is supposed would reach 141,000 men; and thus a second army, though composed to a considerable extent of raw levies—the untrained ninth contingent and the "dispensed with" class—would be from 500,000 to 600,000 in numbers, would stand in the rear of the first army and afford it a very powerful support. Nor are even these the limits of the force which, in the event of a protracted struggle, France would be able to place in the field. The eleven last contingents—that is, those of the later five and six years' service—are, as we have seen, to form a second great reserve, and this great army, which it is supposed would amount to 1,000,000 or 1,200,000 men, is to constitute the territorial army, the supplement of its active associate. This force is to be arranged into two main parts, the first more ready to move than the second. Its duties, speaking generally, would be to protect and defend the territory of France, to garrison fortresses, hold strong points and set the active army free for field operations; but occasionally it would join that army, and co-operate with it in the shock of battle, and it is to be linked with it in the closest manner. It is superfluous to add that it is intended to provide the most complete material and equipment of all kinds for these immense arrays, which, we say it again, would, when fully developed, amount to 2,500,000 men, real soldiers the greater number of them. In all these arrangements an imitation of the German system manifestly appears, but there are some very marked differences.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

A Gay Old Centenarian.

Arsene Houssaye writes the following to the New York *Tribune:*

People in society in Paris received yesterday the following notice:

"You are requested to assist at the funeral of M. Jean Frederick Maximilian Count Waldeck, officer of the Order of Genius and Merit of Venezuela, honorary member of the London Athenæum, member of the Geographical Society of Paris, member of the American Society of Archæology, honorary vice president of the Universal Alliance, and author of several works, who died in his one hundred and tenth year, furnished with the sacaments of the church at his house, No. 74 Rue des Martyrs."

Since Count Waldeck, who had been successively page of Marie Antoinette, soldier of the republic and of the empire, prisoner of cannibals, ranger of virgin forests, explorer of American ruins, three times shipwrecked, left for dead in a duel, smitten by fevers of all colors—white, yellow, green and blue; married, also, when eighty-three years of age—since he had neglected so many chances of dying, one can not help asking how he came to die! M. Flourens, who occupied in the Academy the seat of M. de Fontenelle, was himself ambitious to live a hundred years. It was he who invented "the third youth" beginning at sixty years, which we call "St. Martin's Summer." He published a learned book to prove that a man never dies, but commits suicide, whatever his age may be. Count Waldeck, therefore, must have killed himself, for he had no more reason to die this spring than last spring. On the contrary he felt himself in better trim. Death seized him, pencil in hand. On the fatal day he rose as usual at five o'clock in the morning. He said that he had ten years of work on hand, and did not wish to lose an hour.

I met him some ten years ago. The minister had asked me if his archæological discoveries were serious. I went, as inspector general of fine arts, to see this monument of another age. I found that this page of Marie Antoinette still possessed all the impetuosity of the French Guard. I lost sight of him afterward; but a month ago I met him again at dinner at the house of a charming and eccentric Irish woman, known here under the name of the Marechale Lopez. I had Count Waldeck in front of me; I sat between his wife and his son. As this young gentleman was about twenty-four years old, I supposed that it was a stepson, and scarcely knew on what ground I was standing while chatting with his wife, an English lady of great beauty and distinction. At last I took the bull by the horns. "Madame," I said, "you made a heroic sacrifice in devoting yourself to this gallant gentleman of another century."

"No," she said, "he is not of my century, for we feted his hundredth birthday nine years ago; but he is of my age, because I love him."

"I never doubted, madam, your love for M. Waldeck. I love him, too, as one would love the eighth wonder of the world."

"I understand you, sir; but I love him as a woman loves her husband. I do not count his years. I have trouble in believing that he is 109, and I am only forty-two."

"Pardon the curiosity of a philosopher whose study is woman. Permit me to place an interrogation point before your heart. Did you love him at eighty-three because he was a gentleman in spirit as well as birth, or did you love him from love?"

"I loved him from love. I was at that time somewhat in demand. If among all my suitors I chose Count Waldeck, it was because I found him the most irresistible."

"Here is something to console those who are entering Mr. Flourens's "Third Youth."

"And why, madam, was he the most irresistible?"

"Because he was the youngest. He was not eighty years of age. He was twenty, four times over."

At this moment Count Waldeck rose, took a firm hand a glass of champagne, and improvised a pretty stanza in honor of Madame Lopez. After which he emptied his glass at a breath, without winking. When it was empty he turned it upside down on the hand of the Marechale, and kissed away the last pearly drop. "That," he said, "is what we did at the Court of Louis XVI."

Nothing could have been more gallant and gentlemanlike.

I proposed a toast in my turn to this living history of a century, to this man who had seen and judged everything. After dinner we had a long conversation. He spoke of the future as of the past, as if he had only gone half way as yet. He talked of doing this and doing that. "And still how much," he said, "must be left unfinished." He related unpublished witticisms of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. He said he was present when Rivarol, after the taking of the Bastile, was summoned by the King, who wanted everyone's advice.

"Sire," said Rivarol, my advice is very simple. If you wish to remain King of France, act as King."

Louis XVI. did not act the King, and instead of mounting the throne again he mounted the scaffold.

This was the last time that Count Waldeck dined out. After that memorable evening he never again left his apartment—on the fifth floor in the Rue des Martyrs—until he left it yesterday for eternity. To-day all the old men are out of patience with him, and are accusing him of having been criminally imprudent. They propose as an epitaph to be engraved on his tombstone, "Here lies one who died at 110 for having lived too fast.

His wife is in despair—noble woman and brave heart. But, after all, since she married in the eighteenth century, perhaps she will console herself by marrying the twentieth.

OUR BABY OF OURS.

There's not the bloom of beautiful May,
Flower of daisy or daffodil gay,
Nor the rosy bloom of apple tree flowers,
Fair as the face of this baby of ours.

You can never find on a bright June day
A bit of fair sky so cherry and gay,
Nor the haze on the hills, in noonday hours,
Blue as the eyes of this baby of ours.

There's not a murmur of wakening bird,
The clearest, sweetest, that ever was heard
In the tender hush of the dawn's still hours,
Soft as the laugh of this baby of ours.

There's no gossamer silk of tasseled corn,
No flimsiest thread of the shy wood fern,
Not even the cobweb spread over the flowers,
Fine as the hair of this baby of ours.

There's no fairy shell by the sounding sea,
No wild rose that nods on the windy lea,
No blush of the sun through April's soft showers
Pink as the palms of this baby of ours.

May the dear Lord spare her to us, we pray,
For many a long and sunshiny day,
Ere he takes to bloom in Paradise bowers
This wee bit darling,—this baby of ours.

Taxing Church Property.

There can be little doubt that the idea of taxing church property will ultimately prevail. It is only a question of time. At the outset it has formidable obstacles to encounter, but these will disappear before the progress of calm investigation. At first, the proposal to tax church property meets a strong and well-nigh universal prejudice growing out of usage in the past. It strikes the common mind as an assault on religion, or, at least, as withdrawing from it a proper token of respect. Hitherto, the State has manifested its reverence for religion by exempting its institutions from the burdens of taxation. This has been so long a custom that a departure from it shocks those who do not rise above usage, and consult principle. The parallel custom, only just laid aside, of allowing rulers to frank their letters was regarded as well nigh a right until the discussion of cheap postage led men to see that every one, high or low, should bear his part in the expense of the postal department; and now in England even the Queen, and in the United States even the President, must put the same stamp on a letter that is required of a shop-girl or of an apprentice boy. When once we get at the underlying principle of any subject, it proves to be a remorseless leveler, and old distinctions in Church and State find no quarter.

The custom of exempting church property comes down from the days when Church and State were united, and when, on many subjects, the Church gave law to the State, and, in the name of God, had its own way in all that inured to its own advantage. Then the State supposed itself bound to provide revenues for the Church, and arranged a system of taxation for that purpose. So long as this was done it was folly to tax church property. To do so would be as if a man were to take out of one pocket to put into the other. But now that we have reached, in this land, the true principle of separating Church and State, we ought to accept all that is logically implied. When Christ said, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," he took high and advanced ground, and his Church, since the primitive age, has been slow to occupy it. Before the time of Constantine it never thought of soliciting pecuniary favors of the State. It won its world-wide victories with its own resources, glad if the State would but let it alone and forbear to persecute. But from the day that it consented to be established by the civil power, it has always leaned, to some extent, upon the secular arm, and it is loth, even in this land, totally to dissolve the connection. After being cut off from direct aid, it clings to the indirect. After losing its invitation to eat at the State table, it humbly desires to be allowed to pick the crumbs from the floor!

But light is breaking in, and clear-sighted and thoughtful Christians are advocating the taxation of church property precisely as any other. The leading religious newspapers are doing much to correct public sentiment. The *Advance*, in this city, the *Independent* and the *Christian Union*, New York, and the *Congregationalist*, at Boston, have ably sustained the view which we present. They are the more to be commended in so doing when it is remembered that they are ahead of their constituency, and are slowly educating them out of antiquated notions. Often it is a costly proceeding to run counter to a religious prejudice, which good men mistake for a fundamental truth to be conscientiously held. But the course of reform is onward, and one after another men of mind will espouse the right, will demand and secure a hearing, and will initiate a wide discussion, which will carry the popular vote. A few States of the Union have already begun to tax church property, and the example will be contagious. As conventions shall be held for revising State constitutions, the question will be regularly raised, the facts will be brought forward, the principle will be debated, and a sentiment will inevitably form favorable to the proposed change. For let it be considered how plain the case is viewed from the side of the State. The political economist feels himself pressed with the problem of taxation. He wishes to make that burden bear as equally as possible upon all tangible property. He finds that opinion is unanimous in favor of taxing real estate, by reason of its value, its permanence, its accessibility and its easy control by the civil officers. He naturally lays down the principle that all the real estate of a locality must be subjected to the same tax, upon an equitable assessment. Before the law maker, studying the taxable resources of the community, it is of no consequence to what use that real estate is put. He legislates to tax it on the ground of its pecuniary value as protected by the government, and not because it is wisely or unwisely, profitably or unprofitably used by the owner, or because it is employed agriculturally, commercially, educationally or religiously. He has no right, in a particular case, to see anything else than a protected piece of property which ought to bear its fair proportion of the expense of the government which protects it. But to his amazement he learns, on consulting the census tables, that an immense amount of real estate is exempt from taxation, on the ground that it is church property and properly devoted to purposes of education by religious sects and corporations. Of such church property alone the census tables of 1870 report a value of $354,483,581, of which there is set down to Illinois $22,664,283. No doubt it is a low estimate. And this is a kind of a property rapidly increasing in value, for it is usually well located. The additions to it are also great every year, as congregations increase in means. As real estate nowhere pays less than one per cent on its assessed value, it would appear that Illinois loses, every year, more than a quarter of a million of dollars of taxes by this exemption of church property! Probably the city of Chicago loses from $30,000 to $50,000 in the same way; while the entire Union is thus annually out of pocket to the amount of three and a half millions of dollars! But, as the expenses of the States must be paid, what is lost here must be made up elsewhere; and so other real estate is taxed correspondingly higher. All private real estate owners pay their legitimate taxes, and, in addition, those of the churches! This is plain injustice in all cases, but especially in the case of those who do not belong to the religious bodies which own the exempted property, and it is a virtual continuance of the connection of Church and State, being a contribution by the State to the churches of the amount which otherwise, and equitably, these would have to pay as tax upon their property. Illinois thus contributes, every year, $226,642 to the support of the churches.

The usual reply to this is that the churches, in return, are of immense value to the State in promoting good morals and religious principle. This is true; but we may not mix in that way questions of taxation and of incidental benefit, or everything would escape the tax gatherer. Every good man aids the State by his probity and industry; shall good men, therefore, be exempt from taxation, on the ground of the public benefit accruing from right character? Hardly. Every manufactory, store, shop and well cultivated farm aids the State essentially in many incidental ways, as does every teacher of learning of any grade, and every one who promotes the useful or the fine arts. But no such plea is a set-off against taxation, which simply and rightly looks at property only as property, let it be used by whom or for what purpose it may. Labor, trade, art, education, religion, all help the State; but so also, by its protection, does the State help them, and, therefore, it takes their property in and should treat all alike.—*Chicago Tribune.*

RUNNING A NEWSPAPER.

I arose from bed sad at heart, and went down stairs to breakfast, afraid to face, for another day, the mortifications that beset a man out of a situation and in debt. A grim spirit of malice possessed me, and my tongue itched to say something disagreeable. It happened that the first person I met was old Mrs. Cobleigh, my next door neighbor, at table. She was hobbling to her place, supporting herself by a chair pushed before her, as I reached the door. "Old Sam Hincheliffe is dead," I observed to her, in a wickedly personal and insinuating manner. I brought that thunderbolt on my own head. In my distemper I had rashly forgotten that she craved news of that sort more than owls crave the dark and bees the flowers. "Bless my soul, my dear," she exclaimed, in her most pensive tone, laying her hand on my arm. "Sit down, and tell me all about it." Merciful Heaven! what had I done! An unusual number of letters on my plate afforded me a bit of an excuse. "Yes, he's dead," I continued, abstractedly; "but I really don't know anything more about it. Sarah, what is there for breakfast?"

"Hash, fried fish and cold mutton, sir."

"A diversity of riches perplexeth the brain. Bring me some bread and butter."

"Well, now, my dear, tell me all about old Sam," persisted Mrs. Cobleigh. "I knew him well when I was a girl. Think ye I could be of any service to his poor, dear sister? Tell me all about it, my boy."

"I met Fanny Edwards last night, Mrs. Cobleigh," I replied, with a shudder, "and she said she would call this morning and give you every particular. She saw him die."

"Bless that lovely girl! She always remembers poor old Cobby."

Thus, by a little truth and some fiction, I obtained time to examine my letters. I could tell by the envelopes what they were: answers from editors to my application for employment; polite negatives assuring me that their staffs were full, and that otherwise I was the very gentleman they would engage. I tore open the uppermost in a frame of mind prepared for disappointment; I read it with a smile, which even changed to a loud laugh, and put it down full of hope and good cheer. It read as follows:

OFFICE OF THE AFTERNOON,
No. —, —— street,
B——, September 29, 1874.

Robert Halle, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—I should be very glad if the circumstances of this paper would permit me to reply affirmatively to your inquiry of the twenty-fifth. (At this point I savagely muttered, "of course!") But circumstances rule otherwise. The staff is reduced to one, whereas it once numbered four. One by one they fell and were raked in by the *croupier* of journalism—seedy want. There are "vacancies" enough in the editorial department, the dear knows; but there is one vacancy still worse on the ground floor, and the cashier is its much harassed victim.

As you are one of us you will have no difficulty in piercing the thin veil of metaphor—which conceals a deeper poverty than that of ideas—and comprehending the situation. The concern is not dead broke, but the men who do the work are near the haven of good fellows. Probably the *Afternoon* will live, and one afternoon become famous; but just now, and since last March, I have been at the pumps alone, and long ago saw my bottom dollar.

Will you excuse this digression and confession, and charge it to that fellow-feeling which is never so generous as when it can be lavish of words without endangering a fellow's exchequer! You might come here, but you would starve to death, and saddle your friends with the expenses of a funeral. If I could see a streak of light I would encourage you, but I do not, unless you will come and take my place, to which you shall be welcome.

Wishing it were otherwise,
I am, ever yours truly,
SALTUS G. W. PENN.

Editor and proprietor of the *Afternoon*.

"Bless me, my dear, how you laugh!" remarked Mrs. Cobleigh.

"Another fellow is dead," I said pleasantly; and, before she had time to ask me to tell her all about it, I was on my way up stairs to my room. The letter awakened all my latent enthusiasm. Here was the *rara avis* that men in all ages had been seeking for—an honest man. A man without humbug, who told the truth about himself and his condition to a mere stranger; who disdained evasions; appreciated the poverty of his profession, and confessed it. Then there was the offer to surrender his place. It could not be an enviable one, certainly; but he expected nothing to lose. I had never retained any position for more than six months or a year, owing to a very perverse disposition which asserted itself in antagonism to the principles, or want of principles, of my employers. But there was no doubt in my mind that, with a free field, I should prove more successful than ever before. I might starve to death in my new efforts; but that would be an "experience," and "experiences" are of greater value to a popular writer than the classics. I could not saddle friends with the expenses of a funeral, because I had none. These and many other reasons made me decide to find out Mr. Saltus G. W. Penn, and seek work on the city dailies in case his letter should prove to be written in bad faith.

I had already seen copies of *The Afternoon*, a penny evening paper, making a fair appearance, and I was too old in the business to anticipate a large establishment. A small room on the obscure top floors of some building used for all purposes was all that I pictured beforehand, and found in reality. The cashier on the ground floor was a myth. Advertisements were received, type-setting and editorial work done, six stories up. I stumbled into the dark and dreary office, and brought up against two or three feet of counter. A gray-haired old man and a smutty boy were working at case, and, behind a board partition, I caught a glimpse of a gentleman in his shirt sleeves, writing with frantic haste on yellow manuscript paper.

This was Mr. Penn, editor and proprietor of *The Afternoon*. I decided; the man whom I had labored through twenty years to find; an ideal in the flesh; a hero in modern clothes. Observing me before I had time for a searching examination, he struck a bell on his desk; but, suddenly remembering that the office boy was a bygone luxury, he rose and came bustling toward me himself. He was a pure American, evidently, with some of the sparkle of the West in his nature; a gay, active little man, about thirty or thirty-five years old. His mustache—otherwise his face was clean shaven—was dandified, black and waxed, and his hair slightly streaked with gray. A brooch of the grand army was pinned to the breast of his vest, and his manner had the raciness and ease of a class, familiar to all of us, which the training and vicissitudes of our last war created. As he advanced toward me, smiling blandly, I introduced myself as briefly as possible. He did not recollect the name at first, but, as I reminded him of the letter, he stretched out his hand and laughed.

"You have my references, and I have come to offer my services," I observed.

"It is not possible that you entertained my proposition!" he exclaimed with some amazement.

"Before I answer, let me ask whether it was made in good faith or not."

"It was, sir, in perfect good faith."

"Then I will be frank. You are anxious to be relieved of the responsibilities and duties; I am willing to assume them. All I can lose is my time and $7."

"My dear sir, I am grateful to you. You shall have *The Afternoon* all to yourself—yes, all. I have just received an appointment as consul to Tongatabu; I did not know what to do with the concern, but you shall be welcome to it, thrice welcome. Matters shall be arranged at once, as I want to sail for my post by the next steamer from San Francisco. First of all," he added, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "let us think about the coffin."

"Whose coffin?" I asked.

"Yours, sir. I will introduce you to Sowle, the undertaker, and I am sure, with all his accustomed liberality, he will provide something neat, not gaudy; no silver mounting—you could hardly expect that—but a sound oaken box, that will keep out the damp worms for at least a week. A pleasant paragraph, to the effect that Sowle' coffins are a source of pleasure and satisfaction in every household, will fully compensate him. Two or three lines judiciously added will obtain coffin space in some graveyard for you. By all means, we must see Sowls at once—Tommy, Tommy, Tommy!" he roared to the office boy. "Alas! only making echo answers. Tommy's mother took him away last week. She was a cat not satisfied with three *Afternoons*. Never mind; we'll go and see Sowls ourselves presently. Now, Mr. Halle, you want to know something about the condition of the paper. Since I purchased it, about two years ago, it has been managed on the co-operative principle; not co-operative as that word is generally understood, but in a wider and truer sense. I have indicated this in the transaction I propose you shall have with Mr. Sowls. You want a coffin, or, probably, will want one in a short time—sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, you know, and Mr. Sowls wants a puff. The movement of coin is troublesome, and better dispensed with. Sowls and you adjust the comparative value of the two articles, and a transaction, honorable alike to the press and honest tradesman, is complete. The system, as you will observe, has much to commend it. It is economical, obviates books, and engenders good feeling, inasmuch as Sowls is more gratified with the puff, especially if it alludes to his domestic virtue and financial integrity, than he would be with twice the cash value of his coffin. A just remark, printed in *The Afternoon*, about the domestic virtue of the root-beer man around the corner, supplied the office with that beverage for an entire summer. I regret, however, that the undertaker and this gentleman are the only tradesmen who continue to recognize the efficacy and beauty of the system."

Mr. Penn was chuckling loudly as he talked.

"The paper must circulate, or you would not print it, of course."

"It does," he resumed, in a more serious voice, "and while there's life there's hope. A few hundred copies are struck off at the pressman's and sold on the streets. If it were possible to get up a good sensation, you might suddenly attain popularity; but I am played out, and yearning for the coral sands and sheltering palms of Tongatabu."

"How deeply is the paper in debt?"

"Only a few hundred dollars. I could not get more credit. We are obliged to pay for paper and press work before we get either. But do not suppose *The Afternoon* has lapsed into utter darkness. The receipts for sales and advertisements, after deducting the salaries of three compositors and other running expenses, leaves us about $5 a week in hand. A very fair reward for seventy two hours' brain work! In my leisure moments I work at case myself."

"You have not mentioned current news. How do you get that?"

"The truth is, we want so very little in a paper like ours, that it is not worth the trouble of buying. We steal it. Most of the paper is made up of short stories, 'wit and humor' clipped from soothing syrup almanacs—our exchange list is very short—and standing advertisements. We reserve a column until one of the other afternoon sheets appears, and then dress up all they have in the way of telegrams and local matters. Now and then I forge a presidential proclamation, burn down one of my neighbor's houses, or discover frauds in the department of public lamp-posts, and publish the information exclusively in *The Afternoon;* but such work is a drain to a man's system, sir."

Within a few days this merry, reckless, good-natured representative of war and the press was on his way to Tongatabu, and the comparative affluence of an income of not less than $2000 a year; while I was proudly installed at my new desk. As I first sat down I found something underneath which interfered with the free exercise of my legs, and, upon searching, brought out a coffin, bearing a tin plate inscribed with my full name, a blank space being left for the date of my death. This was Penn's parting joke. I never heard of him afterward—except on one occasion, when he was promoted to the embassy of the Society Islands.

With all his industry, his twelve hours' work a day, it was apparent that, had he not mismanaged *The Afternoon*, he might have had a large circulation. He was unstable and intemperate in his habits. Therein was the secret of his failure. His creditors never hoped to be paid, and acquiesced willingly to the transfer of their claims from his name to mine. They were even disposed to encourage me, and offered further credit to a small amount. Other men then Penn would have attempted to prolong the precarious existence by black-mail, but *The Afternoon* came to me with no stains of that kind upon it. I went to work full of energy and bright anticipations. First of all, I discharged the boy, and undertook his share of type-setting, in addition to that Penn had been in the habit of doing; then I found an old friend connected with one of the leading papers, and had him introduce me about the town! I screwed kindly notices out of all my contemporaries; enlisted a corps of newsboys, and encouraged them by unsurpassed inducements to carry *The Afternoon*. Election day was approaching, and I sought an alliance with some politician wanting the support of an influential journal; but in this I did not succeed, as all gentlemen of that class were as penniless as myself. At six o'clock every morning I went to work and wrote original matter and made selections. My editorials had some tone, and attracted occasional attention. From ten o'clock until three I worked at the case, and then ran out, bought an afternoon paper, condensed the news, helped to set it up, and carried the forms to the pressman's. I folded the hot little sheets with my own hands, and on one occasion, when I obtained an important bit of news, I made an "extra" out of it; put on my worst suit of clothes, disguised myself in a false mustache and wig, and went about the streets roaring "extra" at the top-pitch of my stentorian lungs. My voice drowned the smaller ones, and I sold over a hundred copies at three cents each. Three dollars' profit! When the paper was issued, I went through the city canvassing advertisements, and spent my evenings gathering special news. One night a famous English divine was to preach at the First Presbyterian Church. I struck off a lot of handbills announcing that his sermon would be published verbatim in *The Afternoon* of the following day. These I intended to distribute through all the pews. How could I do it? The officials of the church would be afraid of exciting the opposition of other papers if they advertised mine; I was desperate, and not over-scrupulous. It happened that some men had been renovating the church, and on the evening before the services they were putting finishing touches on the bronze gas brackets. I singled out a man who looked more sly than the others, and engaged him to place a handbill in every Bible and prayer book in the house. For this service I paid him $5. I had not yet arranged to report the sermon, and could not myself follow so fast a speaker as Dr. ——, nor could I afford to employ a stenographer. I secured a seat nearest the pulpit, and intended to push forward and borrow the manuscript the moment service was ended. Several eager-looking young men, representatives of other papers, were around me, bent on the same project. Almost before the last words of the benediction had died away I went up to the reading desk and coolly took the manuscript in my hands.

"It is for *The Afternoon*, which will print it in full," I said, holding it in my hands. The doctor's attention was called away, and, taking it for granted that he would not decline to lend the manuscript to so important a newspaper as my own, I started rapidly down the center aisle. As I reached the sidewalk, a strong hand grasped me by the collar; looking round, I found a rival reporter in a threatening attitude. I knocked him down, and went to the office, bolting every door behind me. A crowd of reporters had followed me, and demanded admission; but I was too busy to waste time upon them. At ten o'clock next morning, after working all night, the sermon was in type. It occupied all the paper, current news and advertisements excepted. That day the circulation of *The Afternoon* reached 3000 copies. I was arrested for assault and battery on my rival, but obtained bail in time to be present at an investigation, ordered by the trustees of the church, into the manner by which my advertisement had got into their Bibles. A report of this affair gave me another sensation.

I feel very bitter when I remember that all my exertions did not enable me to pay $7 a week for miserable board. Three weeks after I took charge of the paper, which was growing daily, a vulgar old woman came to me and threatened to turn me into the street for the paltry sum of $21. She did so ultimately, and the safeguard of American liberty was compelled to sleep with the mice, rats and cockroaches, at the dismal office. What outrageous folly it is to say that industry is always rewarded! In my worn and leaky boots, without an overcoat or any seasonable clothing, I often tramped, paste-pot in hand, through the snow, slush, fog and rain of drear November nights, to cover the walls of B—— with immense posters, urging everybody to read *The Afternoon*. I did not shrink from my duty, although I lived on little more than hope and air. My meals were eaten in underground restaurants, my clothes were threadbare and patched, and all this time I was editor, proprietor and publisher of a daily paper in one of the most intelligent cities of the country. This is a true story in the substance, and I know of no stranger life than it feebly illustrates.

Until January *The Afternoon* continued to gain a little almost every day, and as I expended all the money realized in improving its appearance and contents, my bodily wants were left unsupplied. I dreamed of events that would bring the sheet into popularity, and one day it seemed that my perseverance was to be rewarded. An over dressed character came into the office, and explained that he had held office in the sealing wax bureau, and had been removed without just cause. He craved revenge, and produced a number of documents purporting to prove the theft of $20,000,000 from the department. Would I publish them? After examination, I saw that they would stir the whole city, and that I might as well engage several additional editors and compositors, and enlarge the paper without delay. I thought better of this resolution and simply published a sensational article, eight columns in length, which I wrote between 6 P. M. and 4 A. M. Once more I went out into the streets disguised and sold the paper myself. That afternoon 7000 copies were disposed of, chiefly among the best classes, and on the following day large newsdealers, who had disdained *The Afternoon* heretofore, sent in extensive orders. The rippling, effervescing cup of success was within an inch of my lips, when ill-fate dashed it aside. I was arrested for libel in the midst of my duties, and thrown into jail by the court. My contemporaries, envious of the lead I had taken in the news, said no word in my defense. I was tried and sentenced to pay a fine, for which the sheriff seized and sold all the material of *The Afternoon*. Subsequently, one of the wealthy and influential journals of the city revamped my reputation, and made a feature of it from day to day, until its circulation nearly doubled.

I soon obtained employment in another city, and I am now a family man. My calling is night editor of the *Morning Mercury*. The drudgery falls roughly on a fellow of talent and spirit, but, thank Heaven, it gives us bread and butter and a home.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

Henry Renshaw, Testamentary Executor of Robert Geddes, vs. Z. Foley.

SIXTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF Orleans. No. 7675.—By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed by the honorable the Sixth District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on FRIDAY, July 2, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

ALL AND SINGULAR THAT CERTAIN PIECE OR PORTION OF GROUND, together with the buildings and improvements thereon, and all the rights, ways, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, and more particularly all rights of accretion or batture thereto attached, situated in the Fifth District of the city of New Orleans, on the right bank of the Mississippi river, comprising part of the piece of ground marked "Warehouse" on the original plan of the Brooklyn Warehouse Company property, made by W. T. Thompson, late surveyor, under date of the seventh of March, 1849, and deposited in the office of Joseph E. Beard, then a notary public in New Orleans, and embracing all that space or portion lying and being between the public road or Patterson street, the Mississippi river, the continuation to the river of the line dividing lots numbers five and six of square number two, and the continuation to the river of the line dividing lots numbers three and four of square number three of the aforesaid plan; being the same property acquired by the defendant herein from Robert Geddes, by act dated the tenth of January, 1872, passed before Andrew Hero, Jr., notary public in this city.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—This being the second and last auction, the said property will be definitely adjudicated to the highest and last bidder for what it will bring, at twelve months' credit, the purchaser furnishing bond, with good and solvent security, bearing eight per cent interest per annum from date and special mortgage on the property sold until final payment. Said purchaser will have to deduct and pay in cash the amount of printing, sheriff's and clerk's fees, etc., say about one hundred dollars; and furthermore, the State, parish and municipal taxes, the amount of which is not yet ascertained.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN,
Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

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George W. Lane vs. George P. Bowers.

FIFTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF Orleans. No. 6367.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Fifth District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Mer