

SCENE IN "OUR" SANCTUM: OR, A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.*

BY ONE WHO HAS "BEEN THAR."

"COME, Fred, what must be done had best not be delayed"—and I pointed, as I spoke, to a huge pile of manuscripts modestly offered for my "careful perusal," and patiently awaiting their doom—a place in the accepted or rejected list.

My companion, my confidential reader and critic, groaned, both audibly and in spirit, and drew up his chair opposite to mine.

Names, did you say, reader?

Come, now, that's modest. After being invited into "our sanctum sanctorum," you turn round and want a special introduction to the inmates. Well, well, "what's in a name?" We will invent some for you, especially, and in utter defiance of baptismal appellations call ourselves (not *editorially* plural, but *actually*) Harry Smith and Fred Jones, at your service.

It was fearfully hot. All the world, excepting the editors, was at the sea-side. Chestnut Street was deserted, ice-creams at a premium; and in the utter stagnation of social intercourse and business duties, we were to amuse (?) ourselves with looking over manuscripts, which the hurry of the previous months had made it impossible for us to examine. Windows being opened, coats removed, we went to work. For a few moments nothing was heard but the rustling of paper, muttered anathemas upon the heat, or the stupidity of the articles, with an occasional grunt of approbation. Then, a luminous idea struck Fred.

"I say!" he cried, tossing aside an "Ode to Araminta Jane Scraggs." "This is fearfully stupid."

"Bright remark of yours," I growled.

"Now," continued Fred, unheeding my interruption, "just to vary the matter a little, suppose one of us reads while the other listens, smoking or fanning himself as the spirit moves him; then we can enjoy the brilliant effusions together."

"Good!" said I; "you read while I smoke."

"How kind you are! No, we will take it hour and hour alternately."

So, by right of seniority in years and editor-

ship, I took the first hour as listener, and Fred read.

Mark the result!

The first article chosen was written in a faint ink, a small delicate hand, on blue tinted paper; the most trying kind of paper and chirography to read. The title was—

The Maiden's Resolve: or, The Black Avenger of the Spanish Main!

THE fair daughter of Don Jose Sanguera stepped lightly from the steps of her father's stately mansion on her way to morning mass. Close beside her walked the stern old duenna, whose place it was to guard the lovely Isabelle from the gaze of the handsome young Dons who thronged the streets of Cadiz. Isabelle was fair, in the style of Castile's daughters; her jetty tresses curled in profuse masses on a neck fair as driven snow (very Spanish that), and her large, languishing black eyes gleamed from beneath the folds of her veil with dazzling brilliancy. Following closely behind the fair Isabelle and her old protector, with a careless air, as if merely bent on his own pleasure schemes, Don Ruy Garamalda, the mould of fashion and glass of form in all Spain (quotation marks scarce), strode forward, his eyes fixed on the maiden's face. Yes, the maiden was the fair Isabelle and the black avenger. Where was he? Read on, you will see anon!

"That's sufficient, Fred; decline, with thanks. What comes next?"

"Poetry!"

Lines suggested by the Revolt in India.

Ox Lucknow when the sun was low,

("That sounds rather familiar.")

All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,

("Snow in India!")

And dark as winter was the flow

("That man never read 'Hohenlinden,' of course.")

Of the Bosphorus rolling rapidly!

("Geography nowhere!")

"Go on, Fred," I said, rather impatiently.

* Of course this article is only intended to illustrate some of the difficulties of editors, and is not exactly our own experience.

But Lucknow saw another sight
When they woke up at dead of night,

("Who?")

And women screamed with all their might,
And Jessie Brown began to fight
The fierce advancing chivalry!

"Read the next verse, Fred!"

Then shook the hills with muskets riven,
Then rushed Zouaves to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Rose Jessie's red artillery.

But redder yet the fires did glow
On Lucknow's field of blood-stained snow;
The Russians found it was no go,
And Jessie cried, "Hark! listen! lo!
The Campbells are comin', heyho! heyho!"

"Well," cried Fred, "that's about the tallest specimen of poetry I've seen lately! I feel faint, Harry; you must read the next."

I extended my hand lazily towards the pile, and took up a large yellow envelop. As I broke the seal, a note directed to me fell from it, and I read, within the little envelop, the following epistle:—

DEAR SIR I know I can write a story just as well as Jenny G— who sets up for smart just because she sends articles to the magazines I am as good as she is any day and I want you to print the story sent with this so I can crow over her the next time she begins to talk about her literary career I can be just as good a literary careerer as she is I know

Yours respectfully MARY ANN L—

There was not a punctuation mark from the address to the signature, and the letter bore neither a date nor the writer's address.

I opened the larger paper. The title of the story sent by this literary aspirant was—

The Triumphs and Sorrows of Lady Geraldine: or, She came, she saw, she conquered.

"Before I introduce my heroine let me take my readers to the scene in which my story opens a brilliant ball-room gorgeously lighted with Turkey carpets"—

"What!" cried Fred, "lighted with Turkey carpets!"

"There is no stop after lighted," I said; "but let's see if the story is good."

"Turkey carpets and rich furniture made a scene of regal magnificence a large number of guests were already assembled when the Lady Geraldine entered on her head—"

"Entered on her head!" cried Fred.

"Why don't the woman punctuate her story?" I said. "How can I know what she means?"

"—entered. On her head she wore a superb wreath of natural flowers and a dress of black lace—"

"On her head?" inquired Fred.

I was determined to read a little more; so, unheeding Fred's interruptions, I continued—

"—dress of black lace draped her stately form white satin slippers covered her tiny feet and her rounded white arms—"

"Commodious slippers those," said Fred.

"—arms were covered with diamond bracelets the flounces of her dress were fastened with artificial flowers depending from her ears—"

"Stuff!" said the incorrigible Fred.

"—depending from her ears were diamond drops and white kid gloves—"

"Original idea that!" said Fred.

"—gloves covered her little hands with stately grace. (Oh, stop after hands.) With stately grace she advanced towards her hostess all eyes fixed upon her cotillions— O bother! I can't make common sense out of it! What's that in your hand, Fred?"

"A most modest letter that came this morning; hear, hear, oh, hear!"

G—, July 11, 18—.

DEAR SIR: I have lately been left in embarrassed circumstances by the failure of my husband, and I think I will earn my living by my pen. If you will send me a good plot, the leading characters and main incidents you wish introduced, I will for the sum of \$25 write you a good story. Yours respectfully,

JANE R—,
277 B— St., G—.

"That's an offer that doesn't come every day, Harry! I'll answer Mrs. L—."

"Here is a piece of poetry with the letter written on the top of the same sheet."

DEAR SIR: In writing the inclosed piece of poetry, I was, I own, imitating the greatest of all modern writers, Charles Dickens. It has been to me a matter of regret that the lines on an 'Expiring Frog' were not completed; and as the idea was a good one, I have humbly endeavored to carry out a finished poem on the plan he unfortunately left incomplete. If the poem suits your pages, it is at your service for the sum of \$25. Yours respectfully,

G. E. R—.

Lines on an Expiring Crab.

CAN I, unmoved, see thy lot,
Plunged in water boiling hot,
Struggling, bobbing in the pot,
And not feel sad,
Expiring crab!

What has brought this cruel fate?
The fierce and hunger driven hate
Of an epicure's pate,
 Shell-fish mad,
 Expiring crab!

Say, have friends, in search of slaughter,
Dragged thee from thy native water?
Art thy mother's favorite daughter,
 Unfortunate
 Expiring crab!

Ha! thy coat is turning red!
The blood has mounted to thy head,
And now, alas, thy spirit's fled!
 Thou art dead,
 Expired crab!

"Twenty-five dollars!" Fred said no more.
The magnitude of the writer's impudence struck him dumb.

The next article was fairly written on white paper, in a pretty hand, ladylike, clear, and legible. Fred drew a long breath of satisfaction as he surveyed the neat sheets, and read—

The Curse of Clolomen.

THE night clouds hung heavy and dark over the face of nature, and the storm king vented his fury on the earth. The wind howled through the dim recesses of the forest of Clolomen, and in its sobbing, wailing sound, and the shrieks with which it swept past the tall trees, seemed adding the voice of lamentation to the heavy tears nature was shedding, and which fell flooding the earth.

It was a night on which to close the shutters, let down the curtains, draw near the fire, and try, by the sound of merriment within doors, to drown the sound of the storm without.

Yet in this fierce storm, when the elements seemed engaged in the most violent warfare, a woman, a delicate woman was out, exposed to all the fury of the wind and rain, wrapped too in the darkness of the deepest recesses of Clolomen forest. Her garments, saturated by the driving rain, clung to her limbs, impeding her movements, and the wind, which had tossed her hair in wild confusion over her face, battled with every step she made, tasking her strength to its utmost capacity. Undaunted, she pressed forward!

Throwing aside the darkness which enveloped her, let her stand forth while I sketch her portrait for my reader. See! A tall, graceful figure, in every turn of the graceful neck, every movement of the small hands showing clearly the marks of high breeding. The face, beautiful as a poet's dream, with its expression of pride and high intellect softened by an exquisite air of refinement. The dress, which the

wind and rain treated with so little respect, was of the richest silk, and her velvet cloak, blown back by the wind, left uncovered arms and neck of snowy whiteness, upon which glittered rich jewels. Twisted amongst the dark tresses of hair gleamed diamond stars, and the little feet which pressed on the soaked earth were protected only by dainty white satin slippers.

Darkness wraps her again, yet spite of its gloom she hurries forward. Every path of the intricate forest seems familiar, and neither weariness nor irresolution causes her to pause for an instant. Suddenly, gleaming like a star in the darkness, the light from a lantern was thrown upon the path she followed. It came forward steadily, but slowly, and the gleams revealed the figure of a man, dimly seen in that flickering light. The lonely lady shrank back when the light appeared, and clung trembling to a tree, as if neither darkness nor storm was sufficient protection against discovery. The light advanced slowly, till by a sudden turn the full glare fell upon the woman. The bearer stopped, and with a shaking hand lifted the lantern, till that beautiful face, pallid as that of a corpse, was revealed. Then he spoke, in a low, hoarse tone—

"Again! do I meet you again?"

Drawing her figure to its full height, the woman cried—

"Ay! and you do not now see me for the last time."

At that instant her eye fell upon a small casket which the man carried. With a low cry of mingled horror and surprise, she staggered forward, saying—

"Ah, what do I see? Lost! lost! save me!" and fell fainting at the feet of the man.

"Well!"

"That's all. Stay! here's a letter, in a different handwriting."

DEAR SIR: Cousin Susan and I were going to write a story. She was to write the first chapter, I the second, she the third, and so on. Last week she sent me the accompanying manuscript, but I am going to be married to-morrow, and have not time to finish it. Won't you please print it, and let some of your folks write the rest? Put it in the next number, like a dear, clever soul, because I am crazy to know who that woman was, how she came to be out in the rain in that odd dress, and what was in the casket, and what the curse of Clolomen was, and who was the man, and why she fainted, and all about it. Do hurry and finish it, and oblige
Yours truly, LIZZIE L.—

Tossing aside Cousin Susan's composition, Fred handed me a piece of poetry, and I read—

Hope.

WHAT is hope? A fair illusion,
Sheltered in a trusting heart;
Lighting up dark, dire confusion,
Soothing every rankling smart!
Hope is hopeful, ever hoping,
Doubting nothing, fearing naught;
Looking forward, never moping,
Heaven born, heaven bred, by the bright angels taught.

"Hold! enough!" said Fred; "throw that aside! Here's another story."

The Sorrows of a Stricken Heart: or, the Anguish of Amelia.

"Oh, here's a letter!"

DEAR SIR: I send for your perusal a story written at a time of unspoken anguish, when the torn heart (bother!), yet sore from ill-requited passion (stuff!), rested on the calm current of imagination. (There's five pages of letter, Harry.)

"Then," I cried, horror-stricken, "hurry on to the story!"

Fred obeyed, and read as follows:—

"It was midnight! Ebon stars in ebon skies—"

"What?"

"Don't interrupt, Harry."

"—Ebon skies cast pitchy darkness on Nature's face—"

"What kind of darkness? Nature must have been very much obliged to her. Go on!"

"—Nature's face. From the window of a vine-encircled cottage, a fair face looked forth upon the murky gloom without, absorbed in contemplation."

"The face or the gloom?"

"The lark's clear strains—"

"Lark at midnight? However, that's easily turned into a nightingale."

"That's not so extraordinary," said Fred; "I've seen a famous lark at midnight!"

"—Sorrow had imprinted its indelible traces upon her alabaster cheek and marble brow; her cerulean eyes were fixed with a stony glare, and her golden tresses thrown carelessly over her ivory shoulders—"

"Hold up, Fred! that young lady is too *hard* a case for our pages. Throw that aside. Here is a letter inclosing some more poetry."

"Read on! I will endure!" said Fred, with the air of a martyr.

R—— SEMINARY, June 17, 18—.

DEAR SIR: I took the prize at the last ex-

amination for the inclosed piece of poetry, and some of the girls want me to have it published. Jenny H——, a real nice girl, my room-mate, says it's worth \$50, and if you would like to buy it, you can. Respectfully yours,

PATTIE R——.

P. S. Send the money to the care of Mrs. G——, R—— Seminary.

To a Lamb caught in a Shower.

MY pretty lamb, come to my bower,
And I'll protect you from the shower;
Your fleece is white, so is your wool,
And you're the pet of the whole school.

The blue ribbon tied around your throat
Will fade in the rain in which you're caught;
Come to my arms, my saturated friend,
My sheltering cloak I'll freely to you lend!

Little lamb, with fleece so white,
Why don't you run with all your might?
Don't stand so still and cry Baa! Baa!
But run out of the rain to your anxious ma.

"Good gracious!" said Fred; "of all the bread and butter poetry I ever did read, that is the worst. Here are some lines:"—

Written on a Daisy when confined by Sickness.

"Was the writer or the daisy confined by sickness?"

"I'll read it and see."

WAITING a breeze
From forest trees
To my lonely couch—
Pretty thing
From Nature's spring.

DEAR SIR: I can't find any rhyme for couch; but if you like the rest you can put in that line.

"O bother!" said Fred.

"What's this?"

The Magna Charta; an Historical Romance.

It was a *fête* day in the court of James the First. Royalty, beauty, wealth, all contributed to make the scene one of gorgeous splendor. Assembled near the throne were magnates from all countries: George Washington stood side by side with the lovely but unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and viewed with republican scorn the royal heads around him.

"That's sufficient! read the next!"

"Poetry again."

What the Trees said?

THEY spoke to me as I passed along:
Some whispered soft and low,
Some seemed to sing a grateful song,
As if very glad they were allowed to grow!

"Poetry has surely run mad! try prose again. This looks interesting."

Lola Marston's Temptation.

LOLA MARSTON was an only child, beautiful, and heiress to a large fortune; so Lola, in her first season, was the fashion! Invitations poured in upon the fascinating little brunette, and her days were passed in resting from the ball of the previous night, or in preparations for new triumphs. Her parents, who consulted only the pleasure of their idol, smiled encouragingly upon the lively child, as she darted from one scene of gayety to another, and every wish was gratified, nay, many anticipated.

Lola was, as I have said, beautiful. Her small figure was moulded with graceful elegance, and her tiny hands and feet might have been modelled from a fairy's. Her black eyes danced with joyous excitement, and the heavy masses of black curls fell round a face at once piquant and classically beautiful.

Strange, that one so surrounded by the protection of loving parents, with unlimited command of money, young and frank, should have her whole life clouded, her joyous spirit broken, yielding to one temptation; one strong, fierce longing to do wrong. Yet that was Lola Marston's experience.

There was to be a large ball at Mr. Marston's, to celebrate Lola's seventeenth birthday. The guests were invited to come dressed in a fancy costume, and the beautiful hostess chose that of a Spanish lady, as the one best suited to her dark beauty.

The revelry was at its height! Guests in every costume, Turks, sailors, peasants, brigands, were dancing, chatting, walking through the brilliantly lighted rooms. All was gaiety, mirth, and pleasure. But where was Lola?

Turn from the ball-room into the conservatory. Do you see that little form crouched down among the flowers, the hands clenched, the face pallid, the hair streaming over the snowy wrapper—"

"Hold on! where did the wrapper come from? She was a Spanish lady just now!"

"The writer has forgotten common sense in trying to describe an affecting tableau. Read on!"

"—wrapper. Can this be Lola? Can a few hours have so changed her? Alas, it is indeed the belle of the room, but her brilliant intellect has flown! Lola is crazy! The secret of her life has been suddenly revealed to her, and yielding to the temptation to retain her supposed name and heiress-ship, though convinced

that she is indeed a gypsy child, placed by her mother in the place of the true Lola Marston, she has lied to her betrothed, and now, the blasting truth fully revealed—"

"Stop! We can't be tempted to accept that trash. It opened well, though. What comes now?"

The Heir of Marshmellow.

OH, a rare old hall is Marshmellow Hall!
That stands amidst ruins old;
Of right choice stones, mortar, brick, and all,
At once so free and bold.

(*"Ain't that something like the Ivy Green?"*)

Upon the steps of this stately pile,
Stood the fair Lady Clementine;
Who tried to say farewell with a smile
To Lord Conrad, who was going to the wars, I ween.

"There, that will do! What's this?"

The Rich Widow.

"Here's a letter!"

DEAR SIR: I am awfully hard up. You may have the accompanying sketch for a V, and I will write as many more as you want, on condition that you pony up, instant. C. O. D.,* old fellow, and no trust. Yours truly,

JOHN C. L—.

The Rich Widow.

"HERE'S to the widow!" said Harry Campbell, tossing off a brimming glass of champagne.

"Yes, yes, the widow!" cried the others, and the widow's health was drunk with hearty laughter.

"She's a stunner!" said Horace Jones.

"A whole team!" said James Lee.

"One of the kind you read about in books without leaves, and the covers torn off," said Harry.

"Worth a plum, too! High action! Grooms her hair splendidly!"

"Oh, throw that aside! Does the man think we edit a sporting magazine?"

"Here's some more poetry."

Glorianna!

SHE walks in beauty like the night,
Glorianna!
Alone and dewy, coldly proud and pale,
Glorianna!
With all that's best of dark and bright,
Glorianna!
As weeping beauty's cheek at sorrow's tale,
Glorianna!

* Collect on delivery.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,

Glorianna!

"Well, if I ever saw anything to exceed that for impudence. The woman has gone Byron crazy, and actually wants to try to pass that off for original."

"Here's a letter from Mrs. J——."

MY DEAR SIR: Although I am a married woman with ten children, and a limited income, I had last week the audacity to attempt to write a story. I had a good plot, plenty of interesting incidents, and meant to draw my characters from real life. I have one unfortunate peculiarity; I write down all that is said by those around me, and as I cannot take one hour to shut myself up alone, this peculiarity bothers me considerably. I no sooner take up my pen, than every child has a separate want, and the servants ask forty questions in as many minutes. I send the story as it was written. I have put in parentheses, when reading it over, all the sentences not connected with the story, so you will have no trouble in having a fair copy made. I have not time to do it myself, but I am sure you will like the story. Even if I had time to copy it, the same fault would again disfigure the pages.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. M. A. J——.

Love in a Cottage.

THE sun was setting; his parting rays (the butcher's here, mum!) gilding the spires of (Ma, the butcher's got apples, won't you get some?) the little church which (Charlie's pinching me, ma!) stood in the main street of (Mary, dear, there's no button on this wrist-band!) the village of (Harrie's tumbled down stairs, ma!) Rosedale.

It was a scene (Ma, Joe says he won't go to the post-office!) of calm delight (My dear, the baby's awake!) and peaceful serenity. (Ma, the baby's screeching like an Indian!) The little brook (There's no potatoes, mum!) which wound (Ma, is there any cake?) round the (Gracious, Mary, do stop scribbling, and go to the baby!) little village, murmured (Oh, ma, there's a spider on your cap!) its grateful song of (Dolly's upset all the custard for dinner!) praise to the (Oh, ma, see what a big grass-hopper I've caught!) trees which bend (I'm off, Mary!) so lovingly (Good-by!) over it. (Ma, the baby's climbing out of the cradle!)

From one of the prettiest (Ma, where's my boots?) of the cottages, as the sun (If ye please, mum, the butcher's clane forgot the ingens!) slowly sank below the (Oh, ma, Jenny said a

bad word!) horizon, there came out a (Ma, Johnny's chopping wood with pa's razors!) young man, whose (Oh, ma, Lizzie's torn a big hole in her frock!) frank, open expression (The man's come about the pump, mum!) and manly courage (The baby's upset the cradle!) impressed (Ma, Johnny's cut himself with the razor!) you favorably at (The baker's bill, mum!) once.

"What a mess! Put it aside for consideration, Fred. It may be worth separating, but we can't take time for it to-day. Here's some more poetry."

Niagara!

Most stupenduous!
And tremendous!
And uproarious!
Also glorious!

With your thundering, roaring din!
Tumbling! smashing!
Leaping! crashing!
From that height
With furious might!
What a lather you are in!"

"That poet certainly deserves a leather medal. What does Aktriss spell, Fred?"

"Actress, I suppose."

"Just read this. No words can do justice to it. You must see the spelling, or you will never believe in it."

Looking over my shoulder, Fred read—

The Histtury of an Aktriss!

THE curting roas in the B—— theatur. It riz slo as curtings dus gennurilly, and the staige wos dissloaced to vu. Frum the sied sees thear cum fourword a luvley bein, in a wite satin gowne, and a croun of golde, who cum to the fut lites. She was sum! a reggullur stunner, and wen she boud, it was the talest kynd. She was calkillatted to maik a man leve his muther! This was Serruphiner, the stare of the seesun!

"Twelve o'clock! Come, Fred, let's go to luncheon, and finish this afternoon."

DREAMS.

BY JULIA W——.

In my dreams, I stand on a barren shore
Where the storm wind murmurs its plaintive cries,
And clouds brood darkly the ocean o'er,
Robbing the night of its starry eyes.
The sky bends down to the angry waves,
And the waves leap up to meet the sky,
Wailing sadly over the graves
Of the sleeping forms that 'neath them lie.

SCENE IN "OUR" SANCTUM: OR, A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.*

BY ONE WHO HAS "BEEN THAR."

(Concluded from page 144.)

REFRESHED by a luncheon and a cigar, Fred and I returned to our sanctum and the Herculean task there awaiting us. In spite of the many articles already taken from the pile, it looked as formidable as ever. With a heavy sigh, Fred threw himself into his chair and dragged from the pile a manuscript directed in a large, sprawling hand, to—

MR. HENRY JONES, 312 C— street.
in philadelphia state of pensilvanier.

"This looks tempting," said Fred, holding up the paper.

"Very," said I; "open it!"

The manuscript was worthy of the direction. A few lines will serve as a specimen. The page was headed *paig furst*, then, without any title, the story began thus—

HANNER ELLIS lived in the kuntry with her Uncle and her aunt and her cousins and her Little sister jane, and she was an orphan and She went to the public skule and she learnt to Read and write and cipher and she rec'd a verry Good education and ought to of been a verry Nice gurl, but hanner had no principals at all So she was not as good as she might of been.

"That is a genteel sufficiency," said Fred, as I read the last line. What is the title?"

"Where is it?" I asked.

At the end of the last page I found the following request inclosed in a crooked square of ink lines:—

"Please kall this peace *hanner ellis the orphan*."

Fred now read aloud a letter, which ran as follows:—

Stageville may eleventh, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, dere sur, I have been onable to git a situation and want to urn a respectable livin and would like to rite for you, what waiges will you give me by the month if I come to philadelphia and ware can I bord cheep, yours respectably ann stokes. I can give good refe-

* Of course this article is only intended to illustrate some of the difficulties of editors, and is not exactly our own experience.

rence from the places where I have been seamstriss for nine yeres.

The next effusion was poetical. Shades of Byron! to call such lines *poetry*!

*To a lock of hair in a fine tooth comb, reposing on
Julia's bureau.*

LOVELY bunch of Raven Hair
Sticking in a comb;
From the head of Julia fair
Tell us how you come!

Wert jerked out with one strong pull,
Or was she some time combing?
Does fair Julia know you're out,
Where on earth are you roaming!

I would steal you, lock of hair,
If you were not so greasy,
But the lard or castor oil
Would spoil my waistcoat fleecy.

Fred said something he "ought not to of said," as he tossed these exquisite lines into the pile of rejected articles.

The following letter came next:—

DEAR SIR: I have occupide the situashun of teacher in a skule at Potterstown for seven years, and during that time have had menny pupils under my kare. I wish to publish a little book called the "Experiencies of a Westurn Teecher," and have written several of the storsy for it and offered it to Mr. A— of New York and Mr. L— of Filadelfia, throu a letter, but they decline printin it. Wun of my skollers says if you would by the storsy wun at a tyme and print them, that I could easily sell them afterwurds, as youre name wood be good two use even I rote again to Mrs. L. and A. I send the furst story. Wen you have printed it please send me fifty copies of the book it is in to give to my skollers for tracts.

Yours affeeshunately, MARY C. L.

"Read the story, Harry," said Fred; "it is short, but sweet."

I obeyed. It was entitled—

Little Elizer: or, The Evuls of a Furius Tempur.

ELIZER was a little gurl who had religius parents and a very bad tempur wich kept them

in a constant stait of missury. Wun day she cain to skule with her lunch in a litle baskit and wen she opened it her muther had forgot the pie she promised to put in the baskit for Elizer's lunch. Wat did this bad gurl do but up and heaved the baskit at her unsuspuishus frend Ann Gray who sat neer her, and killed her innocent frend on the spot; Elizer died at an old age the victim of remorse for this yuthful crime.

"Here's some lines to the Atlantic Cable," said Fred.

"Read them!" I said, resignedly.

Lines to the Atlantic Cable.

OVERWHELMING fabrication of a Gigantic Intellect!
Spell-bound nations contemplate with enthusiastic respect!
Thy tremendous Wonders! Engulphed in the briny deep!
Where submarine aqueous monsters ceaseless vigils keep!
From teeming brains and palpitating bosoms warm!
Your genius transmits messages through the tumultuous storm!
Amidst mysterious wrecks the prey of the remorseless sea!
You transfer effusions of infantile glee!
Great object of two national awes!
Why was discovered in thee so many flaws!
Alas, such is the consummation of human hopes!
Especially when centred in Atlantic Cable Ropes!

LORENZO C. M——.

"Do listen to this letter!" said Fred, laughing.

DEAR MR. JONES: I know I can write good stories. Of course I can; why shouldn't I, I'd like to know? I am doing very well now in the hardware line, brass especially, and won't abandon my present business unless I am certain of bettering myself. If, however, you will make it worth my while, I will take up literature. I have got a first-rate story in my mind, but I don't want to take the time to write it out, unless I am certain of selling it. As I have heard that magazine editors think a great deal of a good title, I send a list of titles, any one of which will suit my story. If you will select the one you like best, and send me word which it is, I will for \$100 write out my story and send it to you. Yours respectfully,

J. C. R——.

List of Titles.

The Maniac Mother: or, The Raving Rover or the Black Forest.
The Stray Maiden: or, Blood, Fire, and Revenge.

Matrimony and Murder: or, The Love-lorn Lunatic.

The Terrors of a Stricken Conscience: or, The Revenge of the Red Pirate.

The Scourge of the Seas: or, The Bandit Brothers.

The Cross of Fire: or, The Stolen Maiden of the Bloody Cloak.

The Lunatic Lover: or, The Lawless Lazzaroni of the Limpid Lake.

Crime and Retribution: or, The Curse of the Crippled Coward.

The Midnight Meeting: or, The Madman of the Moors.

The Son's Sin: or, The Frantic Father.

The Raging Robber: or, The Impostor of the Polly Wogs.

The Midday Murder: or, The Bloody Sword of the Gay Brigand.

The Maiden Avenger: or, The Mad Owl of the Tombs.

The Bleeding Finger: or, The Gory Hand of Warning.

Love and Slaughter: or, The Unforgiving Uncle.

The Ensanguined Shirt: or, The Bloody Burglar.

Wild Wilfred: or, The Roaring Robber of the Riots.

"Well," said Fred, as he finished this list, "I should like to see the story that would suit all those titles."

"I hope if you order it you will calculate to pay for it out of your own pocket," I replied.

"I guess when I order it, I will," was the rejoinder.

"Poetry again!" I sighed, opening a small pink envelop, and taking out a tiny tinted sheet.

Lines to America.

AMERICA! Thou astounding nation
At the head of brute creation.

"O Harry!" said Fred, "it can't be brute." I looked again. It was *bright*, but the *gh* was omitted, and it looked uncommonly like brute. I read on—

Great Republic of the world,
Genius on thy soil is hurled!
Stand forth in thy giant might!
Crush the wrong, defend the right!
Stand by the flag of stripes and stars,

Glorious mother of one hundred thousand sons of Mars.

"Good gracious!" said Fred; "just think of it!"

"Here's another letter," I said, spying the corner of a white envelop in the pile of larger ones.

DERE MISTER JONES i am in poor circumstances now but wish to kontinue my subskription to the magasine will you let me pay you in seckund-hand clothin I have five boys and they outgro a good menny cloes befour they are worn out if you have eny children and a handy wife she cood patch em up and they wood look very nice and cum cheeper than bying them at the stoars editors are mostly poor ante they and I am yours respectably till deth do us part.

ANN G—.

"You had better take that up to Mrs. Jones," said Fred, as I finished; "think what a lovely prospect it opens to her."

"Here is a letter with a manuscript," said I, opening a large envelop. "You take the story, while I read the epistle."

The letter ran as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR: I propose revolutionizing the whole system of modern literature ("How good he is!" said Fred). I think, and humbly submit my opinion for your consideration, that the use of commonplace incidents and words in the walks of literature sinks the noble science to vulgar uses. Why resort to books for conversations and events which occur within our every-day experience? I send a manuscript written upon *my* great plan, which must enlarge the intellect, raise the mind, cultivate the understanding of every reader. Knowing you as a man of liberal ideas and refined tastes, I have honored you by selecting your magazine as the one best suited for my first appearance as a writer. If your remuneration suits me, I shall not withdraw my patronage as long as you please me in the matters of types and other details. As I understand you publish portraits of your most distinguished contributors, I will send my photograph by the next mail, that you may have it engraved to appear in the same number as my story.

Yours truly, GEORGE S—.

I did not finish; but my voice failed me. I waved my hand to Fred, to signify that he might read the story. He accordingly read—

Leonora; or, Love and Science.

LOVE! In the extended intellectual researches of the refined mind, metaphysically considered—what is love? Cogitated upon, in the classical comprehension of the poet's soul—what is love? Engendered in the alert brain of the youthful aspirant to fame—what is love? Concealed, tremblingly conscious of ecstatic happiness, in the tender heart of the maiden—what is love?

"Oh, humbug!" said Fred. "I won't read any more of the stuff. Here's another effort of genius."

The Harnid Homstid.

In the Hart of the Glumy forrist of rosedale Stud a Littul cottige ware Dwelt my herrowine she was a Butifool gurl With the ise and hair of Gold and willum loved Her as his Life they stud besid Eech Uther Araminter I luv you as my Life Willum my idle a shril voice kalled Oh my willum Thare's ma ware have you Bin Araminter in the feeld ma but her Blushin Emoshun betraid her have i not Forbid yu ever to Speek to willum i Can never obay that crewel Mandate Araminter my idle ware have you lingured willum we part now Forever she Fainted as she spok and so they parted. wen to Meat again.

"That's enough," said I. "Here's a charming letter, Fred."

DEAR SIR: I see that there has been a great Time in the papers about the Heenan and Sayers fight, and I wish to make you an offer. We have had a fight in our village, and for ten dollars I will write for your magazine a Full and particular account of it. It is Better than the English fight, Because there was only two Engaged in that, and this was a Free fight, and half the men in the town joined in. Excuse the bad writing, as I have one Eye very much swelled by a back-hander I got, and I Sprained my wrist knocking a man down. If you want the Account, answer by Return of mail, as I Need the money very much just now.

Yours, SAMUEL R—.

"Here's some more poetry!" said Fred, holding up a large sheet, very much blotted.

Sonnet to an Ankur.

SUNK in the Bosom of the deep,
Wile them on bord Does sekurely sleep,
In the Hart of the Briny oshun
Yu keep the vessel Without moshun!
Symble of hope! we always see
In pictures hope Leaning upon thee.

"Here's a match for that," I said, reading from a manuscript in my hand—

Can I Forget Thee?

CAN I forget thee, Lucy, can I?
Will I forget thee, Lucy, will I?
Shall I forget thee, Lucy, shall I?
Must I forget thee, Lucy, must I?
Never!

Your golden locks curl round my heart,
Soothing its anguish, healing its smart;

And when I gaze in your blue eye,
Emotion makes me dumb, O my!
Lucy!

"Still more poetry," said Fred. "Listen!"

Despair.

DESPAIR crept o'er my soul! The skies poured ink;
The lightning shot red fire from heaven's brink;
The ocean, rocked by fierce emotion, swayed,
And earthquakes gaping red-hot fires displayed;
Fierce demons yelled with fiendish, frantic mirth,
And shuddering spasms rent the upper earth;
The winds shrieked as they hurled from spot to spot
The trembling victims of a wrath red-hot;
Waves, mountain high, engulfed all navigation;
Fierce ruin preyed upon the whole creation;
Friends rioted unchecked in upper air;
The blast scorched where it passed: this was Despair.

"I should think so," said Fred.
The next manuscript was

The Boaster.

A Translation from the French of M. Boitard.

EDMUND is a man perfectly raised, good, generous, wearing with accustomed grace his noble fortune, and, notwithstanding, they him fled in the society as if he had the plague. When his friends him saw coming of one side of the Boulevards, they passed to the other side, to the end of not him being not perceived, and if he came to them in a street straight, they not hesitated not to make a half turn and to return on their steps. Edmond enters in a saloon. Follow we him.

The stroke of the eye ("Is that *coup d'œil*, Fred?") that him greeted on his arrival late, was unheeded not, and he himself excused thus: "I come this instant same from the home of the president of the Council of State who me has retained until the end of a discussion very important. Immediately that I have been able myself to withdraw I am run, and me behold."

"Well, of all the literal translations I ever saw, that is the greatest!" said Fred, tossing aside the paper. "What have you there, Harry?"

Hints on Etiquette. By Meta Marigold.

It is rude to enter a room on your hands and knees, true gentlemen never do it. To tell a lady she is an idiot is a mark of ill manners. For a lady to bite her nails in company is not considered a mark of elegance or refinement. A lady never puts her feet upon the mantel-piece, nor scratches her head before company. Be careful when at a party not to jump so much in dancing as to lift your partner off her feet. Never play for folks unless you are asked, and then don't, for gracious sake, play one of those

pesky, long, tiresome things that Arabella Jenks always inflicts on company whenever she has a chance. She's real disagreeable, any how; and she needn't feel so dreadfully stuck up about Jim Waters, dear knows. I don't want him.

"That's enough," said Fred. "Meta Marigold must go with the others."

The next was poetry.

"Do all the brainless people in the United States write poetry?" groaned Fred, as he opened the paper.

Music.

THERE'S music in the little brook
That gushes o'er the stones,
Prettier than is in my music book
That I practice when alone!
There's music in the leafy trees,
When by the breeze they're stirred;
There's music in the pebbles mute
That never speak a word.
There's music in the pretty lambs,
A song in every baa;
There's music in the spotted calf
That frisks around its ma!
There's music in the stately hen
That clucks to every chicken;
There's music in the knitting needles
That grandmother keeps clicking.
There's music, music every where,
And 'taint no use to learn it;
I hate our old piano-forte,
And wish mamma would burn it.
If Nature furnishes a song
For all who listen to it,
What's the use of my learning to play,
And giving seven hours a day to it?

ANNA MARIA.

"Unfortunate Anna Maria, she has my profound sympathy," said Fred. "My mother tried to make a musician of me, when I was about ten years old, and if I did not echo any of the rest of that lament, I did the two lines—

"I hate our old piano-forte,
And wish mamma would burn it."

What next?"

"Why I can't exactly tell you," I replied, looking again at the page before me. "This is spelled correctly, though the grammar in it seems to have run mad; but I can't make out why every line begins with a capital. Stop, here is a letter at the end:—

DEAR SIR: I send the accompanying sonnet in blank verse.

"Fool, it is blank verse!"

"Read it out for the benefit of the country members," said Fred.

I complied.

Sonnet to the Japanese Embassy.

THEY are arrived! To Washington they've come,
The Japanese from Japan where they make the
Waiters and blacking, and from which place
They transport them lovely tea-caddys which is my
Wife's delight on a summer's night—no I don't
Mean that but to return to the Japans whom
Are in this country.

"Well, that will do! Here's another letter," said Fred.

DEAR SIR: As I see by the daily papers that it is quite the fashion for every store in your city to have a *bard*, and advertise in poetry, I concluded to send you a poetical advertisement of my store. If you want it, accept it with my affectionate regards, and send me \$10 for it.

Yours in brotherly love, SIMON SCRAGGS.

"Read the poetry, Fred," I cried; "I am getting desperate. You can't disgust me now. Come on!"

The Store of Stores.

Know you the store where the coffee and sugar
Beat all coffee and sugar that ever was seen;
Where are also kept calicoes, pegg'd shoes and bacon
Molasses and cider, and everything green.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! I've dropped them in the well!
And what to say to Muca, I cannot, cannot tell.

Now go replace those ear-rings at Simon Scraggs's store,
And don't let on to Muc that you dropped the pair you wore!

Go where glory waits thee!
And with you take a rifle,
Buy it at Simon Scraggs's,
'Twill cost you but a trifle!

The boy stood on the burning deck,
What was it that he wore?
A pair of blue duck trowsers
From Simon Scraggs's store.

Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
'Tis filled with Lager Bier,
It came from Simon Scraggs's store,
So 'tis the best of cheer!

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Take, oh take this locket;
It was bought at Simon Scraggs's,
Pray put it in your pocket!

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
That never to himself has said,
I'll buy my goods at Scraggs's store,
And never deal nowhere else no more.

Here you'll find vinegar, candles, and cheese,
Butter, fish, lard, and candy so nice,
Woollens, bonnets, and tumblers, and needles and pins,
And also a poison to kill all your mice.

"Go it, Scraggs!" said Fred. "Come, Harry, it's dinner time!"

"Thank the stars!" was my fervent ejaculation, as I donned coat and hat, and started for home.

RAYMOND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE adventure which I am going to relate happened to a well-known literary man, whom I shall call by the name of Raymond, though no doubt his friends will not fail to recognize him by the absence of mind which formed one of his principal characteristics.

One morning, as Raymond was much engaged with his pen, the porter of the hotel entered. He came for the quarter's rent, according to the custom of Paris, which four times in a year elevates the porters to the dignity of receivers of rent. Now Raymond was not one of those starving poets who live in a garret, with little furniture besides a bed, a table, and a chair; on the contrary, he possessed an independent fortune, but, devoted to literature, and simple in his habits, he contented himself with a parlor, and bedroom opening into it, both plainly furnished. He paid his rent, gave the porter the usual gratuity, and returned to his writing.

In a minute or two he looked up, and was amazed to see the porter still standing there, and gazing around with a bewildered air.

"What is the matter?" said he. "Have I not paid enough?"

"Yes, sir; but I see no preparations for moving, and the new tenant has come with his furniture. You know he has a right to enter at half past twelve, and it is now more than half past eleven."

Then it flashed upon Raymond's mind that he had given notice to his landlord some weeks ago that he should change his lodgings when the quarter was out, and he had never thought of it since. He rushed into the street like a crazy man; but when there he recollected that it was too late to seek a lodging and remove to it in less than an hour, and that what pressed most was to get his furniture out of the way. He was on the point of going back to the house