

"But why Meggatcairn?" asked the puzzled chief. "Now I come to think of it, there isn't a pit within miles of the place."

"Just to make them look more foolish when the truth comes out. I went to the *Advertiser* early this morning—or rather I went to the neighborhood of the office—and took my landlady's son with me to make inquiries. It seems that between four and five o'clock messengers were sent round the staff of the *Advertiser*, and they all went off in two-horse cabs to Meggatcairn. When they find that there is no accident there, I suppose they will explore the neighborhood and telegraph in all directions. Shouldn't wonder if they are still scouring the country. Oh, Meggatcairn is a capital place. Although it is only a short distance from town there are three wretched railway junctions before you reach it."

The editor lay back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Then, you know, all the evening papers will copy the *Advertiser* account, and papers all over the country will be sending men to Meggatcairn to do special descriptions of the disaster.

When they discover how they have been sold won't they turn and rend that wretched rag of an *Advertiser*. For you'll expose them, won't you, sir?"

After a hearty burst of merriment the editor said—

"Yes, Mr. Powrie, we will expose them. I think you had better go home and get a good sleep. And then in the evening you will write an account of the affair for to-morrow's *Courier*. On second thoughts I think I will do the punishing myself."

When we left the room Tom whispered, "Won't the old man lay it on? The strokes of his whip are so nice and clean, and he can bring the blood every time."

For some weeks the *Advertiser* was the best laughed-at newspaper in the country. When, after the lapse of time, its men tried to put on their old air of high-sniffishness, Tom would call out to me—

"What was the number of your last page?"

And I would reply—

"A 45."

Then there would be silence.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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## THE DAYS THAT WERE.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

WHILES in the early winter eve  
 We pass amid the gathering night  
 Some homestead that we had to leave  
 Years past ; and see its candles bright  
 Shine in the room beside the door  
 Where we were merry years ago  
 But now must never enter more,  
 As still the dark road drives us on.  
 E'en so the world of men may turn  
 At even of some hurried day  
 And see the ancient glimmer burn  
 Across the waste that hath no way ;  
 Then with that faint light in its eyes  
 A while I bid it linger near  
 And nurse in wavering memories  
 The bitter-sweet of days that were.

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THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OLD SERIES COMPLETE IN LXIII. VOLS.

JANUARY, 1844, TO DECEMBER, 1864.

NEW SERIES, VOL. LXVIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1898.

NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 19 EAST 16TH STREET.

1898.