THE FIELD OF GOLD

Oh, my beautiful fleid of flower-gold, Waving your wealth so free Frem out of se great and gay a atorn, Just spare one bloom to me,

the when I see to some future day
The flower's facted flow.
It will bring back all he my memory
Tale gorgoous, blomming place!

I will remember such glowing head That bends before the brown a the meads to day Amid the flowers and trees.

And the dreams I dream on this autumn day-Cestica I butid so fair-

Will they be crumbled and fallen down, Turned back again to air!

Will swught be left of their gleaming gold-No single lofty tower? Will naught be loft of my brightest topes

but just a faded flower! -Inter Ocean.

## SHE WASN'T PRACTICAL.

Ned! Ned! Where are you Ned?" Ellie Colebridge's tone was one of an clous impatience as she came into the sitting room of her pretty country house.

The window curtains parted revealing in the deep window seat a little figure curled up, poring over an open book.

"What is the matter?" inquired Ned in a sleepy drawling voice.

"Matter?" said Ellie, dolefully, read that letter. No you will go to sleep over it. I'll tell you what's in it. The Claxtons are coming this afternoon.

·I thought they were to come next month?

So they were and here Charley has gone for a week to Boston, and Maggie left this morning. She is, only the eleventh girl I have had in six weeks."

Ned puckered up a pretty rosebud of a mouth, and-it must be recorded, shocking as it is-Ned whistled. 'There's nae luck about the house." as clearly as a boy.

"Oh, Ned, what can I do?" said Ellie, . there are four people, and how can I entertain them and do all the work and cooking for such a family.' Four?

Mr. and Mrs. Claxton their son Harry and daughter Laura." "H-m-yes. I've heard Charley

talk of them?" ·Don't you know them?" Ellie asked, amazed. I thought they

were Charley's most intimate friends. "Very true; but, though Charley is my brother, you must remember while he was at Harvard forming the acquaintance of the Claxtons and various other people, I was with nunt Jane at Baltimore going to school and learning housekeeping-oh!" cried Ned as a sudden idea seemed to strike her. Oh, Nellie, have you got some callco dresses and big aprons?"

"Of course I have" So bave I where the Dutchman had his anchor-at home! But, Ellie, lend me some of yours and I'll be your Maggie!"

·Edmonia Colebrilge, are you

'There, you have no more to say. My name for the next week by the way, is Jane. No is rather too remarkable for a servant girl. I am morally convince | there was a streak | an lety. When the visit had extendof insanity in our family when I was christene . E monia.' Charley made ed' of it before I was a year old. There my ear ... You will be late."

Very mistrustfully, Mrs. Colebri ge brought her guests from the station. uring her short acquaintance with her husband s sister. No: har exactly verified Charley's description of her. He had told his wife:

Nei is the cearest girl in the world, but dreamy and fend of books; knows more actually at 19 than most women do at 50 of books, music and drawing. She will be literary, I guess; but practical never."

To this greamy girl, who confessed to have written poetry. Ellie had, under the pressure of circumstances. trusted the household affairs for four unknown guests.

It must be confessed that Ellie carried a smiling face over an anxious heart, as she led her guests to their rooms and descended to the kitchen.

ved was there, with all her curls twisted into a demure knot at the back of a shapely little head; a blue called rather roomy and long (Ellie being the larger of the two. ) but half hidden under a great checked apron and a narrow linea collar, transforming her into the neatest of servants

pon the table stood a pan of biscuit light as down, brown and tempting; broiled chicken lay upon a great d sh near the fire; coffee sent forth aromatic flavors, and a spice of tea mingled therewith.

Be off!" was Ned's salutation. You are not to come here for a week."

'Laughing light-hearted Ellie went into the dining-room. All the best china, silver and glass upon a snowy damask cloth, upon the table, baskets of cake light as a feather, glass bowls of strawberries, cream and sugar in silver pitchers and bowls radishes upon crisp, green leaves-even glasses of flowers were there.

She stood admiring, while Ned brought in the chicken and biscuit the coffee and ten, and demurely rang the bell

"You can ring if you want me." she said putting the bell upon the tea tray and dropping a saucy courtesy before vanishing into the kitchen. and Ellia, we breakfast late.

Thinking that it would be too bad to present Ned yet to her guesta Ellie did not touch the beil, noting that there was an evident enjoyment of their fare amongst her guests.

Ellie fully intended to get breakfast on the following morning, and never opened her blue eyes until the dressing bell rang vigorously at 8

o'clock. By the time she was dressed her guests had assembled in the sitting room, and there was nothing to do out -Truth.

but he upon the door to the dining Person and value them in.

The dulaty table sparkling in the morning light was spread temptingly. New labs upgs, like gold balls were fried upon alters of early entered from: a breakfast to tempt un opicure chops. broiled tender and pany. Banked the nam and ages, water crosses all sparking with develops pointons fried to a crisp brown, aromatic colfea fragrant tea sod muffles of poides tint waited upon good appetites.

Mea Claston could not restrain her admiration.

"What a treasure you must have in the kitchen," she cried. "If you did not come down until we did."

"I have not seen her this morning. " was the truthful reply, who is a treasurer.

Five days went by and Mrs. Clavton said to Ellio.

·Do you know. Mrs. Colebridge I have never seen your treasure? She does the rooms while we are at breakfast, and I never saw such neat rooms, and she sets a table so perfectly you never have to ring for anything."

"You will see her to night." said Ellie; for Nod had actually made time to go to town and socure a twelfth domestic who was being trained while Ellio spoke and I shall have the pleasure also of introducing Charley's sister. Edmonia."

This was from Harry Claxton, who looked up from the newspaper.

'I want to meet her so much," said Laura: we heard of her very often when Mr. Colebridge was in Cambridge,

"She is very talented is she not?" Harry asked

"We think so" Ellie answered. ·She plays on the plane better than any amateur I ever heard, and sings remarkably well. She was the best scholar in the school when she graduated, and she-don't tell her I told vou-writes poetry, real poetry, not merely rhyming lines."

"H-m!" thought Harry. "A tall. raw-boned, strong minded female." And while the thought was in his mind there entered a little browneyed mite, with long auburn curls a complexion like a blush-rose, and soft full draperies of blue and white

muslin. A little cresture with low, sweet voice, and eyes full of dreamy There was undeniably a falling off

in the culinary department, though Ned and Ellie slipped away often to superintend the performances of "No. 12" as Ned called her; but if the others found the table less tempting. Henry Claston only knew the parlor had gained a new charm. He knew that Edmonia was talented

and pretty; he found her beautiful and modest as a violet. The hours beside her, in the garden, in the parlor on the moonlit porch spel by like minutes and the party lingered on till Charley came.

They learned ducts together, and they would talk never tiring of books and the current topics of the day, till the man found himself wondering at the rare intellect in the curly head. Charley looked on well pleased, but upon Mrs. Claxton's fair matronly face rested a shadow of ed over three weeks Laura having left for a previous engagement, bearing Harry's regrets for breaking the same. Harry dared his fate and won Ned's confession that she gave love

And Mrs. Clayton, in Ellie's room thus accounted for the shadow upon her brow.

·You see. dear. I am old fashioned in my notions and I believe in educating girls for wives and housekeepers as well as for parlor companions. As soon as Laura left school I taught her to cook so that she can either superintend her servants or if necessity requires it, take their places. Yet she is not the less a graceful lady. I think."

·You are right' She is as lovely a girl as I ever met." Eltie said, half guessing what was coming.

.And, dear, that is what worries me about Harry's choice. I think Edmonia is one or the most charming girls I ever met, pretty as a flower, graceful, modest and accomplished. But she seems to me so dreadfully helpless and dreamy.

"I don't know how often I have found her curled up like a kitten in the window seat. her e es seeming to be looking miles away, and her hands lying idly before her. You know, dear, she write, too, and literary

women are too o ten impracticable. · To be sure Harry will have money enough to give her every comfort, and he has a good start in his profession. But, still, dear, I could wish his wife had some knowledge of housely ways, and was not so

dreamy. , Ellie smiled, and said: ·Do you remember our invisible girl, Mrs. Claxton -the one who was

here when you first came?" Yes, my dear. I have wondered why you sent her away. The one you have now doesn't compare to her, never ate such biscuit. Why did she leave? Did she drink, after all?" . She did not leave. She only changed her name to Edmonia Cole-

"My dear!" cried the astonished old lady. 'you are joking!" · I was never more serious in my

bridge."

life," said Ellie, and gave a detailed account of her perplexities and Ned's devotion.

·Well, well, who would dream she hid so much energy under that sleepy manner. You have lifted the only care from my mind my dear. I can congratulate Harry now with my whole heart "-Anna Shields in Texas Siftings

Ventilated Cheese. Willie-Ma what's all those holes

in the Swiss cheese for? Ma-Oh, those are to let the smell ROMANTIC STORY.

An Affred Souther Print Who Was Extend to the tirest Napoleon. The Reading Times has published

\* strange story It is of a French Bourbon prince eatled in infuncy to New Orleans to Napoleon Boonparts, and a resistent of Reading meanly fifty years-Wiliam L do Bourbon proprietor of Reading's most fashionable hosel, the Mansion house, and for a time a restitest of Laboraton, who died but year, ever 80 years of ago. thiid when exited was necording to the story, but 5 years of ago. French revolution, and the young prince was smuggled to America by we reliable maids at the beheat of Napoleon: The mother died brokenhearted soon after while the child was taken to New Orleans.

After the French restoration the street of most vigilant search for the lost prince during many years falled to End him and it became universally against the say still burnished by conceded by the family that the child was lost at sea or made way with. The child was paptured by a priest whose well known loyalty to the house of Bourbon was unquestioned. and was named Guillaume Louis de Bourbon, after one of als distinguished ancestors. Mr. oe Bourbon came to Reading from New Orleans. and settled here when a young man. He was possessed of gentlemanly bearing refined appearance, of punctilious dress all of which stamped him as a man of ordinary ancestry.

The writer of the article says: ·His age corresponds with the eventful period of the French revolution. He often told me that his parents died white he was an infant, and that his aunts raised him. He spoke la h's native language when he chose to. One of the stipulations made by the wily emperor with the maids was that he should receive no education but he was taught a trade on his arrival at the proper age. The women were loyal to the mandates of their master, for the reason that a monthly pension was at stake and the sagacious emperor well knew that education would invite the prince to investigate as to his true

origin. In support of this it may be stated that Mr. de Bourbon, when he came to Reading, was a wood carver, and the article declares that the maids who took the young prince away from France received their regular monthly allowance until Napoleon's banishment to St. Helena Mr. de Bourbon was never married, and when he died last year he gave the bulk of his fortune to his aged and life-long housekeeper and to the public charities.

One of the concluding paragraphs of this interesting article is as follows:

With the death of William Louis toes. But I could not de Bourbon another link of the Bourof the blood royal in his line. There was a strong resemblance in his face and build to many of the Bourbons. whose life sized portraits can be seen in many of the art galleries of Paris to this day."

The writer of this article is an aged claims that he obtained his information while on a visit to Paris over forty years ago and by a visit to New Orleans, and that he was on terms of confidential riendship with Mr. de Bourbon. The article has created load. I made huge efforts to grasp great public interest by reason of the mystery surrounding the early life of Mr. de Bourbon and the position he attained in Reading as one of the oldest and best known hotel proprietors in Eastern Pennsylvania.

## Reminiscences

At a gathering of players one of the party told a little story that hold on to the end? amused them all . It was in London that I heard it" said he "Three actors were dining together and one rose the real conical roof another 100 of them left the table a little early. Poor old Hicks, says one. thinks he round orifice, the sham dome the can play Hamlet! Why, he isn't up to melodrama 'That's so, says the peak. other, I saw him do a serious part once and it was the funniest thing of that my fate was inevitable. My the season. Well. I must get to the theater. Good night, old man? The one who was le t at the table gave him good night, and as he watched him receding down the room he folded his arms across his breast and soliloquized: Poor old Fitz Thinks he and I fell. can play Iago. The audacity of that is sublime.' After he had smoked up his cigar he likewise arose and stalked out. Then the waiter ran his fingers through his hair rested on his right foot put his hand into his waistcoat and in Irvingesque tones exclaimed for his own benefit: 'These of pain. youthful popinjays fancy that they they, forsooth-have learned the art of acting. Now, when I was in the had a wine-glass in his hand. the landlord's eye and began to clear away the dishes."

The White Owen of New Jersey. New Jersey stands in the Presby- fell about three feet." terian churchyard at Basking Ridge. It measures 14 feet 4 inches in circomference at 5 feet high, walle the branches shade a circle of 115 feet in diameter. It has been a famous tree for more than a century, and it was no doubt, a noble specimen in 1730, when a log church was built on the ground where the present one now stands.

Education Pays.

Trivvet - Education pays. Professor Barnard has received \$200 each for discovering five comets in two years. Dicer-That's \$1,000. In that time a high kicker in the ballet earns about \$10,000.

Danish Butter.

The Danes lead the world as buttermakers. Danish butter has taken the first price at most of the world's fairs, including the Philadelphia centennial.

AWFUL ADVENTURE OF A GYMNAST IN ST. PAMES.

Changing he is Kingor Hundreds of Fred Above the Proof Strawn blowly Up to the Perk of the both distribute

Coming over from Australia for a at month a viest non of the first The things I you sell mysuif was to see the walks of fortit impositions to go His , back and face my transa if I could hither was killed during the terrible has say that I had seen the metropoliton enthedeas First one thing intervened and

then another until my last day in Engiand has been reached. As I stood on the payoment look

ing up at the grant doma, the clock The sun had set and high overhead the golden ball and cross stood out

the evening glow. Presently I heard a door softly slosa and a gray haired o'd verger spened the mos gride. With all the sio mence of which I am master I entreated him to let me into the sacred ione. He hesitated and shook his

head. "very well," he said out is against the rules, but as you say, it is a long way from Australia f'li let you in if you don't mind stopping inside for an hour. I shall return then but I must lock the door behind me. Do you

still wish to go inside." Thanking aim warmly, I said:

Certainly, yes. I got under the great dome, which lung like a luminous cloud above full of havy uncertain shadows a faint circle of light flitting around the hoge plers - white figures vicamias here and there in shadowy recesses murbia warriors, harons and states-

men: Looking apward a faint circle of ight marked the soaring vault, and ustabove my head I saw a rope unnging down from the vast height above. Then I remembered the spider webs I had seen outside above the bell and cross and as I stood and istened I heard faint sounds of hammering and knocking.

Men were at work hundreds of eet above; lights shone here and there, twinkling like stars.

In years gone by I used to be a amous gymnast and the sight of the ope hanging above me put me in mind of my former prowess. How many times, I wondered, could I. hanging on to that rope, draw my hin up to my knuckles? I leaped ap and eaught the rope.

Once twice thrice. Drawing myself up and down until I grow tired I stretched myself, expeeting to reach the ground with my

Glancing below me I saw with bon dynasty is blotted out. He had horror that the flooring bad vanished no issue and was therefore the last from under me. I was swinging suspended by my hands high up toward the dome! If I had dropped at that moment I

might have been safe, but I hesitated. and was lost. Slowly and steadily the rope was being wound up. I shut my oyes. Was this a

the floor below me was nimost out of sight. There I swong a tiny human speck the rope with my feet also, but im-

possible I could not do it. I could there-

fore ont hold on. I was now on a level with the plinth that su rou ids the great arches of the dome: the colossal fresco figures seemed to mock my agon . must be half way up now -could I spair. I now saw that the seeming dome was a false one, above which feet or more, and that through a vast rope was to ascend to the uppermost

In that moment of tort re I saw muscles were now relaxing in grasp would fall and I must fall and be

dashed to pieces. Confused thoughts whirled through my brain. Voices I thought were calling me. I was slipping slipping.

How do you feet now sir?"

whispered close to my ear. Was it possible? Was I still alive? Yes, my brain was consciou. But about 75 per cent. my frame? shattered, no doubt; a mere human wreck. I only dared to use my ears, and yet I had no feeling

An old man was bending over me. the same who had admitted me; he legitimate- But just then be caught | candle by his side formed a little chamber o light above us.

"Am I knocked all to places? nay?" I whispered. I don't think so sir; you are not One of the famous white oaks of hurt a bit. Bless you sir, you only

> I stretched out my arms; they were all right, and my legs were sound. "How is this?" I said sitting up

and looking about me. I thought I

was carried up into the dome." "And so you were. You'd have been a dead man by this but just in the nick of time I came back. don't supposed I should have noticed you, because of the light, but I caught sight of your body against the gilding. and then you gave a sort of a moan.

Says I: There's death here if I don't think of something at once. "Then I recollected hearing that the workmen chaps whistle three times when they want the rope lowered, so I piped away and the rope began to come down. I shouted to to bed. Patient-Why, doctor, you you to hold on and keep your heart once told me never to eat anything be-

nothing. .When your feet came within a

FAR ABOVE THE EARTH. | yard of the floor you quivered and impossible classic hences. you about to let them draw you up Like that?"

> I e-plated my gramastic feats, Oh I see you shook the rope Thur's the signal to put! up and up they police. The men are working double shi'ts now and are in a hurry. to get Enistred."

HE MADE A BLU TOTAL Principle an Opinional Mr. Lovid Nor-Nov.

What He Wis plane, A woman came to an optician's shop and the proprietor, sosing that live confuse the conditions and perenhis cieries were all busy, stapped for ward to wait upon her.

"The grazes" she said. 'don't distinctly, and I have splitting head aches half of the time.

The optician said mover a word. his eyes and measured them with his machina tapped his forehead thoughtfully and looked sharply at the patient woman, who all this time had been regarding him an lously. - Then he made her sit down in front of a white card that was covered with black fetters and rings and lines of various lengths and shapes, and forced her to remain there half an hour and look at tuem through single and double-barreled glasses. I innity he said very solumnly:

Your eyes are in very bad shape. Vary bad very bad, indeed. How long have you been wearing glasses?" "About six years."

'I see Well madam the cornea has collided with the copia, and of course necessarily, naturally, your pupils are now two extravasated cornneonias."

I am not sure those are the words he used, but that was the impression I got. At any rate, he frightened the woman and probably that was w. at he wanted

. The trouble is " he went on just as solemnly as ever, the trouble is, you've been buy ng cheap glasses. and so-eyes-could-'

His voice died away, and instinctively he retreated a step. For the woman's injured eyes were flashing fire an her face was pale and she looked as though she wasn't exactly pleased.

Why." she said. "why every pair of glasses I ever had in the world I bought right here in this shop! They were prescribed for me by people here and I never paid less than 56 a mair. Do you know what I think about you, sir?" No.

"Weil, sir. I consider you a humbug, sir an unmitigated humbug. Good morning, sir:

And she walked out and left the proprictor and me alone together.

thoughts I. Wirman. Bearded women have existed at al periods of the world's history. Even Herodotus the Father of History. gives us an account of one Pedasnea who lived above Hallearonssus.' a priestess o Minerva, whose chin regularly budded with a large beard whenever any public calamity impended. See Herodotas, book L. page 85. Bartel Garet i a woman physician in a neighboring city, who hideous delusion? No I looked down of Copenhagen, had a beard reaching to her wast. Charles XII. of Sweden, had a female grenndler in his army who possessed the beard as halfway between heaven and earth. well as the courage of a man. Mar-My m scles were wearled with the garet duchess o Austria and governess of the Netherlands, had a large, wiry, stiff beard, of which she was very proud. Of late years, Albert. duke of Bayaria reports having had a young lady governess in his household who was the 'proud possessor of

a very large black beard. the Knew Word the Wanted. Old Lady-I want a watch that won't tick so loud.

Clerk-They all tick like this ma'am; there's no other k nd. Old Lady-Sho! I know better. I've heard of them silent watches of the night ever slace I kan remember -Black and White.

## OPEN FOR REM RKS.

The pawnbroker's window is the commonest type of loan exhibitions. Wanted, a young woman who can

cook and dress the children " Poor little dears! Singers frequently get stuck on a high note. We suppose this is owing

to the pit h. The hrysanthemum would be alright if its name could be abbreviated

## AMUSEMENT NOTES.

A suburban poultry raiser advertises eggs laid to order." If a man stays at home nights he will not be found out.

The embarrassment of a stuttering man in the act of assing for a loan is something painful to behold. When an American heiress presents

herself abroad the foreigners follow the example of the prize ring and put up their dukes. Laneaster - Are you making as much fuss over your baby now as you were

I've quit all that. The baby is making all the fuss now. Sunday School Teacher-Noah took a pair of every living thing into the ark so that they wouldn't be drowned. Little Johnnie-Say, ma'am, was that

two months ago? Forcester-Oh, no;

the reason he took in the fish? "What does this mean?" asked the lord of the household. "Seven o'clock and not a sign of supper! Where's your mother?" "Mamma's down town taking her cooking Jesson," replied the child.

Doctor-Troubled with sleeplessness, ch? Eat something before going up but you didn't seem to hear fore going to bed. Doctor, with dignity-That, madam. was in 1889. Seience has made great strides since then

The Characters Brawn by tild Welters Not at All True to Life.

Some of the older sovolists in dealing with old flome. the fendal days in fraces, tiermany or England or with mirroor life, make their charactery being shorty to another time in the new world, instead of another care and world of their own cars at writer in the New Ergiand Magazine. In endeavoring to reproduce scenes and social conditions which have present away many historical auxuinini human natura. They label their characters according to their social stations and confuse these social disseem to fit me, I don't see clearly and tinctions with the qualities of the spirit. They give us mon and women whom tiod would fall to recognise but whom the critica more acuta. but he loosed wise enough for an oc- readily hall as models and types for culist. He examined the glasses their students of human nature, Their carefully looked first on one side and | characters are nearly all mounted on then on the other tested them with stilts, they are animated by motives and considerations which are quite impossible and they talk as human beings never talked in this world. They deal not with the exceptional. which is possible and artistic, but with the impossible, which is carica-

> Their old Romans and barons and highwaymen etc. stalk through the scene mouthing platitudes and 'sentim nta" whereas we may be quite certain that they occupied themselves chiefly with cheating. lying cringing stealing scheming dining. drinking, dissipating working, gossiong, gaming and talking slang, just as men are doing in the streets marts, public offices theaters etc., of Paris, London and New York to day. And beneath all this action there was always a crude philosophy. classifying and analyzing both motives and action. One would imagine from the romantic representations of these phases of life that this reflective habit of mankind was an invention of yesterday, and did not really date beyond the decline of the Roman empire to the philosophy and civilization of Greece. These same virtues and vices exist to day, and never will be eradicated, no matter how high civilization rises; but except in the very lowest plane of human life, where the relation to humanity is scarcely more than that o' the human form. men in all ages have sought for a solution of the riddle of existence and hence have, in a more or less crude fashion, re 'ected upon action.

GRAN'DADDY CAME AT LAST. The Children Left Him to Die, But a

Benvenly Charlot took Him Up. It was a lonely road running through the pine and I was deep in the wood when I came upon an old negro man seated by the roadside. He was blind, toothless, bald, and, evidently more that 80 years old. While I was yet thirty feet away I head him calling in a quiverier.

voice: I knowed it chillen-I knowed you'd come back for gran'daddy! I knowd yo' wouldn't leave de ole man to die in de woods!"

Who are you?" I asked, as I haited beside him. "Fo' de Lawd' but who's dat? Han't

de chillen cum?"

"No; how did you come to be here in this lonely place? Where are your children! I neber due heard yo'r voice

befo', ' he slowly answered. No. I'm traveling. 'Yo' sec. I'ze ole an feeble an han't no good any mo'. De chillen was movin' ober to Alabam' an dey didn't want to take me long wid 'em. So-

You don't mean they left you here

to take care of yourself?" "les dey don put me outer de cart right yere an driv' on. I called to em but dey wouldn't stop. I heard de leette chilien c'yin' fur gran'daddy. but William would'n turn back. I've bin p'ayin an' p'ayin', an' when I heard yo' cum I felt sure it was

William."

.If he doesn't return, what will you do?" I asked. ·l'il as de Lawd to take keer o

me an' he will do it." I promised to send him help and rode away, says a Chicago Times wr ter. It was already late in the auernoon, and by the time the proper county official was found it was evening and a storm was raging. He would not move till morning came. and I then rode back with him. The old man was lying very quiet and we thought him asleep. As we lifted him up he opened his eyes and As we lifted

smiled and whispered: 'I keep hearin' de leetle chillen cryin' back fur gran'daddy! I'ze com-

in', chillen: I'ze tryin' to cotch up wid de cart!" While we were trying to revive him from the fainting spell which followed he straightened out and breathed his last, but with his last

breath he called out: ·Hole on, chillen, hole on! pore gran daddy am dun comin'-

comin com-!" An Awkward Moment.

It was on the avenue. A young Harvard man walking rapidly down from the new bridge overtook a pretty girl he knew. The two walked on together toward the shopping region of the city. The girl had to stop to inspect a flat in a new building, an errand for her father, and the young Harvard man stopped with her. But they got through the errand in no time at all for the janitor asked them how large their family was and how soon they should like to move in. And now this girl makes her father inspect the flats in his new buildings himself.

The Printers' Journal says the are of paper-making has reached the point where it is possible to cut down a growing tree and convert it into paper suitable for printing purposes within the short space of twenty, four