

the second, it teaches the poor how they can make the most of their housing facilities and their food supply. Miss Addams won my sincerest admiration. She is abreast the study of the economics of labor with her co-workers the world over. In the short time that I spent in the district I was impressed with the absence of one obstacle against which older cities must struggle, in conquering slums. The streets are broad, which means plenty of air and little chance for criminals to find lurking places."

PET ECONOMICS.
[HELEN C. HARWOOD.]

"Miss Winchester has been here this afternoon. Remarkable woman, that. Remarkable," said Madame. "A husband and three sons. They all adore her. She's the one, you know, whose husband is correspondent here in Paris for an English newspaper. She brought me a book.

"What?" I asked.
"One of Marie Corelli's. Ah, what have you there? Photographs?"

"Yes, some of Turner's pictures. Those in London."

"I know him well."
"Indeed."

"Yes, mon enfant. I was quite a young gal then. He was very fond of me. Fancy! Once he gave a luncheon for me in his studio. There were just a few of us asked and every one said, 'Oh! well, he may have invited you, but you will lunch on air, a little pepper and salt and a few pictures. You needn't think he will spend any money on you. He is not that kind of a man. If ever a man counted pennies, he does.' But we had a sumptuous repast. He was very entertaining, for he knew how to be, if he cared to exert himself. He showed us a new picture he was doing then, too. After that people used to say, 'Ah! Turner has lost his heart at last,' but I never thought so."

"You've heard the story of his shirt. 'Tis true, you know."

"No. I don't know anything about it, Madame."

"Possible! Why once he was in France and he was invited to dine with the king, but he refused to go."

What! a Britisher, and not obey a royal invitation?"

"That didn't disturb him. He didn't want to spend the money for a white shirt, and he didn't happen to have one just then."

"And he left all his money, didn't he, for a school for poor artists?"

"Yes. Mon Dieu! It was a great fortune that he had."

Clemens came to say that the concierge would speak with Madame.

From white shirts then I fell to musing upon other pet economics. There is scarcely a person, I imagine, who has not one of some description. Think of the number of people whose patience in some directions has neither latitude nor longitude, and yet who will take five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, to undo a knotted string. Pins. What a feeling of contentment and almost luxury, ebbs through one after rescuing a pin from oblivion or disaster! And matches. Who does not have at least a silent thrill of exultation when he has used one match instead of two matches?

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117 South 10th St.

STEVENSON'S RIDE ON TOP OF AN EMIGRANT TRAIN.

Crossing Nebraska, August, 1879.
My Dear Henley:

I am sitting on the top of the cars with a mill party from Missouri going west for his health. Desolate flat prairie upon all hands. Here and there a herd of cattle, a yellow butterfly or two, a patch of wild sunflowers, a wooden house or two; then a wooden church alone in miles of waste; then a windmill to pump water. When we stop, which we do often, for emigrants and freight travel together, the kine first, the men after, the whole plain is heard singing with cicadas. This is a pause, as you may see from the writing. What happened to the old pedestrian emigrants, what was the tedium suffered by the Indians and trappers of our youth, the immigration suffers to conceive. This is now Saturday, 23d, and I have been steadily traveling since I parted from you at St. Pancras. It is a strange vicissitude from the Savile club to this; I sleep with a man from Pennsylvania who has been in the States navy, and mess with him and the Missouri bird already alluded to. We have a tin washbowl among four. I wear nothing but a shirt and a pair of trousers, and never button my shirt. When I land for a meal, I pass my coat and feel dressed. This life is to last till Friday, Saturday or Sunday next. It is a strange affair to be an emigrant, as I hope you shall see in a future work. I wonder if this will be legible; my present station on the wagon roof, though airy compared to the cars, is both dirty and insecure. I can see the track straight before me or straight behind me to either horizon. Peace of mind I enjoy with extreme serenity; I am doing right; I know no one will think so; and don't care. My body, however, is all to whistles; I don't eat; my blood has broken out into a kind of blister, blain, and blight business, which is more distressing than you might fancy; but, man, I can sleep. The car in front of mine is chock full of Chinese.—From "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," in the May Scribner's.

A TELEPHONE EXPERIENCE.

"Hello, Central!"
"What number, please?"
"One thousand two hundred and sixty-four."
"I don't catch that."
"One thousand two hundred and sixty-four."
"Try it once more, please."
"Twelve hundred and sixty-four."
"Seven hundred and sixty-four?"
"No; twelve hundred and sixty-four— one thousand two hundred and sixty-four."
"I can't give you two numbers at once. Which do you want first?"
"I was giving you the same number two different ways."
"A little louder, please. I can't quite make you out."
"I said I was giving you the same number two different ways!"
"Oh, yes. Well, what number do you want?"
"Twelve hundred and sixty-four."
"Suppose you give me each figure separately, like one, two, three, for instance?"
"All right. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Got that?"
"Yes."
"One, two, three, four, five, six. Got that?"
"Yes."
"One, two, three, four. Got that?"
"Yes. You want twelve, six, four, do you?"
"Yes, twelve hundred and sixty-four. Do you understand now?"
"Yes, I understand. Twelve sixty-four is busy now. Ring off, please."—The Bazar.

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BERCEUSE.
Off from the shore of Slumber Sea,
Where the sandman gathers his sand,
Of cockle-shell boats there is moored a fleet,
And one of them waits for you, my sweet;
Waits for the tread of two bare feet.
Then hey! off for Lullaby Land!

Each tiny craft, as it anchored lies,
Owns one little captain true.
One little captain in gown of white,
Blue eyes, and grey eyes, and brown eyes bright,
But among them is never a one tonight
So bonny, my baby, as you!

The moon, up above, so fair and so round,
Is watching her children, the stars,
I wonder, sweetheart; if she's missed the two,
That have tumbled down in your eyes so blue!

They are shinier far than the rest of the crew,
And are brighter than Venus or Mars!

Now, slowly, sleepily, downward creep
Two, wee, wee cloudlets of softest white;
White, with a fringe of the purest gold,
And hide the two little stars so bold;
Pri ones now, in their downy fold,
Good night, my baby, good night.

The curtain gleams like a snowy sail,
As the wind from the south blows free.
One more little sailor has crossed in his boat,
And left it, at anchor, to rock and to float,
To the silver swell of a night-bird's note.
Good night, little baby, to thee!
Pauline Frances-Camp in the Boston Transcript.

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HER PROMISE.
"And when I'm gone," he, trembling cried,
"Will you remember me?"
"I will," the weary girl replied
"Just try it once and see."
—Chicago Record.