THE GIRLS WHO MAKE BOXES

NELLIE BLY TELLS HOW IT FEELS TO BE A WHITE SLAVE.

Her Hand at Making Pap Difficulty in Getting a Job-Mo we Weeks for Notling-After O the Trade It is Hard to Earn A Fair Picture of the Work.





would like to tryt, I shall speaks on my lich has has known of his gattle fit effects of down and I find him.

It was not I find him.

It was not I find him.

It was not returned and with him a small recommendation of the property of the

thing wrong?" I asked, answering

he happy. During the day they he the little building resound A song would ne begun on the thirty, and each Bost would take until all were singing. They a kind to one another. Their toi tast long, nor were they very an extrectly kind to me, and

PACTS ABOUT THE BOXMAKERS.

Cigarette-Boxes Are Made - Le Wages Paid Girls.

A PERSONAL POST-OFFICE.

or'bie."

iave you some fresh water bandy?"

sent av it down thar in the branch. One ment boys shot my bucast all ter pieces, an ence
i natter go ter ther branch wen I wante

ikon not, but I do."

Itou not, but I do."

I you were appointed to serve the people."

an' Larve 'em, too-sarve some uv them
Nick."

Iriend, I am a travelle.

long have you had this office?"
reense I built it."
an now long have you been postmaster?"
it a year, I reckon.
june nre a control

year, I reckon."

noure an old fellow, cautionaly picking
ong the bushes, approached the postupon secund him sprang to his lect and in thunder do you want here, Abe

·· Come after that paper."
·· Dian't I tell yer that yer kain't git it?"
·· Yes, but I lowed that yer mout change ye

"Yes, but I 'lowed that yet most change yet mind."

"Wall, "thout." When per remode tellends me the second region of the second region region

of fellow him; toen, scating he man, he said; ther iether, so yer, Able ?"
t, Flummer."
come ernead an git yer paper.
Last gone, the postmaster this

DOWNWARD.

We care Pays.
The ground is drifted thick with leaves,
The rain is drighted thick with leaves,
And over all the leaden cloud are dying.
No ray of smalled gimmers down,
All nature wears a gloom frown.
And stummer, with ner gooden graces, in 4
And yet, in occoul in one of the control of the c

A gorgeous sumet lights the sky,
Bright, sparkling gems on the waters i
And all the air is filled with faint per
The flowers close their dreamy eyes,
The birds are singing aweet replies,
The world seems made for love and

bloom.

ut ahl my poor heart throbs with pain,
And all toe world seems dark and dreafor my love has spoken cruel words,
And left me sad and lonely here.

LILLIA BRAW BU

Conviction.
"The poet is insane," she said.
The worlds of verse that she had read
Were Byron's, beincurne's such as
De Musset's tender reasposites,
With glowing passion-flowers spread. She meant the fever that had bred The rhythmic raptures which they wed, Set daft the slaves of poes; The poet is insane.

The poet is measure.

The poet is measure.

On, ewest insanity! My head
Rusis even as the words are said.

I drink a measure to be less.

That her draw ye in examing frees;

I about creating to up to the poet is in setting.

The poet is in setting.

R. C. Let.

Gently Rocking.
On the porch a maid is sitting,
Gently rocking:
And I watch the rhythmic fitting
Of her stocking.

On the porch together sitting, Interlocking, Sweetest footsbases committing, Gently rocking.

In a year the lady's knitting Me a stocking. And I'm by a cradle sitting. Gently rocking. The "Terrer."

Little shees rings all united, That make the tiny spees go "flop," A bat with haif the rim term off, A hole that shows the curis on top.

And dugers—but why try to tell
Of all the inhearer they contrive.
The dought "could a take an old,"
And Kattle now a not alive.

And is he wicked when he swims small on exems in the place of dacks! Or when he sees the hards unfaid, Before the flower comes he procks? Or when he takes his sister's doils
And pulls the "criers" in them out!
Or runs a pin in papa" waten
To see what little "tick's" about?

Oh, mother hearts, you'll take him in.
This nangaly "terior," household joy
Because in him you will but see
The picture of your own small boy.

— L. E.

Approximation.

Abil were I but aper of dainty, best
Four-buttoned kids (a = 2e or so too smarl),
That I might specize my ladys hand with sest
And own no impropricty at aid.

And own to may specificly at all.
About her write to counties, pushing dow
Fresh from her threefolds heart; or from her
To each the watten dies net of the second of the second of the second of the second of the Town the procure of her not, warm check
Wenn wearth are joised they do you warm check
By my lete seef, careson and conformed.
By my sleet seef, careson and conformed.

tan I be dignines.

What shall the words be wherewise him?

He has forgotten the sweet days of old.

Why has my lot on earth this heavy corrow? Why has my lot on earth this heavy corrow? Why has my lot been so lonely and drear? Why must I wearily dread each to-morrow? Tiring so quickly of each passing year.

RYTHMICAL ROUNDELATS WAVERING | SOL PRINGLE'S SUNDAY CHAT. INTERESTING INFORMATION PICKED UP IN

VARIOUS COMMERCIAL QUARTERS.

Engravings—One Nevelty, Anysew: well, it does seem as though my reputation as know-it-all "in commercial lines were spreading toquiries came in as to where to bey all sorts tings, from a pag mill down to a pag dog. The piece his horought incolution of chair-leg braces, the





REAL-ESTATE TRADING.

covering of the streets with asphalt is ong by Prof. Trowbridge as a sanitary precau-

seell has purchased the dwelling 44 d street for \$80, 000, from the Henry

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nial and a Prop esition for Promale Singers.



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NEW YORK, Nov. 21, 180

Woman."

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