

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Gentle Knack of Writing a Graceful Note.

THE gentle knack of writing a graceful note may be acquired by every one who will take the pains to study the best forms of correspondence.

"The little note," so important in expressing the pleasure of a visit, acknowledging a gift or conveying informally an acceptance or regret, may be safely constructed upon the following models.

If you have spent a week end with your friends out of town, write promptly, informing your hostess of your safe arrival and expressing appreciation of her hospitality. The following is a proper form:

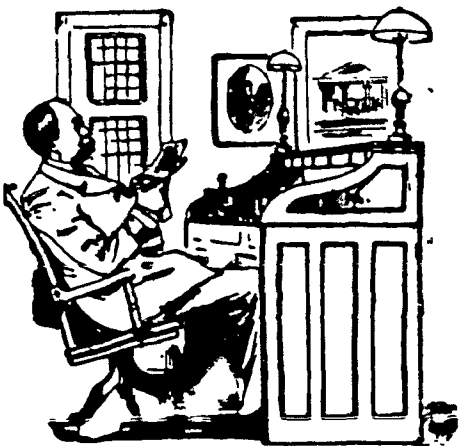
New York, June 1.

My Dear Mrs. Craig—I hasten to write you of my safe arrival. My delightful recollections of last week and the dainty box of luncheon made the trip, usually so tiresome, far from lonely.

Please give to the dear children my warmest love and remember me kindly to Mr. Craig. I am looking forward to seeing you in town with pleasurable anticipation.

With renewed thanks for a charming fortnight, believe me very sincerely yours,

GERTRUDE BARTON.



A gift should be promptly acknowledged in this manner:

My Dear Mr. Hope—Thank you so much for the beautiful flowers. They came early Sunday morning, a most charming surprise, as I did not know you knew my fancy for heliotrope and magnolia.

I shall see you very soon, I hope, and am cordially yours,

MARY LEE BATES.

If you are regretting an invitation, be careful to do it in the most agreeable manner:

My Dear Mrs. Callender—I regret very much that I must forego the pleasure of dining with you on Thursday.

I am called West unexpectedly on business and will not be in town again until after the 15th. Hoping to call upon you, if I may, at the View after that date, believe me always faithfully yours,

WILLIAM COLLIER FENN.

The prompt acknowledgment of a social attention is one of the first requisites of good breeding.

The first qualification for a smart note such as your truly century maiden is known by is, after the question of good clear penmanship and the ability to spell has been settled by governesses and teachers, correct stationery.

Good form still maintains its claim for white paper, not cream, but dead white, in a smooth linen, and for the blotting paper blue thin linen stationery, which smart literatures have succeeded in giving a permanent vogue. The stationery in the medium-sized square envelope for notes is better than the very small size. For letters, too, this size is better than the large square envelopes, though the old-fashioned envelope, about five inches long and three inches wide, is thought very smart.

The monogram at the top of the sheet may be in a small gold circle or not as your taste dictates. The monogram must, however, be very small and unostentatious in lettering.

Military scarlet and gold, royal blue, pink or mauve are good colors for the decorative head.

The note must be sealed with wax with your own crest to be truly chic, and the sealing wax must, it is needless to say, match the color on the monogram inside.

The writing table of the twentieth century girl is the quintessence of neatness and convenience.

Not every girl can afford silver desk fittings, but the leather—particularly in green and in scarlet—is attractive and inexpensive. Stamp box, ink well, sealing wax, rest, all the clever contrivances for holding the stationery and cards, and the quaint desk candles at either corner, make such a desk as no girl could fail to find stimulating. And if the note she sends accepting a dinner invitation or acknowledging a box is not a thing of beauty it is because she cannot be classed under the head of this article.

Household Lore.

All the tissue paper that comes into the house should be carefully saved for polishing mirrors and windows. Scraps of plain or put paste trimmed from the patties or pies may be sprinkled with grated cheese and made into cheese straws.

Plain boiled rice, served hot, with strained honey, makes an appreciated addition to the lunch table, or is excellent for a simple home dessert.

A slaw cutter that does away with cutting fingers and a nutmeg grater with the same consideration are now upon the market for the enterprising housekeeper.

To make tough steak tender mix together two tablespoonsful of vinegar and olive oil, pour it over the steak, moistening both sides, and let it stand all night. Broil it quickly and see the result.

Little Willie—Say, pa?
P a—Well, what is it now, Willie?
Little Willie—Does grapeshot grow an anubushes?

FUTURE BRIDES.

Useful Information to the Prospective Bridegroom Regarding Married Life.

Begin your married life in a home of your own is sound advice to all prospective brides. Boarding is at best a lazy way of existence, and the young couple who commence life in this way will surely regret it sooner or later. Take a house, no matter how small it must be, make a careful selection of rugs, curtains and furniture, and when the little nest has been cosily furnished, settle down to become acquainted with each other—for this is a matter of no small account.

Living in his own house, the man at once becomes a factor in society, while in a boarding-house he is but a grain of sand. So it is with a woman. In her own home, her interest is constantly aroused, every womanly instinct is called forth, and she constantly becomes more and more womanly and lovable.

It is the woman who boards who becomes the trifler, not the woman who has her own home. It is the woman who boards who becomes flippant, not the woman whose thoughts are centered on her household. It is the woman who boards who becomes the gossip, not the woman with home ties and home cares. A woman who spends a few years in a boarding-house becomes accustomed to the ease and comforts which surround her, without any exertion on her own part, and she becomes more and more reluctant as the years pass by to exert herself to make a home for her family.

Children brought up in a boarding-house lose the best part of their right inheritance, for they have no home association, no happy recollection of their home life, in true pleasure to which they can look back when they have become men and women. Make, then, a home, girls, to which you can look back after many years have passed with pleasant thoughts of the many happy hours that were passed beneath your own roof-tree.

There are cares and trials in every home, but the pleasures are also to be found there rather than in a boarding-house, where gossip and idleness are among the chief features and where home pleasures are lacking.

HOUSEHOLD.

0-0-0-0-0-0 This should be done in the winter months only.

0-0-0-0-0-0 It is generally safer to begin picking at the end of October. Let the ham hang for three days after it is cut. Prepare the pickle by pounding and sifting one drachm of cochineal, one pound of salt, two ounces of saltpetre, very coarse sugar, and a very few cloves of eschalot. Mix these ingredients well together, put them in a frying pan over a clear fire, stirring the whole until it becomes a little warm but not melted. Then rub the ham all over with it before a strong, clear fire until it becomes a fine red.

Then let stand two days in a ham pan, when a gill of cold spring water must be sprinkled over it. Let it remain two days more, after which rub it frequently and turn it every day for a month, then drain it for twenty-four hours. Afterwards hang the ham in a chimney where wood is burned till well dried. Those who live in the country will find some cottager who will gladly hang the hams in his chimney for a trifle, and in town a baker will often dry them. The ham, when once dried, should be wrapped in a clean paper, put into a bag and hung up. During summer weather all dried meats should be watched to see that they are not getting attacked by flies.

0-0-0-0-0-0 will be made with these ingredients. If all be carefully prepared and 0-0-0-0-0-0 mixed, placed in basins full to the brim, covered with greased paper, then with a pudding cloth, and boiled for ten consecutive hours: Raisins, currants, flour and suet, three-quarters of a pound of each, half a pound of fine white bread-crumbs, two eggs, half a pound of treacle and a teaspoonful of ginger. Warm the treacle, add a little milk into a wineglassful of brandy. Mix all the ingredients together in a large basin and let all stand till next day, when the puddings should be made.

0-0-0-0-0-0 first let the grain soak 0-0-0-0-0-0 for nine to twelve 0-0-0-0-0-0 hours in tepid water on 0-0-0-0-0-0 the stove. Do not add salt during this process. Then boil it thoroughly in milk or water, with a little salt, and turn into a pie-dish. When cold, cut into thin slices, fry in egg and bread-crumbs and eat with meat; try it also cut into slices and browned under the meat. For a homely pudding, soak the grain and then boil it till tender in a double saucepan. Place in a greased pie-dish, put a little butter on the top and cook till browned.

0-0-0-0-0-0 will, no doubt, yield to 0-0-0-0-0-0 this treatment. First 0-0-0-0-0-0 with the whole surface 0-0-0-0-0-0 with paraffin, then with sweet oil, and let them remain with the oil on them for two days. Afterward scour with unslacked lime finely powdered until all spots disappear. Be sure getting of time, wrap each separately in something woolen, old or new, and pack away in a dry place.

0-0-0-0-0-0 should be prepared as 0-0-0-0-0-0 follows: Take one and 0-0-0-0-0-0 a half pint of raw milk, 0-0-0-0-0-0 and curdle it with a teaspoonful of rennet. Break the curd with a wooden spoon and drain the whey from it, add to the curd a beaten egg, a dessertspoonful of brandy, a teaspoonful of sugar, currants and chopped candied peel to taste. This should be used directly it is mixed, and some like a slight flavor of spice.

0-0-0-0-0-0 can be improved greatly 0-0-0-0-0-0 by cleaning two or three 0-0-0-0-0-0 times a week with very 0-0-0-0-0-0 finely powdered charcoal.

Every night and morning use a good tooth soap or a powder composed of carbonate of soda, prepared chalk and fine root, all finely powdered.

A BLOW FROM A DEAD HAND.

Business Experience as Related by the Engineer of a Flyer.

"Seeing the picture of that dead man yesterday's Journal reminded me of an experience of my own which I will never forget," said Henry Billups, a retired engineer of Denver, Col. at the Kimball. "Why it should do so I cannot tell, as there is nothing similar in the two cases, but it does, and I will relate the incident. It occurred when I was running a night train on the Santa Fe road, back in the '70s. This particular night had been stormy and threatening, and the flashes of lightning were frequent and intense. We were running ahead of our schedule, in order to make a siding in time to allow an extra to pass us, and were traveling, I suppose, at the rate of about thirty or thirty-five miles an hour.

"I was sitting with my face close to the forward window of the cab, gazing straight ahead, when in a brilliant flash of electricity a man's arm and head suddenly burst with great force through the glass and the open hand struck me squarely in the face. I was dazed for an instant by the blow, and held blindly to the side of the cab. My first thought was that some tramp was trying to hold up my train to rob the passengers, and acting on this idea I seized my wrench from its place and dealt the head of the intruder a blow with all my might.

"The fireman, thinking I had killed the man, shut off steam and we slowed down and took our lanterns to examine the strange visitor. I could not describe the feeling that crept over me when I climbed upon the engine and looked at the man whom I believed had attacked me. His entire body below the arms was gone. It was easy to understand what had happened. He had been struck by the rapidly moving engine and his body severed as with a knife, the lower half falling to one side and the head and arms flying straight through the cab window—Atlanta Journal.

A Miniature Railway.

An exact reproduction of the scenic railway at the Atlanta Exposition grounds has been made by a bright Atlanta boy, John Erskine, assisted by his brothers, Willie and Joe. It is not a toy to look at and admire, but a full-fledged scenic railway, with cars to carry passengers. It is 210 feet long, the starting point being ten feet above the ground. Passengers get on from the top of a chicken-house (which is the starting place) and in less time than it takes to tell they are 210 feet from where they started. At the terminus is a station, or stand, where the train stops with perfect ease, as the great velocity of the car is stopped by the incline running into the stand.

At this stand is another starting place, and by placing the car, which does not weigh over six or seven pounds, on the track above, you are ready for another ride back to where you started.

The cars used on the track are original. They are about two feet wide and three feet long, and are made to carry only one person at a time, yet two very small boys can go down together. The wheels are made so that it is almost impossible for them to slip off the track. They have guards on the inside which hold them on securely and it would take a pretty hard jerk to either side for them to run off the track. Fully a thousand people have been passengers on this miniature railway.

John's first feat in mechanism was the building of an exact reproduction of the Ferris wheel in Chicago. The wheel was made entirely by himself, out of old scrap lumber and with the tools he found about his father's house. The wheel was four feet high and had cars, exactly as it stood at the World's Fair grounds and now stands on the north side of the city.

The wheel was run by a little alcohol engine, purchased for fifty cents, and as passengers in the construction of the wheel had all the dolls belonging to his sisters and their little friends. The cars were painted each a different color and it was a pretty sight to see the wheel turning around slowly with the doll passengers. The wheel was placed in a corner of the yard and here it remained several months, the wonder and delight of the small people in the neighborhood, but was finally torn to pieces, the lumber to be used for some other project that was on foot.

A Timeless Town.

The old proverb says that time was made for slaves. It is certainly true that it was not made for Alsatians, for the following story told by a traveler lately returned from Alsace be true. Says he: "On my return from Belchen I looked upon the beautiful village of the Lauen valley, and being a tourist who likes to poke his nose into everything, I turned, by chance, into the church at Kirchberg. On coming out I took out my watch to regulate it by the clock in the church tower. But there was no clock to be seen. Hence I went into the village inn, and there asked the time. But my host could not oblige me. 'I can't tell you exactly, for, you see,' he said, 'we have no use for clocks. In the morning we go by the smoke rising from the chimney of the parsonage up on the hill. The parsonage people are very regular. We dine when dinner is ready. At 4 p. m. the whistle of the train coming from Massmunster tells us that the time has come for another meal, and at night we know that it is time to go to bed when it is dark. On Sunday we go to church when the bell rings. Our parson is a very easy-going man, and he doesn't mind beginning half an hour sooner or later.'

Inexpensive Advice.

The heavy step of the executioner had sounded upon the stair, when the good fairy appeared.

"Wear this mantle," she whispered, "and you will be invisible."

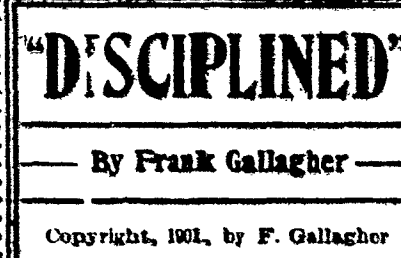
The captive and doomed princess shuddered.

"What a time is this," she moaned, "to be broaching dress reform prudently!"

Furthermore, she was practically invisible already, with her high-neck dress and full skirt.—Detroit Tribune.

A Hole of Ancient Rome.

The latest archaeological find in Rome is one of the most interesting of all, bringing to light as it does the residence of a city prefect. The house is in an excellent state of preservation, and shows black and white mosaic floors, remains of decoration in color and elaborate frescoes.



By Frank Gallagher

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The little schoolhouse on its rock knoll just within the limits of Lost Gulch had become the center of a village drama, the wooing and winning of the beautiful Miss Selina Darley.

Every one recalled the sad fate of Rufus Tyler, who had once aspired to the hand of Miss Selina, at least according to the notion of Ben Rayburn. The career of Rufus Tyler as telegraph operator at the Denver and Rio Grande station had been brought to a sudden end, and Rufus was taken to a hospital in Denver, where he was mending slowly.

Shortly after Ben Rayburn and several cowboys came in from Sunnyside ranch and rode through the town, firing right and left. They punctured signs, killed several unfortunate canines and a cat or two, and even shattered costly plate glass windows.

"This sort of thing has got to be stopped," said young Sheriff Holt.

No sheriff had ever dared to say that before. If the sheriff was in earnest, and those who knew him best said there could be no doubt of this, it meant death to either Rayburn or himself. About the time the newly elected sheriff made this remark he began to call at the schoolhouse to rehearse in a play Miss Darley was to give for charity. The news soon reached the jealous Rayburn. Collecting five of his cronies among the cowboys on Sunnyside ranch, he rode into Lost Gulch early one morning. He arrived early because he wanted plenty of time and inspiration. That night he repeated his antics of a few weeks before, terrorizing the inhabitants of Lost Gulch as they had never been terrorized before. The next morning in three distinct public places the townsfolk gathered to read this notice:

Whereas, Benjamin Rayburn, in defiance of law, has persistently disturbed the peace and good order of Lost Gulch, he is warned to stay out of town or take the consequences.

SILAS HOLT.

This notice immediately divided the townsfolk into two factions. Undoubtedly the better class of citizens sided with Holt. But there were others who scornfully said "spite work," and predicted the sudden demise of the sheriff.

"If Ben Rayburn don't bow out too much Silas Holt won't stand a ghost of a show," said one. "There ain't no one in these dignits can stand alongside of Rayburn at artillery practice."

It was the night of the entertainment at the schoolhouse. In the comedy Sheriff Holt was to take the part of an officer of the law.

The schoolhouse was thronged. The rising, or rather the drawing aside, of the red cambric curtain was awaited with interest. At 8 o'clock sharp five cowboys from Sunnyside ranch strode into the schoolhouse. At their head was Ben Rayburn. Instantly the nerves of every man, woman and child above the age of seven years were on edge.

"The reserved bench" occupied by the cowboys was set against the wall at the left facing the stage. The cowboys therefore commanded not only a view of the stage, but of the entire house. There was a smile of sneering bravado on the lips and in the eyes of Ben Rayburn. Fearless, hungry for the fight, thrilled with the excitement he loved above all things in life, he sat and waited like some saturnine Nemesis. Would he shoot Holt as he came upon the stage or would he give him a chance for his life? This question agitated the spectators, and they hoped for a fair deal.

Suddenly the curtain was drawn aside and Sheriff Holt stepped out to the footlights. In each hand he held a revolver, and these were crossed in front of him with their muzzles pointed upward. He was half turned toward the place where Rayburn sat, and it was clear to the dull eye that in the least fraction of a second the revolvers could be brought into effective action.

The sheriff had plainly taken the first trick. While a deathlike stillness prevailed the sheriff cleared his throat and began to speak, perhaps a trifle huskily.

"You all read the notice that was posted in town and you know what it means. Ben Rayburn knows what it means, but in spite of that notice he is here and his gang is with him. I am alone."

"No you ain't, nuther, not by a jugful," interjected Colonel Darley, uncle of Selina Darley, as he rose in his place and glared across the room at Rayburn.

"It makes no difference," continued Holt. "Alone or not alone, what I said I meant. While I am sheriff peace has got to be preserved in this community and the laws respected. I warned Rayburn to keep out of town, and—here the sheriff's voice rose to a high and querulous pitch—"there ain't agoin' to be a play tonight until him and his gang is beyond the city limits."

"It's all spite work," shouted a voice from the rear.

"Shet up," commanded Colonel Darley, rising for further remarks and somewhat at a loss what to say. "The law has been broke too often by this bulldozin' outfit and they hev got to go."

Rayburn was still grinning, but there was a strange glitter in his eyes.

"If you'll allow me I'd like a word to square this deal," he said.

"Go ahead and be quick. Your time is short," said Colonel Darley emphatically.

"All I got to say is this," Rayburn went on. "Ef I ever done anything that wasn't accordin' to law I oughter been arrested then and there."

Then he sat down.

"I tell you it's all a piece of spite," broke in again the sharp and jarring voice from the back of the room. It was Tom Stoker, the blacksmith, who had led the lynching six months before when a negro was burned at the stake.

"You all know, or all oughter know, what the cause of this hyar rumpus is," he continued. "It's over a gal and I don't think as how we're called on to interfere in this love affair. It's domestic between the parties and I fer my part won't uphold the hand of no sheriff what lets his private affairs intervene with the dooties of his office."

This eloquent and uncounted appeal aroused a faint murmur of approval. The excitement now was at boiling point. The wrong word said and the shooting would begin. Already the women were crowding toward the door, dragging the little ones after them in unceremonious fashion.

It was at this tragic moment that a young man, graceful, with blue eyes and blond hair, arose well to the front and walked toward the stage, leaping lightly upon it. It was Mark Kelsey, owner of the Sleepy Eye mine.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I entirely agree with the sheriff in this matter. So far as I am acquainted with the circumstances, there is no spite work in it. The young lady who has been brought into this affair is Miss Darley. Today I asked her to be my wife, and she has done me the honor to consent. I wish to announce the engagement now and to say that the play can go on."

Four men, all miners from the Sleepy Eye, gave a cheer and rushed forward to the stage. At the same time Rayburn drew his revolver, but it was twined from the sheriff's hand. Whether it was a bullet from the sheriff's revolver or from Kelsey's no one knew, but Rayburn's hand fell shattered to his side. His cronies dropped back upon the bench.

"No use fightin' fer nuthin'," said one. "Rayburn lied to us."

Then the sheriff did his whole duty with firmness and dignity. The offenders were placed under arrest and escorted to the jail, and, as Mark Kelsey had predicted, the play went on.

Very Unlucky.

Not long ago a certain farmer became bankrupt. In the course of his examination before the official receiver he admitted that he had been speculating on the turf. Moreover, he went on to explain that he had experienced what he described as "plagued bad luck."

"Did you know anything about horse racing?" the bankrupt was asked.

"No," was the reply; "that's why I engaged a fellow who did to buy some 'ones for me."

"And these horses turned out badly, I suppose?" suggested the official receiver.

"Very," was the reply; "though I don't blame the 'ones for that. They tried hard, but summat wor bound to turn up to upset 'em. They nearly allus ran second!"

"How do you account for that?"

"Well, sometimes they ran second 'cos they'd overmuch weight to carry, sometimes they ran second 'cos the jockey had backed another and waited 'em there, but more often than not they ran second 'cos the judge would have 'em there! Sometimes, again, they ran second 'cos there wor nobbut two 'ones in the race!"—London Telegraph.

A Humble Meal.

"There lived down in my neighborhood several years ago a man and his wife, who ran a small farm and were very poor," said an old resident of Jefferson county. "I held the office of tax assessor at that time, and my duties sometimes necessitated my spending the night with this couple, who, though poverty stricken, never failed to make me welcome. One day I reached the house at the usual hour and was cordially invited to light and come in to dinner. We took our seats at the table. My host bowed his head and murmured the briefest grace. 'God bless our food,' he said, and then passed a dish of corn pone, the only article of food in sight, to which we helped our plates. I saw that my host was troubled, and I exerted myself by a cheerful conversation to divert his mind from the meager fare. It was of small effect. 'Bally,' said he at last, 'I think you must 'a had something to eat, seeing we got company. Well, Jim, I don't see how I could get anything extra when we haven't got nothin' but bread,' she replied. Jim pondered this excuse a minute, then giving her a queer look, replied, 'Well, you must 'a put a little salt in the bread.'"—Birmingham Advertiser.

PLAYING ROBIN.

A True Story of How Two Little Girls Won a Cherry Tree.

Grandpa saw the two little girls walking toward the cherry tree. "Don't pick my cherries," said he sharply as he hurried toward them.

The little girls looked at each other, then at the handsome cherry tree.

"Let's go to the barn," said Jesse. "Let's play under the cherry tree," said Beatrice. "We haven't got an old cherry."

"I can climb this tree," cried Jesse. "So can I," said Beatrice. "Just as easy. Let us do it and play in our robins."

They fetched a long fence board and placed one end against the tree and managed to scramble at last upon the large branches. Here they sat swinging their feet and singing for several happy minutes. But above them high in the tree, the cherries looked red much redder than they had looked from the ground.

"I tell you what," said Beatrice. "Let's climb up to that tough yonder and we can reach up and eat cherries like robins do. Then grandpa will be or know. I think grandpa is asleep."

Jessie looked first at Beatrice and then at the cherries. "He is asleep," she said. And the two girls climbed higher and soon were pulling down the twigs with their shining fists.

It was slow work for the eager little mouths to eat the pulp and leave the pits and stems on the twigs, but they ate a great many cherries. The breeze blew the branch out of their reach, and, stretching up to catch it, one girl lost her footing and fell against the other. The slender branch snapped, and down through the boughs they crashed to the ground.

"Oh, oh, oh!" they screamed. "I'm meet killed!" wailed Beatrice. "My foot is all broke to pieces," cried Jessie. They could not rise for pain.

Grandpa ran to them. "Oh, I see," said he sternly, but after helping Beatrice to the house he carried Jesse to her home. Each had a sprained ankle, which kept them indoors for more than a week.

When Jesse came to see Beatrice for the first time after the accident, the two little girls sat sobbing on the porch. They looked at the beautiful cherry tree with its broken boughs.

"I don't want to play robin, do you?" asked Jessie.

"No," said Beatrice, "and I don't want cherries when grandpa says they were not ripe."

"No," said Jesse. "I was awful sick of 'em."

"I was, too," chimed in Beatrice. "I never I meet died!"

"Your grandpa wasn't asleep," said Jessie.

"No, indeed," assented Beatrice. They looked at the tree and gave a great sigh.

"Well," said Jesse cheerfully, "go to the barn and play as we have. And away they ran.—Miss O. Hays in Brooklyn Eagle.

HOW HE WORKED UP.

Story of the Boyhood of One Who Is Now a Famous Astronomer.

One day many years ago a bright boy found employment in a photographic gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His wages were small, but he took good care of them, and in course of time he had saved up a snug little sum of money. One day a friend, less thrifty than he, came to him with a loan and asked for a loan of money, offering a book as security. Although the other knew there was little probability of his ever being repaid, he could not refuse the request.

"Here is the money. Keep your book and repay me when you can."

The grateful lad went away in a haste that he left the book open. The kind youth examined the book with curiosity. It was a work on astronomy by Lick and was a treatise on the science of the stars.

He had never had anything so good as a book, and he took good care of it. He read it all through, and he learned all that he could of the wonders of the heavens and the thousand stars that were scattered throughout the universe.

The next day he was at the library, and he was reading the book again. He was so interested in it that he read it all through, and he learned all that he could of the wonders of the heavens and the thousand stars that were scattered throughout the universe.

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