I love the leaf of the old oak trea I love the gam of the spruce, I love the bark of the blekery, And I love the maple's Julea.

On the walnut's grain I fonsity dots, On the cherry's fruit Fu dine, And I love to be in a narrow boat And scent the edor of pine.

Ah, mel bow I wish some power grand Would invent some single tree With affiliese points well developed, Would send that tree to me!

Pd plant it deep in the jardiniers
That stands in this flat of mine;
Pd give it the sweetest tenderest care.
And water its roots with wine.
John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

#### ALONE IN THE HOUSE.

It was the 5th day of November-"Guy Pawkes Day" in the old English calendar that hung above the mantel in my maternal Cast hung soove the manter in my maternal grandmother's long disused room up stairs. In this northern home to which we had re-cently removed, falling heir to it through that very ascestress' will, the dwellers regarded November rather as a winter than an autumn month, and today the wind bowled and the rain pattered with a per-distency marvelous to behold.

istency marvelous to behold.

And, as it happened, I was all alone in the house. Father had gone to take his frust apples to market—the apples that I myself had belied to harvest and pack hole the barrels—and was not expected home until tomorrow night at the earliest. Jack, my brother, was in Montreal, fitting up the law effice which was henceforward to be this abode. Jean, our hardfeatured, crossgrained old servant, had gone home with the "rheumatics," as she termed it, to be treated by a certain ancient Indian herb doctor, and just at dusk fall Peter, our "useful man," had thrust his shock head unceremoniously in at the door.

uncercumani," had thrust his shock head uncercomoniously in at the door.

"I say, Miss Ruth," he had said, "there's pleuty of wood and everything's all saug for the night, and I'm goin over to Stephenson's. They're in trouble there:

"Trouble, Peter? What kind of trouble! Is the old man sick?"
But in smare the my numer Peres only.

But in answer to my query Peter only

Is the old man sick?"

But in answer to my query Peter only uttered an indistinct remark and went out, slamming the door behind him.

I stood in from of the fire, tooking down at the glowing embers and pondering within myself. The Stephensous, who lived in an old graystone house on the other side of the precipitous gieu, had always been a riddle to me. The family was small, consisting only of a craibed sid man, his portentously silent wife, and two tall, ungainly sons, and what on earth they did with the big, ceboing rooms or how they contrived to live, perched like eaglets on the side of the rock, I could not form the least idea. "City bourders." Peter had one granted out in answer to my persistent interrogations. But if they kept city bearders, why did they not leave these dreary mountain fastnesses when the leaves fell and the desmal autumn fegs gathered above the cliffs! Altogether, there "Stephensons" that aroused all the Evelike instincts of my nature.

While I still stood thinking, a soft tap-sounded at the door. I opened it at once, never once remembering that I was alone in the house.

"Ye never oughter'd do that, Miss Ruth,"

"Ye never oughter'd do that, Miss Ruth,"

said the well known accouts of Mrs. Gludge, Farmer Gludge's buxon wife. "Do what, Mrs. Gludge?"
"Open the door arter dark, when you're aloue in the house, without askin who's there."
"How did you know I was alone in the "How did you know I was alone in the

house?"
"I just met Peter goin to Stephenson's."
"Oil;" said I. "But we don't have tramps around here, Mrs. Gludge."
"Pm not so certain o' that," said the farmer's wife. "Your folks han't lived here as long as I have. We're just nigh smoogh to the Canada line to have queer therester seconds about when we had er.

emongs to the Canada time to caive queer characters provide about when ye lenst ex-pect 'em. And then there's Stephensons." "What of Stephensons" I cried, causer-ly, "Who is Stephenson, anyway? Do tell me, Mrs. Gludge," "Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Gludge, "Is it possible, now, that they hain't told non?"

"They have told me nothing," said L

"Well, it's likely they didn't want to scare you or make you nervous," said Mrs. Gludge. "But, all the same, I think you

ought ter know."
"Mrs. Gludge," cried I, esizing ber arm,
"what is it? Do tell me!"
"It? a private home," said Mrs. Gludge,
lowering her volce to a whisper, as though
the raindrops and the rustling fir boughs
could overhear.
"A what?" I gasped.
"For people of feeble mind," explained
the woman, "and lunies," tapping her fere-bend as she spoke.

the woman, "and lunies," tapping her fere-head as she spoke.

I stured at her.

"Then," cried 1, "that's what Peter meant when he said that—that"—
"One of the poor creatures has somehow given 'em the slip," said Mrs. Gludge— "an English grotleman from Montreal,

as has only been there a few days. No-body knows just how it happened, but happen it did. My man's gone over with a lantern to help bout for him; so has Peter."

"He might have told me," I cried Indig-

"Anyway, I don't think be ought to have left you here alone," said Mrs. Gludge se-

rerely.

"But you've come to stay with me, Mrs.

Observed.

"Bless your beart, Miss Ruth, not I'm on my way to carry a letter to Mr. Rom ney's, up the road—a very important let-ter, with 'in baste' writ on it." (For in ter, with 'in baste' writ on it." (For in addition to her duties as farmer's wifeand mother of a large family of little children, Mrs. Gludge helped her husband in the tare of the obscure little country postoffice a mile down the road, "And—by the way, I'd nearly forgot it—l've got a letter for jon too. That's what brought me here."

For me, Mrs. Gludge?"

stinctively I put out my hand to grasp the treasure, while the woman familied first in one and then in another of her pockets.

pockets.
"It's very strange," said she. "I made sure I had it. I did have it when I started away from home, but now I remember,

Just at the foot of Gibb's cliff I took out dual at the foot of Gibb's chiff I took outiny bandkerchief to the around my neck,
the wind came so keen around the rocks,
and I must a publish it out with that, and
everything too nitch dark around me to
see. Oh, Miss Roth, I'm so s - ryl Please
don't report me, there's a goo roung lady,
or I shall less my place?"
I swallowed down a great camp of dis
comfiture in my throat and troid to laugh.
"Report you, Mrs. Gludge? said I. "Of
course not. It wasn't your fault. If you
hadn't kindly thought of me, and started
to bring it on your way to Romney's, you
never would have lost it."
"And quite true," said Mrs. Gludge rue
fully, "but all the same I wish hadn't been

fully, "but all the same I wish hadn't been to thoughtful. I'll send the boys out to look for it just as soon as"—

"Oh, never mind the letter," I interrupted, "I dare say it's only from Jack. Tomorrow morning will do very well for that. But, Mrs. Gindge, you'll come back and stay with me till Peter gets back! Jean is away, you know, and"—

"Yes, my dear, I'll do that," assented the woman, evidently relieved to be let off so easily on the score of the letter. "And it won't be long first. It's only a short half mile to Romney's, if the wind didn't blow so like all possessed."

Wish a good bumored nod she disappeared into the rain and darkness, and I ran back to pile fresh logs on the waning fire. Bank burglars, extradited wanderer, a lanatic at large—with all these possibilities whirling in my brain it is not strange that I lighted a second lamp in order effectually to barnish all lurking shudgwes from the angles of the room, and started nervously when a sudden blast of wind shook the window shutters as if with some imperious hand. wind shook the window shutters as if with or imperious hand,

some imperious hand,
"I'll go up to the garret and bring down
some butternuts," thought I, "and then
I'll get some cider from the ceilar. It will
be fun to crack the butternuts and watch
the shells blaze in the fire, and Mrs. Giudge will like a drink of cider when she comes back all wet and chill."

will like a drink of cider when she comes back all wet and chill."

Cheered by this happy thought, I caught up a lamp, and flew to the garret of the roomy old house where my father had bestowed all the muty treasures of the autumn woods. Somehow, Priscilla, the cat, had got locked into the garret, and I had to release her from durance vile, and replace a box or two which she had knocked off from the window sill, hefore I came down, driving her catability before me, with the hamp in one hand and an apronful of butternute in the other. Through the open keeping room door streamed a ray of ruddy light into the Chamorian darkness of the hall. I stopped abruptly. Surely I had closed that door when I came out, remembering a certain trick it had of slamming to and fro in windy weather like this. And at the same time a curious consciousness of some human presence near by crept over me like an unseen magnetic current.

Nor was it a false premonition. As I

Nor was it a false premonition. stretched my neck to peep cautiously into the room, I saw seated before the firm a gentleman—a youngish gentleman, pale, blac.; mared, and, as I thought, rather un-

biacl inired, and, as I thought, rather un-settles of aspect. And a decidedly wet and nod be-settlered gentleman, whose raiment steamed in the glorious blaze and crackle of the pine logs, as he sat there holding out his bonds to the genial warrath.

How had be gained an entrance! Had I carelessly reglected to bolt the big door after Mrs. Gindge's departure? Yes, I must have done so, and that was a proof of how utserly unit I was to be left by my-self. For a second I stood there qualling and quaking, my heart thumping like a triphammer, a cold sweat breaking out upon my forehead, before I decided what to do.

I had never seen a bank burglar, to be I had never seem a many ourgan, to se sure, but I was presty certain this white handed gentleman could not belong to that race. And I did not think he acted like any other secondrel who was fleeing from the rigors of the law. He must be the English gentleman, gone wreng in his head, who had "escaped" from Stephen-son's.

head, who had "escaped" from Stephensou's:

I was alone in the house with a maniar,
and at the idea my heart best more violeatly than ever and the rold drops graw
colder on my brow.

With a sudden instinct I decided that
there was nothing for it but flight. The
worst feature of the case was that I could
not get out of the house the it remembered
that Peter had taken away the key of the
hack hitchen door in jis pocket) without
passing directly through the room where
the escaped lunatic sat bisking before the
fire. This, however, must be faced; there
was no remedy for it, and with one blind
rush I precipitated myself through the
room, tunbilog over the ena cod cattering
a shower of butternuts as I went, and
dirtted headlong through the door, with an
involuntary shriek that might have rent
the ceiling, if ever ceilings were reat in
that way except in the pages of romance.

Directly into the arms of—Jack, my own
brother Jack, who was coming in from the
van with a light value in one hand and r

brecker to the arms of Jack my own brother Jack, who was coming in from the van with a light vallee in one hand and a dripping carriage robe in the other.

"Halloof" bawied Jack, staggering under the blow of my very unexpected appearance. "Why—what the—I declare if it isn't Ruthy!"

"Oh Jack oh Jack!" I screamed clutch-

"Ob. Jack! ob, Jack!" I screamed, clutching at him like the drowning man at the orbini atruw

proverbial straw.

"Where are all the folks? What has become of the stable keys? What have you done with Carleton?" he depicuded. But I paid no heed to his interrogatories.

"Come, Jack." I cried; "come quickly! The escaped lunate! Re's right there in the beauing room! Ol. Jack. I do hope

The escaped lunated Re's right there in the keeping roses! Oh, Jack, I do hope you've got your revolver!"
"What?" roured Jack. "An escaped lunate? Where the deuce has he come from? Has he hirst Carleton!"
He made a spring toward the keeping room, in whose door stood the tall, pale

man, straining his eyes out into the night.

my head, and stammer out tocoherent apolegies amid the langiber of Jack and the paintespologies of the friend whom he had unexpectedly brought from Montreal with him, and whose coming had been annunced, as it seemed, by the very letter Mrs. Giorige had lost.

That's ail. There is no sequel to my story. In real life I have found that stories seldom do have sequels. I had had a dreadful fright, and they all langhed at me at first and made excuses for me and petted me afterward and said "Poor little Roth" Pather declared that he would never risk such a thing again, and discharged Peter on the spot—but Peter came back to his work the next day just as usual, and he is here still. Mr. Carltou was very tice and apologetic for coming in without knocking to dry himself, while Jack was leading the horse to the barn, but he had a put yet faller in love with no in without knocking to dry himself, while Jack was leading the borse to the bare, but he has not yet fallen in love with me as an orthodox hero ought to do. The genuine escaped lanatic was captured near Stephenson's and taken to Moutreal, noder the impression that he was the governor general going to take possesion of his vice regency. And just half an hour after we had settled down to the cracking of butternuts and drinking sweet cider that night, a merry group, a sepulchrail knocking sounded at the door and Mrs. Gindge's voice was heard proclaiming.

"If you please, mis, I've come to keep you company?"—Shirley Browne to Pireside Companion.

He Has Good Sense.

#### Mu Has Good bense

He Has Good bense.

I ran across the keeper of a little cigar store the other day who showed a business insight that would work a revolution in the business of the thousands of small storekeepers in this city and its suburbs if happily they could share it. His store is away up on Washington Heights, and I wandered in there in such stress for a smoke that I was willing to run risks. I was struck on entering the place by its beatness, the freshness of the stock and the taste with which it was arranged.

Buying one of his best cigars, I was surprised to find it a fine and delicately flavored Havana, and forthwith expressed my approval.

present to find the line and supported by yord Havana, and forthwith expressed my approval.

"How do you manage to keep your stock so fresh away up here!" I saked. "You must have a pretty good trade."

"Oh, yes, pretty good trade."

"It is a present good trade."

"Oh, yes, pretty good trade."

"It is a present good trade."

"Oh, yes, pretty good trade."

"Oh, yes, prett

be can get it the chespest. I don't blame him, and if I did it wouldn't do any good. I just accept the situation as it is.

"The most of the men that live around here go down town svery day, and all of them once a week or so, and to get their trade and keep it I have to sell at down town prices. There such much money in it sometimes, for the tobacco men do cut prices awfully when there are many stores close together, as there usually are, but I figure that it is better to get the trade at a small profit than not to get it at all. New customers are always surprised to find prices so cheap, but they come again, and some of them walk several blocks out of their way. It it is less than to feel that they are not being imposed upon. By having such a good trode I am able to keep my stock always fresh, and that makes it attractive."

tractive."

Verily there is need of reasoning in bush

verily there is need of reasoning in bush ness, and a reward for it, too, even in run-ning a small eight store.—New York Herald.

## Queen and Priest.

Queen and Priest.

A short time ago the queen regent of Spain wrate to his bothness the pope asking him to grant a bishopric to a poer and humble priest, the son of a Tyroises shepherd. The interest shown by the young sovereign in this passant's on had its source in an incident which took place when Maria Christina was a little Austrian archduchess of five pairs.
She was one day reaming about the hills

archduchess of five years.

She was one day roaming about the hills
with her governess when a riolent aborm
came on, and they took shelter in a shepbert's hut which was near at hand. A
little boy was amusing himself with some
pebbles in a corner of the miserable dwelling when they entered.

Resenting the sudden intrusion, the offermarched up to the little archduchess and

marched up to the little archductiess and

Resenting the student introdion, the boy marched up to the little architocitiess and gave her a smart blow on the back. Poor Maria Christina, offended and hurt by this extenordinary action, burst into a violent fit of weeping, and was pacified with the utmost difficulty.

A few years later, when her imperial highness partook of her first communion, she expressed the desire of paying for the dresses worn by some poor communicants, among whom happened to be the boy who had once struck her. She remembered him at once, and hearing that he wished to become a priest she undertook to defray all the expenses of his education.

Ever since that day the queen has been a true friend to the poor priest, and she wrote to him before asking from the pops the bishopric above mentioned, saying:

"I want you to become a bishop because you know so well how to cressmare."

"I want you to become a bishop because you know so well how to cressmare." In this word, which means the laying on of hands or confirmation, she made a sly

allusion to the time when, as a boy, he laid hands violently upon her. - New York Re-

## Jewish Vienna.

Vienna is rapidly becoming the most Jewish city in Europe. In 1885 out of every 1,000 inhabitants of that capital there were 945 Christians and 49 Jews, while this year there are 876 Catholies to 3 Jews.
The other cities compared with this are
Hamburg, with 97 Christians to 85 Jews.
Munich, with 950 to 19, and Dresden, with
978 to 10. Only in Frankfort is the israelliab percentage higher than in Vienna—
Tablet.

man, straining his eyes out into the night.

"Where is hef" shouted Jack.

"Where's whof" said the escaped lumitle in a pleasant, slightly drawling voice.

"It wasn't he! It was a shel And ahe cleared the floor in a single bound, and—Oh, I'm sure I beg a thousand pardous!"—as he caught sight of me. "But, please, what is the matter!"

In a second my mental vision became as clear as crystal. I saw it all, and I envised Prisoilla, the cas, became I could not vanish under the china cupboard as she did, and be gone! I could only blush and have

GUILTY, YET ACQUITTED.

How a Lauyer Secured a Verdict for a New York's Tribute to the Inventor of the Self Conferred Criminal.

Self Confessed Criminal.
"Well, I will tell you of another case,"
said John D. Townsend, the lawyer, one
night while chatting about a strange scene
in law courts with me at an up town club. in law courts with me at an up town club. "You will remember a few years ago that man named Jeffords, while serving time a Sing Sing, was murdered by a tellow convict who was aggreeved at something Jeffords had send, Jeffords had been tried and convicted of the murder of his stepfather, and under the conditions of the law determining the manner of death at that time the governor had refused to set a time for his execution. Jeffords was therefore virtually remanded for life.

"The father of the man who killed Jeffords life if the upper part of this state, and he retained me for the defense. I went to Sing Sing shortly after I was retained to take the testimony of witnesses in favor

and he retained me for the defense. I went to Sing Sing shortly after I was retained to take the testimony of witnesses in favor of my client. I knew that most of them would be convicts, and I wanted to get their testimony, etc., before they got away. "I took the testimony of eight men, all of whom swore positively that my client was in a different part of the yard from Jeffords at the time of the killing. Of course I supposed that I had a very easy case and paid little attention to it until near the time of the trial, which was to take place at White Plains court house, Westchester county. "I thought it would be well to go to Sing Sing the night before the trial, to make sure that my witnesses would be in attendance the next day. While sitting with the warden in his office, word came to me that my client would like to see me at his cell door. I went down and he met me with the remark:
"I suppose a lawyer ought to know everything about the case he has in hand?"
"I' replied that of course be should be thoroughly posted, or he could not competently defend his client.
"Well, then,' he replied immediately." I did kill Jeffords!
"Jint please to imagine the condition of my feelings! However, I had but one

"Just please to imagine the condition of my feelings! However, I had but one course to take. I remembered a somewhat similar case occurring a short time before in England, Coursel defending a mur-derer was just about to sum up with a certainty of a verdict when he was handed a note from the orisoner confessing his a note from the prisoner confessing his guilt! "In that case counsel asked an adjourn-

ment in order that he might have an op-portunity of presenting to the court cir-cumstances which had at that moment come to his knowledge, and which was of the utmost importance to consider. A re-

cess was taken and the matter submitted to the court by counsel.

"It was unanimously determined that counsel must proceed to sum up on the evi-dence just as though his client had never spoken to him. On the reassembling of court he did so, and his client was ac-quitted!

"Acting monthly possedent [submitted]

Acting upon this precedent, I submitted "Acting upon this precedent, I submitted the evidence I had gathered, summed up without expressing any opinion of my own, and my man was also acquitted! Mrs. Jeffords, the mother of the muticroid man, sat in the halony throughout the trial; As all the naries in the case are now dead, I have a \*\*-swistinto in telling this remarkable case."—New York Recorder.

# It Could Swim.

At a sensite resert some boys caught a ribbon scale about eighteen inches long, and after playing with it for awhile took it into their heads to see if it could swim. They carried it to the plerand threw it into the harbor. The scale set out swimming at once, but instead of coming toward the land it made for a small yacht lying at anchor.

nchor.
It could not get up the sides of the boat, but in swimming about it is came to the cable, up which, to the amazement of the boys, it was seen to make its way by twist-

boys, it was seen to make its way by swiss-ing around it.

The shouts of the boys called the atten-tion of the only man on the yacht to the presence of the susks, and after choing the poor creature with a broom about the

the poor creature with a broom about the deck, he succeeded in throwing it into the water egain. The anake, still plucky, swam to another yacht near by, but was driven away with an car. It then started for the other side of the harbor, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, and the men in the second yacht had the curiosity to get into a small boat and fol-low it to west it recoved the shore. It low it to see if it reached the shore. It swam steadily, going somewhat more slow-ly as it went on, but still keeping up its graceful, undulating motion until the

nore was gained. By this time it was somewhat exhausted, but it had strength enough to crawl away among the rocks, and the men who were watching it felt that it had earned the right to live, even had there been any reason—which there wasn't—for killing it in the first place.—Youth's Companion.

## His Wooden Leg

"You wenr a wooden leg, Billie?" Old Billie sat in a saflor's saloon on the east side resterday afternoon.
"That's what."
"Where did you get it?"

"In the West Indies, in '05-pirates."
"You love New York?"
"Depends. Say, this is the most wonderful wooden leg in the world."
"Looks as if it had seen service."
"Has. But that sin't it. All my old
pals has carved their names on Billie's old
wooden leg. See here. Jim Scott—he's
dead these ten years; Jack Linn.—Jack ded
in the African slave trade; Tom, Billie
Bonnee, Harry, Sam. Fost, Charlie Buzz,
an Old Grimes an Hawkley an Henshuw. Bounce, harry, Sam Post, Cuarne Buile, an Old Grimes an Hawkeley an Henshaw. All my old mates. Say, ain't that grand? I wouldn't sell this here old leg for a mouth's advance. It's the grandest thing in New York tolay."—New York World.

It is usually supposed that the faint and squeaky hand organs played by wos-ful old women, seated on curbatanes and wrapped in shawls, are decrepit from long service in the cause of art. That is not the case. Their builders intention ally leave out notes, so that they shall sound more mournful and touch more quickly the sensibilities of some people. Organs of this kind are known as "wheezers."—New York Sun.

TO HONOR ERICSSON.

How the American people delight to hon their dead heroes, though reluctant as slow in doing them

justice when liv-ing, is well illus-trated in the case of John Erlesson, the inventor of the famous Monitor. about \$15,000 against the un-tional government or more ago the court of claims de-cided that the debt was a just one, and yet today it remains unpaid, several successive congresses having refused to make

All Thought Better of Him for It.

The young man had been with the party ome time, and he finally rose to go. The some time, and he many rose to go. The others vetoed the proposition.

"Oh, alt down!" cried one.

"What do you want to break up the party for?" asked another.

"Be a good fellow," said a third.

The young man hesitated.

"No; I guess I had better go," be said at last.

"Nonsensel It's early vet?" protested

one. "Sit down! Sit down! We'll all be home before 12," added another. The young man sat down, rested his arms on the table and said:

"Well, I'll submit the case to you. You are talking of going to the theater or haying a game of cards at the club, and you want me to be one of the party. Now, in a cozy little flat on the North side there's a little woman".

little woman"—
"Children sick!" put in one of the party.
"No; there's only one, and he's in good bealth.

"Wife sick?"

"No."
"Oh, well"—
"Wait a minute," interrupted the young man. "I'll leave it 2 you, but you must bear the case. This No! woman is shore in the flat. The but p is No!, and she is in the flat. The belt 9 in bed, and site is sitting there reading or sewing, and intening to the steps of classe passing the house. I left home at 9 o'clock this morning, and since then she has been alone with the baby. Now she hasn't even the baby to occupy her time."

He paused a moment to give them an opportunity to speak, but no one said a word. Then he said:

"Boy, if you think you want, my come."

portunity to speat, out no one-sand a worst. Then he said:

"Boys, if you think you want my com-pany tonight more than she does Plistay."

There was another pause, and then one
of the party took a sig of champagne and

said:
"I'd rather you'd go home."
The others nodded their assent, and the young man said:
"I'd rather go."
It was some time later in the evening when one of the members of the party said:
"There's a man."
And every one knew whom he referred to.—Chicago Tribune.

How to Catch a Rattlesnake.

The largest rattlesnake on exhibition at P. C. Montgomery's drug store was emptured on Deer Crock, allows the Hot Springs, by Allen Coultas, a professional anake charmer and wild animal specialist. This snake has thirty-nine rattles and a button, and measured 4 feet? inches in length and 7 inches in circumference. Mr. Coultas says the snake is somewhat shruken, seeming much larger when first captured.

He explains his method of securing the make thus: When he comes upon a reptile

anake thus: When he comes upon a reptile he secures such a position that he can eate the eye of the smake, and between the seal him and the anake to keeps his hands moving slowly, being careful to keep the snake watching all the time. After con-tinuing this process for a short time he claims he can easily pick the snake up, al-though he never cares to handle them.— San Francisco Examiner.

## Supplying Lauches.

Supplying Lanches.

A number of large establishments in New York provide switchbe bodily refreshment for their hundress of employees. This is given in some part of the building, so that from the hour of report for day till the hour of dismissal there is no excuse for leaving the place. Restairants in these hundress houses for outdoners are now quite general. Retail stores that self everything within the range of domestic requirement must keep the customer in good humor and fair bodily trim, and there is nothing like a rice lunch at a low price to do this.—New York H-raid. nothing like a nice lunch at do this.—New York Harald.

## Remember the Total.

Now that the tabulations for the eleventh census are in once for all, it is well enough to recall that formula by which we set out to remember the sum total. Six too, six too-too, too live-onglit. There is no excuse for stumbling over that—Boston Commonwealth.