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THE SWIMMER.

Lord of two elements, with bounding heart,
And tingling blood, and mighty strength of limb,
Stroke after stroke he swiftly cleaves apart
The lambent emerald waters bearing him.
Or diving through the vast, dim under-world,
He seeks the fabled mermaids hidden there,
Rising to shake his locks all spray-empearled,
And draw a long breath of the summer air.
Again he idly floats a little space,
Letting the lucent weig[h] each cool wave,
Caressing as a kiss, his happy face,
And all his outstretched length o[f] body lave.
Then from a height, with free, exu[l]t spring
He dives again, and feels himself a king.
—*Julia Ditto Young, in the Current.*

AT THE STAKE

A STORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

"To the stake with her! Away with the sorceress! God's curse be on her for her evil doings!" shouted the mob.

It was early morning, yet even at that hour the judgment hall of the little town of Bourdonnis was thronged with the populace. Men, women and children, old and young, the noble and the burgher, priests, soldiers and common people, crowded the spacious hall and cried madly for her blood.

The evening before a female, closely veiled and attended by two servants, whose dark countenances bespoke the sons of Ethiopia, had arrived at Bourdonnis and put up at one of the principal hostelries of the place. Strange rumors soon arose respecting her. Her garb, her mien, her language and her complexion were said to be those of a Saracen, against which accused race the chivalry of Europe and the church itself warred in vain. These rumors gained additional strength when the landlord of the inn where she had stopped was heard to say that he had seen her practising sorcery, a charge easily credited in that age, and one which few, especially in a case like this, had the hardihood to disbelieve. In less than an hour the whole population of the town was about, surrounding the hostelry, and crying out for vengeance against the sorceress. Such commotions were both frequent and sanguinary in that superstitious age.

The soldiery, however, interfered by arresting the unsuspecting victim of these rumors, and at an early hour the prisoner had been brought into the judgment hall to await the mockery of trial.

"Answer me, daughter of Belial!" said the judge, as soon as the murmurs of the mob allowed him to be heard. "Will you confess your crime? Speak, or you die! Know you that the rack, aye! fire itself awaits you if your obstinacy continues?"

The prisoner was a slight girlish creature, sitting with her face buried in her hands, directly opposite to the judge. She was apparently young and her figure, so far as could be seen through the thick veil which shrouded her form, was light and agile as that of a sylph. To the judge's question she made no answer. She only shook her head despondingly, and those nigh her fancied they heard her sob.

At these fearful words, repeated now for the second time, and growled forth with an ominous fierceness, appalling even to the hearer, the prisoner was observed to tremble, whether with fear or otherwise, we know not, and lifting her veil up with a sudden effort, she rose to her feet, turned hastily around to the mob, and disclosed a countenance of such surpassing loveliness to their gaze, that even those who had cried out most unrelentingly for her blood now shrank abashed into silence, while others who had been less eager for her condemnation audibly murmured in her favor.

"What would ye have of me?" she said, addressing the judge, and for the first time standing unveiled before him. "As there is a God in whom we both believe, I have told you only the truth. I am a stranger, a foreigner, a defenceless woman, but not the less the affianced bride of one of your proudest noblemen, the count de Garonne."

The tone in which she spoke was low, but oh! how touchingly sweet; and her words were uttered in broken French, with a perceptible Oriental accent. Loud murmurs rose in her favor as she ceased speaking. The tide was turning. But the judge now spoke.

"Out on thee for a base slanderer of a noble of France and a ho'y crusader! Thou the betrothed bride of Garonne! As soon would the eagle mate with the vulture. I tell thee, woman, that thy story of having been shipwrecked in coming to France, and of all thy train having been lost except thy two Ethiopian myrmidons, is a foul lie, and I am almost minded to wring the truth from thee on the rack."

"I have said it," said the prisoner, in a firm voice, for she felt that her life depended on her firmness, "and if you will give but one week, one little week, and I will prove it before man as well as God. I came from Syria in the same fleet with my lord, but under charge of his mother's confessor—now a saint in heaven!—but being separated by a storm, in which our galley was shipwrecked, I was thrown unprotected on your shores. I am a stranger here. My servants even have deserted me. I do no one harm. I plot no treason. All I ask is to pass on my way. Oh!" she continued in a burst of emotion, "if you have a daughter, think what would be your feelings if she was thus to be set upon in a strange land," and she burst into tears. Again the crowd murmured in her favor.

"Woman!" sternly interposed the judge, unmoved by her emotion. "look at the victim of your sorcery, and seek no longer to deceive us by your lies. Send forth Philip the Deformed!"

At the words of the judge, an official bearing a white wand stepped into a side room, and in a moment reappeared with a cripple hideously deformed, whom the populace recognized as the landlord of the hostelry. When confronted with the prisoner he glared at her with a look of demoniacal hatred.

"Know you this woman?" asked the judge.

"Ay, to my cost," answered the cri[p]le. "It is through her incantati[o]n the being I am. [T]

day she came to my inn, attended by two heathenish Ethiopians, whom I have heard palmers from the Holy Land say are kept by the Panims—God's ban be theirs! I no sooner beheld her than I recognized her to be the sorceress who, three years ago, brought on me the disease by which I am crippled. I could tell her among a thousand. The curse of God light on her for a child of the evil one," and the witness ground his teeth together and glanced fiercely at the prisoner. A low murmur of approval, at first faint and whispered, but gradually swelling into a confused shout, rose on the air as he ceased.

"He is a perjured wretch," exclaimed the prisoner with energy, "whom my servants detected in an attempt to rob my poor effects; hence his malice and this charge."

"Silence, woman," sternly interposed the judge, "or else confess. Will you, a child of Belial, malign a Christian man?"

The testimony for the publican had worked a complete change in the fluctuating feelings of the mob toward the prisoner, and the words of the judge were answered back by a shout of approval. The prisoner was seen to turn deathly pale. She did not reply, however, to the question, but shook her head despondingly, as if conscious that all hope was over.

"Lead her away," hoarsely growled the mob, while the dense mass of people swayed to and fro in the excitement, as if they would have rushed on the defenceless victim.

"Again I ask thee, woman, wilt thou confess?"

She shook her head despondingly, buried her face in her hands and murmured something; perhaps it was a prayer. The mob burst once more into commotion.

"Where are the servants of this woman? let them be put on the rack," said the judge.

"They have escaped," answered an official.

"Vengeance for the sufferers by her incantations!" hoarsely growled a voice from the mob.

The judge no longer hesitated, but yielding to the popular current as well as his own prejudices, sentenced her to be burned at high noon of that very day. A wild shout of exultation rose from the frenzied mob as the sentence was pronounced, but over the din swelled the fearful cry. "To the stake with her—away with the sorceress."

It was a few hours earlier in the same day when a noble knight sat in a hostlery of the little seaport town of ——. He was of singularly imposing cast of countenance. His features were of the true Norman outline, with a lofty intellectual brow, shaded by locks of the richest chestnut hue. His cheek was embrowned by a Syrian sun until it was of the darkest olive color, but the clear white of his forehead, which had been protected from exposure by his helmet, betrayed the original purity of his complexion. His form was tall and commanding. He sat apparently absorbed in thought, but was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of a retainer.

"Are the horses ready?"

"Yes, my lord," said the man.

"We will mount into the saddle at once then; how far did they say it was to Bourdonnis?"

"Six leagues."

"We shall reach it before nightfall; lead on."

The party which set forth from the inn was a gallant sight to behold. Knights, squires, men-at-arms and other retainers swelled the escort of the young count to the number of nearly four-score, while the pennons waving in the air, and the occasional sound of a trumpet gave a liveliness to the escort which attracted the attention of the passers-by of every rank and sex, and drew many a sigh of envy from them. But who might pretend to be the equal of the renowned Count Garonne, a crusader of untarnished fame, a gallant still in the flower of his youth and the lord of half a score of castles scattered over the wide domain of France.

At the head of the proud array rode the count himself, conversing gaily with a knight at his side, whom he familiarly called cousin.

"Ay, by St. Dennis!" said the count, she is a divinity such as even our sunny provence doth not afford. Such eyes, such hair, and then, by my faith, such a voice! It pained my heart to part from my sweet Zilah—but she would have it so—and so she comes in company with Father Ambrose and a score of my best knights. Her maidenly modesty dictated this, and I was forced to submit. We were separated, however, by that heathenish storm, and I suppose her galley put into Genoa."

"I long to see your princess, nor do I wonder at your love, since she freed you from a Moslem prison. I am all impatience to behold her—but look at the knave coming over yonder hill. He rides like the fiend himself."

"Ay! and by St. Dennis he is a blackamoor; a scarcer thing here than in Syria."

Even while they spoke the horseman rapidly approached, and before many minutes drew in the rein of his foaming steed at the side of the count, whom he appeared to know. The recognition was mutual. The man instantly spoke in a strange tongue, and with violent gestures, while, with an agitated voice, the count appeared to question him. But a few minutes had elapsed, however, before the count turned around to his cousin, and exclaimed, in a voice trembling with emotion, but with an attempt at composure:

"Zilah has been wrecked, and only she and two of her train, with a few common sailors, have escaped. Her strange companions, her foreign tongue, but, more than all, the accursed perjuries of a thieving innkeeper, have brought on her the charge of sorcery, a tumult has been raised, she has been arrested, and—God of my fathers!—may even now be suffering on the rack or at the stake. Oh! why did I ever leave her? But, if a hair of her head is harmed, I will hang every knave of Bourdonnis."

"Let us on at once, then; we may y[et] arrive in time."

"Pass the word down the li[ne] claimed the coun[t] 'n, kn[ight] gentlem[en]

THE MULTICAULIS MANIA.

RISE AND FALL OF THE GREAT SILK-CULTURE CRAZE.

A Year when Mulberry Trees Were Planted in Every State—Bursting of the Bubble.

The year 1826 marked the origin of the Morus multicaulis mania, which raged as a fever from 1830 until it culminated and collapsed in 1839. Congress had referred an inquiry on silk culture, in 1825, to the committee on agriculture, which, in 1826, reported in favor of its promotion, stating in the report that the imports of silk goods in 1825 were nearly double the exports of breadstuffs—a fact scarcely credible now. The same year Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, planted there what is claimed to have been the first Morus multicaulis tree in America. The secretary of the treasury, Richard Rush, was directed to provide a manual on silk culture, and the famous "Rush Letter" was accordingly issued in 1828, together with several other treatises, and circulated broadcast. In 1830 an article by a Dr. Pascalis, on the Morus multicaulis, in the *American Journal of Science*, directly started the mulberry fever. The Massachusetts legislature, in 1831, provided for a manual of silk-culture, which was made by a manufacturer of Dedham, Mr. Cobb, and most of the States began to offer bounties and premiums on trees, cocoons and reeled silk—commonly ten cents a pound on cocoons and fifty on silk. A report to Congress in 1830 proposed a grant of $40,000 to one M. D'Homergue for the establishment of a normal school of filature at Philadelphia, where sixty young men might have gratuitous instruction for two years, and for traveling about the country to teach silk-growing to farmers; and this "silk bill," though defeated in 1832, and reported against as unconstitutional in 1835, would not down till 1837, when still another committee reported as a substitute a scheme to lease public lands without rent for cultivation of the mulberry-tree or the sugar-beet.

The whole country now went wild. The fever seemed only to get fresh fuel of excitement from the panic of 1837. Orchards of the multicaulis were planted in every State; farmers everywhere set their wives and children to feeding worms; multitudinous books, public documents, periodicals on silk culture, constituted the bulk of the reading of the day; stock companies for raising and manufacturing silk sprang up like puff balls: silk conventions were held, and a United States silk society was organized.

A thrifty nurseryman on Long Island gave help to the excitement by a canny plan. After selling a considerable supply of trees to New England dealers, he started off one night by the Providence boat, and with great pretense of eagerness made the rounds of all his customers, excitedly offering fifty cents apiece for trees. Of course he didn't get them, but he presently was able to sell all he had for a dollar instead of fifty cents apiece.

In Burlington, New Jersey, over 200,000 trees were raised; in December, 1838, offerings at one dollar per tree or per twig were refused at Boston sales, and five dollars was sometimes got for trees one season old. It was satisfactorily proved—again on paper—that an acre of trees was good for $1,000 worth of silk, but the price of trees had no relation to figures, even the most rose-colored. One farmer sold $6,000 worth of trees from three-quarters of an acre. In a single week in Pennsylvania $300,000 worth were sold.

In 1839 the bubble burst, and the biters were bitten. Among them was the speculative Long Islander. He had caught the disease by which he had profited, and had sent an agent to France with $80,000 to buy a million more trees. When they came, they were worth a part of a cent apiece for pea-brush. Some speculators endeavored to get even with fate by shipping a cargo from the East to Indiana by way of New Orleans in an unseaworthy ship heavily insured, but the goods unfortunately reached their destination. Multitudes of men were ruined by the crash. But Americans have a faculty of falling on their feet, and some of the unhappy mulberry-growers of the thirties became the successful manufacturers of later days.—*Harper's Magazine.*

WISE WORDS

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease.

Adversity is the trial of principle; without it a man can hardly know whether he is honest or not.

He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are.

Sympathy is a fellow feeling with any one in trouble; it can only be fully developed where like experience exists.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.

Good is slow; it climbs. Evil is swift; it descends. Why should we marvel that it makes great progress in a short time.

Thoughtlessness is no excuse for wrong doing; [it] is close, as nothing feelings.

Lo[ve]

Composing Under Difficulties.

In October, 1787, after his return to Vienna, Mozart produced his greatest opera, "Don Giovanni." As late as the night before the performance the overture had not been copied. Mozart wrote on until late into the night, and his wife could only keep him awake by telling him the old fairy tales, such as he loved when a child; at times he would break from laughter to tears, until, growing more and more weary, he fell asleep. The next morning he arose and fi[n]ished the score, the ink in some pa[rts] scarcely dry when the copies were on the musicians' desks. [The] had to play the o[ver]ture, but its beauties aro[se] thusiasm both in [the] audience. M[ozart] rehearsals, [and] his own [ex]pectations the he[ad] one [of] se[ven]

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Corsage bouquets are very large.

Coiffures grow higher and higher.

White pique has been revived again.

Pique dresses are made in tailor fashion.

English tweed is used for traveling dresses.

Velvet stripped limousine are used for summer wear.

Belted waists are in great favor for summer dresses.

White pongee dresses are trimmed with silver braiding.

Jewelry is worn more now than before for many years.

The queen chain is now almost unanimously adopted by ladies.

The contrast of biscuit-color and moss-green is very fashionable.

Black mohair dresses are seen trimmed with black mohair and silver braid.

Soft satins in bayadere stripes around the skirt are used with plain surah for the overdress.

The darning stitch, though less graceful than many others, is still used in art embroidery.

Mme. Nilsson says she is never tired of hearing herself sing, but that others sometimes tire her.

A philosopher says: Girls should be accomplished, but not beautiful, if they would escape marital troubles.

Fashions in dress are more various and individualized in Washington than in any fashionable city in the world.

Princess Beatrice is two inches taller than the queen, with a form so perfect that it is said art can add no beauty to its outline.

Sashes of moire, surah and all sorts of soft, crapy, silken and woolen stuffs are in high favor, and are worn in almost every style preferred.

It has been said that Philadelphia women don't stop growing until they reach the age of thirty. At that age they begin to grow old.

Children's washing dresses are made chiefly of cambric and zephyr, as these two materials are better adapted for washing than the finer goods.

Colored and white lawn collars, plaited and soft laundered, not stiff with starch, are taking the place of white linen bands for traveling and morning wear.

Straw bonnets are trimmed with scarfs of soft, light silk about eight inches in width, in Indian or Persian designs, deep plaids and old tapestry patterns with or without gold.

Some statisticians says there are 2,473 female surgeons in this country, and is led to remark that matrimony is not sufficiently deadly for some women. Such ineffable meanness!

Dorothy Dene is the name of a new London beauty who promises to become a rival of Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry. She is said to be very beautiful, though still quite young.

The latest fancy in bead ornamentation is to put pendant strands of copper or lead beads or porcelain imitations of the same on red serge and red flannel jackets for seaside wear.

Mrs. Ellen Foster, a strong-minded temperance and woman's reform advocate, is senior partner of the Dubuque law firm of Foster & Foster. Mr. Foster, the junior partner, is her husband.

The beaded grenadine basque and front breadths are preferred to the velvet-figured grenadines of last year for black dresses, and these dresses usually have a mantle of the same to go with them.

Printed cambrics and plain and white zephyrs and lawns make serviceable morning dresses, while for afternoons cambrics and muslins in light colors, and printed with pretty designs of flowers, are much worn.

Baby waists gathered on to yokes and belts at the waist line, worn with full gathered or plaited skirts, which may be tucked and trimmed with embroidery, but not flounced, are the features of little girls' dresses.

"Dutch treating" is the fashion at Washington. Ladies and gentlemen buy their own theatre tickets and pay their own car fare, or if it be a question of picnics the ladies furnish the solid and the gentlemen the liquid refreshments.

Yoke waists will be used for young ladies dresses, but the yokes must be of the material of the dress and not white to imitate children's guimpes; the style is too infantile for young women who are supposed to have reached the age of discretion.

The custom of brides wearing orange blossoms was derived from the Saracens, among whom the orange blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that in the East the orange tree bears [fruit] and blossoms at the same time.

Here is a "stunning" [hat] a well-known ac[tress] race course [in] crimson [and] sad[dle]

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Pilgrims were formerly called palmers, from the staff or bough of palm they were wont to carry.

There are three lunatic asylums in the United States which have brass bands composed of patients.

The increase of suicide is scientifically ascribed to the fastness of modern life, to forced education, and to the increasing difficulty of existence.

The franking privilege was abolished in Great Britain in 1840, and in the United States in 1873. The discontinuance of the privilege saved to the government of this country $2,220,000 annually.

Six ounces of gum Arabic is said to be sufficient for a day's rations when no other food is eaten—a diet common to the Moors of Morocco during the season when the gum of the acacia tree is running freely.

A remarkable specimen larely exhibited to the London Zoological society was a Brazilian snake which had partly swallowed a live lizard. The lizard had nearly succeeded in eating its way out, through the body of the snake, when death overtook both creatures.

"The sorrowful tree," flourishing only at night, is a singular vegetable of the island of Goa, near Bombay. Half an hour after sunset the tree is full of sweet-smelling flowers, although none are to be seen during the day, as they close up or drop off with the appearance of the sun.

Coal is an almost unknown luxury to the Chinese of San Francisco. Their mode of cooking is to have an empty oil can serve as a stove, upon which they place their tea kettle or a cooking pan. They start a fire with two or three small sticks of wood, which they add to as they burn, and in this way they manage to establish a good degree of heat with little expense.

In the father's house the Roman father had absolute authority over the son; he could chastise, put in chains, exile or sell him as a slave; he had power of life or death over him. The son's property became the father's, he could assign a wife to him, divorce him when married or transfer him to another family by "adoption." The son only escaped and was "emancipated" by a sale of his person three times repeated by his father

Climbing a Mast to Escape from a Fish.

A naturalist describes in the New York *Evening Post*, a ludicrous incident which occurred while fishing off the Florida Coast. He says:

While the shark was being divided a slight breeze sprang up that carried the Mystic perhaps half a mile, leaving her again at the mercy of the Gulf Stream. The dingy was towering astern, and the fish not biting well from the smack, I jumped in and pulled away. There was a mast with a sail wound around it on her, and to get it out of the way I stepped it, then tossed over a line with a tempting crayfish bait. Almost as soon as it struck bottom I had a bite that almost tore it from my grasp. It was too lively for a snapper, and not heavy enough for a grouper, so I took in as fast as I could, and with a jerk landed in the dingy—not a fish, in the common acceptation of the word, but a sea-serpent, at least four feet long, spotted an ugly black and white, with a thick viper-like body, a small head, and a pair of snake like jaws, with as vicious a pair of eyes as any fisherman ever looked at. As the snake landed in the boat, it for a moment enjoyed the surprise with its captor; and then, recovering, and with the hook still in its jaws, and its mouth wide open, it started in my direction. The patent headacher was at its end of the boat, and before I could raise an oar or lift the line, the creature was on me. There was no time to argue, and there were only two courses open, to go overboard or climb. I took the latter, and gracefully shinned the mast, leaving the snake in full possession, while my friends on the smack roared their advice and sympathies. The sea-serpent gave out first, and finally after wandering around the craft, squirmed over the side into the water. I descended and rowed for the smack, and for the second time pulled in the murry, for such it was. When placed on deck it darted at the men with all the ferocity of a snake, and as its bite is very dangerous the natural result followed, and it was somewhat gratifying to find that I was not the first who had been mastheaded by a murry.

Statistics of Suicides.

New York City—1880, 152; 1881, 166; 1882, 199; 1883, 159; 1884, 229

IN FOURTEEN CITIES

City.	Popula[tion]
London	
New York	
Berlin	
Phil[adelphia]	

LIFE'S DAY

Into the field of life we pass
At early morn. The jeweled grass
With sunbeams kissed spreads at our feet;
And youth, like morn, all pure and sweet
And bright is filled with rosy dreams;
While in the purple heavens gleams
The star of fortune and of fame,
And in its light we read a name—
Oh, dream, most sweet, it is our own:
More glorious still, it shines alone!

The sun speeds on; the star no more
Is seen. Illusive dreams are o'er.
Fortune and fame so coy and fleet
But mock our weary, way-worn feet
Ambition's fairest prize has flown;
A name appears, but not our own.

What have we then for all our pains?—
For all our prayers! Are there no grains
Of good to show? Has all been lost
In that our cherished plans are crossed,
And dissipated each fond dream
As snow flakes melt within the stream?

Ah, no! See how our souls are filled
With wealth of harvests we have tilled;
With meekness, patience, love and truth;
Blest springs of everlasting youth;
Bright jewels of the crown within;
Ripe fruit of life's sharp discipline;
On which there dawns the twilight gray
Of day that dies not with the day.
—*George W. Crofts, in the Current.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Always on hand—Your fingers.

A woman may be true as steel, but then you know some steel is too highly tempered.—*Paris Beacon.*

Philadelphia girls are learning to fiddle. Poor things! It's their only way to draw a bow.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Adam and Eve were the only people who never bewailed the successful days of their ancestors.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Alas, how easily things go wrong,
A pleasant drive with a girl along,
A whole month's salary gone to pot,
And a wailing cry for what is not.
—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Most men will stand a clip on the head from a barber, and don't get extremely mad if he pulls their nose.—*St. Paul Herald.*

Said he: "I always carry some wood with me." Said she: "Yes, I always said you would never lose your head."—*Graphic.*

Umbrellas in 1845, according to a recent writer, weighed about three pounds and a half. The men who stole umbrellas in 1845 must have been quite muscular.—*New York Graphic.*

"What is it?" shrieks a sensational divine, "that puts out the lamps of human joy?" We would timidly suggest that tight boots can come about as near doing that same as anything outside of tophet we can call to mind.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

When to the picnic goes the dude
And leaves behind the dusty town,
And on an ant hill in the wood
Quite unsuspectingly sits down,
What artist's pencil can portray
The sudden start, the frienzied mien,
The speed with which he hastes away,
To seek some lone, sequestered scene!
—*Boston Courier.*

"Are you papa's boy?" "Yes, sir." "And are you mamma's boy?" "Yes, sir." "But how can you be papa's boy and mamma's boy at the same time?" (After a pause) "Can't a nice carriage have two horses?"—*Chicago Sun.*

"I—aw—observe that you have a fine collection of plants here," said a dude, while making a call upon a young lady. "So all my friends say," she said. "I'm vewy fond of plants myself," he continued; "I'll venchaw to say you cannot name my favowite plant." "I think I could," she said, with an arch smile. "Pway name it, then." "The thistle.—*Boston Courier.*

A Persian philosopher being asked by what means he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant." According to this notion, a five-year old boy traveling in the cars with his mother ought to acquire enough knowledge in a journey of fifteen miles to split his head wide open.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I wear No. 6"—and she looked at her han[d]
'Twas the hand of a goddess even,
"And yours, I suppose"—and she shot him a glance,
"Are something over seven."

"No! only just over a six," he
As he place[d] his her[e]
"Why, really"
You

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