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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1885.

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What gives our Children rosy cheeks, and makes their feet, makes them sleep?

CASTORIA.

Infants and Children.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, and makes their feet, makes them sleep?

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SELECT STORY.

SISTER ANNE.

Sister Anne sat in the porch watching the sunset.

The lullaby whom old-fashioned poets have baptized with all sorts of names, some that degrade their verses with the fine old Saxon word "wen"—this planet of many aliases was never more splendid than on the present occasion.

There was a purple edge of hill on which he was hovering, red and enormous, and if he were reconnoitering the huge loops down which he was about to plunge.

On the serrated crest of the purple hill waved a few plummy trees, standing blackly against the fiery glow, like watching warriors thrown out against the force of some besieged and burning fortress.

All along the meadows and creeks that stretched from the base of the purple hill to the porch where Sister Anne was sitting, a tide of golden light was slowly ebbing.

A moment ago it was rippling over the garden walks, making, like a second Pactolus, the very gravel valuable.

For the first time after his departure, it seemed as if the birds no longer knew her as of old. She wandered now less than of yore, but shut herself up in her room, which soon began to be littered with bits of paper scrawled all over.

Her mother, this sister, grumbled in vain; her little room was to her a sanctuary, and she fled there from persecution. It seems to me at that moment I allude to Sister Anne.

She sat on the porch and dreamed of Stephen Basque.

"I can't work," she said. "I will never do anything useful child!" cried Mrs. Plymouth, Sister Anne's excellent mother.

"Look at your sisters busy on father's shirts, and you—you do nothing but sit like a lady all day long, with your hands before you!"

"I can't work," she said. "I will never do anything useful child!" cried Mrs. Plymouth, Sister Anne's excellent mother.

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ing a tall, dirty-looking building, "there is the office of the Daily Aloc. Editor's rooms are on the third story."

"Thank you, Sir," answered Sister Anne, with a little bird-like nod of the head, and in a moment she was climbing up the steep stairs, dimly lighted, leading to the editor's room.

No one seemed to take the slightest notice of her as she entered. Seven or eight men were all sitting at desks, cutting up newspapers, writing as if by instinct, turning over new books, consulting a horrible litter of papers and pens, and all the paraphernalia of an editorial room.

Sister Anne timidly inquired if the editor could be seen. The scratching of pens ceased for an instant—one of the men looked up, pointed with his pen to an inner door, and went on writing again.

In the inner room the child found a handsome bearded gentleman alone, and very busy writing. She stood for some time a little inside the door, expecting that he would look up. He seemed, however, so absorbed in his work, as if he did not exist.

"Please, Sir!" said Sister Anne, after waiting to be spoken to as long as she thought was reasonable.

The gentleman looked quickly up. "What can I do for you?" said he, kindly enough, but still looking as if he wished that she had not interrupted him.

"Please, Sir," said the intruder, "I'm Filbert!"

This singular announcement seemed to cause immense surprise to the editor. "What is the matter?" he asked. "You can't be more than fourteen!"

"I'm fifteen," answered Sister Anne, "and indeed, Sir, I'm Filbert."

"Sit down," said the editor, "and tell me what I can do for you."

Sister Anne took a seat, and put her hands in her pockets, from which she extracted a paper, on which she had written, "are ten more poems, Sir. I think they are as good as the first ones."

The editor took them with a smile, glanced at the handwriting, seemed surprised of the little authoress' identity, and said, "What a charming poem! Who taught you to write such charming poetry?"

"I don't know, Sir," answered Sister Anne, blushing, "but I think I learned it in the fields, and from the birds and trees."

"And your name is—?"

"Anne Plymouth, Sir. I live on Long Island, but I have come to New York to see if I can earn any money by writing."

"It's a hard trade, answered the editor, gloomily.

"I have never covered your little head that I know of," said Sister Anne, with a hopeful smile, "but people succeed in making money by them."

"Yes," answered the man of letters, "but a cabinet maker has a better chance than a bookmaker. There is a greater call for mahogany than for books."

"But my poems are surely worth something," said the innocent with a confident glance.

"Of that there is no doubt. But you won't get any one to give you anything for them."

"Why?" exclaimed Sister Anne. "Don't you pay for poetry?"

"My dear young lady," answered the editor of the Aloc, "we only pay for news and valuable matter."

"So you won't pay me for any of my poems?"

"I would, I assure you, but a deviation from our established rule."

"If they are not valuable, why, then, did you publish them?" asked Sister Anne, with untaught logic.

"Because we thought them good, and some of our readers like good poetry."

"If you readers like it, it is worth paying for."

The editor of the Aloc smiled compassionately at the innocent poetess, who expected to receive money in return for her labor and her mind. It was certainly a very absurd expectation.

"Give me my poems, Sir," said Sister Anne very brusquely, "I can't afford to give them for nothing."

"And we can't afford to buy them," answered the editor, very courteously handing back the bundle of manuscripts.

Sister Anne bowed majestically, took her bundle, and walked indignantly out of the office. When she got out into the street, however, a sick, hopeless sensation seemed to crawl over her heart. All her anticipations were destroyed at a single blow. The poems which she had labored at in secret, and which she saw then published, had given birth to such wild hopes, and were then of no actual value, and all her expectations of making money and supporting herself were at an end.

She would have given worlds to have gone back into the office and asked the editor what she had done wrong, but her pride would not stoop to ask a favor of one who she thought had treated her so badly. Oh! if she could only meet Mr. Stephen Basque. So she walked through the crowded streets, where she was jostled and pushed about by the eager throng of people, each bent on his same money-getting errand as herself, and she rested a little in one of the parks and took a cheap meal in one of the restaurants, which consumed all her remaining money except a few cents, and then as evening came on, she felt as if she would gladly have encountered death sooner than face the great heartless city by night.

Poor Sister Anne was completely bewildered. What was she to do? No friends, no money, no place to sleep. It was terrible, and she now began to regret having stalked off so majest