the finishing-room, where it receives the final
touches which fit it for the market. As the
sheet comes from the drying-loft it has a rough
lustreless surface, over which a pen would move
with difficulty, if at all. The machine-dried
book and printing papers before mentioned have
the same rough surface as they come from the
machine, and the main objects of the operations
of the finishing-room are the smoothing down
of these irregularities and the polishing of the
paper. Both these ends are reached by means
of machines known as calenders, and consisting
in their main features of several rollers, alter-
nately made of steel and pressed paper, and
placed one above the other. The pressure
of the rollers is regulated by screws, and the
paper, after being fed in at the top of the calen-
der, is carried by endless tapes between the
rollers, and delivered at the lower part of the
machine. The operation is then repeated a suf-
ficient number of times to give the surface of
the paper the desired smoothness and polish.
Nearly all of the operatives in the finishing-rooms
visited were women, and it was a noticeable fact
that although their work was apparently compar-
atively light, their general appearance of health
was much inferior to that of the women working
in the foul atmosphere of the rag-room, and en-
gaged in handling materials undoubtedly contain-
ing, in many cases, the germs of disease. It may
not be out of place to say here that operatives,
on first entering the rag-room, are taken down,
after a day or two, with a mild fever, known as
the "rag fever," and said to be caused by the
action on the unaccustomed system of the im-
ense quantity of lint and dust floating in the
air. They soon recover, however, and are free
from further attack so long as they work in the
room, though it is said that the fever reappears
when work in the rag-room is discontinued.

Besides the calenders mentioned, the finish-
ing-room contains various ruling and cutting
machines, as well as the dies for stamping the
trade-mark upon the cheaper kinds of writing
paper. Certain sorts of linen paper, in which
a gloss is not desirable, are not calendered, but
are finished by being subjected to pressure from
rollers while placed between zinc plates. The
various operations of counting and packing the
sheets are very deftly performed, and are inter-
esting to the looker-on, but are not peculiar to
the paper manufacture, and need not be men-
tioned here.

A. D. L.

NOTE. — By a typographical error in the first
article the beating-engines were spoken of as
"heating engines," and their action upon the
pulp improperly called "heating-action."

A Strange Delusion.

In the fall of 1876, while travelling through
Germany, I chanced to arrive one night at
Heidelberg, after a day's tramp of about nineteen
miles. My first thought was that there was
nothing here especially to interest me beyond
the old castle, which I proposed visiting the
next morning, and the University, about which
some old associations seemed to hover, though
I could not explain why this was so. Just upon
going to sleep, however, between two of Frau
Hoff's huge mattresses, the matter cleared itself
in my mind, and I remembered that one of my
boyhood's friends had come over here to Ger-
many to study, and had been at this ancient
University. His name was Sam Neville, and
he was born on Mt. Vernon Street, in Boston,
while I had made my entrance into this world
on Pinckney Street. His family had of late re-
moved to the newer Commonwealth Avenue;
but my paternal, unable to tear himself away
from the association of years, still lived, and
would probably continue to live until the end,
in the family mansion near Louisburg Square.
The next morning I started out to find Neville,
and after some inquiries at the University was
directed to — Schlüsselgasse, whither I at
once betook myself.

Having knocked on the door, I entered the
room in answer to a loud "Herein," and found
the friend of my youth, much changed by a
thick, reddish beard, smoking a long Oxford
pipe, and surrounded by books. We had not
seen each other for more than twelve years, and
the pleasure of meeting again was mutual.

Instead of spending a single night and day