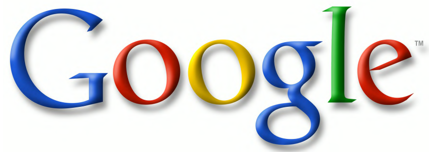

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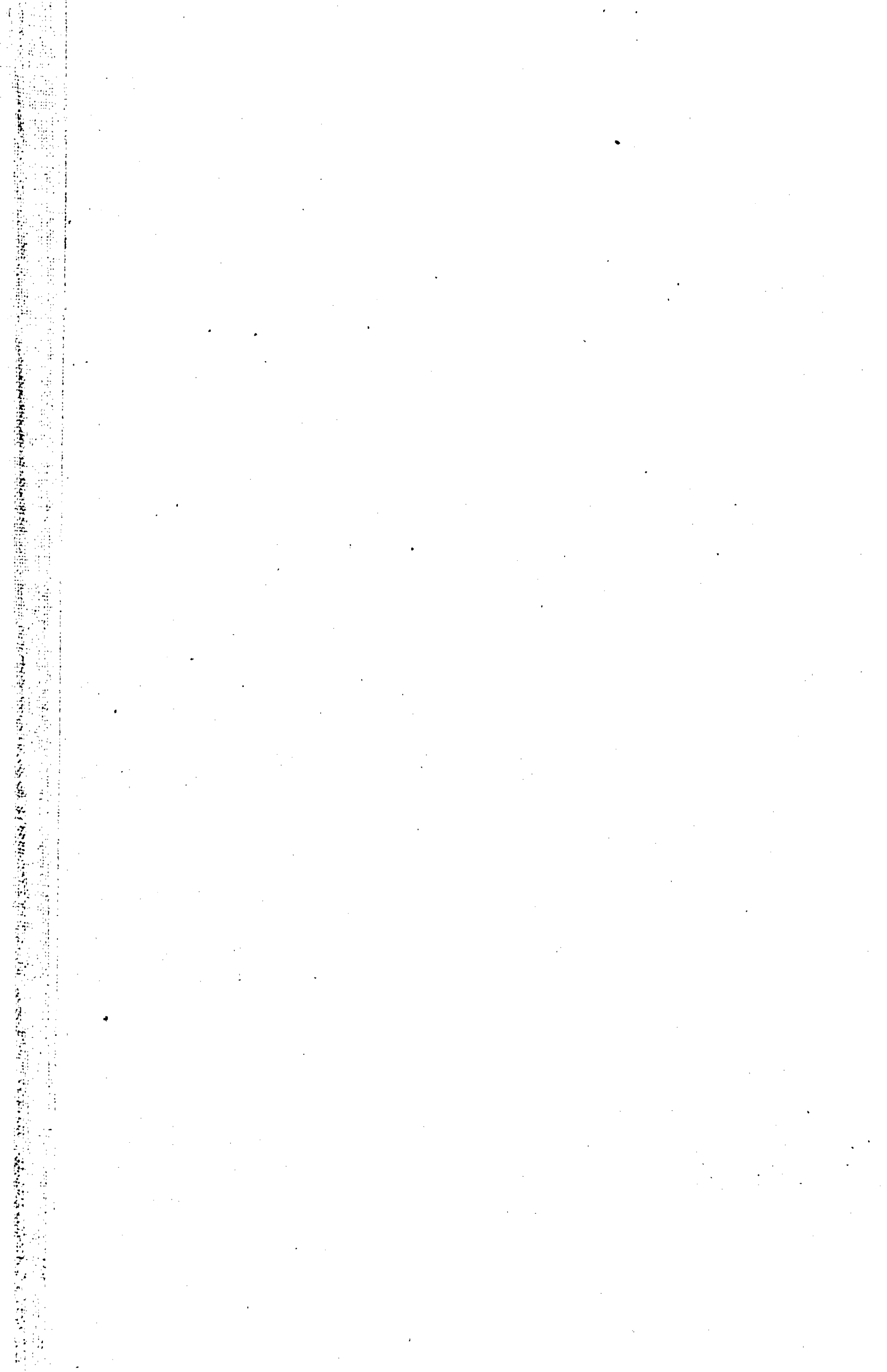

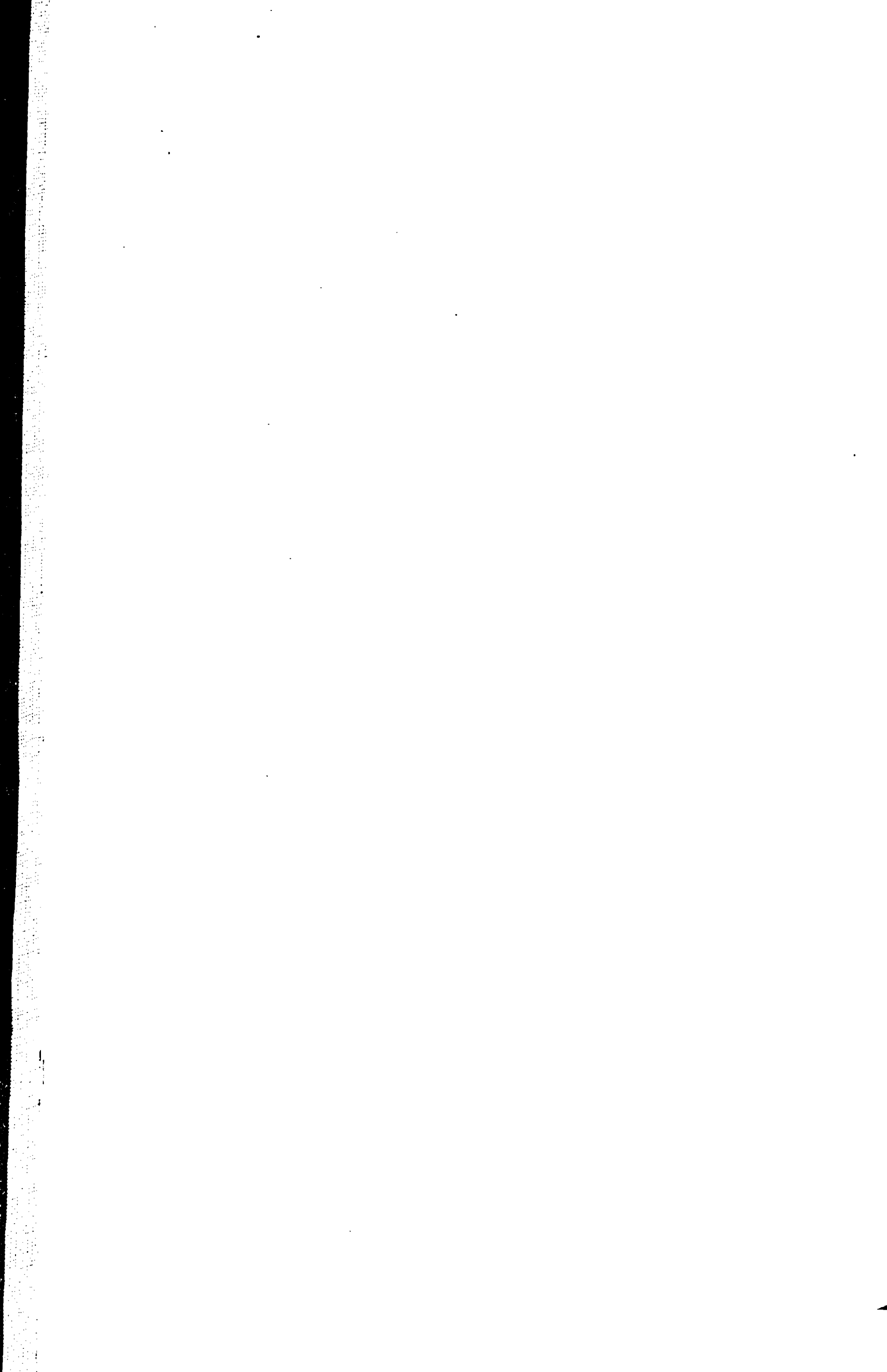

WERNER'S

Readings and Recitations

No. 22

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

EMMA ELISE WEST

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PREFACE

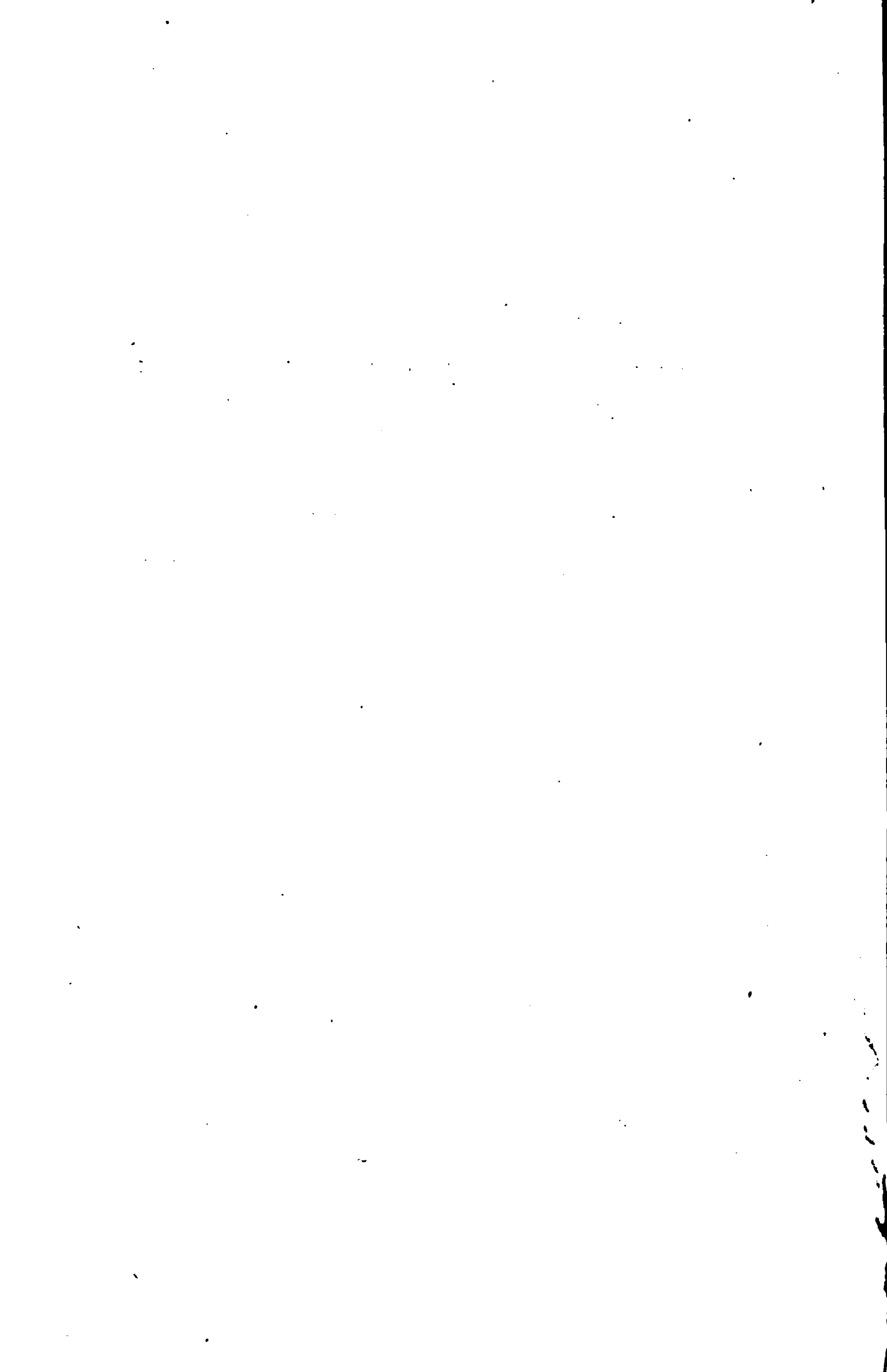
IN arranging and compiling this book of recitations, my purpose has been to present a series of selections suitable not only for the platform but also for use in schools and in parlors.

My experience as a teacher has been that it is especially difficult to find good orations for young men and boys. I have proved the value of those given in this volume at prize contests and at commencement exercises of well-known schools.

All of the larger prose articles have been cut and arranged by me in the way that has seemed most effective when I have either given them myself or watched them given before an audience. I beg pardon of the author and the public for passages where I have substituted words of my own in place of those originally printed. Often that which is perfectly clear when read is not so when spoken.

My thanks are due to Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, the Curtis Publishing Co., M. Witmark & Sons, Frank A. Munsey, George Munro, Hamlin Garland, Louise Imogen Guiney, Edmund Vance Cooke, and the many other authors and representatives of authors who have allowed me to reprint articles over which they hold a copyright. In every case the permission asked for was most courteously granted.

E. E. W.



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WERNER'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 22.

UNCLE ETHAN RIPLEY'S SPECULATION.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

[A cutting from the original story, in revised edition, of "Main-Traveled Roads," MacMillan & Co., publishers, by permission of the author.]

UNCLE ETHAN had a theory that a man's character could be told by the way he sat in a wagon seat.

"A mean man sets right plump in the *middle* o' the seat, as much as to say, 'Walk, gol darn yeh, who cares?' But a man that sets in one corner o' the seat, much as to say, 'Jump in—cheaper t' ride 'n to walk,' you can jest tie to."

Uncle Ripley was prejudiced in favor of the stranger, therefore, before he pulled up opposite the potato patch where the old man was bugging his vines. * * *

"Good afternoon," said the stranger, pleasantly.

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Bugs purty plenty?"

"Plenty enough, I gol!"

"Good piece of oats yonder."

"That's barley."

"So 'tis. Didn't notice."

Uncle Ethan was wondering what the man was. He had some pots of black paint in the wagon and two or three square boxes. * * *

" Is that your new barn acrost there? " asked the stranger.

" Yes, sir, it is," answered the old man, proudly.

After years of planning and hard work, he had managed to erect a little wooden barn, in which he took a childish pride.

" Couldn't think o' lettin' me paint a sign on that barn? " mused the stranger. * * *

" What kind of a sign? * * * See the darned things! " rapping savagely on the edge of the pan to rattle the bugs back.

" Dodd's Family Bitters. * * * The best bitters on the market. * * * Warranted to cure gout, fevers, colds, rheumatism, summer complaints, pulmonary difficulties, and many other diseases, and tone you up generally. Come now," said the stranger, speaking in a warmly generous tone, " I'll give you twenty-five bottles of the bitters if you'll let me paint a sign on that barn." * * *

" I guess I hadn't better," said Uncle Ripley, thinking of what his little old wife would say.

" It simply puts a family bitter in your home that may save you fifty dollars this coming fall. * * * If you don't want to use the whole twenty-five bottles y'self, why, sell it to your neighbors. The sign won't hurt the barn a bit, and if you like you can paint it out a year from date, and you can get twenty dollars easy out of the bitters." * * *

It was this thought which consoled Uncle Ethan as the hideous black letters appeared under the agent's brush, and, in a short time, " Dodd's Family Bitters, Best in the Market " glared forth from the sweet-smelling pinè boards.

" Ethan Ripley, what *have* you been a-doin' ? " demanded Mrs. Ripley, when she returned home that afternoon. " Who painted that sign on there? " * * *

" A man come along an' he paid me twenty-five dollars for it." * * *

" Did 'e? "

She was visibly affected by the news.

" Well, it amounts to that; he give me twenty-five bottles——"

Mrs. Ripley sank into a chair.

"Well I swan to Bungay, Ethan Ripley, you git fooler an' fooler every day you live, I *do* believe. Where *is* the stuff?"

"Down cellar, an' you needn't take on no airs, ol' woman. I've known you to buy things you didn't need time an' again, an' I guess you wish you had back that ten dollars you paid for that illustrated Bible." * * *

"Go get it this minute."

Uncle Ethan tugged the two cases * * * into the kitchen. Mrs. Ripley opened a bottle and smelled of it cautiously.

"Ugh! Merciful sakes, what stuff! * * * What d' you think you was goin' to do with it?"

"I expected to take it—if I was sick. Whaddy ye s'pose?" * * *

"The hull cart-load of it?"

"No. I'm goin' to sell part of it, an' git me an overcoat—"

"Sell it!" she shouted. "Nobuddy'd buy that sick'nin' stuff. * * * Take it out this minute an' smash every bottle on the stones." * * *

She subsided in a tumult of banging pans.

Uncle Ethan did not smash the medicine as commanded, because he had determined to sell it. The next Sunday morning he put on his best suit of faded diagonal and started out with four bottles of the bitters in a water pail. But he found that the agent had been to several of his neighbors, painting signs and giving the medicine for payment, so that the country had been practically canvassed. He disposed of one bottle on credit and came home, tired, dusty, and hungry.

The evening passed in grim silence, and in sleep he saw that sign wriggling across the side of the barn like boa-constrictors hung on rails.

As he stepped into the yard the next morning, Mrs. Ripley came to the window, buttoning her dress at the throat. * * *

"Lovely, ain't it? An' I've got to see it all day long. I can't look out the winder but that thing's right in my face." (It seemed to make her savage.) "I hope you feel satisfied with it."

Ripley walked off to the barn. His pride in its clean

sweet newness was gone. He slyly tried the paint to see if it could be scraped off, but it was dried in thoroughly. Whereas before he had taken delight in having his neighbors turn and look at the building, now he kept out of sight whenever he saw a team coming. * * *

Mrs. Ripley held herself in check for several days, but at last she burst forth.

"Ethan Ripley, I can't stand that thing any longer, an' I ain't goin' to, that's all! You got to go an' paint that thing out or I will. I'm just crazy with it."

"But, mother, I promised—"

"I don't care *what* you promised; it's got to be painted out. I've got the nightmare now seein' it. I'm goin' to send for a pail of red paint, an' I'm goin' to paint that out if it takes the last breath I've got to do it."

"I'll 'tend to it, mother, if you won't hurry me—"

"I can't stand it another day. It makes me boil every time I look out the winder."

Uncle Ethan hitched up his team and drove gloomily off to town, where he tried to find the agent. He lived in some other part of the country, however, and so the old man gave up and bought a pot of red paint, not daring to go back to his desperate wife without it. * * *

After supper that night he went out to the barn, and Mrs. Ripley heard him sawing and hammering.

"What y' been makin'?" she inquired, when he came in.

"I jest thought I'd git the stagin' ready for paintin'," he said, evasively. * * *

When she got ready for bed he was still seated in his chair, and after she had dozed off two or three times she began to wonder why he didn't come.

When the clock struck ten she began to get impatient.

"Come, are y' goin' to sit there all night?"

There was no answer. She rose up in bed and looked about the room. The broad moon flooded it with light so that she could see that he was not in his chair. * * *

"Ethan! Ethan Ripley, where are you?" * * *

There was no answer. She rose and looked distractedly about among the furniture; she went upstairs. All sorts

of vague horrors sprang unbidden into her brain. * * * She hurried out into the fragrant night. The ghastly story of a man who had hung himself because his wife had deserted him came into her mind and stayed there with frightful persistency. She felt a wild rush of loneliness. She had a sudden realization of how dear that gaunt old figure was, with its grizzled face and ready smile.

Her breath came quicker and quicker, and she was on the point of bursting into a wild cry, when she heard a strange creaking noise. She looked toward the barn and saw on the shadowed side a deeper shadow moving to and fro. * * *

"Land of Bungay, if he ain't paintin' that barn like a perfect old idiot, in the night."

Uncle Ethan, working desperately, did not hear her. * * *

"Ethan Ripley, you come right straight to bed. What d' you mean by actin' so?" * * *

He made two or three slapping passes with the brush and then snapped:

"You go back into the house an' let me be. I know what I'm a-doin'. You've pestered me about that sign jest about enough." * * *

Working alone out there had made him savage. She knew by the tone of his voice he was not to be pushed any further. She slipped on her shoes and her shawl and came back where he was working and took a seat on a saw-horse.

"I'm a-goin' to set right here till you come in, Ethan Ripley," she said, in a firm voice but gentler than usual.

"Waal, you'll set a good while." * * *

But each felt a furtive tenderness for the other. He worked on in silence. * * *

At last Mrs. Ripley spoke, in a curious tone:

"Well, I don't know as you *was* so very much to blame. I *didn't* want that Bible myself—I held out I did, but I didn't."

Ethan worked on until the full meaning of the unprecedented surrender penetrated his head, and then he threw down the brushes.

"Wall, I guess I'll let 'er go at that. I've covered up the most of it anyhow. Guess we'd better go in."

WHEN GEORGE WAS KING.

THEODOSIA PICKERING.

[From *Munsey's Magazine*, by permission of Frank A. Munsey.]

AN ancient hallway, generous and square;
A drowsy fire ghostly shadows throwing;
An old clock ticking slowly on the stair,
As one who tells a story worth the knowing;
And prone upon the bearskin, showing clear
In the red light, a sleeping cavalier.

His listless fingers closed about a book,
One red-sleeved arm above his head reposing,
And on his rugged face the weary look
He wore, perchance, before his eyes were closing;
And one stands laughing eyed upon the stair,
Half merry, half confused, to find him there.

A maiden, rustling in her stiff brocade,
A girlish bud fast blooming into woman,
With the same face that Gainsborough oft made,
Coquettish, most divine, and wholly human,
Who watches the dark sleeper as he lies,
With something more than mischief in her eyes;

And, step by step, comes down with bated breath,
With lips half curled and yet not wholly smiling,
And bends above him (as the old tale saith
Dian above Endymion bent beguiling)
And notes the gray streak in his dusky hair,
And wonders timidly what brought it there.

Then, as a sudden thought comes flashing red,
All guiltily, as though the world knew it,
She first inclines and then draws back her head,
Though the old clock ticks: "Do it, do it, do it!"

And then, with hurried look, yet tender air,
She drops a tiny kiss upon his hair,

And, shamefaced, flies as some Titania might;
  And still about the room the shades are creeping,
And the old clock looks down with steady sight
  To where he lies, still motionless and sleeping,
And ticks, with all the denseness of a poet,
" A secret, and I know it, know it, know it! "

Then suddenly wide open flash his eyes,
  And on the shaggy bearskin quickly turning,
He glances round, half shamed, half laughing-wise,
  And, seeing nothing but the great logs burning
And the old clock, he marks with stifled yawn
How many hours since he slept have gone;

And, thinking, checks the smile upon his face;
  For in his dreams he vaguely can remember
He thought his mother from her heavenly place
  Stooped down and kissed him, lovingly and tender,
And then, self-mocking, brushes off a tear,
And strides away, this red-coat cavalier.

THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

[From *Munsey's Magazine*, by permission of Frank A. Munsey.]

IN the House of Too Much Trouble
  Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
  He was hungry for a toy.
But 'twas always too much bother,
  Too much dirt, and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
  Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
  Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
  Or he failed to close the door.
In a House of Too Much Trouble
  Things must be precise and trim;
In a House of Too Much Trouble
  There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
  He must never romp and play;
Ev'ry room must be in order
  And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
  He had never owned a pet.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
  It is trim and quiet yet.

Ev'ry room is set in order,
  Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
  Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
  He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble,
  With a lily on his breast.

AFTER GRACE.

A CURATE once courted a nice little miss,—
  Grace by name, but by nature a sinner.
He never dared ask for "just one little kiss,"
  P'r'aps he thought by his preaching to win her.
His most passionate speech, when they sat down together,
Was "A very fine day," or "Most singular weather!"

"Ah, me! He is vowed unto silence," she cried;
"'Tis my mission to make him abjure it,
Pa must ask him to dinner; I'll sit by his side,
And I really should think I could cure it!"

So he came, and they all tried their hardest to make
Him feel really at home. To insure it,
He was seated by Grace, and, his silence to break,
Said her father (who couldn't endure it)—
Forgetting the "blessing"—"Now what will you take?"
"I should like to say—Grace—" said the curate.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE DESERT.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

[By permission of the author.]

AN opulent lord of Ispahan
In luxury lolled on a silk divan,
Dreaming the idle hours away
In a cloud of smoke from his narghile.
Weary with nothing to do in life,
He thought, as he watched the smoky whirls,
"'Twill be diversion to choose a wife
From my peerless bevy of dancing-girls."
There are beauties fair from every land:
Lustrous eyes from Samarcand;
Dusky forms from the Upper Nile;
Teeth that glisten when red lips smile;
Gipsy faces of olive hue,
Stolen from some wild wandering clan;
Fair complexions and eyes of blue,
From the sunny isles of Cardachan;
Regal beauties of queenly grace
And sinuous sirens of unknown race.
Some one among them will surely bless
Hours that grow heavy with idleness.

Then the slave that waited his lightest need
Fell on his knee, by the silk divan,
And the swarthy, listening ear gave heed
To the will of the lord of Ispahan.

" Send hither my dancing-girls," he said,
" And set me a feast to please the eye
And tempt the palate; for this shall be
A wedding breakfast before us spread
If the charm of beauty can satisfy
And one of their number pleaseth me.
I will wed no maiden of high degree,
With the tips of her fingers henna-stained
And the dew of youth from her life-blood drained.
But a child of nature, wild and free."
Then the slave bent low and said: " O sire,
A woman lingers beside the gate,
Her eyes are aglow like coals of fire
And she mourns as one disconsolate;
And when we bid her to cease and go,
Each eye grows bright, like an evening star,
And she sayeth: 'The master will hear my woe,
For I come from the deserts of Khandakar.' "

" Bid her to enter," the master said,
And the frown from his forehead swiftly fled.
The hasty word on his lip was stayed,
As he thought of his youth, in the land afar,
And the peerless eyes of a Bedouin maid,
In the desert places of Khandakar.
The woman entered and swift unwound
The veil that mantled her face around,
And in matchless beauty she stood arrayed,
In the scant attire of a Bedouin maid.
The indolent lord of Ispahan
Started back on the silk divan,
For in form and feature, in very truth,

It seemed the love of his early youth.
The almond eyes and the midnight hair,
The rosebud mouth and the rounded chin,—
Time had not touched them; they still were fair.
And the passion of yore grew strong within.
Then she made him the secret Bedouin sign,
Which only dishonor can fail to heed,—
The solemn pact of the races nine
To help each other in time of need.
But her eyes beheld no answering sign,
Though a crimson tide to his forehead ran,
And the trembling maiden could not divine
The will of the lord of Ispahan.
With the sound of a rippling mountain brook,
The voice of the woman her lips forsook;
And thus her tale of despair began
In the lordly palace at Ispahan:

"On a stallion black as the midnight skies,
From the desert I come, where my lover lies
At death's dark verge, and the hostile clan
That struck him down are in Ispahan
With slaves to sell in the open street,
And only because my steed was fleet
Am I now free; but here I bide,
For this morning the hard-rid stallion died.
Out of your opulence, one swift steed
Only a drop from the sea will be,
A grain of sand on the shore, in my need;
But the wealth of the whole wide world to me.
My soul to the soul of my loved one cries,
At dawn or in darkness, whate'er betide,
And the pain of longing all peace denies
To the heart that strains to my lover's side."
"You shall mourn no more, but sit with me
And rejoice in a scene of revelry;
For the pleasures of life are the rights of man,"
Said the indolent lord of Ispahan.

The curtains parted and noiseless feet
Of dusky slaves stole over the floor,
Their strong arms laden with burden sweet,
Of fruits and flowers, a goodly store:
Luscious peaches and apricots,
Plucked from the sunniest garden spots;
Syrian apples and cordials rare;
Succulent grapes that filled the air
With heavy sweetness, while rivers ran,
From beakers of wine from Astrakhan;
Cooling salvers of colored ice;
Almonds powdered with fragrant spice;
Smoking viands on plates of gold,
And carven vessels of price untold,
Kindling the appetite afresh
For dainty morsels of fowl and flesh.
The musical notes of the mellow flute
From a source remote rose higher and higher,
With the quivering sounds from a hidden lute,
The plaintive sweep of the tender lyre.
Then a whirlwind of color filled the air,—
A misty vapor of filmy lace
With gleams of silk and of round arms bare,
In a mazy whirl of infinite grace;
And the lustrous glow of tresses blent
With the shimmer of pearls from the Orient.
The half-sobbed, breathless, sweet refrain,
A swelling burst of sensuous sound,
Sank lower, to swell and sink again,
Then died in silence most profound.
The panting beauties, with cheeks aglow,
Scattered about on the rug-strewn floor
Like bright-hued leaves when the chill winds blow,
Or tinted sea-shells along the shore.
But the lord of the palace turned and cried:
"Heavy and languid these maidens are;"
And he said, to the Bedouin at his side:
"Teach them the dances of Khandakar."

Her dark eyes lit with the flash of fire,
And she said: "You will pity my need most dire?
You will give me a steed to fly afar,
To my love in the deserts of Khandakar?"
"Half that I own shall be yours," he said,
"If the love of my youth that was under ban
Comes back to me like a soul from the dead,
Bringing joy to the palace of Ispahan."

She sprang to the floor with an agile bound.
The music broke in a swirl of sound.
Her hair from its fillet became unbound,
And the dancing-girls that stood apart
Gazed rapt and speechless, with hand to heart,
At the wild, untrammeled curves of grace
Of the dancing-girl from the desert race.
Not one of them half so fair to see;
Not one as lithe in the sinuous twist
Of twirling body and bending knee;
Of supple ankle and curving wrist.
The wilder the music, the wilder she,—
It seemed like the song of a bird set free
To thrill in the heart of a cloud of mist
And live on its own mad ecstasy.
Spellbound and mute on the silk divan,
Sat the lord of the palace at Ispahan.

But the thoughts of the master were drifting far,
To his youth in the deserts of Khandakar;
To the time when another had danced as well,
And listened with tenderness in her eyes,
To the burning words his lips might tell,
With kisses freighting her soft replies.
And he had thought that her smile would bless
His roving life, in the land afar,
And cheer him in hours of loneliness,
In the tents of the deserts of Khandakar;
But the tribe had chosen the maid to wed

With the powerful chief of a hostile clan,
And the flattered woman had turned and fled
From the pleading voice of a stricken man;
Then out of the desert the lover sped,
To become a great lord of Ispahan,
And now this child, with the subtle grace
Of the mother that bore her, had come to him,
With the desert's breath upon her face,
Rousing within him a purpose grim.
"By the beard of the Prophet! but you shall be
The light and the joy of my life to me!
As your mother was, you are to-day.
Your lover, perchance, hath lived his span;
You shall dry your maidenly tears and stay,
As the wife of the lord of Ispahan."

That night when the dusky shadows crept
Across the tiles of the banquet room,
They found the form of a man who slept
On a silk divan, in the gathering gloom.
The window screens were wide to the air,
And the hedge, where the fragrant roses grew,
Was cleft and trodden to earth, just where
A frightened fugitive might pass through;
And the groom of the stables, heavy with wine,
Wakened not at the prancing tread
Of the milk-white steed, and made no sign
As the Bedouin maid from the palace fled.
And the indolent lord of Ispahan
Seemed resting still on the silk divan.
But his heart was beating with love no more;
In his eyes no light of passion gleamed;
His listless fingers touched the floor,
Where the crimson tide of his life-blood streamed,
And he slept the last, long, dreamless sleep;
For the end had come to life's brief span,
And his jeweled dagger was handle deep
In the heart of the lord of Ispahan.

THE DOLLAR.

WALTER S. LOGAN.

MAN is lazy and selfish. His indolence and his selfishness are the result of evolution as much as any other quality he has acquired. They are his salvation. Without them, he would burn himself out before he had fairly begun to live. We can not hope that he will ever grow out of his indolence or his egoism. He would die in the process.

Being, then, forever destined to be lazy and selfish, he must have some incentive or he will not work and production will come to an end. The dollar has been that incentive. The dollar represents food, clothing, and shelter,—all the physical, and many of the social and the artistic, necessities of life. It has been around the dollar that civilization has developed. The hope of the dollar has inspired men of common clay to drudge and men of genius to become heroes of the ages. The peasant with his shovel has dug ditches for it, the sailor has met the relentless storms of the sea for it, the soldier has fought for it, the poet has sung for it, for it the orator has poured forth his words of resistless eloquence, the adventurous discoverer has sought for it in every corner of the earth and the sea, for it the inventor has harnessed the powers of nature to man's car, for it Shakespeares and Macaulays have written books, and for it statesmen have made history.

But there is another side to the story. The dollar incites to production when men can get the dollar easiest by producing it; it incites also to crime when it is easier to take by force or by fraud another man's dollar than to earn one's own. It has built railroads that were needed and thus carried prosperity to the wilderness, but it has also paralleled them when the parallels were not needed and thus brought ruin instead of prosperity. It has inspired men to make fortunes by honest industry and it has inspired other men to wreck those fortunes that the wreckers might be enriched.

For it the wilderness has been conquered and made to produce the things man needs, and for it, also, unholy wars have been waged and continents desolated. It has been the incentive alike of the mariner of commerce, under whose flag were carried untold blessings, and of the pirate who sailed the main under the black flag and was the world's greatest enemy. It inspired alike Columbus and Pizarro, William Penn and Hernando Cortez. It was the cause of the settlement of Massachusetts and of the atrocities of Weyler. Men have wrought for it and men have fought for it. Men have traded for it and stolen for it. Some men get it by doing good to their neighbors, others find it in the ruin of all around them. Some get it by fair competition, others by fraud and deception and treachery. On the Stock Exchange, the widow and the orphan find an opportunity safely to invest their accumulations; but the Stock Exchange is also the theatre of a system of gambling that gives the blush to Monte Carlo. Wall Street has two ends. At one is the noble spire of Trinity Church, which points high toward the sky. The other is the first station on the road to Greenwood.

The love of money, if it is the cause of much that is good, is also the root of much, if not all, evil. It is responsible alike for the strength and the weakness, the virtue and the vice, of our civilization. It makes and it *mars* men.

A SOCIAL GLASS.

WHAT makes one refuse a social glass?
Well, I'll tell you the reason why:
Because a bonnie blue-eyed lass
Is ever standing by,
And I hear her voice above the noise
Of the jest and the merry glee,
As with baby grace she kisses my face
And says: "Papa, be true to me."

Then what can I do to my lass to be true,
Better than let it pass by?
I know you think my refusal to drink
A breach of your courtesy,
But I hear her repeat in accents sweet,
And her dear little form I see,
As with loving embrace she kisses my face
And says: "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast to the one I love most,
Whose dear little will I obey,
Whose influence sweet is guiding my feet
Over life's dark toilsome way.
May the sun ever shine on this lassie of mine,
From sorrow may she be free,
For with baby grace she has kissed my face
And said: "Papa, be true to me."

THE FESTIVAL OF MARS.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

[Arranged from "Marcus of Rome," by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.]

THERE is a stir of expectation, a burst of trumpets from the Capitol, and all along the Sacred Street and through the crowded Forum goes up the shout of the watchers, "Here they come!" With the flutes playing merrily; with swaying standards and sacred statues gleaming in silver and gold; with proud young cadets on horse and on foot; with priests in their robes and guards with crested helms; with strange and marvelous beasts led by burly keepers; with a long string of skilled performers, restless horses, and gleaming chariots; through the Forum and down the Sacred Street winds the long procession, led by the boy-magistrate, Marcus of Rome, the favorite of the Emperor. A golden chaplet

wrought in crusted leaves circles his head; a purple toga drapes his trim young figure; while the flutes and the trumpets play their loudest before him, and the stout guards march at the heels of his bright-bay pony. So into the great circus passes the long procession, and, as it files into the arena, two hundred thousand people rise to their feet and welcome it with hearty hand-clapping.

The trumpets sound the prelude, the young magistrate flings the *mappa,* or white flag into the course as the signal for the start, and, as a ringing shout goes up, four glittering chariots, rich in their decorations of gold and polished ivory and each drawn by four plunging horses, burst from their arched stalls and dash around the track. Green, blue, red, white—the colors of the drivers—stream from their tunics. Around and around they go. Now one and now another is ahead. The people strain and cheer, and many a wager is laid as to the victor. Another shout! The red chariot, turning too sharply, grates against the *meta,* or short pillar that stands at the upper end of the track, guarding the low central wall. The horses rear and plunge, the driver struggles manfully to control them, but all in vain; over goes the chariot, while the now maddened horses dash wildly on until checked by mounted attendants and led off to their stalls.

"Blue! blue! Green! green!" rise the varying shouts, as the contending chariots still struggle for the lead. White is far behind. Now comes the seventh or final round. Blue leads? No, green is ahead! Neck and neck down the home-stretch they go magnificently, and then the cheer of victory is heard, as, with a final dash, the green rider strikes the white cord first and the race is won.

Now, in the interval between the races, come the athletic sports: Foot-racing and wrestling, rope-dancing and high leaping, quoit-throwing, and javelin matches. One man runs a race with a fleet Cappadocian horse; another expert rider drives two bare-backed horses twice around the track, leaping from back to back as the horses dash around.

Among the throng of "artists" there came a bright little fellow of ten or eleven years,—a rope-dancer and a favorite

with the crowd. Light and agile, he trips along the slender rope that stretches high above the arena. Right before the magistrate's box the boy poises in mid-air, and even the thoughtful young director of the games looks up at the graceful motions of the boy. Hark! a warning shout goes up; now, another! The poor little rope-dancer, anxious to find favor in the eyes of the young noble, overexerts himself, loses his balance on the dizzy rope and, toppling over, falls with a cruel thud to the ground and lies there before the great state box, with a broken neck—dead. Marcus hears the shout, he sees the falling boy. Vaulting from his canopied box, he leaps down into the arena, and, so tender is he of others, Stoic though he be, that he has the poor rope-dancer's head in his lap even before the attendants can reach him. But no life remains in that bruised little body and, as Marcus tenderly resigns the dead gymnast to the less sympathetic slaves, he commands that ever after a bed shall be laid beneath the ropes as a protection against such fatal falls. This became the rule, and, when next you see the safety-net spread beneath the rope-walkers, the trapeze performers, and those who perform similar "terrific" feats, remember that its use dates back to the humane order of Marcus, the boy-magistrate, seventeen centuries ago.

But in those old days the people had to be amused, whatever happened. Human life was held too cheaply for a whole festival to be stopped because a little boy was killed, and so the sports went on. Athletes and gymnasts did their best to excel; amid wild excitement the chariots whirled around and around the course; and then the arena was cleared for the final act—the wild beast hunt.

The wary keepers raise the stout gratings before the dens and cages, and the wild animals, freed from their prisons, rush into the great open space, blink stupidly in the glaring light, and then with roar and growl echo the shouts of the spectators. Here are great lions from Numidia, and tigers from far Arabia, wolves from the Apennines and bears from Libya; not caged and half-tamed as we see them now, but wild and fierce, loose in the arena. Now the hunters swarm

in, on horse and on foot,—trained and supple Thracian gladiators, skilled Gætulian hunters, with archers, and spearmen, and net-throwers. All around the great arena rages the cruel fight. Here, a lion stands at bay; there, a tigress crouches for the spring; a snarling wolf snaps at a keen-eyed Thracian; or a bear with ungainly trot shambles away from the spear of his persecutor. Eager and watchful, the hunters shoot and thrust, while the vast audience, more eager, more relentless, more brutal, than beast or hunter, applaud and shout and cheer. But the young magistrate, who had, through all his life, a marked distaste for such cruel sport, turns from the arena and, again taking out his tablets, busies himself with his writing, unmoved by the contest and the carnage before him.

The last hunted beast lies dead in the arena; the last valorous hunter has been honored with his *palma* or reward, as victor; the slaves stand ready with hook and ropes to drag off the slaughtered animals; the great crowd pours out of the vast three-storied buildings; the shops in the porticos are noisy with the talk of buyers and sellers; the boy-magistrate and his escort pass through the waiting throng; and the Festival Games are over.

THE COON'S LULLABY.

[Croon the last line of each stanza, also "Po' lamb!" and "Yes, you!"]

HEAH, yo' Rastus, shet yo' little sleepy haid.
  Mammy gwine tu'h rock hu'h lamb tu'h res'—*(Po' lamb! Po' lamb!)*
Ebry little possum chile am dreamin' in its bed,
  Yo's my precious honey—yes, yo' am!
Swing, oh! sing, ho! Lucy, whar yo' bin so late?
  Lemme catch a niggah courtin' yo'—*(Yes, you!)*
Hurry up, yo' rascals, 'fo' dere's co'n bread on de plate—
  Fo' mammy loves hu'h honeys, yes, she do!

Laws now, Rastus, I done gwine tu'h swat yo' hard,
Slap yo' tu'h a peak an' break it off—*(Po' lamb! Po' lamb!)*
Monst'ous drefful bogie man am waitin' in de yard—
Mammy's only jokin', yes, she am!
Swing, oh! sing, oh! Petah, yes, I see yo', git!
Washin'ton, I'll cu'l yo' wool fo' yo'—(*Yes, you!*)
Neber in de whole roun wo'ld I seen sich chilluns yit—
But mammy loves hu'h honeys, yes, she do!

A PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.

JAMES M. BARRIE.

SHE was a very pretty girl—although that counted for little with either of us—and her frock was yellow and brown, with pins here and there. Some of these pins were nearly a foot long, and when they were not in use she placed them in her hat, through which she stabbed them far down into her brain. This makes me shudder, but so is she constructed that it doesn't seem to hurt, and in this human pincushion they remain until she is ready to put on her jacket again. She comes in here sometimes looking always as if she had been born afresh that morning, to sit in the big chair and discuss what sort of girl she is—and other subjects of moment.

When she clasps her hands over her knees and says "Oh!" I know she has remembered something that *must* come out or endanger her health, and whether it be: "I don't believe in anything or anybody!" or "Isn't life hard for girls?" or "I buy chocolate drops by the half-pound," I am expected to regard it, for the time being at least, as one of the most important events of the day.

The reason we get on so well together is because I always treat her *exactly* as if she were a man. Ours is a platonic

friendship, or at least it *was*, for she went off half an hour ago with her head in the air. The way it all came about was like this: She had come in here one morning and after only one glance in the mirror had seated herself in the big chair, and then this jumped out:

"And I thought you so trustworthy!"

She always begins in the middle.

"Why, what have I done?" I asked, though I *knew*.

"Yesterday when you put me in that cab—oh! you didn't *do* it, but you tried to."

"Do *what?*"

She screwed her mouth, whereupon I smoked hard lest I might do it again.

"Men are all alike—"

"And you actually think, Miss Cummings, that if I did contemplate such a thing for a moment, that I did it from the wretched, ordinary motives that would move a commonplace young man? Miss Cummings, do you know me no better than that?"

"I don't see what you mean."

There ensued a pause, for I was not quite clear what I meant myself.

"What *do* you mean?"

Then I laid my pipe on the mantlepiece and explained to her, though I forget now how I did it, that I had nothing in common with other young men, if I *seemed* to act as they did my motives were entirely different, and therefore I should be judged from an entirely different standpoint; then I said:

"But, Miss Cummings, as you still seem to think I did it from wretched, ordinary motives—namely, because I wanted to—it is best for you and me to part. I have explained myself, because it is painful for me to be misunderstood. Good-bye, Miss Cummings."

Here, in spite of an apparent effort to control it, my voice broke, whereupon she placed her hand in mine and with tears in her eyes begged me to forgive her, which I did.

This it was, you see, which proved to her that I had noth-

ing in common with other young men, and which led to the drawing up of our platonic friendship.

She was to come in here frequently and sit in the big chair and discuss various subjects for our mutual improvement.

" I shall have to call you ' Mary,' " I said.

" ' Mary! ' Well, I don't see that."

" Oh, yes. You know among friends it's customary,—Mary *dear*."

" *Dear?* "

" That's what I said."

She had laid her jacket upon the table, her gloves on the couch, her chocolate drops on the mantel, and I was holding her scarf—the room was full of her.

" Mary, I walked down Regent Street behind you yesterday, and your back told me that you were vain."

" Well, I'm not vain of personal appearance."

" Well, Mary, how could you be? "

She looked at me sharply, but my face was quite expressionless.

" Whatever my faults are, and I admit that they are many, vanity is not one of them."

" Well, Mary, that's what you said when I told you that you had a bad temper, and when—"

" That was last week, stupid. However, if you think me ugly—"

" Why, Mary, if you think nothing of your personal appearance, why blame me when I agree with you? "

She rose haughtily.

" Sit down."

" I won't. Give me my scarf."

" Why, Mary, if you would really like to know what I think of your personal appearance—"

" Well I wouldn't."

I resumed my pipe.

" Well? "

" Well? "

" I thought you were going to say something."

"Oh, no, only your back pleased me in certain other respects— Why, Mary!"

It is a fact, she was crying. After I had made a remark or two, she said:

"Well, I'm glad you think I'm pretty. Of course, I know I'm not pretty myself, but I like to have my friends think so. My nose is all wrong; isn't it?"

"No!"

"And you own now that you were wrong in thinking me vain?"

"Why, Mary, you have proved that I was."

However, after she had put in all her pins, and gone out and shut the door, she came back and said:

"Yes, I am horribly vain. I do up my hair every night before I go to bed, and I know I have a pretty nose, and I was sure you admired me the first time you saw me. Good afternoon."

But to-day when she came in, she looked very doleful; the reason was that Mary had been reading a book entitled "Why Do We Exist?" Mary had stared at this problem with hard, unthinking eyes until I forced her to wink by placing another problem in front of her, namely, "Do We Exist?" Mary thought there was little doubt of this at first, but after I lent her Bishop Berkeley upon the subject, she took to pinching herself on the sly to see if she was still there.

"Mary!"

"Yes?"

"*Dear!*"

"Yes, I'm listening."

"You are a dear good girl."

"No, I'm not; it's all selfishness. Why, even my charities are a hideous kind of selfishness. You know that old man who sells matches on the corner—sometimes I give him a penny."

"Why, Mary, surely that's not selfish."

"Yes, it is. I never give him anything because I see he needs it, I give it to him because I happen to be passing him

and feeling happier than usual. Oh, I should never think of crossing the street to give him anything. My! I should need to be terrifically happy to do that."

Up to this time you will please observe that neither by word, look, or manner had I in any way broken the compact which made our platonic friendship possible, and I would have continued the same treatment to the present day had it not been for Mary's scarf. Her scarf was to blame for the whole of it. It was a strip of faded terra-cotta gauze, which Mary always wound about her mouth before going out into the fog. I could have managed to endure that had she not recklessly made farewell remarks through her scarf. I warned her:

"Don't you come near me with that thing on your mouth."

And she asked, "Why?" through the scarf.

"Don't speak to me with that thing on."

And she said, "You think I *can't* because it's too tight."

"Go away."

"Why, you see it's quite loose—why, I think it's quite loose—why, I think I could whistle through it."

She did whistle through it, and that ended our platonic friendship.

I spoke wildly, fiercely, exultingly.

"I don't care, Mary—I don't care anyway. I like to see you crying."

"*Oh, I hate you!*"

"No you *don't,* Mary—*don't* screw your mouth!"

"Yes I will, too. You said—"

"It was a lie."

"Platonic friendship—"

"Platonic nonsense! I quarreled with you that time on purpose to be able to hold your hand when we made up."

"Give me my scarf."

"And all the time we were discussing the mystery of being I was thinking how I would like to put my finger under your chin and flick it."

"Give me my scarf."

"And I'd rather run my fingers through your hair than write the greatest poem—"

But Mary had gone, leaving her scarf behind her. I flew to the window. Six hansoms came at my call and I could have dashed after her, but what I saw made me change my mind—Mary had crossed the street on purpose to give a penny to the man on the corner.

SONG OF THE "LOWER CLASSES."

ERNEST JONES.

[This famous Chartist leader and poet was sentenced in 1848 to two years' imprisonment. This poem was written in 1849 while in the prison.]

WE plough and sow, we're so very, very low
  That we delve in the dirty clay;
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain
  And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know, we're so very, very low,
  'Tis down at the landlord's feet.
We're not too low the grain to grow,
  But too low the grain to eat.

Down, down we go, we're so very, very low,
  To the hell of the deep sunk mines;
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
  When the crown of the despot shines;
And whene'er he lacks, upon our backs
  Fresh loads he deigns to lay.
We're far too low to vote the tax,
  But not too low to pay.

We're low, we're low, we're very, very low,
  And yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow and the robes that glow
  Round the limbs of the sons of pride;

And what we get, and what we give,
We know, and we know our share;
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear.

We're low, we're low, we're very, very low,
And yet when the trumpets ring
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king.
We're low, we're low—we're rabble, we know.
We're only the rank and file;
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to share the spoil.

THE PRICE.

TOM MASSON.

[From *Munsey's Magazine*, by permission of Frank A. Munsey.]

MY better half desired a wheel.
I argued and I thundered,
But yielded when she said to me
'Twould only cost a hundred.

The price for so much pleasure seemed
Quite small to me; I wondered
Where else such joy could be obtained
With but a paltry hundred.

With it she ordered her a suit
That half my income sundered;
Yet pointed to her wheel with pride—
That only cost a hundred.

My market-bills began to rise.
I thought someone had blundered;
But no, 'twas due to that new wheel
That only cost a hundred.

Repair men came and "sundries" men;
My bank-account they plundered;
And yet how glad I am to feel
That wheel cost but a hundred!

A NAUGHTY LITTLE COMET.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE was a little comet who lived near the Milky Way;
She loved to wander out at night, and jump about and play.

The mother of the comet was a very good old star;
She used to scold her reckless child for venturing out too far.

She told her of the ogre, Sun, who loved on stars to sup,
And who asked no better pastime than gobbling comets up.

But instead of growing cautious and of showing proper fear,
The foolish little comet edged up nearer and more near.

She switched her saucy tail along right where the Sun could see,
And flirted with old Mars, and was as bold as bold could be.

She laughed to scorn the quiet stars who never frisked about;
She said there was no fun in life unless you ventured out.

She liked to make the planets stare, and wished no better mirth
Than just to see the telescopes aimed at her from the Earth.

She wondered how so many stars could mope through nights and days,
And let the sickly-faced old Moon get all the love and praise.

And as she talked and tossed her head and switched her
shining trail,
The staid old mother star grew sad, her cheek grew wan
and pale;

For she had lived there in the Skies a million years or more,
And she had heard gay comets talk in just this way before.

And by and by there came an end to this gay comet's fun,
She went a tiny bit too far—and vanished in the Sun!

But quiet stars she laughed to scorn are twinkling every
night.
No more she swings her shining trail before the whole
world's sight.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

EMMA ELISE WEST.

A Pantomimic Farce.

TIME: Half an hour.
MUSIC: Songs of Scotland.

CHARACTERS:

LOCHINVAR, tall, dark, dashing.
ELLEN, pretty, petite, fair.
BRIDEGROOM, awkward, ridiculous, pigeon-toed.
ELLEN'S FATHER, short, stout, excitable.
ELLEN'S MOTHER, tall, thin, angular, and solemn.
LITTLE SISTER, inquisitive, active.
Priest, bridesmaids, groomsmen, relatives, etc.

COSTUMES:

All the men but the Priest wear plaid kilts to the knee, high boots, Tam o' Shanter caps with feather in front, short jackets with plaid sash over shoulder, Highland fashion.

Ellen wears a simple white gown and a veil.

The father carries a sword.

The mother wears a purple silk dress with train, and white lace fichu about throat.

Little Sister wears a short dress, and carries a large doll.

Priest wears regulation attire.

Bridesmaids wear fancy light dresses.

Scott's poem, "Young Lochinvar," should be read aloud before the curtain rises.

SCENE I.—THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

MUSIC: "Scots wha hae," followed by "My heart is sair for somebody."

Bridegroom and Ellen in centre, Priest behind them with hands over their heads in blessing. Father at left of bride; mother right of groom. Little Sister clinging to the mother's hand and peeping over doll's head. Bridesmaids, groomsmen, etc., in background.

SCENE II.—THE ENTRANCE OF LOCHINVAR.

MUSIC: "Hail to the Chief."

Lochinvar prances in on a broomstick, makes a sweeping bow to the mother, kisses Ellen's hand, explains by gesture to the father, who has drawn his sword, that he comes only for the pleasure of the wedding, and places broomstick in corner. The father in anger goes over to the mother and gesticulates his wrath. Bridegroom swings bonnet helplessly. Ellen blushes and looks down. Lochinvar takes a tin dipper—a quart measure—from table, and hands it gallantly to Ellen. She kisses it. He takes a long draught, throws down dipper, waves Bridegroom to one side, and, taking Ellen's hand, with a deep bow motions for a dance. The mother meantime makes frantic efforts to control Little Sister and engage Ellen's attention, but to no purpose. Sets begin to form for the minuet or the Virginia reel. The music of any minuet or Highland fling may be used. Couples form with Lochinvar and Ellen in one set. The

father, the mother, Bridegroom, and Little Sister in the other. Latter set do as many comical things as possible. Former set dance as well as possible. All dance out, leaving Lochinvar and Ellen alone.

SCENE III.—THE LOVE-SCENE.

MUSIC: "Annie Laurie," or "Comin' thro' the Rye."

Lochinvar goes down on his knees, clasps his hands, and begs Ellen to elope with him. She at first refuses, but as he grows more and more ardent, she reluctantly consents. They embrace convulsively. Lochinvar gets broomstick. Ellen runs out and returns, laden with a dress-suit case, a bandbox, an umbrella and a cape and leading a small dog. Lochinvar refuses to take them and points sadly to the broomstick. Ellen pouts, pleads, cries, but he remains obdurate. She puts down all but the dress-suit case. Still he refuses. She kisses the case, hugs it fondly, takes a final look at the room, and mounts behind him.

SCENE IV.—THE DEPARTURE.

MUSIC: "The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

They ride off, waving bonnets and laughing together.

SCENE V.—THE DISCOVERY.

MUSIC: "The Blue Bells of Scotland."

Wedding party come in. Little Sister discovers Ellen's things. Wild excitement ensues. The father summons the clan, sends one of the men for broomsticks, and denounces Ellen in pantomime. Men mount sticks and ride away. Women wave handkerchiefs and kiss hands to them, etc.

SCENE VI.—THE MOURNING.

MUSIC: "The Laird o' Cockpen."

Women sit on floor, moaning and rocking to and fro and trying to comfort the mother. Wail in time to music.

SCENE VII.—THE RETURN OF THE CLAN.

MUSIC: "Robin Adair."

Men ride in sadly, heads bowed on broomsticks. Women rise to meet them, and all form a mournful tableau.

CURTAIN.

TWO GRAY WOLVES.

MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

[From *The Voice*, by permission of the author and the publisher.]

FOR miles and miles the prairie stretches in a long, monotonous roll. There is not a sign of life; the air of complete desolation is appalling, menacing. The wind springs up, warm and enervating,—a wind that, blowing thus for days, has melted snow-drifts, opened streams, and driven to the plains lean, hungry beasts. Deep in a cave-like recess under a jutting ledge of rocks are secluded two emaciated, ravenous mountain wolves. With slow steps and yawning mouths they creep out into the light. The moon with its sudden white glare affrights them and with sullen snarls they start back. But the fierce pangs of hunger are unconquerable and with light, quivering steps they creep through the dried grass, guided by a savage instinct to the plains below.

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"It's a wild venture, Nancy girl, out on the prairie ten miles, a night like this, with the ground as soft as a sponge. Why, the road takes you directly under the bluff."

"Yes, yes, I know, father. The ground *is* bad, but the road is safe enough. The last wolf was killed three winters ago. In any case it doesn't matter, for Jack has come for me and his mother is dying. She needs me and with Jack I'll not be afraid."

Hardwick, Nancy's father, was a genuine ranchman. He

loved the life well. It had brought him health and home. Here, too, Nancy had grown from a grave, pretty child to a gentle, beautiful woman.

Early in the previous summer, Jack Du Bois, Nancy's sweetheart, had come from the East with his invalid mother, whose physicians had ordered ranch-life in the West as the only remedy for her failing health.

And now she was dying. When the doctor had delivered his final verdict Jack's first impulse was to go for Nancy. He would start at once and bring her back before sunset. But Nancy was away when he reached the ranch and did not return until the last ray of orange light had trailed down the horizon.

Now she was begging her father to let her go with her lover, who was blind to all possibility of danger, knowing so well his own strength and courage.

"You always were too much for me, little girl. It's always been 'Yea, yea,' when it should have been 'Nay, nay.' You are all I have, Nancy child. There, there, no tears. I know you would be wretched not to go. God keep you safe, little girl. If aught happen her to-night, Jack Du Bois, remember my life ends with hers; both are in your keeping."

"Father, don't speak so to Jack. He would give his life for mine."

The frown that had deepened in Jack's forehead disappeared at the girl's words.

"Nancy has spoken the truth," he said, quietly.

Jack had come over the mountain road in the morning and had not thought the lower one could be so bad.

It was slow work for anxious hearts. Half the distance was past and the shadow of the bluff over them, before a word was spoken.

Suddenly Nancy's horse shied, nearly throwing her from the saddle, so unexpected was the lurch. Jack pulled the beast up sharply.

"What happened him, Nancy?"

The girl made no response. With her body bent forward

and her neck stretched, she scarcely seemed to breathe in her concentrated effort to hear.

"Hush, Jack, listen!"

Her lover leaned forward, but rather to be near her than to listen, smiling down at her. But as he listened the smile died away.

First there came the soft thick sound of a padded footfall on the moist ground; then the sharp, crackling noise of broken underbrush. A moment's silence was followed by the shrill, savage yell of angry beasts. The wolves had scented their prey.

"Nancy, Nancy, don't sit motionless like that. They are breaking through the brush! They're almost upon us! Use your whip. Strike Modoc square between the eyes."

The horses quickly responded to the unaccustomed touch of the whip and broke into a smart gallop, in spite of burning hoofs and quaking ground.

At the sound of human voices the wolves settled into a steady trot in the horses' trail. They seemingly made no effort to lessen the distance between them, but followed like two mocking shadows. But the space grew less and less, for the horses were beginning to weaken. The whip, coaxing words, even caresses from Nancy's little hand, were of no avail. The oft-repeated cries of the wolves affected the horses like ague.

As Jack watched Nancy's face, the pallor, the drawn lines at the corners of the sweet mouth, he knew there was no need to explain the situation to her; but in the supple young body there was no trace of cowardly fear. What if she wouldn't let him save her? She must, she should.

"Nancy, do not stop; give Modoc loose rein and plenty of whip and then, dear, listen to me. I will manage this way. I'll leave my horse and then I will keep up with Modoc. Nancy, for my sake,—for your father's."

So earnestly was Jack pleading, he had forgotten how the distance was narrowing at every word. Now, as he jumped lightly to the ground, a yell of triumph arose almost at his very feet.

"On, Modoc, on!" he cried, striking the horse wildly on the neck and the flanks. The beast plunged furiously for a moment, then darted across the prairie, but unencumbered, for Nancy had dropped from the saddle to her lover's side.

"Forgive me, Jack, I couldn't go."

"Shut your eyes, sweetheart."

But he covered her face lest she should see that the horse had gone down before them.

Jack stood with his back to the wolves, so that to the last moment Nancy might be spared.

As he stood looking down the road, he suddenly saw coming rapidly toward him a dark shape,—too large for a wolf; if a horse, riderless.

"Nancy, look up, straight ahead! Do you see anything?"

"A horse, Jack. Why, it's Modoc coming back to us!"

Suddenly Nancy grasped Jack's arm tightly and began to whistle soft and low. The horse broke into a gallop; he had known the call since a pony. As he reached her, Nancy threw her arms around his foam-covered neck and Jack just heard her words:

"Quickly—in the saddle pocket at the right—the pistol—I remember it's loaded," and Nancy fell motionless at Modoc's feet.

One of the wolves had crawled half over the prostrate horse, but the bullet from a clean, straight aim took him squarely between the eyes. The revengeful cry of his mate, as she bounded toward Jack, was cut in two by a second bullet, then a third and a fourth. Not until the revolver was empty and both wolves motionless did Jack throw it aside and turn to the living.

It was past midnight when, with Nancy in his arms, he staggered into the door of the little cabin. The doctor grasped his hand and led him to the bedside.

"My son, it's like a miracle. Twice to-day we thought her dying, but now there's hope. God has been very merciful to you this night."

And Nancy crept to her lover's side as she said, "Amen."

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

UNCLE ABE an' Aunt Maria
  Felt real sorrowful Christmas eve, —
Had no coal to make a fire.
  Uncle Abe he up an' grieve,
Sayin': "The good Lord must forgot us!
  What's de use to watch an' pray?
We been good, an' now we're freezin'!"
  Aunt Maria she up an' say:
"Bress de Lord, He ain't forgot us.
  Lift yo' heart, chile; don't you cry!
Put yo' trust in de good Lord Jesus.
  He ain't gwine to pass us by."

By and by 'long came a coal-cart,
  Wheel came off, it went kerflop
Right in front of Uncle Abram's.
  Driver ran for the blacksmith's shop.
Uncle Abram 'lowed he warn't
  "A-goin' to let such blessin's lay."
Hooked enough coal to last all winter.
  Aunt Maria she up an' say:
"Bress de Lord! He ain't forgot us.
  Lift yo' heart, chile, don't you cry!
Put yo' trust in de good Lord Jesus.
  He ain't never passed us by!"

SOME say that kissin's a sin
But I think it's nane at a',
For kissin' has ruled in this warl'
E'er since that there was twa.
O if it wasna' lawful,—lawyers wadna' allow it,
If it wasna' holy—ministers wadna' do it,
If it wasna' modest—maidens wadna' tak' it,
And if it wasna' plenty—puir folks wadna' get it.

THE TEN-HOUR BILL.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[On April 29, 1846, Mr. Feldon moved the second reading of a bill limiting the labor of young persons in factories to ten hours a day. The following is an extract from a speech made by Lord Macaulay with reference to the bill.]

EXACTLY three hundred years ago, great religious changes were taking place in England. Much was said and written in that inquiring and innovating age as to whether Christians were under religious obligations to rest from labor one day in the week, and it is well known that the chief reformers denied the existence of such obligations.

Suppose, then, that Parliament had made a law that there should henceforth be no distinction between Sunday and any other day. Our opponents, if they are consistent with themselves, must hold that such a law would have immensely increased the wealth of the country and the remuneration of the working man. What an effect, if their principles be sound, must have been produced by the addition of one sixth to the time of labor! What an increase of production! What a rise of wages! The Sundays of three hundred years make up fifty years of our working days. We know what the industry of fifty years can do. We know what marvels the industry of the last fifty years has wrought. The arguments of my honorable friend irresistibly lead us to this conclusion, that if, during the last five centuries, Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest, we should have been a far richer, a far more highly civilized, people than we are now, and the laboring class especially would have been far better off than at present.

But would this have been the case? For my own part, I have not the slightest doubt that if we and our ancestors had, during the last three centuries, worked just as hard on Sunday as on week days, we should have been at this moment a poorer and a less civilized people than we are.

Of course, I do not mean to say that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six days. But I very much doubt whether at the end of a year he will have generally produced more by working seven days a week than by working six days a week; and I firmly believe at the end of twenty years he will have produced much less by working seven days a week than by working six days a week. In the same manner, I do not deny that a factory child will not produce more in a single day by working twelve hours than by working ten hours, and by working fifteen hours than by working twelve hours. But I do deny that a great society in which children work fifteen or even twelve hours a day will in the lifetime of a generation produce as much as if those children had worked less. We do not treat a fine horse or a sagacious dog exactly as we would treat a spinning-jenny. Nor will any slave-holder who has the sense to know his own interests treat his human chattels exactly as he treats his horses and dogs. Would you treat the free laborer of England like a mere wheel or pulley?

Why is it that the Hindoo cotton manufacturer, close to whose door the cotton grows, can not, in the bazaar of his own town, maintain a competition with the English cotton manufacturer who has to send thousands of miles for the raw material and who has then to send the wrought material thousands of miles to market? You will say it is owing to the excellence of our machinery. And to what is the excellence of our machinery owing? How many of the improvements which have been made in our machinery do we owe to the ingenuity and patient thought of the working man? How long will you wait before any negro working under the lash in Louisiana will contrive a better machinery for squeezing the sugar-cane?

Is there anything in the earth or in the air that makes Scotland more prosperous than Egypt; that makes Holland more prosperous than Sicily? No; it was the Scotchman who made Scotland; it was the Dutchman that made Holland. Look at North America. Two centuries ago the sites

on which now arise mills and hotels and banks and colleges, and churches and the senate-houses of flourishing commonwealths were deserts abandoned to the panther and the bear. What has made the change? Was it the rich mold or the redundant rivers? No; the prairies were as fertile, the Ohio and the Hudson were as broad and as full, then as now. Was the improvement the effect of some great transfer of capital from the Old World to the New? No; the emigrants carried with them no more than a pittance; but they carried out the English heart and head and arm, and the English heart and head and arm turned the wilderness into cornfield and orchard and the huge trees of the primeval forest into cities and fleets. Man, *man,* is the great instrument that produces wealth. Therefore, it is that we are not poorer but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labors one day in seven. That day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plough is in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of nations as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Wattses and the Arkwrights are worthless, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporal vigor.

KEEPSAKES

EVERY lover has a keepsake
To the memory of his love;
Some a curl or a ribbon,
Some a flower or a glove.

But I am rich in keepsakes.
Three notes I treasure apart:
Two, accepting my presents,
And a third, declining my heart.

THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

[From Mr. Depew's "Orations and Speeches." Cassell Publishing Co., publishers, by permission of the author.]

[It is with great pleasure that I include in this collection the following extract from Mr. Depew's oration at the centennial celebration of the capture of Major André at Tarrytown, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1880. A small child, I listened to the words as they fell from his lips on that memorable day, and I still recall the breathless attention and the cheers of the vast crowd surrounding the orator. In the rapid march of American civilization, legends, traditions—historic facts even—become dim and forgotten, and I feel that the schoolboy of to-day owes a debt of gratitude to the man who has given him in a vivid, living form the "one overmastering romance of the Revolution."]

THE happiness and the progress of mankind have as often been advanced or retarded by small events as by great battles. If the 300 men with Leonidas stemmed the Persian torrent and made Thermopylæ the inspiration of twenty centuries, in Tarrytown, N. Y., three plain farmers of Westchester preserved the liberties of the American people.

September, 1780, was a gloomy and anxious time for Washington and Congress. Charleston had fallen, and Gates had been disastrously defeated. New Jersey was overrun, and twenty thousand men—veterans of European battle-fields—were gathered in New York. The only American force worthy the name of an army—numbering less than 12,000 men, suffering from long arrears of pay, without money to send their starving families, and short of every kind of supplies—was encamped at and about West Point.

This critical moment was selected by Arnold, with devilish sagacity, to strike his deadly blow. The surrender of this post controlling the passes of the Hudson, with its war materials vital to the maintenance of the patriot army and its garrison of 4,000 troops, together with the person of Washington, ended, in his judgment, the war.

For eighteen months a correspondence opened by Arnold had been carried on between him and Major André acting

for Sir Henry Clinton. These letters, molded in the vocabulary of trade and treating of the barter and sale of cattle and goods, were really haggling about the price of the betrayal of the liberties of America and a human soul. The time had come for action, and the British must be satisfied as to the identity of their man and the firmness of his purpose and commit him beyond the possibility of retreat. The first meeting appointed at Dobbs Ferry failed and Arnold came near being captured.

Baffled but not disheartened, nine days after this failure Arnold, lurking in the bushes of the Long Clove below Haverstraw, sent a boat at midnight to the *Vulture* to bring André to the shore. The boatmen, roughly handled on the sloop of war for daring to approach her without a flag of truce, are hurried before André and explain their mission. He concealed his uniform by a cloak and determined to accompany them. The danger, the disgrace, the prize, are before him. If detected, a spy; if successful, at the head of a victorious column upon Fort Putnam, receiving the surrender of West Point, a general's commission, the thanks of Parliament, the knightly honors of his King.

The dawn finds Arnold and André still in the thicket disputing about the terms. All the morning that fearful bargaining goes on, but at last it is settled. He receives the papers giving the plans, fortifications, armament, and troops at West Point and the proceedings of Washington's last council of war, and hides them between his stockings and his feet. He receives the assurance that the defenses shall be so manned as to fall without a blow and assures Arnold in return of a brigadier-generalship in the British army and 7,000 pounds in money, and bids him farewell until he meets him at the close of a sham combat to receive his surrender and sword.

Those two men have determined the destinies of unborn millions. None share their secret; there is no one to betray them. Once safely back with those papers and America's doom is sealed.

Still further disguised and armed with Arnold's pass in

the name of John Anderson, André crossed the river in the afternoon to Verplanck's Point and safely passed through Livingston's camp. Gaily he rides, accompanied by a man from Haverstraw named Smith, through the Cortlandt woods and over the Yorktown hills. He laughs as he passes the ancient guide-post bearing its legend: "Dishe his di Roode toe de Ksling's Farray," and his hair stood on end, he said, when he met Col. Webb of our army, whom he perfectly knew, but who stared at him and went on. His plan is to strike the White Plains road and so reach his own lines. But at Crumpond Captain Boyd stops them. A most uncomfortable, inquisitive, vigilant and troublesome Yankee is this same Captain Boyd. Arnold's pass stuns him, but it requires all the versatility and adroitness of André to allay his suspicions. He so significantly recommends their remaining all night that they dare not decline. A Westchester farmer's bed never had two more uneasy occupants. At early dawn they departed. André's spirits rose. He had left disgrace and a shameful death behind and saw only escape, glory and renown before. Hitherto taciturn and depressed, he now overwhelmed his dazed companion with a flood of brilliant talk. At Pine's Bridge, Smith's courage failed and he bade his companion good-bye. This was another of the trivial incidents that led André to his fate. Smith, with his acquaintance and ready wit, would have piloted him safely and satisfied the scruples of the yeomen who captured him. André, alone and free from care, decided to strike for the river; it was a shorter road, but it was only another link in the chain winding about him.

He gallops along that most picturesque highway, recognizes the old Sleepy Hollow Church, and a half mile to the front sees the bridge over the brook which was to be for him a fatal Rubicon. On the south side of that stream, in the bushes playing cards, were three young farmers of that neighborhood—John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart. At the approach of the horseman Paulding steps into the road, presents his musket and calls a halt. André speaks first.

"My lads, I hope you belong to our party."
"Which party?" they said.
"The lower party," he answered.
"We do."
"Then, thank God, I am once more among friends. I am a British officer out on particular business, and must not be detained a minute."
Then they said: "We are Americans and you are our prisoner and must dismount."
"My God," he said, laughing, "a man must do anything to get along," and presented Arnold's pass.
Had he presented it first, Paulding said afterward he would have let him go.
They carefully scanned it, but persisted in detaining him. He threatened them with Arnold's vengeance for this disrespect to his order; but, in language more forcible than polite, they told him they cared not for that, and led him to the great white-wood tree, under which he was searched. As the fatal papers fell from his feet, Paulding said: "Here it is," and as he read them he shouted in high excitement to his companions: "He is a spy!"
Now came the crucial moment. André had the day before bargained with and bought an American major general of the highest military reputation. Surely escape was easy from these three young men, only one of whom could read, and who were buttressed by neither name nor fortune.
"If you will release me," said André, "I will give you a hundred guineas and any amount of dry goods. I will give you a thousand guineas," he cried, "and you can hold me as hostage till one of your number returns with the money."
Then Paulding swore: "We would not let you go for ten thousand guineas!"
That decision saved the liberties of America. Arnold and André, Paulding, Williams and Van Wart, are characters in a drama that crystallizes an eternal principle: That our Republican institutions rest upon the integrity and the patriotism of the common people. The light that made clear to these men the priceless value of country and liberty was but

the glimmering dawn compared with the noonday glory of the full-orbed radiance in which we stand. Their monument is the Republic—its inscription, upon the hearts of its teeming and happy millions.

THE MISSING SHIPS

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

O THOU ever restless sea,
"God's half-uttered mystery,"
Where are all the ships that sailed so gallantly away?
Tell us, will they never more
Fold their wings and come to shore?
Eyes still watch and fond hearts wait; precious freight had they.

Precious freight! ay, wealth untold,
More than merchandise or gold,
Did the stately vessels bear o'er the heaving main.
Human souls are dearer far
Than all earthly treasures are,
And for them we weep and pray. Must it be in vain?

In the silence of the night,
Did they, with a wild affright,
Wake to hear the cry of "fire" echo to the stars?
While the cruel, snakelike flame,
Creeping, coiling, hissing, came
O'er the deck and up the mast and out along the spars!

As the doomed ship swayed and tossed
Like a mighty holocaust,
Did they with despairing cries leap into the waves?
Or with folded hands and eyes
Lifted to the peaceful skies
Calmly go with prayerful hearts to their nameless graves?

Did the black wings of the blast
Poise and hover o'er the mast
Till at last in wrath they swept o'er the crowded deck?
Leaving not a soul to tell
How the long and awful swell
Of the ocean's troubled breast bore a dismal wreck;

How, amid the thunder's crash
And the lightning's lurid flash
(Autograph the storm-king writes on his scroll of clouds),
High above the deafening strife
Piteous cries were heard for life,
Fear-struck human beings seen clinging to the shrouds?

Or with shattered hulk and sail,
Riding out the stormy gale,
Did the brave ship slowly sink deeper, day and night,
Drifting, drifting wearily
O'er the wide and trackless sea,
Loved ones striving, dying there, with no sail in sight?

Or when winds and waves were hushed,
While each cheek with joy was flushed,
As they glided gently on, hope in every breast,
With a sudden leap and shock
Did they strike some hidden rock
And go down, forever down to their dreamless rest?

Did the strange and spectral fleet
Of the icebergs round them meet,
Pressing closer till they sank crashing to the deep?
Do these crystal mountains loom,
Monuments of that vast tomb,
In the ocean's quiet depths where so many sleep?

O thou ever surging sea,
Vainly do we question thee.
Thy blue waves no answer bring as they kiss the strand;
But we know each coral grave,
Far beneath the rolling wave,
Shall at last give up its dead, touched by God's right hand.

TRYING THE "ROSE ACT."

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

[From the *Ladies' Home Journal*, by permission of the author and the Curtis Publishing Co.]

IT wuz a calm, fair morn. The sun streamed meller and golden into the buttery winder where I had been engaged in the hard and toilsome occupation of churnin'.

Josiah would have helped me churn, he said he would have been glad to have done it all himself, but, unfortunately, the old harness wuz broke and he had to be out in the barn a'most all the mornin' a-mendin' it. It is a dreadful curious coincidence, but it almost always happened so, that old harness always breaks down on churnin' day, and, of course, he couldn't drive with a martingill broke into or a tug that wuzn't all right.

Josiah had promised to carry the butter to Jonesville. Wall, I had got it all churned, and I s'pose Josiah had heard out to the barn that the dasher had ceased its heavy motion, and I s'pose he had got through with the harness at the same time, for he come in jest as I wuz a-workin' it over, and sot down in the kitchen jest as high-spirited and darin' as he wuz when he went out, and more, too.

Wall, while I wuz a-workin' in the salt, Josiah took a old paper that I had brung down from the attick that mornin', to put onto my buttery shelves, and ever and anon he would read out a paragraph to me. All to once he cried out:

"Here, Samantha, is sunthin' that is worth readin'. Here is eloquence and hard horse sense. I feel that I love the man that wrote that,—I love him dearly."

"What is it?" sez I.

Sez he: "It is what a lot of big men say about wimmen, but this one beats all." Sez he: "Jest listen to it. 'If I were a woman I would not do anything important. I would emulate the rose and its wisdom. I would charm and be silent. If I were a woman I would be just a woman and nothing more, for therein lies woman's greatest charm.

Man was made to work for woman, woman to charm him in his hours of ease.'" Sez Josiah: "Do you hear that, Samantha? Do you hear that?"

"Yes," sez I, "I read them effusions when they first come out; it wuz when you wuz down to Uncle Ellick's."

Sez Josiah: "That is why I missed seein' it. But why didn't you tell me about it, Samantha? I feel that I have lost two years of happiness in not knowin' such a piece wuz wrote. Oh, how I love them three men—I love them like brothers."

I wuz still demute, a-leanin' on the heavy bowl, a-restin' my worn-out frame and a-contemplatin' the fact that I had to pack the butter in the tub, after it wuz lugged up out of the suller.

Ag'in he sez: "What do you think of that noble piece, Samantha?"

Sez I: "There is some truth in most arguments, Josiah Allen; but these men go too fur in their idees, they hain't mejum enough."

"Yes, they be," sez he, "they are jest exactly right, and they know it, and I know it, and every livin' man knows it. Oh, them men put men and wimmen in their own spears and keep 'em there so beautifully! If you would foller up them idees, Samantha Allen, I would be the happiest man in Jonesville or the world."

"Well," sez I, "I would be willin' to charm you, Josiah Allen, but I don't see how I could allure and do housework at the same time."

And then we had some words.

And I sez: "This butter has got to be put down, and I would like to have you bring up the tub from the suller and help pack it. It is hard work fur a woman's arms when they are a'most broke off a'ready."

"Wall," sez he, short and terse, "ef I go to Jonesville that democrat has got to be greased."

And he ketched up his basin of wagon-grease from the suller-way, and started off, a'most on the run. And, if you'll believe it, that man slammed the door behind him. Whether

it wuz that slam or whether it wuz his refusal to bring up that tub, or whether it wuz I wuz so tired out, or whether it wuz that piece he had read wuz a-gratin' on my nerve unbeknown to me,—whether it wuz any of these things or all on 'em put together, I don't know; but tenny rate, before the echo of that slam had died away, I jest dropped that butter ladle down, an' sez I to myself, in the inside of my own mind, but firm and positive:

"I'll take you at your word, Josiah Allen. I will do the 'rose act,' and you may work for me while I allure and charm. I will emulate the rose and be silent."

So I dropped everything right where it wuz, and retired into the parlor and turned all my attention to the job that wuz in front of me.

I turned over in my mind all the pictures I had seen of females tryin' to allure and charm, and I recollected, as nigh as I could remember, that they had ginerally been in a settin' poster, so consequently I sot. I believe, too, it wuz proper for me to sort o' clasp my hands in a easy, graceful attitude and smile some, so consequently I smiled considerable.

Wall, jest as I got my hands clasped in a very graceful and allurin' attitude, and my lips wreathed in a winsome smile, my pardner entered with his basin of wagon-grease in his hands.

I set where I could see him plain. He glanced into the buttery, and sez he:

"Gracious heavens! Hain't that butter finished? Nor the tea-kettle on at half-past eleven? What is the matter?" sez he, a-standin' in the doorway and glarin' at me. "What is the matter, Samantha?"

I smiled at him as sweet as I knew how, but kep' silent.

Ag'in he yelled: "Why in the name o' the gracious Peter hain't dinner under way?"

Ag'in I smiled, and ag'in I kept silent.

And finally he sez, lookin' clost at me: "What are you a-tryin' to do, anyway?"

"Josiah Allen, I'm a-tryin' to allure and charm."

Sez he: "You are a-bein' a big goose, that's what you're a-bein'."

But I still smiled and murmured, gently and tenderly: "Sweet pet."

He yelled in nearly frenzied axents: "I shall lose the chance to sell that butter! And I am *starved!* Twenty-four hours since I've eat a MOUTHFUL!"

His axents wuz dreadful,—stormy and angry and voyalant in the extreme. But like a still small voice after a tempest, I murmured to him in gentle and winnin' axents:

"Men are made to work for wimmen," and I added, in still tenderer and sweeter tones, "You'll find the butter smasher in the buttery winder and the chicken to brile in the storeroom."

And then I gin him about three full smiles an' sez:

"The mop is a-hangin' up behind the back room door and the stove-brush and blackin' are in the suller-way, and the lamp-chimney cleaner is a-hangin' up over the kitchen sink."

So arjous had been my work, a-doin' that immense churnin', that my usual mornin's work was neglected and ondone.

"What are you a-goin' to do?" he yelled.

"I am a-goin' to charm you, Josiah. 'Wimmen are made to charm men.' They should do nothin' important. Eatin' is important; therefore, I will not cook. A clean house is important; therefore, I will not clean. I will emulate the rose in its wisdom. I will charm and be silent."

"Are you a dumb lunatick?" sez he. "Or what does ail you?" and he put on his glasses and looked closer at me. And anon as he looked I seen a change come over my pardner's face! His angry mean subsided, and a look of intense and questionin' alarm swept over his eyebrow. And I see him glance at the camphire bottle. And anon he turned silently and reached up the stairway for the soapstun, with his eye on me all the time.

And he sez: "Don't you want to be rubbed, Samantha? Where is your worst pain? Won't camphire relieve you? Shall I go after Miss Gowdy or the doctor?"

Sez I: "Josiah Allen, I don't want soapstuns or camphire. I want reason and common sense in my companion; that is

what I want to relieve me. I have tried jest as faithful as ever a woman did to foller after the rules you read this mornin'. You said you loved the men that wrote 'em, and if I would only foller them rules you would be the happiest man in Jonesville or the world. I have follered 'em faithful for about twenty minutes, and it has reduced you to the condition of a lunatick. If twenty minutes of it has brought you to this state, what would hours and days of it do, and years?"

He stomped on the floor, he kicked; but I kept firm and smiled onto him, and ag'in I called him "sweet, darlin' pet."

Suffice it to say that at twelve o'clock (and he said he hadn't had a mouthful to eat in forty-eight hours) he capitulated with no terms.

He said: "Dear Samantha, I have had enough of the 'rose act.' I have had enough of allurin' and charmin'. Now I want some meat vittles, and I want 'em quick."

So I got right up and got as good a dinner as hands ever got, but quick. And while I was a-gittin' the dinner I got time to finish that last layer o' butter, and imegiatly after dinner I put a snow-white cloth over it, sprinkled it with salt on top, and Josiah sot off in good season, after all, for Jonesville. And at his request, I put on my brown alpacky dress. And as we went along we visited very agreeable.

He said: "That sweet flowery talk read well and made men feel kinder generous and comfortable to write it, and made men feel dretful sort o' patronizin' toward wimmen to read it; but it wouldn't work worth a cent."

"No," sez I. "And I felt like a fool, a-settin' there a-tryin' to allure and charm, a-smilin' stiddy when I knew everythin' wuz at loose ends in the kitchen. I wuz as happy ag'in when I wuz out a-gittin' your dinner."

"And," sez he, "as I said, such talk reads well and it is a comfort to the men to write it and the men to read it. But," sez he, "come to crumple right down to real life, it won't work, and if it did, men would git sick of it,—sick as a dog."

And then we rode on blandly together.

THE JEST OF FATE.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

ONCE Fate, with an ironic zest,
Made man, and made him quite in jest.
" From out the void I man evoke,"
Said Fate, " my best and latest joke.
I'll stand him on two slender props,
Two pins on which the creature hops.
I'll watch the unbalanced, gawky sprawl,—
Prong after prong behold him crawl;
And when a strong wind from the East
Blows on this perpendicular beast,
I'll laugh to see him topple o'er,
And all the gazing gods shall roar.

" This mite shall feed the lion's maw
And dangle from the tiger's paw,
Shall be the sportive panther's prey,
And flee from dragons night and day.
This featherless bird of awkward mold
Shall chatter through the winter's cold;
No hair or wool to him I give,
No turtle-shell in which to live,
Nor can he like the bear," said Fate,
" Dig holes in which to hibernate.
Out in the universe I fling
This naked, helpless, shivering thing.
This is of all my jokes the best,
This is my masterpiece of jest!"

But Fate, in mixing man his brains,
Forgot to take the usual pains,
Dropped in—and made a fearful muss—
An extra scoop of phosphorus.

Then man said slyly: " Just you wait
And *I* will get a joke on Fate."

He did *not* feed the lion's maw
Nor dangle on the tiger's claw,
But cut those creatures into steak,
And from their hides warm clothes did make.
The whirlwind from the East might blow,
But still it could not overthrow
This featherless biped, for, 'tis plain,
This extra phosphorus in his brain
Was just enough upon each limb
To hold him up and balance him.
And so, through all the years that come,
He keeps his equilibrium.

And thus this pronged and toppling thing
Stood straight and made himself a king.
This straddling biped did not fail
To tame the elephant and whale,
To hold the lightning in his hand
And rule the elements at command,
And, sheltered safe from wounds and scars,
His thoughts went out beyond the stars
And traveled o'er Time's shoreless sea
And wandered through eternity.
And baffled Fate said: " Well, I see
This fellow's got the joke on *me*."

But let not pride soar forth too high
And gloat on our immensity,
But think sometimes of what a flout
And failure we had been, without
That slip of Fate in making us, —
That extra scoop of phosphorus!

BOB.

HENRY W. GRADY.

"YOU are the no-countest, laziest, meanest dog that ever wore breeches! Never let me see you again!"

Thus spoke Mrs. Tag to Mr. Tag, her husband; she standing in the door, her arms akimbo, and, cat-like, spitting the words at him.

Mr. Tag made no reply. He stood dazed and bewildered, as one in a sudden shower; then turning, he pulled his old hat down over his ears, as if she was throwing rocks at him instead of words, and shambled off in silence to meet me on the top of the hill.

"Ann was sorter rough to me, warn't she?" he said, with a chuckle of deprecation.

I assented quietly to the lack of smoothness in Ann's remarks.

"You ain't knowed me long," he said, with a sudden flicker of earnestness, "an' you've knowed the worst part of me. You've knowed the trouble and the fag-end. You warn't in at the good part of my life!"

I should think not, poor fellow. Ever since I had known him he had been the same shabby good-for-nothing that he is now.

"I was a better man once; not a better man, either, as I know of, but I had luck. When me an' Ann was married, there warn't a happier couple nowhere. I remember just as well when I courted her. She didn't think about me then as she does now. We had a buggy to ourselves, an' we turned down a shady road. It seemed like that road was the road to heaven, an' we was so happy that we warn't in no hurry to get to the end of it. Ann was handsome then. Oh, yes, she was!"—as I winced at this—"an' at first as good a wife to me as ever a man had.

"It may 'a' been me that started the trouble. I was un-

fortnit in everything I touched. My fingers slipped off of everything, an' everything slipped off of them. I could get no grip on nothin'. I worked hard, but sumpin worked harder ag'in' me. Ann was ambitious an' uppish, an' I used to think when I come home at night, most tired to death, she was gittin' to despise me. She'd snap me up an' abuse me till actually I was afraid. I never misused her or give her a back word. I thought may be she warn't to blame, an' that what she said about me was true. Things kept a-gittin' worse, an' we sold off pretty much what we had. Five years ago a big surprise came to us. It was a baby—a boy—him!" nodding toward the hut.

"It was a surprise to both of us. We'd been married fourteen years. It made Ann harder on me than ever. She never let me rest; it was all the time hard words an' hard looks. I never raised even a look against her, of course. I thought she was right about me. Him an' me knowed each other from the start. We had a langwidge of our own. There warn't no words in it—just looks an' grunts. At last Ann commenced takin' in washin', an' one day she said I shouldn't hang around no more a-eatin' him an' her out of house an' home. That was more'n a year ago, an' I ain't seen him since to talk to him. Every time I go about she hustles me about as she did to-day. I never make no fuss. She's right about me, I reckon. I am powerful no 'count. But he has stirred things in me I ain't felt movin' for many a year!"

"What's his name, Bob?"

"Got none. She never would let me talk to her about it, an' I ain't got no right to name him. I ast her once how it would do to call him 'Little Bob,' an' she said I had better git him sumpin to eat; he couldn't eat a name, nor dress in it, neither, which was true. But he's got my old face on him an' my looks. I know that an' he knows it, too."

I met Bob a few days after that in a state of effusive delight.

"Had a picnic to-day."

"A picnic! Who?"

"Me an' him! You don't know Phenice—the neighbor's gal as nusses him sometimes? Well, I seed her out with him to-day, an' I tolled her off kinder, till she got beyant the hill, an' then I got an' purposed as how she should give me a little time with him. She sciddled off to town to git her quarter spent, an' I took him an' made for the woods, to meet her thar ag'in, by sun!

"He's a deep one, I tell you!" he said, drawing a breath of admiration; "as deep a one as ever I see. He'd never been in the woods before, but he knowed it all! You orter see him when a jay-bird come an' sot on a high limb, an' flung him some sass, an' tried to sorter make free with him. The look that boy give him couldn't 'a' been beat by nobody. The jay tried to hold up to it an' chaffered a little, but he finally had to skip, the wust beat bird you ever saw!"

And so the old fellow went on, telling me about that wonderful picnic.

It was late that night when I went home—after one o'clock—a fearful night, too. The rain was pouring in torrents and the wind howled like mad. Taking a near cut home, I passed by the hut where Bob's wife lived. Through the drifting rain I saw a dark figure against the side of the house. Stepping closer, I saw that it was Bob, mounted on a barrel, flattened out against the planks, his old felt hat down about his ears, and the rain pouring from it in streams, his face glued to the window, gazing in stealthily at the bed where the little one slept and warming his old heart up with the memory of that wondrous picnic.

One morning, many months after the picnic, Bob came to me sideways. His right arm hung limp and inert by his side, and his right leg dragged helplessly after the left. The yielding muscles of the neck had stiffened and drawn his head awry. He stumbled clumsily to where I was standing, and received my look of surprise shamefacedly.

"I've had a stroke," he said. "Paralysis! It's most used me up. I reckon I'll never be able to do anything for him! It came on me sudden," he said, as if to say that if it had given him any sort of notice, he could have dodged it.

After that Bob went on from worse to worse. His face, all save that fixed in the rigid clasp of the paralysis, became tremulous, pitiful, and uncertain. He had lost all of the chirrupy good-humor of the other days, and became shy and silent. There was a wistfulness and yearning in his face that would have made your heart ache; a hungry passion had struggled from the depth of his soul, and peered out of his blue eyes, and tugged at the corners of his mouth. There was, too, a pitiful, scary look about him. He had the air of one who is pursued. I learned that his wife had become even harder upon him since his trouble, and that he was even more than ever afraid of her.

"Bob," I said to him, one morning, "you rascal, you are starving!"

He couldn't deny it. He tried to put it off, but he couldn't. His face told on him.

"Have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Nor yesterday?"

"No, sir."

I gave him a half-dollar. A wolfish glare of hunger shot into his eyes as he saw the money. He clutched it with a spasm of haste and started off. I watched his sidelong walk down the street, and then went to work, satisfied that he would go off and pack himself full. It was hardly an hour before he came back, his face brighter than I had seen it in months. He carried a bundle in his live hand. He laid it on my desk, and then fell back on his dead leg, while I opened it. I found in the bundle a red tin horse attached to a blue tin wagon, on which was seated a green tin driver. I looked up in blank astonishment.

"For him!" he said, simply, and then he broke down.

"Could you send it to him?" he said, at last. "If she knew I sent it, she mightn't let him have it. He's never had nothin' of this kind, an' I thought it might pearten him up."

"Bob, is this the money I gave you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you were starving when you left here?"

"Oh, I got some bread!"

I suppose every man, woman and child remembers that terrible night three years ago when we had lightning while the snow was on the ground. The flashes plowed great yellow seams through the gray of the day, and at night a freezing storm of sleet and rain came. Bob's wife slept uneasily that night. She rolled in her sleep a long time, and at last got up and went to the window and looked out. She shuddered at the sound of the whizzing sleet and the pitiless hum of the rain on the roof. Then she stumbled sleepily back to her couch and dreamed of a long shady lane, and a golden green afternoon in May and a bright-faced young fellow that looked into her heart and held her face in his soft fingers. How this dream became tangled in her thoughts, that night of all nights, she never could tell. But there it was, gleaming like a thread of gold through the dismal warp and woof of her life.

It was full day when she awoke. As she turned lazily upon her side, she started up in affright. There was a man, dripping wet, silent, kneeling by her bedside. An old felt hat lay upon the floor. The man's head was bowed deep down over the bed and his hands were bundled tenderly about one of the baby's fists that had been thrown above its head.

The worn, weatherbeaten figure was familiar to her, but there was something that stopped her, as she started forward angrily. She stood posed like a statue for a moment, then bent down, curiously and tenderly, and with trembling fingers pulled the cover back from the bed, and looked up into the man's face steadily. Then she put her fingers on his hand, furtively and shrinkingly. Then a strange look crept into her face—the dream of the night came to her like a flash—and she sank back upon the floor, and dropped her head between her knees.

Ah, yes, Bob had "come home to stay."

AN INFORMAL PRAYER.

"THE proper way for a man to pray,"
Said Deacon Lemuel Keys,
"And the only proper attitude,
Is down upon his knees."
"No; I should say the way to pray,"
Said Rev. Dr. Wise,
"Is standing straight, with outstretched arms
And rapt and upturned eyes."

"Oh, no, no, no!" said Elder Slow;
"Such posture is too proud.
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."
"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointed toward the ground,"
Said Rev. Dr. Hunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkin's well,
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-p'intin' down;
An' I made a prayer right then an' there—
Best prayer I ever said—
The prayin'est prayer I ever prayed,
A-standin' on my head."

IN a railroad train in Scotland was an old lady with a large hand-satchel. She sat quietly looking out of the window until the brakeman opened the door and called out: "Any passengers for Doon?" Then she looked up quickly, but said nothing. Shortly afterward the train stopped and the brakeman again opened the door and said: "Doon! All this way for Doon." About two hours later the old lady leaned over and said confidentially to the person next her: "Ah'm for Doon, but ah'd no tell that man ma beezness."

THE HALLIDAY HUNT BREAKFAST.

ALFRED STODDART.

[From the *Criterion*, by permission of the publishers.]

MR. PERCIVAL SATTERLEE was anxiously considering a communication. It was an invitation—one which hundreds of young men in New York City would have given half they possessed to receive. Satterlee himself would not have parted with it. Yet the receipt of it had embarrassed him not a little. It read as follows:

"Halliday Hall, Long Island.

"*Dear Mr. Satterlee:*

"We are down here for a few weeks of the fox-hunting season, and Mr. Halliday and I would be pleased to have you make one of our house-party for ten days from next Wednesday. Mr. Halliday desires me to add that the Meadowmere hounds will meet at our house on Thursday, and that he has arranged to mount all his guests.

"Hoping that you may be able to come, I am

"Very sincerely yours,

"LAVINIA HALLIDAY."

It was a poser. On the one hand was the undoubted opportunity to meet again and make ardent love to the rich and beautiful Miss Halliday; on the other—Satterlee had dreadful doubts and misgivings as to his horsemanship, and the invitation seemed to threaten fox-hunting and hard riding between every line. Miss Halliday herself Satterlee knew to be an ardent sportswoman, who rode to hounds and was said to break her own horses; while her father, who was celebrated in his youth as a gentleman jockey, was considered one of the hardest riders of the Long Island hunting set. As Mr. Satterlee's experience in this direction had been limited to one ride in a riding-school, upon which occasion

he had come dangerously near falling off, it was no wonder that the thought of the Halliday's house-party made his face pale and caused his hand to tremble. For, to tell the truth, Mr. Satterlee was desperately smitten with lovely Diana Halliday. She was indeed a charming bit of femininity—apart from the prospective thirty thousand a year—with the sweetest disposition in the world. Satterlee groaned.

"I was just beginning to make some headway," he muttered, "and now they must get up this precious scheme to compel me to make an ass of myself. One thing is very sure," he snapped, "if Diana ever marries me I'll soon put an end to this fox-hunting nonsense."

At first he thought of going down to Halliday Hall and frankly acknowledging that he couldn't ride. Then he remembered how frequently he had boasted of his horsemanship to Miss Halliday at dinners and at dances. Clearly that would not do. Finally, he had almost decided to decline the invitation altogether, when Dick Middleton entered the room.

"Why, hello, Percy," cried Dick; "you seem to have something on your mind. What's your trouble?"

"I've just had a line from Mrs. Halliday," said Satterlee, striving to conceal his triumph, for Middleton was one of his hated rivals for the favor of the fair Diana. "She wants me to join her house-party at Halliday Hall next week."

"Better go, old man," returned Middleton, promptly. "Good house—good people—good sport—I'll be there," he added, by way of a final inducement.

Satterlee gasped. It was a bitter blow, but it settled the question. Moved by a sudden inspiration, he hastily penned the following to Mrs. Halliday:

"———————— Club.

"My Dear Mrs. Halliday:

"It gives me great pleasure to accept your very kind invitation for next Wednesday. I regret to say, however, that my part in the sport to follow will not be a conspicuous one, as I had the misfortune to sprain my bridle wrist badly while

hunting in Pennsylvania recently. Perhaps the accident may prove a blessing, as I trust it will enable me to enjoy more of your society during my stay.

"Very truly yours,

"PERCIVAL SATTERLEE."

"That last is a fine stroke," said Satterlee to himself.

Halliday Hall presented a spirited scene on the following Thursday. Extensive preparations had been made and were now being perfected for the hunt breakfast.

Satterlee, his left arm supported in a sling, was almost the last member of the house-party to appear in the breakfast room. Most of the women wore habits. The weather was propitious and all the company were in high spirits with the prospect of a good run. Satterlee alone of all the men was not dressed for hunting, having donned a becoming golf-suit. Middleton, who had brought his own horses down with him, was eagerly talking horses and hounds with Fred Galloway.

Satterlee was in a somewhat dismal humor, which he cleverly turned to good account by telling everyone it was because he couldn't ride. As a matter of fact, he shuddered to think of the opportunities Middleton might have out hunting to say sweet nothings to Diana. Great was his surprise and delight, therefore, when that fair sportswoman came down, attired, not in a riding-habit, but in a long driving coat, and informed him very graciously that she was not going to ride, as her favcrite hunter was lame, and that she would be glad to drive Mr. Satterlee to the meet if he wished.

"Just to see them 'throw off,' you know," she said, with a smile and a flash of her beautiful eyes.

Satterlee was beside himself with delight. Indeed, so elated was he that he could scarcely eat any breakfast, and to save himself he could not but dart one or two triumphant glances at Middleton.

Presently there was a great bustle in the breakfast room, and eager sportsmen and sportswomen started out to look

up their horses, which were being walked to and fro on the lawn. The hounds in charge of the huntsmen were already on the way to the covert, where a fox was reported to be in hiding. Soon the whole field was astir, and Miss Halliday sent for her horse.

Satterlee's heart sank within him, as he saw, instead of a lazy pony, a restless young thoroughbred between the shafts of a light game-cart, being led around to the door by a groom. Higgins, the coachman, had also accompanied the trap to the door, and Satterlee noted with a tremor the evident anxiety in Higgins's face. There was none in Miss Halliday's, however, as she stepped lightly into the cart and gathered up her reins, motioning Satterlee to follow. Just as he did so the horse, a handsome bay, reared violently, in spite of the efforts of both of the men to keep him down. Miss Halliday treated him to a cut from her whip, which only had the effect of making him rear again; then, as he lowered his head, she called to the men to stand clear, and away they bowled down the drive at a pace that made Satterlee cling to the side of the cart and hold his breath in trepidation.

"You see," explained Miss Halliday, coolly, "he has only been in harness once before. Steady, my boy; steady, Rocket."

Satterlee gasped. So his name was Rocket. A very appropriate one, too, he thought. He wondered how long it would be before he went off.

They soon caught up with the hounds and the horsemen, and Miss Halliday managed to curb Rocket's ardent enthusiasm sufficiently to keep him in the rear.

"Look at the darling," she exclaimed, rapturously, "how he watches the hounds. I shouldn't be surprised if he wanted to follow them."

Such, indeed, proved to be the case. No sooner had the hounds been thrown into covert than Rocket began to display unmistakable signs of restlessness, standing on his hind legs at one moment, lashing out vigorously with them the next, and at other times dancing gaily with all four feet at once.

Satterlee, trembling in every limb, wished himself back at Halliday Hall—at his club—anywhere but where he was. Presently a shout was heard. The fox had broken cover, and the apparently listless band of horsemen settled themselves in the saddle and started off.

Meanwhile, Rocket, with two men hanging on to his bridle, was making violent efforts to throw himself over backward, while Satterlee was vainly imploring Miss Halliday to get out and save her life. She paid not the slightest attention to him. She took a firmer hold of the reins and called "Let go" to the two onlookers who had rushed to her assistance. With his head free, and encouraged by a light touch of the whip, Rocket sped along at a full gallop across the field, not far behind the horsemen.

Miss Halliday's eyes were glowing.

"Hurrah!" she cried; "we will have a run after all."

Fortunately, the field was a large one, but Satterlee's anxious eyes could see no way out of it. Hounds were running at least three fields away, but the main body of horsemen were just clearing a low stone wall at the farther side of the field.

"Good," cried Miss Halliday; "there's a gate," as stout old Henderson, who never was known to jump, managed to pull it open with his hunting crop. Seeing Miss Halliday and her galloping horse, he had just time to pull it wide open as Rocket galloped madly through, bumping the right wheel box severely on the gate-post. Satterlee sat muddled up in a heap, holding on frantically to the cart.

They were now in the midst of the horsemen, and going hard. Suddenly a narrow brook loomed up before them, and several riders came to grief.

"I wonder if the cart will get over?" mused Miss Halliday.

Satterlee did not feel that his opinion would matter.

Miss Halliday applied her whip, which had the effect of increasing Rocket's speed considerably. He jumped, swish—there was a splash—then a jar which Satterlee thought would smash the cart to atoms—and they had cleared it.

"Good boy, Rocket," cried Miss Halliday, encouragingly. "Steady, my boy."

Satterlee had long since abandoned hope and resigned himself to silence and his fate. He gripped the side of the cart determinedly, a hard, set look on his pale face. The pace was getting faster and faster, and many of the horsemen were dropping behind. Now a light post and rail fence loomed up, leading out into the road. One by one the horsemen, led by the huntsman, popped lightly over it.

"It looks pretty rotten," said Miss Halliday, cheerfully, and Satterlee closed his eyes.

Smash, bang! Splinters flew in every direction and somehow or other they had gotten through it—Heaven knows how—and were galloping along a soft country road.

By great good luck the hounds, who were now closing rapidly upon their fox, had taken the same line and Satterlee breathed a shade easier.

"Hurrah!" cried Miss Halliday, looking around, "we are leading the field."

True enough the hounds had made a turn, which gave them an advantage over the horsemen. Now they were almost with the hounds, who were running in the field near the road, and Miss Halliday was standing up in the cart and cheering them. Rocket—big, slashing fellow that he was—began to show signs of fatigue, but still kept up a fast pace.

"They're turning," cried Miss Halliday, as she pulled Rocket around sharply and entered a field through a gap in the fence. "There he goes—there's the fox. Don't you see him?" she cried, excitedly.

Away they went, bumping over tufts of grass, stones, and stumps of trees. Now a hedge with a small ditch presented itself and was negotiated in some miraculous way.

They were now in the same field with the hounds and reynard was only a few yards ahead of them. The horsemen, who had lost ground by the turning of the scent, were gaining on them rapidly.

"They will kill him in a minute. Go on, Rocket, go on,"

cried Miss Halliday, and suddenly they came upon another post and rail fence. "We'll try it," she said, composedly.

Satterlee closed his eyes. There was a shock, a tremendous jar, and he felt himself flying through space. Then came unconsciousness.

When he came to, he found himself lying in the bottom of a light wagon, being driven back to Halliday Hall.

"Where—where is Miss Halliday?" he asked, in a confused way. "Was she very much hurt?"

"Not a bit of it, old man," promptly returned Tom Withers, a fellow-guest at Halliday Hall. "Far from it. She was given the brush, and is being driven home by Dick Middleton, not a bit the worse for her adventure."

At Halliday Hall that night an important announcement was made—the engagement of Miss Diana Halliday to Dick Middleton, and Percival Satterlee was the first to congratulate the lucky man.

A BRIEF BURLESQUE.

[From *Munsey's Magazine*, by permission of Frank A. Munsey.]

SHE. You love me?
HE. Aye, I do indeed!
HE. How can I prove it?
SHE. Is there need?
HE. Nay, not for some, but you are cold.
Ah, would our life were that of old,
That I might prove, by feat of arms,
My wish to shield you from all harms!
As knight of thine I could not fail.
SHE. There's safety in a coat of mail.
HE. True, so there is; but take the case
Of Orpheus—give to me his place;
For Orpheus left this world above.
At Pluto's throne he showed his love—
SHE. But that's mythology, you know—
HE. To Pluto would I go to show—

SHE. Ah, thanks; but is it just to trace
Comparisons between his Grace
Of the Inferno and *mon père?*
You'd hardly find the latter there;
But in that room with door ajar
You'll see him deep in his cigar,
Which after-dinner smoke, I find,
Brings him a happy frame of mind.
Go to him, therefore, and confess,
Then I am yours if he says "*yes.*"
[*She watches him as he hurries away.*]
Poor boy! Without a single cent
Upon an empty errand bent!

A RACE FOR LIFE.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Arranged from "The Last of the Mohicans.

[The scene of this story is laid in the camp of the Huron Indians in 1757. The principal character is Uncas, a young Delaware chief, who has been trapped and captured by his enemies. Duncan, an Englishman, the friend of Uncas, has come to the Huron camp disguised as a medicine-man, and is in the tent of the chief warrior.]

AT that moment a low but fearful sound arose from the forest, and was immediately succeeded by a high, shrill yell. The sudden and terrible interruption caused Duncan to start from his seat, unconscious of everything but the effect produced by so horrible a cry. The warriors glided in a body from the lodge, and the outer air was filled with shouts. Men, women and children, the aged, the infirm, the active and the strong, were alike abroad; some exclaiming aloud, others clapping their hands with a joy that seemed frantic, and all expressing their savage pleasure in some unexpected event.

When at the distance of a few hundred feet from the lodges, they halted. One of their number now called aloud.

It would be difficult to convey a suitable idea of the savage ecstasy with which the news, thus imparted, was received.

The whole encampment in a moment became the scene of the most violent bustle and commotion. The warriors drew their knives and, flourishing them, arranged themselves in two lines, forming a lane that extended from the war-party to the lodges. The squaws seized clubs, axes, or whatever weapon of offense first offered itself to their hands, and rushed eagerly to act their part in the cruel game. Even the children would not be excluded; but boys, little able to wield the instruments, tore the tomahawks from the belts of their fathers and stole into the ranks, apt imitators of the savage traits exhibited by their parents.

Large piles of brush lay scattered about the clearing, and a wary and aged squaw was occupied in firing as many as might serve to light the coming exhibition. The whole scene formed a striking picture, whose frame was composed by the dark and tall border of pines. The warriors just arrived were the most distant figures. A little in advance stood a man, the principal actor in what was to follow. The light was not strong enough to render his features distinct, but he stood erect and firm, prepared to meet his fate like a hero. The high-spirited Duncan felt a powerful impulse of admiration and pity toward him. He watched his slightest movement with eager eyes; and, as he traced the fine outline of his active frame, he endeavored to persuade himself that if the powers of man, seconded by such noble resolution, could bear one harmless through so severe a trial, the youthful captive before him might hope for success in the hazardous race he was about to run. Just then the signal yell was given, and the momentary quiet that had preceded it was broken by a burst of cries that far exceeded any before heard. The victim bounded from the place at the cry, with the activity and swiftness of a deer. Instead of rushing through the hostile lines as had been expected, he just entered the dangerous defile, and before time was given for a single blow, turned short and, leaping the heads of a row of children, he gained at once the exterior and safer side of

the formidable array. The artifice was answered by a hundred voices raised in imprecations; and the whole excited multitude broke from their order, and spread themselves about the place in wild confusion.

It will easily be understood that amid such a concourse of vindictive enemies no breathing-time was allowed the fugitive. There was a single moment when it seemed as if he would reach the forest, but the whole body of his captors threw themselves before him, and drove him back into the centre of his relentless persecutors. Turning like a headed deer, he shot with the swiftness of an arrow through a pillar of forked flame, and, passing the whole multitude harmless, he appeared on the opposite side of the clearing. Here, too, he was met and turned by a few of the older and more subtle of the Hurons. Once more he tried the throng, as if seeking safety in its blindness, and then several moments succeeded, during which Duncan believed the active and courageous young stranger was lost.

Nothing could be distinguished but a dark mass of human forms, tossed and involved in inexplicable confusion. Arms, gleaming knives, and formidable clubs appeared above them, but the blows were evidently given at random. The awful effect was heightened by the piercing shrieks of the women, and the fierce yells of the warriors. Now and then Duncan caught a glimpse of a light form cleaving the air in some desperate bound, and he rather hoped than believed that the captive yet retained command of his wonderful powers of activity. Suddenly the multitude rolled backward and approached the spot where he himself stood. The heavy body in the rear pressed upon the women and the children in front and bore them to the earth. The stranger reappeared in the confusion.

Human power could not, however, much longer endure so severe a trial. Of this the captive seemed conscious. Profiting by the momentary opening, he darted from among the warriors, and made a desperate and, what seemed to Duncan, a final effort to gain the wood. As if aware that no danger was to be apprehended from the young soldier, the

fugitive nearly brushed his person in his flight. A tall and powerful Huron, who had husbanded his forces, pressed close upon his heels, and with uplifted arm menaced a fatal blow. Duncan thrust forth a foot, and the shock precipitated the eager savage headlong, many feet in advance of his intended victim. Thought itself is not quicker than was the motion with which the latter profited by the advantage; he turned, gleamed like a meteor again before the eyes of Duncan and, at the next moment, was leaning against a small painted post that stood in the centre of the camp,—safe by the rules of Indian warfare.

THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

[Arranged from "Harry of Monmouth," by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.]

IT is the morning of Saturday, the twenty-second of July, 1403. The camps of the Percies and of King Henry of England are astir, and in the gray light that precedes the dawn the preparation for battle is made. The sun lights up the alder-covered hills, the trumpet sounds to arms, the standards sway, the burnished armor gleams and rings as knights and squires fall into their appointed places, the cloth-yard shafts are fitted to the archers' bows, and then, up from a sloping field, sweet with the odor of the pea-blossoms that cover it, there comes in loud defiance the well-known war-cry of the Percies: "*Esperance! esperance!* Percy, ho! A Percy!" and Hotspur with his Northumbrian archers sweeps to the attack amid a terrible flight of arrows and spears.

"Play up, sir trumpeter!" shouted Harry of Monmouth, rising in his stirrups. "Play up your answering blast. Shake out our standard free. Now, forward, all! Death to traitors! St. George! St. George for England!"

"St. George for England!" came the answering echo from King Henry's line; "*Esperance,* Percy!" sounded

again from the rebel ranks, and "in a place called Bullfield" both armies closed in conflict.

"So furiously the armies joined," runs the old chronicle, "the arrows fell as fall the leaves on the ground after a frosty night at the approach of winter. There was no room for the arrows to reach the ground; every one struck a mortal man."

The first attack was against the King's own ranks. Hotspur, with his Northumbrian arrows, and Douglas, with his Highland spears, pressed hotly upon them; while Worcester's Cheshire archers from a slope near by sent their whizzing messengers straight into the King's lines. Though answering valiantly, the terrible assault was too severe for the King's men. They wavered, staggered, swayed, and broke. A ringing cheer went up from the enemy, when, just at the critical moment, with an "indignant onset," Harry of Monmouth dashed to his father's aid. His resistless rush changed the tide of battle, and the King's line was saved.

A sorry record is the story of that fearful fight. For three long hours the battle raged from Haughmond Abbey on to Berwick Bridge, and ere the noon of that bloody day, twelve thousand valiant Englishmen fell on the fatal field.

The fire of passion and fight spread even to the youngest page and squire, and Lionel, the playmate of Prince Harry, pressed close after the "gilded helmet and the three-plumed crest" of his brilliant young Prince, his face flamed with the excitement of the battle-hour. Again and again he saw the King unhorsed and fighting desperately for his crown and life; again and again he saw the fiery Hotspur and Douglas the Scot charge furiously on the King they had sworn to kill. Backward and forward the tide of battle rolls; now royalist, now rebel, seems the victor. Hark! what shout is that?

"The King, the King is down!"

Where Hotspur and the Douglas fight around the hillock now known as the "King's Croft," Lionel misses the golden crest, he misses the royal banner of England.

"Sir Walter Blount is killed! The standard is lost!" is now the sorry cry.

But now the Prince and his hardy Welsh fighters charge to the rescue, and Lionel gave a cry of terror, as he saw a whizzing arrow tear into the face of his beloved Prince. Young Harry reeled with his hurt, and Lionel with other gentlemen of the guard caught him in their arms. There was confusion and dismay.

"The Prince is hurt!" cried Lionel, and almost as an echo rose those other shouts:

"The King is slain!"

"Long live the Percy!"

"Back, to the rear, my lord!" pleaded Lionel, as he wiped the blood from the fair young face of the Prince.

"Back, back, my lord Prince. Back to my tent," urged the Earl of Westmoreland, and "Back, back, while there is yet safety," said the other knights, as the tide of battle surged toward the bleeding prince.

"Stand off!" cried young Harry, springing to his feet. "Stand off, my lords! Far be from me such disgrace as that, like a poltroon, I should stain my arms by flight. If the Prince flies, who will wait to end the battle?"

Just then another shout arose—a joyous, ringing cry:

"Ho, the King lives! The standard is safe! St. George for England!"

The brave young Harry, turning to his guard, said:

"What, my lords, to be carried back before the victory? Lead me, I implore you, to the very face of the foe."

Then, as the royal standard waved once more aloft, he burst with his followers into the thick of the fight, his unyielding valor giving new strength to all.

And now the end is near. An archer's arrow, with unerring aim, pierces the valiant Hotspur, and he falls dead upon the field.

"Harry Percy is dead! Victory! victory! St. George and victory!" rings the cry from thousands of the loyal troops, and, like a whirlwind, a panic of fear seizes the rebel ranks. Douglas is a prisoner; the Earl of Worcester surrenders; the rout is general.

So ended the "sad and sorry field of Shrewsbury,"—a fit-

ting prelude to that bloody era of strife known as the "Wars of the Roses," which, commencing in the said reign of the son of this boy-general, Harry of Monmouth, was to stain England with the blood of Englishmen through thirty years.

OVER THE HILL.

E. H. HASTINGS.

ALL around our house, up adainst the sky,
There's dreat bid hills, oh, ever so high!
An' mamma says, over apast the hills,
There's houses, an' peoples, 'z far 'z you can see;
An' dear little childrens there, just like me.
I never been over the hill—I want to do over the hill.
Last summer a dear little bird built its house

In our apple-tree, an', 'z still 'z a mouse,
It sat till the wee little birdies peeped out.
Then the mamma bird fed them until they all drew
So bid an' so stron' they evvy one flew
Away, right over the hill—I never been over the hill.

So then I fought I *would* do over the hill,
An' I crept out the door, dust as still, dust as still;
An' I walked, an' I walked, an' I walked, an' I walked!
Till my foots doubled up, an' I dust *couldn't* do;
An' my papa came an' foun' me, an' so
I never been over the hill—I want to do over the hill.

But I am drowin' 'z fast 'z I can,
An' pretty soon I shall be a dreat man,
As bid as my papa or Uncle Dosiah;
'Nen I'll buy me a dreat bid shiny hat,
An' a watch that does "tick, tock," like that;
An' nen I'll do over the hill—I *dust will* do over the hill!

ELIJAH BROWN.

ELIJAH BROWN, the cobbler, was enamored of the muse,
And all his time was given up to stanzas and to shoes.
He scorned to live a tuneless life, ingloriously mute,
And nightly laid his last aside to labor at his lute;
For he had registered an oath that lyrical renown
Should trumpet to the universe the worthy name of Brown,
And, though his own weak pinions failed to reach the heights of song,
His genius hatched a brilliant scheme to help his oath along;
And all his little youngsters, as they numerously came,
He christened after poets in the pantheon of fame,
That their poetic prestige might impress them, and inspire
A noble emulation to adopt the warbling lyre.
And Virgil Brown and Dante Brown and Tasso Brown appeared,
And Milton Brown and Byron Brown and Shakespeare Brown were reared,
Longfellow Brown and Schiller Brown arrived at man's estate,
And Wordsworth Brown and Goldsmith Brown made up the family slate,
And he believed his gifted boys, predestined to renown,
In time would roll the boulder from the buried name of Brown.
But still the epic is unsung, and still that worthy name
Is missing from the pedestals upon the hills of fame;
For Dante Brown's a peddler in the vegetable line,
And Byron Brown is pitching for the Tuscarora nine;
Longfellow Brown, the lightweight, is a pugilist of note,
And Goldsmith Brown's a deck-hand on a Jersey ferry-boat.
In Wordsworth Brown Manhattan has an estimable cop,
And Schiller Brown's an artist in a Brooklyn barber shop.

A roving tar is Virgil Brown upon the bounding seas,
And Tasso Brown is usefully engaged in making cheese.
The cobbler's bench is Milton Brown's, and there he pegs away,
And Shakespeare Brown makes cocktails in a Cripple Creek café!

"BUD'S CHARGE."

LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN.

[From *The Voice*, by permission of the author.]

BUD was the blackest, fattest, and most contented little darkey I ever saw. "Mars" Rickaby and Missis and Miss Lilian were the kindest people in the world to him.

Edward Rickaby was a rich plantation owner, a colonel in the Confederate army, and a typical Southern gentleman. And Lilian! She was a little golden-haired, blue-eyed fairy of ten, the idol of her parents, and the object of almost religious reverence on the part of the negroes. A delicate and beautiful little creature she was. As Bud put it: "Miss Lily, she shuly am an ångel. I specs to see de wings come out 'most any day." He himself almost literally worshipped her. At the time of my story, the colonel was away with his regiment in Virginia, under the great Stonewall Jackson, "beatin' de Yanks out ob deir boots," according to Bud.

It was a mild, quiet day in the first part of April. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon firing commenced near the village. The reports of the great guns and the rattle of the musketry echoed and reverberated,—now loud and sharp, as though the battle swayed nearer; now dull and heavy, as though it was raging down at the river's bank, where the gunboats would chime in with their deep roar. The negro hands on the Rickaby plantation had collected in the great hall of the mansion, anxiously waiting for the return of Mrs. Rickaby, who was visiting a sick friend eight or ten miles away. Old Joe, who acted as a sort of superintendent on the

plantation, was becoming almost helpless with fear, as he heard the tide of battle surge nearer. No one seemed to know just what to do,—no one but Bud. To him had been confided the care of Miss Lilian.

"Don't let any harm come to Lilian, Bud," Mrs. Rickaby had said before leaving, and the little fellow's heart had swelled almost to bursting with delight at this confidence reposed in him.

While the other and older negroes were quaking with fear in the great hall. Bud was parading up and down the broad piazza, as a sentry, his small step invested with all the dignity of the guard of an emperor. Inside the parlor, Lily played and was happy, only now and then peeping out of the great oaken door and calling to Bud in her silvery voice:

"Is mama come yet?"

Bud, stopping in his march to salute her as though she were a queen and he chief of body-guard, would answer:

"No, Miss Lily, not yet. But yo' needn't fear, 'deed yo' needn't. Ef dem Yanks come heah, I'll pertect yo.' Don't yo' be afraid, Miss Lily."

Then Lily would go back to her play and Bud to his faithful tramp again.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and for the last hour or so the fire had gradually slackened until it had almost entirely ceased. The poor blacks were commencing to pick up courage again. But all at once Bud thought he heard drums in the distance. He began to grow uneasy.

"Ef dem Yanks do come," he muttered, "dose niggers'll run. I know dey will. An' mebbe I couldn't get away wif a hull lot ob Yanks."

Away up the wide road a great cloud of yellow dust soon appeared, a cloud through which gleamed bright steel points. Then one could see the troops on their march. A dark figure flew past Bud, and then another and another. Ah, Bud, "dose niggers" are indeed running away. Soon he felt rather than saw that they all had fled. Then he went inside. barred the great oak doors and windows, and barricaded them with large chests, chairs,—anything not too heavy for

him to move, stationing Lily in the centre of the room, and himself as near the door as he could get, to listen. Nearly ten minutes passed. Then he could see men in blue uniforms swarming over the grounds. Heavens! they surrounded the house! Presently there came a thundering blow at the door.

"Let us in; we won't hurt you, but we must have something to eat," the "must" emphasized by another crash on the oaken panels, as though the butt-end of a heavy musket had been driven against them with tremendous force.

Bud gathered up his small strength and said—he tried to say it gruffly and impressively:

"Dis am Kunnel Rickaby's place, an' he am away to de wah. Yo' can't get in heah, an' yo'd bettah not try."

"Don't care who it belongs to. Open that door! We won't hurt you, I say. If you don't open the door we'll break it in."

Bud did not answer this time. Poor little fellow, he fully believed that if the "Yanks" got in they would kill his young mistress without the slightest compunction. So he did not answer, but devoted himself to trying to persuade Lilian to go upstairs and lock herself in one of the bed-rooms.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Lily," he said, "fo' yo' mammy's sake, go up to dat room. Dey'll kill yo' fo' shuah, ef dey get in. Please, Miss Lily, ef dey done kill me tain't nothin'. I'se only a po' nigger, but yo'—Miss Lily, oh, please go." (He was almost crying now.) "Go, jess fo' Bud's sake."

But Lily would not move. She was very much frightened, but had an idea that she shouldn't leave Bud to face those awful Yankees alone. So the two waited in childish terror.

There came another crash against the door. It was evidently yielding. In his eager haste Bud had dragged a large, massive ebony case—it was a wonder he had been able to move it at all—to the door. It was so heavy, however, that he could not pull it far, and so a corner just touched the panels, and the great mirror on top was bent forward at a threatening angle. Under the repeated blows the door shook and strained. Lily was too near that door. Bud called to her to come nearer the centre of the room. Just then there came

a tremendous blow. The panel gave way, the massive mirror tottered—and Lily right beneath! One of the men said afterward that through the broken door he saw the figure of a beautiful little girl with golden hair and the falling mirror. Then a small black figure dashed toward the door and pushed the little blue-eyed fairy back into the room, just as the heavy wood and glass came crashing down. The blue-coats climbed through the shattered door and slowly lifted the heavy piece of furniture. There was a small, limp black form beneath. It was trying to speak. One of the big-hearted troopers leaned down and put his ear to the poor mouth. It was gasping painfully. Little Lily kneeled at the side and soaked her small handkerchief in the crimson stream oozing from the poor mangled temples.

"Doan cry—Miss Lily," for the child was rocking herself to and fro, sobbing frantically, and shrinking for fear of the soldiers, who were vainly endeavoring to pacify her. "I—kep'—my promise—Miss Lily—I'm goin'—but—I'm only—a po' nigger—dey's comin'—dey is—angels—jess like yo'—Miss Lily—I—" but the poor tongue never finished that sentence, for the life-blood had all gone.

Not long afterward an Ohio regiment fired a salute over a small grave near the turnpike on the yellow road. The true-hearted soldiers honored the last resting-place of a slave.

IN MAY.

EDWIN M. STERN.

[By permission of the author and M. Witmark & Sons, publishers of the song.]

TWO lovers were strolling in May,
In May, in May;
His glance full of joy and of love,
She just as demure as a dove.
"Oh, will you be mine, dearest May?
Oh, May! Oh, May!

Dear heart, come, have no fear,
I'll make you happy, dear,
In May, in May."

She loved him so dearly, did May,
Did May, did May;
Yet, thinking to tease him, said: " Nay,
You're not quite my style, sir, nay, nay,"
And laughingly nodded good day,
Good day, good day!
" If you should come you'll find
May be I'll change my mind
Next May, next May."

Twelve months past, the twain met one day,
In May, in May.
" You asked me a question," said May,
" You surely remember—last May."
He looked up in wonder at May,
At May, at May.
"Have you not heard, my dear,
That I was wed last year,
In May, in May? "

Now, girls, take example from May,
Poor May, poor May,
And if he e'er asks you, I pray,
Do hastily answer him " Aye,"
And don't put him off till next May,
Next May, next May.
In his arms quickly lurch,
Say, " Love, let's go to church
To-day, in May."

'Twas the night before Christmas and, all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
And this was the reason, no cause for regret:
The house was a damp one, and labeled " To Let."

GARFIELD.

HON. FRANK FULLER

YOU all have seen the picture of that wonderful sculpture representing the giant Atlas, bearing in grand equipoise the world upon his bowed back. Lo! what was sometime a fable has become a prophecy! I have delineated before you a boy who was carried to his first school on the shoulders of his good sister, because his feet were shoeless; a lad who chopped wood and worked at the carpenter's bench to help his mother; a youthful rider of a canal-boat horse; a young student, paying his expenses by lowly offices, working his way through college and graduating with high honor, becoming a college professor and a president, a leading lawyer, a State senator, a soldier, a brigadier-general, a major-general, a representative in Congress, a United States senator, and, finally, president of the grandest republic of the world; a poor, barefoot boy, the boy of the log-cabin and the log schoolhouse, of the tow-path and the carpenter's bench, rising majestically to the sublime stature of a grand, symmetrical, and athletic manhood, who by the simple power of an honest purpose earnestly pursued at last balanced the world and held it locked in equilibrium!

And now, what is the lesson of this symmetrical life? It is, as I read it, *unselfishness,* the doing of right because it is right, regardless of its effects upon personal popularity, upon future hopes, upon present fortunes. I know how excellent he was in public and in private life. His life before the world was but a continuation of his life at home with the best of mothers, the best of wives. The sweet and holy influence that he carried with him from his home each morning abided with him till his return. On the battle-field, under the iron rain and leaden hail of Middle Creek, through the insufferable and lurid hell of Chickamauga, it was that gentle influence that intensified his love of country and made all labor and all sacrifice sweet. It was the mother-love that nerved him

for duty all through the toil and struggles of boyhood, amid his laborious student life, through college, to the professor's and the president's chair, and when to this was added the love of wife and children, the circle was rounded, and life became a thing of beauty. Love of country, love of family, love of duty,—these three carried him bravely onward to ever higher and higher endeavors, to ever greater and greater honors. At last he stood as one of the grandest figures in American society. To me who watched him narrowly for sixteen years, he was the ideal man, the ideal statesman; as he was clearly the ideal soldier during his soldier days. To my mind, not more clearly do the writings of Dante signalize him as the poet ordained by high Heaven to bridge with undying song the chasm that separates the middle age from modern civilization; not more obviously did the character of Washington denote him as the man for the critical period in which he lived; not more absolutely did the peculiar gifts, the large sincerity, the sterling honesty, the childlike simplicity, of Abraham Lincoln establish him in all human hearts as the one man on earth for the trying events of his latest years; than the mind, the manner, the physical and the spiritual gifts, the sweet sincerity, the boundless generosity, the frank sunny-heartedness, the fervent religious faith, the incorruptible integrity, of James A. Garfield proclaim him in his day and generation the chief, magistrate, *man* of America.

And if you and I have learned the supreme lesson of life, to do daily and reverently, in the best way, the nearest duty, forgetful of self and mindful only of our responsibility to God and to our fellow-men, then have we entered into the spirit, and caught the divine impulse that actuated the life and controlled the conduct of James Abram Garfield.

Deep in each artist's soul some picture lies
That he will never paint for mortal eyes;
And every author in his heart doth hold
Some sad, sweet tale that he will leave untold.

CUPID'S ALLEY.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

O LOVE'S but a dance
  Where Time plays the fiddle!
See the couples advance!
O Love's but a dance!
A whisper, a glance,—
  "Shall we twirl down the middle?"
O Love's but a dance
  Where Time plays the fiddle!

It runs (so saith my chronicle)
  Across a smoky city;
A Babel filled with buzz and whirr,
  Huge, gloomy, black and gritty;
Dark-lowring looks the hillside near,
  Dark-yawning looks the valley,—
But here 'tis always fresh and clear,
  For here is Cupid's Alley.

And, from an arbor cool and green,
  With aspect down the middle,
An ancient fiddler, gray and lean,
  Scrapes on an ancient fiddle;
Alert he seems, but aged enow
  To punt the Stygian galley;
With wisp of forelock on his brow,
  He plays in Cupid's Alley.

And here, for ages yet untold,
  Long, long before my ditty,
Came high and low and young and old,
  From out the crowded city;

And still to-day they come, they go,
  And just as fancies tally,
They foot it quick, they foot it slow,
  All day in Cupid's Alley.

Strange pairs! To laughing, fresh Fifteen
  Here capers Prudence thrifty;
Here Prodigal leads down the green
  A blushing maid of fifty;
Some treat it as a serious thing,
  And some but shilly-shally;
And some have danced without the ring
  (Ah, me!) in Cupid's Alley.

And sometimes one to one will dance
  And think of one behind her;
And one by one will stand, perchance,
  Yet look all ways to find her.
Some seek a partner with a sigh,
  Some win him with a sally,
And some, they know not how or why;
  Strange fate of Cupid's Alley!

And some will dance an age or so,
  Who came for half a minute;
And some, who like the game, will go
  Before they well begin it;
And some will vow they're "danced to death,"
  Who (somehow) always rally;
Strange cures are wrought (mine author saith)—
  Strange cures!—in Cupid's Alley.

For till that city's wheel-narls vast
  And shuddering beams shall crumble,
And till that fiddler lean at last
  From off nis seat shall tumble;

Till then (the civic records say)
This quaint, fantastic ballet
Of go-and-stay, of yea and nay,
Must last in Cupid's Alley.

TARPEIA.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

[From *Scribner's Magazine*, by permission of the author and Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Revised by the author, especially for this collection.

WOE! lightly to part with one's soul as the sea with his foam!
Woe to Tarpeia, Tarpeia, daughter of Rome!

Lo! now it was night, with the moon looking chill as she went;
It was morn when the innocent stranger strayed into the tent.

The hostile Sabini were pleased, as one meshing a bird;
She sang for them there in the ambush; they smiled as they heard.

Her sombre hair purpled in gleams as she leaned to the light;
All day she had idled and feasted, and now it was night.

The chief sat apart, heavy-browed, brooding, elbow on knee;
The armlets he wore were a wonder, and royal to see:

Gold spiral and coil, and the glimmering fringes from them
Fell over, an opulent tangle of gem upon gem.

And the glory thereof sent fever and fire to her eye.
"I had never such trinkets!" Like any broke string was her sigh:

"Were they mine at the plea, were they mine for the token all told.
Now the citadel sleeps, now my father, the keeper, is old.

"If I go by the way that I know, and thou followest hard,
If yet by the touch of Tarpeia the gates be unbarred?"

The chief shook a little for jöy, then drew rein on his soul:
"Of all this arm beareth, I swear I will cede thee the whole."

And up from the nooks of the camp, with hoarse plaudit outdealt,
The bearded Sabini came hotly, and vowed, as they knelt,

Bare-stretching the wrists that bore also the coveted boon:
"Yea! surely as over us shineth the lurid low moon,

"Not alone of our lord, but of each of us, take what he hath!
Too poor is the guerdon, but if thou wilt but show us the path."

Her nostrils upraised, as a fawn's on the arrowy air,
She sped, in a serpentine gleam, to the precipice stair.

They climbed in her traces, they closed on their evil quick star.
She bent to the latches and swung the great portal ajar.

Repulsed as they passed, and half-tearful for wounded belief,
"The bracelets!" she pleaded. Then faced her the lion-like chief,

And answered her: "Even as I promised, maid-merchant, I do!"
Down from his dark shoulder the baubles he sullenly drew.

"This left arm shall nothing begrudge thee. Accept. Find it sweet!
Give, too, O my brothers!" The jewels he flung at her feet,—

The jewels hard, heavy. She stooped to them, flushing with dread,
But the shield he flung after; it clanged on her beautiful head.

Like the Appenine bells when the villagers' warnings begin,
Along the first lull broke the ominous gathering din:

With a "Hail, benefactress!" upon her they heaped, in their zeal,
Death,—agate and iron; death,—chrysoprase, beryl, and steel;

A mountain of shields! and a glisten of gradual links,
In torrent-like gush, pouring out on the grass from the chinks,

Inordinate gold! the sumptuous monument won
By the deed they had loved her for, doing, and loathed her for, done.

Such was the wage that they paid her, such the acclaim.
All Rome was aroused with the thunder that buried her shame.

On surged the Sabini to battle. O ye that aspire!
Tarpeia the traitor had fill of her woman's desire.

Woe! lightly to part with one's soul as the sea with his foam!
Woe to Tarpeia, Tarpeia, daughter of Rome!

TWO SIMPLE LITTLE OSTRICHES.

JULIET W. TOMPKINS.

NOW we can talk. Thank goodness, that old bore
Who took me out is talking business o'er
With someone else. The roses were so sweet,
You reckless fellow. It's such fun to meet
Like ordinary friends while no one knows
Our precious secret. Do you like my clothes?
They're new. You dear! I'm really looking well?
Why don't you like my sleeves? They're very swell.
"They're more offensive than my buzz-saw hat?"
What do you mean? O Jack! How simply flat;
They shan't keep you away, dear. Now take care!
No, keep your hands at home. *You've seen the Fair,*
Of course? They're listening, Jack. Do try to talk.
I'm glad they didn't have it in New York,
Aren't you? Two weeks of it was quite enough.
The Ferris Wheel? You wretch! 'Twas rather rough
To make me do it all, while you sat back
And howled at me. When we are married, Jack—
O dearest, please be careful! They will guess
If you don't look less interested. Yes, yes,
You know I do. Oh, dearly! By and by
I'll give you three,—well, four. *Will Congress try*
To introduce new silver laws? Don't laugh!
I wish they could do something in behalf
Of all the hungry people out of work.
You make me do it all, you wretched shirk.
Now I must leave you, dearest. Au revoir!
Don't stay forever over your cigar.
[*Their vis-à-vis:*]
It's not announced, but then we know it's on.
It's simply low—another good man gone!

THE SIEGE OF CUAUTLA: THE BUNKER HILL OF MEXICO.

WALTER S. LOGAN.

Arranged by the author especially for this collection.

EVERY race that ever has been has had to stand the baptism of fire. Probably every race that ever is to be must go through the same experience. For nearly three hundred years, the Mexican race had been growing and multiplying. Now the supreme moment had come. It must live or die, according as it stood this test of tests. It certainly had a leader worthy of the occasion. It has been said that whenever a great commander is wanted, he always appears at the right moment. I am inclined to think that this is more poetry than fact. We sometimes have to wait long and patiently for the right man to come, but the hour of supreme trial, when the fate of a nation hangs in the balance, is the hour that will discover and disclose the hero if the hero is there.

Mórelos is our hero. Hidalgo, the leader of the Mexican revolution against Spain, had been killed. Morelos, a parish priest on the Pacific coast, heard of this and the blood stirred in his veins. He started from his own parish with a force of twenty-five men, a few of them armed with guns, some with lances and the rest with sticks; but it was the germ of the army which shook the Spanish power in Mexico to its foundations and finally won the liberty of its country.

Calleja, the Spanish general, was in the North with his triumphant army. It was the best equipped and best disciplined body of soldiers that had ever been on American soil.

Viceroy Venegas sat in his vice-regal palace, and, as he heard of the progress of Morelos, he trembled, not only for the power of Spain in Mexico but for his own safety. Messenger after messenger was despatched for the great army of Calleja to come and save them from this little parish priest and his force of rude rustics. Calleja came. He was to crush Morelos as you would crush an egg-shell in your hand; but

although against him was coming all the power of Spain, with the best general, the best army and the best equipments of every kind that Spain and Mexico could furnish, Morelos with his little band was undaunted and unterrified, and at Cuautla in the South he calmly awaited the approach of the royalist hosts.

Wellington once asked of a Mexican he met in Europe, "Where was this Cuautla?" and he was answered that it was a small open city upon a level plain. Wellington replied: "This shows the sagacity of Morelos." The place was in fact selected with rare judgment and discrimination by our little priest-commander for his desperate stand. No mountain fortress could have answered his purpose half so well. He attempted no exterior fortifications whatsoever, but inside the town he showed that the parish *cura* was no mean military engineer. He walled up the doors and the lower windows of the houses, cut inside communications through the walls from one house to another, barricaded the streets in some places and dug deep trenches in others, hoarded his ammunition and provisions, drilled his men night and day, and waited for Calleja. Calleja came and immediately stormed the place in four columns, one on each side, confident of immediate success. The Mexicans allowed them to come within a hundred yards of their intrenchments. Morelos had told them to wait until they could aim at the eyes of their opponents. They did. Then they opened so tremendous and persistent a fire that the best troops of Spain and all the world fell back in wild disorder.

Time and again Calleja led his cohorts against this army of liberty, but in vain. A final attempt was made to decoy the forces of Morelos from his intrenchments, by pretending to abandon his artillery; but Morelos was not to be caught.

Time and again Calleja was urged and entreated by Viceroy Venegas to make another assault upon Cuautla, but he steadfastly refused. Nothing could induce him to try it again. He sent to Mexico for long siege guns and attempted to batter down the town, but again it was in vain. There was nothing left for Calleja to do but to blockade the town and

try to starve it out. Morelos knew that if he could only hold out until the rainy season commenced, Calleja would have to raise the siege,—for Cuautla is in the Tierra Calliente—fevers come with the rain, and the European troops would be lost. If the rainy season had come as usual, this is what would have happened. But this time, the Lord seemed to be fighting on the side of the royalists, and the rains this year were two months late.

Not all the troops of the royalists, gathered from all Mexico and all Spain, could dislodge Morelos from Cuautla. The weapons of human foes could not prevail against him. But he was finally driven out by an enemy stronger and more irresistible than mortal power. It was hunger. Their food gave out. They stood it like heroes day after day, waiting for relief, but none came. Morelos saw that he must evacuate Cuautla. One dark night, the troops were marshaled silently, and the order to proceed was given. Silently they marched out, passing right under the guns of the enemy, and so skilfully was it all planned, and so superb was the discipline, that they were not discovered till they had crossed the river, got beyond the intrenchments of the enemy, and the open country was before them. Then, too late, the Spanish camp was aroused and an attack on all sides was ordered. But Morelos was prepared for this. He gave the preconcerted signal, and that army of five thousand men melted away as if by magic and disappeared into the darkness, over the plains and into the mountains, where no enemy could follow. When the Spanish forces came from each direction to where the army of Morelos ought to be all ready to be closed upon and crushed, they saw, through the darkness, only the dim figure of their own battalions, and mistaking friends for enemies, fired upon one another. Morelos had arranged that, when he gave the order for dispersion, the troops should scatter and meet again as soon as possible at Izucar, some twenty miles away. Two days afterward they were there, and it is said that of this whole army only seventeen were missing.

There is nothing in all the heroic records of history that

compares with the retreat, dispersion and reassembling of this army of Morelos. Without a single desertion, these five thousand men scattered over the plains and the mountains and came together again at the call of their leader, preferring rather to die for liberty than to live without it; and these men were of a race that had never before known war and they themselves had had no previous civil or military experience. When Morelos took them, they were simply uneducated, untrained, undisciplined rustics and clodhoppers. But the magic power of a great cause and the resistless enthusiasm of a noble leader had transformed them into heroes. A race had been baptized and a nation was born.

JAMES HENRY IN SCHOOL.

EMILY SELINGER.

[By permission of the author]

WISH I didn't hev ter set all day in school,
Studyin' spellin', grammar, jografy an' sums.
There's always obsticles ter bar the way
Ter progress, speshly when the spring-time comes.

Don't mind winter ef there's lots o' snow an' ice—
Drifts, es high's the fence ur roof of our back shed
An' froze so glazed that slidin' down is nice
An' smooth, not gittin' balled up on yer sled,

Nur hubbly on the pond when skatin's prime.
Ter set in school an' study ain't much fun
Ef you've hed bran'-new skates at Chris'mus-time
An' when the sun mos' sets 'fore school is done.

Can't bear ter hear birds singin' in the trees
An' see um feed the'r young ones in the nes'
An' smell the clover-blooms where bumblebees
An' honey-bees an' bùtterflies air jes'

Ez free ez air an' don't hev sums ter do;
  An' what's the use o' water in the brooks
Runnin' like big Niagry Falls ef you
  Can't set up mill-wheels stidder studyin' books.

An' things you plant all comin' up so fas'
  Ez ef they knew they'd got ter hurry out
'F they didn't want ter be the very las'
  O' peas an' corn an' tother things thet sprout.

An' everything is green an' tain't too hot
  Ter lie down in the orchard's wavin' grass
An' watch the flowers in the garden-plot
  An' wish thet spring an' fall would never pass,

Coz in the summer-time it's awful warm
  So thet you wouldn't mind ter set in school
An' study stidder workin' on the farm.
  Nen in the fall it's mos'ly nice an' cool;

An' apples everywhere,—green, yaller an' red,—
  Windfalls a-waitin' fer the cider-press
Ur hangin' thick ez sparrers overhead;
  An' ches'nuts, more 'n ever you could guess,

Jes' peekin' slyly out the prickly burrs
  Ez ef beggin' ter be shakened off the trees;
An' hick'ry 'n butter nuts when Jack Fros' stirs,
  A-waitin' fur us boys ur fur a breeze;

An' partridges a-whirrin' in the wood;
  An' squirrels lookin' wise from every rail,
Ez ef they knew it wasn't any good
  Fur me ter want ter shoot at 'em; an' quail,

An' crows, an' woodchucks; an' our fields is full.
  Nen when I think 'bout all these things in school,
The teacher says I'm either bad ur dull,
  An' never will be nothin' but a fool.

THE SMITH AND THE KING.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

A SMITH upon a summer's day
Did call upon a king.
The king exclaimed: " The queen's away;
Can I do anything?"

" I pray you can," the smith replied;
" I want a bit of bread."
" Why?" cried the king. The fellow sighed;
" I'm hungry, sire," he said.

" Dear me! I'll call my chancellor;
He understands such things.
Your claims I can not cancel or
Deem them fit themes for kings.

" Sir chancellor, why here's a wretch,
Starving—like rats or mice!"
The chancellor replied: " I'll fetch
The first lord in a trice."

The first lord came, and by his look
You might have guessed he'd shirk.
Said he: " Your Majesty's mistook;
This is the chief clerk's work."

The chief clerk said the case was bad
But quite beyond his power,
Seeing it was the steward had
The keys of cake and flour.

The steward sobbed: " The keys I've lost!
Alas! but in a span
I'll call the smith. Why, heavens above!
Here is the very man!"

" Hurrah! hurrah!" they loudly cried;
  " How cleverly we've done it!
We've solved this question deep and wide,
  Well-nigh ere we begun it."

" Thanks," said the smith. " O fools and vile,
  Go rot upon the shelf!
The next time I am starving I'll
  Take care to help myself."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

ANTHONY HOPE.

[Mr. Carter, the man of the story, has been in love with Dolly (Lady Mickleham) for many years. She married Lord Mickleham and is perfectly true to him, but she still likes to know that Mr. Carter is her slave, and has strong objections to his devoting himself to any other woman. Mrs. Hilary is a good friend of Mr. Carter's, and the matron in the story, who has never seen Mr. Hilary, mistakes Carter for him.]

" I DON'T ask you for more than a guinea," said Mrs. Hilary.

" It would be the same," I replied, " if you asked me for a thousand;" with which I handed her half-a-crown.

She regarded it scornfully.

" Yes," I continued, " I feel that pecuniary gifts—"

" Half-a-crown!"

" Are a poor substitute for personal service. May I not accompany you to the ceremony?"

" I dare say you spent as much as this on wine with your lunch!"

" I was in a mad mood to-day," I answered, apologetically. " What are they taught at the school?"

" Above all, to be good girls," said Mrs. Hilary, earnestly. " What are you sneering at, Mr. Carter?"

" Nothing," said I, hastily; and I added with a sigh, " I suppose it's all right."

"I should like," said Mrs. Hilary, meditatively, "if I had not other duties, to dedicate my life to the service of girls."

"I should think twice about that, if I were you," said I, shaking my head.

"By the way, Mr. Carter, I don't know if I've ever spoken unkindly of Lady Mickleham. I hope not."

"Hope," said I, "is not yet taxed."

"If I have, I'm very sorry. She's been most kind in undertaking to give away the prizes to-day. There must be some good in her."

"Oh, don't be hasty!" I implored.

"I always wanted to think well of her."

"Ah! Now I never did."

"And Lord Mickleham is coming, too. He'll be most useful."

"That settles it," I exclaimed. "I may not be an earl, but I have a perfect right to be useful. I'll go, too."

"I wonder if you'll behave properly," said Mrs. Hilary, doubtfully.

I held out a half-sovereign, three half-crowns and a shilling.

"Oh, well, you may come, since Hilary can't," said Mrs. Hilary.

"You mean he won't," I observed.

"He has always been prevented hitherto," said she, with dignity.

So I went, and it proved a most agreeable expedition. There were 200 girls in blue frocks and white aprons (the girl three from the end of the fifth row was decidedly pretty), a nice lot of prize books, the Micklehams (Dolly in demure black), ourselves and the matron. All went well. Dolly gave away the prizes; Mrs. Hilary and Archie made little speeches. Then the matron came to me. I was sitting modestly at the back of the platform, a little distance behind the others.

"Mr. Hilary," said the matron to me, "we're so glad to see you here at last. Won't you say a few words?"

"It would be a privilege," I responded, cordially, "but unhappily I have a sore throat."

The matron, who was a most respectable woman, said: "Dear, dear!" but did not press the point.

Evidently, however, she liked me, for when we went to have a cup of tea, she got me in a corner and began to tell me all about the work. It was extremely interesting. Then the matron observed:

"And what an angel Mrs. Hilary is!"

"Well, I should hardly call her that," said I, with a smile.

"Oh, you mustn't depreciate her—you, of all men!" cried the matron, with a somewhat ponderous archness. "Really I envy you her constant society."

"I assure you," said I, "I see very little of her."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I only go to the house about once a fortnight— Oh, it's not my fault. She won't have me there oftener."

"What do you mean? I beg your pardon. Perhaps I've touched on a painful—"

"Not at all, not at all," said I, suavely. "It is very natural. I'm neither young nor handsome, Mrs. Wiggins. I am not complaining."

The matron gazed at me.

"Only seeing her here," I pursued, "you have no idea of what she is at home. She has chosen to forbid me to come to her house—"

"Her house?"

"It happens to be more hers than mine," I explained. "To forbid me, I say, more than once to come to her house. No doubt she had her reasons."

"Nothing to justify it," said the matron, directing a wondering glance at Mrs. Hilary.

"Do not let us blame her," said I. "It is just an unfortunate accident. She is not as fond of me as I could wish, Mrs. Wiggins, and she is a great deal fonder than I could wish of—"

I broke off. Mrs. Hilary was walking toward us. I think she was pleased to see me getting on so well with the matron,

for she was smiling pleasantly. The matron wore a bewildered expression.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Hilary, "that you'll drive back with the Micklehams?"

"Unless you want me," said I, keeping a watchful eye on the matron.

"Oh, I don't want you," said Mrs. Hilary, lightly.

"You won't be alone this evening?" I asked, anxiously.

Mrs. Hilary stared a little.

"Oh, no!" she said. "We shall have our usual party."

"May I come one day next week?" I asked, humbly. Mrs. Hilary thought for a moment.

"I'm busy next week. Come the week after," said she, giving me her hand.

"That's very unkind," said I.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Hilary, and she added: "Mind you let me know when you're coming."

"I won't surprise you," I assured her, with a covert glance at the matron.

The excellent woman was quite red in the face, and could gasp out nothing but "Good-bye," as Mrs. Hilary affectionately pressed her hand.

At this moment Dolly came up. She was alone.

"Where's Archie?" I asked.

"He's run away; he's got to meet somebody. I knew you'd see me home. Mrs. Hilary didn't want you, of course?"

"Of course not," said I, plaintively.

"Besides, you'd rather come with me, wouldn't you?" pursued Dolly, and she added pleasantly to the matron: "Mrs. Hilary's so down on him, you know."

"I'd much rather come with you," said I.

"We'll have a cozy ride all to ourselves," said Dolly, "without husbands or wives or anything horrid. Isn't it nice to get rid of one's husband sometimes, Mrs. Wiggins?"

"I have the misfortune to be a widow, Lady Mickleham," said Mrs. Wiggins.

Dolly's eyes rested upon her with an interested expression.

I knew that she was about to ask Mrs. Wiggins whether she liked the condition of life, and I interposed hastily, with a sigh:

"But you can look back on a happy marriage, Mrs. Wiggins?"

"I did my best to make it so," said she, stiffly.

"You're right," said I. "Even in the face of unkindness we should strive—"

"My husband's not unkind," said Dolly.

"I didn't mean your husband," said I.

"What your poor wife would do if she cared a button for you, I don't know," observed Dolly.

"If I had a wife who cared for me, I should be a better man," said I, solemnly.

"But you'd probably be very dull," said Dolly. "And you wouldn't be allowed to drive with me."

"Perhaps it's all for the best," said I, brightening up. "Good-bye, Mrs. Wiggins."

Dolly walked on. Mrs. Wiggins held my hand for a moment.

"Young man," said she, sternly, "are you sure it's not your own fault?"

"I'm not at all sure, Mrs. Wiggins," said I. "But don't be distressed about it. It's of no consequence. I don't let it make me unhappy. Good-bye; so many thanks. Charming girls you have here, especially that one in the fifth—I mean, charming all of them. Good-bye."

I hastened to the carriage. Mrs. Wiggins stood and watched. I got in and sat down by Dolly.

"Oh, Mrs. Wiggins," said Dolly, dimpling; "don't tell Mrs. Hilary that Archie wasn't with us, or we shall get into trouble." And she added to me: "Are you all right?"

"Rather!" said I, appreciatively, and we drove off, leaving Mrs. Wiggins on the door-step.

A fortnight later I went to call on Mrs. Hilary. After some conversation she remarked:

"I am going to the school again to-morrow."

"Really!" said I.

"And I'm so delighted—I've persuaded Hilary to come."

She paused, and then added: "You really seemed interested last time."

"Oh, I was."

"Would you like to come again to-morrow?"

"No, I think not, thanks," said I, carelessly.

"That's just like you," said she, severely. "You never do any real good, because you never stick to anything."

"There are some things one can't stick to," said I.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mrs. Hilary.

But there are—and I didn't go.

BOB WHITE.

FRANCIS CHARLES McDONALD

AT morn, when first the rosy gleam
Of rising sun proclaimed the day,
There reached me, through my last sweet dream,
This oft-repeated lay

(Too sweet for cry,
Too brief for song,
'Twas borne along
The reddening sky):
"Bob White!
Daylight, Bob White!
Daylight!"

At eve, when first the fading glow
Of setting sun foretold the night,
The same sweet call came, soft and low,
Across the dying light

(Too sweet for cry,
Too brief for song,
'Twas but a long,

Contented sigh):
"Bob White!
Good night, Bob White!
Good night!"

FRANZ.

WELLS T. HAWKS.

[From *Munsey's Magazine*, by permission of Frank A. Munsey.]

IT was the stormiest rehearsal of the season. Everybody's temper was rough edged, from the leader of the orchestra down to the jolly little drummer who played zylophone solos while the comic man was doing his dance. The slender baton which the professor held tightly in his nervous hand had beaten a continuous tattoo on the music-rack. The stage-manager's voice seemed harsher than ever, and his commands all the more dictatorial.

Perhaps it all never would have happened but for the carelessness of several of the chorus girls, whose groupings and poses at the last few performances had been worse than the tableaux at a car-drivers' ball. The star had noticed this shirking, and, with commendable ambition to make the New York run a series of brilliant hits, had conferred with the stage-manager; a call for a dress rehearsal posted in the wings was the result. Of course, it had made everybody mad.

"To think of it," said the man who played the part of a fat, awkward old prince, who was always getting a laugh for the way he trod on the trains of the court ladies, "it is simply provoking that with the work of a hard performance on us, we've got to rehearse and rehearse, just because a cheap chorus can't do its work."

"And the day before a matinée, too," said the tenor, whose chief ambition was to save his voice for his duet with the prima donna.

Such remarks were being made on all sides, and they only ceased when the cues carried the talkers to the stage. The leader of the orchestra, whom everyone feared, and whose remarks and criticisms were cuttingly sarcastic, had the fiercest temper of all. He had said all he could to the members of the orchestra, and everyone expected to see him throw his chair at some discordant player at any moment.

He rapped his baton again, and the sweet, restful air of a lullaby floated up from reed and string. It had a quieting effect, but not half so much as the presence of the beautiful woman whose soft, rich voice was mingling with its notes in exquisite harmony. Though they had heard the song a hundred times and more, all listened, so sweet was its melody. With perfect ease and enchanting expression she touched her highest notes, until they sounded through the vacant theatre like the tinkling of some sweet-toned bell. Her face, fair and serene, was as beautiful as the song she sang, and each note found a responsive chord in the hearts of those around her; for in the company of threescore there was not one who did not love her. She was the prima donna, the one particular star of the cast. To her singing, thousands had listened spellbound, only to break forth in rapturous applause—yet she was so lovable, so companionable, so kind and willing to help those below her.

Presently there was a fearful discord in the orchestra. It came from one of the violins. The singer ceased, and the music stopped. With anger in his eyes, and lips quivering with rage, the leader turned toward a crouching figure in a chair beneath the stand.

"What do you mean? What do you mean, I say? Have you not played that bar a thousand times?"

There was no reply, but a boyish face, with anguish in every feature, was uplifted toward the angry man.

"Do not look at me in that stupid way. Have I not taught you better?"

"But, sir," pleaded the boy, "it was all a mistake."

"Bah, a mistake, indeed! It was all your careless——"

"Never mind," said the prima donna; "he could not help it. I will sing it again."

"Madame, I will attend to this part of the company. Franz, leave the place. Anton, you take the second violin."

The boy, for that was all he was, picked up his instrument, and looked up over the lights. His eyes met those of the singer. She smiled, and he, brushing a tear from his blue eyes, opened the door and went down into the musicians' room beneath the stage.

"I will sing no more to-day," said the prima donna, and she left the stage.

Poor Franz! He threw himself down on an old property bench, and, burying his face in his hands, cried as only a heart-wounded boy can. Poor little fellow! Fourteen years old, and his father, an old instrument-maker, had died, leaving Franz and a widowed mother, with but little to support them. His little heart had leaped with joy when the professor consented to place him in the orchestra, for it was his life's ambition to become a virtuoso like those of whom his father had talked so often. But the professor had not always been kind, and the tender feelings had been cut more than once. As he sobbed, he was wondering if he would be sent back home,—a failure.

The idea sickened him, and tears were fast returning, when a gentle hand touched his pulsing forehead. He raised his tear-stained face timidly, thinking the time for the dreaded scolding had come. But instead of seeing the cold, hard features of the professor, he saw the gentle face of the prima donna. He had never seen her so close before, and her countenance seemed to him like that of an angel.

"Don't cry, dear," she said, as she brushed back the hair from his forehead. "Don't cry, for my sake, and you shall play for me to-night."

His face lighted up, and the great choking lumps in his throat melted away under the caresses of that comforting hand.

"Go home now," she said, "and come back to-night. No one shall scold you."

Then she handed him a flower, and left the room. He could say nothing, he was so happy. His eyes, beaming with joy, followed her to the door; and when it closed, the sound of her footsteps on the narrow staircase was like the sweetest music to him.

In the evening he took his place in the orchestra, and played as he never had played before. When the time for the lullaby came, and his "beautiful friend," as he had described her to his mother, came on the stage, he bowed his head down over his violin, and the music that rose from that one instrument alone was in itself a symphony. Then came the applause, and as it died away in echoes, she looked down at him and smiled.

* * * * * * * * *

Days had passed since the unpleasant rehearsal, and it had almost been forgotten. One night there was a stir behind the curtain when the stage-manager, after reading a note brought by a messenger, had called for the prima donna's understudy. It was not long before the news spread to the dressing-rooms, and every heart was saddened, for the note had brought the tidings of the illness of the loved singer. Franz missed her, too; and when the curtain had dropped on the last act, he put his violin under his arm, and went up the dark, winding steps to the stage.

The "light" man, who had always been kind to Franz, was shutting off the circuit for the house lights. Franz asked him about the prima donna's absence, and was told that she had been taken suddenly ill. He started home with his heart heavy. He stopped for a moment before the window of a music-store, and his eyes fell upon the score of the lullaby his friend had sung. With a sudden impulse he started off in a different direction.

He walked on for many blocks, and came finally to a brightly-lighted apartment-house. A hall boy opened the door for him. With a tremor in his voice, Franz asked if the boy could tell him if Mme. Cantori was very ill. The boy

simply replied, " Second story front," and taking this as an invitation, Franz passed in and up the broad stairs.

He was just turning the landing, when he met a man coming down. Franz stopped him and politely asked if he could direct him to the singer's room. The man was a physician. He stopped, looked at the boy, and said that madame was very,very ill, and could not see him. What was the matter? the boy asked. An attack of the heart had stricken her down, the man replied, and life was only hanging by a thread.

Tears came into the boy's eyes, and a sob passed his lips. He went on, and stopped before the door. It was as quiet as death within. He waited there a long time. The physician came and went again, but only shook his head sadly and meaningly, and went on.

Franz knelt down, noiselessly unlocked the case, and took out his violin. He raised the bow, and placing the instrument against his face, began to play. It was the soft, sweet notes of the lullaby that floated through the quiet building, and into the room where the singer lay.

Life was ebbing fast, but as the music reached her ears, her eyes opened and a smile of ineffable sweetness came to the beautiful face. The watchers leaned over her couch.

" Hear, hear," she murmured; " it is Franz, dear little Franz! "

Still the music kept on, sweeter and softer, as each note was played. The singer tried to rise, and loving hands supported her.

" Listen! the lullaby! " she whispered.

Not another sound disturbed the scene, so solemn and sad. But just as the closing notes of the music were being played, a string on the violin snapped.

The singer opened her eyes, and faintly breathed: " God bless little Franz."

The eyes closed again, and her head sank back on the pillow. A voice, rich and beautiful, was hushed, and the soul of the singer had passed into that chorus whose melodies ring on through eternity.

MY CHILDHOOD'S LOVE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
  The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
  And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
  As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
  But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
  As I played in the heath one day.
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
  For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
  And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
  The prettiest doll in the world.

ON THE CALENDAR.

IT was down by Santiago. The rations had been long coming and the troops were hungry. One of the Seventy-first boys sauntered carelessly into the colonel's tent and said:

"Good morning, colonel. Got a calendar about anywhere?"

"Why, I don't know, Jack. Guess there's one somewhere. What d' you want a calendar for?"

"Just wanted to eat the dates off it, colonel."

ANNUNCIATA.

MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

[By permission of the author.]

[This selection is very effective if given in the costume of a Spanish peasant girl, with red roses in the hair.]

CHIME! chime! The bells are calling for matin service, and the monks, sallow and lean, glide past over the worn pathway. The deep tones of the organ and the sullen roar of the sea meet, blend, and melt away together.

Outside the gate, on the narrow highway, stands a man gaily clad in the Portuguese sailor colors. The melodious Latin chants reach him, the twitter of birds is all about him, and waves of sunlight gleam in his tangled curls; but he sees and hears only Annunciata. Slowly she is coming down the mountain-side laden with roses of gorgeous hue and wild hill-flowers of tropical splendor. As she nears, the man bounds lightly to her.

"Annunciata! *querida mia!* 'tis Juan, thy brother. But thou art weary, little one, and white—white as thy namesake lilies. 'Tis but two years that I saw thee dance *el sol* on the Plaza, and kissed thy coral lips *adios.*"

"But two years, *en verdad,* Juan, and now I am old and waiting for death. Hush! Juan *mio,* weep not, and I will tell thee all—all—just as it came from day to day. I will tell it to thy heart and then thou wilt marvel not that I am weary and longing for the endless sleep."

The dark eyes of the Portuguese sailor gleamed fiercely and his hands clenched as he said in a harsh, strained voice:

"'Tis true, then, what they said in the port: 'Twas a lover who took from thee thy beauty and color and left thee thus."

The dreamy look in the girl's eyes does not change. She feels the truth, not the scorn, in her brother's words.

"'Tis true, Juan; my beauty and strength are buried

yonder in the grave with my lover—my *lover*," and the words are broken into many syllables by little quivering sobs.

"He was a grand hidalgo, and lived in the great Castillo in the city, but his heart was mine—*mine*. First, Juan, I saw him in the Plaza. I was dancing, with red roses in my hands, in my hair. 'Twas *el sol*, the dance you loved. As I danced My Lord rode by. But once our eyes met, and I laughed aloud for joy. And then he came often. Where'er I danced, there, surely, My Lord rode by, until we loved each other. Hush, Juan, if thou but sayest one word ill of him it is the last between us. Dost remember the good *padre* who confessed our mother? 'Twas he who married us, secretly, under the oath of the crucifix.

"*Madre de Dios!* what life, what love, was ours! Naught was ever like it, naught in the world save the sunlight there on the sea—a glory! a radiance! See, Juan, how the waters creep up high in the light, to bathe in its beauty and glisten and sparkle. But a cloud passes by and the ocean is dead.

"In a little time the old priest sickened unto death, and with cowardly fear confessed our marriage; and when La Senora—My Lord's stepmother—heard, she vowed fearful vengeance, for she longed for the goodly heritage for her own young son. So little had Don Carlos sought for women, so strong his love of Church, that she had grown to dream the land her own.

"Merrily My Lord laughed at her threats; but I—I could not sleep for remembering and fearing her.

"All through the carnival we laughed and danced; laughter set to music, and dances swaying to the rhythm of love; all joy supreme, save at night, the crawling, choking fear of La Senora.

"'Twas the last day of the carnival, the day when My Lord came not,—that terrible day that seems beaten out into centuries. Never, since the day I laughed in his eyes, had I danced without him. With a heart afar off I sang, waiting. I danced till I was cold and faint, danced till the earth reeled.

"Carmen, the singer, caught me in her arms and gave me water, but not for love.

"With a smile she whispered: 'Thy lover is gone; thou wilt dance vainly to-morrow and *forever.*'

"With fierce words I pushed her from me.

"'Thou liest, Carmen. If my lover were gone forever I should be dead.'

"Carmen laughed loudly; 'Yet he is gone, Annunciata. Through iron bars thou mayest seek him, for he has repented his evil life with thee and prays yonder in the monastery.'

"Ah! Juanito, 'twas true. La Senora had kept her vow, and hatred had proven stronger than love.

"For days afterward I lived here on the hillside, always in sight of the great gray walls, praying and fasting.

"At last, one night, I crept up close to the barred gates. There, when the sea was not too bold, I could hear the murmured prayers and, *Dios mio!* afar off the moaning of a tortured soul!

"As the Latin hymns ceased gradually, the moaning grew louder, harsher, filling the air about me and chilling my heart, for, Juanito, 'twas the voice of my beloved. One of the bars of the great gate had loosened. Through it I slipped easily, for I had grown very thin, and fled swiftly, noiselessly, over the stone courts, beckoned on by the thick, gasping sound of a strong man's agony. At his window I stooped, throwing myself against the bars, tearing at them wildly, begging, pleading, moaning in answer to his cries. I forgot all but our love and the cruel bars that held us apart.

"I heeded not the approaching footsteps, nor the heavy hands laid upon me. I fought with them when they carried me away. I held my breath as I heard their malignant whispers: ''Tis the dancer, his sweetheart; his vow is broken. He shall suffer again.' Over the stone court they dragged me, through a dark, long passage and into a square dungeon full of strange, black objects that cast awful shadows in the thin, trembling light.

"I strove to think, to make myself known; for they talked of Carlos. Together they whispered, and as they sat in the

pale light, with sallow faces resting on their crooked bony hands, I fell to shivering and trembling, so dire were their looks and words.

"They told, *hermano mio,* how, if they could keep My Lord to the vow they had wrung from him on the rack, a part of the lands and the wealth of his great estate would by and by come into the Church. La Senora would have much; but the Church far more. And, then, they added quite loudly that I might hear, 'We will test him through her. She shall dance, dance as she did on the Plaza, dance while he lies on the rack, dance with his moan filling her ears. If it be that she can do this lightly, then it were best to consider,—not judge too severely. La Senora may have been rash in her solicitude for his spiritual welfare.

"And I believed them, Juan! I believed them! How could I know that their words were spoken but to deceive and make me seem light in the eyes of my lover?

"While I yet dreamed of his freedom, the door swung back and, between them, the monks carried a long, heavy, black box. They passed near me that I might better see the burden within.

"There, white and still, lay My Lord. Fast were his teeth shut, as though locked with inner bolts, his yellow hair cropped close, and the fair skin drawn tightly.

"His hands—the hands that had blown me kisses and lifted my hair to see the sunbeams drift through—were scarred and twisted—not like human hands.

"*And I was to dance for him!*

"'Tis naught, Juan; I am but dizzy in the sunlight. Plainly I see them now: The older monk standing by the narrow, black box, with his hands resting on the wooden handles at the side, and next, smiling at me,—a cruel, sensuous smile—the younger blue-eyed brother, with a tiny silver flute in his hand.

"Words of prayer were on my lips: '*Madre de Dios! Madre de Jesus!*' But I remembered that I was not to pray, only to *dance* for them.

"Though my heart beat until my bodice moved, I vowed

the dance should be a brave one—a brave, merry one for the sake of my lover.

"Lightly I threw my hands over my head and leaned toward the priests, smiling, waiting for the first note from the silver flute. As the fine, shrill melody of the tiny instrument floated through the room, the older monk, without taking his eyes from my face, slowly moved the wooden handles of the box. God of mercy and of love! what a cry smote my heart! Forgetting my vow, forgetting all but My Lord's agony, I knelt at their feet, begging for mercy,—mercy for my beloved. Gladly would I suffer in his place. *Misericordia! Misericordia!* I wept before them, kissing their hands, their robes,—the very floor of the cell.

"But the cruel, strong hand of the monk was once more laid on the rack. As I saw it I sprang from the ground, striking to the wall the crucifix he held. With the strength of fury I broke in twain the hideous wooden handles and flung them through the bars.

"As if in craven fear the monks stood by, while I lifted gently, tenderly, the wasted, twisted hands.

"Softly, lest he should rouse to fresh pain, I smoothed back the damp hair, and wiped the flecks of foam from the sweet curved lips. There was no sound in the cell, only the far-off sea, wailing and moaning in the starless night.

"Truly, I mourned not as other women; I feared only that My Lord was not dead. I trembled only lest again his brave heart should beat with the anguish of living. Even while I dreamed thus, the drawn lips quivered, weakly as the lips of a shadow. Stooping close, I listened, every nerve straining until the very silence seemed alive.

"The monks stirred not. Well they knew their work was finished!

"So loudly my heart beat that it seemed the echo of the tossing sea; yet I moved not nor spoke.

"Then from that far-away land, where the white spirit of My Lord had gone, he whispered to me faintly his farewell:

"*Annunciata! Querida mia! Adios!*"

THE BALCONY SCENE FROM "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

EDMOND ROSTAND.

[By permission of George Munro's Sons.]

Translated from the French by Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard.

CHARACTERS { Cyrano.
Christian.
Roxane.

[Cyrano de Bergerac is a poet, soldier, and philosopher who, because of his wit and his sword, is admired and feared by all. He has a grotesque physical deformity,—an enormous nose. The "shadow of his profile on the wall" keeps him from seeking the society of women and, though he loves his cousin, Roxane, he dare not try to win her. Roxane thinks she loves Christian, a handsome young man who is as stupid as he is handsome. Cyrano, learning of their interest in each other, offers to coach Christian so he can play the part of lover acceptably. Christian accepts the offer and all goes well until one evening, in Roxane's garden, when Christian, growing tired of "borrowed love-makings," decides to speak for himself without the aid of Cyrano. He offends Roxane deeply by his rude, unpolished speech, so different from that to which she had grown accustomed. She tells him, "I hoped for cream—you give me gruel," and leaving him, she goes into her house. Christian begs Cyrano, who has been an unseen spectator, to come once again to his assistance.]

CYRANO. The night is dark. All can be repaired,
Although you merit not. Stand there, poor wretch,
Fronting the balcony. I'll go beneath
And prompt your words to you.
Call her!

CHRISTIAN. Roxane!

ROXANE [*half opening the casement*]. Who calls me?

CHRIS. I! Christian! I would speak with you.

CYR. [*under the balcony, to* CHRISTIAN].
Good. Speak soft and low.

ROX. No, you speak stupidly!

CHRIS. Oh, pity me!

ROX. No! you love me no more!

CHRIS. [*prompted by* CYRANO].
You say—Great Heaven!
I love no more?—when—I—love more and more!

ROX. [*about to shut the casement, but pausing*].
Hold! 'Tis a trifle better! ay, a trifle!

CHRIS. [*same play*].
Love grew apace, rocked by the anxious beating—
Of this poor heart, which the cruel wanton boy—
Took for a cradle!

ROX. [*coming out on balcony*]. That is better! But
An if you deem that Cupid be so cruel,
You should have stifled baby-love in's cradle!

CHRIS. [*same play*].
Ah, madame, I assayed but all in vain
This—new-born babe is a young—Hercules!

ROX. Still better.

CHRIS. Thus strangled he in my heart
The—serpents twain, of—Pride—and Doubt!

ROX. [*leaning over the balcony*]. Well said!
But why so faltering? Has mental palsy
Seized on your faculty imaginative?

CYR. [*drawing* CHRISTIAN *under the balcon*
ping into his place].
Give place! This waxes critical!

ROX. T
Your words are hesitating.

CYR. [*imitating* CHRISTIAN, *in a*

In the dusk they grope th

ROX. But my words find no s

CYR. They find their way at
For 'tis within my he
Bethink how large m
And, from fair heig
But mine must mo

ROX. Meseems that yo
climb.

CYR. With practice sur

Rox. In truth, I seem to speak from distant heights!
Cyr. True, far above; at such a height 'twere death
If a hard word from you fell on my heart.
Rox. I will come down.
Cyr. No! Stay awhile! 'Tis sweet,
The rare occasion, when our hearts can speak,
Ourselves unseen, unseeing!
Rox. Why—unseen?
Cyr. Ay, it is sweet! Half hidden,—half revealed—
You see the dark folds of my shrouding cloak,
And I, the glimmering whiteness of your dress;
I but a shadow—you a radiance fair!
Know you what such a moment holds for me?
If ever I were eloquent—
Rox. You were!
Cyr. Yet never till to-night my speech has sprung
Straight from my heart as now it springs.
[illegible]x. Why not?
Till now I spoke haphazard—
What?
Your eyes
[illegible]ns that turn men dizzy! But to-night
[illegible]hall find speech for the first time!
[illegible]voice rings with a tone that's new.
[illegible]passionately].
[illegible]n the tender, sheltering dusk
[illegible] for once,—at last! [*Stops,*

[illegible]ot!—Oh, pardon me—
[illegible]eet, so novel.
How?

[illegible]ind the thread of his sen-

sincere.
[illegible]aring to be mocked—

ting! Ay

My heart has clothed itself with witty words
To shroud itself from curious eyes—impelled
At times to aim at a star, I stay my hand
And, fearing ridicule,—cull a wild flower!

ROX. A wild flower's sweet.

CYR. Ay! but to-night—the star!

ROX. Oh, never have you spoken thus before!

CYR. At last the moment comes inevitable!—
Oh, woe for those who never know that moment!
When feeling love exists in us, ennobling,
Each well-weighed word is futile and soul-saddening!

ROX. Well, if that moment's come for us—suppose it!—
What words would serve you?

CYR. All, all, all, whatever
That came to me, e'en as they came, I'd fling them
In a wild cluster, not a careful bouquet.
I love thee! I am mad! I love, I stifle!
Thy name is in my heart as in a sheep-bell,
And as I ever tremble, thinking of thee,
Ever the bell shakes, ever thy name ringeth!
All things of thine I mind, for I love all things.
I know that last year on the twelfth of May-month,
To walk abroad, one day you changed your hair-plaits!
I am so used to take your hair for daylight
That,—like as when the eye stares on the sun's disk,
One sees long after a red blot on all things—
So, when I quit thy beams, my dazzled vision
Sees upon all things a blonde stain imprinted.

ROX. [*agitated*]. Why, this is love indeed!

CYR. Ay, true, the feeling
Which fills me, terrible and jealous, truly
Love,—which is ever sad amid its transports!
Love,—and yet, strangely, not a selfish passion!
I for your joy would gladly mine own down,—
E'en though you never were to know it,—never!—
If but at times I might—far off and lonely—

Hear some gay echo of the joy I brought you!
Each glance of thine awakes in me a virtue,—
A novel, unknown valor. Dost begin, sweet,
To understand? So late, dost understand me?
Feel'st thou my soul, here, through the darkness mounting?
Too fair the night! Too fair, too fair the moment!
That I should speak thus, and that you should hearken!
Too fair! In moments when my hopes rose proudest,
I never hoped such guerdon. Naught is left me
But to die now! Have words of mine the power
To make you tremble,—throned there in the branches?
Ay, like a leaf among the leaves, you tremble!
You tremble! for I feel—an if you will it,
Or will it not—your hand's belovèd trembling
Thrill through the branches, down your sprays of jasmine!

[*He kisses passionately one of the hanging tendrils.*]

ROX. Ay! I am trembling—weeping! I am thine!
Thou hast conquered all of me!

CYR. Then let death come!
'Tis I, tis I myself, who conquered thee!
. . . And when some night
I enter Christ's fair courts, and, lowly bowed,
Sweep with doffed casque the heaven's threshold blue,
One thing is left, that, void of stain or smirch,
I'll bear away despite of fate's endeavor
This moment infinite.

I WANT some bach'lor buttons, two cards of white and blue,
A paper of pin needles, assorted sizes, too,
A dinner-set of china (china asters) painted pink,
One dozen tea-cups (buttercups filled with dew to drink),
Some pep'mint drops (the red grow here), to keep the children still,
And here's the money (marigolds) to pay the little bill.

PATIENCE.

BE patient, O be patient! Put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth.
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground and the blade stands up in day!

Be patient, O be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must underground be wrought;
But as sure as there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient, O be patient! Go and watch the wheat-ears grow,
So imperceptibly that you can mark nor change nor throe;
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown!
And then again day after day till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient, O be patient! Though yet our hopes are green
The harvest fields of Freedom shall be crowned with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent way
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on Freedom's harvest-day!

A SCOTCH WITNESS.

A SMALL Scotch boy was summoned to give evidence against his father, who was accused of making a disturbance in the streets. Said the bailie to him:

"Come, my wee man, speak the truth, an' let us hear all ye ken about this affair."

"Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness Street?"

"I do, laddie," replied the magistrate.

"Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square, and cross the square——"

"Yes, yes," said the bailie, encouragingly.

"And when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right, and up the High Street, and keep up High Street till ye come to a pump."

"Quite right, my lad; proceed," said the magistrate. "I know the old pump well."

"Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me."

PROPHECY.

FLORENCE MAY ALT.

UPON his wooden hobby-horse
He galloped to the fray,
The sunlight in his ruffled curls,
His laughter ringing gay.
And she who watched that reckless ride
Across the nursery floor,
And smiled upon the paper hat
And the wooden sword he wore,
Yet saw, through mist of sudden tears,
A vision strange and new,
Her little lad a soldier grown,—
The prophecy come true.

Years after, when the play was real,
And through the crowded square
Brave men to battle marched away
Amid the trumpet's blare,
One watched with all a mother's pride
Their captain strong and tall.

Yet, as she looked with loving eyes,
The pageant faded all!
She only saw a fair-haired child
Who galloped to the war
Upon his wooden hobby-horse,
Across the nursery floor.

DAT GAWGY WATAHMILLON.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

[From "Rimes to Be Read," W. B. Conkey, publisher, by permission of the author.]

O DAT Gawgy watahmillon, an' dat gal ob Gawgy wif 'im!
She foun' 'm an' she poun' 'm an' he ripe enough to lif' 'm.
I take 'm to de well an' den we cool 'm in de watah,
An' we bress de Lawd for libin'! like a Gawgy niggah ought to.
She pat him an' she punk him, like ol' mammy wif de chillun,
An' ma haht it done keep punkin' ev'y time she punk de millon.

I look into huh yaller eyes an' feel that I can trus' 'm,
An' den I take de millon an' I drop 'm down an' bu's' 'm.
O dat Gawgy watahmillon wif de sweet an' coolin' flowin'!
Poke youah face deep down, ma honey, an' jes' keep youah mouf a-goin'.
Dar ain't no use ob *talkin'*, but I 'clar to Gord I'se willin'
Foh to nebah hab no heab'n 'cept dat Gawgy gal an' millon!

Foh dey filled de haht an' stomach ob dis happy Gawgy niggah,
An' he couldn' be no fullah, 'less de Lohd done make him biggah.

Foh dy Lohd! I'se done been dreamin' an' my haht is mos'
 a-breakin'
An' ma lips dey is a-burnin', an' ma stomach is a-achin'.
I been dreamin' ob de summah, an' ma mouf is jis a-fillin'
Foh dat honey gal ob Gawgy an' dat Gawgy watahmillon.

THE AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF BLUE.

H. W. JAKEWAY.

[From the *Ladies' Home Journal*, by permission of the author and the Curtis Publishing Co.]

SHE gave him her book to write in—
 The autograph book of blue—
And she said: " Write it straight, now, Tommy,
 And something nice and true."
Stiffly and squarely he wrote a line
 For his queen with the eyes of blue—
Proudly, and signed it " Tommy "—
 " Maggie, I love you true."

A youth came home from a college—
 A student, grave and wise.
He looked at the little old autograph book;
 He looked at her true blue eyes,
And he scrawled, with cynical smiling,
 In the old, old book of blue,
Of the folly of love, and signed it
 " Thomas Reginald Hugh."

A man came from his labors
 Learned in the school of years,
Gazed at the little blue book and dreamed,
 And gazed, as he dreamed, through tears.
Then he looked and saw her smiling,
 With tears in her eyes of blue,
And he wrote and signed it " Tommy "—
 " Maggie, I love you true."

THE STUDENT-HEROES OF OUR WAR.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

[At a mass meeting of the members of Harvard University to consider the erection of some memorial for the students who had died in the Hispano-American war, President Eliot made an address, which we reprint with some account of its reception by the audience. The address was preceded by the reading of a letter from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of the class of 1880. Great applause greeted the reading of this letter, and was continued and prolonged as President Eliot was introduced and rose to speak. But at his first words an intense hush fell over the assemblage, and grew deeper as he proceeded, until, when he ended, the audience seemed too profoundly moved to break it. It was only when he turned, took his hat, and started to leave the hall, that the spell of his splendid eloquence was broken. Then a mighty outburst of applause rang out until the hall echoed again. President Eliot said:]

BROTHER ROOSEVELT'S phrase, "gave their young lives," is a common one enough; but how much it means! These youths who died in this Cuban war have given what you all are looking forward to with intense hope, expectation, delight, satisfaction, and joy. Life is over with them. For you it is just opening. Imagine for an instant what they have given. They can not experience the joys, the delights, the hopes, which fill your hearts with anticipation. Human life is gone for them.

What did they give their lives for? We have been asking that question, and sometimes we get an adverse answer. We all have seen the sentiment that this war was not worth fighting for, that this war will bring upon the country unforeseen evils, that the young men had no cause to go to this war, that educated young men in particular ought to have known better than to have gone to such a war. I do but repeat what I hear. These views seem to me unsound; but, if sound, irrelevant.

What does this building teach? What has it been teaching to the youth of Harvard for thirty years? What does it say to the men who have gone in and out here during their whole college lives? Has it not said to them: "It is noble to die for your country?" Has it not said to them: "If you

die for your country, your name shall be written up somewhere on the grounds of the college?" I, for one, feel that Memorial Hall has said just that to all those who went to this Cuban war. It has said to them: "You shall be remembered here, if you fall."

Now was there anything about the moral quality of this war that should lead to the disappointment of this hope, to the breaking of that promise? I can not think so. We do not know to-day what the issues of this war are to be. How much did those young men know about the issues of this war when they went? How much can any generation of young men probably know about the issues of any war to which they may be summoned by the government of their country? I am sure the young men of 1861 did not know anything about the issues of the Civil war. They went because they loved their country and because the existence of their country seemed to be threatened. They went because they loved the Union, and thought that that Union was in danger.

Again, what is the real strength of this country among the nations of the earth, when we keep a small standing army and but a small navy? Why have the opinion and the word of the United States been respected among the nations of the earth when, to all appearances, we were without the means of physically enforcing them ourselves? Is it not because in this free country, when our government needs the force, the young men spring to arms. The very reason why we have been able to get on with a standing army of 25,000 men among 70,000,000 people is that foreign nations and our own people believe that, when our government calls for troops, the troops will be forthcoming, and that quickly and without much stopping to reason or to anticipate the issues of the threatening strife.

If in the future this country shall be able to get on well, and hold a strong place among the nations of the earth without maintaining such armies and navies as have burdened the nations of Europe, it will be because the other nations, and we ourselves, believe that, when the government of this country makes its appeal to battle, the youth will come. Now

this is just what our comrades who have died in this Cuban war did, and I believe that they should be lastingly commemorated on these grounds. But I would not advise that any hasty action be taken with regard to the form of the memorial. On looking back on Memorial Hall, I see that it was several years after the close of the Civil war before this building began to rise on this spot; and there were good reasons for the delay.

We do not yet know how many graduates and sons of Harvard were enlisted in this war. Let us not be too quick to imagine what form of memorial shall be raised to these friends of ours whose lives have been given in this war. Let us declare here that so far as in us lies they shall be worthily commemorated; but let us wait until we know how many are to be commemorated. Let us wait until we know more than we now do about the issues of this war.

It is true that the memory of those who fall in any war is affected by the issues of the war. There is no doubt that men hold in remembrance longer and more dearly those who fought in a war that turns out to be a war for civilization, for the progress of mankind. Let us wait, then, until we know something more than we now know about the ultimate issues of the strife in which our comrades fell; but let us absolutely determine that they shall be affectionately and honorably remembered here.

ON BOARD THE VICTORY.

EDNAH ROBINSON.

[From the *Criterion*, by permission of the publishers.]

THE *Victory* had been out ten days. Into a fog of sea and sky she had swept out through the Golden Gate.

Victory! an omen of good fortune. In the North a golden Aurora had arisen and on this first trip of the *Victory*, her passenger-list was compressed and overflowing. The

miner is a product of luck and stakes his faith on lucky names and numbers and the *Victory* allured.

It was an unassorted jumble of humanity with a common impulse; their nature and destinies diverse; the prize, a chance at fortune, the same.

Down in the dining-saloon the ivory chips clinked all night long. Jack Androus and Silent Sam, his partner, ran a game there between meals, beginning as soon as the tables were cleared, and it could not be doubted that between them would be divided one of the largest fortunes to come out of the frozen treasure-house. Among the passengers was a woman called Madge, traveling alone; Bill Terrill and wife, who affixed without consciousness their profession to their signatures,—gamblers; Mrs. Donahue and her coquettish daughter, Mamie, who had been tempted from their routine of feeding men in Arizona to a more lucrative post in Alaska; miners; a few isolated reporters; cooks.

There was but one child on board. She discouraged all advances, especially the women's. Her shy manner did not hint of her world-washed vision, dragged about from camp to camp. A motherless girl, she had studied human nature when other children of her age were learning their alphabet.

Not even to her father was Polly a taking child. He thought her sullen and disliked the frightened look her wide eyes perpetually were. MacLean, who was returning to his claims on the Yukon, took a puzzled fancy to Polly and he was the only one she did not repel. He tried to rouse her ambition by prophesying the fortune to be hers, but Polly's eyes never glistened, and MacLean often caught himself wondering what went on in that quiet little head.

The tenth morning out, off the coast of Unalaska, a storm came up that drove the passengers for warmth and entertainment into the social hall where the women always congregated. There was a high sea on and the winds were threatening destruction to the dauntless little ship whose creaking timbers buffeted grimly with the huge waves that washed up over the hurricane deck. Polly's wide, terrified eyes had drawn MacLean from the smoking-room, and he had gone

in search of her. The *Victory* was pitching and rolling, and he had to grope his way by the rail, a heavy wave breaking over him as he opened the door.

He was wiping the salt from his eyes and beard when a string of oaths greeted him. He turned to Polly, who was in her accustomed place, and her apathy again struck him. Scenes like this were nothing to him, but what was her father thinking of? A fresh arrival stimulated the conversation

* * * * * * * *

"The only gentleman is the gambler," was Jack Androus's unprejudiced challenge.

"Did you ever hear of a gambler refusing to succor distress?" asked Mrs. Terrill. "Where are ministers that can be said the same of? Keep your ministers and give me the gamblers, say I."

The applause was punctuated by oaths. Mamie Donahue enlisted:

"The minister is a hypocrite who makes his bread out of what he professes, but the gambler is what he says he is and no more. I have never had a friend who was not a gambler or an atheist, and I never want any other. They are the only gentlemen."

Mrs. Donahue seized the staff:

"I know a case. A poor man got into trouble. Who came forward to help him? Ministers? Parsons? No, the gamblers! If I need help, I'd turn to my own kind. Don't talk to me of your parsons——"

"Who's going to?" interrupted Mrs. Terrill, her voice pitched high above the tempest. "Not I for one. I've been a gambler's wife for twenty years and I know! The parsons are hypocrites!"

Jack Androus raised his glass.

"We're all with you,—atheists! Mrs. Terrill leads. Here, you fellows, hold up your hands! This world, death, and forgetfulness! Who believes in a fairy tale fit for women and children?"

There was a hurried rally round the colors.

"Death and forgetfulness!"

"Nothing beyond!"

MacLean alone was silent; but sharp eyes marked him.

"How about you, MacLean?"

He smiled an evasion, but something impelled him to drag in Polly.

"And you, Polly, what do you believe?"

It was as if a clarion had sounded. A thrill ran through her frame and crimsoned her face. She gave a frightened glance around the press of quizzical faces and helplessly back to MacLean, who regretted the panic in that shy breast and would have retracted the question but it was too late. The trumpet call shook her to her feet. She tried to speak, but the frightened voice stuck in her throat; another effort and the voice, fearful of its own temerity, broke through its sheath, clear as a bell:

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty—"

MacLean caught his breath. She had responded.

"Maker of heaven and earth—"

Outside the *Victory* was tossing helplessly, but Polly's voice rose triumphantly above the storm.

"And in Jesus Christ, our Lord!"

A boyish scene unrolled before MacLean and the neglected words came back. His voice self-consciously joined Polly's, and he felt rather than heard a reenforcement from the other side of the room.

"On the right hand of God—"

The voices now rang out clear, and two men stood up. There was a sudden awed hush as the *Victory* shuddered tremulously to the crest of a watery mountain, and then sank into an abyss-like trough that threatened to swallow its victim. In the dining-saloon there was a crash of broken china and some women screamed. The thickening darkness added to the panic, but a young voice broke through:

"He shall come to judge the quick and the dead—"

The woman called Madge broke into hysterical sobbing, but the chorus swept on to "the forgiveness of sins." All of the chorus were standing now. Down-stairs the clink of

chips had stopped, the waiters stood by the steps, the steward's cap was off. The hard crowd had remembered its childhood and stood in spirit by its mother's knee. In triumph the chorus rang to a close:

"The Resurrection of the body and the Life Everlasting. Amen!"

LINETTE.

FLORENCE FOLSOM.

[By permission of the author.]

TO-DAY we are poor;
But I buy Linette
A crystal and silver
Vinaigrette!

To the woods we go
For our holiday,
But the homeward ride
I can not pay.

I am not ashamed
To be so poor;
When my coin is gone
My thoughts endure.

The vinaigrette
She may always keep;
And her limbs will rest
In a long night's sleep!

* * *

To-day we are rich
With a poem's wage.
As a bird from the door
Of his opened cage,

I rush from our garret
  And buy Linette
Violets blue,
  With white dew wet!

Music and perfume,
  Color and light,
Are Linette's and mine
  Until falls the night.

Poor as before,
  To our nest we creep,
But we have each other
  And youth and sleep.

KATIE AN' ME.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

[From "Rimes to Be Read," W. B. Conkey, publisher, by permission of the author.]

KATIE an' me a'n't ingaged anny moor.
  Och, but the heart of me's breakin' fer sure!
The moon has turned grane an' the sun has turned yallow,
An' Oi am turned both an' a different fallow.
The poipe of me loiftoime is losin' its taste;
Some illigant whiskey is goin' to waste;
Me heart is that impty an' also me arrum,
Pertaities an' bacon have lost all their charrum.
An' Oi feel like a tombstone, wid crape on the dure,
Since Katie an' me a'n't ingaged anny moor.

Yit most of the world is a-movin' alang
As if there was nawthin' at all goin' wrang.
Oi notice the little pigs lie in the mud,
An' the fool of a cow is still chewin' her cud;

The sky is still blue an' the grass is still bright;
The stars shine in hivin in paceful delight;
The little waves dance on the brist of the lake;
Tim Donnelly's dead an' they're havin' a wake,
An' the world's rich in joy! an' it's only me poor,
Since Katie an' me a'n't ingaged anny moor.

She was always that modest an' swate, Oi declare
She w'u'd blush full as rid as her illigant hair
At the t'ought of another man stalin' the taste
Of her lips or another man's arrum round her waist.
An' now—och, McCarney, luk out, or Oi'll break
Yer carcass in fragmints an' dance at yer wake,
As you're dancin' at Donnelly's! What sh'u'd Oi fear?
Purgutory? Not mooch, fer the same is right here,
Wid me heart on the briler, an' niver a cure,
Since Katie an' me a'n't ingaged anny moor.

SUNSHINE JOHNSON.

SEEING the two men together and knowing that one of them was a murderer, there was one chance in a thousand that you would have chosen the right man for the criminal.

The white man was seated on an easy canvas camp-chair; he was a tall, thin man, with a stern, forbidding look upon his face that might have been caused by remorse. There were certain inflexible lines about his mouth that showed him to be a man of great force of character. He was an unerring judge of human nature and had come to believe that he could not make a mistake. Nevertheless, he trusted people whom no one else would think of trusting, and his trust was seldom misplaced.

The black man who stood before him, receiving some instructions, had the simple, good-natured expression so often found in the negro race. It seemed all he could do to keep his broad mouth from relaxing into a smile, and only the fact

that he was talking to the superintendent of the penitentiary would keep down his exuberant good nature. This man was known throughout the camp as Sunshine Johnson,—a murderer in for life. Yet in his arms rested Jackson Flint's fair-haired little daughter; her face pressed close against his dusky one, her arms around the negro's neck. This was one of the men Jackson Flint trusted.

If visitors, attracted by his name or by his beaming countenance, questioned Sunshine about his crime, he would stand first on one foot and then on the other, while a dazed, hopeless look grew in his eyes.

"Well, you see, massa, I s'pec' I done killed de man—he dead anyhow an' I s'pec' I killed him—but you see, sah, I don't recollect nufin' tall about it, sah, for I was drunk at de time, sah. I'se powerful sorry I done it, if I did done it," and Sunshine would look appealingly at the questioner.

People visiting this penitentiary for the first time were surprised to find how little the place was protected. Here and there were tall board erections, in which were stationed men with rifles or shotguns. There was no wall about the camp; its only protection was a picket fence, which might easily have been leaped. But although a man might have leaped the fence, and though he might have escaped the shots from the towers, his escape was well-nigh impossible; he had to cross the mountains in order to get away and a telegraph station in the convict settlement quickly apprized all civilization that such and such a man had escaped. It usually happened that about a week or ten days after an attempt to escape, a gaunt, starved man came out of the wilderness and gave himself up at the first place where he could find something to eat.

On the day of my story there had been a fierce storm among the mountains. The clouds seemed to become entangled with the peaks until they, like the prisoners, could not get away, but poured themselves down on the little valley until the little river became a roaring torrent and gleamed white amid the trees. Toward evening the clouds parted, and the pale sickle of a moon hung its light over the quiet valley.

Jackson Flint was sitting on his veranda smoking his corn-cob pipe, when a burst of childish laughter fell upon his ears, and, looking round, he saw his little daughter lashing Sunshine as if he were a horse, while that good-natured individual trotted up and down patiently.

"Hello, Sunshine! What are you doing with Dorothy at this hour of the night?"

At the sound of the master's voice they came to an immediate pause and even the child hushed its laughter.

"Well you see, massa—little Dot, sah, had to stay indoors all day on account of the rain and her ma thought as how she might come out a little while to-night, and if you please, Massa Flint, little Dot would like to stay up very much and see the midnight express."

"Nonsense, Dorothy, you don't want to stay up as late as that, do you?"

The child made no answer; but leaned over and whispered in Sunshine's ear.

"If you please, little Dot would like it very much, sah."

"Did Dorothy tell you to say that, Sunshine? Well, it's all right if her mother says so."

The midnight express was a great sight to see on a dark night. It came in view from out a tunnel, then disappeared and came in view again and the long line of lights seemed to climb the mountains.

It was almost time for the train, when Jackson Flint was startled by a shrill cry from his child, and, turning round, the sight he saw the next moment simply paralyzed him. Sunshine had snatched a lantern from the steps of his quarters and, shouting to Dorothy: "Run into de house, honey, run into de house," he had leaped the picket fence and made off toward the wood.

The child clung, frightened and crying, to the palings, but the hoarse voice of Jackson Flint awoke the whole camp:

"Come back here, you black rascal!"

But Sunshine only waved his lantern and went on. Flint felt for his six-shooter and the next instant the sharp click of a revolver rang out on the midnight air.

"Run into de house, honey, run into de house," shouted Sunshine, at the top of his voice, and then Flint saw that his own little curly-haired girl was in a direct line between him and the escaping convict.

As a general thing, he was an unerring shot, but his hand trembled, as he shot six times over Sunshine's head and then flung the empty revolver to the ground. Each time he shot, Sunshine waved the lantern and went on.

Flint called to the men in the towers:

"Why don't you shoot?"

Three shots rang out. This time Sunshine uttered a cry of pain, but he went on and the next instant he was out of sight.

Pale-faced men came up from every direction.

"Who's escaped, sir?"

"Johnson."

"Not Sunshine?"

"What other Johnson is there here?"

"Shall we send a guard out, sir?"

"No. Go to bed."

Flint paced back and forth for over an hour, muttering under his breath:

"He's sure to be caught."

The bitterness of it all was that everybody knew he had trusted Sunshine and now his trust had been betrayed. At last he sat down and buried his face in his hands. Suddenly a soft voice close to his elbow made him spring to his feet.

"Massa Flint!"

There, torn by the brambles and bushes, his clothes in rags, the lantern still on his arm, stood Sunshine.

"You scoundrel! What did you do it for?"

"You didn't hear it, did you, Massa Flint?"

"Hear it? hear what?"

"De landslide, massa. I heerd it a-comin' 'way down de mountain, an' I knowed I had to run if I was to sabe dat train. But I did sabe it, Massa Flint."

A great lump came in Flint's throat and he couldn't speak,

and he reached down both his hands and put them on Sunshine's shoulders.

"So you saved the train, did you, Sunshine?"

"Yes, Massa Flint. Dey want a shublin' gang directly. De conductor am a-comin' right up."

"All right, Sunshine. Why, what's the matter with your arm?" for, as the light from the lantern flashed on it, Sunshine's left arm hung limp and helpless and Flint could see the blood trickle down the fingers.

"It got hit a little wid de shotgun. 'Tain't no matter."

"Go into the house, Sunshine. I'll send a doctor directly."

"Hello," called the conductor, coming up just then, "what are you trying to do with us down here? Are you trying to smash us up?"

"Well, you might have been smashed up if it hadn't been for one of my niggers."

"Yes, I know," said the conductor; but he didn't know the risk Sunshine had run.

"How long do you think it'll take us to get away? The Governor of North Carolina is on board, and he's a bit impatient at the delay."

"So. The Governor's on board, is he? Well, I'm glad of that, for I want him to pardon a lifer."

"Yes? Well, I wouldn't ask him just now if I were you. He's not in the best of humors."

"He'll never be in a better humor than he is this minute, for what I want him to do, for if it hadn't been for my lifer, he and his private car would be at the bottom of the nearest ravine."

And the Governor pardoned Sunshine Johnson.

TYING her shoe, I knelt at Daphne's feet.
My fumbling fingers found such service sweet,
And lingered o'er the task till, when I rose,
Cupid had bound me captive in her bows.

ALL FOR A MAN.

HELEN M. WINSLOW.

[By permission of the author.]

HE had flirted at Bar Harbor and at Narragansett Pier,
He had thoroughly "done Europe," and at last began to fear
That life was after all to prove a horrid, beastly bore
And love—as 'tis in novels, and young visions were no more.
When by the merest circumstance he took a sudden fancy
To go to Pottstown Corners and visit old Aunt Nancy;
And never dreamed that Pottstown oped into Paradise
Or that his Eve was singing there, with modest, shining eyes,
"Oh! for a man— oh! for a man— a mansion in the skies!"

The mischief happened this way: In Pottstown etiquette
To stay away from meeting is a sin they can't forget,
So when Aunt Nancy asked him and he set out to refuse,
Her look of horror silenced him, he muttered: "Ah—excuse—
I mean, I'll go,"—and meekly walked, with all his best attire,
The mile-long dusty street; then slept, until the village choir
Aroused him with the closing hymn and, much to his surprise,
A sweet-voiced angel seemed to lead with pure, uplifted eyes,
"Oh! for a man— oh! for a man— a mansion in the skies!"

And when the congregation, in that honest way they love,
Faced straight about and gazed into the singing-loft above.
He turned and stared, enchanted, at a girl who seemed to lack
Naught but a tarnished golden frame and canvas at her back
To make her some old picture from Florence or Munich

(An illusion carried out by her hat and her white tunic).
He stared, enraptured, in a way that hymn don't authorize.
She knew, and blushed, and sang again, with shy and down-
cast eyes
"Oh! for a man— oh! for a man— a mansion in the
skies!"

I blush to tell—but after that no deacon in the church
More constant was at meeting, more eager in the search
Apparently for Scripture lore; and although he had been
A worshipper of Wagner—Valkyrie—Lohengrin,
He sat in adoration while that village choir sang "Mere,"
And cherubim and seraphim seemed singing in his ear.
Old "China," "Webb," and "Lenox" were choicest har-
monies,
But best of all was when she sang with sweet and drooping
eyes
"Oh! for a man— oh! for a man— a mansion in the
skies!"

But why prolong the story, since love will find a way?
He lingered with Aunt Nancy for many and many a day,
And spite of saintly likeness to Madonnas she was human
And with a heart that could be won like any other woman;
So now he roves no longer but is quite the business man
And likes when evening comes to sit and look on—when he
can—
While she bends o'er the cradle with its silken draperies
And croons in low and hushing voice, with happy love-lit
eyes:
"My little man, my little man, must shut his sleepy eyes."

No way has been found for making heroism easy even for the scholar. Labor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an audience for him, the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.

DEATH OF HAROLD.

CHARLES DICKENS.

IN the middle of the month of October, in the year 1066, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other, in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of the event) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill, a wood behind them, in their midst a royal banner representing a fighting warrior woven in gold thread and adorned with precious stones.

Beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army, every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-ax. On an opposite hill, in three lines—archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen—was the Norman force. Of a sudden, arose a great battle-cry: "God's Rood! Holy Rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage.

As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horses divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost part of the English army fell, fighting bravely. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-

axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen, when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall upon their faces!"

The sun rose high and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground.

King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected around their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound and dropped. The English broke and fled as the Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and the stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William—which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were carousing within! Soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among the piles of dead; and the warrior worked in golden thread and precious stones lay low, all torn and soiled with blood; and the three Norman Lions kept watch over the field.

Po' li'l' feller, los' in de snow,
En nowhar's ter go—en nowhar's ter go!
But a light is shinin' fer de feet dat roam,
En someone's a-callin': "Come home—come home!"
En some er dese times—when de Lawd think bes'—
Dey'll all come home ter His lovin' bre's'!

A ROSE OF ROME.

GEORGE HENRY GALPIN.

[From "Threads from the Woof," by permission of the author.]

IT was the day of the great games in Rome. The long, curving sides of the amphitheatre seemed like huge mosaics with the different colors of the rugs and robes thrown over them. Here a dull, gray cloak was cast loosely over a jutting cornice, the ends dragging in the sand. There a rich, crimson scarf threw into strong relief the fair white arm resting upon it. The colors and the shadows seemed to the observer to be blended into a great, beautiful web, which appeared to undulate from time to time as the people moved forward or rose in their seats to cheer the entrance of some patrician or renowned soldier. Just over the east gate a pure white scarf caught the eye, as it floated out, in strong contrast to its gayer neighbors. Plucking at the scarf with nervous fingers, that now and then clenched themselves under the folds, was a young girl of perhaps twenty years of age. Her dress and manner told of patrician blood. Her position would have led one to think that it had been chosen out of a desire to see and enjoy, to the fullest extent, all that passed in the fatal ring below. A look at her eyes and the tense lines about her mouth would have quickly shown how utterly she abhorred it all. A reader of human nature might have said that some vital issue was to come, and that she was there to share it. The clanging of the great bronze gate beneath aroused her, and at the braying of the trumpets, which announced the coming of the emperor, she half turned as if to flee, but, after a second's hesitation, she again faced toward the arena and remained standing, motionless. The train of the emperor passed slowly in and around toward the imperial box. A pause, followed by a shout of "Long live the emperor," announced that the rabble had caught sight of him for whom the games waited, the young emperor of

Rome, and in a moment more he had stepped from beneath the shadow of the gate out into the sunlight.

The carriage of the man commanded the homage of all, and yet there was a sensual, domineering look in his face, which prevented his subjects from giving him their respect or trust. He ruled by cruelty and fear, and, like all despots, was most cordially hated in return for it. A wreath fluttered down from a point just above the head of the young girl and struck the emperor's shoulder. He turned and saw, not the donor of the wreath but the fair vision of the girl—just out of reach,—a vision of purity and grace which would have compelled respect from any other man. An eager, gloating look came into his eyes, but it was met with a glance so fearless and scornful that he turned with a muttered oath and, amid the huzzas and cheers, took his seat beneath the purple and gold canopy at the side of the oval. As many knew, it was not the first repulse that the Roman emperor had received at the hands of the beautiful Nadia.

And now the games commenced. The pageants came and went, the sham fights passed, the runners gained the goal in turn, and through it all the white figure over the great gate sat motionless, unheeding. At last came the gladiators, with muscles playing and sinews trembling like the strings of some fine instrument under the touch of a master hand, their eagerness to be conquerors overcoming their fear of death. Three contests had been fought, and the fourth begun, when the figure of a man in the dress of a gladiator was seen walking rapidly toward the east gate. A glad light leaped into the girl's eager eyes as she watched him approach, and, as he came within hearing, she leaned far out and spoke:

"Ah, the gods are good! You have come, my Glaucus."

"Aye, Nadia; to gain my prize! Give me a token, sweet one, to wear next my heart and guide me on to triumph."

The girl unfolded her scarf and took from it a great white rose, heavy with the sacred oils and scented ointments from the temple, and tossed it gently down to him.

"Here! I brought it for you. But see! It is your turn. Nay, go. You see I am quite calm. I do not even tremble.

Ah, love, the gods will not desert us; I know they will not. But go, go! Mars guide thy hand to victory!"

A look of love—a smile—and he turned to meet his adversary, a deep-chested, brawny Gaul.

The signal came, and with eyes that watched the other's slightest movement the two men moved gradually nearer to each other. A stroke from the Gaul was parried and returned without effect. Another—and a third—and still no vantage ground was gained by either. The breath of both combatants came long and full, their breasts heaved steadily, their muscles grew tense, their eyes burned. At length the Gaul, in desperation, struck a blow which told, and for a moment the victory seemed gained; but at the shock of the blow a white rose fell from the bosom of his opponent, and the sight of this poor, bruised flower there on the sands of the arena seemed to imbue the owner with the strength of Mars. He rallied. The blows came thick and fast. The swords rang out. It was a fight for life as well as honor, and always the two struggling, panting men circled around the flower upon the ground. At last the Roman gained advantage; he tired the Gaul, parried, never seeming to lose strength or vigor, and, breathing the name "Nadia, Nadia," struck hard and fast. Again the Gaul gained ground, but only to lose it, for Glaucus forced him back, back, and still back, when by chance the metal sole of the Gaul's sandal came in contact with the anointed flower; he slipped, fell, and was at the mercy of the Roman, who stood with uplifted eyes, his sword at the throat of his fallen foe. The emperor slowly turned his thumb down and the knife did its work.

It was the last contest of the day, and the victors marched around the arena singing the hymn of triumph, and halted in front of the royal dais. As they stood there, Nadia slipped along unnoticed in the shadow of the wall and joined them. She singled Glaucus out, and stood proudly by him. At last his name was called, and he stepped forward to ask his boon.

"Well," the emperor said, coldly, "what is thy wish? It is our will to-day that ye who have fought well shall choose your own reward, excepting life and death. Name yours."

" A small thing to you, my emperor, do I ask: Permission to marry my chosen love and go back to my native hills, leaving the arena to more ambitious ones than I."

" An easy gift. 'Tis yours. You have my word."

The victor bowed, then staggered. Nadia darted to his side like a flash of light, calling to him to speak to her.

" Glaucus! Ah, you are wounded. Speak to me! Speak! "

" Nay. 'Tis but exhaustion, Nadia: I——"

Before he could finish, the emperor, who had been a most astonished and unwilling witness to the scene, stepped forward.

" What means this? Slave, what meanst thou by aspiring to the fairest daughter of patrician Rome? Away with him. I revoke my word. Bring the girl here. Away, I say! "

Glaucus sprang forward and confronted him, towering as though he were emperor instead of supplicant. The lictors, few in number compared to the gladiators, stood back. Glaucus turned to his comrades and spoke, his voice ringing boldly and fearlessly throughout the amphitheatre:

" Men of Rome,—or Sparta,—your emperor has given his word,—that word to which all men bow and hold as sacred. Never yet has a Roman ruler broken that word when once 'twas given. Witness me, I have won my contest and asked my boon. 'Twas granted, but the lust of your emperor proves stronger than his honor."

Warned by the ominous looks of the populace that he had gone too far, the emperor broke in:

" Hold! Enough! Take her. 'Twas but a jest to prove thy loyalty to her. Ho, guards! Proceed, I have enough of this."

Again the glittering train filed slowly out through the bronze doors. As the emperor neared the gate, a white scarf slipped from the seat above and fell upon him as though in mute benediction. A moment he paused, then, tearing the scarf from him with a gesture of hatred, he passed on and out. The gladiators followed, one by one, each giving the couple standing there in the glow of the sunset a

look of sympathy and triumph, not daring to show before the royal guards too much elation at their ruler's defeat.

At last Glaucus turned, and, looking into the sweet, pure face beside him, said:

"Mars gained a victory to-day, sweet one."

But the girl, looking back to him, said in a voice full of love and trust:

"Nay, Glaucus, 'twas a victory of love."

THE WITCH.

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

[From the *Ladies' Home Journal*, by permission of the author and the Curtis Publishing Co.]

AND was it I, long, long ago, who sat within the door and spun?
I mind the hazel wands ablow waved yellow in the setting sun;
And my blind mother's voice within: "Come, daughter, put aside thy wheel;
Methinks the darkness doth begin, or muttering of storm I feel.

"'Twould seem the Bird of Fear somewhere doth spread its wings upon the skies."
"A thrush, my mother, sings in air, and to our elm the swallow flies."
'Twas I spake to her—alack!—while, reaching straight unto our sill,
The shadows of three crosses black stretched down from Gallows Hill.

"Daughter, I hear the tramp of feet, that draw them slowly, strangely nigh."
"The wind, my mother, stirs the wheat, and yonder mill-stream rusheth high."

'Twas thus, aye, it was thus I spake, whilst harkening a far-off-sound
Like to a mighty wave that brake and beat upon the ground.

Nearer and still more near it drew: A darkly threatening, muttering throng;
Louder the direful purpose grew which swept their steps along—
"*The Witch! The Witch! Let her come hence! Accuse her, ye who will!*
Yon cross' shadow marks her, whence it falls from Gallows Hill!"

Yet at the sill my wheel it turned, my fingers flew and spun apace;
But from the west the sunset burned above a watching face.
"Daughter, thy wheel I harken well; methinks 'twere time thy work were o'er.
Alack, mine ears can not foretell whose steps approach the door!"

"Mother, our neighbors halt and pass. I bid them all a right good day."
"Nay, other feet are on the grass; and storm is threatening far away."
Without that door they gathered round—it were full strange a sight, I ween;
The murmuring of gloomy sound, the rope they bare between!—

And one stepped forth and raised his hand, and held a written paper high,
Pointing to where that cross did stand against a darkening sky.
Then twirled my wheel, and, singing, I did close the door, the latch let fall,
And past the hazel, waving high, went down to meet them all.

The faces stern, the bitter will, their menace ofttimes yet I see!—
And 'twixt us, from the darkening hill, shadows of crosses three;
And in mine ears, as far away, where dusk crept gentler, softlier dim
My mother's voice, at close of day, crooning an evening hymn.

. . . .

Then spake the first, full harsh and stern: "The Council hath adjudged it right
That ere yon sun to rest shall turn, and ere another night,
That ere again disaster dire shall terror spread by land or sea,
From evil spell, by rope or fire, our soil shall now be free."

"Good sirs," quoth I, "'twere right and well, if sin or mischief have been done,
But they who in this cottage dwell have taken and have asked of none.
My mother she is blind and old, of gentle will and kindly deeds,
Her draught of herbs, that asks not gold, is balm for many needs.

"Well versed in wind and tide is she, as the good sailor-folk maintain,
And woe unto that boat at sea which she hath bade remain!"
"Enough! The maiden hath confessed!" "To death with evil!" "Triumph right."
Now God have mercy for the thing that smote my brain and sight!

The coiling rope—the cross of black—upon my soul they broke them plain,
One bearing fagots in their track—the angry cries that rose again—

"The witch! The witch!" "She dwelleth here!" "The woman with the evil eye!"
"No more unrighteous power we'll fear!" "Now bring her forth, and let her die!"

"What mean ye, men? No witch is here! What came ye hitherward to find?
None save my mother, threescore year—a woman old and blind—
Is 'neath yon roof! If on her name some idle tongue hath cast a slur
Let him come forth, and, to his shame, learn of the fair deeds done by her!"

"Silence!" spake one. "No more will we be wrought upon by evil might.
On yonder hill shall judgment be before another night.
She did predict the storm which wrought disaster sore on land and sea!
Her hazel is with magic fraught! *To death with such as she!*"

"Away! ye know not what ye do! It is my mother sits within,
Stricken and old! Now whence come you to reckon where there be no sin?
Aye, blind is she, yet knoweth well of weather and of tide, indeed,
And to the sailor-folk can tell when they should stay or speed!"

'Twas thus I cried in terror sore. Two stepped them forth and drew anigh,
Bearing a rope. They muttered o'er: *"Perish the Evil Eye!"*
Back to the threshold straight I sprang, mine arms thrown out across the door;
Within, my mother softly sang a homely tune of yore.

The hazel rods were torn aside, and hands unpitying fell on mine.
"Now, God above!" I madly cried, "a sign! *Send down a sign!*"
And if the woe of one maid's cry pierced to high heaven, 'tis God who knows.
A crash of thunder smote the sky, and lo, a mighty storm arose!

Furious and frenzied, lashed and tore the smitten branches to the ground.
The faces turned unto the door grew ashen at the awesome sound;
A writhing tongue of livid flame, a cry that rent a fiery cloud,
A roar, a mighty crash there came, then darkness in a smoking shroud.

* * * * * * * *

'Mid silence strange, the rain beat down; strangely the darkness brake away
And rolled from off the hilltop's crown, pierced by the sun's last ray;
And lo, across the door was cast, with mighty arms flung out to save,
The elm tree, smitten by the blast, rooted from out its grave.

And they whose purpose had been set to a fell deed, a work of woe?
(Aye, in my dreams I see them yet, when stormy wind doth blow!)
Forth from that place, in mortal dread, as though death hunted in their track,
That dark, accusing throng had fled, nor stayed to look them back.

And when at early day I urged my mother's steps with eager will,
Fragments of crosses strewed our way, washed downward from that hill.
As the years passed gently o'er her, little recked she what befell;
Nay, when at last so peacefully her blind eyes closed, her hand sought mine,
She knew not of that dark even when God in mercy sent a sign.

THE BALLAD OF SWEET P.

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

[From the *Ladies' Home Journal*, by permission of the author and the Curtis Publishing Co.]

MISTRESS PENELOPE PENWICK, she,
Called by her father " My Sweet P,"
Painted by Peale, she won renown
In a clinging, short-waisted satin gown;
A red rose touched by her finger-tips
And a smile held back from her roguish lips.

Thus, William Penwick, the jolly wight,
In clouds of smoke, night after night,
Would tell a tale in delighted pride,
To cronies, who came from far and wide;
Always ending (with candle, he)
" And this is the picture of my Sweet P!"

The tale? 'Twas how Sweet P did chance
To give to the British a Christmas dance.
Penwick's house past the outpost stood,
Flanked by the ferry and banked by the wood.
Hessian and British quartered there
Swarmed through chamber and hall and stair.

Fires ablaze and candles alight,
Soldier and officer feasted that night.
The enemy? Safe, with a river between,
Black and deadly and fierce and keen;
A river of ice and a blinding storm!—
So they made them merry and kept them warm.

But while they mirth and roistering made,
Up in her dormer window stayed
Mistress Penelope Penwick apart,
With fearful thought and sorrowful heart.
Night by night had her candle's gleam
Sent through the dark its hopeful beam.

But the nights they came and they passed again,
With never a sign from her countrymen;
For where beat the heart so brave, so bold,
Which could baffle that river's bulwark cold?
Penelope's eyes and her candle's light
Were mocked by the storm that Christmas night.

But lo, full sudden a missile stung
And shattered her casement pane, and rung
At her feet! 'Twas a word from the storm outside.
She opened her dormer window wide.
A wind-swept figure halted below—
The ferryman, old and bent and slow.
Then a murmur rose upward—only one,
Thrilling and powerful—"*Washington!*"

With jest and laughter and candles bright,
'Twas two by the stairway clock that night,
When Penelope Penwick tripped her down,
Dressed in a short-waisted satin gown,
With a red rose (cut from her potted bush).
There fell on the rollicking crowd a hush.

She stood in the soldiers' midst, I ween,
The daintiest thing they e'er had seen!
And swept their gaze with her eyes most sweet,
And patted her little slippered feet.
" 'Tis Christmas night, sirs," quoth Sweet P,
" I should like to dance! Will you dance with me?"

Oh, but they cheered; ran to and fro,
And each for the honor bowed him low.
With smiling charm and witching grace
She chose him pranked with officer's lace
And shining buttons and dangling sword;
No doubt he strutted him proud as a lord!

Doffed was enmity, donned was glee,—
Oh, she was charming, that Sweet P!
And when it was over, and blood aflame,
Came an eager cry for "A game!" "A game!"
"We'll play at forfeits," Penelope cried.
"If one holdeth aught in his love and pride,

"Let each lay it down at my feet in turn,
And a fine from me shall he straightway learn!"
What held they all in their love and pride?
Straight flew a hand unto every side;
Each man had a sword, and nothing more,
And the swords they clanged in a heap on the floor.

Standing there, in her satin gown,
With candlelight on her yellow crown
And at her feet a bank of steel
(I'll wager that look was caught by Peale!)—
Penelope held her rose on high—
"I fine each one for a leaf to try!"

She plucked the petals and blew them out,
A rain of red they fluttered about.

Over the floor and through the air
Rushed the officers, here and there;
When lo! a cry! The door burst in!
"*The enemy!*" Tumult, terror and din!

Flew a hand unto every side,—
Swords?—Penelope, arms thrown wide,
Leapt that heap of steel before;
Swords behind her upon the floor;
Facing her countrymen staunch and bold,
Who dared the river of death and cold,
Who swept them down on a rollicking horde,
And found they never a man with sword!

And so it happened (but not by chance),
In '76 there was given a dance
By a witch with a rose, and a satin gown
(Painted in Philadelphia town),
Mistress Penelope Penwick, she
Called by her father "My Sweet P."

SALLY ANN'S EXPERIENCE.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

[From the *Cosmopolitan*, by permission of the publishers.]

COME right in an' set down. I was jest wishin' I had somebody to talk to. Take that chair right by the door so's you can get the breeze," and Aunt Jane beamed at me over her silver-rimmed spectacles.

It was June in Kentucky, and clover and bluegrass were running sweet riot over the face of the earth.

"Yes, I'm a-piecin' quilts again," she said. "I did say I was done with that sort o' work; but this mornin' I was rummagin' around up in the garret, an' I come across this bundle o' pieces, an', thinks I, I reckon it's intended for

me to piece one more quilt before I die. I must 'a' put 'em there thirty years ago an' clean forgot 'em, an' I've been settin' here all the evenin' cuttin' 'em an' thinkin' about old times. Jest feel o' that," she continued, tossing some scraps into my lap. "They ain't no such caliker nowadays. That blue-flowered piece was a dress I got the spring before Abram died. That one with the green ground an' white figger was my niece Rebecca's. She wore it for the first time to the County Fair the year I took the premium on my salt-risin' bread an' sponge-cake. This black an' white piece Sally Ann Flint give me.

"Did I ever tell you about Sally Ann's experience? No? Well, 'twas forty years ago, an' the way of it was this: Our church needed a new roof. Some o' the winder lights was out, an' the floor was as bare as your hand, an' always had been. The men-folk managed to git the roof shingled an' the winders fixed, an' us women in the Mite Society concluded we'd git a cyarpet. We'd been savin' up our money for some time, an' we had about twelve dollars. Well, one day we held a meetin' to app'int a committee to go to town an' pick out the cyarpet, an' when we was all a-talkin' about the color we'd have, all at once 'Lizabeth Taylor—she was our treasurer—she spoke up, an' says she: 'They ain't no use app'intin' that committee. The money's gone,' she says, sort o' short an' quick. 'I kep' it in my top bureau drawer, an' when I went for it yistiddy, it was gone. I'll pay it back if I'm ever able, but I ain't able now.' With that she got up an' walked out o' the room, before anyone could say a word, an' we seen her goin' down the road lookin' straight before her an' walkin' right fast.

"An' we—we set there an' stared at each other in a sort o' dazed way. I could see that everybody was thinkin' the same thing, but nobody said a word, till our minister's wife, she says, '*Judge not.*'

"An' them two words was jest like a sermon to us. Then Sally Ann spoke up an' says: 'For the Lord's sake, don't let the men-folks know anything about this. They're always sayin' that women ain't fit to handle money, an' I for

one don't want to give 'em no more ground to stand on then they've already got.'

"So we agreed to say nothin' about it, an' all of us kept our promise except Milly Amos. She had mighty little sense to begin with, an' havin' been married only about two months, she'd about lost that little. So next mornin' I happened to meet Sam Amos an' he says to me: 'Aunt Jane, how much money have you women got to'rds the new cyarpet for the church?' I looked him square in the face, an' I says: 'Are you a member o' the Ladies' Mite Society of Goshen Church, Sam Amos? 'Cause if you are, you already know how much money we've got, an' if you ain't, you've got no business knowin'. An' furthermore,' says I, 'there's some women that can't keep a secret an' a promise, an' some that can, an' *I* can.' An' that settled *him*.

"Well, 'Lizabeth never showed her face outside her door for more'n a month afterwards, and then one night she come out to prayer-meetin'. She set 'way back in the church, an' she was as pale an' peaked as if she had been through a siege of typhoid. We sung 'Welcome, Sweet Hour,' an' Parson Page prayed a pra'r, an' then called on the brethren to say anything they might feel called on to say concernin' their experience in the past week. Before anyone got started, here come 'Lizabeth walkin' down the side aisle an' stopped right in front o' the pulpit.

"'I've somethin' to say,' she says. 'It's been on my mind till I can't stand it any longer. It was me that took that cyarpet money. I only meant to borry it. I thought sure I'd be able to pay it back before it was wanted; but things went wrong, an' I ain't known a peaceful minute since, an' never shall again, I reckon. I took it to pay my way up to Louisville, the time I got the news that Mary was dyin'.'

"Mary was her daughter by her first husband, you see.

"'I begged Jacob to give me the money to go on,' says she, 'an' he wouldn't do it. I tried to give up an' stay, but I jest couldn't. Mary was all the child I had in the world; an' may be you that has children can put yourself in my place,

an' know what it would be to hear your only child callin' to you from her death-bed, an' you not able to go to her. I asked Jacob three times for the money,' she says, 'an' when I found he wouldn't give it to me, I said to myself, "I'm goin' anyhow." I got down on my knees,' says she, 'an' asked the Lord to show me a way, an' I felt sure he would. As soon as Jacob had gone out on the farm, I dressed myself, an' as I opened the top bureau drawer I saw the missionary money. It come right into my head that may be this was the answer to my prayer; I could borry this money, an' when I went down into the sittin'-room to get Jacob's cyarpetsack to carry a few things in, I happened to look up at the mantelpiece, an' saw the brass candlesticks with prisms all round 'em that used to belong to my mother; an' all at once I seemed to see jest what the Lord intended for me to do. You know I had a boarder from Louisville summer before last, an' she wanted them candlesticks the worst kind, an' offered me fifteen dollars for 'em. I wouldn't part with 'em then, but she said if ever I wanted to sell 'em, to let her know, an' she left her name an' address on a cyard. I got out the cyard, an' I packed the candlesticks in the cyarpetbag, an' put on my bonnet. When I opened the door I looked up the road, an' the first thing I saw was Dave Crawford comin' along in his new buggy. I went out to the gate an' he drew up an' asked me if I was goin' to town, an' said he'd take me. I got to Mary just two hours before she died, an' she looked up in my face an' says: "Mother, I knew God wouldn't let me die till I'd seen you once more." As soon as the funeral was over, I set out to find the lady that wanted the candlesticks. She wasn't at home, but her niece was there, an' said she'd heard her aunt speak o' the candlesticks often, an' she'd be home in a few days an' would send me the money right off. I kept expectin' the money every day, but it never come till day before yesterday. She had just got home, she said, an' hoped I hadn't been inconvenienced by the delay. She wrote a nice, polite letter an' sent me a check for fifteen dollars, an' here it is. Somehow I couldn't

confess till I had the money right in my hand to pay back. I reckon it's a judgment on me for meddlin' with the Lord's money, an' God only knows what I've suffered, but if I had to do it over again, I believe I'd do it. I've been a member o' this church for twenty years, but I reckon you'll have to turn me out now.'

"The pore thing stood there, tremblin' an' holdin' out the check as if she expected somebody to come an' take it. Old Silas Petty was glowerin' at her from under his eyebrows, an' it put me in mind o' the Pharisees an' the woman they wanted to stone, an' I ricollect thinkin', 'Oh, if the Lord Jesus would jest come in an' take her part!' An' while we all set there like a passel o' mutes, Sally Ann got up an' marched down the middle aisle an' stood right by 'Lizabeth.

"Well, Sally Ann looked all around as composed as you please an' says she: 'I reckon if anybody's turned out o' this church on account o' that miserable little money, it'll be Jacob an' not 'Lizabeth. A man that won't give his wife money to go to her dyin' child is too mean to stay in a Christian church anyhow; an' things is come to a pretty pass in this State, when a woman that had eight hundred dollars when she married has to go to her husband an' git down on her knees an' beg for what's her own. Where's that money 'Lizabeth had when she married you?' says she, turnin' round an' lookin' Jacob in the face. 'Down in that ten-acre medder lot, ain't it?—an' in that new barn you built last spring. A pretty elder you are, ain't you? Elders don't seem to have improved much since Susannah's times.'

"Goodness knows what she would 'a' said, but jest here old Deacon Petty rose up. An' says he:

"'Brethren'—and he spread his arms out an' waved 'em up an' down like he was goin' to pray—'brethren, this is awful! If this woman wants to give her religious experience, why,' says he, very kind an' condescendin', 'o' course she can do so. But when it comes to *a woman* standin' up in the house o' the Lord an' revilin' an elder

as this woman is doin', why, I tremble,' says he, 'for the church o' Christ. For don't the 'Postle Paul say, "Let your women keep silent in the church?"'

"As soon as he named the 'Postle Paul, Sally Ann give a kind o' snort. She jest squared herself like she intended to stand there till jedgment-day, an' says she:

"'The 'Postle Paul has been dead ruther too long for me to be afraid o' him. An' I never heard o' him app'intin' Deacon Petty to represent him in this church. If the 'Postle Paul don't like what I'm sayin', let him rise up from his grave in Corinthians or Ephesians, or wherever he's buried, an' say so. I've got a message from the Lord to the men-folks o' this church, an' I'm goin' to deliver it, Paul or no Paul,' says she. 'An' as for you, Silas Petty, I ain't forgot the time I dropped in to see Maria one Saturday night an' found her washin' out her flannel petticoat an' dryin' it before the fire. An' every time I've had to hear you lead in prayer since then, I've said to myself, "Lord, how high can a man's prayers rise toward heaven when his wife ain't got but one flannel skirt to her name? No higher than the back o' his pew, if you'll let me tell it." I knew jest how it was,' said Sally Ann, 'as well as if Maria'd told me. She'd been havin' the milk an' butter money from the old roan cow she'd raised from a little heifer, an' jest because feed was scarce, you'd sold her off before Maria had money enough to buy her winter flannels. I can give my experience, can I? Well, that's jest what I'm a-doin', an' while I'm about it, I'll give in some experience for 'Lizabeth an' Maria an' the rest o' the women who betwixt their husbands an' the 'Postle Paul have about lost all the gumption an' grit that the Lord started them out with. If the 'Postle Paul has got anything to say about a woman workin' like a slave for twenty-five years an' then havin' to set up an' wash out her clothes Saturday night so's she can go to church clean Sunday mornin', I'd like to hear it. But don't you dare to say nothin' to me about keepin' silence in the church. There was times when Paul says he didn't know whether he had the spirit o'

God or not, an' I'm certain that when he wrote that text he wasn't no more inspired than you are, Silas Petty, when you tell Maria to shut her mouth.'

"Job Taylor was settin' right in front o' Deacon Petty, an' I reckon he thought his time was comin' next; so he gets up, easy-like, with his red bandanna to his mouth, an' starts out. But Sally Ann headed him off before he'd gone six steps, an' says she:

"'There ain't nothin' the matter with you, Job Taylor; you set right down an' hear what I've got to say. I've knelt an' stood through enough o' your long-winded prayers, an' now it's my time to talk an' yours to listen. I reckon you're afraid I'll tell some o' your meanness, ain't you? An' the only thing that stands in my way is that there's so much to tell I don't know where to begin. There ain't a woman in this church,' says she, 'that don't know how Marthy scrimped an' worked an' saved to buy her a new set o' furniture, an' how you took the money with you when you went to Cincinnati the spring before she died, an' come back without the furniture. An' when she asked you for the money, you told her that she an' everything she had belonged to you, an' that your mother's old furniture was good enough for anybody. It's my belief that's what killed Marthy. Women are dyin' every day, an' the doctors will tell you it's some new-fangled disease or other, when, if the truth was known, it's nothin' but wantin' somethin' they can't get, an' hopin' an' waitin' for somethin' that never comes. I've watched 'em an' I know. The night before Marthy died she says to me, "Sally Ann," says she, "I could die a heap peacefuller, if I jest knew the front room was fixed up right with a new set o' furniture for the funeral,"' an' Sally Ann p'inted her finger right at Job an' says she: 'I said it then, an' I say it now to your face, Job Taylor, you killed Marthy the same as if you'd taken her by the throat an' choked the life out o' her.'

"I heard Dave Crawford shufflin' his feet an' clearin' his throat while Sally Ann was talkin' to Job. Dave's farm j'ined Sally Ann's, an' they had a lawsuit once about the

way a fence ought to run, an' Sally Ann beat him. He always despised Sally-Ann after that, an' used to call her a 'he-woman.' Sally Ann heard the shufflin', an' as soon as she got through with Job, she turned around to Dave, an' says she: 'Do you think your hemmin' an' scrapin' is goin' to stop me, Dave Crawford? You're one o' the men that makes me think that it's better to be a Kentucky horse than a Kentucky woman. Many's the time I've seen pore July with her head tied up, crawlin' around tryin' to cook for sixteen harvest hands, an' you out in the stable cossetin' up a sick mare, an' rubbin' down your three-year-olds to get 'em in trim for the fair. July's found rest at last, out in the graveyard; an' every time I pass your house I thank the Lord that you've got to pay a good price for your cookin' now, as there ain't a woman in the country fool enough to step into July's shoes.'

"But, la! what's the use o' me tellin' all this stuff? The long an' the short of it is that Sally Ann had her say about nearly every man in the church. She told how Mary Embry had to cut up her wedding-skirts to make clothes for her first baby; an' how John Martin stopped Hannah one day when she was carryin' her mother a pound o' butter, an' made her go back an' put the butter down in the cellar; an' how Lije Davison used to make Ann pay him for every bit o' chicken feed, an' then take half the egg money because the chickens got into his garden; an' how Abner Page give his wife twenty-five cents for spendin' money the time she went to visit her sister.

"Sally Ann always was a masterful sort o' woman, an' that night it seemed like she was possessed. The way she talked made me think o' the Day o' Pentecost an' the gift o' tongues. Finally she got to the minister! I'd been wonderin' all along if she was goin' to let him off. She turned around to where he was settin' under the pulpit, an' says she: 'Brother Page, you're a good man, but you ain't so good you couldn't be better. It was jest last week that the women came around beggin' money to buy you a new suit o' clothes to go to Presbytery in; an' I told 'em

if it was to get Mrs. Page a new dress, I was ready to give. I'm tired o' seein' the ministers walk up into the pulpit in their slick black broadcloths, an' their wives sittin' down in the pew in an old black silk that's been turned upside down, wrong side out, an' hind part before, an' sponged, an' pressed, an' made over, till you can't tell whether it's silk or caliker or what.'

"Well, I reckon there was some o' the women that expected the roof to fall down on us when Sally Ann said that right to the minister. But it didn't fall, an' Sally Ann went straight on.

"'An' when it comes to the perseverance o' the saints an' the decrees o' God,' says she, 'there ain't many can preach a better sermon; but there's some o' your sermons that ain't fit for nothin' but kindlin' fires. There's that one you preached last Sunday on the twenty-fourth verse o' the fifth chapter of Ephesians. I reckon I've heard about a hundred an' fifty sermons on that text, an' I reckon I'll keep on hearin' 'em as long as there ain't nobody but men to do the preachin'. Anybody would think that you preachers was struck blind every time you git through with the twenty-fourth verse, for I never heard a sermon on the twenty-fifth verse. I believe there's men in this church that thinks the fifth chapter of Ephesians hasn't got but twenty-four verses, an' I'm goin' to read the rest of it to 'em for once anyhow.'

"An' if Sally Ann didn't walk right up into the pulpit same as if she'd been ordained, an' read what Paul said about men lovin' their wives as Christ loved the church, an' as they loved their own bodies.

"'Now, if Brother Page can reconcile these texts with what Paul says about women submittin' an' bein' subject, he's welcome to do it. But if I had the preachin' to do, I wouldn't waste no time reconcilin'. I'd jest say that when Paul told women to be subject to their husbands in everything, he wasn't inspired; an' when he told men to love their wives as their own bodies, he was inspired; an' I'd like to see the Presbytery that could silence me from

preachin' as long as I wanted to preach. As for turnin' out o' the church, I'd like to know who's to do the turnin' out. When the disciples brought that woman to Christ, there wasn't a man in the crowd fit to cast a stone at her; an' if there's any man nowadays good enough to set in judgment on a woman, his name ain't on the rolls o' Goshen Church. If 'Lizabeth had as much common sense as she's got conscience, she'd know that the matter o' that money didn't concern nobody but our Mite Society, an' we women can settle it without any help from you deacons an' elders.'

"Well, I reckon Parson Page thought if he didn't head Sally Ann off some way or other she'd go on all night; so when she kind o' stopped for breath an' shut up the big Bible, he grabbed a hymn-book an' says:

"'Let us sing "Blest be the tie that binds."'

"He struck up the tune himself; an' about the middle o' the first verse Mis' Page got up an' went over to where 'Lizabeth was standin', an' give her the right hand o' fellowship, an' then Mis' Petty did the same; an' first thing we knew we was all around her shakin' hands an' huggin' her an' cryin' over her. 'Twas a reg'lar love-feast; an' we went home feelin' like we'd been through a big protracted meetin' an' got religion over again."

THE hen that cackles loudest
  Doesn't lay the largest eggs;
The mule that kicks the hardest
  Hasn't got the neatest legs;
And the waves that toss the wildest
  Are not of the deepest sea;
The fruit that is the sweetest
  Isn't on the tallest tree;
The dog whose bark is fiercest
  Doesn't always know the most;
And the man who is the bravest
  Isn't always on the boast.

THE BETROTHED.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"You must choose between me and your cigar."

OPEN the old cigar box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out.

We quarreled about Havanas; we fought o'er a good cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider a space;
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at, Maggie's a loving lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away,—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown,
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear of the talk of the town.

Maggie, my wife at fifty, gray and dour and old!
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold!

And the light of the days that have been, the dark of the days that are,
And love's torch stinging and stale, like the butt of a dead cigar,—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket,
With never a new one to light though it's charred and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider awhile;
Here is a mild Manila, here is a wifely smile!

Which is the better portion, bondage bought with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a string?

Counselors cunning and silent, comforters true and tried,
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close—

This will the fifty give me, asking naught in return,
With only a Suttee's passion, but to do their duty and burn.

This will fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main,
When they hear my harem is empty will send me my brides
again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for their
mouths withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I temper
their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the
tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice be-
tween
The wee little whimpering love-god and the great god Nick
O'Teen;

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelvemonth
clear,
But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to friendship and pleasure and work and fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I must prove;
But the only light on the marshes is the will-o'-the-wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave me bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar box, let me consider anew;
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon you?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn vows.
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for spouse!

MR. BROWN HAS HIS HAIR CUT.

MR. BROWN is one of our most enterprising merchants. He is voted among his friends as being of a very independent disposition—in fact, in some matters this independence of spirit might be said to amount to eccentricity. One of his striking peculiarities used to be that of wearing his hair very long. His wife had frequently remonstrated with him on his unfashionable appearance, and his daughter had ventured to inquire two or three times when he was going to visit the barber, while some of his more intimate acquaintances had even gone so far as to ask, "Brown, why don't you get your hair cut?"

He had borne these questions and comments for some time in dignified silence, but, at last, feeling that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and also being warned by the singing of the birds and the blossoming of the trees and the uncomfortable feeling of his winter overcoat that spring was at hand, he determined, one morning on his way downtown to his place of business, to drop in and have his hair cut, which he accordingly did. After this he repaired to the warehouse, entered his private office, and sat down to look over his mail. Presently Mr. Thompson, the senior partner, came in with a budget of papers.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Brown, if you are at leisure I would like you to look over this invoice of goods. Here are two or three items that—" then suddenly glancing up— "why, Mr. Brown, you've been getting your hair cut; really it is a great improvement."

"Ah! thank you," replied Mr. Brown, with a satisfied smile.

They proceeded with their business, and in a few minutes the junior partner entered.

"Here is a letter inquiring about goods that were ordered last week. Now, don't you think there has been— Why, Mr. Brown, you've had your hair cut."

"Yes," said Mr. Brown, in a rather more dignified tone than that in which he had responded to Mr. Thompson, "I have been getting my hair cut."

Presently the head-clerk entered the office.

"Mr. Adams is out in the store and would like to see you a few minutes if it is—Oh, why, Mr. Brown, you've had your hair cut!"

"Yes," said Mr. Brown, in an exceedingly dignified tone, "I have had my hair cut."

He went out into the store to see Mr. Adams. As he passed by the desk, he heard the head-bookkeeper whisper to another: "Brown has been to the barber's;" while an errand boy who was dangling his legs from the top of a high stool called in a stage-whisper to a boy several feet away: "Hey, Tommy, git on ter de boss, he's had his hair

cut!" By this time Mr. Brown's temper was slightly ruffled. But Mr. Adams is one of those genial men who always have a smile on their countenance, and he advanced to meet Mr. Brown with extended hand.

"Good morning; this is delightful spring weather, isn't it? Winter has—Well, I do declare, Brown, you've had your hair cut."

Mr. Brown's reply was short but to the point.

"Yes—I—have—had—my—hair—cut."

Every word was emphatic, and Mr. Adams felt that, although it was spring weather outdoors, the inside temperature had suddenly fallen below freezing-point. Without further preliminaries they proceeded at once to business. Just as Mr. Adams was leaving, Mr. Brown's daughter entered. She was evidently in a hurry, and told her errand without delay.

"Ma has just had a telegram from Mr. Allen, and he and Mrs. Allen will be out to lunch, and ma wants you to come right home and order the carriage and go to the depot to— O pa! you've really had your hair cut! I'm so glad," she exclaimed, delightedly, clasping her hands.

Mr. Brown waited to hear no more, but pushing his hat down as far as possible on his head, he rushed out and boarded the first car that came along. It was quite a distance to his home, and by the time he reached there his feelings were somewhat soothed. He put his latch-key in the door, but before he had time to turn it, the door was opened from within, and his wife threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, I am so glad you've come. I want you to take the carriage and go right down to meet Mr. and Mrs. Allen. I should be so mortified to have them come and not find you there to—Why, my dear, you've had your hair cut, haven't you?" she said, in her sweetest tones.

Mr. Brown glared at her so wildly that she was frightened.

"Yes, I've had my hair cut!" he growled out, as he rushed through the house and out to the stable. "Patrick, put the grays to the large carriage as soon as possible."

"Yis, sor; they'll be ready in fifteen minutes;" then, as a smile overspread his features, he said, in his broadest brogue: "Och, sure, and yi've been havin' your hair cut."

By this time Mr. Brown's feelings were too deep for utterance. A hen was standing near, looking at him out of one eye in a meditative manner. As a slight relief he gave her a kick, which she immediately resented by flying on top of a barrel and giving utterance to one loud, prolonged "cut-de-cut-cut-got-your-hair-cut-t-t-t."

OLE BULL'S CHRISTMAS.

WALLACE BRUCE.

My Landlord's Prairie Story.

[From the *Chautauquan*, by permission of the publishers.]

[It is very effective to introduce a violin solo of "Home, Sweet Home," from the words "Nearer still and ever nearer" to the end of the selection. If the reciter wishes, the lines enclosed in brackets may be omitted.]

MOVE along a trifle, stranger, just a little; don't you see
On the floor that hieroglyphic, something like the letter *B*?
Right there, close to where you're standing, sort of sacred spot we keep;
And we always touch it gently, when we scrub up once a week.
[Recent? Yes, sometime last August, but I put it on to stay;
And the yellow pine will hold it after we are laid away.
No one sets his chair upon it or he's straightway told to shove;
For the boys, you see, won't stand it; that's a plank the neighbors love.]

"Somewhat of a Poet's Corner," once a high-toned traveler said.
They corrected him politely as they showed him up to bed.
He explained about an Abbey, I don't quite recall the name,
With a chapel full of dead folks that had found their way to fame.
But, they said, this is no graveyard; here's the spot where Ole stood,
When he told his Christmas story right before the blazing wood.
Never heard him? Never saw him? Stranger, you don't mean to say
That you never heard the master, Ole Bull, the fiddler, play?

Talk of classic art in music! What was that to Ole Bull,
When his blood with life was tingling and his eyes were brimming full?
I have thought his heart in rapture sent its pulses all the way
Through the bit of seasoned timber that against his bosom lay;
Till the fiddle seemed a fixture, part and parcel of the man,
And the trembling strings a network over which his feelings ran.
He would shake your sides with laughter, make you weep as by a look,
And between the bits of music he could talk just like a book.
Fluent speakers! We have had 'em, noted men from foreign parts;
But, for eloquence, I tell you, Ole held the ace of hearts.

[He was not the man to filter idle jests through wabblin' lips;
Born somehow to talk all over from his toes to finger-tips;
Just a sort of natural battery filled the room with life and joy,
Beaming face, with locks of silver, bright and chipper as a boy.]

He would sit here of an evening, reeling off the slickest thread;
And the hour-hand wasn't heeded or the horses in the shed.
"Let 'em whinner," said the deacon, "they can stand it once a year;
And our wives—they don't expect us, when they know that Ole's here."

We were all a bit Norwegian, and he seemed to feel at home;
Said no hearth shone bright as this one from Christiania down to Rome.
He would tell us his adventures in those cities old and gray;
How he struggled, toiled, and suffered when he first began to play;
Of his failures and successes, praise and honor won at last
From patrician, prince, and peasant, wheresoe'er his lot was cast.
But of all his greatest triumphs, he regarded this the best,
How he won a gray-haired hermit on the prairies of the West.

It was on a Christmas evening, well-nigh fifty years ago—
None who heard him can forget it. Lost in sleet and blinding snow,
Fifteen miles from any farmhouse, twenty from the nearest town,
Ole Bull had missed the guide-board, for the storm had hurled it down.
Stumbling, floundering in the snowdrifts, onward pressed his noble gray,
Led by instinct and devotion; Ole let him have his way.
Many a trail they'd tried together, but he deemed this trip the last,
Horse and rider both must perish in that wild and howling blast.
Hope had died and life was ebbing, when, from out the cruel night,
Far across the fenceless prairie faintly shone a twinkling light.

[Many a time I've heard him tell it, as he let his fancy play,
Till you heard the storm about you, saw the distant flickering ray;
Felt your nerves and hair a-tingling, all attuned to passion's key;—
There it glimmers like a lighthouse just above the blinding sea;
Fainter now: O bitter darkness! idle vision of the brain;
Joy! Behold the ruddy firelight streaming through the window-pane.]
" Steady, one more drift, my bonnie! Bravely done! All danger past!"
What! No word or sign of welcome? tried the door and found it fast.
Near at hand a ruined shelter, remnant of a cattle-shed;
Safe within, the gray was grateful, pawing gently to be fed.

Soon a lantern, then a shadow, and within the creaking door
Stood a being such as mortal never saw on earth before.
Fierce his bitter imprecation: " Get you out, whoe'er you be!
I have sealed an oath in heaven never human face to see;
[Heart and soul to hate abandoned, love by cruel fortune wronged,
I've renounced for years, forever, all that to my life belonged.]
Take your way! Begone! Ay, perish in yon wild, demoniac yeast;
For the wrongs that I have suffered I will have revenge at least."
" Fiend or madman!" Ole answered, seized his shoulder in a trice,
Led him straight into the cabin, for his grip was like a vice,
" I am here to stay till daylight, asking neither food nor grace.
Sit you here within the shadow, and I charge you keep your place."

Hour by hour went by in silence, till the hermit, crooning low,
Took a fiddle from a cupboard, woke the airs of long ago.
Ole, wondering, looked and listened; though his touch showed little art,
He could feel the deeper music sweetly welling from his heart;
All perhaps to him remaining of a brighter, happier morn,
Ere his heart became a desert, and his curse was yet unborn.
Long he played his old-time music, as unconscious of his guest;
Then with cold and feigned politeness turned and spake in bitter jest,
In a tone of well-bred irony, telling of a better day,
"Will the stranger who is with us lay aside his cloak and play?"

Ole rose and took the fiddle; said he never felt before
All the conscious power within him as upon that cabin floor;
Saw in vision panoramic circling galleries of acclaim,
With the flush of joy ecstatic and with beauty's light aflame;
Felt the glowing tide of transport swelling from a thousand hearts,
And the thrill of deep emotion when the tear in rapture starts;
Ah, but that was gilded pageant, this was more than stately dome,
To a lonely heart in exile he is playing "Home, Sweet Home."

Nearer still and ever nearer, all entranced the listener drew,
Gazed with open eyes of wonder through his lashes wet with dew;
Thought his midnight guest an angel come unto him unawares,
As the music softly stealing brought again his mother's prayers;

[Long-pent tears, their barriers bursting, coursed his care-worn furrows free,
In that far-off, storm-swept prairie, where God's eye alone might see:
Desolate his heart and harder than the rock by Judah's fold,
Smote by Ole's rod of magic, woke like Meribah of old.
Miracle of love eternal! Ever still life's mystic bowl,
Touched by human kindness, bubbles in the desert of the soul.
Then, ere morning dawned, like brothers he and Ole, side by side,
Shared the narrow cot between them, made by faith and friendship wide;]
"Saved! ay, saved!" the hermit murmured. "I have found my life again;
Learned a truer, deeper meaning in the words, 'my fellow-men.'"
Then they took their way together when the storm was over-past;
In the crowded city parted, journeying on to meet—at last.

[This was Ole's favorite story, which we always liked to hear,
As he stood before the fireplace, so the spot, you see, is dear;
And at evening in the winter when I hear the village bell
Ole's music floats about me, all the room seems in a spell;
And again I hear him saying: "That one hermit to enthrall
Stands amongst my proudest triumphs, sweetest, grandest of them all."]

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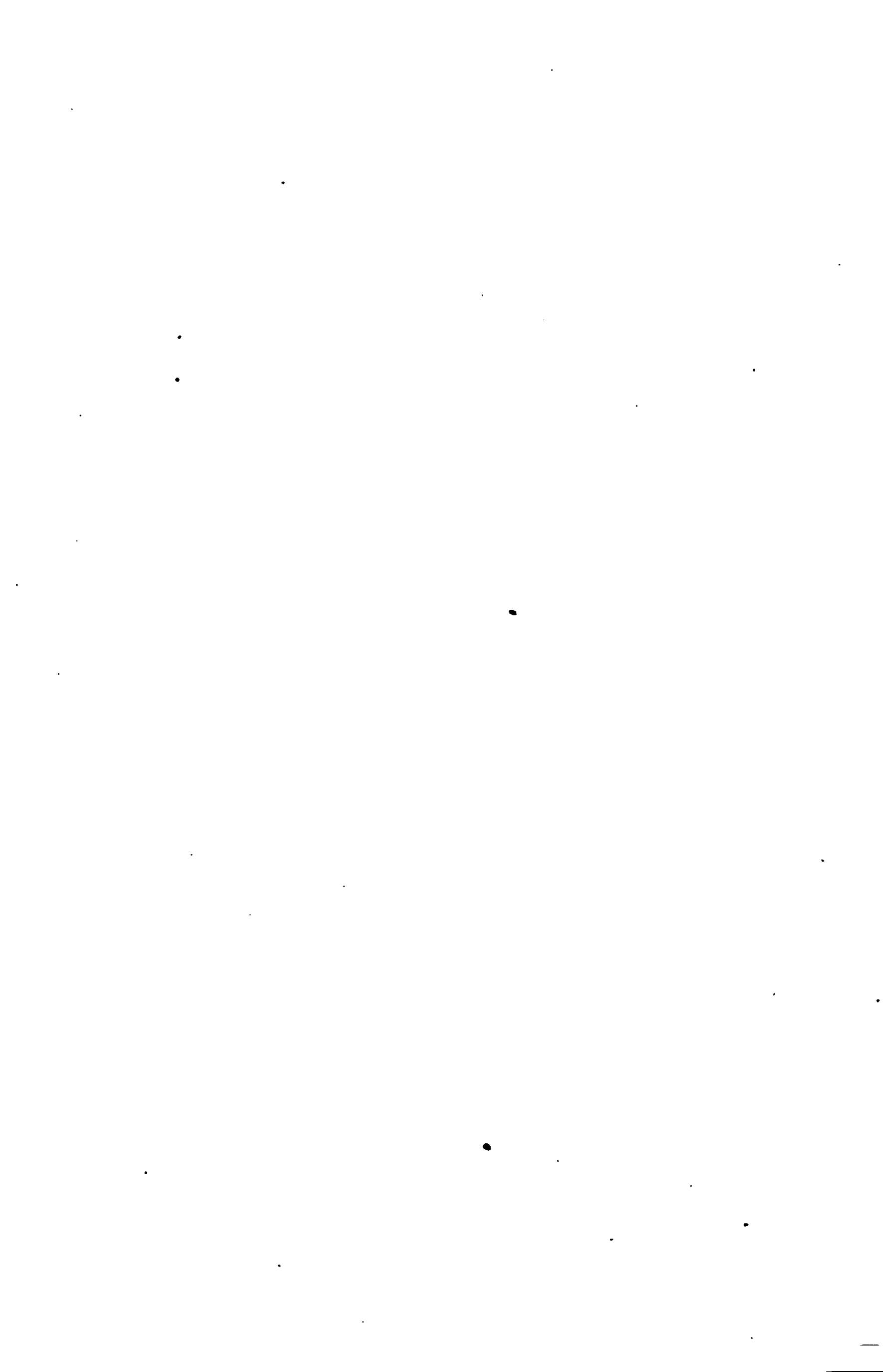

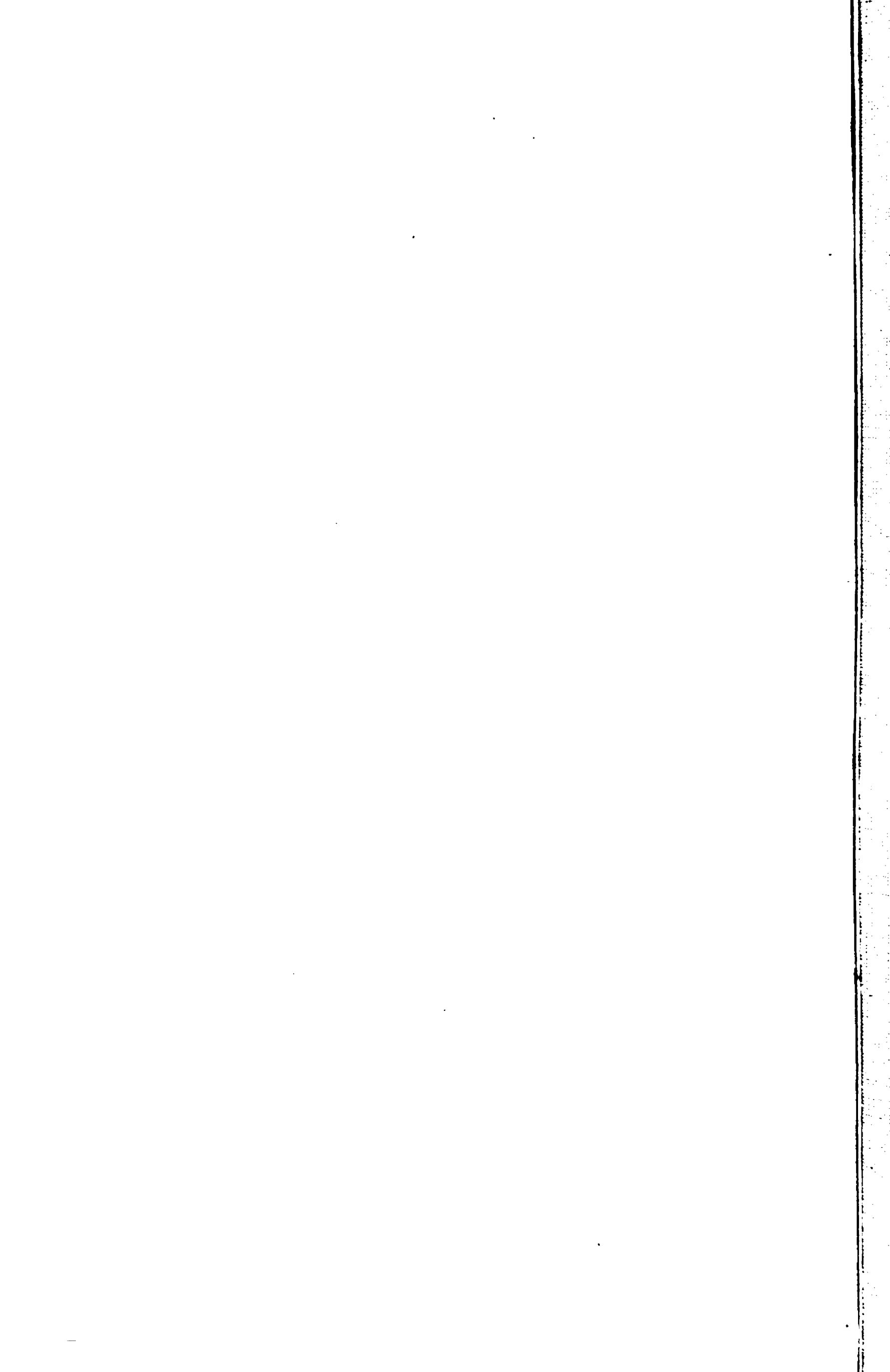

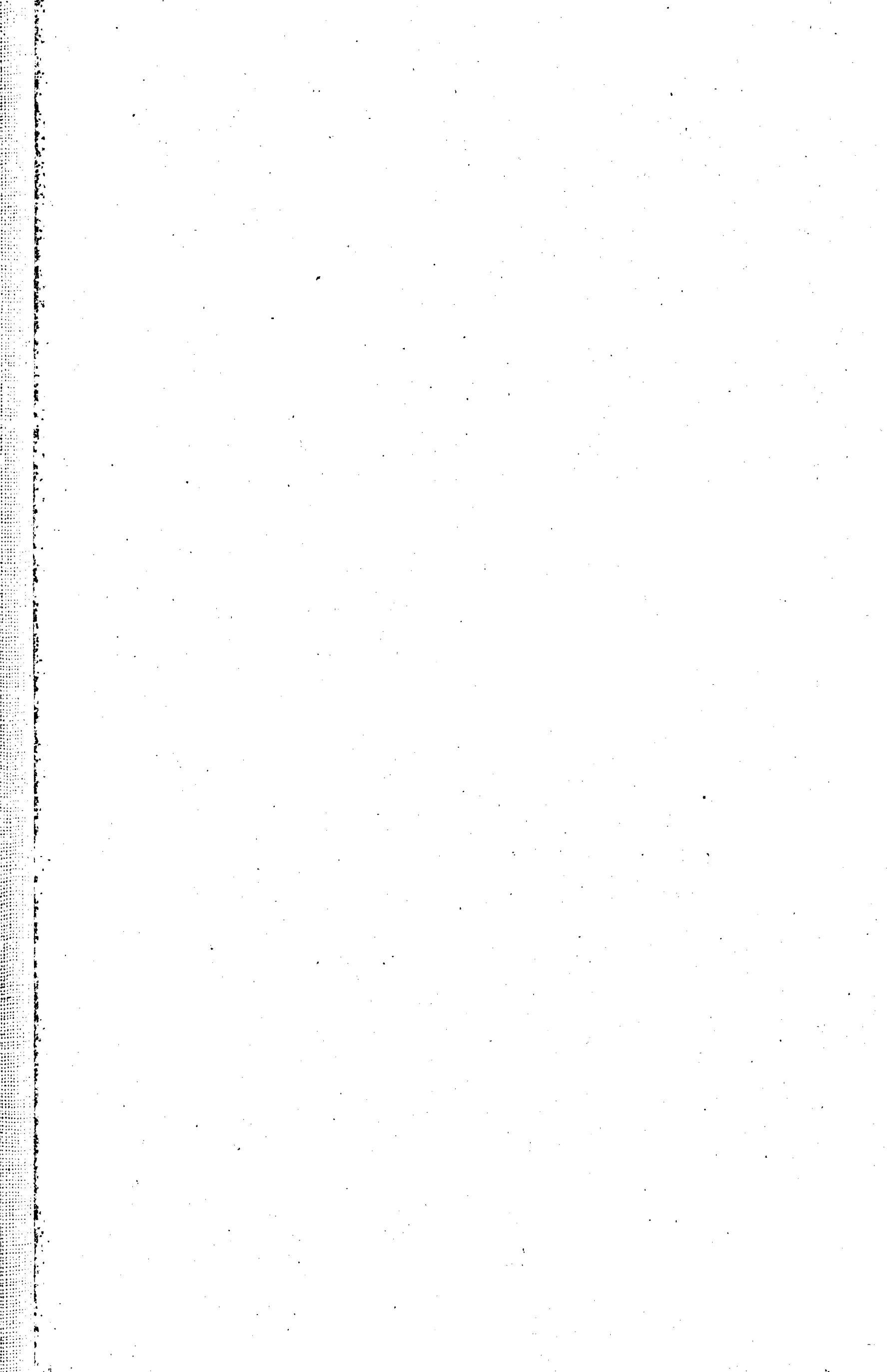

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