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THE BLIND GODDESS.

[BY MARTHA PIERCE.]

Dramatis Personae.

2 small boys, 1 small girl, 1 teacher with grayish hair and a pince-nez.

Enter teacher; writes on blackboard. Enter first small boy with large red apple and seraphic smile.

First Small Boy—Say, Miss Briggs, I got 'nawful good story book 'bout Robb'son Crusoe. 'Fi bring it will you read it to us? Its 'bout a man named Crusoe—his name was Crusoe, 'nd he got cast on a desert island. An' he had a man named Friday. An' a gun. An' some goats, too.

Teacher (much pre-occupied)—Yes, Arthur.

First Small Boy—Say, Miss Briggs.

Teacher (still writing)—Yes, dear.

First Small Boy—Here's 'napple for for you.

Teacher (laying apple on desk)—Why, thank you, Arthur. You are so kind. (Writes.)

First Small Boy—We got a whole bushel at home. Papa bought 'em last night. Yis'day was pay-day.

Enter small girl much excited; second small boy in her wake.

Small Girl (pointing her finger at First Small Boy)—Why, Miss Briggs, why, Arthur's just been a chasin' us girls all around the yard an' we can't play at all, 'cause Arthur's all the time chasin' us an' pokin' a stick in our backs, too. Arthur and 'nother boy. Not Jimmy, though (smiling sweetly at Second Small Boy.)

Teacher (over her glasses)—Arthur?

Arthur (promptly)—Tain't so! I ain't been touchin' her. I come t' school an' come right straight in—

Small Girl—O-o-o-h! Miss Briggs, he did! He did! They did! An' I can prove it by Freddy.

First Small Boy (shaking his head solemnly)—Twasn't me.

Small Girl (pointing her finger at First Small Boy)—You was doing it, too,

You was in it, too, Arthur Boster.

Wasn't he Freddy?

Second Small Boy—Yes'm. He wasn't goin' t' hurt Clara, though. He was just a-playin' with her.

Teacher—You may go, Clara. I shall look into this matter.

Exit Clara with scornful nods and pointing at First Small Boy.

First Small Boy (mournfully)—No'm, I didn't.

Second Small Boy (sniggering)—Say, Miss Briggs, Arthur's sweet on Clara. He told me last night she's his girl.

First Small Boy (indignantly)—I ain't nuther. I didn't nuther.

Bell rings; exit teacher; enter 25 boys and 25 girls; enter teacher.

Second Small Boy (weeping)—Why, Miss Briggs, while you'r out in the hall, Arthur hit me. On purpose, too.

Hard's he could.

Teacher (majestically)—You may be seated, boys. Both of you may remain this evening, twenty minutes, please. (Sweetly) Let us all bow our heads.

All heads bowed; chorus.

For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For food and clothing, health and care,
For all that makes the day so fair—
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

As Miss Barger came back to school at noon she passed two small boys. One wept and the other comforted. Having acquired the school-teachery habit of interfering in boys' affairs, Miss Barger stopped.

"What is the matter?"

The boy who wept was fair, or had been, with white hair and pale blue eyes. He rubbed the backs of his hands in his eyes and spread the tears, mixed with soil, over his cheeks. Then he looked Miss Barger over and decided to confide.

"Boy hit me," he sniveled.

"A boy hit you? Why?"

"'Cause! I says to 'im 'I'm goin' to

stand Bryan on 'is head,' n' he says 'I you do 'I'll hit you.' 'N' 'I did. 'N' he hit me right here." He folded his arms around his short ribs, doubled himself up and moaned.

The astounded Miss Barger recovered her breath.

"What did you say you did?"

"Stood Bryan on 'is head."

Miss Barger did not smile. She feigned skepticism.

"How could a little boy like you stand a big man like Mr. Bryan on his head?"

Both boys grinned, but the grin of the worker of miracles was self-conscious.

"I cut 'im out o' paper," he said.

LITERARY NOTES.

McClure's for November.

Interesting, suggestive, helpful—that must be the verdict upon William Allen White Character Sketch of Hanna. To a vast majority of most intelligent readers, Senator Hanna was unknown until the campaign of 1896, and is still but vaguely understood either as a politician or as a mad. To those who wish to understand this great political leader, Mr. White illuminating article will be especially welcome at the present period of political excitement.

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The magazine will retail for twenty-five cents. The publishers first planned to sell it at ten cents a copy, but they abandoned the idea because they could not publish the kind of magazine they wanted at that price without making the advertiser pay most of the bills and all the profit. It will be sewed like a book, so that it will open flat in the hand. The size of the page and of the type will be considerably larger than in most of the monthlies.

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