

REBELLION OF LUCINDA BOWERS.

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

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LUCINDA BOWERS looked at the little invitation card, and rebellion arose in her heart.

"I don't care," she said, "I'm going." All the Ohio village of Valley City knew that afternoon that Lucinda Bowers was buying a new dress.

Mrs. Benson, who had issued cards for a lawn party on the following Thursday, could hardly have been expected to know who composed "society" in Valley City.

"Mrs. Benson means well," remarked Widow Simpkins, "but she judges more by a pretty face and a lively tongue than by 'family'."

"I should be very grateful," said Young Mrs. Benson to Lucinda, "if you would help me with the ice cream and cake at the party next week."

Wherever Lucinda went, it was expected that she should look after the comestibles which Valley City called "refreshments."

"I suppose," remarked Lucinda on the evening of the party, as she looked at herself critically in the cracked mirror of the old walnut bureau.

It seemed as though Lucinda Bowers had always been old. As a matter of fact, she was hardly 25.

While the whole town was busy discussing the addition to Lucinda's wardrobe, the young woman was busy at work upon her first new dress in two years.

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The Benson lawn party is still famous in the social history of Valley City. The ambitious young matron who gave the entertainment was not content with the grass plot which surrounded her own pink cottage.

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cream laden saucers and handed the tiny coffee cups to the guests. The attention of those who were there on that evening was divided between the "angel food" and a literary lion from New York.

It was not the city which was of so much importance, but a pavement, in a wonderful state of preservation, which showed that civilization was at least 2,000 years older than any previous history revealed.

"Mrs. Benson," he asked, "who is that young woman over there, in the blue gown?"

"You seem to have been exploring among the 'layer' cakes," replied Mrs. Benson. "That is Miss Bowers, a young lady who has kindly consented to assist me this evening.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Widow Simpkins.

"How little taste," remarked Margaret Elton, "these men of science have. Still, that blue organdie isn't so bad considering the fact that it's slipped over a blue skirt of about the year one."

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"I have often thought so," said the man.

Valley City was busy talking the next day. Then the young women began to act. They liked each other none too well, but all combined against a common foe.

This coalition of social powers at once began an active campaign. There were drives to the Rock house, and Lucinda was carefully excluded from the list of guests.

"I rather think," said Margaret Elton to her mother one morning, "that the professor has forgotten all about our young friend of her grandmother's skirt."

But the young women of Valley City who composed what was known as the "set" received invitations that afternoon which caused them to open their eyes in astonishment.

"I didn't suppose," said Widow Simpkins' daughter, "that the girl had three silver teaspoons in the house."

The young women of the "set" took counsel together over the matter, and decided to go to the tea. Of course none of them had ever invited Lucinda to a tea; but feminine curiosity is mighty, even in Valley City.

That Friday afternoon found 15 modishly dressed young women in the little house in which dwelt Mrs. Bowers and her five children.

"I'm so glad," said Lucinda, as she toyed nervously with the edge of her hemstitched napkin, "that you have all come to-day. I have known you girls since we were children. I have something to tell which I want you to know first of all. I am to be married next month to Prof. Dorrance."

The young women crowded about her and congratulated her, loudness of tone making up for lack of sincerity.

"I suppose," said Lucinda to her mother, after the guests had departed, "that it wasn't Christian for me to exult over them that way; but somehow when things go so far I rebel, and I can't help it."

Already Rewarded.

The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect:

A countryman armed with an immense club, presented himself to the president of the society and claimed the first prize. He was asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founded his claim.

"I have saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swung his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the president.

"But where was the wolf?" inquired the latter. "What had he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.

The president reflected an instant and then said: "My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

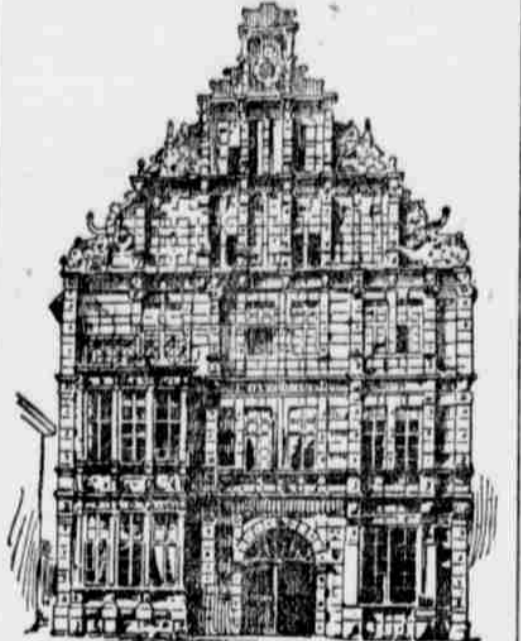
Effect of Rain on Buildings. Builders say that the walls built during a rainy season are the strongest and that, when mortar dries quickly, it becomes crumbly and possesses little binding power.

IN OLD HAMELIN TOWN.

Interesting Little City Made Famous by a Legend.

Once It Was a Great Place, But Its Present Importance Rests on the Doings of Its Pied Piper.

[Special Berlin (Germany) Letter.] One of the chief charms of traveling in Germany, I take it, is this coming unawares across all sorts of out-of-the-way, quaint little towns and beautiful landscapes; places where one may make discoveries and see hidden sights hardly anybody seems to have had an idea of.



RAT-CATCHER'S HOUSE AT HAMELIN.

ber with what horror a veteran traveler, a man who knew the length and breadth of Teutonia as he did the inside of his pocket, regarded me on a small Moselle steamer, as in rummaging my knapsack I inadvertently let drop one of those red-backed "guides."

Well, it was by dint of one of those fits of sudden resolve that I got out of a fast train which was speeding between Hildeshelm and Paderborn on its way to Cologne, and made a trip to Hameln.



PILLAR HOUSE AT HAMELIN.

one of the many towns in northwestern Germany which have sunk from their once high estate, from their wealth and civic independence, and deteriorated into places of third-rate importance.

The broad Weser river rolls its swift, greenish waters along. Steep, verdure-clad hills rise along its shores, and the darkling mountain into whose clefts the vengeful "rat-catcher" is said to have taken the little ones by the sound of his ravishing pipe, is still there unchanged.

neys show the sites of as many factories.

The town, then, is not dead. By no means. There is electric light by night in the streets and in the windows, and its single hotel even boasts an electric plant of its own.

And here, right in the middle of it all, a stone's throw from the ancient market square, with its rough cobble stones and its dingy, reeking alleys of approach, is the "Rat-Catcher's House"—the Rattenfaengerhaus—or, as its proper title is to-day, the "Hochzeitshaus," or Wedding house, the old city hall of Hameln, where, many centuries ago, the Pied Piper is said to have struck a bargain with the grave and reverend signiors who then represented the city's government, by which they bound themselves to pay a goodly price in exchange for his clearing the streets and houses of that nibbling pest, the rats.

Even while I gazed there was the sound of revelry by night—not a spook, mind you, though the silver light of the moon lent it all a fairy, airy air, but real flutes and fiddles, played by flesh-and-blood musicians—and the sound of dancing and of clapping of hands stole through the open windows. So, you



HAMELIN CATHEDRAL.

see, Hameln folks are happy once more, and lively, and they have minded the concluding lines of Browning's poem: "So, Willy, let you and me be wipers Of scores out with all men—especially pipers."

But beside this famous old house there are a score or two of other very beautiful old houses and palaces in the town, fronts still thick with carved escutcheons of noble and mighty families; extinct, lol! these 200 or 300 years; mottoes in stone tracing and heavily gilt over running the length of a whole floor; curious figures and faces in dingy wrought iron, and coats-of-arms blazon forth on worm-eaten oaken panelings.

Another very fine old structure is the Dom, or cathedral, one of the oldest, if not the oldest there, for it is purely Romanesque in style and at least 750 years old. Jews, too, there are many in this ancient place, their names purely old testamentary as are their shrewd features, some of whom are said to be the offspring of men who were here before the crusades.

It impressed me strangely to see, in the midst of all those evidences of a moldy past the signs of the most modern of modern civilization—incandescent and arc lights, and Prussian infantry with the gun of newest type stalking the streets. And when my hotel bill was presented to me next morning at breakfast, the last remaining doubts as to the chances of Hameln Town to adapt itself to our times vanished—that bill was thoroughly modern.

—WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

—Glass was early known. Glass beads were found on the bodies of mummies over 3,000 years old.