SOLDIERS AT HOME, sergeant, calling his name. He came forward to know what I wanted. I

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

New the Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away Life in Camp-Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches-Thrilling Scence on the Battlefield.

Occasionally one comes across verse or line that unexpectedly touches a dormant chord in the heart and bids the teardrop spring. Into the past we wander under the influence of such excitant and bygone memories, then come to view pictures long since velled even from ourselves. Memory uprises, silences upstart, life and emotion that once were real become again to us a reality. That which in this way touches one heart bids fair to touch others, and just now a letter in print brings before the writer of these lines a boyish face of the long ago, a childish companion, who turned his face toward the loved South, never by us, his boyhood's friends, to be seen again.

diers.

But let that pass. The subject is "The Death of Johnnie Burns," possibly now told for the first time in its realistic pathos to his relatives and friends, if relatives he has yet living. Johnnie Burns was a Cincinnati boy, a hero whose name history ignores. No shoulder straps were his part, but that he was a hero will be evident to whoever reads the story this Southern soldier, forty years after the boy's death, tells in his letter to the Confederate Veteran, which chances to come before my eyes. It is a touchingly pathetic tale, and challenges thought. One cannot but wonder which Baptist Sunday school in this city the boy attended. who were his loved ones, whether that Bible with the bloody finger marks on the fourteenth chapter of St. John ever reached his mother. And one cannot but further wonder, after these years have passed, if in this city lives a friend to value this veteran's touching tribute paid to their boyish soldier of that sad long ago, or if it strikes only empty air in the home city where once the child was a pet.

With a view of possibly doing a service to relative or comrade, possibly bringing some member of the Fourth Obio into touch with the Southern soldier who cared for a brother in blue, I presume to offer for publication this Confederate's letter concerning the death of Johnnie Burns of Cincinnati From the Confederate Veteran:

"C. L. Gay, an Alabama veteran, comery, was a member of company D. Twenty-first Alabama regiment, and tells this:

"'A comrade and I were searching the battlefield of Shiloh for some missing men of our company, D, of the morning, we heard the voice of a fire. In twenty minutes the fire had be-"Boys! boys!" n crying: Thinking it might possibly be one of our men we went to him. He first begged for a drink of water, which I gave him out of my canteen. After he was wounded he had rolled into the edge of this thicket in order to protect himself from being run over by the flying ambulances, artillery and cavalry, constantly passing near. His left knew cap was entirely shot off, and he was extremely weak from the loss of blood. His pitiful appeal to help him we could not and would not resist after talking Record. to him. His name was John Burns of Cincinnati, Ohio, company B. Fourth Ohlo regiment. He begged to be car ried to our field hospital, where he might receive attention, and, if possible, get word to his loving mother, being her only son. He had a small Bible in his hand, with his thumb resting inside on the fourteenth chapter of at John. His thumb being bloody it made a bloody spot on this chapter. He desired that the Bible should be sent to his mother, showing where he last read. ". Our field hospital being a few hundred yards in the rear, we carried him there and requested our surgeon, Dr. Redwood, of Mobile, to examine him, which he did in a few minutes, the hospital being crowded with patients. On examination the doctor found his wound to be fatal and his physical condition too weak for an operation. He was 18 years old. When the doctor told him there was no hope he inquired if there were any Christians present. We told him yes. In the meantime several of our comrades had gathered around him. He requested a prayer, to which one of us responded, all being deeply touched, then repeating a few lines of his mother's favorite song:

GRANDMOTHER'S BOOK.

Ned's Selection Seemed to Suit Her as Well as Any.

inquired if he knew John Burns. He said, "Yes, have you all got him?" I When grandmother's birthday apreplied, "No, he is in glory." I then proached Ned did not know what to told of his death. He was visibly afgive her. He conferred in auxious fected, and I could not restrain myself. whispers with his mother and sisters, He said: "Johnnie Burns was the best but their suggestions did not help him. boy I ever saw; he was a pet with the Their advice was really not very sound, company. I boarded with his family but they did not know that until later. in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was his Sun- As the Chicago News tells the story, the day school teacher in the Baptist family was surprised. This is what church." Other comrades gathered near happened:

and heard of his death, all being very After some days of indecision Ned much affected, and expressed their grat went to a book store and bought a book itude to me for what I had done. Durthat the dealer recommended, and ing my entire service of three years I which Ned knew was a good one. He frequently noticed the fondness which had read it himself, and knew that it existed between Ohio and Alabama solwas full of thrilling scenes and romanie adventures.

"This narrative I have frequently "What are you going to give gran'told, and now, in my declining years, na?" asked his sister the night before I desire it published. After the battles he birthday. "I'm giving her 'The are over there still exists that tender Filgrim's Progress,' Minnie has a pretty shawl for her, and father is going to tie between mankind and human sympathy which is wondrous kind.""give her "Thoughts from Great Minds." John Uri Lloyd, in Cincinnati Enquirer, Uncle Horace has sent her 'The Problems of To-day,' and Aunt Eva has a

volume of Carlyle's 'Essays.' ' "I've got a book, too," said Ned. "The most picturesque battle 1 even witnessed was at Kenesaw," remarked rather feebly.

"Another book for her? What is it?" Gen. Joseph Wheeler. "It was on the morning of June 27, 1864, that we Con-Ned named the novel with some refederates found that Sherman had uctance.

strengthened his picket line, and pres-"What! For an old lady! That frivently he began a warm fire in our didous love-and-swords affair for her! rection. Within half an hour after the Why didn't you use better judgment?" small arms opened on us the heavy "What's the matter with it?" defield pieces began to pour a raking fire nanded the brother. into our lines. Our breastworks were

"Well, it's too late to exchange ft strong and so were those of the Fednow, I suppose, but you'd better suggest to her that if she prefers you will exchange it for something more sub-

> "Maybe you know," replied Ned, "but don't believe in marconing old folks with a bunch of dry-as-dust books."

> When grandma came down to break ast the morning of her birthday Ned's novel stood in all its glory in the midst of the more serious volumes.

sister tiptoed quietly to her own room to avoid waking the other members of the family, she saw the light burning in grandmother's room. Surprised that the old lady should be up at midnight. the girl looked in at the partly opened

Grandmother was reading. She was more than half-way through the book, which it was easy to identify by its binding. It was not "The Pilgrim's Progress," nor "The Problems of Today," nor yet the masterful essays of the great Carlyle. With bright eyes and flushed cheeks grandmother was following the fortunes of the hero and heroine of the novel Ned had chosen.

A PARTNERSHIP

Half-Ownership in a Dog Made All the Trouble.

"Pudd'n'head" Wilson wished that he wned "half of that dog," so he could kill his half. The problem in such a division of ownership turned up in a new form in a story published by a New York weekly. A man named Tomkins called at a lawyer's office and explained that he and Potts had gone



S HE came suddenly into his sight, dispelling his brown study and to smile as he listened to his verse misinterrupting his pipe. She stood quoted by fair flatterers; he retained beyond the table, beside the door, tall that serene attitude of mind while he and slight, in a white gown that clung shook hands with Mrs. Foster, and not to her arms and shoulders and rounded one minute longer. For beyond Mrs. waist, and swept about her feet in Foster, standing just outside the ring heavy folds. Across swang from her of light from a tall lamp, was the Lady neck by a long silver chain, and she of his dreams, with her white gown wore a broad-brimmed hat with a that clung to her shoulders and round gauzy white veil, so her face was in waist, and flared with heavy folds at shadow. She leaned slightly toward her feet. This time she wore a fan Ashe as he clutched the arms of his on the long silver chain around her big chair and sat forward in amaze- neck, and she had no hat nor vell, so ment. Ashe sould see that she was regarding

him with the frankest interest from a

pair of most attractive brown eyes.

marks to Mrs. Foster died on his lips.

She was not a dream, then, his prin-

cess! A sudden recollection of the

check from the "Hundred Years" made

realization of his narrow escape from

his acquaintance, Ashe asked abruptly:

She opened her brown eyes wider

"Do-do you believe in telepathy and

astral bodies?" he went on after a

moment's pause. "Or are you only a

"Dear me!" said the girl. "Mrs. Fos-

ter said you were so nice, and not

you were a poet or anything else at all

awe-inspiring, and here you have called

me three alarming names in as many

minutes. Is this poetic license, Mr.

"Did you really mind Clasy Loftus?"

came in so suddenly."

"Are you a princess?"

Ashe?

and looked at him in surprise.

"I am the Princess Constantia Gregorius," she said gently. "Of-of Russia?" he asked stupidly. He flushed with surprise, and his retrying to fan away the haze of tobacco

smoke. "There are other lands," she said indifferently. "And not so far away." "Great Caesar!" he breathed, bewil- him warm, and as a corollary came the dered, and his pipe dropped from his astonished fingers. With the feeling the Society of Psychic Research-good

that it was the only bond between him | heavens! and rationality, he stooped to pick it up, and as he rose he struck his head graciously, "So good of you to come, Mr. Ashe, and not to forget your old sharply against the corner of the librafriends, now you are such a celebry table. Dizzy from the blow, he stag-

gered to his feet and looked towards rity. And to reward you, I am going the door. She was gone, as mysterito introduce you to a very dear young ously as she had come. He rushed friend of mine, Miss Gregory, who adblindly around the table and across the mires your poems so much. And Ashe found himself before his room, stumbling over easy chairs and footstools, and sending a revolving princess, while Mrs. Foster went on fluently, "Constance, my dear, this is bookcase spinning around. The hall was also empty. No trailing gowns Mr. Ashe," and turned to greet another had turned up the edges of the rugs, guest. All remnants of his self-posnor could he hear any hurrying steps session vanished at the sound of the on the polished stairs. He blinked at names, and interrupting Miss Gregory's

the sun pouring red and purple through polite expressions of delight at making the painted window for a moment, and then turned back and sat down on the nearest chair. Good heavens! what a dream! Who was she? What was her motive in appearing and - announcing herself in that royal way? And he hadn't seen her face! Well, if it was as pretty as her figure-oh, confound dream?" his head; and he was still feeling of it

gingerly, too dazed to think of more than one thing at a time, when he startling-that no one would know that heard his friend's cheerful whistle in the hall. "Well, old chap," said Thurston, com-

ing in. "Phew! but that pipe of yours is a fright! If we don't air this room be-

fore the mater gets into it, your goose is cooked." "Why, what will she do?" cried the

other uncertainly.

"You'll never get another bld for Sunday," said the first, throwing open one of the windows. "Gee! I didn't realize how rank Cissle is getting. Retire her, Billy, and get another. But left you composing a sonnet and going head. to sleep over it. What's wrong?"

Ashe looked down at his maligned "When you are not in a dream, you his hand on the door.

Miss Gregory surveyed him amusemen

"This is too fine a frenzy for me," she announced. "Aren't you hungry, Mr. Ashe? Shan't we go and have something to eat?" Ashe followed her mechanically.

"Don't you sometimes wear a cross on that chain." he asked.

"Sometimes," she answered, with lifted eyebrows.

"Wern't you in Morristown at the Thurstons' last September?" he pursued.

"Yes, I was in Morristown, but only occasionally at the Thurstons'," she returned.

"Then you did walk into the library one Sunday afternoon and tell me you were the Princess Constantia Gregorius," he said positively.

"Mr. Ashe!" she said reprovingly. "Have you a twin sister?" asked Ashe desperately.

"I am all the daughters of my fath er's house." she said lightly, but her eyes were dancing as she gave him his chocolate.

"Don't you remember the painful taking off of Sapphira?" he inquired sternly.

Miss Gregory counted on her fingers. A princess, Constantia Gregorius, an astral body-let me see! a dream, and now a liar!" she said. "Oh, fie, Mr. Ashe!" Meanwhile Mrs. Foster was saying

"I have \$50 that belongs to you," said Ashe irrelevantly.

"I beg your pardon?" said the girl blankly.

"By rights," asservated Ashe, with a "Half of what I got for that nod. poem, you know. I calculated that my thought and labor are good for half, but you furnished the idea, you see." Miss Gregory sat down on the nearest chair and laughed aloud. Ashe sipped his chocolate meditatively and watched her

"For a poet," she said at last, "you are most unexpectedly practical."

"When I've offered to share my income with a comparative stranger-a chimerical, elusive dream-lady at that?" he asked, raising his eyebrows. "I'm not sure about chimeras, but I think they were monsters of some kind," said the girl. "And your income is too small to be alluring, Mr. Ashe. If you don't wish any more of that chocolate, won't you have something cold? No. We'll, then come back to Mrs. Foster. I'm afraid you'll be borrowing money of me next, to say nothing of the way in which you are straining your poetic fancy to find flattering names for me." She took his cup and turned away. Before he could follow he was seized upon and carried he asked anxiously. "You see, she's off in triumph by some fair admirers, my favorite pipe, but she's rather old, and a quick glance back showed him and I'm afraid she's a little too strong that a fortunate elderly gentleman had to be pleasant to strangers. But I taken possession of her, so he resigned didn't expect you, you know, when you himself to the inevitable, and did not see her again until just as he was leav-The girl's face was gravely puzzled, ing. He had looked for her to say goodbut her eyes looked amused. "I'm bye, but in vain, and Mrs. Foster did afraid Mrs. Foster has a mistaken idea not know where she had hidden hersay, what's the matter, old man? I of you," she said with a shake of her self, so he was starting off, disappointed, but resolved not to let the thing "Where do you live?" inquired Ashe. drop, when her voice stopped him with

"Au revolr, Mr. Ashe," she said,



IL USSONUM

Kenesaw a Picturesque Fight.

A MAJESTIC SIGHT, EVEN TO A CON-FEDERATE."

erals. Directly I knew that this conwrites that Joe T. Williams of Mont- tinued firing meant an assault upon us. "When the sun was well up I saw a

long line of Federals rise up out of their breastworks, move forward 300

vards and then lie down. It was a majestic sight, even to a Confederate. Then in a few minutes another line of Twenty-first Alabama regiment. In soldiers was seen to rise up, march passing through a swampy thicket near forward 200 yards in good order and where that regiment charged the then lie down. During all this time the Fourth Ohio regiment early in the Federals were keeping up a continuous ome so fleree that our pickets wer

Not Miles, but Stanton.

was in Mobile F. M. Shipman, of Me-

ridian, Miss. In conversation with

him the subject of Mr. Davis' impris-

onment was mentioned, the name of

Gen. Miles was mentioned as the of-

ficer responsible for this seemingly

enant in the United States army, said

that he was in command of the guard

whose duty it was to watch the fort in

which the noted prisoner was kept and

forcibly declares that Gen. Miles was

not the one who issued the orders. He

says that the secretary of war, Edwin

M. Stanton, was the dictator and is-

suer of these great talked-of orders.

The secretary sent the orders to Gen.

Miles, who then gave them to Mr.

Shipman that he might carry them into

execution, which was done. After

wearing the shackles for two hours

they were removed from the prisoner.

Another order accompanied this one

saying that anything on Mr. Davis'

person was to be sent to Gen. Miles. Mr. Shipman found this duty much

more difficult to perform, as there were

many small articles that Mr. Davis

wished to retain. One article in par-

ticular, was a comb given him by his

wife, but in accordance with orders

Mr. Shipman was compelled to send

all to Gen Miles, sending with them a

request that they be returned to My.

Davis, which was done a short time af-

Mr. Shipman does not know whether

the last order was issued by the secre-

sary of war or not, says the Birming-

am (Ala.) News, but has every rea-

nor fork during his imprison-

me by the a

bip Mr. Bb

sit use. The knife was in of a indy in Alabama when

Ipman was

Mr. Davis was allowed neith

one of the guards who carved fro

and wood a knife and fork that Mr.

on to believe it was.

Mr. Shipman, who was then a

brutal act.

terward.

Davis mis

stantial."

That night at a late hour, when Ned's door.

There is a land of pure delight, here saints immortal stand.

Which he requested us to sing with him. This song begun there was taken up through the entire camps, even back among the Federal prisoners. All d then bade him good-by. He me his Bible, and requested to hand it to Sergeant Steven any B. Fourth Ohio Regiment. rgeant knew his family, and he m to send it to his mother and ber be "died a Christian." The ng I went to the hospital and od be was dead.

As his body lay there I th are the most passeful look I w. I learned this Fourth Oblo was a part of General Prenwhich we had almost on-No granted my re-

shares in a setter pup. driven back and our forces were in a

"I never quite settled," said the man, rather demoralized condition. In the which half I owned, but I formed an meantime a number of Union soldiers idea that I owned the hind end and had reached our breastworks and were Potts the front end. Potts' end barked engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with and my end wagged. I didn't object to our men. Then the Confederates rallied the bark or to the wag, because they and after a half-hour of the fiercest both did the whole dog good. fighting I ever saw they managed to

"Well, the other day Potts' end bit a drive the enemy back into their breastpiece out o' my leg. Now Potts is reworks. Both armles now sent out flags sponsible for his end." of truce and began gathering up the

"I don't know," said the lawyer. dead and caring for the wounded. I There is no decision on a case like shall never forget that scene."--Ohicago this. What does Potts say?"

"Why, Potts divides the dog the other way. He draws a line from the nose The public has always been under to the tall. That gives me one hind leg the impression that Gen. Nelson A. and one fore leg, an' makes me part Miles issued the orders placing the proprietor of the head that bit me. shackles on President Jefferson Davis Now what do you think? Shall I sue during his imprisonment, as taught by Potts?" most histories. Several days ago there

"I don't think I should "

"Can't I get damages for the piece that's bitten out of me?" "I hardly think so."

"Well, you talk about justice! Don't anybody pretend to tell me that the law protects human beings in their rights! Good-morning!" "Walt a moment, Mr. Tomkins

you've forgotten my fee." "F-f-fee! You don't charge if I don't

ue, do you?" "Certainly, for my advice. My fee is

five dollars." "That's just what I paid for my half of the dog. I haven't got a dollar. But I'll tell you; I'll make over my rights in that setter pup to you, and you can go and fight it out with Potts. If that dog bites me again I'll sue you and Potts both, as sure as my name is

Willing to Walt.

Tomkins!"

The natives of Sierra Leone are not behind the rest of the world in expecting a present at Christmas, but unlike ore conventional races, they have the candor to ask for H. "Massa," inquires the native, "what you go give me for my Ohristmas?" The author of "The Sherbro and Its Hinterland," says that on other special occasions similar reusets are common.

In 1887, during the celebration of the Queen's Jublice, which happened to ome at the same time as the centenary commemoration of the founding of the colony of Sterra Leone, a local character at Freetown approached me, and said, "Massa, what you go to give me for my jublice?"

I was not disposed to take the hint, and be added:

"What! You no give me nutting for my jubilee? Well, no matter! You ge give me something for my centenary?" He was again unsuccessful; but when I told him that I would think the matter over, and he might come around on his pest center

olde, and then up at his friend. "Say do you suppose she thought it

was rank?" he asked. "The mater?" said Thurston, puzzled. "She hasn't been here already, has she? If so, we'd better go back to-night. Did she wake you up?" brary-isn't it a fascinating place?"

"No, I dreamed it." said the owner of the pipe, and began to feel of his bump with a frown of pain. His friend looked at him for a moment curiously, and then aimed a heavy leather cushion from the nearest Morris chair at

him. "Wake up, you idiot!" he said. "This is no sleeping car." The idiot parried the cushion.

"Dick, has your sister a friend visiting her?" he inquired. "No," said the other.

"Well, there was one in here, any way." pursued Ashe.

"One what!" demanded Thurston "One princess," said the other. His

host surveyed him in silence for a mo-"Ashe, you're crazy!" he said at last

"Come out and take a walk." Mr. Wilmering Ashe was making for nimself a rather neat reputation with readers of current magazines as a writer of clever little occasional verses. Among his friends at his clubs he was considered a good fellow, and they shose to assume that somewhere he tept hidden away the person who wrote his verses for him. His mother's friends approved of him because he paid his calls, and he was chiefly famous with the young ladies of his rather general acquaintance, as a master of

town, and, of course, I have read your he arts of Welsh rarebitry and badinage. But no one was prepared for verses. the almost Oriental beauty and mystito be killed!" maid Anhe. tism of his latest verses, which appear-

ed in one of the best of the monthly little brain-child!" reproached the girl. periodicals under the name of "My Lady of the Realm of Dreams," and to even up accounts in mentioning them which would have done credit to a at all," returned Ashe. "There, you see much more ambitious poet than Billy I can do the proper; now, for heaven's Ashe. Ashe himself thought rather sake, Miss Gregory, tell me if I dreamwell of them; he felt that it in some ed of you, or saw you, that day at Dick way compensated for the very nasty Thurston's?" The girl drew back. knock on the head that the Lady had the means of giving him, and that he had turned a most perplexing dream to very good account. It was better than a little haughtily, and then she smiled at his crestfallen face. "It can't be possible!" insted Ashe "The Princess Constantia Gregoriustaking it to the Society of Psychical Research, which he had thought of doand I was ass enough to ask of what! ing in the vividness of his first im-Don't you know, Miss Gregory-didn't

pression, but six months without any urther developments, waking or sleeping had dulled his keen conviction of a psychic value. Meanwhile, a comfortable check from the magazine bad eemed to take the thing out of the pro-

Ashe was a modest man, but not too nuch so to find a little lionising quite tess and cotillions with a feeling that to-morrow would be some one else's

to be might. So he entered Mrs.

Dresms? "

know-when you are not in the ton's library?" leaning toward him from the lowest "Well," said Miss Gregory, "I am re-

"You weren't in it long enough to

think it was quite kind of you to make

"Long enough! I've spent hours in

the Thurston's library," said the girl

"Well, perhaps not consciously," ad-

mitted Ashe, "but it was under your

spell." Miss Gregory looked at him

with a smile beginning to show at the

"You are certainly casting a spell

over me," she said. "Really, Mr. Ashe,

I don't know what you mean-I'm sure

I never had anything to do with your

bumping your head, but I'm not sure

"Cruel!" said Ashe. "Well, since you

won't admit it, let's begin again. I

am very glad to meet you, Miss Greg-

ory. Mrs. Foster is too good to me.

Do you know, your face is very famil-

"Mrs. Foster has been kind to me

too," replied Miss Gregory prettily.

"No. Mr. Ashe, I'm sure that I should

not have forgotten it if we had met

before. My home is not in New York

and I am not here very much. But I

have heard of you often, from Mrs.

Foster, and the Thurstons in Morris-

"How time must clamor at your doors

"Ah, now you are unkind to your

You have been sufficiently overkind

"I don't understand you," she said,

you realize that you are my 'Lady of

in mock indignation. "And I never

me bump my head?"

corners of her mouth.

made you bump your head."

that it wouldn't do it good."

lar-haven't I met you before?"

step of the stairway. "Au revoir." Heyed. I am glad to find that I can "Thank you," he responded heartily. at last take an intelligent interest in 'And very soon, most fair lady of the the conversation. The Thurston's IIrealm of my dreams."

"That is really a lovely thing, Mr. Ashe," she said, "and I am very proud find out," objected Ashe. "And do you to think that you think that I had any part in it."

"But didn't you?" he demanded.

"Do I believe in telepathy?" she asked mockingly. "Am I an astral body, or a bad dream?" He shook his high hat threateningly at her.

"The truth is not in you, Mademoi selle Sapphira," he announced.

"Hear the lion growl!" she retorted. with a saucy nod, and turned to go upstairs. He took a step toward her.

"Miss Gregory!" he said imploringly. "Seriously, now?" she looked at him over her shoulder with dancing eves. "Do you know, until to-day, I always upposed it was Dick Thurston that I woke up that afternoon," she said confidentially, and ran lightly upstairs .- N. Y. Evening Post.

Height of the Atmosphere.

One thing may be said about the new tmosphere. That of old was supposed to be not over sixty miles high. Its ratio of decrease of density seemed to prove this. The atmosphere is now believed to be fully 500 miles high. This bellef is based upon a study of the fall of meteorites. These free wanderers of space plunge into the upper air at so great a speed that their friction. even with the extremely rare gas at that high altitude, soon heats them to incandescence, and they flame into light. They have been observed to flash out in this way at a height of over 100 miles. At this elevation the air must be so exceedingly rare as to render it certain that friction with several hundred miles of it would be needed to best a meteor to the incandescent point.

From this it is estimated that the upper limit of the atmosphere cannot be less than 500 miles above the surface. It may be much more, says Charles Morris in Lippincott. The air may extend upward as far as the force of gravity is capable of overcoming its centrifugal force, which steadily increases with height. How high that is no one can tell.

Quite Unpardonable.

Edmonis-Mrs. Topnotch is what I call impertinent.

Eudocia-In what way?

Edmonia-Why, she is not a colonial dame, but when she came to the colonial reception she had on a more elegant frock than any one of the dames. -Detroit Free Press.

It tustes the divorce judges to unman

"I?" said Miss Gregory-"I your Lady of-oh, Mr. Ashe! Remeber that I'm not a resident-not to the manner born, as it were. I'm just a country cousin from Binghamton. Do you

think it's nice to make fun of Constantia Gregorius, indeed!" Sbe ighed out, a merry little laugh. "She comes from a land nor nee

nor far," said Ashe, guilty of the banality of quoting his own verses.

vince of psychic research. to his taste, and he went to after

isy, and he must gather his roses