

"You may not have been worth the money,
 Douglass,
 Not half worth what I gave for you,
 But all shoes beside are too much like
 shadows,
 Douglass, Douglass,
 Three-dollar shoe."

And then the last verse, the best of them
 all, I think, though the family say it is
 abominable. For they all got tired out and
 I had to write this verse by myself.

"Oh, to call back the shoes that are not!
 Mine eyes were blinded, your holes were
 few;
 But I know your worth now,—going bare-
 foot,
 Douglass, Douglass,
 Three-dollar shoe."

ANNIE PREY.

A PARABLE.

[See Nebraskan, February 22.]

Now Naboh had dwelt in Ama. And
 they sat at the feet of Zimri the scribe, to
 learn wisdom. And Zimri instructed them
 every day of his knowledge. And wisdom
 increased in the land.

This was the manner of the instruction of
 Zimri. Zimri bore in his girdle a scroll;
 and Naboh and Shillah had pondered well
 all the words of Zimri, they uttered them
 again unto him. Then wrote Zimri, over
 against the names of Naboh and Shillah,
 their work, whether it were good or whether
 it were evil.

And it came to pass, in those days, that
 Naboh treasured well many words of Zimri,
 only the nine and seventieth word, that re-
 membered he not. And Shillah, likewise,
 remembered not the two and twentieth
 word, of all the words of Zimri. Then
 came they, and Zimri said unto Shillah,
 "Behold, tell unto me the seventh and
 twentieth word of those my sayings, and the
 six and fiftieth also, declare thou it." And
 it was done. And he wrote upon his scroll,
 even between the leaves of it, "Let Shillah
 be called blessed." And he said unto

Naboh, "First declare unto me the seventieth
 word." And he could not. Then Zimri
 was wroth with Naboh, and over against the
 name of Naboh wrote he, "Let Naboh be
 cast into outer darkness." And there was
 weeping and gnashing of teeth.

KATHARINE MELICK.

A PARABLE ON "A PARABLE."

[Respectfully dedicated to the ten sons and daughters of the
 House of Rakabraka.]

In the land of Oblovon over against Gaul,
 on the shores of the river Inan, dwelt Raka-
 braka, and his ten sons and daughters. Now
 the daughters were three, and the sons were
 seven.

And a great famine arose in the land; and
 Rakabraka had no bread; and the spirit of
 Rakabraka was faint within him. And his
 ten sons and daughters looked upon him;
 and they sought wherewithal to feed him; and
 there was nothing, no, not so much as barley
 corn. And they looked upon one another,
 and their spirit was sick within them.

Then arose Rabenezra, and stood before
 his brethren, and cried, "Lo, hath not the
 house of Hesper bread and to spare, and we
 perish of hunger? Go to, let us take unto
 ourselves sticks and stones, and let us fall
 upon the keepers of the field over against
 the Mount Copaz. So shall a tithe of the
 harvest of Hesper fall unto us, and we shall
 live and not die."

Then all the sons and daughters of Raka-
 braka clapped their hands. And it was so.
 And Rakabraka endureth unto this day.

Howbeit, the house of Hesper had com-
 passion on the hunger of Rakabraka. And
 they delivered not Rabenezra to the magis-
 trate, but they had mercy on him, and said,
 "Let his sin be upon his own head. Lo,
 other fields are ours. Let him go down into
 the shadow of darkness, and let the perpetual
 darkness, and let the perpetual silence come
 upon him, for our hand shall not be upon
 him, neither shall our right hand smite him.
 The tomb of the Swipers shall hold him, and
 with the Hat-stealers shall he lie. Let be,
 Let us see what shall be his end."