

## RENSSELAER UNION.

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RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

### A SONG OF THE EARLY AUTUMN.

When in late summer the streams run yellow,  
Burst the bridges and spread into bays;  
When berries are black and peaches are mel-  
low,  
And hills are hidden by rainy haze;  
When the golden-rod is golden still,  
But the heart of the sunflower is browner  
and sadder;  
When the corn is in stacks on the slope of the  
hill,  
And over the path slides the striped adder;  
When butterflies flutter from clover to thicket,  
Or wave their wings on the drooping leaf;  
When the breeze comes shrill with the call of the  
cricket—  
Grasshopper's rasp, and rustle of sheaf;  
When high in the field the fern leaves wrin-  
kle,  
And brown is the grass where the mowers  
have mown;  
When low in the meadow the cow-bells tinkle,  
And brooklets crinkle o'er stock and stone;  
When heavy and hollow the robin's whistle,  
And thick lies the shade in the heat of  
noon;  
When the air is white with the down of the  
thistle,  
And the sky is red with the harvest moon:  
Oh! then be chary, young Robert and Mary;  
Let no time slip—not a moment wait!  
If the fiddle would play it must stop its  
tuning,  
And they who would marry must be done  
with their wooing.  
Mind well the cattle, let the churn go rattle,  
And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate!  
—Scribner for October.

### FIVE AND A HALF—PATCHED.

I am a bachelor, an old bachelor; at least that's what my nieces—pretty, saucy, clever, lovable girls—call me; and no doubt they're right, though I can't go so far as to agree with them when they declare a man owing to five-and-forty years and a dozen white hairs "decidedly venerable" and "fearfully gray."

However, an old bachelor I am dubbed, and I must confess, if to acquire that distinction one is obliged to enjoy life to the utmost, as I do, and be made much of by lovely women and charming maidens, as I am, I have no serious objection to the title.

In the first place, my home is a home in every sense of the word, although without a mother, or even a mother-in-law.

I occupy, and have occupied for the past year, a suite of remarkably pleasant rooms, the front windows looking on a city park and the back on a garden made delightful by two fine old peach-trees, a heavy grape-vine, and a sweet-smelling wisteria. The latter has climbed to my windows, and twining in and out of the slats of the shutters, effectively prevents my closing them, but gives me in recompense great fragrant bunches of purple flowers.

These cheerful rooms are part and parcel of Mrs. Midget's boarding-house. No, I am wrong. Mrs. Midget—Mr. Midget was lost at sea five years ago—does not keep a boarding-house, but takes a few select boarders, of whom she is pleased to intimate she considers me the selectest.

Wonderfully comfortable the "few select" find it in Mrs. Midget's shady, old-fashioned, neatly-kept, three-story brick house.

"Everything like wax," my eldest sister says when she comes to visit me, which is about once in four weeks—a day or two after my magazines have arrived.

"And the landlady," I invariably reply, "isn't she awful cunning—so demure in her ways and speech for such a wee thing, so pretty, with her bright blue eyes and yellow hair!"

But Maria, I can't divine why, pretends not to hear me, or else repeats, with scornful emphasis: "Awful cunning!"

The fact is, I'm so much among my kinswomen that I often find myself, when I wish to be particularly emphatic, borrowing their queer adjectives and peculiar forms of expression.

"Indeed, uncle," said Charley to me the other day—meant for me, Charlotte (Charles, as near as they could get at it)—"you're beginning to talk like a girl—and at your time of life, too!" And I didn't feel at all insulted; for if all girls talk as well as my nieces I consider Charley's remark rather a compliment than otherwise.

Mrs. Midget knows how to furnish a table, too; all sorts of little delicacies and unexpected tidbits, stews and hash-browns, reproach, bread and pies, marvels of culinary skill, and tea and coffee—well, really coffee and tea.

As for Mrs. Midget herself, she's such a tot of a woman that I feel like laughing outright every time I look at her, perched on a pile of music-books placed on a chair—the chair itself taller than any of the "few select"—at the head of the dining-table. Indeed, only the other day, when she asked, in a solemn manner, fixing her blue eyes on my face, and lifting a large soup-ladle in her mite of a hand, if I would have some soup, I did burst out laughing, she looked so very like a little girl playing dinner with her mother's dinner-plate.

The miniature woman laid down the ladle and gazed at me in surprise.

"Mrs. Midget, I beg your pardon," said I, "I suddenly thought of a man I saw at the circus."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Midget, and returned to the soup.

I'm a romantic old fellow—there, you see how naturally I fall in my nieces' way—love poetry, music, flowers. Mrs. Midget always has a posy ready for me in summer-time, which she pins into my button-hole with her own fair hands; and I assure you it's not at all unpleasant to have her standing on the tips of her toes to reach it, with her small round head just touching my chin, and the fair sex.

Yes, old bachelor as I am, I love, and always have loved, the fair sex; and I really think it is because I love them so well I still remain unmarried. I never could make up my mind that one of all those I admired was prettier, brighter and sweeter than the others, and as I wanted the sweetest, prettiest and brightest I have been in a dilemma all my life. But I've always meant to, and my intention is stronger than ever since the day I picked up the little patched glove in Broadway in front of Stewart's.

I feel convinced that the owner of that glove is the wife for me. I wear it next my heart. Silly? Not a bit of it. No single man could help wearing a glove like that near his heart.

Five and a half, a pretty mouse-color; every finger well filled out, scarcely a crease in them—she must be plump; a faint smell of rose (as a general thing, with the exception of honest Cologne, I detest perfumes, but if I can endure any

it is rose, calling to mind, as it does, bees, butterflies, flowers, and all that sort of thing), and the cunningest patch in the palm of the hand.

Now I'd never seen a patch in a glove before, so it struck me as something odd, and I examined it critically. The manner in which that patch was sewed in told me the wearer of the glove was neat and methodical; the fine silken stitches used in sewing that patch in, that she was dainty; the fact that the color of the patch exactly matched that of the glove, that she was constant, true to one shade.

Then I imagined her personal appearance: Soft brown eyes, chestnut hair, slight but plump figure, feet to correspond with her hands—decidedly graceful and, altogether, very attractive.

"I'll wager she sings, plays and dances well," I said to myself, in conclusion; "is not rich, or she would not patch her glove; or poor, or she would not wear kids'."

I must find her!

All very well to say, but how to find her? A "personal," if it met her soft brown eyes, would frighten so modest a little creature, and she would be likely to hide herself instead of allowing herself to be found.

Shall I show my treasure to my nieces and ask if they can give me any clue to the original possessor?

Psaw! the teasing things would make no end of fun of me.

By Jove! where have my wits been? I'll see what Mrs. Midget says about it. She's by far the most sensible woman of my acquaintance, and very sympathetic, and is at this moment sitting alone in the dining-room in a low rocking-chair, with a giant work-basket by her side and a heap of stockings in her lap.

"There, my dear Mrs. Midget, is the glove. You will see at once that it is all my fancy painted it," and I placed it in the landlady's yard hand.

Over went the big work-basket on the floor as Mrs. Midget, throwing herself back in a paroxysm of laughter, came near going over too, her absurdly small feet kicking wildly in the air for a moment, until I had restored the rocking-chair to its equilibrium.

"Shall I pick up the things, Mrs. Midget?" said I, as soon as she ceased laughing, rather put out, to tell the truth, by her strange conduct, so unlike the sympathy I had expected.

"Yes—no—if you please—I don't care," stammered Mrs. Midget, in a voice very different from her every-day one, and with the loveliest rose-color in her cheeks. As I thought so I detected the fragrance of rose apparently emanating from a spool of thread I held in my hand, and remembering the glove.

"Did you drop the glove, Mrs. Midget?" asked I, seriously.

"No," replied she, opening a wee hand and showing it, crumpled into a little heap. "Take it, old chap! please; say no more about it. It's too—too—too ridiculous!" and off she went again.

"Mrs. Midget," said I, "what are you laughing at?"

"I suddenly thought of a man I saw at the circus," said she, with a saucy look I had never seen before in her blue eyes.

I'm convinced you know the owner of the glove," said I. "It's an old maid whom nature has sought to compensate for lack of other charms by giving her a perfect hand, or a grandmother who still wears five and a half, though her complexion has fled and hair departed. You know—I'm sure of it; and though you completely shatter my beautiful dream, you must tell me." And in my excitement I quite unintentionally—put my arm around her slender waist.

"Well, if I must, I must," said Mrs. Midget. "Prepare for a fearful blow. The glove is mine!"

Mrs. Midget has ceased to be a widow, and I am no longer a bachelor.—Harper's Bazar.

### MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Mention is made in the *Naturalist* of two cases of albinism recently observed in fishes. One was a haddock, taken off Barnegat, May 7. The fish was thirty-one inches long, and, instead of the usual tints of brownish-gray, its general hue was a pinkish-white with a pearly lustre.

The other specimen was a common eel taken at Noank, Conn., in December, 1874. The colors of this were a dull, pale yellow above, and nearly pure white beneath. Instances of albinism are not uncommon among European eels, but they are seldom met with on our coasts.

The museum of the Peabody Academy of Sciences contains a sample of both the above-mentioned albinos.

A film of sulphate of lead is found to afford an excellent protection for the metal against the action of water. In some experiments made in this direction lead pipes were coated internally with sulphide, according to the well-known Schwarz method, by the action of a solution of sulphide of sodium, and were subjected, at the same time with others not so treated, to the action of rain, snow, distilled and ordinary Paris city water. After the first day lead was detected in all cases in the water from the ordinary pipes, except the city water, and in it also after several days. On the other hand, in no case did the water from the pipes treated with sulphide afford a trace of lead within three months, and with access of air.—N. Y. Sun.

There are 259 specimens of ferns native to New Caledonia, an island in the South Pacific Ocean having an area of 200 miles in length by thirty miles in breadth. Of these ferns eighty-six are peculiar to New Caledonia, and the remainder are common to it and other islands in the Austral seas. From a study of the distribution of these ferns Mr. Eugene Fournier arrives at the conclusion that New Caledonia, New Holland and New Zealand were at one time united by means of Norfolk Island and other submerged islands. This hypothesis explains the presence in countries differing in climate of species belonging to homogeneous groups that could not have been transported by currents or by other extraneous agents.

The pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea has given rise to a great many experiments tending to scientific results, not a few of which have elucidated important truths, while others have been merely curious in their developments. It is a singular and not very well-known fact that, as the boiling point of water is lowered in proportion to the increase of elevation, people living high up in the world are compelled to do without boiled meats and vegetables, and to have their food roasted or baked, since the water cannot be heated sufficiently to cook food.

Darwin tells of an amusing instance of the result of the diminished pressure of the Andes. His companions tried for some hours to boil potatoes, and though the water bubbled vigorously the potatoes refused to be cooked, and the result was attributed to the bewitched pot.

An ingenious as well as simple in-

strument for testing mineral oils, constructed so as to enable one to compare at once the expansion of any oil to be tested with that of a standard safe oil, both being subjected to the same degree of heat, is coming into general use, and must prove a valuable safeguard against explosion. This apparatus consists of a case holding two bottles furnished with glass tubes of equal bore. In one of these bottles is placed the oil which serves as the standard of comparison, and in the other, the same height in the tube, is placed the oil to be tested. The bottles are mounted upon a wooden support, suitably graduated. In practice it is inserted in a vessel of water of a temperature of 110 degrees, and the conclusion respecting the safety or danger of the article is drawn from the cautionary words upon the support behind the tubes.

### A Speech by President Grant.

At the recent meeting at Des Moines, Iowa, of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, loud calls were made for President Grant. After a few humorous remarks in reference to the calls for himself and Gen. Sherman, in which he said it had been customary at the reunions of this army to call upon him just because he always made the shortest speech, the President said he had concluded to disappoint them this time, and he had, therefore, jotted down what he wished to say, when he read as follows:

"COMRADES!—It always affords me much gratification to meet my comrades in arms of ten and fourteen years ago, to tell over again the trials and hardships of these days—hardships imposed, for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believe then, and we believe now, that we have a Government worth fighting for, and if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades paid the latter price for our preserved Union! Let their heroism and sacrifice be ever green in our memory; let not the results of their sacrifice be destroyed. The Union and the free institutions for which they fell should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privilege under the Government except the privilege for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage; but we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped that the like trials will never again befall our country. In their settlement no class of people can more heartily join than the soldiers who submitted to the dangers, trials and hardships of the camp and the battle-field, on which ever side they may have fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us, then, begin by guarding against every enemy to the prosperity of free republican institutions."

"I do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partisan politics, but it is a fair subject for the soldiers in their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. In a Republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign people should foster education and promote intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other."

"Now, the centennial year of our national existence, I believe is a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundations of the structure commenced by our patriotic forefathers 100 years ago at Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the greater security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion; encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school; resolve that neither the State nor the nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common-school education, unimpaired by sectarian, pagan, or atheistical. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contributions, and keep the church and the State forever separate. With these safeguards I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain."

### RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Rev. Edward Cridge, of Victoria, British Columbia, accepts the office of Missionary Bishop in the Reformed Episcopal Church, to which he was elected at the General Council of Chicago.

—The average contributions per member for foreign missions in the Presbyterian Church were, in 1870, about eighty-seven cents. In 1875 they appear to be but seventy-eight cents, a falling off of nine cents per head.

—There are 116 churches in St. Louis, owned by fourteen religious sects, with a total valuation of \$2,939,770. Of this amount only \$274,640 are taxable, the rest being represented by property in actual use for religious worship.

—Gail Hamilton comes out in the *Independent* dealing with "corporal punishment in schools," and advocating it, but only on the condition that the teacher by whom it is administered be a man picked from 10,000—one who has "sympathy and sense, and never gives way to passion."

—The *Interior*, of Chicago, after quoting an account of a New England city where a careful canvass showed that four-fifths of the families attend church, adds that its own examination shows that half the people of an Illinois town of 10,000 inhabitants are regular church attendants. It thinks the cry that the masses are not reached by the Gospel is overdone.

—The various annual conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church meeting this fall elect delegates to the General Conference of next May. Several of these bodies have passed resolutions asking for lay delegations in the annual conferences as well as in the General Conference, and in favor of making the office of Presiding Elder elective. The elders are now appointed by the Bishops.

—It is worth of note, as showing the conservative attitude of laymen, that the Michigan Lay Electoral Conference, at its recent session, rejected resolutions favoring lay delegations in the annual conferences.

In Sumner County, Kan., watermelons are considered dear at two for a nickel.

## Our Young Folks.

### ROBBIE'S LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY MRS. HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN. HILTON, July 10.

DEAR COUSIN SUE: We got here last night, but mamma had a sick headache and could not write till this afternoon. Grandpa met us at the depot, with Kate. Kate is the old horse and Topsy is the colt that Uncle Ben drives most times. Grandpa says Topsy's too quick for his old bones.

It was most dark when we got here, and the hens had gone to bed. They sleep squatting down on a pole, with their heads under their wings. I should think they'd tumble off. Mr. Robin Redbreast woke me singing. He sings so loud I should think he'd have a sore throat, and have to go to Europe with Parson Davis, who hollers so when he preaches. He's got a nest in the cherry tree by my window—I mean Mr. Robin, not the parson—and there are some eggs in it, and the lady robin sits there all the time, and Mr. Robin sings and brings her worms. Mamma says there'll be baby robins by and by. There's lots of babies here already. There's only one child-baby—little May; but there's calves and pigs and chickens.

The old hens are the chicken mothers, and they keep a scratching and scratching, and when they find a worm they go "Cluck! cluck! cluck!" and the chickens run quick and eat it. She most ways bites it open; and when she don't, sometimes two chicks get hold and pull. If it don't break open the stoutest gets it and runs, and the others chase him. If it does break open—the chickens fall right over back, they pull so hard. They go to their own mother when she clucks, and when they don't the wrong mother pecks them.

The rest of the babies are a little colt and turkeys and ducks. They swim in the water. I wish I could ride the colt; but grandpa says he would kick. Then there is a kitten. She catches mice. She brought in a field-mouse this morning. It had a big head and a short tail. Kitty put him down on the floor; but, instead of running, he turned round and bit her. Kitty stepped back and looked at him, and he curled himself all down in a heap and looked at her. Then the biggest little rooster—the one that makes a funny noise and calls it crowing—came into the kitchen door. He stretched his neck out long and made little short steps, till he got so near his bill almost touched mouse. Then little May crept up behind Kitty and chicky, and grandma laughed like fun and said:

"See those three curious babies!"

Then she took the poker and killed the mouse; and the rooster ran out quick, and tried to cackle like old Speckle does when she lays an egg. I guess he thought grandma would hit him next, for she does not allow the hens to come into the house.

Kitty ate the mouse all up. She began at the head and made the bones crack. Little May wanted to taste too. She ate ways like Kitty have some of her food, and she thought it was not fair unless she had some of Kitty's; so she took hold of mouse's tail and pulled it away. Then mamma screamed and scared her so she dropped it; and Kitty grabbed the mouse and ran out into the shed to eat it.

Mamma says this letter is long enough now. I send you a peppermint lozenge that Uncle Ben gave me. Write to me right off. You know you said you would, and I want you to 'member it. Good-by. Your loving cousin,

ROBBIE.

P. S.—If Tommy Larkins pushes you off the sidewalk, or throws dirt in your lunch-basket, or plagues you a single bit besides, you tell him I'll ten' to him when I get back.

ROBBIE.

HAMILTON, July 17.

DEAR COUSIN SUE: I got your letter yesterday. It was the first truly letter I ever had. I got it at the Postoffice myself and opened it with the scissors, and mamma read it. She told me what the words were, so that now I can read it all myself without looking on.

The paper horse you sent me is just nice. I tried to make one like it, and I couldn't. Uncle Ben says I am not much of a artist. I don't like Uncle Ben so much as I did last summer. He don't have any time to play with me. He hasn't made but just three whistles, and one go-cart for me since I came. He works all the time on the farm; and they are building a new house for him on the hill, and he has to see to that, and the rest of the time he goes to see Miss Fanny. I don't see what he wants to go and see her for. I don't like her a bit; but mamma says I must, for she will be my aunt next summer. I don't believe that, hardly; or I shouldn't, only mamma says so, and she don't tell lies for fun as Uncle Ben does. I s'pose aunts and all your 'lations had to be borned for you.

Miss Fanny gave me a doll and a tea-set when I went to see her. You better believe I didn't touch them. I was dreadfully polite, though. I said:

"Thank you, ma'am. P'raps you think I'm a girl; but you're mistaken, ma'am!"

Then the people all laughed. I don't know whether they were making fun of me or Miss Fanny, for we both laughed too. Then she did worse. She chuckled wanted me to sit in her lap! Just think of that! And me big enough to wear pants and a jacket with bright buttons! I was mad! Mamma says I better say 'dignat, and I s'pose I was; but I don't know, 'zactly what that means, and I know I was mad besides. I told her big boys who were sensible didn't sit in the girls' laps; at least, not till they grew as big as Uncle Ben. They laughed at Uncle Ben that time, and his face got just as red as fire; and he said "You horrid boy!" and shook me a little. But he had to laugh too, for he knew I saw him in the arbor so close to Miss Fanny he might as well have sat in her lap.

He asked Miss Fanny to go to a concert to the Lyceum, and said it would be nice coming home by moonlight; and I wanted to go too. Miss Fanny said: "Let him go. I will take care of him." But Uncle Ben said: "It will be too late. Besides, the boy knows too much."

You can't tell anything by Uncle Ben lately. Why, that very day he had told me I didn't know enough to drive the cows to pasture or to weed the carrot-bed.

I kept a-teasing him about the concert till finally he said I might go if I would lead the old rooster to water and barrel up the little pigs so the reese wouldn't run away with them. He thought I couldn't do it; but he found out. I got an ash-barrel in the shed and tipped it over, and rolled it around to the side of the pig-yard, where the wall is built up into the side-hill like a cellar; and then I pitched it in as easy as nothing. The old hog lay still and grunted, but the little pigs scampered like fun. Then I got down into the yard and laid the barrel down on

its side and stood there just as still. And pretty soon the pigs came up kind of scared. But they said "Wag! wag!" and wagged their funny little tails; and pretty soon one went into the barrel—to see what it was, I guess—and the other three followed after, like

Jack and Gill went up the hill To get a pail of water; Jack fell down and broke his crown And Gill came tumbling after.

They didn't break their crowns, though; but when I pushed hard and set the barrel right side up with them all in it they squealed like murder. Their mother started to get up and see what the matter was; so I scrambled out of that pen just as quick as ever I could.

Then I went for the rooster. I got a big string and an ear of corn and went into the hen-house, calling: "Biddy! Biddy!" Pretty soon he came and a lot of old hens with him. When they got fairly to picking up the corn I slipped behind them and shut the door. Then I tried to catch the rooster. I had to chase him into a corner and sit down on him to keep him from flapping his big wings in my face and hitting me with the sharp toe-nails he has on the back of his legs. He got away lots of times. But he felt too big to squall, like the hens, and by and by I got a slip-noose round his neck, and by and by I had him sure, for the more he kicked and flopped the more he couldn't get away. He was so stuffy I couldn't make him go along a bit; but I was 'termed not to be beat, so I said:

"Old fellow, if you won't come yourself I'll drag you." And I did. I dragged him clear to the brook and then set him upon his feet. He tumbled right down and laid still, with his eyes shut and his mouth open, and wouldn't drink at all. Just then Uncle Ben hollered:

"Hello! youngster, what are you up to?"

"I've got him!" said I. "But he won't drink."

"I should think not. The poor bird is dead!" And he picked him up and carried him into the house.

"See here, Anna," he said to mamma, "you ought to whip that boy. I wouldn't have taken five dollars for that bird, and he's killed him!"

"Uncle Ben told me to," said I. And I told mamma all about it. She looked sober at Uncle Ben, and said: "It seems you put it into the child's head. I am sorry for your loss but I hope it will teach you a lesson." But when I told her to put on my very bestest clothes to go to the concert she said:

"I guess not. I don't think Uncle Ben meant what he said."

Just then Tim, the hired man, called out:

"What on airth air all them little pigs in the barrel fur, a-squealin'?"

Uncle Ben went out to ten' to things; and when he came in he looked sober and said he was in fun when he told me about going to the concert. He did not suppose I should try to barrel the pigs or take the rooster to water; and didn't think I could if I did try. If I would stay at home and not cry about it he'd give me ten sticks of candy and a pound of raisins.

"No, sir-ee!" said I. "Concerts are better'n candy and raisins. I shan't give up my buffruff for a mess of porridge, as Deacon Jones says at prayer-meeting. You said you'd take me and you've got to; and if you don't it'll be a lie, and you know about 'liars shall have their part in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone."

Then mamma said:

"It's no more than you deserve, Benjamin. She calls him Benjamin when she don't like it, just as she calls me Robert when she punishes me. 'It's no more than you deserve; but I'll settle the matter this time. My little boy cannot go out without mamma. There's a picnic at Shady Lake next week; and you shall go with me there, Robbie. And now I'll write to Susie for you, and you will feel better."

I do feel better; but I'm pretty mad yet. I can't think of anything else; so good-by for this time. Your loving cousin,

ROBBIE.

ROSEVALE, July 24.

DEAR SUE: Guess where I am now. Something queer has happened. But mamma says I better begin at the beginning, and not tell the last first. I didn't give up about that concert, after all. The more I thought the more I wanted to go. So, after I carried your letter to the office I came back and made believe to go to bed; and then I crept down the back stairs, when nobody saw me, and ran out to the wagon-shed and crept under the seat of the new buggy. Pretty soon Uncle Ben came out, with Topsy (she's the big colt, you know), and he hitched her to the buggy and jumped in and started off. I laughed a little, low to myself, to think how s'prised he'd be to see me get out with them, when they got to the concert. I dare not let him know I was there till then, for some he'd leave me at some house till I came back; and I was 'termed to go to a concert for once, just like big folks.

Uncle Ben sang and whistled all through the woods; but when he got most to Miss Fanny's house he was still as a prayer-meeting. Then Miss Fanny got in and off we went faster than ever. It was warm under the seat, and dark, too, and kind of hard riding all scrooped down without any pillow; so I took off my coat and put my head on that. Their talk 'mused me for a while. Don't you never tell; but Uncle Ben did tell some awful big stories and Miss Fanny acted as if she believed them. Anyway, she didn't contradict. He said her hair was fine-spun gold. Mamma says they make false hair out of 'most everything; but I don't believe hers is gold any more than little May's. It's just yellow hair and that's all. Then he called her hand so pretty and so little. It's bigger'n mine by a great sight; and he calls mine clumsy! Then he said her eyes were stars of the first magnitude; and the stars are in the sky, you know. But mamma says I ought not to tell what I hear when nobody thinks I do. It isn't gentlemanly nor 'onable. So I'll stop it.

Then first I knew I was asleep—no, I wasn't, neither. I waked up and Uncle Ben and Miss Fanny were gone and the horse was hitched under a shed. I didn't know but it was too late; but there was a big house across the way, all lighted up, and somebody in it singing or screaming. I couldn't tell which; so I went and peeped in. The door was open and lots of people were there; but I didn't see Uncle Ben. I was just going to find him when a man said: "Here, boy; where's your ticket?"

I took my pocket. How did you know I had one?"

"Give it to me or you can't go in."

So I gave him my pretty Sunday-school picture ticket. But he threw it down and looked real cross, and said:

"Off with you! None of your tricks on me! Off with you, or I'll call a policeman and have you put in the lock-up."

Then I went right back to the wagon and crawled under the seat again and laid down. "Tian! much fun to go to concerts and get left for the man at the door has to have some money or he won't let you in. My jacket wasn't there. I thought somebody must have stolen it while I was gone; so I took the rug and rolled it up for a pillow and went to sleep again. I kind of half waked up for a minute when we started for home; but I was too 'shamed to speak to Uncle Ben, so I lay still and didn't wake again till the roosters crowed in the morning. You know I sleep 'mark'ble sound.

First, I couldn't 'member where I was. But after a moment it came to me, and I thought I'd go and see if breakfast was ready, for I was too mad to eat any supper the night before, and was dreadfully hungry now. When I got out from under the seat and stood up in the carriage I did not know what about anything. It wasn't Grandpa Wells' house that I saw through the door; it wasn't his barn nor his cow that somebody I didn't know was milking. Just then the prettiest little girl I ever saw, 'cept you, Susie, came through the barn-door. She had brown curls and blue eyes, and when she saw me she said:

"Who are you, boy?"

"I don't know. I guess I must be in a story-book. Are you the Fairy Geraldine?"

"No. My name is Annie Morton. I am grandpa's little girl."

Then a nice old man with white hair came along and said:

"What boy is this?"

And Annie said: "He don't know, grandpa. Do you?"

"No. How did you get here so early in the morning?"

"I don't know, sir. I rode under the seat. But this isn't where I ought to be at all."

Then he sat down