

## THE RUDDER GRANGERS IN ENGLAND.

IT was mainly due to Pomona that we went to Europe at all. For years Euphemia and I had been anxious to visit the enchanted lands on the other side of the Atlantic, but the obstacles had always been very great, and the matter had been indefinitely postponed. Pomona and Jonas were still living with us, and their little girl was about two years old. Pomona continued to read a great deal, but her husband's influence had diverted her mind toward works of history and travel, and these she devoured with eager interest. But she had not given up her old fancy for romance. Nearly everything she read was mingled in her mind with Middle Age legends and tales of strange adventure. Euphemia's frequent reference to a trip to Europe had fired Pomona's mind, and she was now more wildly anxious for the journey than any of us. She believed that it would entirely free Jonas from the chills and fever that still seemed to permeate his being. And besides this, what unutterable joy to tread the sounding pavements of those old castles of which she had so often read! Pomona further perceived that my mental and physical systems required the rest and change of scene which could be given only by a trip to Europe. When this impression had been produced upon Euphemia's mind the matter, to all intents and purposes, was settled. A tenant, who I suspect was discovered and urged forward by the indefatigable Pomona, made an application for a year's lease of our house and farm. In a business view I found I could make the journey profitable, and there seemed to be no reason why we should not go, and go now.

It appeared to be accepted as a foregone conclusion by Euphemia and Pomona that the latter, with her husband and child, should accompany us; but of this I could not, at first, see the propriety.

"We will not want servants on a trip like that," I said; "and although I like Jonas and Pomona very much, they are not exactly the people I should prefer as traveling companions."

"If you think you are going to leave Pomona behind," said Euphemia, "you are vastly mistaken. Oceans and continents are free to her, and she will follow us at a distance if we don't let her go with us. She is just one tingle from head to foot to go to Europe. We have talked the whole thing over, and I know that she will be of the greatest possible

use and comfort to me in ever so many ways; and Jonas will be needed to take care of the baby. Jonas has money, and they will pay a great part of their own expenses, and won't cost us much, and you needn't be afraid that Pomona will make us ashamed of ourselves, if we happen to be talking to the Dean of Westminster or the Archbishop of Canterbury, by pushing herself into the conversation.

"Indeed," said I, "if we ever happen to be inveigled into a confab with those dignitaries I hope Pomona will come to the front and take my place."

The only person not entirely satisfied with the proposed journey was Jonas.

"I don't like traipsin' round," said he, "from place to place, and never did. If I could go to some one spot and stay there with the child, while the rest of you made trips wherever you wanted to go to, I'd be satisfied, but I don't like keepin' on the steady go."

This plan was duly considered, and the suitability of certain points was discussed. London was not believed sufficiently accessible for frequent return trips, Paris could scarcely be called very central; Naples would not be suitable at all times of the year, and Cairo was a little too far eastward. A number of minor places were suggested, but Jonas announced that he had thought of a capital location, and being eagerly asked to name it, he mentioned Newark, New Jersey.

"I'd feel at home there," he said, "and it's about as central as any place, when you come to look on the map."

But he was not allowed to remain in his beloved New Jersey, and we took him with us to Europe.

We did not, like the rest of the passengers on the steamer, go directly from Liverpool to London, but stopped for a couple of days in the quaint old town of Chester. "If we don't see it now," said Euphemia, "we never shall see it. When we once start back we will all be raving distracted to get home, and I wouldn't miss Chester for anything."

"There is an old wall there," said the enthusiastic Pomona to her husband, "built by Julius Cæsar before the Romans became Catholics, that you kin walk on all round the town; an' a tower on it which the king of England stood on to see his army defeated, though of course it wasn't put up for that purpose; besides, more old-time-ities which the book tells of than we can see in a week."

"I hope," said Jonas, wearily shifting the

child from one arm to the other, "that there'll be some good place there to sit down."

When we reached Chester, we went directly to the inn called "The Gentle Boar," which was selected by Euphemia entirely on account of its name, and we found it truly a quaint and cozy little house. Everything was early English and delightful. The coffee-rooms, the bar-maids, the funny little apartments, the old furniture, and "a general air of the Elizabethan era," as Euphemia remarked. "I should almost call it Henryan," said Pomona, gazing about her in rapt wonderment.

We soon set out on our expeditions of sight-seeing, but we did not keep together. Euphemia and I made our way to the old cathedral. The ancient verger who took us about the edifice was obliged to show us everything, Euphemia being especially anxious to see the stall in the choir which had belonged to Charles Kingsley, and was much disturbed to find that under the seat the monks of the fifteenth century had carved the subject of one of Baron Munchausen's most improbable tales.

"Of course," said she, "they did not know that Charles Kingsley was to have this stall, or they would have cut something more appropriate."

"Those old monks 'ad a good deal of fun in them," said the verger, "hand they were particular fond of showing up quarrels between men and their wives, which they could do, you see, without 'urting each other's feelings. These queer carvings are hunder the seats, which turn hup in this way, and I've no doubt they looked at them most of the time they were kneeling on the cold floor saying their long, Latin prayers."

"Yes, indeed!" said Euphemia. "It must have been a great comfort to the poor fellows."

"We went all through that cathedral," exclaimed Pomona, when she came in the next day. "The old virgin took us everywhere."

"Verger," exclaimed Euphemia.

"Well, he looked so like a woman in his long gown," said Pomona, "I don't wonder I mixed him. We put two shillin's in his little box, though one was enough, as I told Jonas, and then he took us round and pointed out all the beautiful carvin's and things on the choir, the transits, and the nave, but when Jonas stopped before the carved figger of the devil chawin' up a sinner, and asked if that was the transit of a knave, the old feller didn't know what he meant. An' then we wandered alone through them ruined cloisters and subterranean halls, an' old tombstones of the past, till I felt I don't know how. There was a girl in New Jersey who used to put on airs because her family had

lived in one place for a hundred years. When I git back I'll laugh that girl to scorn."

After two days of delight in this quaint old town we took the train Londonward. Without consultation Jonas bought tickets for himself and wife, while I bought Euphemia's and mine. Consequently our servants traveled first-class, while we went in a second-class carriage. We were all greatly charmed with the beautiful garden country through which we passed. It was harvest time, and Jonas was much impressed by the large crops gathered from the little fields.

"I might try to do something of that kind when I go back," he afterward said, "but I expect I'd have to dig a little hole for each grain of wheat, and hoe it, and water it, and tie the blade to a stick if it was weakly."

"An' a nice easy time you'd have of it," said Pomona, "for you might plant your wheat field round a stump, and set there, and farm all summer, without once gittin' up."

"And that is Windsor!" exclaimed Euphemia, as we passed within view of that royal castle. "And there lives the sovereign of our Mother Country!"

I was trying to puzzle out in what relationship to the Sovereign this put us, when Euphemia continued:

"I am bound to go to Windsor Castle! I have examined into every style of housekeeping, French flats and everything, and I must see how the Queen lives. I expect to get ever so many ideas."

"All right," said I; "and we will visit the royal stables, too, for I intend to get a new buggy when we get back."

We determined that on reaching London we would go directly to lodgings, not only because this was a more economical way of living, but because it was the way in which many of Euphemia's favorite heroes and heroines had lived in London.

"I want to keep house," she said, "in the same way that Charles and Mary Lamb did. We will toast a bit of muffin or a potted sprat, and we'll have a hamper of cheese and a tankard of ale, just like those old English poets and writers."

"I think you are wrong about the hamper of cheese," I said. "It couldn't have been as much as that, but I have no doubt we'll have a jolly time."

We got into a four-wheeled cab, Jonas on the seat with the driver, and the luggage on top. I gave the man a card with the address of the house to which we had been recommended. There was a number, the name of a street, the name of a place, the name of a square, and initials denoting the quarter of the town.

"It will confuse the poor man dreadfully," said Euphemia. "It would have been a great deal better just to have said where the house was."

The man, however, drove to the given address without mistake, but the house, alas! was full. The landlady directed us to another, nearly opposite, on which there was a bill. I went over there, followed by the cab, but found no accommodations.

"There's plenty o' lodgin's, sir," said the cabman. "There's a bill up in nigh hev'ry 'ouse 'ere."

And so, followed by the cab, my party, and my luggage, I went in turn to several houses, and, at last, found one which offered us the accommodations we needed. The house presented a good appearance in front, yet was, in reality, very small, but as there were no other lodgers there was room enough for us. Euphemia was much pleased with the establishment. The house was very well furnished, and she had expected to find things old and stuffy, as London lodgings always were in the books she had read.

"But if the landlady will only steal our tea," she said, "it will make it seem more like the real thing."

As we intended to stay some time in London, where I had business to transact for the firm with which I was engaged, we immediately began to make ourselves as much at home as possible. Pomona, assisted by Jonas, undertook at once the work of the house. To this the landlady, who kept a small servant, somewhat objected, as it had been her custom to attend to the wants of her lodgers.

"But what's the good of Jonas an' me being here," said Pomona to us, "if we don't do the work? Of course if there was other lodgers that would be different, but as there's only our own family, where's the good of that woman and her girl doin' anything?"

And so, as a sort of excuse for her being in Europe, she began to get the table ready for supper, and sent Jonas out to see if there was any place where he could buy provisions. Euphemia and I were not at all certain that the good woman of the house would be satisfied with this state of things; but still, as Jonas and Pomona were really our servants, it seemed quite proper that they should do our work. And so we did not interfere, although Euphemia found it quite sad, she said, to see the landlady standing idly about, gazing solemnly upon Pomona as she dashed from place to place engaged with her household duties.

After we had been in the house for two or three days, Pomona came into our sitting-room one evening and made a short speech.

"I've settled matters with the woman here,"

she said, "an' I think you'll like the way I've done it. I couldn't stand her follerin' me about, an' sayin' 'ow they did things in Hingland while her red-faced girl was a-spendin' the days on the airy steps, a-lookin' through the railin's. 'Now, Mrs. Bowlin',' says I, 'it'll just be the ruin of you an' the death of me if you keep on makin' a picter of yourself like that lonely Indian a-sittin' on a pinnacle in the jographys, watchin' the inroads of civilization, with a locomotive an' a cog-wheel in front, an' the buffalo an' the grisly a-disappearin' in the distance. Now it'll be much better for all of us,' says I, 'if you'll git down from your peak, and try to make up your mind that the world has got to move. Aint there some place where you kin go an' be quiet an' comfortable, an' not a-woundin' your proud spirit a-watchin' me bake hot rolls for breakfast an' sich?' An' then she says she'd begun to think pretty much that way herself, an' that she had a sister a-livin' down in the Sussex Mews, back of Gresham Terrace, Camberwell Square, Hankberry Place, N. W. by N., an' she thought she might as well go there an' stay while we was here. An' so I says that was just the thing, and the sooner done the happier she'd be. An' I went up-stairs and helped her pack her trunk, which is a tin one, which she calls her box, an' I got her a cab, an' she's gone."

"What!" I cried, "gone! Has she given up her house entirely to us?"

"For the time bein' she has," answered Pomona, "for she saw very well it was better thus, an' she's comin' every week to git her money, an' to see when we're goin' to give notice. An' the small girl has been sent back to the country."

It was impossible for Euphemia and myself to countenance this outrageous piece of eviction; but in answer to our exclamations of surprise and reproach, Pomona merely remarked that she had done it for the woman's own good, and, as she was perfectly satisfied, she didn't suppose there was any harm done; and, at any rate, it would be "lots nicer" for us. And then she asked Euphemia what she was going to have for breakfast the next morning, so that Jonas could go out to the different mongers and get the things.

"Now," said Euphemia, when Pomona had gone down-stairs, "I really feel as if I had a foothold on British soil. It don't seem as if it was quite right, but it is perfectly splendid."

And so it was. From that moment we set up an English Rudder Grange in the establishment which Pomona had thus rudely wrenched, as it were, from the claws of the British Lion. We endeavored to live as far as possible in the English style, because, as

Euphemia said, we ought to try the manners and customs of every country. We had tea for breakfast and ale for luncheon, and we ate shrimps, prawns, sprats, saveloys, and Yarmouth bloaters. We took in the "Times," and, to a certain extent, we endeavored to cultivate the broad vowels. Some of these things we did not like, but we felt bound to allow them a fair trial.

We did not give ourselves up to sight-seeing as we had done at Chester, because now there was plenty of time to see London at our leisure. In the mornings I attended to my business, and in the afternoons Euphemia and I generally went out to visit some of the lions of the grand old city.

Pomona and Jonas also went out whenever a time could be conveniently arranged, which was done nearly every day, for Euphemia was anxious they should see everything. They almost always took their child, and to this Euphemia frequently objected.

"What's the good," she said, "of carrying a baby not two years old to the Tower of London, the British Museum, and the Chapel of Henry VII.? She can't take any interest in the smothered princes, or the Assyrian remnants."

"But you see, ma'am," said Pomona, "we don't expect the baby'll ever come over here ag'in, an' when she gits older, I'll tell her all about these things, an' it'll expan' her intelleck a lot more when she feels she's seed 'em all without knowin' it. To be sure the monnyments of bygone days don't always agree with her; for Jone set her down on the tomb of Chaucer the other day, an' her little legs got as cold as the tomb itself, an' I told him that there was too big a difference between a tomb nigh four hundred years old an' a small baby which don't date back two years, for them to be sot together that way; an' he promised to be more careful after that. He gouged a little piece out of Chaucer's tomb, an' as we went home we bought a copy of the old gentleman's poems, so as we could see what reason there was for keepin' him so long, an' at night I read Jone two of the Canterbury Tales. 'You wouldn't 'a' thought, says Jone, 'jus' by lookin' at that little piece of plaster, that the old fellow could 'a' got up such stories as them.'"

"What I want to see more'n anything else," said Pomona to us one day, "is a real lord, or some kind of nobleman of high degree. I've allers loved to read about 'em in books, and I'd rather see one close to, than all the tombs and crypts and lofty domes you could rake together; an' I don't want to see 'em neither in the streets, nor yet in a House of Parliament, which aint in session; for there, I don't

believe, dressin' in common clothes as they do, that I could tell 'em from other people. What I want is to penetrate into the home of one of 'em, and see him as he really is. It's only there that his noble blood 'll come out."

"Pomona," cried Euphemia in accents of alarm, "don't you try penetrating into any nobleman's home. You will get yourself into trouble, and the rest of us too."

"Oh, I'm not a-goin' to git you into any trouble," said Pomona; "you needn't be afear'd of that." And she went about her household duties.

A few days after this, as Euphemia and I were going to the Tower of London in a Hansom cab—and it was one of Euphemia's greatest delights to be bowled over the smooth London pavements in one of these vehicles, with the driver out of sight, and the horse in front of us just as if we were driving ourselves, only without any of the trouble, and on every corner one of the names of the streets we had read about in Dickens and Thackeray, and with the Sampson Brasses, and the Pecksniffs, and the Mrs. Gamps, and the Guppys, and the Sir Leicester Dedlocks, and the Becky Sharps, and the Pendennis, all walking about just as natural as in the novels—it was then that we saw Pomona hurrying along the sidewalk alone. The moment our eyes fell upon her a feeling of alarm arose within us. Where was she going with such an intent purpose in her face, and without Jonas? She was walking westward and we to the east. At Euphemia's request I stopped the cab, jumped out, and ran after her, but she had disappeared in the crowd.

"She is up to mischief," said Euphemia.

But it was of no use to worry our minds on the subject, and we soon forgot, in the ancient wonders of the Tower, the probable eccentricities of our modern handmaid.

We returned; night came on; but Pomona was still absent. Jonas did not know where she was, and was very much troubled; and the baby, which had been so skillfully kept in the background by its mother that, so far, it had never annoyed us at all, now began to cry, and would not be comforted. Euphemia, with the assistance of Jonas, prepared the evening meal, and when we had nearly eaten it, Pomona came home. Euphemia asked no questions, although she was burning with curiosity to know where Pomona had been, considering that it was that young woman's duty to inform her without being asked.

When Pomona came in to clear the table, she acted as if she expected to be questioned, and was perfectly willing to answer, but Euphemia stood upon her dignity, and said nothing. At last Pomona could endure it no

longer, and stopping short, with the table-cloth in one hand and a tray in the other, she exclaimed:

"I'm sorry I made you help git the dinner, ma'am, and I wouldn't 'a' done it for anything, but the fact is I've been to see a lord, an' was kep' late."

"What!" cried Euphemia, springing to her feet, "you don't mean that!"

And I was so amazed that I sat and looked at Pomona without saying a word.

"Yes," cried Pomona, her eyes sparkling with excitement, "I've seen a lord, and trod his floors, and I'll tell you all about it. You know I was boun' to do it, and I wanted to go alone, for if Jone was with me he'd be sure to put in some of his queer sayin's an' ten to one hurt the man's feelin's, and cut off the interview. An' as Jone said this afternoon he felt tired, with some small creeps in his back, an' didn't care to go out, I knew my time had come, and said I'd go for a walk. Day before yesterday I went up to a policeman an' I asked him if he could tell me if a lord, or a earl, or a duke lived anywhere near here. First he took me for crazy, an' then he began to ask questions which he thought was funny, but I kep' stiff to the mark, an' I made him tell me where a lord did live,—about five blocks from here. So I fixed things all ready an' to-day I went there."

"You didn't have the assurance to suppose he'd see you," cried Euphemia.

"No, indeed, I hadn't," said Pomona, "at least under common circumstances. You may be sure I racked my brains enough to know what I should do to meet him face to face. It wouldn't do to go in the common way, such as ringin' at the front-door and askin' for him, an' then offerin' to sell him furniter-polish for his pianner-legs. I knowed well enough that any errand like that would only bring me face to face with his bailiff, or his master of hounds, or something of that kind. So, at last, I got a plan of my own, an' I goes up the steps and rings the bell, an' when the flunkey, with more of an air of gen'ral upliftedness about him than any one I'd seen yit, excep' Nelson on top of his pillar, opened the door an' looked at me, I asked him,

"'Is Earl Cobden in?'"

"At this the man opened his eyes, an' remarked:

"'What uv it if he is?'"

"Then I answers, firmly:

"'If he's in, I want yer to take him this letter, an' I'll wait here.'"

"You don't mean to say," cried Euphemia, "that you wrote the earl a letter?'"

"Yes, I did," continued Pomona, "and at first the man didn't seem inclined to take it.

But I held it out so steady that he took it an' put it on a little tray, whether nickel-plated or silver I couldn't make out, and carried it up the widest and splendidest pair o' stairs that I ever see in a house jus' intended to be lived in. When he got to the fust landin' he met a gentleman, and give him the letter. When I saw this I was took aback, for I thought it was his lordship a-comin' down, an' I didn't want to have no interview with a earl at his front door. But the second glance I took at him showed me that it wasn't him. He opened it, notwithstanding, an' read it all through from beginnin' to end. When he had done it he looked down at me, and then he went back up-stairs a-follered by the flunk, which last pretty soon came down ag'in an' told me I was to go up. I don't think I ever felt so much like a wringed-out dish-cloth as I did when I went up them palatial stairs. But I tried to think of things that would prop me up. P'raps, I thought, my ancient ancestors came to this land with his'n; who knows? An' I might a been switched off on some female line, an' so lost the name an' estates. At any rate, be brave! With such thoughts as these I tried to stiffen my legs, figgeratively speakin'. We went through two or three rooms (I hadn't time to count 'em) an' then I was showed into the lofty presence of the earl. He was standin' by the fire-place, an' the minnit my eyes lit upon him I knowed it was him."

"Why, how was that?" cried Euphemia and myself, almost in the same breath.

"I knowed him by his wax figger," continued Pomona, "which Jone and I see at Madame Tussaud's wax-works. They've got all the head people of these days there now, as well as the old kings and the pizeners. The clothes wasn't exactly the same, though very good on each, an' there was more of an air of shortenin' of the spine in the wax figger than in the other one. But the likeness was awful strikin'.

"'Well, my good woman,' says he, a-holdin' my open letter in his hand, 'so you want to see a lord, do you?'"

"What on earth did you write to him?" exclaimed Euphemia. "You mustn't go on a bit further until you have told what was in your letter."

"Well," said Pomona, "as near as I can remember, it was like this: '*William, Lord Cobden, Earl of Sorsetshire an' Derry. Dear Sir. Bein' brought up under Republican institutions, in the land of the free—*' I left out '*the home of the brave*' because there wasn't no use crowin' about that jus' then—'*I haven't had no oppertunity of meetin' with a individual of lordly blood. Ever since I was*

*a small girl takin' books from the circulatin' libery, an' obliged to read out loud with divided sillerbles, I've drank in every word of the tales of lords and other nobles of high degree, that the little shops where I gen'rally got my books, an' some with the pages out at the most excitin' parts, contained. An' so I asks you now, Sir Lord—* I did put humbly, but I scratched that out, bein' an American woman—*'to do me the favor of a short audience. Then, when I reads about noble earls an' dukes in their brilliant lit halls an' castles, or mounted on their champin' chargers, a-leadin' their trusty hordes to victory amid the glitterin' minarets of fame, I'll know what they looks like.'* An' then I signed my name."

"Yes, sir," says I, in answer to his earlship's question," said Pomona, taking up her story, "'I did want to see one, upon my word.'

"An' now that you have seen him,' says he, 'what do you think of him?'

"Now, I had made up my mind before I entered this ducal pile, or put my foot on one ancestral stone, that I'd be square and honest through the whole business, and not try to come no counterfeit presentiments over the earl. So I says to him,

"The fust thing I thinks is, that you've got on the nicest suit of clothes that I've ever seed yit, not bein' exactly Sunday clothes, and yit fit for company, an' if money can buy 'em—an' men's clothes is cheap enough here, dear only knows—I'm goin' to have a suit jus' like it for Jone, my husband.' It was a kind o' brown mixed stuff, with a little spot of red in it here an' there, an' was about as gay for plain goods, an' as plain for gay goods as anythin' could be, an' 'twas easy enough to see that it was all wool. 'Of course,' says I, 'Jone'll have his coat made different in front, for single-breasted, an' a buttonin' so high up is a'most too stylish for him, 'specially as fashions 'ud change afore the coat was wore out. But I needn't bother your earlship about that.'

"An' so,' says he, an' I imagine I see an air of sadness steal over his features, 'it's my clothes, after all, that interest you?'

"Oh, no,' says I, 'I mention them because they come up fust. There is, no doubt, qualities of mind and body —'

"Well, we wont go into that,' said his earlship, 'an' I want to ask you a question. I suppose you represent the middle class in your country?'

"I don't know 'xactly where society splits with us,' says I, 'but I guess I'm somewhere nigh the crack.'

"Now don't you really believe,' says he, 'that you and the people of your class would be happier, an' feel safer, politically speakin' if they had among 'em a aristocracy to which

they could look up to in times of trouble, as their nat'ral born gardeens? I ask yer this because I want to know for myself what are the reel sentiments of yer people.'

"Well, sir,' says I, 'when your work is done, an' your kitchen cleaned up, an' your lamp lit, a lord or a duke is jus' tip-top to read about, if the type aint too fine an' the paper mean beside, which it often is in the ten cent books; but, further than this, I must say, we aint got no use for 'em.' At that he kind o' steps back, and looks as if he was goin' to say somethin', but I puts in quick: 'But you mustn't think, my earl,' says I, 'that we undervallers you. When we remembers the field of Agincourt; and Chevy Chase; an' the Tower of London, with the block on which three lords was be-headed, with the very cuts in it which the headsman made when he chopped 'em off, as well as two crooked ones a-showin' his bad licks, which little did he think history would preserve forever; an' the old Guildhall, where down in the ancient crypt is a hangin' our Declaration of Independance along with the Roman pots an' kittles dug up in London streets; we can't forgit that if it hadn't a been for your old ancestral lines as roots, we'd never been the flourishin' tree we is.'

"Well,' said his earlship, when I'd got through, an' he kind o' looked as if he didn't know whether to laugh or not, 'if you represent the feelin's of your class in your country, I reckon they're not just ready for a aristocracy yit.'

"An' with that he give me a little nod, an' walked off into another room. It was pretty plain from this that the interview was brought to a close, an' so I come away. The flunk was all ready to show me out, an' he did it so expeditious, though quite polite, that I didn't git no chance to take a good look at the furniter and carpets, which I'd 'a' liked to have done. An' so I've talked to a real earl, an' if not in his ancestral pile at any rate in the gorgeousest house I ever see. An' the brilliantest dream of my youth has come true."

When she had finished I rose and looked upon her.

"Pomona," said I, "we may yet visit many foreign countries. We may see kings, queens, dukes, counts, sheikhs, beys, sultans, khedives, pashas, rajahs, and I don't know what potentates besides, and I wish to say just this one thing to you. If you don't want to get yourself and us into some dreadful scrape, and perhaps bring our journeys to a sudden close, you must put a curb on your longing for communing with beings of noble blood."

"That's true, sir," said Pomona thoughtfully, "an' I made a pretty close shave of it this time, for when I was talkin' to the earl, I was just on the p'int of tellin' him that I had such a high opinion of his kind o' folks that I once named a big black dog after one of 'em, but I jus' remembered in time, an' slipped on to somethin' else. But

I trembled worse than a pea-nut woman with a hackman goin' round the corner to ketch a train an' his hubs just grazin' the legs of her stand. An' so I promise you, sir, that I'll put my heel on all hankerin' after potentates. And so she made her promise. And, knowing Pomona, I felt sure that she would keep it—if she could.

*Frank R. Stockton.*

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### A WOMAN'S REASON.

I HAVE a reason now for all I do,  
 A reason that's so sweet, so old, so new,—  
 Well, if you were not quite so near to-day  
 Or if you'd turn your eyes another way—  
 And while I let my hand a moment rest  
 With clinging touch yet light upon your breast  
 I might pretend that it was half a jest,  
 I think perhaps—I'd tell you.

'Tis this.—No, turn your eyes another way!  
 'Tis easier so when what one has to say  
 Is half pretense—yet somehow makes one's heart  
 Stir in one's side, with such a soft, quick start,  
 'Tis this—the old World has been born again,  
 Born with a strange, sweet, bitter throe of pain,  
 The sad old World I treated with disdain  
 Is new because—I love you!

In time gone by did seasons come and go?  
 And was there summer rain and winter snow?  
 Perhaps! What matter? Now the violet's blue  
 The rose blooms red—and friends are tried and true,  
 The blossoms on the boughs are white in Spring,  
 The wind is soft, the birds spread joyous wing,  
 And soar and wheel in the blue sky—and sing,  
 Because—because—I love you.

I scarcely know my own face in the glass,  
 It almost seems to mock me as I pass,  
 Once of its few poor beauties I was vain  
 Now they can only rouse me to disdain,  
 I should be twenty thousand times as fair,  
 The stars and sun should light my eyes and hair—  
 And yet—sometimes I think I only care,  
 Because—because—I love you.

I am so changeful and so full of mood,  
 Sometimes I would not—and sometimes—I would,  
 I'm proud and humble, scornful, thoughtful, light,  
 A hundred times between the morn and night,  
 I cast you off—I try to draw you near,  
 I hold you lightly—and I hold you dear,  
 And all the time I know with joy, with fear  
 It is—because—I love you!

Will you remember this when I seem cold?  
 When what I yearn to tell is all untold—  
 When I am wayward, willful, silent, proud,  
 When if I dared to think my thoughts aloud