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Bob White.
When the sun's gold spears were falling
On the new-mown morn,
Did I hear a clear voice calling,
Calling from the corn?
Did I hear it? Dream, or hear it?
Was I drowsy, was it real?
Was it mortal, was it sprite,
Calling? "White—Bob White!"
Bob—Bob White—
Bob White?"

Ah, I hear it, and I see it
Sitting on the rail,

Is it real, can it be it?

My old friend, the quail!

Out of season, out of cover,

Turned a mizzen, turned a rudder,

Sitting boldy in my sight,

Calling? "White—Bob White!"

Bob—Bob White—
Bob White?"

Not at hand, my gun and shotgun
Left at rest till fall,

Out of service, and it's better

Better, after all.

He has changed his easy habits,

In the rag-sack with the rabbit,

And the manner of his flight,

And he exclaims! "Bob White!"

Bob—Bob White—
Bob White?"

But it's he of mottled flesh,
On the field forever,

Out of envy, out of streaks,

It's the same old quail;

These are not the sounds he whistles,

Or the antics of a yellow blight,

No, no! "White—Bob White!"

Bob—Bob White—
Bob White?"

—Hush! Tis now, in the Century.

The Fourteenth Guest.

BY GRACE FORDHAM SPEARS.

Mr. Banks: "My deuce! I believe Miss Waddington. Do you care to——"

Miss Kate Waddington, her pretty round face flushed with indignation: "I'm astonished that you venture to speak to me—you know I couldn't refuse with that horrid lady Houghton introducing you, and looking over my shoulder at my card."

He pulling his whisker a little, because his shirt front pointed too much: "Is that why you wanted for me in the conservatory? No, please don't go let's sit it out."

Miss Katie sits down again, and begins pulling a rose to pieces: "You've treated me shamefully, haven't you?"

"Not a bit."

"Indeed you have; and don't forget with your necklace."

"Now which of your pretty white teeth have you ingested?"

"Can't you speak plain English instead of using your French phrases? Come, now, didn't we meet in Devonshire Park? Oh, it's just like you to hint that we weren't properly introduced, but a worse afterward."

"Never mind the fashion of the introduction," said he, lifting a smile behind his gloves.

"You know such introductions are almost the fashion at the seaside."

"You mean such newest introductions are quite the fashion?" he observed: "Don't suppose we did, and suppose we took walks together, and dances together, and went fishing together, and I put on the 'I' and suppose I was in earnest?"

"Never mind what you suppose," she said sharply. "You know quite well that at the seaside."

"By the sea an inland fayre lightly turn to thoughts of flirtation."

"I shall leave you at once if you're so flippant and rude," said Miss Katie, and got up and then sat on another seat with the light at the back. " Didn't you pretend you were a barrister?"

"No, certainly not."

"Oh, how can you tell such——"

"It isn't a——, I didn't pretend—I am a barrister."

"Well, even if you are, you needn't quibble, and besides, there are lots of barrister who don't earn enough——"

"As much as a shoeshine. There's your cousin Jack—but he plays billiards splendidly—you should see him at Carr's during term time."

"Brother Jack! And, besides, he's a good sort, and I like him much better than you? Oh, how could you do such a thing? Why, that horrid Gwendolyn girl who drove me home in her brougham—I know it's only here—I the moment we get in, said, 'Hello, dear, that man you so allured yourself with at Eastbourne is quite absent for one of Whiteley's young men!' I felt a hired guest."

"But I assure you, I——"

"Now, isn't it true you come to Mrs. Hooper's as a hired guest? weren't you sent for, because at the last moment there was a man short, and she was afraid of thirteen at dinner?" There, I knew you couldn't deny it. Why anyone should ask so many people to dinner, goodness knows! It's not a dinner, it's a party. And you call yourself Howard, as if the name you're all called and got a guitar and instructions in the hall not to talk polit-

ties, or theology, or school boards, or the new woman."

"A game wasn't the price," said Mr. Banks gloomily biting one of his gloves, "and I wasn't paid; it was sent direct to Whiteley, and we aren't trusted with the money, and I'm really a barrister with a good practice, and you're evading. Even if they were all true you need not hit so hard."

Miss Katie sat silent for a moment and listened to a few bars of "Le Reve de mon Coeur" waltz, that sounded delightful in the distance. She remembered how often she had danced to it with him at Eastbourne and how well their steps were matched. She looked at the younger man, and he really was so handsome and such good form that in the next remark she used a gentler tone. "You know I shouldn't have minded so much if I had been abroad, but everyone will make fun of me." Then she spoke earnestly: "Surely you couldn't have been such a——and you can't be telling falsehoods."

"I assure you," he said eagerly, "it's not quite as you think. I——he stopped abruptly and rose and walked up and down the few yards of the conservatory.

"Oh, there is a mystery," cried Miss Katie. "A mystery, doesn't so—isn't there? Was it a bit? That would be rather bad form. Still I might—or was it——do tell anything but the horrid thing I must think? I shouldn't care about your being poor, but a hired guest, a sort of waiter with a clean shirt front unbuttoned clothes—that's too—oh, I'm sorry to speak so seriously if it's true, but it isn't?"

"I don't mind my dress clothes would fit you," said Jones.

"That isn't that. I've a decent suit. But the engagement is for the Browns, Holland Park, and I know them so——"

"What do you want me to do? Go in your place? Well, you've served it well, and it would be a bark, but I can't. I'm going to the Langham Sketching Club; it's their exhibition."

"The poor fellow looks fat me pitifully, and said, 'I may lose my place if I don't go—it's too late to make other arrangements.'

"There's a mystery," he started at last, "she disposed of him, and then stopped to pick up their hands again in contact. "There's a mystery."

"You just, I insist, remember that as the matter stands you, in my eyes, as an impudent and indiscriminate man—surely you will explain for me, for your own sake."

"There's a mystery," she began again, "but it's not my secret. I must confess it's nothing, you know, to be a member in themselves—or once you in your eyes return under the post's wings. I wouldn't have them, dear, so well loved. I not honor judge."

"How do you?" she said sharply, and then added with a faint smile, "I believe it's a mystery."

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"Even Miss Waddington still" at most roughly she put his arm away.

"But I——Miss Waddington was engaged.

"Perhaps you expect me to fall in your arms like a girl in a story, or begin kissing you like the vulgar creature in 'The Professor's Love Story.'

"Come, but I still call you Katie, even if——"

"You may take my hand—I didn't say kiss it."

"The whole thing is so absurd. On Tuesday evening I was with Howard Jones, a very good fellow and old school chum of mine."

"So? I know him the physio-fun in charades. Doesn't he paint or do something?"

"He is one of our most brilliant young artists. I was at his studio and the man we had known in Paris, who had a studio in the Rue des Vinaigrettes, and wouldn't work and had sunk to become a modish name in Howard," he said, "do me a favor, and you need not hit so hard."

"I assure you," he said eagerly, "it's not quite as you think. I——he stopped abruptly and rose and walked up and down the few yards of the conservatory.

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"We came back sooner than we expected," said Miss Katie; "and you give me your word of honor."

"Yes."

"Then you may kiss my hand—it's not me trying to get the size of my finger—till I've taken off my glove."

—Westminster Budget.

Feeding Horses Automatically.

The Maine man who rigged up a common alarm clock so that it would open a sash and let some grain fall into his horses feeding at a certain hour in the morning, is doubtless an original inventor, in one sense of the term; but the plan is in operation in New York and other cities on a still larger scale.

Miss Waddington, however, asked, as she sat down on a seat close to him, "Isn't it a secret, and I am pledged honor to tell it but to one person—wife, or any——" a very long pause, "you're married?"

"That may very well be to two or even more persons," she answered, desirously.

"Only one," he said, "I'll feed well enough to be engaged, and nothing else of it, I'm sure I should never try again."

"Have you never been engaged?" she asked.

"Just now you seemed very anxious to know my secret. Are you prepared to pay the price? Believe me, you can not be half as anxious to hear it as I to tell it."

Miss Katie felt thankful that the red in her cheeks might seem due to the glass of the fairy light. She gave a half-hearted little laugh, and answered, "It's a secret, really—we women may be impulsive—though not so much so as you men."

He looked very grave. "But," he answered, "I will tell it to one person—wife or mistress. You know that I love you; I ask no question, only that you will promise to tell him."

"What's the matter with the horse?" said the animal's owner at the race track.

"He's fast asleep," replied the stable boy.

"Well, leave him that way. It's the only time he ever is fast," Washington Star.

Here a man's superior intelligence shows itself. It is fear that prevents the animal from entering the box and thus fearing to be overcome by a greater fear. This is an easy matter to the animal dealer, with his knowledge of animals.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

RECITALS.

Come here, you specimen!

I'm bound to have you to tea.

You don't know any letters.

Get just your names.

Now listen and I'll tell you.

Put round here—wherever you are.

Not in a corner, but in the middle.

It makes it you, you know.

And it makes it a front door.

To walk in, it's a back door.

Then makes a straight path.

And it makes it a back door.

It makes it a back door.