

leads from San Miniato al Monte by the Porta San Giorgio. Two of these were Uberti, one a Gangalandi, one of the Greci. Buondelmonte and his friends greeted them and would have gone on their way; but Tacuino degli Uberti called out that he had a message. "For me?" asked Buondelmonte. "No," said Tacuino, "for your brother." So Ranieri stopped, and was overtaken by two or three of these men, who held him in talk while the rest of them pushed forward and got in between Gualtiero and Buondelmonte, talking and laughing among themselves. Buondelmonte kept up his pace. Thus they came to the bridge and into the sun, and crossed it, just as Malviso had seen them.

The sun was full in Buondelmonte's eyes; but as he neared the Stone of Mars and the old gateway he could see that there were people in the road, not to distinguish them. He reined in his horse and put his hand up as a warning to the others; and just then Lambertuccio came out to meet him, with a hand to take hold of his bridle; and he saw who it was. Now he began to suspect something. "Stay me not now, Lambertuccio," he said, and turned quickly to see where his friends were. They seemed to be in some difficulty, he thought. The horses were all huddled together. He heard Ranieri talking in a rage and the others laughing at him. Then Schiatta came up behind him as he sat half turned, and jumped for him, and pulled him suddenly from his horse to the ground; and Mosca leaped forward from behind Schiatta and stuck his knife in deep. He stabbed between the collar-bone and the neck. Buondelmonte cried out, "Rescue! Rescue!" and felt himself losing blood very fast. "One at a time," he said, pleasantly; but had no more words, for Mosca stabbed him again, and Lambertuccio came up in his deliberate way, pulled off Mosca, and put his knee on Buondelmonte's neck and drove at him twice in the heart. He never spoke again; but Oderigo Fifanti did his part for all that.

A crowd of onlookers had gathered, but no one interfered; and as for Ranieri and Gualtiero, they were prisoners and could do nothing. When the Uberti saw

that their work was done, they wiped their daggers and walked away. Oderigo went for his cloak; but Lambertuccio had to be reminded of his, and went back for it. Going off, Schiatta held up his hand for a signal, and the six horsemen parted to allow the Buondelmonti passage-room. No harm had been done to them.

Ranieri spurred directly into the city up the Via Por' Santa Marfa, shouting as he went, "The bells! the bells! Treason! Buondelmonti!" but young Gualtiero went and sat beside Buondelmonte and put his head on his knees, and covered his face with his cloak, or what was left of it. The moment the Uberti had left the bridge all the bystanders ran in various directions, and almost immediately the great bell of the SS. Apostoli began to toll. Others followed in no long time.

Ranieri, riding full gallop up the Calimala, met Buonaccorso Donati coming down to see what the crying was about. He was buckling his sword-belt as he came. Ranieri told him the news, and Buonaccorso ran back to fetch his father. Ranieri hastened on to find, if possible, one of the Uberti who should not have been warned. As luck would have it, in the Via Condotta, he did meet with Malviso Giantruffetti returning from the Rubaconte bridge. "Treason! Treason!" he cried, and, "Death to the Uberti!" and rode him down. The fighting began within a few hours; but by that time they had taken Buondelmonte to his house and laid him on a bier.

Gualdrada came with her daughter soon after they had got him home. They let her in through the chains which had been put up at the head of the Borgo. Fires were burning in the Quarter of San Piero Scheraggio and all the bridges were held; but Gualdrada said, "There will be place made for the dead." She chose that Piccarda should sit upon the bier, with Buondelmonte's head on her knees; and Piccarda had nothing to say. She only stared at the window. Even while they were making ready, the Gonfalon was being brought down the Borgo. Men heard the roar of the fight in the north parts. The Donati were driving the Uberti down towards the river.

THE END.

## A PEOPLE FROM THE EAST

BY NORMAN DUNCAN



"TRADE will lead a man far," as the Arabic proverb runs; and the roads of this land know the truth of it, for the feet of the refugees have stirred the hot dust of them all. Trade has been no magnet to fetch the Syrian from under blue skies to our gray ones; but, once here, it has set him wandering—has provided him, indeed, with a back-porch introduction to the villages of every quarter, even to the uttermost, where he slips like a shadow from door to door. Wherever he goes he spreads wonder and an unreasoning perturbation, nor will the gold rings in his ears and the sash about his middle let him soon be forgotten. "Oh dear!" the children gasp, when he comes down the hill, with a great pack on his back. "Here's a gypsy. Let's run!" So they take to their heels, and, as they scamper to the sanctuary of the front yard, great is the patter of feet, and voluminous the cloud of dust in their wake. "Oh my," says the young girl, at the peddler's approach, "he has rings in his ears! Perhaps he's a forty-thief, or something. Oh dear, what shall I do?" She hurries, her little heart all adutter, and makes an untimely visit to her nearest neighbor, where the excitement of her escape sinks all formality out of mind. "A-ha!" says the town-constable, marking the slinking gait and shifty eyes of the man. "That there A-rab 'll stand watchin', er I ain't no detective. They say they carry knives in them sashes." Whereupon a profoundly suspicious, if distant, surveillance is upon the Syrian.

The Syrian would smile did he know it.

It was Officer MacNamara, of a dim-lit beat, who first took me through the city street where these swarthy fellows, and their betters, have foigathered to live. The night was dark and gusty, and the rain had at last swept the swarm of hags and squalling children and silent, glowering men from the pavements and shadowy doorways. The tops of the tenements on either side were lost in the night, and the street was broken and littered—glistening here and there, where an occasional lamp cast a circle of light upon it. The silence and vast shadows; the time of night and driving wind; the filth and dilapidation; solitary figures flitting darkly from cellar-



"HERE'S A GYPSY. LET'S RUN!"

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way to door—it was to be assumed, of course, that they had made their impression.

"Ye've no call t' be scared, at all," said MacNamara, impressively. "I'm wit' ye."

My expression of confidence in him was prompt; and then he led me up a stair, whence we went through a dark and foul-aired passage to a room in the rear—the café of Atta the Wrestler. Atta, a mighty and most villainous-looking fellow, sat with his wife, his customers all departed, and both were drinking coffee and smoking narghiles.

"Don't be afraid, now," MacNamara whispered. "He'll do no harm t' ye. I'm here."

We were served with coffee, provided with cigarettes and pastry; and with all came a friendly smile and an Arabic word or two—the fluster of confidence, too, and an expression of concern for our comfort.

"Tis all right, sor," MacNamara whispered under his breath. "Never fear, now. He wouldn't dare put poison in the cup when I'm wit' ye."

"Is he dangerous?" said I, smoothing the smile from my lips.

"Very," said MacNamara. "Exceedingly, sor! 'Tis a fear-ful bad quarter t' patrol. Oh, you're all right when I'm wit' ye. You're safe, sor. But don't come here alone."

MacNamara? Faugh! But he had thought to provide a thrill—the flavor of some dark adventure; and the flesh of his palm didn't creep when the coin of reward touched it. It is our habit to associate treachery with a swarthy face, and our fancy never fails to find a dirk-hilt in the folds of a sash; but these expatriated Syrians are the meekest of Christians—for Mohammedans are excluded,—long used to oppression, inclined to walk in peace with the mild, and always ready to yield the wall to every strutter who chances to pass that way.

Through the rooms and dark passages of these old tenements a child might wander unmolested, though he had a gold chain thrown over his shoulders; save in this, that greed is in the hearts of all peoples, and violence is a common chance. All the virtues abound there,

and to the virtues are added rare graces, such, indeed, as are not to be met with in "colonies" of other races; for to the common lot of this place oppression has driven the well-born and ill-born, the ignorant and the learned, the obscure and the famous, prince and peasant, poet, peddler, and merchant. With the vicious, it may be, have come vices, but with the well-inclined have come refinements and high aspirations.

They are all in the tenements of the "quarter."

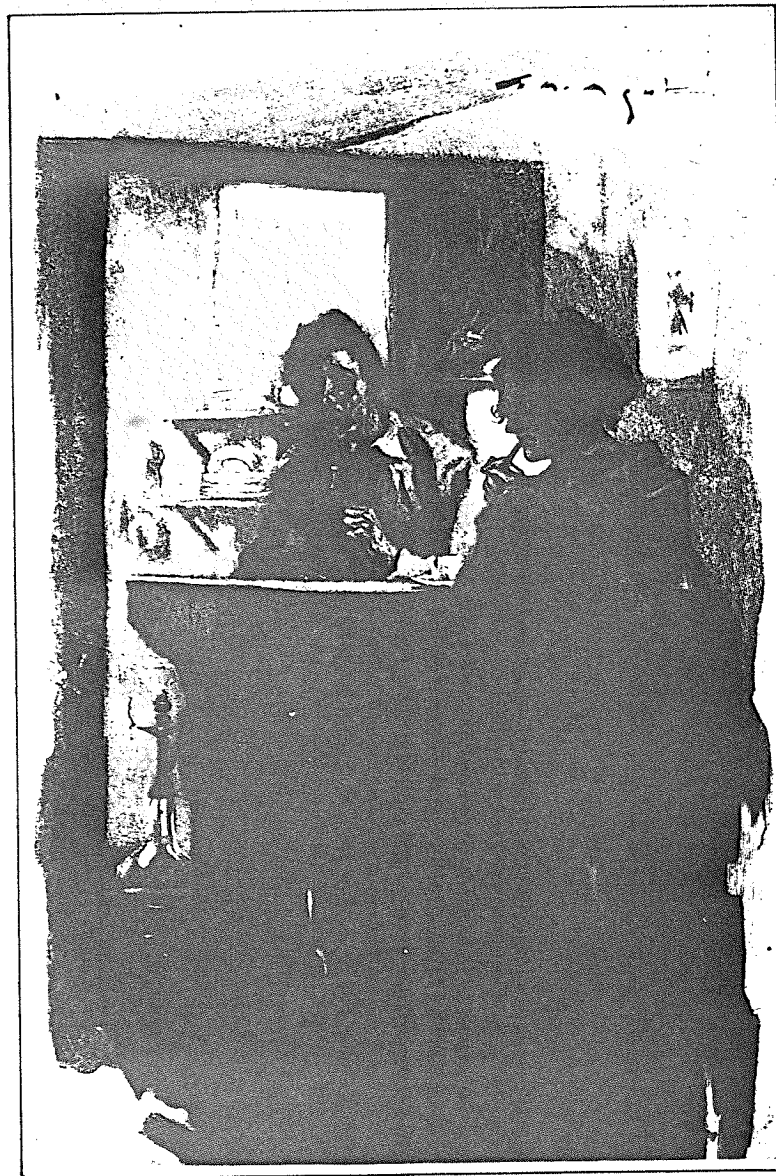
It is said that the ignorant Italian dreams of digging great chunks of gold from the streets of New York. But the Christian Syrian, when the Mohammedan oppression falls heavily upon him, says: "It is the land of Liberty! Let us arise and go to that place." That is why he comes. He is interested more in the freedom than in the dollar of the land. To what gardens of delight his dreams lead him it would be hard to say. They take him high and far; it may be, even, as he himself might say, that in his distant vision the Sons of Light were at the Gates of the City, crying: "Enter, O Pilgrim! Here, at last, is Liberty." Consequently, his first contact with the immigration officials precipitates a tragic disillusion.

Kahaan is old—old and falling under the knocks of the world; and he is a poet and a man of knowledge, for the books of five languages are open to him. He had been herded with the people from Damascus and Aleppo in the pen at the Barge Office\* for three days; nor had the Sons of Light appeared to give him welcome, nor had he so much as touched the hem of the mantle of Liberty. He had suffered many indignities, and for three days his habitation had been unclean; so his heart was sick, and he longed for the paths to which his feet were used.

But he had now passed through the door to the street, and they had told him he was free to go where he willed.

"I will write a book," he said to himself, as he has told me, "and with the money I make I will return to my people."

\* The immigrant station at New York.



BOTH WERE DRINKING COFFEE AND SMOKING NARGHILES

At that moment he was caught by the collar and jerked violently aside. He was half throttled, and he stumbled and near fell.

"Move on, you!" said the policeman. "You can't stand there staring at a post all day. Get out!"

"Where, sair?" said the mild Kahaan.

"Hell, if ye like, 'sair."

"Will you tell me to whom eet ces, sair," said the Man of Knowledge, trembling with passion, "that they see monuments?"

"To the dead ones," said the astonished policeman.

"Ees eet so, sair?" cried Kahaan, lifting his lean brown head. "Then I know why eet ces they have raised a statue to Liberty at the very Gate of the City. Eet ces because Liberty is dead in the land!"

But Kahaan knew better when he knew more.

The effect of this rough contact with officialdom, however, soon wears off. So soon as the Syrian puts the policeman in his place, he perceives that his measure of liberty is larger than it was—though, to be sure, he never escapes the petty oppression of the police and politicians, for his simplicity makes him easy prey. It was Abotanos who said to me, through an interpreter, when he had been three weeks in New York: "Write! Write that there is no liberty in America." He had been pitilessly snowballed by a horde of young Irish lads, and his head and dignity were still aching; but months later he drew from his pocket his certificate of "declaration of intention" to become a citizen, and, fetching the table a blow with his fist, shouted: "The Sultan, he no touch me now. I am citizen. It is thee Land of Liber-tee!" Thus it is in his security from the tyranny he has so long known that the refugee finds his chiefest delight, rather than in the strange liberties to which he has come. It is not the freedom from insult, but the freedom to insult, in which he rejoices. To cry down the Sultan without restraint or fear of death is the privilege he first learns to prize. There are nights when the streets of the Syrian quarter in New York ring with the call

to arms for the freedom of Syria. Here is no illusion! This is Liberty!

But the revolution goes no farther.

There is a fly in the honey, however; it is the presence of the Turkish consul's spies, who mark the seditious utterances and carry the report to high places, whether they are bellowed on the street corners or whispered in the back rooms of the restaurants. As a matter of fact, the revolutionist has much to fear, either for himself—for a conspiracy of spies has landed more than one in an American prison on false charges—or for his kindred at home, upon whom his punishment may fall, in imprisonment, oppression, or the confiscation of their possessions.

"Will you go?" I said to the Doctor, upon one occasion, when the Sultan's representative had come to the quarter, and the attendance of certain important men at a reception had been commanded.

"It is ver' important," he said, frowning in perplexity.

He was a man of wealth and influence, who had chosen to devote himself to the poor of his own people. Hitherto he had uttered no sedition in a public place, but his dreams were well known to me, though not to all men.

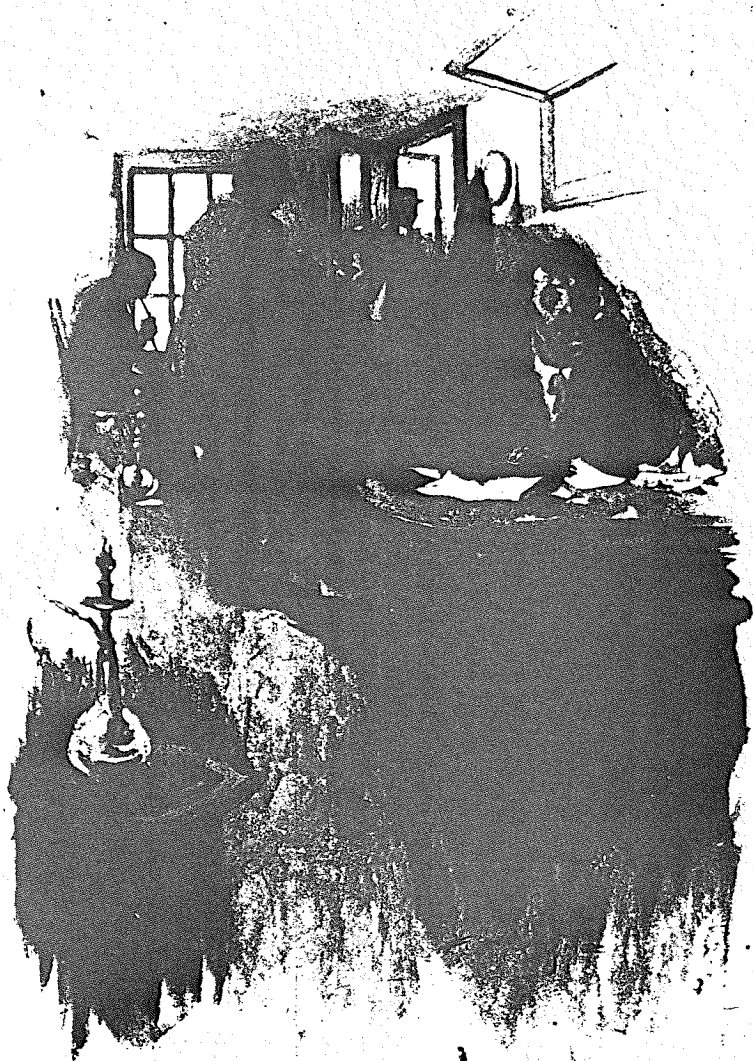
"I do not know," he went on. "I not like to kiss his hand. It is same as thee hand of Abdul-Hamid."

"You haven't much time to think about it," I said, consulting my watch. "It is the hour now."

"I mus' go," said he, between his teeth; "I have a mother in Beirut."

With that he put on his silk hat and departed to do homage to the representative of Abdul-Hamid, whom he hated.

There are Syrian quarters in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, and San Francisco. The first, where some 5000 Syrians, chiefly from Beirut and Damascus, dwell, is the largest, but the others are not inconsiderable. They have churches, schools, and places of amusement, and the Arabic newspapers and magazines serve to interchange the news and unite the interests of all. In New York, which is the parent colony of them all, books are published in Arabic. There is a band of



A FAMOUS POET IN HIS PATRON'S SHOP

musicians for grand occasions; there are a flourishing club, a large revolutionary organization, and many curious societies, such as the "Society for Peace," the aim of which is to settle the personal differences between certain influential men of New York and Philadelphia. Many political offenders, refugees from Turkey and Syria, reside there, and from there spread the propaganda of revolt. There is a famous poet, whose work is praised in Cairo, and who sits, day after day, in his patron's shop, very busily at work on his "next book." There are shops where brass-work and rugs and gorgeous fabrics are displayed, and many a restaurant where a Syrian dinner is well cooked and well served. A generous hospitality may be found everywhere, whether in the home of the peddler or of the rich importer. The welcome is genuine, and no sacrifice is too great if it contributes to your pleasure.

"The place is yours," said a restaurant-keeper to me once. "There is no charge."

"But I have had coffee—cigarettes—pastry."

"No difference," said he, bowing profoundly. "You are a friend to my friend. The Doctor, he is my friend."

"But—"

"No, no; you have like my music, and I no charge."

He was a violinist, and I had praised him because his music had delighted me.

"All yours," he concluded, waving his arms. "I am yours. When you want me play, I play."

And with that I had to be content.

Rachid, the first-born of Yusef the athlete, is a sturdy, bandy-legged mite, who can peer over the coffee table by standing on tiptoe and most fearfully stretching his neck; and his hair is shaggy and black, and his eyes have solemn depths. He waddles in from the gutter when the shadows gather between the tenements, for it is bed-time then, and he knows that his mother is making coffee in the back room of the restaurant, where, night after night, he falls asleep on her broad bosom. But the fame of his strength has been spread abroad; so the idlers and gamblers hail

him from the tables, and he turns to regard them through sleepy, half-closed eyes.

"It is Rachid, the son of Yusef! Mighty One!"

"Ho!" cries Yusef, with a broad smile of affection. "Show thy strength, little one. Come, lift the chair to the table."

"It is too great a task, Yusef," says one. "The child is sleepy. Let him go to his mother."

"Up, now!" says the father. "Up with the chair, O Rachid!"

So Rachid winds his fat little arms about the legs of the chair and plants his feet firmly on the floor. The cards and dice and chessmen are forgotten, and all the players gather at the table to watch the little Mighty One perform the feat of strength. Rachid lifts and strains, and staggers under the weight; but he gains a new hold and lifts again, while the clamor of encouragement inspires him—lifts until his legs shake, his eyes bulge, and the red blood shows through the grime on his face. Then his legs fail, like overweighted pillars, and he falls flat, with the manageable burden on top of him; but he is lifted to his feet, and grasps the chair with new determination. Up with it! There are tears in his eyes. He lifts, pushes, staggers, and sympathetic hands are stretched out to help, but the father waves the aid away. Up goes the chair—up—up! Over it goes! It is on the table. The little Mighty One bows to the cheers of the people as his father, Salim Yusef the athlete, has taught him.

"He is indeed a mighty child," they say.

Then Rachid spies his mother peering through the curtains in the rear. He runs to her, and he is caught up and kissed, and his head is soon cuddled in the soft place it knows so well. . . . And now, while the Mighty One is falling asleep and a droning song drifts from within in the intervals of silence, Nageeb the Intelligent, Abo-Shoff's son, quits his play in the street, two blocks down, where the more important people live. He climbs the stair to the top floor of the tenement, running swiftly through the shadowy halls, lest the evil genii, of whom Affah tells, should catch him unawares. Within, he finds his father, the merchant, talking most



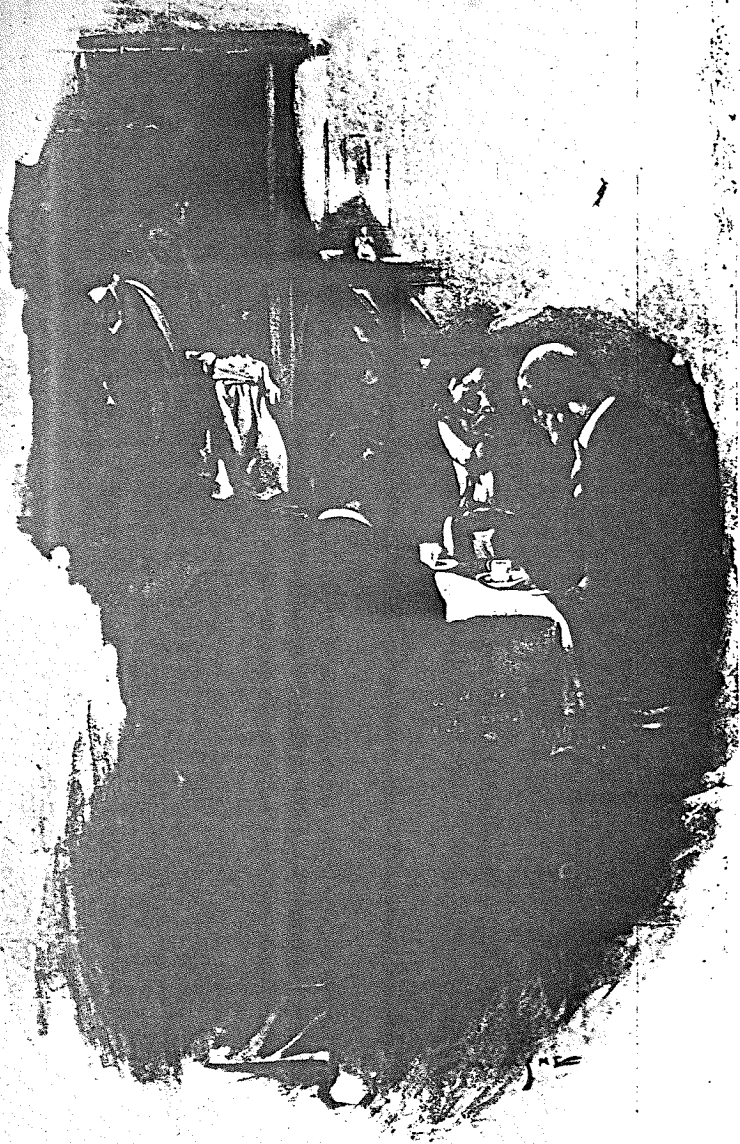
THE "LITTLE MIGHTY ONE" PERFORMS HIS FEAT OF STRENGTH

importantly with the Doctor and two Men of Learning; and when he sees the coffee-cups and glowing narghiles, and hears the sipping and bubbling, he knows that the talk will be long and deep. So he kisses the cheek of his father, and touches his lips to the hand of the Doctor, and salaams most reverently before the two Men of Learning; and then

Affah, the nurse, leads him away to bed.

"I am not sleepy, O Affah," says Nageeb, when he has lain himself down on the mat, with the rug covering him.

"Now, the Cadi of Al Busra was a wise judge in his day, O Nageeb," says Affah, well knowing her duty. "Nor, within the knowledge of men, has there



THE NURSE LEADS HIM AWAY TO BED

been a Cadi more wise or more merciful, as his judgments make known and the tongues of all men proclaim. Once upon a time, when the Cadi was old, there came before him two men, desiring a judgment to be delivered between them. 'Seven years ago, O Cadi,' said the first, 'I went hence upon a far journey, entrusting my fortune to the keeping of this false friend, by whom I have been cruelly robbed, for now, with his own lips, he has denied the trust.' 'It is even so, O wise Cadi,' said the false friend, 'that I deny the trust; for I have received no money from this man.' Then the Cadi turned to the traveller, saying, 'Is the place where you gave the money to this friend known to you?' 'Even so,' was the answer; 'it is well known to me.' And the Cadi said, 'Go to that place, and when you have reflected, return hither.' Thereupon the traveller departed, and when they had waited long for his return the Cadi said to the false friend, 'Has he had time to go and come?' Then said the false friend, being an unwary man, 'No, O Cadi! The tree whereunder he gave me the money is far off.' 'O false friend,' cried the wise Cadi of Al Busra, 'thou hast betrayed even thyself!' Whereupon he delivered judgment against him.

"He was a *damn* wise Cadi," says Nageeb, who knows the English of the streets. "And now I am sleepy. Peace be with you, O Afifah!"

"And with thee, Little One," she answers softly.

So Nageeb falls asleep.

Now, when the Society for Peace was assembled to deliver judgment between Salim Shazi, the rich importer, and an editor whom he had insulted, Yusef Gahan, who loves money, presented the defence of the Rich One. There was a ring upon the finger of Gahan, and a shiny silk hat was beside his chair; so the people gave heed to the words which fell from his curling lips, saying:

"Let us listen to Yusef Gahan. Mark the flash of the ring! Surely he is a great speaker."

But the words of Gahan were ill chosen and empty; nor was there music in his voice or grace in any gesture.

Nevertheless his face expressed a grand disdain; and the great ring flashed, and his shoes were of patent-leather, and the silk hat was in the sight of all.

"Surely," said the listeners, "the Rich One has the right of the dispute. Else so great a man would not speak in his favor."

Now, when Yusef Gahan sat down, Halil the poet, who is a learned man, stepped from the shadows in the rear. There was no ring upon his finger, and his clothes were shabby and shapeless; from the collar of his old coat, to the worn shoes which covered his feet. His posture was humble; but there was a fine light in his eyes, and the quiver of contempt at his nostrils.

"He speaks for the editor," said the one to the other. "He is a wise man and a great orator."

There was a commotion in the rear of the hall, where the hired friends of the Rich One raised a clamor against the Man of Learning.

"Who is this person?" said Yusef Gahan; though, to be sure, all men knew the poet and his works.

"Let us not hear him! Let the pig take himself away to his pen!" cried the men whom the Rich One had paid.

"He is a beggar," said Gahan. "By what right does he speak here?"

Then the poet raised his hand; and so splendid was his indignation that a hush fell upon all the people. He pointed his finger at Yusef Gahan, and his eyes were blazing, and the outstretched arm was shaking. Thus he stood, until the hush became a silence deep and strained.

"Know, O Yusef Gahan," he began, in a low, thrilling voice—for he was a practised orator.—"that there are two kinds of riches. There is a riches of money. O Gahan, and there is a riches of knowledge. The one is yours; the other—mine!" Again a pause, until the silence filled the uttermost corners; then the poet flashed about, crying to the people: "Knowledge is greater than money! Choose, O Syrians, between the oppression of the one and the wisdom of the other!"

"Let us hear the words of Wisdom!" they shouted. "Delight us with the voice of Learning!"

So it came about that Salim Shazi,

the importer, was adjudged guilty of the insult, though he was rich; for the people of those tenements respect knowledge more than money.

"He is a great orator," said the people, of the poet; and the poet was content with the reward.

From day to day the editor had published instalments of the great love-story, writing as he had need, and thinking not at all of the time beyond. From night to night the people waited for the paper in the restaurants, that they might ease their suspense by reading the day's measure of the story. The quarter was intent upon it; from New York to San Francisco, and in the cities of Egypt, where the paper has a large circulation, it was a matter of talk; the young men and maids were wrought to a high point of excitement; the story was more interesting than the news of the latest outrage at Damascus or the longest, boldest editorial against the Sultan; wherever the old editor went he was importuned to make known the outcome.

"Patience," said he. "It will come in good time."

At last came a climax. The situation of Haleema and the Ameer, true lovers both, was desperate in the extreme. It was a breathless moment. They had fled the wrath of Haleema's mighty father; they had taken ship at Beirut, but a great storm had driven the ship for three days, and no man knew what fate impended. Then a shock and crash! The ship has struck a rock. It is deep night, and beyond, far off, the gleam of breakers shows in the darkness. The Ameer seeks the rescue of Haleema. Alas! she is not to be found. He leaps into the sea to continue the search. His reward is immediate. He perceives Haleema clinging to a spar and drifting toward the breakers. She beseeches him to save her, or to die with her. But the waves are high, and his strength, great

as it is, is failing. Whereupon the day's instalment came to an end.

"Did the Ameer save his love? Did the hero die with his beloved?" the readers asked one another.

On the next morning the proprietor of the newspaper appeared in the office where the editor was about to set down the answer to this perplexing question.

"Ha!" said the proprietor, with a great frown, pointing to an editorial in the issue of the day before; "the Sultan is not such a bad man. You had better leave him alone. Write no more against him." But the opportunity to write for Liberty was all that gave the editor a joy in life; so he said that he would write as he willed, or not at all. It may be that the Turkish consul had had dealings with the proprietor, or that the proprietor had set his heart upon obtaining some small order from the hands of the Sultan; at any rate, he was obdurate. So the editor took up his hat and left the office; and when the paper was thrown on the restaurant tables that evening there was no instalment of the great love-story.

"Did the Ameer die with his beloved?" they asked the editor, when he came down the street.

"The story is ended," said the editor. "There will be no more of it."

"But tell us! Did he die with his beloved?"

They pleaded, reviled, demanded; but it was to no purpose, for the lips of the editor were sealed to them.

"Why not tell them?" said I, when we were sitting at the coffee-table.

"I do not know the answer myself," said he.

Then he chuckled for a long time.

Of such are the Syrians. It may be that the little stories here set down will be like little windows through which you may catch a glimpse of the lives they live in this land, which they call the Land of Liberty.

## Milady

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

IT began the day she was born. In fact, the old yellow woman "Granny Fetchem," when dressing her for the first time, was heard to exclaim from her mouthful of pins:

"Look out, Milady! Look out how you h'ist dem proud eyebrows at me—'fo' you heah fifteen minutes!"

Then, an hour later, while she lifted the little one, sound asleep, from the safe edge of her short lap and laid her under the patchwork beside her mother, she whispered: "Lucindy honey, dis is de purties' gal chile you got, but look out for 'er. Fus thing you know, you'll be takin' orders f'om dis chile. She 'sputed my will three times 'fo' I could git 'er dressed, an' got 'er way every time, too. Jes look at 'er now, sleepin' wid 'er little fus finger p'inted up agin' 'er cheek, same as a white mistus. She's a beauty, but ricollee' what I say: look out for Milady! She'll lead you a dance!"

So, pending a later decision, they began calling her Milady.

Milady was scarce six months old when she exhibited a marked distaste for dirt—a most interesting and abnormal trait. She would often make a wry face and hold up her shapely wee hands to be washed under provocation so slight as to be resented by the practical mother.

As a toddler, she loved the feeling of shoes on her tender feet, and by the time she was six, fans and parasols were her especial delight, and she was never known to injure any of the fragile things she so enjoyed.

A ruffled gown quite changed her gait as she walked to church; and, indeed, she knew this quite well, for when she and her companions played together in the barn, she often "played lady" by strutting before them with various steps which she would name in this way:

"Dis heah's my bo'quet-frock walk!" or, "Watch my pa'sol gait!" or, "Now see me work my fan!" All dope

empty-handed, of course. The "bo'quet frock" she had evolved entirely from her imagination, and she had never owned either fan or parasol in her life.

Her *pièce de résistance* was a performance combining all these features, and in this she would step out before her audience—generally barefoot and ragged—and, with a bow, announce herself thus:

"Now you see me standin' up in my bo'quet frock—now watch whilst I h'ist my pa'sol—an' work my open-an'-shet fan—an', lead a little poodle-dog like Miss Ge'dine's by dis ribbin—an' dey's a little nigger gal jes like me walkin' behind myself to wait on me."

Then she would start off, and with remarkable pantomimic art go through the performance, even to stopping occasionally to call over her shoulder to the little darky behind to pick up her fan or to relieve her of the dog.

When she was old enough to go to school, Milady continued to develop along characteristic lines. In her early spelling days, while her class was obediently satisfied to spend long hours over such words as cat, rat, bat, and hog, dog, frog, she very soon protested:

"Please, ma'am, I wants to spell some- 't'n' I likes, please, ma'am! I gits tired of all deze varnints—frogs an' rats an' bats—I'm skeered of 'em!"

And when the teacher, much amused, asked what she would like to spell, she replied without the slightest hesitation, even batting her eyes with pleased excitement:

"Angel chorus—an' heavenly mansions—or farewell forever—or, maybe, sky-blue eyes an' curly hair."

But finally a day of happiness arrived. Milady, studying her lesson in the cabin door, suddenly jumped up, and running to the hedge, cut a wild rose, and putting it into a tomato-can, set it up in the window, and all the long afternoon she sang to it. It is true she sang only a spelling-

