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ber what I said about Euphemia's being such a square, white little sport, and that in like circumstances she'd have told me immediately? It only shows you never can tell about anybody, not even the Euphemias!; but what else did she mean? I was knee deep in puzzlement. Euphemia and the Manchester golfer were still laughing, immoderately, it seemed to me. And then slowly light dawned on me. It sometimes does, if I wait long enough.

"Euphemia," I gasped, "you thought I was propos—" "I certainly did," Euphemia rocked with laughter. "And you wanted to spare me." "I certainly did." "And I thought you were—" I never had felt so foolish. "Eating my heart out?" chortled Euphemia. "I certainly did." "Conceit!" squealed Euphemia.

WITH THE IMMORTALS

By M. E. Buhler

THEY had gone up on the roof after dinner, as was their wont, the apartment being at the top. They laughed and chatted for awhile, the whole congenial group, and then, as the night grew chilly, went down into the sitting room.

Conversation flagged a little, as when children are in doubt as to what to play next. "I'll give you an author," some one remarked. "It is original. Guess: "When your neighbor's hen flies over the fence, What you should do if she won't go hence."

After much futile guessing, they stumbled upon Cooper! And this was right. "I'll give you one," said a member who had been suspiciously silent for a few moments: Though ever restless was his bent, He never backward nor forward went. And they soon guessed—Crabbe. Then some one prosaically suggested, "An educated pig?" Bacon, of course. Another, "A sly one to speak of martyrs?" This was Fox. "A tender babe?" Suckling. What the farmer most desired, when his first three children were boys, was—to "Have-ergall!" A poet again spoke: To show the straight and narrow way, To philosophic paths incline,— And who is this doth teach us, pray? Behold, a crooked swine!

It was quite a little while before they guessed—Jeremy Bent-ham; but they did at last. And again: A man of iron mind whose name Both fitted and belied him? This was found to be Steele, whose name cast aspersions upon his character. Then from over in the corner a voice piped up: Hard hearted he— But sure will be A fitting key!

And Lockhart was duly guessed. Another poet, acting upon suggestion, submitted: A tender hearted man he Of sentimental fame; Yet most severe our word must be Where'er we speak his name.

The "sentimental" furnished the clue to this, and Sterne was promptly announced. Said the misanthrope, "A badly prepared oyster stew?" Which was Shelley. Again, "As the flowers do?" Wither. And then a cheerful poet with more optimism: Not like dead pebbles on a beach Is he I name; But striving ever new lands to reach, He reached his fame.

And the misanthrope was the first one to guess—Livingstone, the explorer. Though with patience ground he always, With exactness ground he all. Nobody could guess who this was, and as the sphinx refused to divulge the secret it remains unguessed to this day. Perhaps some one else can, because it was declared to be a good one. Then followed in quick succession, all guessed: What John Kendrick wore?—Bangs, of course. Where cattle cross?—Ford. A pale horseman?—Rider Haggard. An Italian river?—Poe. Somewhat Southern?—Southey.

"Conceit!" I hurled back at her. Dorothy giggled delightedly. "And watchdog," put in the Manchester golfer with a smile in my direction. To think Euphemia had told him that! "Who couldn't leave me alone 'just for to-night,'" teased Euphemia, "our very last night together, Jack" (but there was nothing plaintive about Euphemia's voice now) "my announcement party as I had planned, only you didn't give me a chance, Jack," this last in an aside to me. "And watchdog," began the Manchester golfer once more, "is growling hungry, ready to snap at a bone, and proposes to turn this into his announcement party (every dog has his day, you know) by beginning all over again and ordering dinner for us all." "Amen!" said Ned fervently. "Me for that!" I was beginning to wonder, in the midst of this ocean of bliss, what there was in it for a little brother entirely surrounded by announcements.

Discovered in the mine?— Coleridge. Then a poet woke with great manifestation of pride:

If lambs should sing and birds should bleat, If fish went walking on both feet, And dogs were submarine, Then might this queer performance be Not quite so strange, as you'll agree, And maybe more bovine!

General applause greeted this long poetical achievement, during which the author consciously preened his feathers; and after much concentration of wit and many futile hazards Cow-per was at last discovered. A famous bard whose name will be A barren plain without a tree.—

was given; but also remains unguessed to this day. "By his greatness all men swear?" was found to be Great—Scott. "As bad as 'she womans'" was He-mans. Wordsworth's long-windedness suggested: Though he did preach and preach and preach, He gave the value of his speech. And finally the great old lexicographer was introduced as of astonishing lineage and falling from grace: The child of him whose dreamful eyes The apocalyptic vision won; To think he'd turn from Paradise To undertake a lexicon! Then they all trooped into the dining room.

THE BIRD CLUB OF ENGLAND  
MRS. HARBOROUGH-SHERARD, an authoress, using the pen name of "Irene Osgood," who comes of an old Virginia family, and lives in England, has formed an association of young people interested in birds, under the title of the Uncle Dick Society. The organization has nearly five thousand members. The purpose of the society is to furnish food and water for wild birds, especially in the season when provisions are scarce.

A feature of the work of the society in December was the Christmas parties for the birds, in which the children acted as hosts. On Christmas Day, in all parts of Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire, meat bones and cocoanut shells were affixed to the trees and shallow dishes containing water and seeds were placed on the ground. Thousands of birds congregated and appeared to appreciate this thoughtfulness.

A member of the society says, "We keep the birds plentifully supplied with mutton and beef suet, with a stick run through the meat so the birds will not run off with the whole lot; for they are greedy little beggars, particularly the robins. Then we cut the ends of cocoanuts, hang these on a tree branch and stuff the shells with suet or beef fat. The tomits perform acrobatic wonders to get at the suet and to keep off one another. Then we place fresh water out, twice a day in freezing weather, for birds of all sorts, which eagerly come to drink from the shallow earthenware pans. These must not be more than an inch deep, as birds drown easily when they are weak and cold. It must be remembered they suffer as much from thirst as from hunger in winter. We put out seeds—sunflower, canary, and many other sorts—and split marrowbones, and once in awhile we give them a big roasted potato or an apple split open, together with bread crumbs and other dainties. They become so tame that one may almost caress them. All the children take a lively interest in the proceeding, and much good has been derived from these little bird parties."

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