

Then, she whose work is beauty, —  
 The elfin spinner grim, —  
 That nest with gossamer covered,  
 To make its sorrows dim.

And, since to cradling music  
 'T was used, both eve and morn,  
 I send a Song, — to friend it,  
 From out a heart as lorn :

I sing the Nest Deserted,  
 Whence young and old have flown, —  
 And Love, the builder, vanished  
 In distant skies unknown !

#### A SCHOOL COMMENT ON SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR

The following remarkable appreciation of *Julius Cæsar* has been put together without change of phrase or spelling from several examination papers lately presented at an academy in Pennsylvania.

Cæsar is a tragedy of blood. The piece about Shylock was almost bloody but the knife did n't reach the breast of him. Cæsar wanted to be a tyrant but he did not want any crowns on his head so he refused them in broad daylight. He grew so big that he could straddle the world which scared indeed his men who were his enemies.

They came together one night when lions were rained down without chains in the streets of Italy, and when red lightnings were running this way and that. They were all there but Brutus who was the honorablest of all the men when Cæsar lived those days. Cassium and Cascada were much in the things. Then they threw through the windows of Brutuses' orchard handing characters which made the heart of Brutus burn fierce over the dark state of the peoples' rights among the citizens of Rome.

I pitied Brutus then as he read with tears falling about how he was noble and about how Cæsar was hard on the poor. Then he called his wife and sharpened up his blade and told her not to eat any fire that day as he could not fail to win the fight. But she ate the fire after jaggging herself.

Cæsar thought maybe on going down

street he might be stabbed but he told his wife that he never stood on draperies when it comes to scares. So out he went.

Then Cæsar reached the Senate safe, but Cascada stabbed him deep and Brutus gave him the most kindest cutting, which made the tyran yell, Eat, too, Brutus?

Then there was a fuss, now I tell you, but Cassium says to Brutus don't give that Mark Anthony anything to say. Brutus got up and said a formality speech with all sentences weighed in balances to his friends, his Romans and their countrymen and they said that he could live long. Then he was nice enough to Anthony to hear him tell them how he had butchered a bleeding piece of earth and that it was better to bury Cæsar right off than to praise him. He had a will which he tried his best not to read. Then they pushed and yelled until he read it though.

The army came in and Brutus and Cassium put up tents. It was here that these two young men almost licked each other, had it not have been for the great honorability of Brutus which scared Cassium to stick his head back again into his tent. Brutus scared him most when he prayed God to dash at him with thunderbolts. Then afterwards they were as good as pie before long.

Brutus did n't worry after he heard that his wife took a few hot coals. He called a servant and ran straight into his sword starting at the sharp end.

This play shows us Shakspear's great knowledge of stabbing in various styles, and shows how familiar he is with army life before the beginning of England. The women he made up in it are very bashful, with dear love for their husbands. The style of writing is good excepting that North's Plutarch helped too much.

#### A ROMANCE OF THE CLUB

With no less interest than the "Toast-master" himself, I read of the lone shep-herder's "Readable Proposition," in the January *Atlantic*. For thirty years I

knew the warm smile of that Rocky Mountain land, and I wonder now if there is not something in the expanse of the outlook, the height of the mountains, and the tonic of the air, that creates, as it were, *Atlantic* readers. Certainly I have found that "dull orange" friend of my girlhood in more out-of-the-way, wholly unexpected places in "sunny Colorado," than the Toastmaster would ever dream of.

One Christmas Day we, in our little mountain town, had to get rid of the hours in some way, for we could not say our "Merry Christmas" until the incoming evening stage brought back our belated absentees. That is how it happened that we two girls — my sister, a young widow of twenty, and myself — started up Henson Creek for a picnic.

Tempted by the wintry warmth of that Colorado air, we had extended our walk far up the mountain, when we suddenly felt a chilling gust of wind, and, finding that a cloud had covered the sun, knew that we were caught in one of those violent storms that sometimes disturb one's peace of mind in "sunny Colorado." We ran for a nearby cabin, in a blinding blizzard that nearly obscured the way, but reached the door, and burst in.

Instead of the dark, dusty hole that we expected, what should meet our eyes but a room as clean and tidy as though kept by a woman. The bed was neatly made, and covered with a blue-and-white counterpane. A dozen or more choice books were on a small shelf over the table. The table itself was covered with clean papers, where breakfast evidently had been served for two, the unwashed dishes being piled away in a pan, on the stove, ready for the washing. In a roughly constructed cupboard, between the stove and the "Mexican" fireplace, were the supplies common to a miner's cabin, — bacon, potatoes, flour, canned milk, dried fruit, and the inevitable baking-powder,

of which the grocers said in those days, that they sold as much in quantity as of flour. While we were looking around in the first wonder of the sight, my sister exclaimed, "Look at this, will you!" and held up an *Atlantic*, left open at "The Contributors' Club." Immediately we knew there were friends not far away.

We went at it at once, to surprise the boys by finishing their work, and having dinner ready when they should return. We knew they were boys, for there were no old people in Colorado in '79. Such a merry hour or two as we put in! We decked the room as best we could, then commenced the dinner. Here our own lunch served us well, — turkey, and cranberries, cake, salads, pickles, and jelly. We toasted bacon, and "browned" potatoes. The storm had died down, and we were in a hurry to get away. We placed the dinner in pans of hot water, in the oven, to keep it from drying, and last of all my sister spread her prettiest lunch-cloth on the table, and placed the rude dishes and utensils upon it. "That is my Christmas gift," she said.

We took one last look around, then donned our wraps, and started down the mountain. The snow had drifted somewhat, and we had considerable difficulty picking our way, keeping a sharp lookout meanwhile for our absent hosts. When nearly down the mountain we looked around, and saw the men hurrying toward the cabin, from another direction, attracted by the smoke curling from the cabin chimney. We hurried along, like two guilty creatures, and had reached the bottom of the gully, when we heard them calling from above, and there, standing in the doorway, were the two figures, arms and hats waving, while cheer after cheer came echoing down the mountain side. It was their Merry Christmas.

Yes, there was a sequel, and if I were writing the story, I should call it *The Widow's Lunchcloth*.

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