

mere seemed to divine my thoughts—"If Floy were to have my money, my dear, Camilla would simply arrange to have Floy. And I should n't be there to bundle her off to Antwerp." We both laughed at the remembrance. "No, no," she continued, "the best thing in the world for Floy is to be obliged to work. A good thing Pauline's plans for him had to be dropped. A good thing his uncle has taken him into the rubber business. Singers, Alice, should be very ugly; makers of rubber-boots, on the other hand, ought to be beautiful. But I am not altogether forgetting him in my will. He's to have the rights of the memoirs which your father will publish. Pauline is to have the bits of Northmere silver and the farm. I should like it to remain in the family. From the rest of my American real estate, annuities will be paid to two or three old people in South Marshfield. And you, Alice, are to have a troublesome old dog, getting blinder and deafer, fatter and more disgracefully lazy every day. See his ears twitch, Alice; he knows I'm talking about him. A spoiled old dog, a greedy dog, Alice, a dog who thinks nothing of bringing his muddy hoofs into the parlor, who has the impudence to ask a lady to scratch his silly old stomach—I leave you the only thing, Alice, my sweet girl, that I care enough about to wish I could take it with me. And for a remembrance, when Boss has followed me, I'm

bequeathing you that diadem of mine—do you happen to remember? It belonged to Rachel, the tragédienne, and was a gift to her from Prince Belgiojoso."

When Boss Brady, as it fell within the year, became mine, he hardly seemed for a period the same dog. He would not play or be cozy; he was too busy waiting for something. At the lightest sound he would run to the door and listen, his puzzled eyebrows working, and scratch to be let out and search the premises once more. Then for a long time he moped.

But as, singularly, there had come to be an indefinable likeness between him and his old mistress, so that one smiled to see them walking out together, stiff and portly, so there were points of similarity in their dispositions. Boss had a streak of natural philosophy; he accepted inevitable things. He was large-hearted, besides, and would not forever meet my fondness and attempts to make him happy with selfish rejection.

I had him over five years. He lived to be an old, old dog; we became fast friends, and he showed before the end no less attachment to me than he had shown to Mrs. Northmere.

I loved him only the better for the conviction that if he could suddenly have heard her whistle, he would, with ears pricked, nostrils twitching, have jumped from my lap and gone nosing blindly after his first love to the depths of eternity.

DANCE OF THE WILLOW-LEAVES

SAPPHICS

BY EVERETT STANLEY HUBBARD

SWIFTLY all the day have they danced together,
Led by lilt of lark and the flute of veery;
Now the sunset, trailed like a crimson feather,
Leaves them aweary.

Still they dance, but drift to a dreamy meter,
For the wind has signaled a softer motion
With the locusts' whirl and the fainter, sweeter
Tone of the ocean.

"Sleep," the wind sighs, "leaves o' the dancing willow,
Morn will wake us tripping through sunny mazes.
Slumber well." And so to his quiet pillow—
Dew and the daisies.

THE AMERICAN GIPSY

BY RILEY M. FLETCHER BERRY

THIS paper, dealing with Gipsy home-life, is based on first-hand investigation and knowledge of Romany life in America, Mrs. Berry having had rare opportunities of making intimate studies of these people in Florida, Minnesota, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and other States.—THE EDITOR.

TO most people Gipsies are "just Gipsies." The majority of humankind cannot conceive of radical differences among them. To such people the Romany is necessarily a thief, a kidnapper, a liar, and personally unclean; or he is viewed as a strange zoölogical specimen of peculiar habit, or as a prehistoric remain, and is "investigated" accordingly. The fact is, there are many camps and types of Romanies with whom the better class of Gipsies themselves will not associate, but upon whom they look down as too far beneath them to permit more than "passing the time of day" as they accidentally meet.

THE ROMANY'S "CASTLE"—HIS COURTESY AND CAUTION

It is not always wise to go uninitiated into strange communities, where customs and language radically differ from one's own, especially if one goes merely to gratify curiosity. If it were not that Romanies have a natural courtesy of feeling and a grace of manner in addition to cleverness in business beguilement, strangers would not always receive as civil treatment from them as they do. Visitors seldom realize how they are watched and commented upon before their very faces in the secrecy of the Romany tongue, and how fun is freely made of them if they deserve it. This hawklike barricade is the result of centuries of experience. The gorgio¹ is often presumptuous beyond what his business warrants, and Gipsies

openly or covertly resent bald curiosity. A Romany's tent, though at times it may welcome strangers, is his castle, to be protected from intrusion.

THE ROMANY LANGUAGE

WITH no written records, and segregated as they have always been,—not merely separated in small groups, but scattered among widely differing nations,—perhaps the most marvelous thing about the Gipsies is their tenacity to their ancient traditions and to the Romany tongue, the "kalo jib," or "black language," which has hidden secrets rather than told them. Very few indeed outside the Gipsy race know it, and with passionate loyalty to it and to one another, the Romany is keenly alert to recognize even a partial possession of it as the mark of one set apart from the common herd.

This friendship of tongue is explained by something Patience, a Gipsy woman, said to me one day. The name of her second little boy was "Gillie," and when I expressed my delight in that poetical name, since "gillie" is the Romany word for a song, Patience replied quickly: "I 'll warrant ye know many a gillie yerself. Ah, ye can't soft-soap me," she went on; "you 've been on the road yerself. You know it 's only once in a thousand times a Romany will teach a gorgio any of his language, and the first day you drove up and spoke to my husband in Romany, why, Alfred, he was just plumb struck."

I laughed, for I did not forget how Al-

¹ Any one not of the Gipsies is called a gorgio; feminine, gorgie.