

your brother. David, suppose you shake hands with Mrs. Richie? I generally take my hat off, David, when I shake hands with a lady."

"I don't, sir," said David gently, putting a hand out across the wheel. Mrs. Richie drew a long breath and seemed to see the little boy for the first time; but as she took his hand her eyes lingered on his face, and suddenly she drew him forward and kissed him.

David bore it politely but he looked over her head at Mr. Pryor. "Mister, Alice is nineteen."

"What?" Mr. Pryor said, his heavy-lidded eyes opening with a sudden blue gleam; then he laughed. "Oh yes! I'd forgotten our sum in arithmetic; yes, Alice is nineteen."

"Well," Dr. Lavendar said, "g'long, Goliath," and the buggy went tugging on up the hill. "David, if you'll look in my pocket you'll find some gingerbread."

David thrust a hand down into the capacious pocket and brought up the gingerbread in a red silk handkerchief. He offered it silently to Dr. Lavendar.

"I don't believe I'll take any. Suppose you eat it, David?"

"No, I thank you, sir."

Dr. Lavendar shook his head in a puzzled way.

David swallowed nervously. "Please, sir," he said, "was that lady that gentleman's sister?"

"Yes," Dr. Lavendar told him cheerfully.

"But if she is his sister," the little boy reasoned, "why didn't she kiss him? Janey, she—she—always kissed me," David said. His whole face quivered. A very large tear gathered, trembled, then rolled over; he held his hands together under the lap-robe and looked the other way; then he raised one shoulder and rubbed his cheek against it.

"Janey was your sister?" Dr. Lavendar said. "I guess she was a pretty nice sister?"

David's hands tightened; he looked up speechless into the kind old face.

"David," said Dr. Lavendar in a businesslike way, "would you mind driving for me? I want to look over my note-book."

"Driving?" said David. "Oh, *my!*" His cheeks were wet but his eyes shone. "I don't mind, sir. I'd just as lieves as not!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ungained Height

BY GARDNER WEEKS WOOD

IF this be Life—to count the languid hours
That drift as dreams from sun to setting sun;
Or, indolent, to watch the shadows run
Across some sturdier dial-stone than ours:
If Love is but to lie in breeze-swept bowers,
Whose honeyed incense drowns the prayer of pain;
To touch, but not to take; never to gain
The pinnacles that crown Love's ancient towers:

If uncut leaves still lock the book of youth;
If petalled roses droop before the screen
That shields the emptiness of love unearned:—
Then may the wanton wake to know the truth
That Life is loss; and from the Magdalene
The lesson of Love's impotence be learned.

A Portrait, by Irving R. Wiles

FEW engravers to-day practise wood-engraving within strictly legitimate lines. Mr. Wolf, however, upholding the standard of pure line engraving, has never consented to employ his skill on the photographic process blocks now in universal use. Leaving his native Alsace at eighteen, after the Franco-Prussian war, his artistic career has been spent wholly in America, where illustrated magazines have done much for wood-engraving. Contemplating his work, one feels that his faith in the permanency of wood-engraving as a fine art is justified. His superiority can best be appreciated by comparing his work with that of the best engravers of a generation ago. Art, like everything else, is a thing of life, of growth, and drops its husks with the changes which mark its progress. With greater accuracy of outline, the engraver to-day secures the subtler qualities of light, shade, and color. Mr. Wolf's preeminence as a reproductive engraver is due to his unprejudiced mind and the complete self-forgetfulness he shows when translating another artist's idea, his sole aim being to interpret the work in hand.

Distinctly modern, he is interested in all that makes for modern life, and in touch with the art that represents it. While he has given us masterly renditions of the Old Masters, in his engravings of modern paintings he is without a rival, and has won the highest recognition both here and abroad, receiving medals at the Paris Salon in 1895, at the Expositions of 1889 and 1900, at both of which he was a member of the National Jury, and at Rouen in 1903. First-class honors also were his at Chicago in 1893, and at St. Louis in 1904 he received from the Superior International Jury a Diploma and Grand Medal of Honor. He was recently elected an Associate Member of the National Academy, into whose permanent gallery this portrait goes.

W. STANTON HOWARD.