

"But what *I* want to know," said Peter, as they walked home, "is why my old rubbing doesn't tally at all with the mark on this ladle. It couldn't have been the same one. For that old rubbing shows a different letter from this capital black-letter

P, that stands for 1870. All the ladles made in 1870 would have the same mark, and only the original could be different. And so the question is: *Was* the original Pickwick ladle ever in America, and did I see it; and if so, where is it now?"

## TO A RIVER GOD

By Edith Wyatt

THERE is a river flowing,  
Fast flowing toward the sea;  
Past bluff and levee blowing,  
His mantle glances free;  
Past pine and corn and cotton-field  
His foam-winged sandals flee.

From dock and dune and reedy brake,  
Through lock and basin wide,  
Long-linked lagoon and terraced lake  
Drop down to watch his pride,  
And rivers North and rivers South  
To speed his coursing ride.

*Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,  
Cotton-drift and cane,  
Serried lances rippling fleet,  
Dappled tides of grain,  
Dip beside him where he goes  
Flying to the main.*

By full-sown fields and fallow,  
By furrows green and buff,  
Past bar and rock-bound shallow,  
His torrent washes gruff.  
By tamarack and mallow,  
Past bottom-land and bluff.

From highland and from lowland,  
Farm, town, and city see  
His foam-winged footsteps going,  
His mantle blowing free,  
Past dusky mart and black-spined crown,  
Fast flowing to the sea.

*Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,  
Cotton-drift and cane,  
Serried lances rippling fleet,  
Dappled tides of grain,  
Dip beside him where he goes  
Speeding to the main.*

His foot runs on the ages' bed  
 Of gullied cave and rock,  
 With bison skull and arrowhead  
 His yellow waters lock,  
 Past vanished trails and tribal dead  
 His fleecing currents flock.

By bluff and levee blowing,  
 By oats and rye unshorn,  
 His silver mantle flowing,  
 Flicks east and west untorn,  
 Unfurling from Itasca to  
 Louisiana's horn.

*Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,  
 Cotton-drift and cane,  
 Serried lances rippling fleet,  
 Dappled tides of grain,  
 Dip beside him where he goes  
 Rushing to the main.*

What tribute, racing spirit,  
 What token will you take,  
 Through stain and desecration,  
 Past town and terraced lake,  
 To distant sea and nation  
 From cotton, corn, and brake?

What tribute are you bearing  
 Past plain and pluming tree,  
 By bluff and levee faring  
 On foam-winged footsteps free—  
 What beauty for the hold of time,  
 And souls unborn, to see?

*Poplar on the Northern steep,  
 Cotton-drift and cane,  
 Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,  
 Rippled tides of grain,  
 Brake and bayou ask of you  
 Buoyed toward the main.*

By rock and cavern blowing,  
 Flocked field and pluming tree,  
 Past bluff and levee going  
 On foam-winged footsteps free,  
 By rapid, lock, and terraced lake,  
 Forever to the sea.

# THE TWO-STRINGED BOW

By George Woodruff Johnston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

**I** WONDER, my dear sister, if you would mind drawing the curtain aside a mite—just a little mite. There, now I can see the river. That is very good of you, very good. The tide seems to be running out, Cecelia; is it so?"

"Yes, my dear Mary, the tide is running out."

"And, Cecelia, dear, I hate, positively hate, to ask you to do anything more for me, but I believe I am sliding, Cecelia; sliding. Isn't it ridiculous?"

Miss Cecelia, a very dainty little Dresden shepherdess, thereupon left the window and tripped to the side of a huge four-poster, in which was tucked away another dainty little Dresden shepherdess, and gave the ruffled pillows many energetic little dabs and pats, and the soft white sheets and flowered counterpane many deft little slaps and foldings and smoothings, not hesitating, so fairy-like was her touch, to let her tiny fingers stray over the shepherdess in the bed herself, and all so quickly and so craftily, and with such magic effect, that instead of sliding down, down, down, and disappearing forever amid a smothering surf of tumbling pillows into the gloom under the bedclothes, as she feared would be her fate, the latter quite suddenly found herself propped up very comfortably indeed, and every bit of foamy lace, and every bow and streamer of violet ribbon on her nightcap and bedjacket looking as if freshly ironed and disposed precisely in its proper place.

This required very delicate handling on the part of Miss Cecelia, for her older sister, Miss Mary, the shepherdess in the bed, was an extremely fragile bit of porcelain; and like many another family heirloom of the same perishable material, was somewhat faded in color, and had many little crinkly lines and cracks here and there, and was, so to speak, a trifle chipped about the edges. But Miss Cecelia's hands were always in

excellent practice. From their girlhood it had been her pleasant occupation to wait upon her older and more attractive sister; and since the day upon which Miss Mary had found the tall mahogany staircase so steep and tiresome and altogether such a bother that, if Cecelia would excuse her, she did not think she would go downstairs for breakfast, Miss Cecelia's clever hands and active body had been still more constantly occupied, now in the gentle but very exhausting offices of the sick-room. For Miss Mary had soon discovered, much to her surprise, that not only was walking up and down stairs very tiresome, but also standing up, and sitting in chairs, and moving about one's room—so very tiresome and such a bother, in fact, that she had permitted herself in the end, after much playful expostulation, to be packed carefully away in the big four-poster, where she now lived entirely, and was like to stay, until she made her final descent of the tall mahogany staircase in a manner not fatiguing to herself in the least, but rather to the arms and backs of six strong gentlemen, three on either side of her.

Who could help loving Miss Mary, always so dainty, so sprightly, so ingenuous, so appreciative, so thankful, yes, and up to this very moment, so positively charming; though little by little there is sifting down upon her a few sprinkles of that dust which a certain stout, red-faced gentleman in a white surplice, also to be one of her retinue in her final descent of the tall mahogany staircase, may soon need for other purposes. Who could help loving her! Not Miss Cecelia, a dim little star which had unquestioningly revolved about the greater constellation since it had first risen above the horizon. Not Miss Cecelia, if a lifetime of tender care, self-sacrifice, and self-obliteration mean anything at all. Not Miss Cecelia, who though often worn out with running and watching, is always ready to rescue her sister from the oblivion of the bedclothes and give the pillows those won-