

terminated rush, causing Mr. Forbes to scuttle across the street, in a perfect whirlwind of dust and sticks and a rattling volley of "Hi! hoo-y! shoo, there! hoo-y!" the enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded. Once, Mr. Forbes got the cow fairly cornered and headed her right into the gate, but just as the gray light of victory fell upon his uplifted face, Mrs. Forbes and the hired girl came charging out in mad pursuit of a flock of geese that had taken advantage of the open gate to stroll in and have a nip at the house plants on the back porch. Squacking, whooping and screaming, the flying geese and the pursuing column came out like a runaway edition of chaos, and the cow gave a snort of terror and turned short upon Mr. Forbes, who tossed his hands more wildly and shouted more vociferously than ever, and got out of the way with neatness and dispatch, just as the cow went by with the swiftness of a golden opportunity or a vagrant thought. Mr. Forbes' blood was up, and he was bound to head off that cow if it was in the power of man. Spurred to intense energy, by the derisive shouts of the children, he bent his head and picked up his flying feet. They got a pretty fair send off, Mr. Forbes and the cow, and as they swept up the street, they could look into each other's eyes and glare defiance while they spurned the dust with flying feet. Mr. Forbes ran until his eyes seemed bursting out of his head and his very soul seemed to be in his legs; the perspiration started out of every pore; every time he struck the ground with his foot he thought he felt the earth shake, and yet, though he tugged and sweat and strained until all the landscape was yellow before his blood-shot eyes, he couldn't gain a hair's breadth on the shambling, awkward cow that went sprawling and kicking along by his side, filling the soft September air with such a wild, tumultuous, horrible jangling of bells that Forbes made up his mind to throw the bell away the moment he got the cow home. The people on the streets stopped and waved their hats and cheered enthusiastically as the procession swept past, ladies leaned out of the windows and smiled sweetly on the man and cow alike. Once Forbes stumbled over a crossing and had to take strides twenty-three feet long for the next half block to keep from falling, and he was sure he was split clear up to the chin and would have to button his trousers around his neck forever afterward, but he wouldn't give in to a cow if he died for it. At the next corner the cow turned off down a side street; Forbes shot across the sidewalk for a short cut, and the next instant he went crashing half way through a latticed

tree box. A street car driver stopped his car and assisted Mr. Forbes to a sitting posture, leaned him up against a fence and went on with his train. And as Mr. Forbes sat in a dazed kind of way, mechanically rubbing the dust and dirt off his coat and pinning up long gashes and grimly grinning aperture in his clothes, there came to his ears the distant tinkle tinkle of a far away cow bell, the mellowed sound rising and falling in tender cadences, with a dreamy, swaying melody, as though the bell was somewhere over in the adjoining county, and the cow that wore it was waltzing along over a country road a thousand miles a minute.

Voices of the Night.

Mr. Joskils is not an old settler in Burlington. He came to the city of magnificent hills from Keokuk, and after looking around, selected a residence out on West Hill, because it was, in such a quiet locality, and Mr. Joskins loves peace and seclusion. It is a rural kind of a neighbourhood, and all of Mr. Joskins' neighbours keep cows. And every cow wears a bell. And with an instinct worthy of the Peak family, each neighbour had selected a cow bell of a different key and tone from any of the others, in order that he might know the cow of his heart from the other kind of the district. So that Mr. Joskins' nights are filled with music of a rather wild, barbarous type, and the lone starry hours talk nothing but cow to him, and he has learned so exactly the tone of every bell and the habits of each corresponding cow that the voices of the night are not an unintelligible jargon to him, but they are full of intelligence, and he understands them. It makes it much easier for Mr. Joskins, who is a nervous man, than if he had to listen and conjecture and wonder until he was fairly wild, as the rest of us would have to do. As it is, when the first sweet moments of his slumber are broken by a solemn, ponderous, resonant

"Ka-lum, ka-lum, ka-lum!"

Mr. Joskins knows that the widow Barbbery's old crumple horn is going down the street looking for an open front gate, and his knowledge is confirmed by a doleful "Ka-lum-pum!" that occurs at regular intervals as old crumple pauses to try each gate as she passes it, for she knows that appearances are deceitful, and that a boy can shut a front gate in such a way as to thoroughly deceive his father and yet leave every catch unfastened. Then when Mr. Joskins is called up from his second doze by a lively serenade of

"To-lank, to-lank, lank, lankle-inkle, lankle-inkle-tekinkletelink, kink, kink!" He knows that Mr. Throop's young brindle

is in Throop's
tewaiter is
of slippers
up in bed
that Mr.
against t
shed, thu
the noises
a clod, a
when the
brings wi
waiter's re
kins' bedr
constructi
applied op
and tinkl
through t
Mr. Joski
sleep, he
nayed, to
"Klan
Like the
a murder
waiter's o
down to t
anything
listens to
it reaches
medley o
him all
and the a
that on t
"tinkle-
down the
heaps, a
tinkle"
cow skin
escort o
"tringle
ding," o
the sidev
the shad
klank,"
cracked
o-o-o-ab-
lost the
since kep
supply i
these co
they are
And alth
a quiet l
opportuni
observat
gister a
will kee
so as to
will live
and mal
the plea