POETRY.

AN INVOCATION.

God help the boy that never sees
The butterflies, the birds, the bees,
Nor hears the music of the breeze
When zephyrs soft are blowing.
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie
Where clover blooms are thick and high
And hear the gentle murmur sigh
Of brooklets softly flowing.

God help the boy who does not know
Where all the woodland berries grow,
Who never sees the forests glow
When leaves are red and yellow;
Whose childish feet can never stray
Where nature does her charms display
For such a helpless boy I say
God help the little fellow.

— Chicago Herald.

FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the others's being, and no heed.

And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act,
And bend each wandering step to this one end,
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face,
And yet with wishful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied; and this is Fate.

SELECT STORY

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATHFINDER," "HOMEWARD BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VII.

Elizabeth, to whom this speech was addressed, did not reply, but moved slowly up the hall, by herself, fixing her eyes on the little figure of the English ingrain carpet that covered the floor; while, on the other hand, Richard gave a loud crack with his whip, as the stranger disappeared, and cried:

"Well, 'duke, you are your own master, but I would have tried law for the saddle before I would have given it to the fellow. Do you not own the mountains as well as the valleys? are not the woods your own? what right has this chap, or the Leather-Stocking, to shoot in your woods without your permission? Now, I have known a farmer in Pennsylvania order a sportsman off his farm with as little ceremony as I would order Benjamin, to put a log in the stove. — By the by, Benjamin, see how the thermometer stands.— Now, if a man has a right to do this on a farm of a hundred acres, what power must a landlord have who owns sixty thousand — ay, for the matter of that, including the late purchases, a hundred thousand? There is Mohegan, to be sure, he may have some right, being a native; but it's little the poor fellow can do now with his rifle. How is this managed in France, Monsieur Le Quoi? Do you let everybody run over your land in that country helter-skelter, as they do here, shooting the game, so that a gentleman has but little or no chance with his gun?"

"Bah! diable, no, Meester Deeck," replied the Frenchman; "we give, in France no liberty except to the ladi."

"Yes, yes, to the women, I know," said Richard, "that is your Salic law. I read, sir, all kinds of books; of France, as well as England; of Greece, as well as Rome. But if I were in 'duke's place, I would stick up advertisements to-morrow morning, forbidding all persons to shoot, or trespass in any manner on my woods. I could write such an advertisement myself, in an hour, as would put a stop to the thing at once."

"Richart," said Major Hartmann, very coolly knocking the ashes from his pipe into the spitting-box by his side, "now listen; I have livet seventy-five years on ter Mohawk, and in ter woots. You had better mettle as mit ter deyvel, as mit ter hunters. Tey live mit ter gun, and a rifle is better as ter law.".

"A'nt Marmaduke a judge?" said Richard, indigantly. "Where is the use of being a judge, or having a judge, if there is no law? Damn the fellow! I have a great mind to sue him in the morning myself, before Squire Doolittle, for meddling with my leaders. I am not afraid of his rifle. I can shoot, too. I have hit a dollar many a time at fifty rods."

"Thou hast missed more dollars than ever thou hast hit, Dickon," exclaimed the cheerful voice of the Judge. "But we will now take our evening's repast, which, I perceive by Remarkable's physiognomy, is ready. Monsieur Le Quoi, Miss Temple has a hand at your service. Will you lead the way, my child?"

"Ah! ma chere mam'selle, comme je suis enchant'e!" said the Frenchman. "Il ne manque que les dames de faire un paradis de Templeton."

Mr. Grant and Mohegan continued in the hall, while the remainder of the party withdrew to an eating-parlor, if we except Benjamin, who civilly remained, to close the rear after the clergyman, and to open the front door for the exit of the Indian.

"John," said the divine, when the figure of Judge Temple disappeared, the last of the group, "to-morrow is the festival of the nativity of our blessed Redeemer, when the church has appointed prayers and thanksgivings to be offered up by her children, and when all are invited to partake of the mystical elements. As you have taken up the cross, and become a follower of good and an eschewer of evil, I trust I shall see you before the altar, with a contrite heart and a meek spirit."

"John will come," said the Indian, betraying no surprise; though he did not understand all the terms used by the other.

"Yes," continued Mr. Grant, laying his hand gently on the tawny shoulder of the aged chief, "but it is not enough to be there in the body; you must come in the spirit and in truth. The Redeemer died for all, for the poor Indian as well as for the white man. Heaven knows no difference in color; nor must earth witness a separation of the church. It is good and profitable, John, to freshen the understanding, and support the wavering, by the observance of our holy festivals; but all form is but stench in the nostrils of the Holy One, unless it be accompanied by a devout and humble spirit."

The Indian stepped back a little, and, raising his body to its utmost powers of erection, he stretched his right arm on high, and dropped his forefinger downward, as if pointing from the heavens, then, striking his other hand on his naked breast, he said, with energy:

"The eye of the Great Spirit can see from the clouds — the bosom of Mohegan is bare!"

"It is well, John, and I hope you will receive profit and consolation from the performance of this duty. The Great Spirit overlooks none of his children; and the men of the woods is as much an object of his care as he who dwells in a palace. I wish you a good-night, and pray God to bless you."

The Indian bent his head, and they separated — the one to seek his hut, and the other to join his party at the supper-table. While Benjamin was opening the door for the passage of the chief, he cried, in a tone that was meant to be encouraging:

"The parson says the word that is true John. If so be that they took count of the color of the skin in heaven, why they might refuse to muster on their books a Christian-born, like myself, just for the matter of a little tan, from cruising in warm latitudes; though, for the matter of that, this damned norwester is enough to whiten the skin of a blackamore. Let the reef out of your blanket, man, or your red hide will hardly weather the night, without a touch from the frost."

CHAPTER VIII.

The apartment to which Monsieur Le Quoi handed Elizabeth communicated with the hall, through the door that led under the urn which was supposed to contain the ashes of Dido. The room was spacious, and of very just proportions; but, in its ornaments and furniture, the same diversity of taste and imperfection of execution were to be observed as existed in the hall. Of furniture, there were a dozen green, wooden arm-chairs, with cushions of moreen, taken from the same piece as the petticoat of Remarkable. The tables were spread, and their materials and workmanship could not be seen; but they were heavy and of great size. An enormous mirror, in a gilt frame, hung against the wall, and a cheerful fire, of the hard or sugar maple, was burning on the hearth. The latter was the first object that struck the Judge, who on beholding it, exclaimed rather angrily, to Richard:

"How often have I forbidden the use of the sugar maple in my dwelling! The sight of that sap, as it exudes with the heat, is painful to me, Richard. Really it behooves the owner of woods so extensive as mine, to be cautious what example he sets his people, who are already felling the forests, as if no end could be found to their treasures, nor any limits to their extent. If we go on in this way, twenty years hence we shall want fuel."

"Fuel in these hills, Cousin 'duke!" exclaimed Richard, in derision—"fuel! why, you might as well predict that the fish will die, for the want of water in the lake, because I intend, when the frost gets out of the ground, to lead one or two of the springs, through logs, into the village. But you are always a little wild on such subjects, Marmaduke."

"Is it wildness," returned the Judge, earnesly, "to condemn a practice which devotes these jewels of the forest, these precious gifts of nature, these mines of comfort and wealth, to the comfort and wealth, to the common uses of a fireplace? But I must, and will, the instant the snow is off the earth, send out a party into the mountains to explore for coal."

"Coal!" echoed Richard. "Who the devil do you think will dig for coal when, in hunting for a bushel, he would have to rip up more roots of trees than would keep him in fuel for a twelvemonth? Poh! poh! Marmaduke; you should leave the management of these things to me, who have a natural turn that way. It was I that ordered this fire, and a noble one it is, to warm the blood of my pretty Cousin Bess."

"The motive, then, must be your apology, Dickon," said the Judge.—"But, gentlemen, we are waiting. — Elizabeth, my child, take the head of the table; Richard, I see, means to spare me the carving, by sitting opposite to you."

"To be sure I do," cried Richard. "Here is a turkey to carve; and I flatter myself that I understand carving a turkey, or, for that matter, a goose, as well as any man alive. —Mr. Grant! Where's Mr. Grant? Will you please to say grace, sir? Everything is getting cold. Take a thing from the fire, this cold weather, and it will freeze in five minutes. Mr. Grant we want you to say grace. 'For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us thankful.' Come, sit down, sit down. Do you eat wing or breast, Cousin Bess?"

But Elizabeth had not taken her seat, nor was she in readiness to receive either the wing or the breast. Her laughing eyes were glancing at the arrangements of the table, and the quality and selection of the food. The eyes of the father soon met the wondering looks of his daughter, and he said, with a smile:

"You perceive, my child, how much we are indebted to Remarkable for her skill in housewifery. She has, indeed, provided a noble repast — such as well might stop the cravings of hunger."

"Law!" said Remarkable, "I'm glad if the Judge is pleased; but I'm notional that you'll find the sa'ce overdone. I thought, as Elizabeth was coming home, that a body could do no less than make things agreeable."

"My daughter has now grown to woman's estate, and is from this moment mistress of my house," said the Judge; "it is proper that all who live with me address her as Miss Temple."

"Do tell!" exclaimed Remarkable, a little aghast; "well, who ever heerd of a young woman's being called Miss? If the Judge had a wife now, I shouldn't think of calling her anything but Miss Temple; but —"

"Having nothing but a daughter you will observe that style to her, if you please, in future," interrupted Marmaduke.

The host seemed to think some apology necessary for the warmth he had betrayed on the subject of the fire wood, and when the party were comfortably seated, and engaged with their knives and forkes, he observed:

"The wastefulness of the settlers, with the noble trees of this country, is shocking, Monsieur Le Quoi, as doubtless you have noticed. I have seen a man fell a pine, when he has been in want of fencing stuff, and roll his first cuts into the gap, where he left it to rot, though its top would have made rails enongh to answer his purpose, and its butt would have sold in the Philadelphia market for twenty dollars."

"And how the devil—I beg your pardon, Mr. Grant," interrupted Richard; "but how is the poor devil to get his logs to the Philadelphia market, pray? put them in his pocket, ha! as you would a handful of chestnuts, or a bunch of chicher-berries? I should like to see you walking up High Street, with a pine log in each pocket! — Poh! poh! cousin 'duke, there are trees enough for us all, and some to spare. Why, I can hardly tell which way the wind blows, when I'm out in the clearings, they are so thick and so tall — I couldn't at all, if it wasn't for the clouds, and I happen to know all the points of the compass, as it were, by heart."

"Ay! ay! squire," cried Benjamin, who had now entered, and taken his place behind the Judge's chair, a little aside withal, in order to be ready for any observation like the present; "look aloft, sir, look aloft. The old seamen say, 'that the devil wouldn't make a sailor, unless he looked aloft.' As for the compass, why, there is no such thing as steering without one. I'm sure I never lose sight of the maintop, as I call the squire's lookout on the roof, but I set my compass, d'ye see, and take the bearings and distance of things, in order to work out my course, if so be that it should cloud up, or the tops of the trees should shut out the light of heaven. The steeple of St. Paul's, now that we have got it on end, is a great help to the navigation of the woods, for, by the Lord Harry, as I was —"

"It is well, Benjamin," interrupted Marmaduke, observing that his daughter manifested displeasure at the major-domo's familiarity; "but you forget there is a lady in company, and the women love to do most of the talking themselves."

"The Judge says the true word," cried Benjamin, with one of his discordant laughs. "Now here is Mistress Remarkable Pettibones; just take the stopper off her tongue, and you'll hear a gabbling worse like than if you should happen to fall to leeward in crossing a French privateer, or some such thing, mayhap, as a dozen monkeys stowed in one bag."

It were impossible to say how perfect an illustration of the truth of Benjamin's assertion the housekeeper would have furnished, if she had dared; but the Judge looked sternly at her, and unwilling to incur his resentment, yet unable to contain her anger, she threw herself out of the room, with a toss of the body that nearly separated her frail form in the centre.

"Richard," said Marmaduke, observing that his displeasure had produced the desired effect, "can you inform me of anything concerning the youth whom I so unfortunately wounded? I found him on the mountain hunting in company with the Leather-Stocking, as if they were of the same family; but there is a manifest difference in their manners. The youth delivers himself in chosen language; such as is seldom heard in these hills, and such as occasions great surprise to me, how one so meanly clad, and following so lowly a pursuit, could attain. Mohegan also knew him. Doubtless he is a tenant of Natty's hut. Did you remark the language of the lad, Monsieur Le Quoi?"

"Certainement, Monsieur Templ," returned the Frenchman, "he deed conovairse in de excellent Anglaise."

"The boy is no miracle," exclaimed Richard; "I've known children that were sent to school early, talk much better before they were twelve years old. There was Zared Coe, old Nehemiah's son, who first settled on the beaver-dam meadow, he could write almost as good a hand as myself, when he was fourteen; though it's true, I helped to teach him a little in the evenings. But this shooting gentleman ought to be put in the stocks, if he ever takes a rein in his hand again. He is the most akward fellow about a horse I ever met with. I dare say he never drove anything but oxen in his life."

"There, I think, Dickon, you do the lad injustice," said the Judge; "he uses much discretion in critical moments. Dost thou not think so, Bess?"

There was nothing in this question particularly to excite blushes, but Elizabeth started from the reverie into which she had fallen, and colored to her foehead, as she answered:

"To me, dear sir, he appeared extremely skilful, and prompt, and courageous; but perhaps Cousin Richard will say I am as ignorant as the gentleman himself."

"Gentleman!" echoed Richard; "do you call such chaps gentlemen, at school, Elizabeth?"

"Every man is a gentleman that knows how to treat a woman with respect and consideration," returned the young lady, promptly, and a little smartly.

"So much for hesitating to appear before the heiress in his shirt-sleeves," cried Richard, winking at Monsieur Le Quoi, who returned the wink with one eye, while he rolled the other, with an expression of sympathy, toward the young lady. "Well, well, to me he seemed anything but a gentleman. I must say, however, for the lad, that he draws a good trigger, and has a true aim. He's good at shooting a buck, ha! Marmaduke?"

"Richard," said Major Hartmann, turning his grave countenance toward the gentleman he addressed, with much earnestness, "ter poy is goot. He savet your life, and my life, and ter life of Tominie Grant, and ter life of ter Frenchman; and, Richard, he shall never vant a pet to sleep in vile olt Fritz Hartmann has a shingle to cover his het mit."

"Well, well, as you please, old gentleman," returned Mr. Jones, endeavoring to look indifferent; "put him into your own stone house, if you will, major. I dare say the lad never slept in anything better than a bark shanty in his life, unless it was some such hut as the cabin of Leather-Stocking. I prophesy you will soon spoil him; any one could see how proud he grew, in a short time, just because he stood by my horses' heads, while I turned them into the highway."

"No, no, my old friend," cried Marmaduke, "it shall be my task to provide in some manner for the youth; I owe him a debt of my own, besides the service he has done me, through my friends. And yet I anticipate some little trouble, in inducing him to accept of my services. He showed a marked dislike, I thought, Bess, to my offer of a residence within these walls for life."

"Really, dear sir," said Elizabeth, projecting her beautiful under-lip, "I have not studied the gentleman so closely as to read his feelings in his countenance. I thought he might very naturally feel pain from his wound, and therefore pitied him; but" — and as she spoke she glanced her eye, with suppressed curiosity, toward the major-domo — "I dare say, sir, that Benjamin can tell you something about him. He cannot have been in the village, and Benjamin not have seen him often."

"Ay! I have seen the boy before," said Benjamin, who wanted little encouragement to speak; "he has been backing and filling in the wake of Natty Bumppo, through the mountains, after deer, like a Dutch long-boat in tow of an Albany sloop. He carries a good rifle, too. The Leather-Stocking said, in my hearing, before Betty Hollister's bar-room fire, no later than the Tuesday night, that the younker was certain death to the wild beasts. If so be he can kill the wild-cat that has been heard moaning on the lake-side since the hard frosts and deep snows have driven the deer to herd, he will be doing the thing that is good. Your wild-cat is a bad shipmate, and should be made to cruise out of the track of Christian men."

"Lives he in the hut of Bumppo?" asked Marmaduke, with some interest.

"Cheek by jowl; the Wednesday will be three weeks since he first hove in sight, in company with Leather-Stocking. They had captured a wolf between them, and had brought in his scalp for the bounty. That Mister Bump-ho has a handy turn with him in taking off a scalp; and there's them, in this here village, who say he larnt the trade by working on Christian men. If so be that there is truth in the saying, and I commanded along shore here, as your honor does, why, d'ye see, I'd bring him to the gangway for it yet. There's a very pretty post rigged alongside of the stocks; and for the matter of a cat, I can fit one with my own hands; ay! and use it too, for the want of a better."

"You are not to credit the idle tales you hear of Natty; he has a kind of natural right to gain a livelihood in these mountains; and if the idlers in the village take it into their heads to annoy him, as they sometimes do reputed rogues, they shall find him protected by the strong arm of the law."

"Ter rifle is petter as ter law," said the major, sententiously.

"That for his rifle!" exclaimed Richard, snapping his fingers; "Ben is right, and I —" He was stopped by the sound of a common ship-bell, that had been elevated to the belfry of the academy, which now announced, by its incessant ringing, that the hour for the appointed service had arrived. "'For this and every other instance of his goodness —' I beg pardon Mr. Grant, will you please to return thanks, sir? it is time we should be moving, as we are the only Episcopalians in the neighborhood; that is I and Benjamin, and Elizabeth; for I count half-breeds, like Marmaduke, as bad as heretics."

The divine arose, and performed the office meekly and fervently, and the whole party instantly prepared themselves for church — or rather academy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KAISER WILLIAM'S EXCLUSIVENESS.

While Emporor Francis Joseph is relaxing the traditional stringency of Viennese court etiquette and has for the first time since the establishment of the Hapsburg dynasty admitted to the court of Vienna and Buda Pesth ladies of bourgeois birth who had married privy councillors, generals and other dignitaries of the Empire his young brother monarch at Berlin has determined to debar from attendance at any of his court entertainments ladies who are unable to show that not only they themselves, but also their paternal and maternal ancestors as far back as the fourth generation, are of noble birth and blue blood. At a recent state ball here, the Emperor William drew the attention of his Grand Master of Ceremonies, Count von Eulenburg, to the fact that seven ladies had been present whose parents belonged to "la haute finance," and who were notoriously indebted to their fathers wealth for the titles which they had married. His Majesty added that he desired that no further court invitations should be extended to the ladies in question, and that he had no intention of permitting such pseudo-aristocrats to trespass on the prerogatives of the old nobility. From this it will seen that, although Emperor William is content to throw open the hitherto exclusive corps of commissioned officers to all ranks of society, and even to affect

DEMOCRATIC AND SOCIALISTIC SENTIMENTS

when the fancy strikes him, yet in his home and in his household he retains all of his former aristocratic prejudices. It is probable, howeuer, that he will eventually be forced "by circumstances over which he has no control," to follow the Austrian Emperor's example, and to modify the order which he has just given. For otherwise the most awkward contretemps will frequently occur. This, for instance, until the rules in the subject at the court at Vienna were relaxed, it often happened that the wife of the ambassador or envoy accredited by Austria to a foreign capital had never enjoyed the honor of presentation to the Empress of Austria. A notable case in point was that of Baroness von Schwarz-Senborn, whose husband was Austrian Envoy at Washington in 1875. Although of spotless character, she had, owing to her bourgeois birth, never been admitted to the honor of presentation at the court of Vienna. This was only one case out of many, and, of course, disagreeable comments were frequently made on the alleged discourtesy of the Austrian Emperor in sending to represent him at foreign courts envoys whose wives were not considered of sufficient rank to be admitted to his own, or to enjoy presentation to the Empress.

IN IRELAND.

In the county of Kerry in Ireland a man pays 25 cents to the landlord for the privilege of cutting a strip of turf nine feet long, three feet wide and from six to nine feet in depth, says a letter from the green isle. He cuts the turf in the summer months, so that it will dry during the hot weather. It is cut with a narrow spade called in Gaelic, a "slan." When cut the turf is piled in little heaps so that the moisture will evaporate. These heaps of turf have to be turned, usually turned three times before the fuel is dry enough to be carried away and piled into ricks. As a rule, after drying, the turf must be carted from four to six miles to the home of the peasant. This is done with the aid of donkeys and horses. If the peasant happens to be a speculator, he carts the turf into Tralee or some other market town and sells it. Turf is measured by what are techically called rails. This word indicates a donkey or a horse load. The load is held in place on the cart by means of wooden frames set into mortises on the sides of the cart. The turf is piled to a cone on top of the cart, and is held in place by sugganns. A suggann is a rope made of straw. These ropes are also used in some parts of Ireland to hold the thatch in place.

It is interesting to watch the process of straw rope making. One man sits on the floor of a cottage with several bundles of straw by his side. He picks up a good sized wisp of straw and makes a loop by binding it in the middle. This loop he hitches over the end of a piece of hawthorn shaped like a fish hook and with a shank six feet long. A piece of string is tied across from the barb of the hook to the shank, and in the corner thus made near the barb the loop of straw is hitched. Another man holds the end of the hawthorn stick. He walks backward slowly turning the stick. Meanwhile the man who is seated keeps twisting in more straw. In the course of five minutes a suggann thirty feet long is thus made.

As the market is always from four to ten miles distant the cart is loaded the evening previous to the journey. The start is made very early in the morning. This is particularly needed in the case of the donkey, as his utmost speed is three miles an hour. There is no pressing need to be at the market before twelve o'clock, as in the smaller Irish towns very little business is transacted before that hour, Occasionally the peasant indulges in tricks when loading his cart. He corncobs his load in the middle, so that while on the outside it looks to be a good solid load, on the inside there are a good many vacant places. Sometimes the cart is driven by the wife of the peasant or his daughter. If it happens to be the daughter she invariably ties up her shoes and stockings in a piece of paper, and hides the bundle until within a mile of the market town, when she stops the donkey, sits on a stone by the roadside, and puts on her shoes and stockings. On the homeward journey, after having disposed of the load and walked around town with the proud consciousness of being the owner and wearer of a pair of shoes, she takes off her shoes and stockings and walks home barefooted, as she came.

A story is told in Tralee to the effect that after a colleen has removed her shoes on the way homeward she stubbed her toe. As she sat by the wayside crying with pain trying to stanch the flow of blood, she exclaimed: Ain't it lucky I didn't have on my shoes. Shure they d be bruk entirely wid that welt.

Attentive to duty—The custom-house officer.

The grand stand — An occasion when every seat is taken.

ENGLAND'S GIRL CRICKETERS

Some Peculiarities of Their Play — They Cannot Throw Like a Man.

The sweet girl cricketers, over whose clever playing even the imperturbable Briton is working himself into quite a frenzy of enthusiasm, are demonstrating anew the truth of the old axiom that a woman cannot throw like a man, because, as the small boy expresses it, her shoulder isn't built that way. These "Original Lady Cricketers" — and indeed no one doubts the originality and uniqueness of their proceeding — are chosen from among girls having a previous knowledge of the sport, have been in training about six months, and display so much skill that all preconceived ideas on the subject of their capability are completely revolutionised on beholding them. Their bowling has been excellent in the recent matches, and most of the players bowled overhand. The direction was good, the distance well judged, and some of the most skilful players succeeded in putting a good deal of break on the ball. The swiftness which comes from great strength was sometimes lacking, but this will develop with longer practice, and, indeed was somewhat formidable, as the Rods ran up a score of 155 in one game before they were put out. The hitting is even more remarkable than the bowling, for on the largest cricketing grounds numbers of balls are driven to the extreme boundary. The captain of one of the teams hits with remarkable ease and confidence, and scored no less than 91 of the 133 made while she was at the wicket in the London match.

The girls are very smart and clever at stopping balls as well, and many of them run with wonderful swiftness and endurance. All of which goes to show that girls may bowl and bat, catch and run, but when it comes to throwing all the traditions of their sex manifest themselves. With the exception of two or three of the more skilful players the throwing was so feeble and ineffectual that the ball must be thrown by two or three hands from the field before it reached the wicket, and it was usually safe to start for another run after the fielder had handled the ball.

Even those who were most proficient, and who by strength and practice were enabled to send the ball up at a fair rate of speed, threw it in the true girl way, with the action from the elbow instead of from the shoulder, and entirely without that peculiar little twist of the arm which seems to be instinct with a boy in throwing, as is the cunning displayed by birds in building their nests or trilling the song peculiar to their species. It is an instinct that is lacking in women, and cannot be acquired any more than the robin can learn to build a swallow's nest of clay by looking on, or the sparrow sing the nightingale's rhapsody by taking vocal lessons. They threw without a moment's delay, however, giving but very few chances to the field, and the general verdict repeated over and over again was:—"I had no idea that girls could ever play like that."

Of course the costume worn by these athletic young women is of paramount interest to ladies. It consists of a full white flannel skirt extending to a point half way between the knee and the ankle and almost touching the tops of the high white cricketing boots. The hem is weighted to prevent its flying up in the long runs, and just above it are three bands of red or blue trimming, which are matched in color by the stockings worn. A white flannel sailor blouse, with short full sleeves reaching to the elbow, is worn over a long-sleeved scarlet or blue jersey, and has a broad collar knotted at the throat with a scarf of the same color, while a broad sash about the waist and a rosette in the cricketing cap display also the color of the team.

It is like girls to christen the teams from the colors of the costumes; still more characteristic to base the division into teams on the complexion of the players rather than the skill. All the fair lasses wear the blue, all the dark ones the scarlet sashes, and the "Blues" and "Reds" thus grouped and classified are remarkably fresh, fair, handsome young women between the ages of 18 and 20, who have been selected for their powers in the game, but who might be chosen as types of that unusual quantity — a healthy, handsome, perfect woman.

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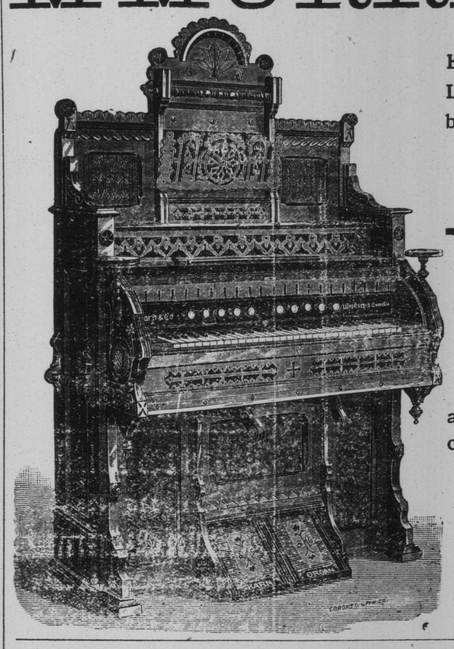

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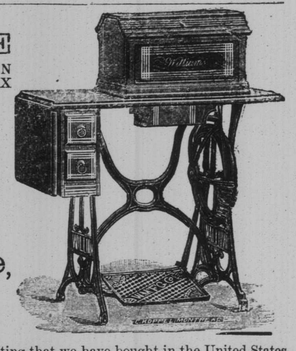

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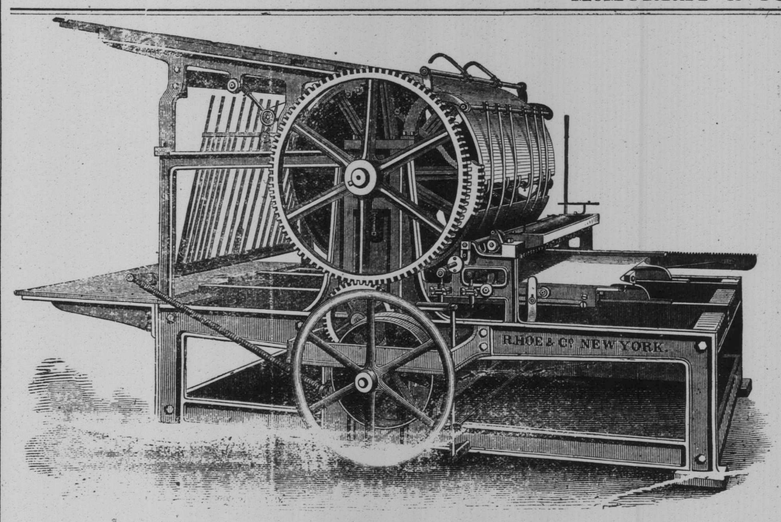

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