

POETRY.

THE FOUR WINDS.

Wind of the North,
Wind of the Northland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars—

SELECT STORY.

THE ACROBAT'S STORY.

A Fact.

I have a friend who is an acrobat,
travelling with a well-known circus in
South America. Some years ago I met
him in Pennsylvania, and, in compliance
with my request that he would relate
some interesting episode of his eventful
career, he told me the following story.

one night, and their grandchildren would
relate with pride that their grandfather
had seen a circus-man fall from his rope
and killed. The spectacle anticipates so
eagerly makes me feel as though I
were making to execution.

"This won't do, Montelle," I said, arising.
"As long as you are obliged to walk,
do it gracefully, and complain when you
are through. I don't want to work to
day myself, but I must; that is part of
my contract."

"Yes," she cried, in ringing tones, "we
will—to-day! I will be back in a moment."

came and brushed his hair into shape,
saying that he was ready.
"For ten minutes Montelle rested while
the manager, mounted on a wagon in the
street below, made a speech relative to the
extraordinary performance about to take
place, and exhorting the people to main-
tain absolute silence, no matter what hap-
pened. He represented the danger, and
the people understood it. Montelle look-
ed over the edge, but at sight of him the
people made no sound. All was silence.

"There's the home of the man in the
moon," said her guide.
As they came near, she saw in front of
a large hole in the side of the mountain,
shaped like a door, an enormous man,
Elle thought he must be at least fifty feet
high. He was dressed in a long brown
coat, which reached to his knees; on his
legs were long blue stockings, and purple
buckles; his shoes were ornamented with
trinkets, his cap was blue and had a
feather, while a long amber-colored
pate, which floated up from it showed
that he was a little bit vain of his personal
appearance. His head was very, very
large, forming at least one-third of his
whole height. The face was round and
full, and very jolly-looking, a slight droop
to the left eyelid giving his eyes such a
quaint, sly look that nobody who looked
at him could possibly help laughing.

"Down the line-covered cable they
stepped. Both smiled at the slight gap in
the gny-rope. The grade was steep, and
my heart stood in my throat as I watched
them. The second gny was passed, and
the fourth, the fifth. Would they ever
get to the middle, where the strain
was less? Montelle made fast, as though
falling, and I nearly screamed. All about
me the people were silent in their wondrous
curiosity. I, who carried my life in my
hands every day, shuddered as I saw
them in the centre of the cable, and I was
thankful that my trapeze fastenings had
been removed. The jar they would not
have to encounter. And my thoughts
went back to San Paulo, where lay buried
but two days all of earth belonging to this
strong man and his daughter whom he
was carrying across that strand of linen-
covered rope. I can think of the order was
more terrible to me than to them, for I,
besides appreciating their danger, had my
sympathies at work.

clung to his position. Safely I laid down
the strap. Would it be long enough?
"Thank Heaven—yes.
"For as I neared them one of the
athletes in the wagon sprang to the
shoulders of the other, and standing
straight up-right as a column of iron, took
my burden from me while I clung to the
strap, and gently lowered the insensible
girl into the arms of his friend. He
sprang to the wagon bed, and I dropped
beside him.

"The man in the moon.
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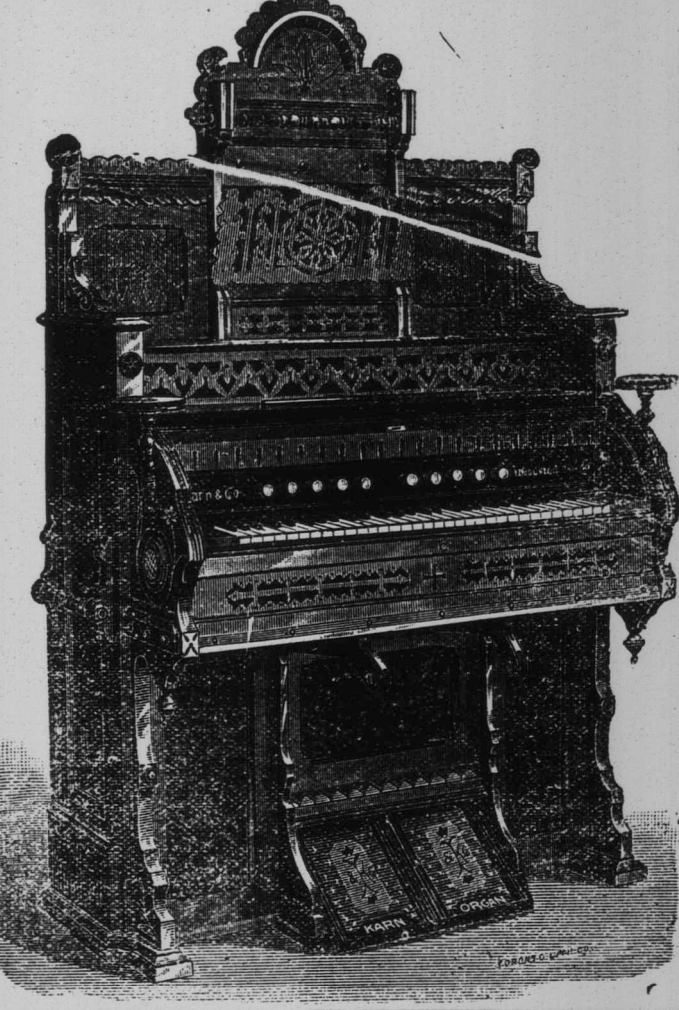
"Down he came, and reached the middle,
and started on the up-grade toward
me. On his face, the very air was
silent. On he came slowly, balancing
himself with scarcely a movement of his
pole. Stella looked at me and smiled.
They had started up the grade, when sud-
denly the wire rope trembled. I looked
down and saw each man at his gny-strain-
ing himself to keep back two steps and
I stepped down and took hold of the cable.
It shook in my hand. I arose again, with
a dread anxiety at my heart. They were
fifty feet from the roof, and the grade was
steep. Montelle was trying to get over a
gny-rope knot. He swung back two steps
and started again, but the wheel struck
back again he went and returned, but
could not bring the wheel over the grade.
I was within fifty feet of him, and I could
not help him. In an instant I cleared the
roof of the people. I was alone.

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story that will illustrate a sermon or
beautify a moral. Here is one that he
tells now and then in his own original
way:

"A German family emigrated from the
fatherland to this country and settled in
Milwaukee. The oldest boy, in his teens,
concluded he would start out for himself.
Finally he brought up in New York city
and soon spent all the money the old man
had given him. Then he wrote his father
this kind of an appeal.

"I should have thought that you would
feel more like crying all the time, for you
have to work so hard making the new
moons. Then I have read and heard so
much of the misery that there is in the
crowd, and which you must see every
night. I can't understand how you man-
age to look so happy about it."

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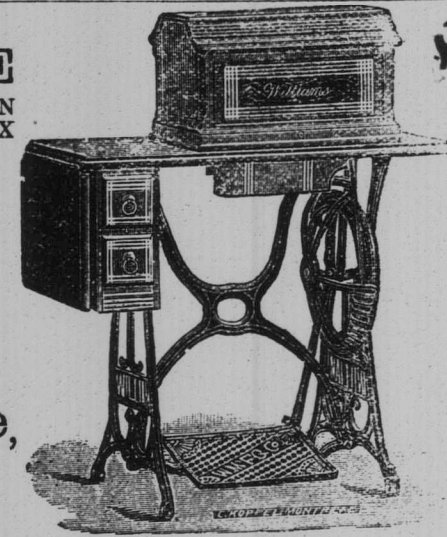
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