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## *In Arcadia.*

AFTER all Arcadia is apt to be round an unexpected corner in life. 'Dear Teacher' was not thinking of it at all. To be accurate, she was not even 'dear teacher' yet, for the name, too, was part of Arcadia. As she topped the long rise she was feeling a little lonely and a little afraid, partly of what the day might bring forth and partly of the glint of wickedness that had been in Barney's eye when she mounted half an hour ago. He had lifted an interesting looking hind leg, too, and shaken it in a tentative sort of way as if to make sure it was ready for use. There was a chilly little fear at the bottom of 'dear teacher's' heart that she might not be able to coax Barney to stop at the right place; so she drew the reins tighter and looked down into Arcadia with eyes that saw not. It was a shallow valley lying towards the east and west—a tiny shack stood out sharply on the opposite rise a mile away. On the right a narrow strip of 'breaking,' brown and glistening, stretched towards the entrance where the low hills lay. Alice-blue against the sky. All about the prairie was unbroken. It was very early in the morning and the sun came slantingly across the grass. The new green of spring was coming up thickly among the soft, bleached brown of last summer's growth. The oblique light on the grass, heavy with dew, made the prairie look like a great web of shot silk.

'Dear Teacher's' eyes, however, were engrossed with the school, which stood in the midst of Arcadia. It was somewhat the size and shape of a large match box, with a smaller match box attached to the front of it, by way of a porch. The Arcadians, however, always referred to the smaller match box as the "kitchen." It was painted—"neatly"—as the advertisements say,—to match the prairie, perhaps Nile green with dark green trimmings. Dear Teacher tied Barney in the shed and hurried to inspect the interior. It, too, was painted "neatly," blue this time and there were eight low seats. But by this time 'dear teacher's' eyes were busy and her mind full of the pictures in her trunk and the effect of dotted muslin sash curtains on the bare little windows, with their plain green shades, so that she quite forgot how she had half-hoped Barney would run away with her. Even yet, she did not realize that she had ridden into Arcadia.

The sun was high when 'dear teacher,' deep in a book, suddenly became conscious of an added depth in the silence. Presently faint whispering was heard in the "kitchen" and then, a timid knock. 'Dear Teacher' stepped down and opened the door and the Arcadians came shyly in. There were eight of them and the sum of their years was well under fifty. In response to invitation they scated themselves in a prim row along the front. Three pairs of bare, brown legs.