

must go.
 She raised her lovely head and tear-
 ful eyes
 And said "I now must go, farewell!
 farewell!
 Autumn is coming and I feel her
 near.
 Oh fare ye well! I cannot longer
 stay."
 With that she gathered some red
 roses up
 And bade the south wind waft her
 far from earth.

D. W. K., Lancaster.

THE STORY OF A FIDDLE.

Enter Jones who has learned to play tolerably, and wants a better fiddle. Then the fun begins, and the game is played somewhat as follows:—

Dealer: "Good day, sir."

Jones: "Good day. I want to look at a few violins."

Dealer: "Yes, sir; about what price sir?"

Jones: "Well, I ought to get a good violin for £10."

Dealer: "Then I think I can suit you, sir. Here is a genuine Klotz for £9; and there is a Fendt, £11; this Collin Mezin I can sell for £7; and there is a fine old English fiddle, name unknown, price £10."

Jones tries the violins one after the other, hesitatingly, while the dealer looks about the shop for others likely to tempt his customer. Jones meanwhile keeps his eyes open to try and pick up a bargain. The dealer in his search, apparently by accident, opens a case, and discloses for a moment the doctored, dishonest fiddle.

Jones: "Hullo! What fiddle is that?"

Dealer (closing the case): "Oh, that violin is one I don't want to part with; but here is a guaranteed Nicolas in first rate condition, and—"

Jones (growing interested in the dishonest fiddle): "Yes, yes; but may I look at that violin in the case?"

Dealer: "Certainly, sir; I don't want to sell it, because I am not quite sure of its value, and I don't want to throw money away."

The dishonest fiddle is very tenderly unwrapped and lifted out of its case. The dealer tunes it, and runs a bow over it, Jones growing more and more interested.

Dealer: "Not a powerful fiddle, sir, but rich and soft with age."

Jones (who knows just enough about fiddles to think he knows a lot, and who has learned to recognize a full tone): "Yes, beautifully mellow! How did you get it?"

Dealer: "I bought it from a customer who was in difficulties and wanted the money. He had seen better days, and used to pick up fiddles. He was very fond of this one."

Jones: "Do you know the maker?"

Dealer: "Not for certain, but I showed it to a professional gentleman, Herr Pollywoski, and he believed it was by Andreas Amati, father of Hieronymus. I am going to take it up to London next week to find out its real value."

Jones (who has meanwhile been reverentially handling the dishonest fiddle, and has espied a fragment of a label inside—. . . eas Am . . . —and is trying to keep calm): "Do you feel inclined to take an offer for it?"

Dealer: "Well, sir, as I said, I really don't care to part with it, there may be a treasure in it. At any rate I would not take less than twenty pounds for it."

Jones thinks to himself that here is a chance that may never come again. An Amati, and at such a low figure! The dealer cannot guarantee it; of course not; he would not sell it under one hundred