

BENEATH THE HOOD.

Beneath the hood her eyes were bright—
I shyly watched her where she stood—
Her tresses looked like scraps of light
Beneath the hood.

Such smiles would stir a hermit's blood,
Such lips—like flowers warm and light—
Would quickly melt the iciest mood,
Beneath the hood.

I stole behind her—'twasn't right,
I call it neither wise nor good—
I put propriety to flight
Beneath the hood.

—C. Keller in Midland.

TRAPPED BY A NOVEL.

"A gentleman—a Mr. Portman—to see you, sir," said my landlady, looking in at my door.

"Show him up, Mrs. Jennings," I replied, without glancing up from my manuscript.

A few moments later Mr. Portman, an entire stranger to me, was ushered into my room. He came forward—a man of large build, some 40 years of age, with a slight stoop—and, fixing a pair of dreamy dark eyes upon me, he inquired, in a low, earnest tone:

"Mr. Cecil Lawrence, I believe?"

"Yes. Be seated a moment, will you?" I replied, indicating a chair.

He accepted the offer silently, and waited my leisure, his eyes fixed upon the crackling logs in the grate, and his chin resting upon his hands.

"What can I do for you, Mr.—Mr. Portman?" I asked, presently, putting down my pen and turning round upon my visitor.

"You are Mr. Cecil Lawrence, the author, are you not?" he returned.

"Yes."

"The author of 'A Romance in Blue Dye'?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind telling me how you came by the plot for that story?" he said, his dreamy eyes lighting up for an instant.

"I'm afraid I cannot give you any information upon that matter," I replied. "Authors do not generally communicate their methods of work and thought to strangers, and my time is at present so much occupied that, unless you really have some important business with me I really—"

"I have important business with you," he exclaimed, almost angrily. "Do you fancy that I have come down all the way from Lancashire to ask a mere slip of an author his methods of work?"

"From Lancashire?" I said, in surprise. "Indeed no; no sane man would. But please state your business."

"Will you answer my question?" he cried, rising impatiently and folding his hands behind his back. "How did you come by the facts in your story?"

"Since you attach such undue importance to the matter," I replied coldly. "I can only say that I owe some of the plot of my 'Romance in Blue Dye' to a newspaper paragraph I chanced upon some eighteen months ago."

"Can you show me this paragraph?"

"Really, unless you can tell me in what way this matter is of so much importance to you, I fear I must decline to continue this interview, for, as I have already told you, I am exceedingly busy."

He looked at me steadily for a moment in silence, and the light came into his eyes again.

"My name is Portman—John Portman, of Portman & Staley, dyers and cleaners, Rochdale," he said, in a peculiar tone I could not understand.

"Do you understand?"

"No. I may be very dense, but I don't understand in what way the statement of your identity proves the importance of your visit," I responded, becoming annoyed with him, his manners, and his tone.

"You don't eh?" he blurted out.

"Well, Staley, my late partner, was the man who was found in the vat of dye. You are a picturesque liar, you know?"

"I started—not at the fellow's insult, but at the germ of an idea that was dawning upon me. This man, then, was the actual being whom I had created, as I thought, in the person of James Saxon, the murderer of his partner. I fully understood now how greatly this man, whose actual existence I had never suspected, must have been annoyed by my book; for, doubtless, persons who had read it and knew of the manner in which my visitor's unfortunate partner had met his death had commented upon the matter unpleasantly to my visitor."

"Do you understand me now?" my visitor demanded, seeing I was not prepared to say anything about his previous speech.

"Yes, I fear so," I replied, with a sickly smile. "But, if you have come here with the intention of bullying me, you made an error in the address. My solicitors, Messrs. Wright & Wright, Ely Place, are the people to call upon."

He looked at me and frowned. Then he crossed the room, unlocked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"What the deuce do you mean?" I cried, starting up indignantly. "You are presuming unpardonably! Replace the key and unlock the door!" And I went over to him as I spoke.

"Gently, gently, my good sir," he said. "I am not nearly satisfied with our chat yet. Look at this and sit down quietly."

"This," which he held in my face, was a revolver. Was I at the mercy of a madman?"

"You are at the wrong end of it, you know, so sit down and be civil," I shrugged my shoulders and returned to my chair, having the unpleasant sensation that he was "covering" me all the time.

When I had seated myself, he came and sat down at the other side of my table, laid his revolver in front of him, and began to bite his nails. I waited his pleasure silently, wondering what I could best do.

"It's like this," he said, so suddenly that he startled me out of my thoughts. "I had a partner. That partner gets drowned at our works in a butt of purple—not blue, mind you—dye. You see the bare facts mentioned in the papers (this is what you say!) write a story about it. You make me, John Saxon, your accursed book, murder my partner, and you bring me to justice, eh?"

"Yes, that's it," I replied, as easily as I could. "I offer you my sincerest apologies for the unpleasantness it must have caused you; but I assure you, on my honor, I never dreamed that you really existed, or I should not have used such a plot."

"But you must have known! You must have seen!" he cried, leaning over the table and hissing his words into my face.

What would have happened if the meaning of his words had flashed, instead of dawning, slowly, upon me? I cannot think—I never want to know. But, coming upon my worried brain slowly, the meaning did not make me start, and my visitor, who evidently realized he had spoken without thinking how he spoke, probably trusted I had missed his second sentence.

To help him to that belief I answered:

"How could I have known the unfortunate dyer had a partner? I realize my horrible mistake now, of course. I ought never to have written the book without first inquiring whether my plot would encroach too much upon actual facts."

He did not seem to hear me. He was staring over my shoulder, deep in thought, like a man who dreams his thoughts.

"Bah!" he said suddenly, with great passion. "How did you learn all you know, eh? You could not have guessed what no one else had suspected?"

"I fear I do not understand you," I said, with a smile.

"You lie! You know you lie! Do you think I have come here to be suckled on such prevarications? Do you think I brought this with me for any reason but to get from you an account of how you discovered the purple spot on my shirt, how you saw how it happened, as you must have done, though you don't say so in your accursed story? Can't you see, ingenious puppy, that I mean to know, and when I know to send you where you cannot run down a man by novel writing, nor put the law upon him? It's your life or mine!"

"With all your threats," I said, "you're a big bit of a fool, Mr. Portman, or else your mind is unhinged. The book was mainly written upon the merest conception of my own, suggested to me by a short paragraph. I have already told you that. The manner in which my murderer, John Saxon, was brought to justice for his crime was pure fiction work. Now are you satisfied?"

"No!" he replied, throwing himself back in his chair. "What you say may be true; I don't know. In any case, your story has put me under the suspicion of the police and the people of Rochdale. I am a marked man, I don't doubt. Probably the police are hunting me down now—now! But they won't find the shirt!"

"Probably you overrate the interest the police and people of Rochdale take in my novels and the death of your partner," I said, with an effort at calmness not too easy to assume.

"Possibly I do," he replied, in a hoarse voice, with a fugitive glance at the door. "But there is you to reckon with now!"

"Me?"

"Yes, you! Do you think if I knew I was as safe from suspicion as before your book was written I could leave you after what I've said to you to-night?"

"What do you propose to do, then? Give yourself over to the police, eh?" I asked ironically, for I was weary of the terrible nervous strain.

"It is you or me, and, by my soul, I will seal your lips!"

To my uttermost surprise he made a sudden dash round the table at me, but in the moment of his heightened passion he forgot his revolver. I thrust out my arm and snatched it from the table as I quickly dodged my assailant, and, stepping back, I held the barrel in his face.

"Stand back, John Saxon, or I fire!" I cried.

He staggered back and leaned against the wall.

"Give me the key, John Saxon," I said sternly.

With his wild eyes fixed upon the revolver, he took the key from his pocket and threw it upon the table. I took it up and drew toward the door.

As if he realized that the door would open only to allow him to pass out to the gallows, he made a desperate, sudden spring at me, with my left hand, I slipped the key into the lock.

"Stand back!" I cried, and pushed the revolver into the hollow of his ashy cheek.

"Stop!" he ejaculated hoarsely, as with an impetuous gesture he pushed his lank hair off his moistened brow with both his hands. "What are you going to do, old man? A price, price, price! A price—my life! I'll buy my life! A price?"

He crept toward me, shaking his trembling arms above his head. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes started from their sockets. He threw his chin forward as if trying to swallow some

lump rising in his throat. Then, as I sprang to him, he twisted on his heel and fell in a heap upon the floor.

A price! Nemesis had refused his price for life.

A "PRIVILEGE" NO LONGER WANTED.

Curious Case of a Property Owner on the Thames.

A very curious and interesting case has been decided by the court of appeal. The present owner of Medmenham Abbey and of the land on the opposite bank of the Thames has been saddled with the responsibility of maintaining a ferry over the river, as the result of an action which was begun about a year ago. The question at issue was whether the ferry was an ancient one, and so attached to the manor that the lord could be compelled to maintain it. As everybody knows, no questions are more obscure than those of ferries, rights of way and commons, and we think that the present proprietor may be thankful even though he has lost his case, that the litigation has not been protracted for years and years. We recollect a case which arose out of an alleged ancient right to dig gravel, which—the case, not the right—began in 1849, and ran with varying fortunes for the next 40 years, to the great profit of the lawyers and damage to the gravel. Our system of real property is a fearful and wonderful thing, and it might happen to any of us to buy a piece of land and then find that the neighbors had rights of "piscary" in the pond, "turbary" in the lawn, and "pannage"—which is the right to feed hogs—in the plantations.

The curious thing about the Medmenham case is that the defendant was trying to divest himself of what had no doubt been regarded as a high privilege. There is probably no original grant of Medmenham Manor in existence, but there can hardly be any question that the ferry was attached to it, either when the grant was made or at some subsequent period, as an act of *muca favor* to the owner. He was given the right to levy tolls, and we do not suppose it ever occurred to those who arranged that little matter that a day would come when Medmenham would have an owner who would be only too happy to abandon the tolls if he could get rid of the obligation to maintain the ferry.—London Globe.

Snake a Remarkable Creature.

Snakes, however extraordinary it may appear to say so, are the most distinguished members of the whole animal world. Their name alone is sufficient to strike with terror most of our senses of both sexes—even all and any figurative meaning strictly excluded.

The snake is certainly not a creature to be loved, but it can please us and we must admire the wonderful grace of every one of its motions; the either harmonious or strangely contrasting coloring and the bizarre markings of its skin, when we look at it with unprejudiced eyes.

Snakes seem to share the fate of many a human being, whose prominence in some way or other calls forth great antagonism of opinion and feeling among the general public. They have either enthusiastic patrons or violent adversaries, though as far as the reptile is concerned, the latter are in disproportionate majority.

But there is no creature on the whole earth—except man—which holds such a conspicuous place in religion, history, literature and art of all nations and all ages as the snake.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Mysterious Jumping Bean.

A tray of jumping beans displayed in a shop window always attracts a crowd of watchers, to most of whom the spasmodic activity of the three sided little brown objects is full of mystery. The jumping bean is really a seed of a Mexican fruit, which grows on a tree something like a castor oil plant. Its power of locomotion is, of course, not its own, but is due to a repulsive little worm which lives inside, and has a passion for exercise. The worm, whose long name is *Carposopa satiliana*, is the larva of a moth, injurious to certain crops.

It is a lively worm, with eight legs, and lives and jumps in its bean abode from July until the next April or May. Quantities of the beans are sent to Northern cities every year, and find ready sale to curiosity seekers at the modest price of five cents apiece.—New York Tribune.

Pear Tree 250 Years Old.

About twenty members of the Waverton Historical Society visited the Cambridge Cemetery recently and inspected a pear tree planted 250 years ago by Simon Stone, who emigrated from England in 1635. The tree is said to be a mate of the famous Endicott pear tree in Salem, Mass. The party was accompanied by the superintendent of the cemetery, Mr. Childs, who explained what he knew concerning the tree's history. The tree trunk has decayed considerably, but has been filled with cement to protect it from the weather. It has several healthy branches which bear about a bushel of very large pears. Each member of the party was presented with a pear, and several were cut and pieces distributed. The tree trunk is large, being three feet in diameter six feet from the ground.—Boston Transcript.

Where Cats Are Cared For.

The number of 12,304 cats has been received and fed in the Institution for Lone and Starving Cats in London since it was established three years ago. Animals that are incurable are painlessly put to death.

A FIGHT WITH INDIANS.

SINGLE-HANDED A BRAVE WOMAN HELD THE REDSKINS AT BAY.

A Story of the Peril of a Pioneer Family in Old Missouri—Feathers as One of Her Chief Means of Defense.

On the southern slope of a hillside, about fifty-five miles west from St. Louis and midway between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, is the ruin—and even that has almost disappeared—of a quaint, heavily built log structure, known in the early days of the westward march of civilization as the scene of a battle waged on one side by a party of marauding Indians, on the other by a woman, and the result of which was the woman's victory. It was the battle of a woman for her home and little ones, and for her own life, too.

It was autumn, and the Osages, the tribe of Indians that inhabited the territory at that time, were roving about in bands hunting, the game season being at its zenith. At the time mentioned, maraudings and murders by the Indians had been more frequent than usual. It was not strange, therefore, that Mother Kennedy, standing at the front door of the fort, should feel apprehensive as she peered down the vista in front, flanked upon either side by long files of giant oaks and hickories. She and her three small children were the only persons at the fort. Her husband had gone out that morning with his dogs and rifle in quest of game, salt pork and dried venison having become a tiresome diet. He had said he would return in the afternoon, but had not come.

Musing on the probability of her husband's return, fearing what might have happened, yet daring not to think on what she feared, Mother Kennedy began doing the chores that evening brings about a farm house. It was almost dark when Mother Kennedy finished the evening's work and entered the fort. The evening meal over, the anxious woman stepped outside to listen. She thought she might be notified of her husband's approach by his singing or whistling, for he was a cheery man, or the barking of the dogs. She waited until it grew quite dark, and then suddenly the cry of a panther broke on the still night air. It seemed to be a long way off and was plaintive as the wailing of a child.

The cry was repeated. Her trained ear, this time expecting the sound, told her that it was a counterfeit of the crying of that animal. The cry this time was nearer, too. In an instant it was repeated on another side of the house, some distance away, but still nearer than the first. "Injuns!" said the hardy woman. "I reckon I better git things ready for the varmints."

So she groped her way through the darkness to the woodpile in the yard and secured her husband's axe. She returned and re-entered the fort. First she barricaded the door and set the axe against the wall, to be ready for emergencies. Then she looked over her rifle and saw that it was well loaded. She leaned it against the wall near a small aperture set at an angle to command a view of one side of the fort. Then, without saying a word, she put her little ones to bed. This done, she looked, or, rather, felt about for something else to do. There seemed nothing. She listened. The false panther cry grew very close to the fort. Peering through the port hole of the fort, Mrs. Kennedy fancied she could see forms of Indians gathering on the edge of the clearing, a few rods from the building. She raised her rifle. If it were a panther, to fire would frighten the animal away.

If the forms she thought she saw were real a shot would warn the Indians that the inmates of the fort were aware of their presence and prepared to receive them. The forms drew nearer until she could distinguish one from another. She aimed and fired. A form leaped into the air, there was a shriek of pain, and hurrying of footsteps back to the shelter of the trees. Mrs. Kennedy quickly reloaded her rifle and, knowing the tactics of the Indians, made a circuit of the room and looked out of the portholes—there were four, one on each side of the fort—to see if an approach was attempted from any other point. She could see nothing. Another contingency now presented itself. She no sooner thought of it than she emptied the mattress on her bed of its stuffings of goose and turkey feathers into the fireplace. Then, to be prepared for an emergency, she awakened her little ones and made them stand near the door ready to run for the timber if it should be necessary to attempt to save herself by flight. Another circuit of the portholes was made but nothing was developed. After a few minutes shots were fired in front of the fort. Mrs. Kennedy rushed to the porthole on that side and raised her rifle. But she did not fire. She waited for one of those dark forms to appear, so that she might fire effectively. None appeared, but the ruse of the Indians was effective, and one or two of their number reached the fort from the rear and scaled a pole to the roof. Hearing the clatter on the roof, Mrs. Kennedy understood what it meant, and the fact that the reds were daring enough to attempt the feat also convinced her that they knew her husband was away. She sprang from the porthole to the fireplace, flint and steel in hand. There was a flash and flames and pungent smoke from the feathers rolled up the chimney.

Howls of disgust and a quick clambering from chimney to roof told the movement had been successful—the Indians who had started down the chimney retreated from the heat and stifling smoke. Mrs. Kennedy struck a light to the tallow dip, so that if the

Indians broke into the fort she might escape into the darkness with her little ones, while the assailants were temporarily blinded by the light. She had just set the light on the table in the center of the room when there came a battering at the door of the fort. The Indians in front of the place had taken advantage of the opportunity offered by the ruse of the reds on the roof to secure a large timber and charge against the door in an attempt to batter it in. At the third blow the lower half of the plank in the center of the door gave way, leaving an aperture large enough to permit a man crawling through. Mrs. Kennedy sprang to one side of the door and stood with upraised axe. A painted face appeared at the aperture, but as Mrs. Kennedy stood close to the wall and on one side and the children on the other, all keeping quiet, the little ones obeying every sign of their mother and, like young partridges, ready to run and hide at her signal, the warrior saw nothing. The painted face was thrust further into the opening, and seeing nothing the Indian started boldly through the broken door.

Mrs. Kennedy compressed her lips until blood was forced from them, and when the Indian had got well within the room and was about to draw his tomahawk, she brought down the axe with crushing force on his skull, then hastily pulled him aside while death quietly him. The Indians thinking that there was no danger, their comrade having uttered no sound, started another of their number through. But he caught sight of his predecessor in death agony and started back uttering a wild yell. Mrs. Kennedy struck at but only wounded him. He ran off yelling at the top of his voice. Shots from another quarter at this moment caused a stampede of the Indians to the timber. A moment later there was a signal which Mrs. Kennedy understood, and she gave one in return. In a few seconds her husband was at the door of the fort, which opened, and although several shots were fired by the Indians from the edge of the clearing, none was effective, and the master of the fort entered unharmed. Hastily barricading the door and putting the children to bed, husband and wife took station at port holes on opposite sides of the fort and watched till morning, but the Indians did not return. Next day the dead Indian was taken to the forest and buried. The wounded ones were carried away by their comrades. The Kennedys strengthened their fortifications, but never again was their fort molested.—St. Louis Republic.

ECCENTRIC GENERAL REYES.

The Central Americans Regard Him as Such Because He Works.

General Jose Reyes, the leader of the defeated Nicaraguan rebels, has one very remarkable eccentricity, which I never observed in any other native of Central America," said a former railroad contractor from Guatemala. "I refer to the fact that he will work. When the late Sylvanus Miller was building the Guatemala railroad I had charge of one of the construction divisions. Reyes had been mixed up in a revolution down in Honduras and they ran him out of the country, so he wandered into Guatemala with very little money and anxious to get something to do to support his family. In some way or other he managed to pick up a small subcontract for furnishing ties, and immediately took off his coat and tackled an ax. He did more actual hard labor than all the rest of the gang put together and his ties were the best we ever made on the division. They were always strictly up to standard, and whatever he said he would do was invariably carried out to the letter. Of course, this habit of industry and practice of fulfilling his obligations caused Reyes to be regarded with suspicion by Central Americans. Some thought his mind must be slightly unbalanced, but he went right ahead regardless, and was with us in all about two years. If his revolt had succeeded I believe there would have been a great change in conditions in Nicaragua, for in my opinion he is the one and only leader in that part of the world who sincerely favors encouraging foreign immigration and investment. The prayer of the others is 'give us this day our daily American,' and when they get him they skin him. The consequence is they don't get very many. Reyes realizes that it is better, as a purely business proposition, to protect foreign capital and reap a steady revenue from increased commerce, and, as I said before, he is absolutely the only prominent Central American whose cranium has been penetrated by that fact."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Found a Bride in a Tub of Butter.

Miss Belle Laffin, a farmer's daughter, residing near Great Bend, wrote her name and address upon a card and imbedded it in a tub of butter which her father was shipping to a Philadelphia commission house six months ago. She requested the finder to write to her. Ten days later the chief of one of Philadelphia's leading hotels wrote to Miss Laffin, who promptly replied. A month later the chief came to the Laffin homestead. There will be a wedding in Great Bend township during the holidays, and Miss Laffin will be the bride.—Wilkesbarre A. Record.

The Word Won Him.

Sprockett—Wheeler seems to be stuck on that new doctor of his. Skorchia—Yes, he likes his up-to-dateness. When Wheeler was sick in bed the first thing the doctor said was: "O! we'll have you on your pedals again in a few days."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Cuban radish grown this year near Manacacas weighed eight pounds.

Wonderful Dog Dead.

A remarkable dog owned by Miss Lavina M. Horton, a schoolteacher of Port Chester, N. Y., is dead. "Sport," as he was known to nearly every one in Port Chester, was elected several years ago to membership in the Harry Howard Hook and Ladder Company. The members supplied a uniform and cap for him, and he would sit on the driver's seat and accompany them to a fire or when they went out on parade. His career as a fireman was suddenly ended one day when he fell from the truck and broke his leg.

He was the only dog in the village that went to Sunday school. As soon as he heard the Sunday school bell he would wag his tail and trot off with his mistress, who was the superintendent. On their arrival at St. Peter's church he would visit each class, and, after greeting the scholars, would lie down on the platform until the close of the session. It was only on a few occasions that he could be induced to attend church, although he was a firm friend of the rector, the Rev. C. E. Brugler. One Sunday when the rector was in the middle of his sermon, Sport, who had been asleep, awoke and walked solemnly to the chancel, where he laid down in a corner. One of the vestrymen seized him by the collar and put him out.

When Miss Horton gave up her work in the public schools and opened a private academy, Sport would go through the classroom and greet the scholars before they took up their work for the day. His death was due to old age.—New York Sun.

Interesting Pianos.

There is a very interesting collection of old pianos in the Roman museum at Hildesheim, Germany. Dating all the way from the end of the seventeenth century, the collection exhibits in a very instructive way the primitive origin of piano manufacture, and gives one an idea of the simple instruments used by our greatest musical composers.

The oldest instrument on exhibition is a small clavichord of the seventeenth century, possessing thirty-four tones, with twenty-eight two-chord bound strings. Another of equal antiquarian value has four full octaves—a one-chord Italian spinet, built at an angle, and possessing a rich and beautiful tone for singing accompaniment. The strings are rified with pointed crow quills. Both instruments date from the time of Handel, Bach and Gluck. One instrument was made in the first half of the eighteenth century, and is a bound clavichord of four and one-half octaves, fifty-eight tones and forty strings. There is also an instrument from the second half of the last century which possesses five and one-fourth octaves.

The last two are supplied with strings tipped with brass, and their immediate followers were the hammer pianos of 1760, used at the time of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and even by Mendelssohn, Bartholdy, Chopin and Franz Liszt during their youth.—Frankfort Correspondence, in Chicago Record.

Her Thoughtfulness.

"Beautiful, my dear!"

The elderly millionaire who had married the famous beauty regarded the watch chain admiringly.

"A very delightful birthday present," he continued, beaming upon his fair young wife. "So massive and yet in such excellent taste."

"I am so glad you like it," she observed. "It was so cheap, too. Just think, it cost only fifteen dollars."

"Only fifteen dollars!" echoed the millionaire, in astonishment. "Fifteen dollars for this solid gold chain?"

"Oh, of course it isn't solid gold," she interposed. "You could never get a solid gold chain for that price."

"What is it, then?"

"Why, gold filled, to be sure."

"I see," said her husband, stroking his chin reflectively. "But why this sudden streak of economy? Don't you think I can afford to wear a solid gold chain?"

"Of course you can," she assented. "But this one is guaranteed to last for ten years—and—"

"Well," said the millionaire, inquiringly.

"Well, dear," she concluded, after some hesitation, "as that is quite as long as you are likely to live, I thought it would be foolish extravagance to pay any more!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Curious Calvary Clover Bud.

A most remarkable little plant, which is exciting not a little attention among plant lovers, is the calvary clover. Though generally supposed to be a native of Palestine, this pretty and curious little plant will live and grow freely in the somewhat smoky atmosphere of Chicago.

Admirers of this plant say that to produce healthy and thriving plants it is necessary to sow the seed on Good Friday, while the more unimaginative say that some time during the spring will do just as well.

When the little leaves of the calvary clover first appear above ground each division of the leaf has a deep red spot like freshly spilt blood upon it, which lasts for some weeks and finally fades away.

Three leaflets composing each leaf stand erect during the day in the form of a cross, with the head in position and arms extended, but as the sun begins to set and evening to draw on the tiny arm leaflets are brought together and the top leaflet, or head, is bowed over them.

Badly Timed.

"Didn't you feel dreadfully when you knew you were going to faint, Miss Gummy?"

"Yes; I had on a pair of old shoes."