

AN OLD MAID'S MARRIAGE.

BY GEORGE B. BURGIN.

Miss Mattie half rose from her chair. "Good-evening, Dr. Slurke. Won't you come in?" she inquired, with the sugar tongs poised in her white hand.

This was another insult. She was pouring out her best tea and giving it to the man in the chair. Dr. Slurke did a very foolish thing—a thing he had often done before, but never without experiencing disastrous results. He lost his temper. He drew himself up to his full height—five feet three—and scowled on the Pirate King in the armchair—this ruffian who stole people's hearts by nursing their objectionable old Persian cats.

"Won't you come in?" tremulously repeated Miss Mattie.

Dr. Slurke bowed sarcastically. "I thank you, no, madam," he said. "I only came in to inform you that I had caught a cold in my garden whilst awaiting your pleasure."

The other man looked quietly up. "I guess you ought to be proud of it," he said, in his objectionable American way.

Dr. Slurke bowed to him with withering irony. "I—eh—was not aware that I was asking a conundrum," he said. "May I inquire who I have the pleasure of addressing?"

The stranger smiled. "My name's Winterbottom—Alphus P. Winterbottom."

Miss Mattie let fall the sugar from the tongs. "Oh, Dr. Slurke," she said, with tears in her voice, "I am so sorry. You see it was rather a difficult question to answer, and—"

"I will thank you to be good enough not to discuss it before this gentleman," the Doctor ejaculated at a white heat.

"But I—I really—And poor Miss Mattie felt inclined to cry.

Mr. Winterbottom was moved by Miss Mattie's distress. "Shall I make him shut the door for the outside?" he asked, quietly caressing the cat. "I think, Madam, you'd feel more comfortable if this turkey-cock sort of person had gone home to roost."

"I was not speaking to you, sir," said the Doctor. "My remarks were meant for this lady."

"I could just drop him into a nice soft flower-bed, if you'd only say the word, Madam," quietly continued Mr. Winterbottom.

"Madam, I take my leave," said the angry Doctor. "As for you, Mr. Winterbottom, you shall hear from me."

"Not professionally, I hope," said the imperturbable stranger. "Don't distress this lady any more, or I'll really have to come and reason with you."

The Doctor withdrew, speechless with rage. Poor Miss Mattie began to cry softly into the teapot.

The stranger put the cat down, gently approached the table. "Madam," he said, "that extremely ill-tempered person will be better to-morrow. If he ain't, I guess I'll have to reason with him—near a pond."

"Oh, please don't," said Miss Mattie, feeling comforted by the stranger's vast bulk. "I—I kept him waiting for an answer to—to an extremely delicate matter this evening, and—and he's cross with me."

The stranger led Miss Mattie to the armchair. "Now, you sit there, Madam," he said in his gentle, kindly way. "I'll brew this tea for you. You just assimilate these cunning little cakes of yours, and you'll feel better. One lump of sugar? Isn't it?"

"Yes," said Miss Mattie, feeling that support from conscious strength which delights most women.

"And the cream?" said the stranger, holding up the dainty little cream ever admirably. "My! Ain't that little pitcher pretty! And the fire! Beats our stoves hollow." He handed the dainty tea equipage with jealous care, and waited on Miss Mattie so nicely that all her fears vanished.

"A gentle lady like you didn't ought to be bothered," the stranger said reflectively, when Prudence had cleared away the things—"didn't ought to be bothered by a grasshopper like that. I darsay he means well, but he don't colluscitate worth a cent. That's what's the matter with him. Now just tell me if you feel down-right chipper again, and if so, we'll go into this business, or, if you prefer it, I'll come again to-morrow."

"I thank you, Mr. Winterbottom," said Miss Mattie, in her simple friendly way. "It—it was foolish of me to—to be so frightened. The Doctor has been very kind to me."

"Then I'll let him off the pond," said Mr. Winterbottom, as if making a concession to sentiment. "You're like one of those pretty wind-flowers we have in our country—you want sheltering from all the storms that blow."

Miss Mattie smiled a pleased little smile. She had never been compared to a wind-flower before.

Mr. Winterbottom took up the letter with his customary deliberation. "Now, Madam," he said, "I'll read it to you, and when I'm bumping over a cabot, you tell me to pull up, and I'll drive quietly!"

Miss Mattie did not understand what a cabot was. The stranger explained that it was a hole in the road in winter, and that a sleigh had to glide gently over and not take it flying, for fear of bumping the bottom out.

"Is—is the letter from Mr. Rountree?" asked Miss Mattie, with quivering lips.

The stranger looked at her admiringly. "Now, Madam," he said, "I never did see your like for coming straight to the point. You've fine instincts. That's what the widower said when he was telling me about it."

"The—the— Did I understand you to say widower? To—to allude to Mr. Rountree?" inquired Miss Mattie. She felt crushed. Reuben had not been true to her; he had forgotten his youthful love; all these years she had allowed her heart to remain in the keeping of a man who did not want it.

"I'd better read his letter," said Mr. Winterbottom. "His wife wished it, you know."

"I—I don't know," said Miss Mattie, trembling—"I don't know. But, oh Mr. Winterbottom, you have been so kind to me, that I would rather hear it in your own words, please."

Mr. Winterbottom looked gratified. "So you shall, Madam," he said—"so you shall. You see Reuben settled down in Ontario five-and-twenty years ago."

"Yes," said Miss Mattie.

"And then, when he was doing pretty well, he married old Deacon Tucker's oldest."

Miss Mattie was but human. Was—was Miss Tucker comely?" she asked.

"Sort of apple-cheeked," said Mr. Winterbottom. "The girls are more like Reuben."

"The—the what?" gasped Miss Mattie.

"The girls."

"Are—are there many?"

Mr. Winterbottom reflected. "Well, there's Samantha, and Delia, and Lolita, and Theresa, and the Twins."

Every fresh name made the matter worse. The stranger saw it. I can't remember the names of the others," he said comfortingly; "but there aren't many—seven or eight, maybe."

"Is he happy?" inquired Miss Mattie, still clinging to her romance, as only a woman can. She would not be harsh or unjust to Reuben. Whilst she stayed at home and dreamed her life away, he had gone into that vast new country and won a living from the soil. He had worked out the grief from his heart, and—and forgotten her. She might have known that his strong loyal nature could not fail to find an appreciative helpmate. This Canadian girl who had loved him had not stayed to think of social position; she had grasped the substance instead of the shadow. Poor Miss Mattie's tears flowed freely. Perhaps Reuben's grief when his wife had been called away had prompted him to think of her, Miss Mattie.

"Wh—what is his message to me?" she inquired.

Mr. Winterbottom came a little nearer to Miss Mattie. "Well, you see," he said gently, "she was kind of jealous of you, Madam. Reuben told her you'd always be first in his heart, and so, when she was called away, she asked him to send for you to—to look after him."

"And—and what did he say?" asked Miss Mattie.

"Well, you see, Reuben hadn't the heart to tear you away from your old surroundings, even if you'd been willing to come. So he sent me. 'Tell her,' he said—'tell her all my life I've turned to her in sorrow and joy alike; all my life she's been my guiding star. In the woods I've seen her walking before me, clearing the way, and everywhere she stepped the corn grew greenly. Tell her,' he said, 'in all that coarse, rude, rough life, with its struggles and trials and pains and successes, she's never left my side for one moment. She's been the angel of my life, the pure sweet English girl, who I know has been true to me all these years. The—'"

"Stop!" said Miss Mattie, quivering with excitement, as the tears streamed down her cheeks. "Please stop, Mr. Winterbottom—stop. To say this to me means that he was disloyal to her. Don't let me think the man I loved all my life could have been false to us both. Please leave me that. Don't take that away from me. It—it has been the only thing which has sustained me in my loneliness. I have lived a quiet, faithful, uneventful life, keeping and guarding the love which God put into our hearts. Don't tell me that now, after all these years, he could send me such a message as that. It must be some dreadful mistake!"

—in her excitement she laid her hand upon Mr. Winterbottom's arm—"some dreadful mistake. It is natural that he should turn to me now; but he must have loved her while she lived. It is only his sorrow which makes him seem to forget. Tell him I will be a mother to his children—go to them—cherish them; but unsay those words which have destroyed my ideal, the ideal which I have taken to my heart all these years. The sacredness of love must not be broken like this. Tell me—I tell me! Oh, I would rather be the humblest beggar that ever craved charity, than believe the man I loved could win some other woman's heart and profess to have loved me too."

Mr. Winterbottom gently took her hand. "My dear Madam," he said—"my dear Madam, I know he never loved any woman but you."

Miss Mattie buried her face in her hands. Disillusioned by both the men who had loved her—disillusioned in one evening! Well, she had had five-and-twenty years of trustful, loving faith and hope, and now she must hide her grief and try to live it down. She wanted to get away to her own room—to be alone—to think over this shock. And all the time she grieved, the stranger's gentle pressure grew firmer still. It comforted her. She experienced a strange thrill—a thrill which she had never expected to feel again. And then she strove to withdraw her hand, and accused herself of immodesty.

"Mattie!" the stranger's voice sounded in her ears—"Mattie, don't you know me? I am Reuben! I have never married—never loved any one but you; and I have come home to stay, to comfort your life, to give you back the years you have spent without me, to guard and love you with the firm strong love of manhood, and to atone to you for all the sorrow of the past. Look up, dear, look up. Say to me—"

She looked up through a mist of happy tears as he caught her to his heart. "What can I say to you?" she whispered. "Oh, Reuben, Reuben, I have waited so long! I have doubted the goodness of God. And now He brings you back to me—He brings you back!"

Reuben put his strong arm round her. "Dear, forgive me. I wanted to know if you still cared for me. I could not come until I had made enough to give you a higher position than that of a farmer's wife. And now let us be happy."

She put her hand in his. "Ah, Reuben," she said, "how often our pride places before it everything else and robs us of the years. I am not the girl you knew and loved—I'm only an old maid."

But he gazed into her truthful, loving eyes, blue with the blue of heaven, and then he kissed her.

"They will call it an old maid's marriage," she whispered with a smile upon her lips.

[THE END.]

A short time ago the Moorish Kaids gave the Sultan of Morocco and his son a present of 200 male and female slaves to celebrate the event of the marriage of the heir to the Moorish throne.

HEALTH.

Sleep.

The crying need of our women, says a physician, whose specialty of the nervous diseases brings him in contact with plenty of the nervous type of the sex, is sleep. Over and over I tell my women patients; sleep all you can, nine, ten hours every night, and no matter how much at night, sleep surely one hour of daylight. Many of them reply; I don't have time to sleep during the day. Take time, say I; you'll get it back, good measure, pressed down, running over. Then they can't sleep in the day-time. That is nonsense. They may not the first few days, but very soon, after persistently making the effort every day, at a certain time, the habit will be formed.

Poverty of the Blood.

Paleness, thinness of body, weakness and nervousness, are signs of poverty of the blood, or what physicians term anemia. In some cases palpitation of the heart is often complained of; and when the poverty is the greatest, the lips are pallid and the tongue almost colorless.

In olden times iron was almost wholly relied upon to overcome these symptoms, and at the present day this is the one remedy to which patients suffering from them resort to when they undertake to treat themselves. But physicians, while giving it in many cases, depend far more upon simpler and more effectual measures. These are dietetic and hygienic.

They insist upon free exercise, and that several hours be spent in the open air, either walking or riding, each day. Also at such times that the so-called "breathing exercise" be frequently employed. In the simplest form of this, the subject, while standing with shoulders thrown back, inflates the lungs to the fullest extent, the mouth the meanwhile being closed, and the air entering only through the nose. Of all measures this is one of the most important, for by the means of it the blood is purified and vitalized.

Sponging the body with water that has been made comfortably warm, the operation to be followed by vigorous rubbing with an ordinary towel, is another measure of no little importance, for by it the waste avenues in the skin are kept well open, and, besides, a general tonic effect is secured. Disregard this or other as efficient means for promoting cleanliness, and the blood can never be pure, for it is sure to take up and carry with it some of the waste matters that should have been expelled through the pores of the skin.

The clothing must be carefully looked to by this class of patients, while in winter "bundling up" is not to be encouraged, yet the clothing should be ample, and that worn next to the skin be of "all wool."

As regards the diet, it should be as highly nutritious as the digestive organs will warrant, and should consist largely of milk, fresh eggs, and beefsteak.

If all these measures are faithfully applied infinitely much will be done toward restoring the blood and renewing the strength of the system. And if at the same time small doses of iron are taken, the gain from weak to weak ought to be noticeable. But from this remedy alone very little can be expected.

Heat as a Remedial Agent.

Eczema, moist tetter, or salt-rheum, is one of the most troublesome of skin infections, not infrequently defying skillful medical treatment for years. Sufferers from this affection will be glad to know that one of the best means of relieving the intolerable itching which accompanies it is a simple remedy which is always accessible, namely, the application of heat. Hot water applied at a temperature as high as can be borne without actual injury to the skin, is an almost certain remedy to relieve the intolerable itching. The parts should never be scratched or rubbed so as to increase the irritation. Simply holding the affected part near the fire of an open grate, gradually approaching more and more close until the degree of heat becomes almost painful, is another means of applying the same remedy.

Again, there is no better remedy for the relief of rheumatic pains in the joints or other portions of the body, than hot applications. Flannel cloths dipped in very hot water and wrung as dry as possible should be applied to the parts, and the whole enveloped in a thick, dry flannel cloth to retain the heat. The application should be renewed every five minutes. The application of ground mustard in the proportion of a tablespoonful to the quart of water, increases the effect of the heat. A teaspoonful of turpentine sprinkled upon the fomentation just before it is applied, or a cloth saturated with a solution of one part turpentine to two or three of alcohol, applied over the affected part and covered by the fomentation, is also a means of intensifying the effect of the fomentation.

The various liniments used for rheumatism have little or no curative value, although some are useful for the relief of pain. One of the best is a simple preparation consisting of equal parts of olive oil and oil of wintergreen. It should be applied carefully, however, as the pure oil of wintergreen is quite a vigorous irritant. Menthol liniment is also a useful application.

Ear-Ache.

There is no more acute pain of childhood than ear-ache. This seems often to be caused by the sensitiveness to cold air of the tender membranes within the ear, and may be stopped by filling the ear with a little cotton dipped in sweet oil and warmed. If this does not give relief a few drops of laudanum, warmed by setting the bottle in hot water, may be added to the oil. A roasted onion is a favorite remedy with old women. If it is applied to the ear as hot as it can be borne it will relieve an obstinate case, and certainly is harmless.

When the pain is very intense it is better to dip the cotton, or, better still, a bit of wool, in hot laudanum alone, put it in the ear, and lay a hot bandage over it. It is a very bad practice to keep cotton in the ear any longer than is necessary, as such a habit will render the ear passages too sensitive and tender. When ear-ache appears in a grown person, and refuses to yield to simple remedies, a physician should be consulted at once, as a most serious disease may begin in this way. A "gathering in the head," as it is called in country parlance, is a painful and serious

disease of childhood, as it may affect the hearing. It is very rare that the earwig or any other insect gets into the ear, but it is not an unknown thing, and when it occurs it causes an intense pain until the creature is smothered by pouring sweet oil into the ear. When cotton has been put into the ear and has served its purpose, it should be carefully removed and no bits left behind to work into the passages. Deafness is frequently caused by the presence of some such foreign body in the ear or by an accumulation of wax. In such a case the remedy consists in frequently syringing out the ear with warm water, using also a little sweet oil or white castile soap to dislodge the obstruction. Sometimes a large piece of wax comes out only after weeks of such syringing, and the defective hearing is suddenly restored.

The White Death.

The White Death is a naked, gleaming, shifting hood of sand, moving ever inland from the ocean shore, inch by inch, foot by foot, in huge white waves of glistening grit, inexorable as fate, silent as the grave, swallowing and destroying everything that lies before it in its way. The wind blows the shifting surface up the crest of each towering wave and over the edge in a sparkling mist. Beyond the crest the dry mist falls, and so the wave moves steadily, resistlessly forward, enveloping all things in a universal white.

Standing at the edge of a marshy flat, the eye looks far away across the level of coarse sedge-grass to the white line of the sand hills and the black line of pine woods in the distance. Here and there the flat is lush and green, where shallow lakes, blooming with white lilies and blue arrow-heads, bathe the arid soil; here and there it is burned yellow and brown, where the hot smooth sand, stretching in from the ocean shore, drinks up water and life, and leaves all dead. That level flat, reaching far away into the distance, is like the plane of life one has to travel; the black streak of a gloomy pine woods in the Valley of Shadows, and the white waving line of sand is a likeness of Death; and as in real life, so here—neither death nor its shadow looks sinister seen from such a distance.

To travel across the level flat is a mimic image of the journey of life. The lakes, so pretty in the distance, are muddy, and smell rank and dank to the nostrils; they are full of tadpoles and lizards and crawling things. Here and there little deserts of arid sand are passed; they burn the soles of the feet, and scorch the face with a reflected glare, and mosquitoes rise in clouds, like petty troubles, to bite and sting. There are quack-sands under the feet where the grass looks the freshest and the greenest, and hiding the dead levels of sand, a mirage covers the desolation with a soulless sheet of visionary water.

First comes the hot black shadows—the shadows of the pines—and then the foothills as it were of Death. All is breathless silence, except for the shrieking of the fish-hawk high in the air, and the strange mysterious whispering of the ceaselessly moving and shifting sand. Here and there a stark gray tree trunk, already dead in the clutch of the oncoming death, reaches helpless skeleton arms up into the air. Each is an empty hollow shell of bark; each is soulless and void of life, excepting, perhaps, for a nest of woodpeckers or of mice—a squalid me-empsychosis of the spirit of the pine-tree.

Beyond the foot-hills lies, grim and still, the silent bosom of the White Death—hills and valleys of lifeless sand, blinding, burning, parched, and dry. The air is like the blast from a fiery furnace, and a breathless curtain of silence stretches between the glare of the sky above and the whispering whiteness beneath. The sliding feet sink deep into the shifting surface, and the traveller stands face to face with Israfael in simile.

So the Gate of Death are passed, and the journey is ended.

Then suddenly, as the head rises above the crest of the last white wave, all is instantly transformed. The last hill is climbed with panting breath, and then Death itself is left behind.

Before the eye there stretches away the eternal ocean, a glorious purple sparkling with dancing white-caps and dotted with shining sails. The ceaseless surf shouts jubilantly on the beach, and the cool pure air rushes upward, bathing the hot face like the breath of a newer and purer life. The ocean, the sails, the rushing breeze all tell of something vast and limitless that lies beyond.

Behind was left the limited plain, bounded by the black shadows and the White Death. Before is an image of limitless immensity.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

Swift Vengeance of a Daughter on the Murderer of Her Father.

A Bloomington, Ind., despatch says:—At Payne, this county, shortly after midnight, Richard Wright and his daughter were awakened by a shot. The man recognizing the voice as that of his son-in-law, Dole Judah, went out towards the fence, when a shot was fired by Judah. Wright ran back into the house and got an axe, and started toward Judah, when a scuffle ensued. The old man was shot once in the head and twice in the neck, killing him. His daughter secured the axe and struck Judah on the back of the neck, killing him instantly.

Domestic Measurements.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

Four teaspoonfuls are equal to one tablespoonful.

One pint of coffee "A" sugar weighs twelve ounces.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) weighs one pound.

Two teaspoonfuls (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

Two teaspoonfuls of soft butter (well packed) weigh one pound.

One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.

Two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

Two teaspoonfuls (well heaped) of coffee "A" sugar weigh one pound.

Two and one-half teaspoonfuls (level) of the best brown sugar weigh one pound.

One tablespoonful (well heaped) granulated coffee "A" or best brown sugar equals once ounce.—[Reprinted by request.]

JEWELS OF THE PAST.

Gold and Silver Ornaments Worn by the Women of Ancient Times.

Where do manufacturing jewelers find ideas for novel designs in response for the demand for constantly changing fashions? Some they invent, of course, but a large proportion of them are not new at all—in fact, quite the reverse, being merely copies of ornaments which were made and worn thousands and thousands of years ago. Not a few go back even to prehistoric times, furnishing most interesting reminders of vanished people.

JEWELS OF CYPRUS.

Nothing can well be more curious than these ornaments which were worn by fair women, and perhaps by the dandies of a long-vanished epoch. There would be no difficulty in imagining that they were of modern manufacture. No better or more elaborate workmanship is done now, and it is no wonder that makers of jewelry in the year 1892 are glad to imitate them, not always equaling the originals.

Those found in Cyprus were produced by Phoenicians and Greeks. It will be remembered that Carthage, in latter days the great rival of Rome, was peopled by the Phoenicians, who were a great and highly-civilized maritime nation, although comparatively little of their history is accurately known. The ancient metal-workers were acquainted with many devices which have been supposed to be of modern invention. For example, some of the bracelets found were of filled gold, copper furnishing the core. They made remarkably handsome cameos by pressing glass with dies. In those times buttons were unknown, and so it happened that among the things dug up were a great many pins that were used for dress clasps.

One of the prettiest necklaces is composed of small gold tortoiseshells, most artistically wrought, which were strung together. Another has beads of gold and rock crystal alternately arranged. There are ever so many car-rings, in a variety of elaborate patterns and some of them very heavy. Most curious of these are some which contain the quaintest little golden bottles imaginable. A few of the brooches also have similar golden bottles. Now, what could they have been meant for?

FREE USE OF POISONS.

Nobody knows positively, but it is supposed that they were intended to hold poison. That was an epoch during which human life was not so safe as it is nowadays, and there might be occasions when quick and sure death would be a desirable resort. Furthermore, suicide was then considered an honorable and dignified way of getting out of the world. The strings of the necklaces described had naturally disappeared when the latter were discovered, but they were put together and restored after the patterns exhibited by the sculptures of the same period, many of which represent the jewelry as well as clothing worn.

Some jewelry is shown at this museum that is even more ancient than what has been described. It is the work of artisans of Babylon. Evidently they were not acquainted with the art of polishing precious stones, because the sapphires, rubies and emeralds composing the necklaces in the collection are not faceted. They are merely polished, pierced, and strung together. A curiosity of enormous value is the veritable eye of a Babylonian idol, which bears the inscription, "Nebuchadnezzar, for his Life to Nebo, his God." Nobody can tell how long ago glass was first made, but plenty of very pretty bottles and plates of that material, long antedating the Christian era, have been dug up in Cyprus and elsewhere.

GREEK AND ROMAN GLASS.

During so many centuries of burial underground these objects have undergone a most curious change. Decay—if glass will rot like almost anything else—has split up their substances into laminae, or a sort of flaky formation, so that, while preserving their original shapes, the interruption of light by the amine causes them to assume the most brilliant iridescent hues, purple, green, red, etc. One plate obtained by General di Cesnola looks like a fragment of rainbow. Most remarkable of the bottles is one that is still half-full of a liquid ointment, which was put into it not less than 2500 years ago.

Water containing lime, percolating through the ground where the little vessel was buried, sealed it up hermetically with a stony deposit, so that the ointment has been kept from evaporating. It is doubtless the oldest cosmetic in existence.

Mummies are cheap in Egypt. For a long time locomotives were run between Cavis and Suez with no other fuel. But the corpses of royal and other important personages, preserved in this manner according to the highest style of the art, are very valuable. There is one in the Metropolitan Museum that is identified by the accompanying inscriptions as the Princess Ioumofrite. She is done up in a remarkable and unusual way, being wrapped in a sort of basket of papyrus reeds outside of the usual linen bandages. The top of her coffin is a carved and painted board, done in low relief and representing her as she was in life, with white gown and costume complete. Every detail of her person is carefully reproduced, even to her dainty almond-shaped nails. She was a blonde and evidently very beautiful. Though she died more than 3000 years ago, how interesting it would be to know something of her story.

Grand Old Yew Trees.

The largest and finest yew in Scotland is at Braigends, Renfrewshire. It is of a conical shape, and being a comparatively young tree, is in a most vigorous condition. It covers an area of about two hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and rises to a height of forty feet. The bole is eight feet in diameter. This is a grand specimen, and worthy of a visit by any one who appreciates the sublime beauty of trees, and finds in their presence that "soothing companionship" which Oliver Wendell Holmes so eloquently praises.

There is also a group of yews, forming a noble avenue, near the church at Roseneath, on the Gareloch. It stands not far distant from the grand silver fir which are the largest of their kind in the kingdom.

The gold the dentist buries away in human teeth amounts to 1,800 pounds a year in the United States.

Elwell, the sculptor, who recently finished a beautiful bust of Miss Louise M. Alcott, had a peculiar interest in his task, as he was one of her "Little Men."